you are here: the journal of creative geography | mapping all my relations XXV

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Volume XXV

School of Geography, Development & Environment
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you are here is an annual publication by graduate students in the School of Geography, Development, and Environment (SGDE) at the University of Arizona that explores geographic themes through poetry, creative writing, maps, photographs, visual and sound art, film, performance, and other imaginable genres.

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Foreword

Intro Note:

The method of creating this letter to our readers was influenced by Elle-Máijá Apiniskim Tailfeathers' 2016 article "A Conversation with Helen Haig-Brown, Lisa Jackson, and Elle-Máijá Apiniskim Tailfeathers, with Some Thoughts to Frame the Conversation," whereby Tailfeathers hosted a Zoom conversation with two fellow Indigenous women filmmakers who served as mentors and inspiration to Tailfeathers during a collaborative project called the Embargo Collective II, commissioned by the imagineNATIVE Film and Media Arts Festival. Tailfeathers maintained the sonic landscape of the zoom call, which gestured to place and relation through the mention of laughter, baby coos and cries, and the call of Ravens. Sound anchored this conversation in the places from which each contributor spoke by placing them in relation to their surroundings. This was furthered by Tailfeathers' inclusion of Helen Haig-Brown's panoramic photograph of her day in Haida Gwaii, where she was joined by the voices of her daughter and resident Ravens. Maybe I'm partial to this article because my namesake makes their presence known, and even though I started writing that in jest, it's true: I am grateful for the way that Tailfeathers placed intention into publishing the whole of the conversation, not just three (amazing and influential) human talking heads as we are accustomed to on Zoom, but used tools available to her in publishing the article to allow readers like myself to hear a chorus of voices supported by diverse territory.

Hello and welcome to the 2023-2024 ***you are here*** journal, friends, mentors, teachers, colleagues loved ones, and ***all my relations***.

It is good to begin by introducing myself but because of the space, I'm going to take a relatively academic approach. Other introductions are available elsewhere.

[Mourning Dove cooing, Gila woodpecker trilling, and Green tailed tow-hee chittering]

As I am writing this— or more accurately speaking this into my recording phone to be transcribed later— I'm walking my dog. This is the first step in research for me, or in thinking critically. As I am walking with Jasper, we are involved in a co-creation of knowledge. I am first and foremost a learner in the process and I seek to always be in that position. Where my dogs lead me is the place of research that troubles Western ways of representing kinship between canine peoples and human beings, and so it's appropriate that my dogs lead and guide that practice. In other areas of my work, my dogs lend their voices and their images

directly to visual and poetic expression.

This letter specifically is co-written with Jasper, who usually stays out of my academic work because he finds the space problematic and refuses, in the tradition of Audra Simpson. But Jasper is interested in this journal, because he is dedicated to critical, place-based play. He dances through the streets of Tucson, touching noses with trees and leaving letters of his own with the mark of his paws scratched into the earth. Whereas some may talk about him with language of "reactivity," I know Jasper is keenly aware of the place and space he is in, particularly as it relates to the places and spaces of others. He lives place-based relationality as an embodied practice, and so he is one of my many teachers in this way. It also felt particularly important to invite Jasper into this process, not only because he helped me write this letter, but also because he met with Cassidy just the day before we wrote this. I could tell they made a strong connection with one another, so he wanted to come say [Jasper panting, harness jingling] his part too.

[American Robin, Verdin, Goldfinch, Cactus wren, Curve-billed thrasher, and Gila woodpecker's voices all join the chorus of bird calls]

When Cassidy first invited me to be a part of this process, I had mixed emotions. Most of them were giddy excitement and overwhelming gratitude to be able to collaborate with such an amazing mentor and friend and to become a bigger part of a journal and creative space that has helped me and featured my work in the past. I understand work[1] as cyclical in the ways that we occupy roles of supported and then supporter, sometimes simultaneously and sometimes in the ways like the ebb and flow, give and take of tides. So I was grateful to be welcomed onto this other side of the process under Cassidy's guidance.

[Crunching of feet on a twig]

But I was also concerned because I'm not a geographer—[Raven to Jasper] ***Come on, sweet bear. Yeah, you're a geographer. Thanks for talking to the plants.***— And throughout this work I've realized that yes, I'm not a geographer, but I can still recognize that place makes the work and place makes the knowledge. Right now I'm grappling with what that means or looks like as one

1 When I say "work" here, this sometimes troubles readers in academic spaces. Because I come from a background of arts-based practice that recognizes creative labor and products as "work," and because I have a practice of direct action and organizing, I use this term with intention.

moves through space, both institutional and geographical. In response to the guidance of Cassidy's critical interventions alongside the work of [catches breath] Dr. Vanessa Watts and Dr. Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, as well as the experience that Cassidy and I shared being able to learn from Dr. Tłaliłila'ogwa/Sarah Hunt directly in her visiting lecture "U'mista: The Return of Something Important, A Manifesto for Sovereign Futures." As Cassidy and I listened, enraptured and furiously jotting quotes, one of the many lessons gifted that continues to resonate with me is Dr. Tłaliłila'ogwa/Sarah Hunt's critical attention the place where we come to know. Her call to orient towards the specific knowledge of place and land necessitates deep reflexive work and critical engagements with how one's positionality creates tensions, frictions, or possibilities when examined through the lens of place.

I am a guest here on Tohono O'odham and Pascua Yaqui land. I was invited by the University of Arizona which is a large, land-grant institution. This means I am a doubly **uninvited** guest for the O'odham and Yaqui stewards whose land this institution lives upon. I am also in the process of transitioning to a new space on the overlapping and intersecting traditional lands of the Cayuse, Umatilla and Walla Walla, Stl'pulmsh (Cowlitz), Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, Multnomah, and Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians where my partner's family are long-term land-owning uninvited guests. In navigating the complexities of this transition, I am so grateful to Dr. Sarah Farahat's whose ***Land Back, Land Forward Partnership*** (https://www.landbacklandforward.com/) I will use as a stepping stone in my movements forward.

To return to this question that Dr. Tłaliłila'ogwa/Sarah Hunt asks about how to situate research as responsive to the place-based protocols, ethics, and knowledge—[Raven to Jasper] ***What do you smell? Do you want to go look? Take me.***— of where we come to know while also thinking about the responsibilities of kinship broadly, the calls to change roles from someone who is supported to someone who supports, and the implications of caretaking for land. All of these critical questions feel particularly prescient. They influence where my work is, who my work calls relative and who refers to it as relative, too.

So again, I emphasize my role as always a learner. My dogs and their canine knowledge keep me grounded. J's making some marks in the earth right now, sharing some

knowledge with those who will come after and being in dialogue with those who have come before. He's showing me the way.

[Birds trill in chorus]

I'm so grateful to the work of the contributors who also show me the way, who have taught me so much and who, by the criticality and diversity of their submissions, required me to renew relations. For example, I do not speak Portuguese, but João Carlos Ibanhez's poignant poem asked that I learn and reinvest time in the dear friends and mentors who do speak and read this language. In this way, I am grateful for the work of ***all*** who went into this journal, that is a living place of knowledge. I look forward to seeing how and in what ways the ***you are here*** journal will continue to grow and thrive.

What does it mean to review, edit, and publish this work in the midst of the ongoing genocide of Palestinean people in Gaza, the renewed genocide in Darfur and Sudan, genocide in Ethiopia, genocide in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, ongoing persecution of Rohingyas and Uyghurs? I am not Palestinean, Tigrayan, or Uyghur, but as an American living and working on unceded Tohono O'odham and Pascua Yaqui territory, I am in this land that knows the tactics of imperialism, the land lust of settler colonialism, the bloodlust of Empire. Myself and ***you are here*** are privileged to be able to speak on these issues, but I recognize this journal is a starting point [Jasper pants] for actionable response that will make change, and I want to take the space here to say— [Raven to Jasper] ***Thank you for all the circles you are doing. Thank you for making that space, Jasper***.— thank you for all the critical work from many, hands, hearts, and minds that has gone into this edition of ***you are here***, but as we are all here witnessing the work of ongoing settler colonial violence, from the river to the sea, from this territory to those across the globe, I have a new kinship web made by the contributors to this amazing journal and this is a part of the process but the work does not end here.

[Jasper panting, wind blowing]

As I'm navigating the shifts of responsibility and the shifts of where I am called to show up, I am grateful for the work that has come into this space. I am grateful for the trust to work alongside Cassidy in this space and to caretake and create conversation between the works here. I am grateful to all my teachers, including this land on which I am

an uninvited guest of the Tohono O'odham and Pascua Yaqui and you, Jasper.

Thank you,

Raven

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Editorial Introduction

Makhóčheowápi Mitákuye Oyás'iŋ / MAPPING ALL MY RELATIONS:

AN EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

Háŋ mitákuyepi— Hello my relatives.

Our 2024 issue, ***mapping all my relations,*** centers connection, kinship, and common ground. As Native/Native-descendant editors, Raven and I felt a responsibility to prioritize Indigenous ontologies and epistemologies this year. The act of mapping is inherently subjective and renders one's perception of place and space. To map through an Indigenous framework or as an Indigenous person is to render the relationships— to recognize and acknowledge the harmonious network of beings and places connected within you, from you, and through you.

Rendering relationships can create new knowledge and create new relationships between beings and spaces. It casts ideas out into the world that many grasp and hold onto. As Zoe Todd (Red River Métis) explains, "Any knowledge we gain about the world interweaves us more deeply with these relationships, and gives us life" (p. 250). Thus this year's theme explores how relationality can be geographical and how frameworks of fragmentation and disconnection can be disrupted and healed. ***mapping all my relations*** has been curated to share the critical and creative work responding to this inquiry while also bringing people in connection with one another.

"You are here" with us, our contributors, and the places and thoughts discussed in the pages to follow.

mapping all my relations features twenty-nine contributors from six different countries and sovereign territories: Belgium, Brazil, the Netherlands, New Zealand (Aotearoa), and all over Turtle Island (Canada and the United States). These interdisciplinarians often work in multi-modal ways including singular practices or combinations of poetry, creative and scholarly writing, architecture and planning, visual art and photography, GIS and remote sensing, sound and video art, as well as social research and community-engaged projects. Their work is curated into four thematic areas: Indigenizing the Creative & Cartographic, More-than-Human Kinship, Locating the Decolonial & Anti-Colonial, and Relations in Time: Ancestors and Chosen Family.

Indigenizing the Creative & Cartographic

What does it mean to "Indigenize" and how does it relate to processes of creativity and mapping? To begin to answer this, we look to Papaschase Cree scholar, Dwayne

Donald, and his concept of ***Indigenous Métissage*** and relationality. He describes Indigenous Métissage as "a placed-based approach to curriculum informed by an ecological and relational understanding of the world" (2009, p. 6). Relationality is site-specific and includes the beings beyond our human selves; it is a central piece to all of our themes. Contributors in this section, however, approach their work by insisting on relationality's criticality within the many fields and disciplines where it is often overlooked and/or omitted.

Heidi D. Mendoza and Jerald Lim challenge us to think differently about the ethics of land/water/resource management, perceptions of care, and the erasure of land relations through recorded soundscapes and cartography, respectively. Juan Ruiz Cortez, through the use of participatory mapping, and Niiyokamigaabaw Deondre Smiles (Leech Lake Band of Ojibwe), who utilizes autoethnographic writing, explore the relationships between place, identity, and home/comfort— both situating their work as critical interventions within academic spaces. Larissa Nez (Diné) uses Indigenous, Black, and decolonial theoretical frameworks to reflect on how land can be perceived as a living archive and evolving preserve of heritage and kinship. The other contributors in this section use creative methods to highlight moments of resilience and resistance. João Carlos Ibanhez navigates the difficult history of a massacre through poetry and Weronika Gajda creates an online media landscape, mapping an urban protest's intricate network of social relations.

More-than-Human Kinship

In this section, we explore our connections beyond human relatives. We align with Maneesha Decka, Kelsey Dayle John (Diné), and Billy-Ray Belcourt (Driftpile Cree Nation), emphasizing the impact of settler colonialism and intersectional approaches to human-animal scholarship. John reminds us that "Indigenous interventions in animal studies should not be considered an intervention at all" but an integral part of interspecies work (2018, p. 46). Ongoing settler colonialism erases Indigenous epistemology and kinship, often through Eurocentric dualisms that divide animal and human, undermining Indigenous views of peoplehood that include more-than-human kin (Belcourt, 2014; John, 2018; Deckha, 2012, p. 282). Kim TallBear (Sisseton-Wahpeton Oyate) notes that the human/animal split fosters violence (2011) and that Indigenous peoples recognize nonhumans as agential beings shaping human lives. Indigenous approaches critique settler colonialism and its treatment of nonhuman beings, linking violence against animals to violence against marginalized humans

(2015, p. 234).

Responsive research must critique "animal colonialism," a term coined by John to describe the violent tactics that sever interspecies relations and connections to the sacred, while also highlighting Indigenous creatives' ethical relations with more-than-human kin (John, 2018).

Works in this section encourage us to perceive, listen, and relate differently, learning from our more-than-human kin. The animacy of place becomes clear when we attune ourselves to beings beyond the human, as seen in Maria Renée's multimedia art and Rene Ramirez's scholarship. Iulia Filipov-Serediuc and Hazlett Henderson explore embodied responses to fraught climates in their art. Amanda Aman's project re-maps Alaska to highlight the agency of lands, waters, Indigenous peoples, and their non-human relatives. Emma Minke McMain and Sharon Minke invite listeners into conversations with the trees and non-humans of San Juan County, Washington.

Locating the Decolonial & Anti-Colonial

Whether referring to particular moments in time, conceptual frameworks, or on-the-ground initiatives the terms "decolonial" and "anti-colonial" both work in opposition to colonialism and settler colonialism. Ghanaian-born scholar, George J. Sefa Dei, states that "anti-colonial and decoloniality are intertwined logics" and that "the anti-colonial becomes the path to a decolonial future" (2019, p. viii). Similarly, Linda Tuhiwai Smith (Ngāti Awa and Ngāti Porou, Māori) describes how decolonization, as a process, includes deconstructing the ways "imperialism and colonialism [are] both regulated and realized" (2012, p. 8). In this section of our issue, we bring together decolonial and anti-colonial works that are "action-oriented" and exhibit the motivations of "Indigenous and colonized bodies [who] take control of our own thought processes and act in concrete ways to address colonialism, patriarchy and other forms of social oppression" (Sefa Dei, 2019, p. vii). Importantly, these frameworks and/or projects presupposes that colonialism persists in a variety of ways and it is this perspective that our contributors take in order to address the ongoing violence.

In their visual essay, Emma B. Mincks and V'cenza Cirefice share transnational collaboration and relationship-building reflected in the Making Relatives Collective. The group provides shared space for decolonial actions for climate and environmental justice. In another decolonial and collective initiative, Daniel Coombes' participatory website seeks to counter colonial classification models for plant

species. Sarah Farahat and Megan Samms (L'nu and Nlaka'pamux) both speak directly to Indigenous land reclamation and self-determination efforts. Farahat's website "Land Back Land Forward Partnership" is an action-oriented mapping initiative where people can share access to urban and rural lands to their Indigenous neighbors. Positioning viewers to critically reflect on settler-colonialism, Samms' site-specific installation, ***a (gentle) reminder,*** centers the concepts of Guests and Hosts. Their work is featured on our cover.

Relations in Time: Ancestors and Chosen Family

Kinship, as introduced in the "More-than-Human Kinship" section, necessitates relationality beyond ourselves toward our interspecies relatives. This section looks more closely at self-definitions of familial kin and the relationships that exist beyond Western perceptions of time and geographies.

For example, Jane Yearwood's poetry describes relationship-building as a process that travels over borders and time, specifically reflecting on how the spatial distance and length of time are often dictated if and when the state recognizes, or "legally legitimizes," the relationship. Renée Rhodes uses poetry to understand the possibilities of blurring family and species relations in West Coast prairies. Also through creative writing, Fowota Mortoo's Black ecological and geographical frameworks reflect on cyclical time and collective memory through seed stewardship and gardening. J'Anna-Mare Lue and Maya Carrasquillo (writing and photography), and Dewitt King (creative nonfiction) also position their works within Black geographies, offering narratives of temporal resilience, family history, and ancestral ties to land.

Meredith Degyansky and Roman Sanchez collaborate to "braid together time itself" in their creative essay focusing on farm communities and workers. Through speculative and imaginative practice, they consider the relationships between the climate catastrophe and ancestral, present, and future kin relations. Kiri Avelar's multi-media work focuses on the material, intergenerational practice of hair braiding and, like Degyansky and Sanchez, describes the weaving together of memories from this familial experience as much like a braiding together of time and place.

...

Now having briefly introduced our contributors, please enjoy the pages that follow. This issue of ***you are here*** hopes to inspire our readers, motivated by their innovative, creative, and geographical approaches to relationality.

Philámayayapi,

Cassidy Schoenfelder (Oglála Lakȟóta)
co-editor

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Indigenizing the Creative & Cartographic

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Men Don’t Dance Fabric: An Autoethnographic Account of an “Academic NDN”’s Trip Home

by Niiyokamigaabaw Deondre Smiles
(Leech Lake Band of Ojibwe)

Department of Geography, University of Victoria

Whenever someone refers to me as an 'expert' on Indigenous geographies, I have to stifle the urge to laugh. Not because I think that they're foolish for calling me such—that would be rude. More accurately, I laugh because how could I ever become an expert on relationships and obligations to the land that predate me and will endure long after I have left this earth? Too often, in academic circles, we are positioned as people who are all-knowing and almost larger than life.

I am Ojibwe, from the Leech Lake nation in Minnesota. Although I am what they call an 'urban Native', meaning I grew up in the city (Minneapolis, to be specific), I do my best to maintain connections to home, meaning Leech Lake, and lately, Minnesota, more generally, as I now happen to live nearly 2000 miles away, in Victoria, B.C., Canada. I make sure to maintain these links through various ways that have academic currency, such as maintaining research relationships with nations back home, and through service such as being a trustee on the board of trustees of my tribe's college.

I am supported in these efforts—my department chair told me in a meeting that they hoped that I would "maintain" relationships back home—another moment where I had to stifle a chuckle—how could I not keep links to my homelands? I made sure, and continue to make sure that I maintain these links continuously. But, it can be isolating being far away from home. It can be easy to lose a bit of that connection when one is busy running the academic rat race in a different geography. That's why I take advantage of any opportunity I get to return home—it provides a different sort of 'educational' structure than the one that I am constantly surrounded with.

With that being said, I want to share a story of one such 'educational' lesson that I received, one that reminds me why I do the work that I do.

On one of the last times that my academic travels brought me home to Minnesota, I went 'up North' and attended a ceremony in an Indigenous community. The ceremony was in honour of a community member who was fighting cancer, and I felt that it was important for me to attend. Any misgivings that I briefly had about the long drive up north, or missing the chance to watch my beloved Ohio State Buckeyes play football on television were quickly swept away when I saw migizi, an eagle, fly overhead as I cruised on the interstate. To me, it was Creator telling me, "You're making the right choice coming to this." I arrived at the centre where the ceremony was being held, and stepped inside. It was packed inside, so I awkwardly stood next to the door until I saw a friend of mine, a local elder, who waved me over to sit next to him.

“Did you bring tobacco?” he asked me, reminding me I needed to make an offering.

Shit, I thought to myself. My tobacco pouch was 100 miles away in my hotel room, left there in my dithering over whether or not I was going to come to the ceremony. I told him such, and he handed me a package of tobacco he’d brought. I went up to put some in, but the drummers were getting ready to play another song, and so in a brief panic, I left the entire package of tobacco in the offering bowl. I then proceeded to almost go the wrong way around the drum circle trying to get back to my seat. The elder reminded me of the correct way with a simple gesture and I returned to my seat, my face slightly red with embarrassment over forgetting protocol. There isn’t yet a university class out there called “How to act correct during ceremony”!

My embarrassment soon passed though, and I spent the next few hours at the ceremony alternating between dancing and reconnecting with a number of my friends who happened to be there. Before I knew it, evening had fallen, and we were getting ready to do a giveaway dance. I once again cursed myself, forgetting to bring items for the giveaway. Some Ojibwe I was, I thought to myself. Luckily, a friend of mine had brought many items, including several bolts of fabric. She told me, “Feel free to take some if you need to give something away”. So, I did—at the beginning of one of the dances, I picked up a bolt of fabric, and brought it over to one of my friends, only for him to gently say, “Men don’t dance fabric, Deondre.” An elder and knowledge holder sitting nearby also reminded me and teased me a bit. If my face was slightly red earlier with my small faux pas, it had to be redder than the bolt of fabric I was holding at this point. I beat a hasty retreat back over to my friend (going the correct way), and we had a good laugh about it. Any embarrassment I had quickly melted away, as I reminded myself that we all learn at our own pace and time, and that I now knew what not to do during a giveaway dance at ceremony.

Where am I going with all of this (no pun intended)? To me, I had ceased to be in the comfortable environs of the Western academy, where my skills and training are valorized with praise and deference (much to my discomfort)—I was now back home, in spaces that were more unfamiliar to me. My PhD, my years of training in Indigenous geographies weren’t going to do me any good here. This wasn’t a fieldwork exercise or a graduate seminar. I can’t theorize my way out of presenting the wrong sort of item to a potential dance partner, or going the wrong way around the drum circle.

However, I became very attuned to a different sort of geography—that of connection, and kinship, and of letting

go. Even if I did the wrong thing, someone was always there to teach me something different–something you don't often see in the Western academy. Rather than being isolated in a department where I am often the only Indigenous person in a given space, I was surrounded by friends and fellow community members. Rather than feeling uncomfortable or embarrassed for too long, I felt encouraged in the space to let go of my hubris and pride, which are not Ojibwe qualities at any rate. In that space, I ceased to be Dr. Deondre Smiles, PhD, and became just Deondre, or Niiyokamigaabaw, if someone was inspired to speak my Ojibwe name. That space of ceremony became a very generative space, where I felt supported, where I felt a sense of spiritual renewal.

I took a brief breather with my friend to get outside and get some fresh air. As I looked up at the clear night sky and the stars, I felt at home again. I felt connected with my ancestors who came before me, and felt connections and obligations to the future generations of Ojibwe that will come after me. I felt the reminder that when someone calls me an 'expert', my first inclination is to gently remind them that I am no expert. All I am is a person who is carrying knowledge handed down from my ancestors before me, so I can pass it along to the next generation, so they can do even greater things than I have been able to accomplish.

It was a reminder to me that no matter how separated I might be from my homelands, when I have a chance to return, I can immerse myself in spaces that remind me of the embodied ways that I move through spaces—something that is more educational than any amount of research or schooling can ever provide to me.

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Reflections of the future(s)

by

Heidi D. Mendoza

Vrije Universiteit Amsterdam

scan for audio

HIMIG NG PANGARAP / MELODY OF A DREAM

UNTITLED SONG IN TAGLOG
By Marcelino Tena, Dumagat chieftain

Opening

Kaming Tribung Dumagat
Sa bundok at baybay ng dagat
Laging magkakasama
Kanya kanyang pamilya
Walang inaasahan
Kung di likas na yaman
Ito ay minana
Sa aming ninuno
Na sa ami'y iniwan

We are the Dumagat tribe
In the mountain, and in the seacoast
Always together
With our own families
With nothing to depend on
But natural resources
This is an inheritance
From our ancestors
That were left to us

Closing

Tayo'y sama-sama
Ipagtanggol natin
Lupaing pamana

Closing

We are together
We will fight for
Our inherited land

Working with the Dumagat-Remontado tribe inspired imaginaries of the future(s) that are mostly inspired by their living history. Following this audio project, I was also inspired to write a short story about another hydrological extreme in the landscape— drought. This story highlights the power of living with the landscape— the common language and vision that unite them. And it ends with a prompt from the future—how might Indigenous communities reclaim their stories and spaces in a future where dominant paradigms of consumption and living has almost erased their traces?

BULONG NG TAGTUYOT / WHISPER OF A DROUGHT

"*Believe me, I dreamed of a drought,"* Mang Edgar announced in their regular farmers' association meeting. He was so convinced of the dream he had that he was compelled to share it, but no one in the group believed. Around 25-30 farmers were gathered in a small hall made of nipa where they held almost all community gatherings.

"What is a drought?" one of the young members asked in confusion. "I would like to believe you as the association's president, but I cannot force myself to believe without understanding what it is." In this particular landscape, no one knew about drought, as it was a foreign concept, and a language introduced by migrants who claimed to have experienced the worst droughts in the world. In fact, it was also Mang Edgar's first time to encounter the word; but it lingered so vividly in his dreams that it became impossible to forget.

Mang Edgar tried to explain what he saw in his dreams, what he heard, and most especially what he felt. He used these experiences to define what he called drought. "Perhaps, we can think of it as an intense, and longer summer." With this, he got the group to listen, and to ask more questions. The farmers were concerned about their crops, and families. Irrigation had always been inadequate during summers, and with a prolonged, and worse summer, their harvest was sure to fail.

"That does sound terrible for us. But what are you implying? What can we do?"

"We can sleep, and wake up when the drought is over," Mang Edgar almost burst out in the middle of their discussions. He felt almost foolish saying this, but nothing seemed to make sense for them, anyway.

Some of the members laughed, and left the meeting hall. Those who believed Mang Edgar, because of his authority, and experience in farming, stayed. They didn't understand any of Mang Edgar's claims, but they thought it would be worth considering in case that a drought really came. The small group who stayed agreed to sleep on the onset of the drought.

"*We will know when the drought has started when the roselle flowers start to wither,"* Solenad broke her silence.

After three months, Solenad found herself knocking on doors, announcing that the roselle flowers had withered. *"It's time for the long slumber!"*

Not everyone slept. But those who believed and slept had no idea where their slumber would take them, nor how long their slumber would be. The only certainty they held was that their bodies would awaken as soon as the drought had ended.

The drought lasted for 20 years. Mang Edgar was the first to wake up. He had forgotten how long he was sleeping, and why he slept in the first place. His body ached, and everything felt different. He went out of his nipa house, and found a strange man carrying a bottle of water passing by.

“Excuse me, what year is it?”

The man looked at him with confusion, but replied, *“It is 2041.”*

“And why are you carrying water in a bottle? We drank straight from the streams”

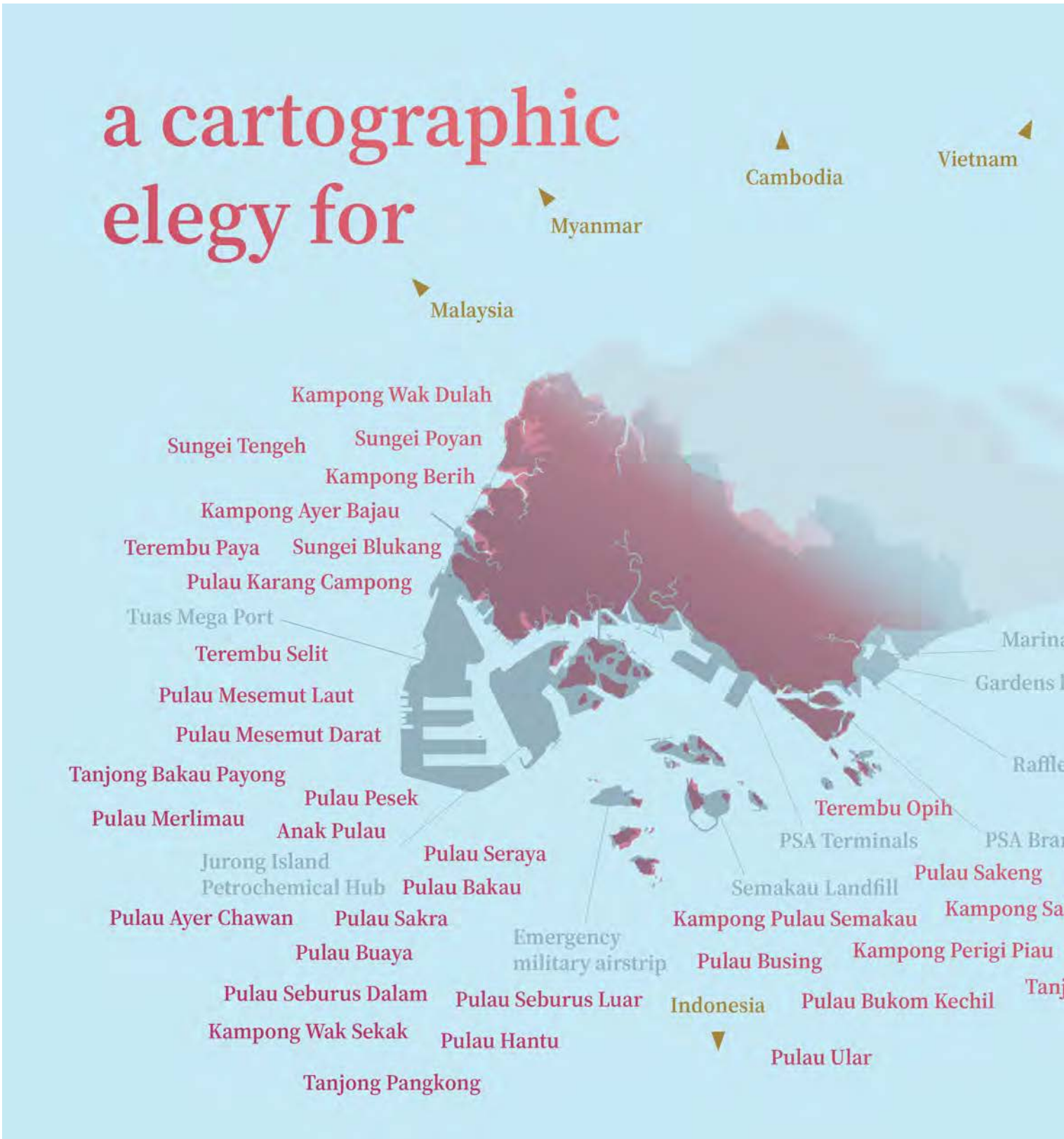
you are here

Island Expropriation

by

Jerald Lim

University of Utah


a cartographic elegy for
Cambodia
Vietnam
Myanmar
Malaysia
Kampong Wak Dulah
Sungei Tengeh
Sungei Poyan
Kampong Berih
Kampong Ayer Bajau
Terembu Paya
Sungei Blukang
Pulau Karang Campong
Tuas Mega Port
Terembu Selit
Pulau Mesemut Laut
Pulau Mesemut Darat
Tanjong Bakau Payong
Pulau Merlimau
Pulau Pesek
Anak Pulau
Jurong Island Petrochemical Hub
Pulau Seraya
Pulau Bakau
Pulau Ayer Chawan
Pulau Sakra
Pulau Buaya
Pulau Seburus Dalam
Kampong Wak Sekak
Tanjong Pangkong
Pulau Hantu
Pulau Seburus Luar
Emergency military airstrip
Indonesia
Pulau Ular
Pulau Bukom Kechil
Pulau Busing
Kampong Perigi Piau
Kampong Pulau Semakau
Semakau Landfill
Pulau Sakeng
PSA Terminals
Terembu Opih
Gardens
Raffle

you are here

In *A Sense of Urgency*, rhetorician Deborah Hawhee illustrates the use of placement, the creative act of setting things, time, and place in relation to each other, to create presence, a shimmer of intensity and feeling that can help us bear witness to injustices and fathom acts of care. This spatial elegy performs the rhetorical work of laying bare the erasure of relations resulting from Singapore's land reclamation project.

The term reclamation is really a misnomer, as there is no once lost land being recovered or restored. Instead, through the slow violence of land, sea, and coastal expropriation, ecosystems and communities, from coral reefs and mangroves to sustainable fishing economies, are buried under a growth at all costs development rhetoric. This elegy names, places, and laments some of these losses along the former coastline of Southwest Singapore, where my family resides. They also gesture to wastelanded and disenfranchised human and more-than-human bodies across the rest of Singapore and around Southeast Asia.

From the decapitation of hills during British colonialism in 1822, to opaque offshore sand dredging and imports in the past decades of ecomodernist petrostate expansionism, Singapore has expropriated enough sea to grow its landmass by a quarter of its original size. Also noted on the elegy are the tourist destinations and status symbols that have been erected atop this stolen land. Most of these sites are ironically developed and advertised as feats of sustainable engineering, and built by migrant workers from the same sites of sand expropriation and loss of metabolically sustainable coastal livelihoods.

It is my hope that by mapping my relations, past and present, killed and constructed, wild and familiar, I might meaningfully peel off a little paint of my country's greenwashed veneer, and incite recognition, reckoning, and reclamation of our relationship with our lands, coasts, and seas.

you are here

Necrogeografia indígena: o Massacre de Caarapó

by João Carlos Ibanhez

Universidade Federal de Grande Dourados

O globo
A prática do capital desenfreado e sem escrúpulos
aniquila memórias de grupos historicamente marginalizados
O desejo maior além de deletar reminiscências
é retirar os terrenos que ancoram a vida dos Povos Originários do mundo

A maldição global do neoliberalismo
Engrenagens estatais empresariais calcam o pânico do capital

Escalas
América do sul - Brasil – Centro-oeste - Mato Grosso do Sul – Região da Grande Dourados - município de Caarapó

Fronteiras
Além da fronteira entre estados
Vive-se uma fronteira de regiões culturais,
Dicotomia entre os Kaiowá e Guarani com o agronegócio
Imposição de poder através da força e da munição.

Território
Guarani Kaiowá

lugar
Terra indígena Te'yikue
o lugar onde somos o que somos :Tekoha Kunumi Poty Vera

Motivação
Terrorismo agrário apoiado pelo Estado
Arquitetura Colonial e Racismo Estrutural

Mecanismo de tecnologia/ maquina da morte
trator de pá carregadeira
rojões e tiros

Temporalidade
14 de junho de 2016
Uma fazendo dentro do território indígena
MILHO-SOJA-GADO
Manutenção de trabalhos análogos a escravidão
A terra, o espírito, a memória ancestral, erguiam-se contra a injustiça, noite após noite.

Fúria
Tiroteios das dez da manha até às 14 horas
Nas terras Guarani Kaiowá
O sol queimava a pele, a alma, o chão
Era o cenário de um conflito ancestral
Onde a luta pela terra ecoava em vão.

300 indígenas acampavam e resistiam.
Mas fazendeiros armados, cruéis e insanos,
Atacaram com fúria e o sangue se perdia
Uma morte e seis feridos graves

A terra roxa (latossolo)
ficou embebida do sangue indígena
Sonhos e vozes silenciados na lama,
Enquanto a terra chorava a dor da partida.

Necrogeografia

Paisagens de morte. Agência espacial da morte

Expressão política da morte

Desigualdade e resistência

A relação espacial entre vivos e mortos

O corpo enterrado é o próprio espaço geográfico

O uso físico de restos humanos para criar espaços.

Necrogeografia indígena (território Guarani Kaiowá)

Apagamento de memórias de sujeitos indígenas

Necrogeografia clandestina

O poder imposto pelo capital do agro-negócio

impõe sobre corpos indígenas, a morte.

Conflitos que não datam de hoje

Resistência de grupos humanos que apenas lutam pela coexistência numa região abarrotada de desigualdade, dominação e exclusão

Que a memória dos que tombaram,

seja eternizada em versos, em lamentos.

Que a terra guarde suas histórias, seus cantos,

e que a justiça, enfim, seja feita nos ventos.

A desigualdade se inscreve na terra

O luto se entrelaça com a luta, as lágrimas com a resistência

E o chão sagrado guarda os segredos da necrogeografia.

Biopoder e desaparecimentos forçados,

Exumações e rituais mortuários entrelaçados

Memórias gravadas nas pedras, nos olhos das mulheres

Mapa das ausências e das esperanças.

Estado responsável, tarda em demarcar territórios,

Enquanto as lágrimas regam o solo, clamando justiça.

que a terra guarde a memória do Massacre de Caarapó.

you are here

Protest Citography

by

Weronika Gajda

KU Leuven in Belgium

scan for video

In 2019, confined within a small room in Gent, Belgium, due to COVID-19 pandemic restrictions and social isolation, I was immersed in an online journey through social media platforms, exploring layered realms of protest, digital connectivity, and urban space. During this period, the Polish government was enacting one of the strictest abortion laws in Europe. This law posed a threat to women's rights and their lives. Despite physical separation, I felt strongly connected to the mass protests called "Strajk Kobiet" in Poland. Here, people of all ages and genders demonstrated resilience in the face of escalating police violence and governmental threats.

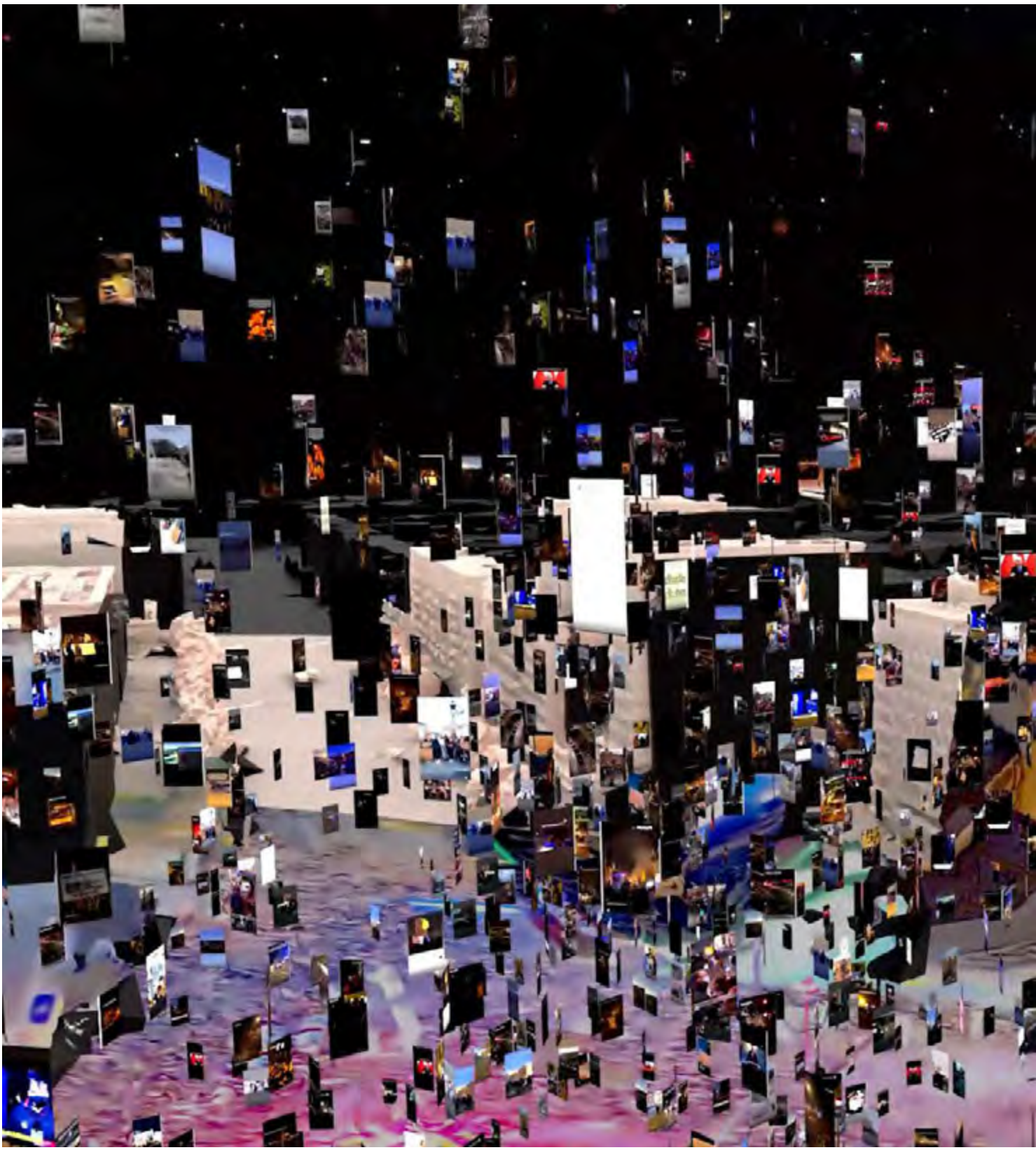
With my architectural background, I embarked on a creative exploration of the protest by employing digital mapping techniques. This included a combination of various forms of social media content – posts, videos, images, and recordings. This process led to the conception of 'Protest Citography,' a term coined by me to describe the interplay of urban cartography with elements of a theatrical stage of the city. It represents a creative method to capture the dynamic and fluctuating nature of the city, especially in contexts of citizens' solidarity and omnipresence of digital media.

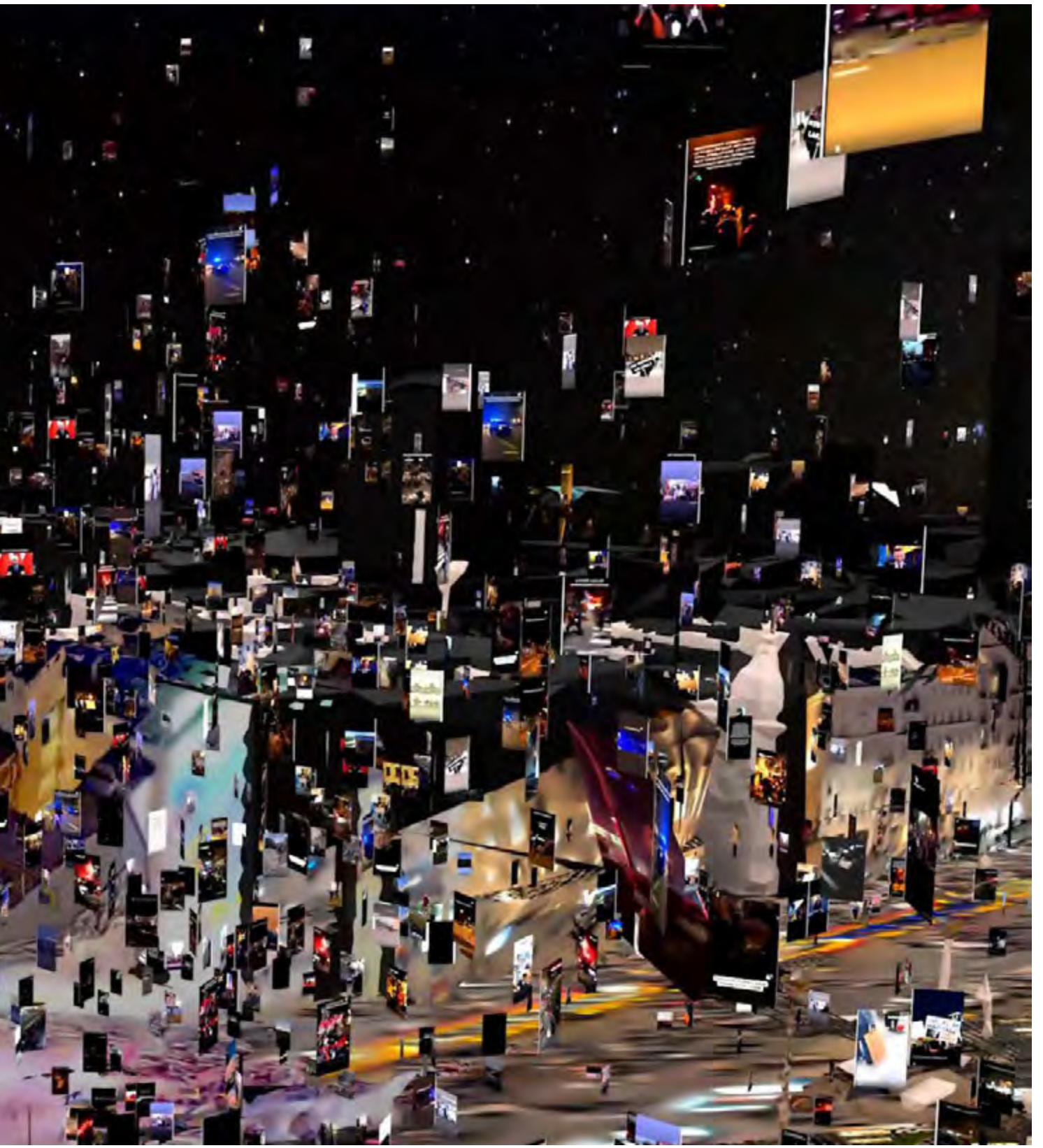
The video unfolds as a journey through diverse landscapes. It begins with an online


STRAJ

media landscape, portraying the collective expression of dissent and solidarity. It then transitions into a visualization of my personal space in Ghent represented as a point cloud scan. This symbolizes my isolated yet connected presence in the protests. By integrating various layers, the narrative culminates with a model and animation of the city. These typically-invisible layers are made visible and make them a pivotal component for understanding the dynamics of urban protests.

This work stands as a memory of the power and solidarity of interconnected protestors in various spaces, times and media. It rethinks the relationship between individuals and urban spaces, highlighting how technology mediates our interaction with the world, regardless of physical constraints. ‘Protest Citography’ transcends mere depiction of events; it offers an immersive experience that blurs the lines between the digital and physical worlds, between personal isolation and collective rebellion.





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Black Geographies: An Invitation to Imagine Undocumented Geographies, Relationally

by Juan Ruiz Cortes

University of California, Santa Cruz

Towards Undocumented Geographies

INTRODUCTION

As Camila Hawthorne and Jovan Scott Lewis put it, engaging contemporary Blackness studies in a phenomenological way merely privileges subjective cultural formations "that often reinforce the subjugated, or vulnerable, form of Black subjectivity" (2023, p. 5). In my master's thesis, I turned to phenomenology and studies of Blackness, intending to express my undocumented/Latinx/Mexican vulnerability for recognition of my lived experience. Instead, thinking beyond my embodied experience, I now engage Blackness in "relation to material processes and phenomena…[as] a situating force, a place-making apparatus that in every geographic context makes its location more meaningful, more substantial, more human" (Hawthorne & Lewis, 2023, p. 5). Black Geographies then provides the analytical model to shift the narrative from vulnerability to awareness, where knowledge production from an undocumented walk of life is 1)"geographically situated," 2) grounded in the premise "that the very spatiality of knowing and knowledge production is a powerful starting point from which to theorize" and 3)accepting that "subaltern populations" do indeed "have a relationship to the production of space" (Hawthorne & Lewis, 2023, p. 4).

Ultimately, Black Geographies woke me from my slumbers when I flipped the script and, from a subaltern vantage point, took *space* and *place-making* as a category of analysis to comprehend the potential of thinking, reading, and writing about undocumentedness *relationally*.

In thinking *with* Katherine McKittrick's *Dear Science and Other Stories* (2021) and other black thinkers' ideas of Black Geographies, I set out to illustrate the forms undocumented people in the U.S. (and potentially worldwide) share a geographical relationality. In reading relationally, Black, Decolonial, and Indigenous Geographies illustrate what I call *Undocumented Geographies.*

BLACK GEOGRAPHIES IN *DEAR SCIENCE*

Katherine McKittrick identifies "black geographies" as "'*the terrain* of political struggle itself' or, *where* the imperative of perspective of struggle takes place;" said differently, they "demonstrate both the limitations and possibilities of traditional spatial arrangements through the ways the black subject is produced by, and is producing geographic knowledges" (2006, pp. 6-7). Black Geographies offers the conceptual scaffolding to identify the legacies of the plantation systems, how those produced spatial differences, the way those processes still manifest in our day-

to-day experience, centered on Black-lived experiences, but also offering the way Black humanity rises above those oppressive systems.

McKittrick's ***Dear Science*** makes a humbling invitation. She summons one to practice liberation from oppressive systems of white supremacy, racial capitalism, and colonial violence (McKittrick, 2021). I delve into and map some of the monograph concepts—my objective is to create an artifact for my kin who might not have read McKittrick or been aware of the invitation (see Figure 1). In no way do I map McKittrick's knowledge as corresponding "with familiar (normative, prevailing) geographic patterns that frame our spatial world as it already is (transparent, colonizing, knowable)" (McKittrick, 2021, p. 180).

The concepts I read closely include ***demonic grounds***, a ***black sense of place***, ***black consciousness***, ***methodology***, (epistemologically) ***other ways of knowing***, (ontologically)***black embodied knowledge***, and ***where we know from***. Five additional concepts are interconnected to McKittrick's ***relationality*** invitation: ***unknowing***, the ***Black aesthetic***, ***relationality***, ***liberation***, and ***Black livingness*** (connected by red lines in Fig.1). Here, McKittrick grants a lens to consider the inequalities and identities of the embodied and spatial forms of undocumentedness.

Undocumentedness and Blackness are not interchangeable. The undocumented and black-lived experience is comparable but in no way twinning the plantocratic legacy described in McKittrick's work. Undocumentedness encompasses relationality that yields other examples of contestation to racism and borders (national and cultural) and reimagines citizenship definitions. By engaging McKittrick's textual analysis of ***Zong!*** and the Black aesthetic, I illustrate how Undocumented Geography does just that.

First, undocumentedness, the state, instances, or conditions of being undocumented, can be summed up briefly, not exhaustively, in the following way. No undocumented status or identity is the same; there is a broad spectrum of undocumentedness, deportability, and "illegality." Generally, the undocumented do not possess Federal or State identification cards, employment benefits, voting rights, secure retirement, Social Security Number, access to financial assistance, subsidized housing, or legal employment. These present conditions are tied to historical elements, what McKittrick calls a "historically present living system" (2021, p. 128).

McKittrick identifies the slave ship, *Zong,* as a "historically present conceptual device that opens up two overlapping analytical

pathways"—one imparts knowledge through "racism and black death," and the other (Zong!) creates knowledge (2021, p. 139). Similarly, Richard Misrach and Guillermo Galindo's Border Cantos Exhibit[1] displays artifacts collected along the U.S./Mexico border, abandoned by thousands of migrants crossing the desert. Misrach and Galindo craft photography, music, and musical instruments with the found artifacts to recreate the indigenous music of those borderlands. They give voice to local ancestors and migrants journeying those spaces in ways sensational media outlets do not. The deserted borderlands undocu-migrants navigate are a site of violent disappearance, a deadly encounter.[2] These spaces in the border, where thousands journey "illegally," offer us a glimpse into one (but perhaps not the only) beginning of undocumentedness.[3]

Moreover, Alejandro G. Iñárritu's[4] ***CARNE Y ARENA***, I cannot bear, for it "explores the human condition of immigrants and refugees" where the immersive virtual reality (VR) participant goes from merely observing the exhibit to "a direct experience [of] walking in the immigrants' feet under their skin, and into their hearts" (2017, May 22). For one, the "human" condition depicted through VR demands troubling, for it may not be possible to genuinely represent the gendered, raced, sexed, and classed histories of immigrants. Geographically, however, Iñárritu's artistic rendition illustrates how space and place offer an aesthetic experience of relationality. Everyone involved in the exhibit meets at a difficult point of encounter, where all get a better sense of each other's sense of place in the hope of rearticulating practices of liberation that, although relational, look different to all involved.

UNDOCUMENTED GEOGRAPHIES

Before engaging McKittrick's invitation, I analyzed undocumentedness from a position that began and ended in

1 The artifacts and musical instrument creations were exhibited from Friday, February 26, 2016, through Sunday, July 31, 2016, with more exhibit details here: https://sjmusart.org/exhibition/border-cantos. Further videos and information are available at the Border Cantos project website: https://bordercantos.com/.

2 There are overlapping similarities that directly affect me as a Mexican undocumented person with historical accounts from Black Studies. For example, William Carrigan and Clive Webb broaden the scholarly discourse on the history of mob violence, racism, and lynchings to include Mexicans. From 1848 to 1879, Carrigan and Webb found that Mexicans faced a similar risk of lynching as African Americans at the rate of 473 per population of 100,000 in Southern US states (2003, p. 414). On May 3, 1877, the hanging corpses of two Mexicans, victims of an angry lynch mob, dangled from the Water Street Bridge—less than a few miles from today's UCSC (Dunn, 1984, p. 1).

3 I borrow from McKittrick's inspiration from Édouard Glissant's reimagining of The Middle Passage in Poetics of Relation, "the nonworld as one (but perhaps not the only) beginning of blackness" (McKittrick, 2021, p. 32).

4 Oscar-winning Mexican filmmaker, producer, and director Alejandro González Iñárritu's better-known films include Amores Perros (2000), Babel (2006), and Biutiful (2010). More on Iñárritu's trajectory is accessible at https://www.imdb.com/name/nm0327944/.

vulnerability and victimization. Although I produced a critical analysis of ***what it was like*** to be undocumented in academia, I merely aimed to describe it. McKittrick illuminated me: "Description is not liberation" (2021, p. 45). Confining undocumented geographies to the spaces produced by oppressive legacies as contained and definite is unbearable. Instead, I rethink my intellectual project, inspired by and in relation to Decolonial Geographies, Indigenous Geographies, and Black Geographies.

Undocumented Geographies must be read with other undefined geographies. Michelle Daigle and Margaret Marietta Ramírez have not entirely identified the structure to define decolonial geographies. Still, they are inspired by Gloria Anzaldúa's ideas of building bridges as they are being walked or contributing to forming constellations of relationality (Daigle & Ramírez, 2019; see also Daigle, 2023). Although there is no definable language and structure to identify Decolonial Geographies, there is a relatable and shared understanding of the communities and populations I engage in my work.

The history, oppressive system of laws, and interconnected kinship with other geographies of dispossession, unite us. We (Indigenous, Black, Latinx, Asian, and People of Color) relate beyond what words can define. Nonetheless, Daigle and Ramírez invite us to envision the "embodied praxes of liberation to elucidate the connective fabric of various decolonial struggles" as "constellations of co-resistance … in formation … to envision radical spatial visions of the future" (2019, p. 2) Their analytic illustration offers the point of entry/invitation for Latinx/Undocumented Geography to contribute insights on liberatory undocumented spatial practices in urban settings.

Lastly, I build on these constellations of ideas in my affective[5] campus mapping project, analyzing how undocumented students at UCSC navigate particular spaces to illustrate forms of undocumented spatiality (Sigvardsdotter, 2013). The results of a participatory mapping activity evoke information about where undocumented students feel most comfortable or uncomfortable on campus due to their immigration status (see Figure 2). The conceptual frameworks in human geography and modern mapping technologies, like

5 The scholarly lineages shaping my understanding of affect include works by Patricia Ticineto Clough, Ana Del Sarto, Ruth Leys, and Brian Massumi.

Geographic Information Systems (GIS), aid my project in novel ways.[6] I challenge colonial narratives and explore more creative, rebellious, and liberatory forms of counter-mapping,[7] and include sites of undocumented knowledge production and pleasure. Ultimately, I seek to elucidate how undocumented folks contest systems of erasure, navigate visibility/invisibility, and rejoice through art, music, sexual identity, food, and other forms of place-making.

My interest is to collaborate in the practice of relational liberation with other geographies facing structural oppression and inequalities stemming from systemic white supremacy, racial capitalism, and colonial violence. To all identities of undocumented folks, I wonder what the practices of liberation look like. My contribution is only an entry, a start to a collaborative, relational, worldwide thinking of Undocumented Geographies where Black, Brown, Indigenous, and undocumented livingness is valued relationally.

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6 Attempting to map the broad spectrum of undocumentedness, with its multiple intersecting identities (i.e., gender, race, sexual orientation, ability), is much more complicated than I have showcased here. That particular project may yield insights into themes of "colliding epistemologies" and "attempts to represent the unrepresentable" (Brown & Knopp, 2008, p. 50). However, that does not mean we cannot begin at the cornerstone of thinking through undocumented spatiality, embrace imperfect limitations that come with carrying out this project, and go beyond merely adding an undocumented layer to the shapefile. My project attempts to make a novel intervention by merging undocumented "geography and cartography/GIS" to point at "how normal and neutral forms of representation insidiously closet" marginalized people (Brown & Knopp, 2008, p.55).

7 I am directly thinking with Indigenous Geographer Cassidy Schoenfelder's notion of countercartography, "also called countermapping, oppositional cartographies, resistance mapping, and remapping, re-presents information, histories, identities, and places towards liberatory ends. Any act of map-making (conceptual, physical, material, or visual) is about relations to power and to countermap is to redistribute or reclaim power" (Schoenfelder, 2023, p. ii).

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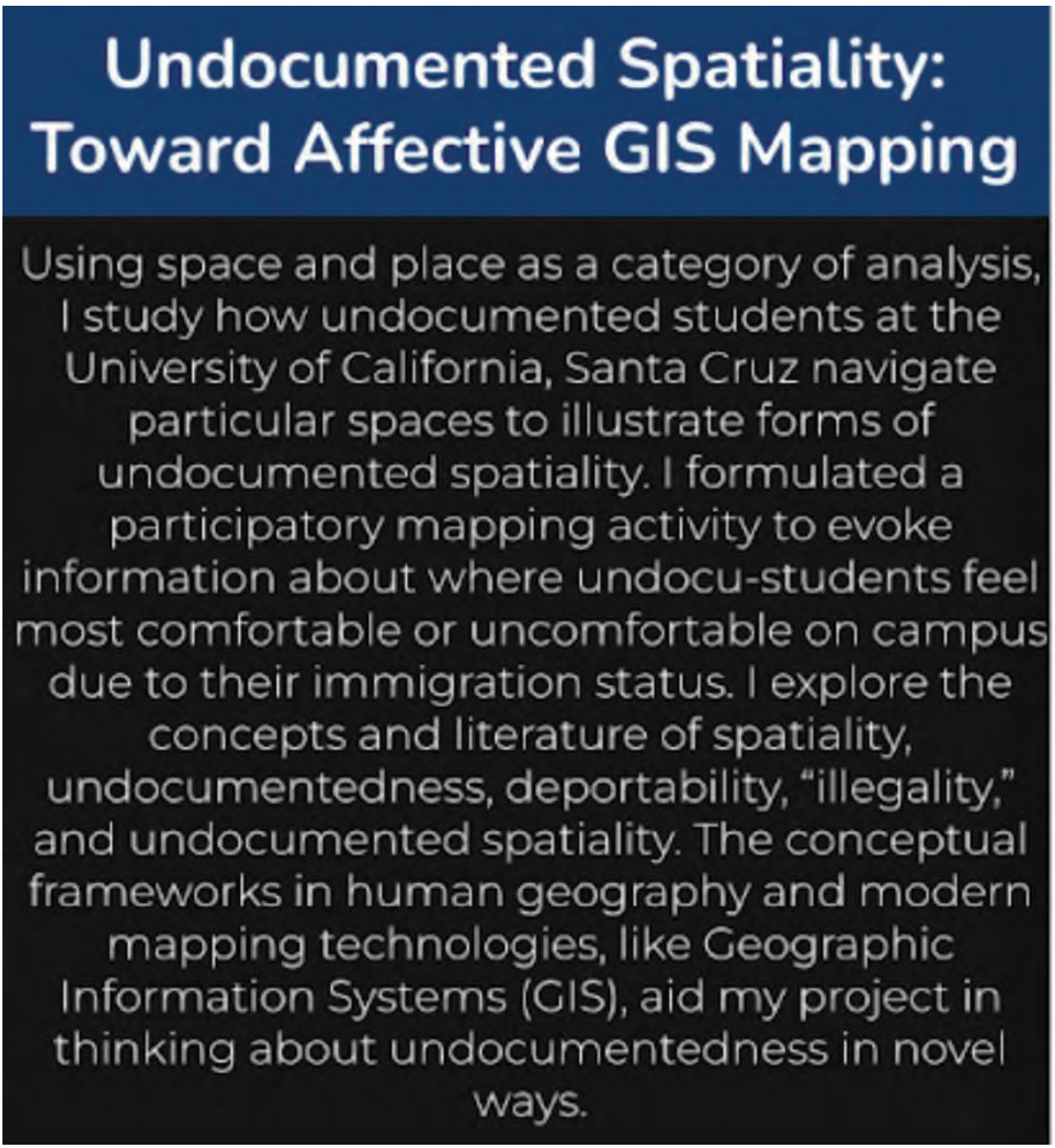
Appendix A

Undocumented Spatiality at UC Santa Cruz

Source: Juan Ruiz Cortes



Appendix B

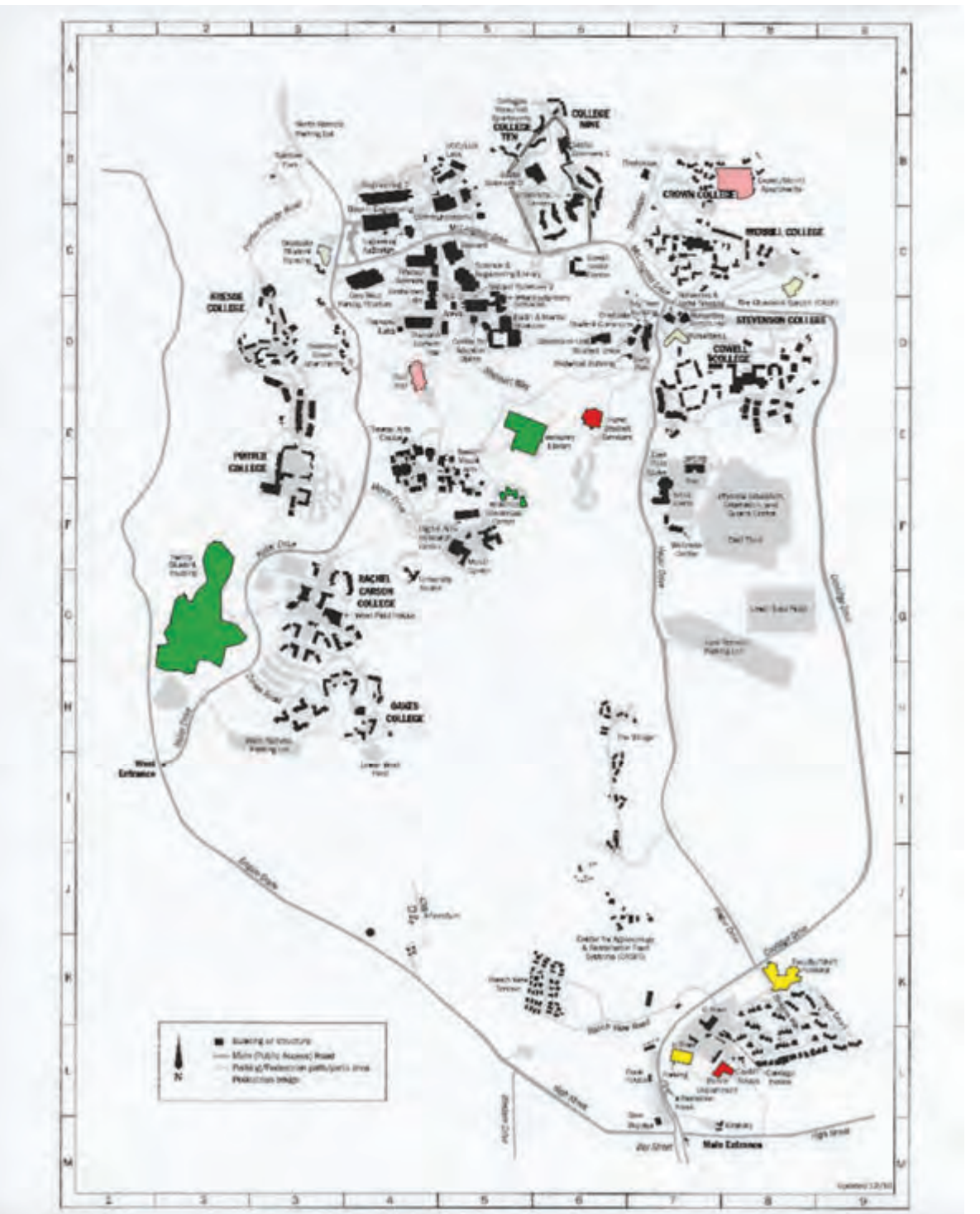
UCSC Physical Planning, Development & Operations Printable Map in Black & White

Source: https://maps.ucsc.edu/printable-maps/campus_map_B-W_12-16.pdf

Appendix C

Polygons Identifying Undocumented Spaces of Interest,

Source: Juan Ruiz Cortes



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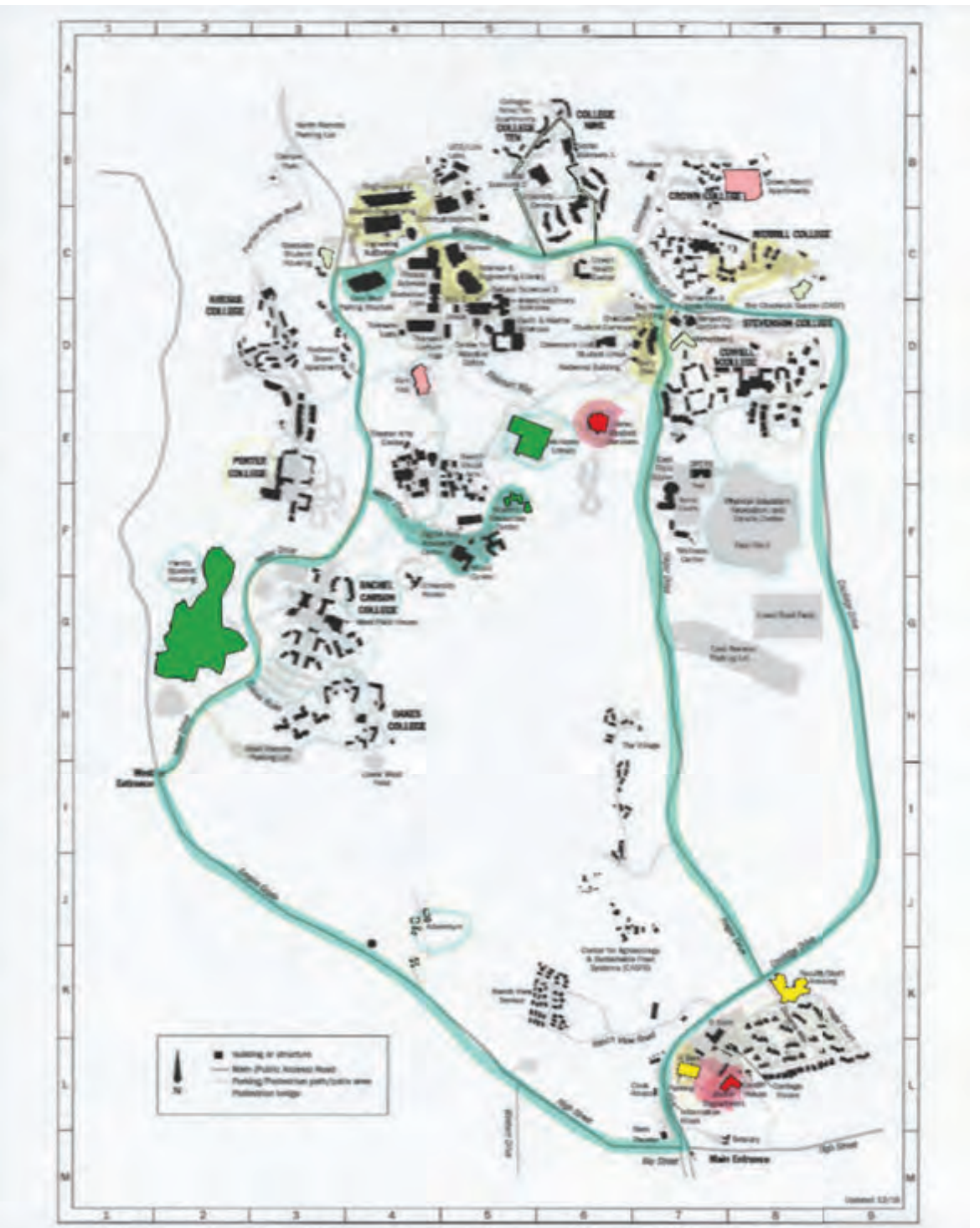
Appendix D

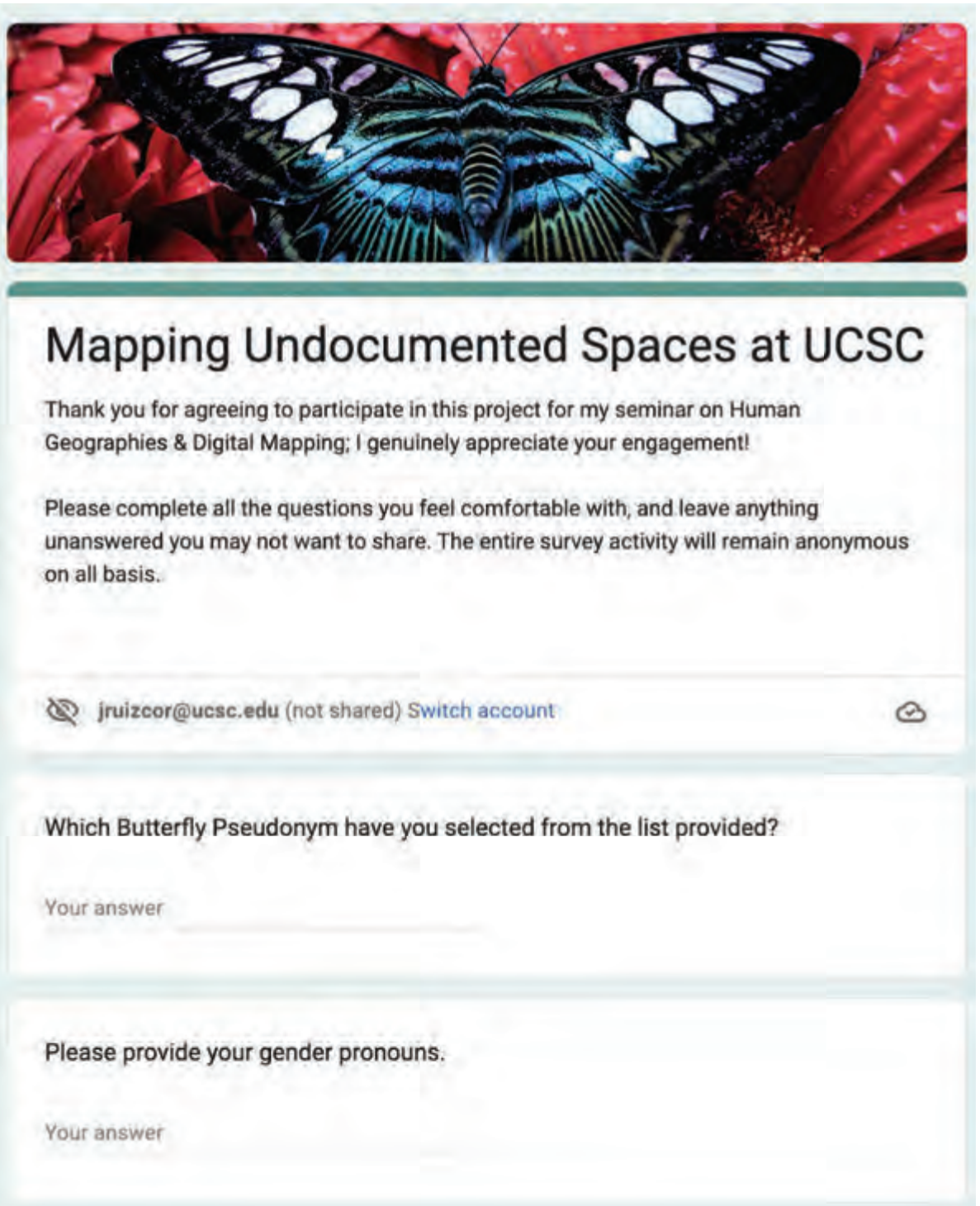
All Map Layers Overlaid in QGIS

Source: Juan Ruiz Cortes



Appendix E

Mapping Undocumented Spaces at UCSC Google Form Participant Survey,
Source: Juan Ruiz Cortes



Part 1: Checking some boxes...
Answer the following two questions on the resources you might or might not navigate due to your undocumented identity at UCSC.

Please check the campus resources/centers/services you **do feel comfortable** visiting and using at UCSC due to your undocumented status.

- [ ] Basic Needs/Food Pantries
- [ ] CARE - Campus Advocacy Resources and Education
- [ ] CAPS - Counseling and Psychological Services
- [ ] The Cove - recovery & addiction support
- [ ] Student Health Center
- [ ] Lionel Cantú Gay Lesbian Bisexuual Transgender Queer Intersex Resource Center
- [ ] The Career Center
- [ ] DRC - Disability Resource Center
- [ ] Chicanx Latinx Resource Center
- [ ] Undocumented Student Services
- [ ] STARS - Services for Transfer & Re-Entry Students
- [ ] The Womxn's Center
- [ ] Financial Aid
- [ ] Graduate Student Commons
- [ ] Other:

Please check the campus resources you **do not** feel comfortable using at UCSC due to your undocumented status.

- [ ] Basic Needs/Food Pantries
- [ ] CARE - Campus Advocacy Resources and Education
- [ ] CAPS - Counseling and Psychological Services
- [ ] The Cove - recovery & addiction support
- [ ] Student Health Center
- [ ] Lionel Cantú Gay Lesbian Bisexuual Transgender Queer Intersex Resource Center
- [ ] The Career Center
- [ ] DRC - Disability Resource Center
- [ ] Chicanx Latinx Resource Center
- [ ] Undocumented Student Services
- [ ] STARS - Services for Transfer & Re-Entry Students
- [ ] The Women's Center
- [ ] Financial Aid
- [ ] Graduate Student Commons
- [ ] Other:

Part 2: Drawing on the UCSC Map
Please identify the areas you feel comfortable navigating due to your undocumented status with **color green.**

Please identify the areas you **entirely avoid** at UCSC due to your undocumented status with **color red.**

Please identify the areas you **must navigate**—perhaps willingly or unwillingly—where your undocumented status is "kept at bay" without producing positive or negative emotions with **color yellow.**

(feel free to use dots, lines, shades, or any shapes that help you convey these ideas)

Green areas: Is there anything you would like to share as to why these spaces make you feel particularly comfortable with being undocumented at UCSC? *(feel free to list any words that come to mind or describe in full sentences)*

Your answer

Red areas: Is there anything you would like to share as to why these spaces make you feel particularly uncomfortable with being undocumented at UCSC? *(feel free to list any words that come to mind or describe in full sentences)*

Your answer

Yellow areas: Is there anything you would like to share as to why these spaces make you feel particularly indiferent with being undocumented at UCSC? *(feel free to list any words that come to mind or describe in full sentences)*

Your answer

Lastly, have you ever felt any of the following? (*check all that apply)*

- [ ] At risk of deportation at UCSC
- [ ] Experienced feelings of illegality at UCSC
- [ ] Protected from deportation at UCSC
- [ ] Have not felt illegality at UCSC
- [ ] Other:

Thank you for your participation! Do you have any questions, comments, or concerns?

Your answer

Submit Clear form

Never submit passwords through Google Forms.

This form was created inside of UC Santa Cruz. Report Abuse

Google Forms

Appendix F

Butterflies at the UC Santa Cruz Arboretum,

Source: https://arboretum.ucsc.edu/pdfs/17butterfly-pamphlet.pdf

The Butterfly Garden

Adjacent to the California Native Garden and to the left of the path leading to the New Zealand area, you'll discover a Butterfly Garden based on California native plants. Plants have been selected to provide a nectar source nearly all year round. In addition, some plants provide a food source for caterpillars. Butterflies are normally active only on warm sunny days. Buckeyes and Ringlets are common in summer, while Monarchs visit mainly in winter, although some individuals have laid their eggs here. You can help reverse the downward trend in some butterfly populations by encouraging others to plant appropriate species and avoid the use of pesticides in their gardens.

Butterflies in your Garden

The caterpillars of most of our local butterflies feed on native trees and grasses or weeds in wildland areas. The butterflies that you will see in your garden depend mostly on where you live. Growing nectar plants is the best way to invite passing butterflies to linger. Massed plantings of a few species are most effective.
Here are some of the best California native nectar plants for our area:

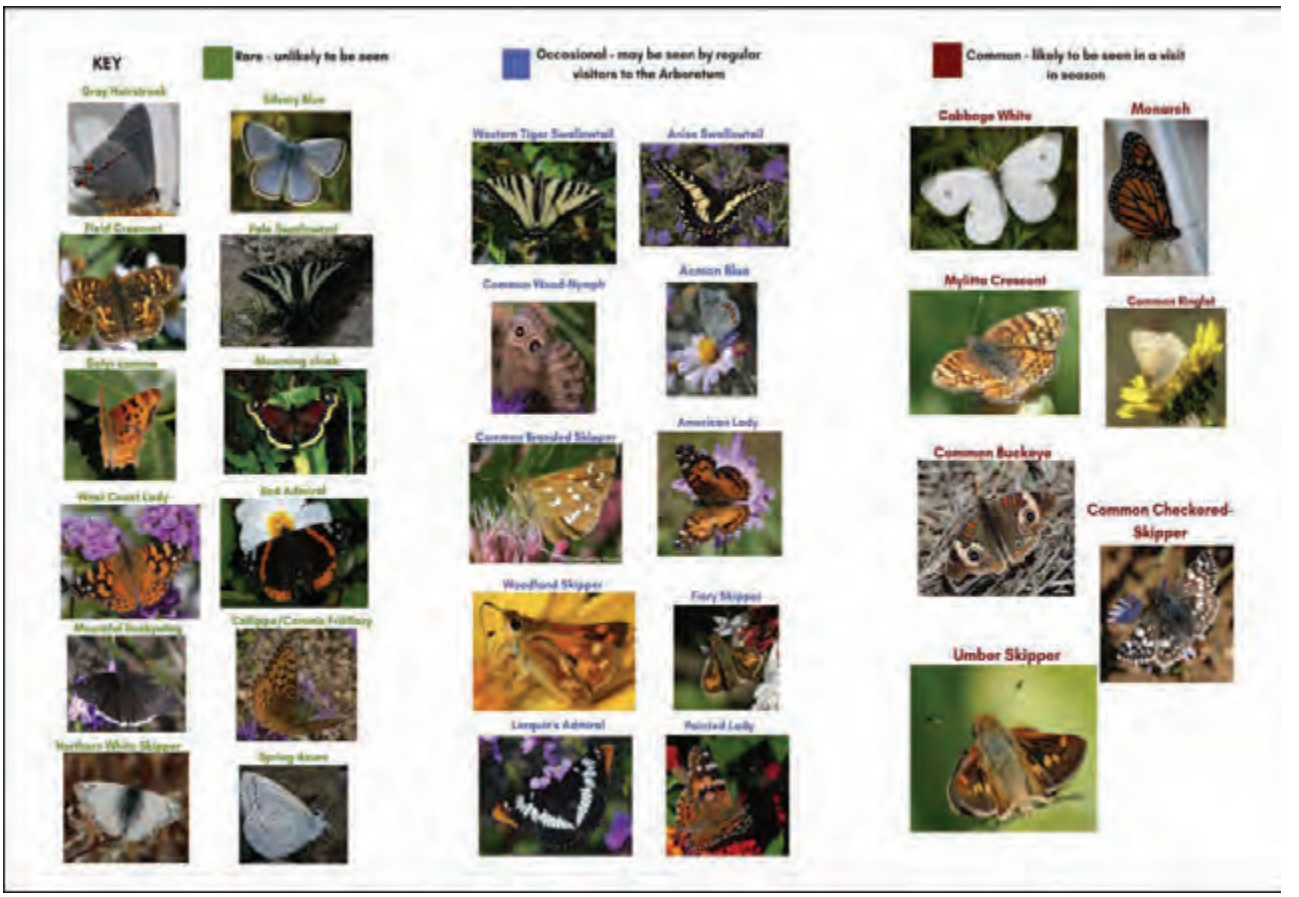
Deerweed	*Acmispon glaber*
Coyote Mint	*Mondardella sp.*
Goldenrod	*Solidago sp.*
Aster	*Symphiotrichum* and *Eurybia sp.*
California Aster	*Aster chilensis*
Buckwheat	*Eriogonum sp.*

Special thanks to Gary McDonald, Clive Bagshaw, Linda Willis, and Ron Wolf for the use of their photos.

1156 High Street, Santa Cruz, CA 95064
Arboretum Road
arboretum.ucsc.edu
831-502-2998

Butterflies at the UC Santa Cruz Arboretum

UC SANTA CRUZ ARBORETUM


KEY
Rare - unlikely to be seen
Occasional - may be seen by regular visitors to the Arboretum
Common - likely to be seen in a visit in season
Gray Hairstreak
Silvery Blue
Field Crescent
Pale Swallowtail
Dotted Gamma
Mourning cloak
West Coast Lady
Red Admiral
Mournful Duskywing
Northern White Skipper
Spring Azure
Western Tiger Swallowtail
Anise Swallowtail
Common Wood-Nymph
Acmon Blue
Common Branded Skipper
American Lady
Woodland Skipper
Fiery Skipper
Lorquin's Admiral
Painted Lady
Cabbage White
Monarch
Mylitta Crescent
Common Buckeye
Common Checkered-Skipper
Umber Skipper

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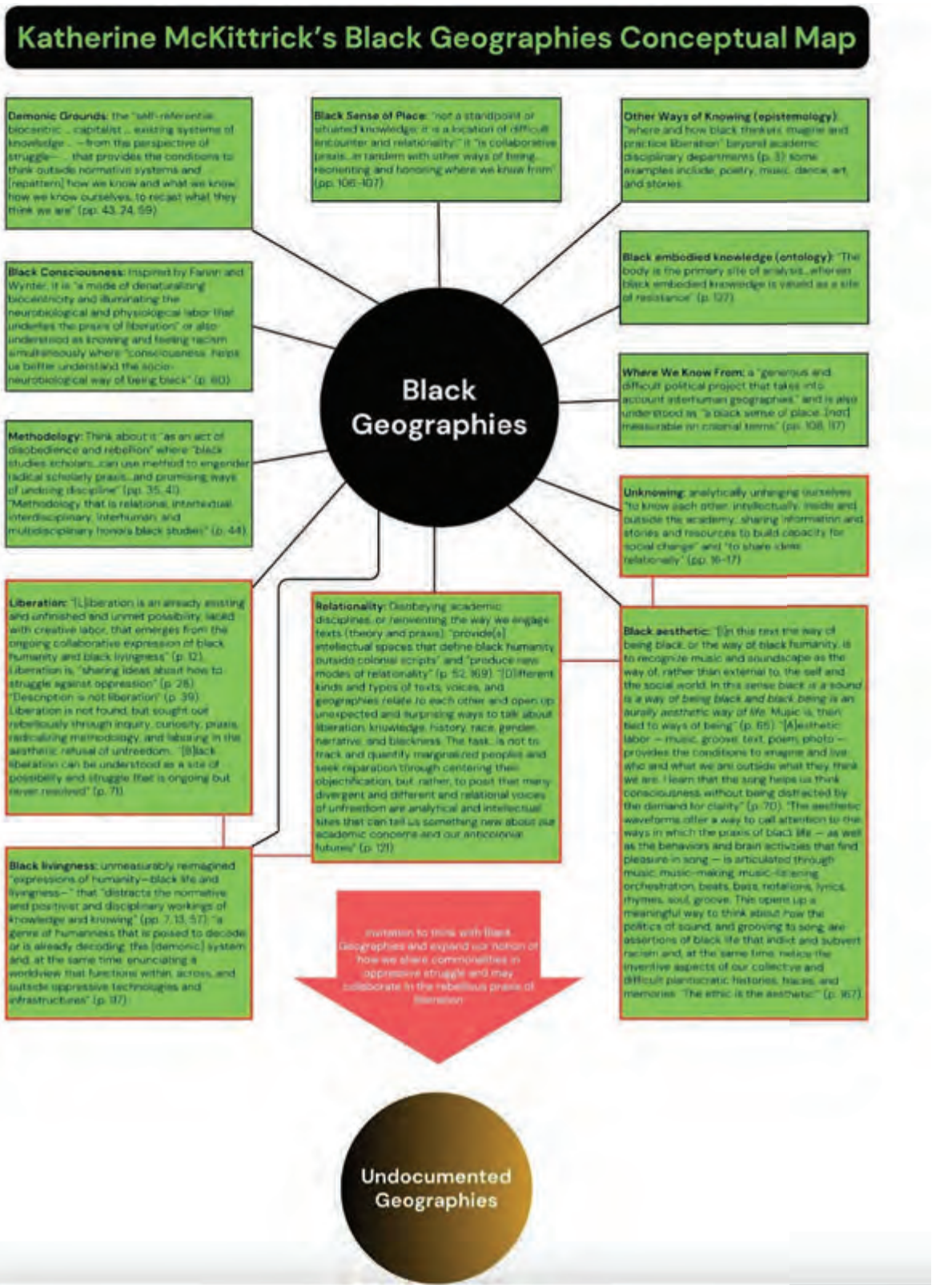
Appendix G

Katherine McKittrick's Black Geographies Invitation to Undocumented Geographies

Source: Juan Ruiz Cortes



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BODY, SPIRIT, AND LAND: CRITICAL INDIGENOUS THEORY IMAGINED BY SKY HOPINKA

by

Larissa Nez
Diné Nation

UC Berkeley

scan for video

"It is time for us to self-determine, to control our representation and image, and to address modernity, development, and discuss the myth of an authentic culture." -Erica Lord

This project examines the artistic practice of Sky Hopinka to investigate the various meanings and ideas about land that are tangible within their work. His mediations occur through the evocation of oral histories and ancestors, engaging with memory through a method of care and redress, and creating space to contend with legacies of violence. Land acts as the mediating subject for facilitating a generative reconfiguration of time and space that places Indigenous histories, geographies, and experiences at the center of his analysis. Sites examined in Hopinka's work include bodies of water, historic sites whose efforts to preserve heritage often erase Indigenous presence and experiences, and landscapes present within Indigenous creation stories and oral histories. An analysis and review of two artworks reveals what it might mean to rethink time to illuminate spaces where it is possible to meet ancestors and envision the future within the present.

Sky Hopinka is a member of the Ho-Chunk Nation of Wisconsin and a descendant of the Pechanga Band of Luiseño Indians in California. He was born and raised in Washington but has also lived in California, Oregon, and Wisconsin. Central to Hopinka's art and film making practice is his continued learning and teaching of chinuk wawa, an Indigenous language from the lower Columbia River Basin. Hopinka experiments with abstraction of text, sound, and visual media elements to explore personal and collective experiences with Indigenous landscapes. These landscapes foreground questions around kinship and belonging in relation to loss and grief through the activation of memory. I am interested in articulating the way land is, and becomes, an archive and the ways Hopinka offers an interpretation of this archive as a living and evolving entity.

The multi-channel video installation, *Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer* (2019), uncovers a specific history of domination and unveils the way Indigenous people created new networks of kinship, creatively expressed their experiences, and resisted domination despite their confinement and imprisonment. This multi-channel video is composed of different sections that are centered around the memories, experiences, and histories of imprisoned Indigenous people at Fort Marion, or Castillo de San Marcos, in St. Augustine, Florida. Although Florida was "discovered" in 1513 by Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de León, Fort Marion would not be completely established until

1672.[1] It is the oldest surviving military fort in the United States and was utilized by the Spanish against the French and English. Following the accession of Florida by the United States in 1821 Fort Marion continued to be utilized as a military base and prison by the War Department. Between 1513 and 1821, a number of Indigenous nations in the northern Florida region were negatively impacted by the settlement and occupation of the French, Spanish, and English.

The original stewards of the region were the Timucua who occupied over 19,000 square miles of land in northern Florida with a population of approximately 200,000 people.[2] Within 200 years of contact, disease, slavery, and warfare had decimated the Timucua whose last remaining members were shipped to Cuba as slaves or were integrated into neighboring Indigenous nations. This destruction continued and spread across the continent as the United States engaged in warfare aimed at eliminating Indigenous people and eradicating their sovereignty. Throughout the 1800s, Fort Marion served as a prison for leaders or potential leaders of the Seminole, Apache, Kiowa, Cheyenne, Comanche, Arapaho, and Caddo nations, including women and children.

In *Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer,* Hopinka utilizes a 2-channel video installation to depict parts of this history at Fort Marion in order to reframe and explore forgotten and erased social worlds, where Indigenous prisoners built alliances and fought back against assimilation. Most importantly, Hopinka is engaged with the examination of memory - the embodiment of memory, sites of collective memory, and other imagined worlds that reach beyond memory and explore possible readings of time where past, present and future intermingle.

Throughout the film, a camera pans over ledger art created by Indigenous prisoners at Fort Marion, all currently housed within the collection at the Saint Augustine Historic Society Research Library in Saint Augustine, Florida. A total of seventy-two Indigenous people were imprisoned under the watch of Captain Richard Pratt who coined the infamous phrase, “Kill the Indian

1 National Park Service, “Fort Marion and Fort Matanzas NM: Guidebook,” National Park Service History, 1940, http://npshistory.com/brochures/foma/1940/sec1.htm.

2 National Park Service, “The Timucua: North Florida’s Early People - Timucuan Ecological & Historic Preserve (U.S. National Park Service),” www.nps.gov, n.d., https://www.nps.gov/timu/learn/historyculture/timupeople.htm.

[sic], and save the man."[3] Pratt developed his assimilationist plans with prisoners at Fort Marion. Pratt's plan to "Americanize" these prisoners consisted of cutting their hair, dressing them in military wear, and teaching them English and other subjects. While in confinement, these prisoners also continued traditional ledger art practices to visually represent their experiences. Hopinka utilizes this archive to offer a rich interpretation about the intersections between history and memory and does so by centering Indigenous worldviews and knowledge that is central to understanding the ways Indigenous people retained their relationships to land and created new connections to land, despite their displacement and confinement.

As Hopinka moves between drawings quotes from *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education* by Diane Glancy (Cherokee Descent) overlay these drawings as captions. Glancy interprets the embodiment of this experience by the prisoners and articulates the growing need to understand their sense of place, despite displacement, and their sense of hope, despite the hopelessness of their situation. These prisoners were becoming part of a world that was unknown and possibly unknowable. However, the prisoners carried with them deep knowledge about who they were and where they came from. In the unknown, there were aspects of elements in the cosmos they did know. Their spiritual relationships to the land and the cosmos was their source of life and even when they existed in a place that was not their home, they found ways to connect to this knowledge.

Hopinka utilizes Glancy's text and the archival records available to him to highlight the ways the prisoners directly and fiercely refused and resisted Pratt's idea of killing the Indian and saving the man. Hopinka's deliberate inclusion of these quotes, "proposes different definitions of belonging for peoples who have survived and persisted in the face of colonial erasure, and makes space for hybridity—as opposed to "authenticity"—as a defining aspect of Indigenous experience," according to Aruna D'Souza.[4] Pairing text, sound, and visual media, Hopinka juxtaposes the colonial archive with an Indigenous interpretation and reconceptualization of history. This pairing, rather, this opposition is an important part of Hopinka's art practice, pedagogy, and vision. To complicate the historical narratives of mainstream society is to bring about another space in which

3 Richard Henry Pratt, "The Advantages of Mingling Indians with Whites.," in *Americanizing the American Indians: Writings by the "Friends of the Indian" 1880–1900.*, ed. Francis Paul Prucha (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1973), 260.

4 Aruna D'Souza, "Sky Hopinka," 4columns.org, December 11, 2020, https://4columns.org/d-souza-aruna/sky-hopinka.

Indigenous people are the narrators at the center, rather than the periphery.

Glancy's reconstruction of the prisoners' new experiences with the ocean directly challenges the power and domination of western scholarship which has erased the subjective experiences of these prisoners. Glancy does not attempt to resurrect or retrieve these memories and instead she interprets this archive through a method of care that seeks to "acknowledge the Fort Marion prisoners and the voices of their incarceration."[5] In uniting first person accounts of escape and resistance with creative nonfiction, Hopinka is deliberately forming a conversation between the past and present and conceptualizes what it means to reimagine history so that the voices, experiences, and memories are always present, never forgotten. Although it was unclear what the future had in store for the prisoners at Fort Marion, their lives were not consigned to colonization and colonization did not prevent future generations from existing. Instead, Hopinka elaborates on the continued presence of Indigenous people taking up artistic and creative practices as a form of resistance that rejects Western understandings of time and space.

Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer reveals the ways Indigenous people imprisoned at Fort Marion were engaged in intimate, complex, social ways of existing and being. Their existence was an act of resistance and their memories, reflected in their drawings, are living and shape our present and future. Hopinka states, "each section traces the persistence of presence and memory experienced through confinement and incarceration, through small samplings of space and hope. Where the ocean is a beginning of a story that is incomplete, whose end is lingering on a surface that is innately unstable and effortlessly resolute."[6] In Hopinka's reading of these histories and landscapes, Hopinka draws out an important distinction – the prisoners who have been displaced from their homelands, communities, and families are contending with their newfound relationship with the landscape, in particular, the ocean. Hopinka interprets the memories within the drawings which, over time and contact, have been misconstrued through misinterpretations. It is only through care and redress that the presence of memory reveals the compounding, ever present complexity of settler-colonialism.

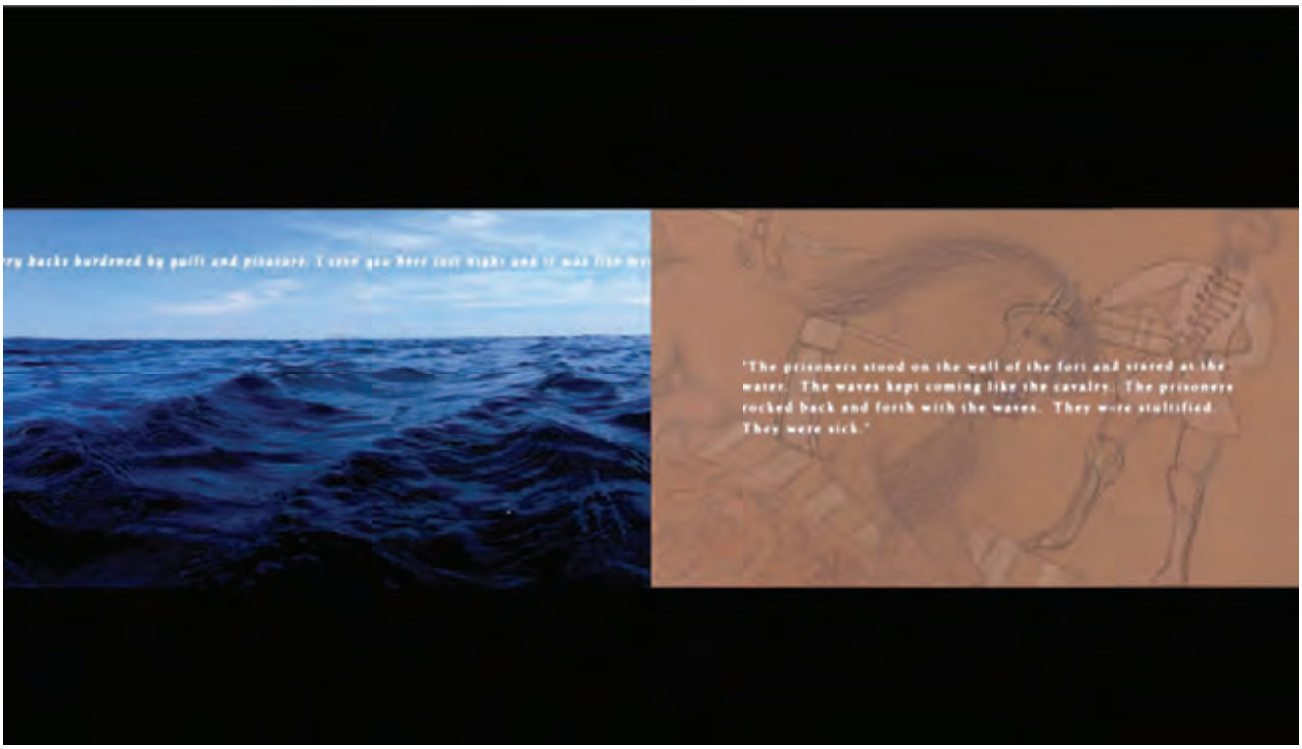
I argue that critical Indigenous theory is one

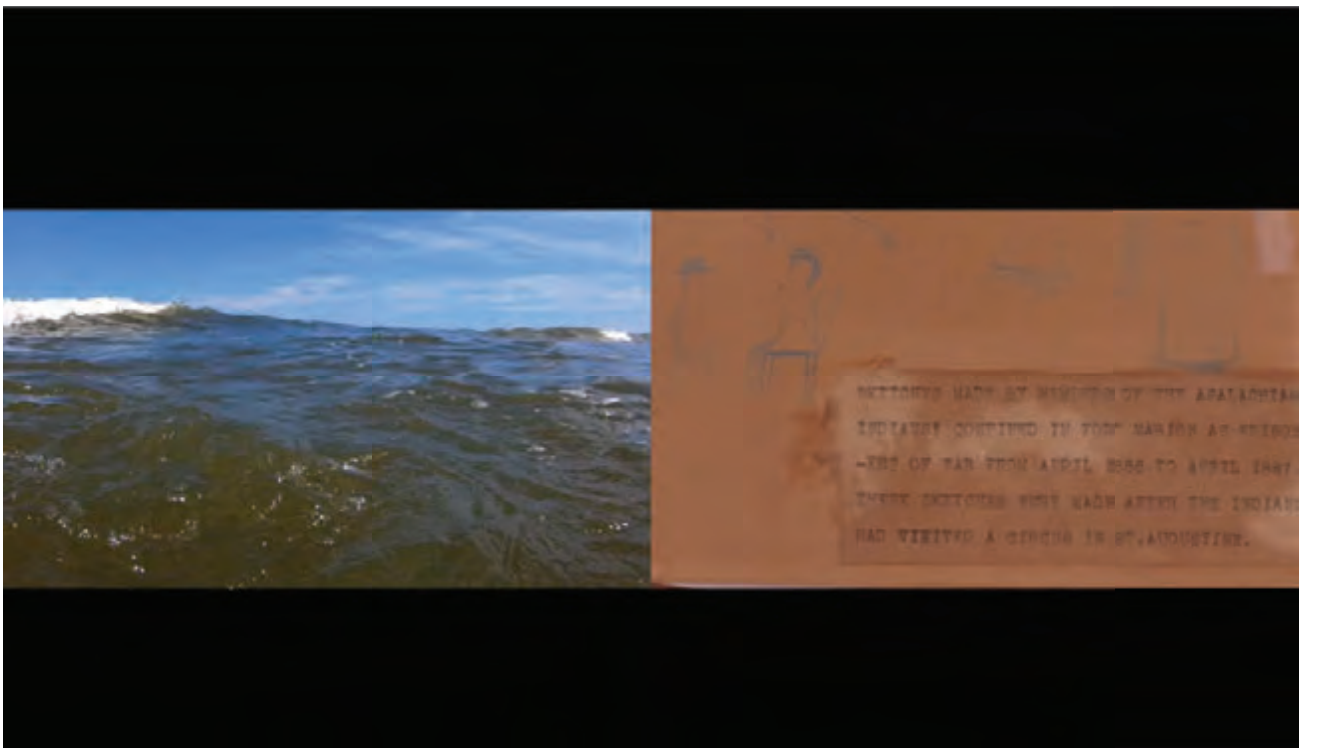
5 Diane Glancy, *Fort Marion Prisoners and the Trauma of Native Education* (Nebraska, 2014), 99.

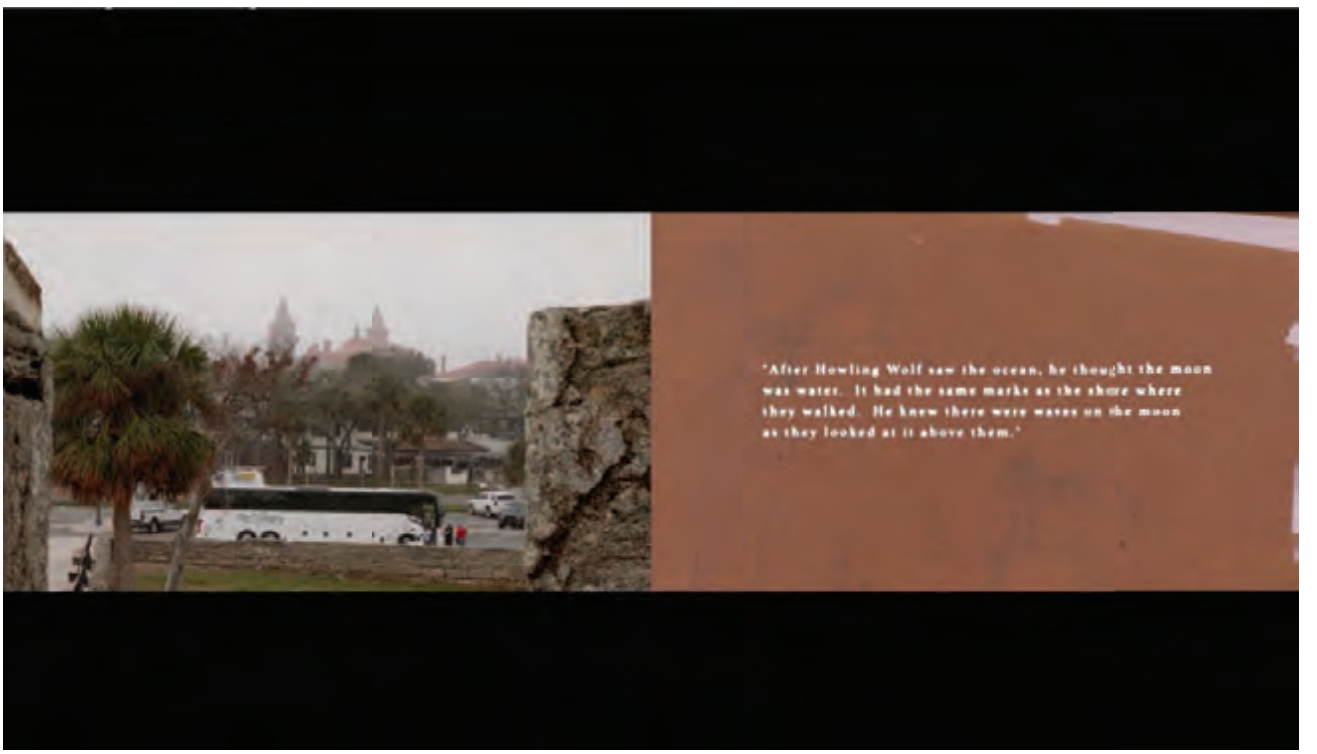
6 Sky Hopinka, "Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer (2019)," Sky Hopinka, n.d., http://www.skyhopinka.com/new-page-2.

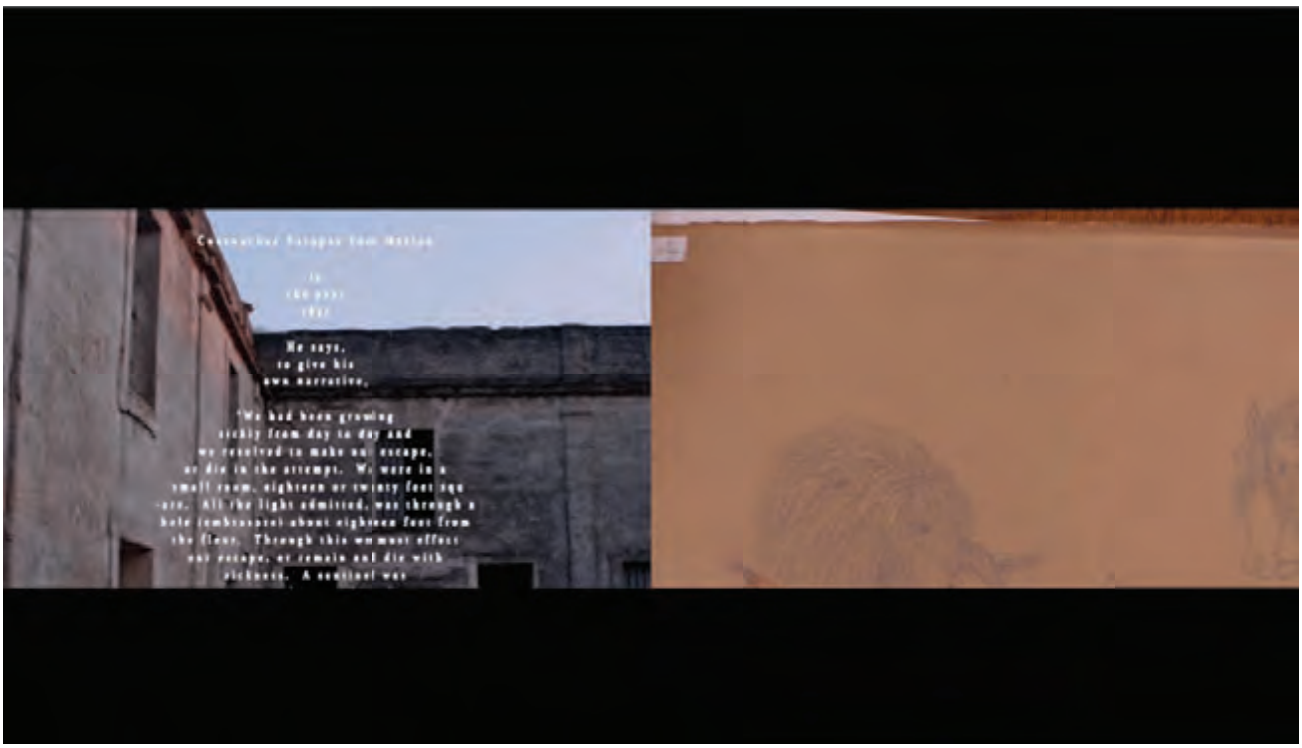
particular lens to interpret Sky Hopinka's film. Through critical Indigenous theory, Indigenous cultural resilience and heritage are no longer relegated to a traditional-modern binary, rather, they are projected into the future and are imagined as new possibilities and realms for Hopinka to represent and contribute towards this field. *Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer* identifies a particular site to work through the impact of settler colonialism and unravel the complexity of the presence of memories at that site. The presence of memory lingers through material culture and mirrors itself with relationships to land. Fort Marion is layered with meaning and when land, water, and memory are interpreted through a critical lens guided by Indigenous knowledge, these sites are infused with different layers of nostalgia, but not one that centers desire or regret, but one that focuses on connecting the past, present and future in order to achieve a different perspective about existing with the land – an existence that is tied to the traditional homelands of ancestors and kin and creating home on lands that people are brought to by force or choice. Hopinka engages with an archive that centers Indigenous voices, experiences, and worldviews. However, he also brings attention to the violence of colonial archives and their presentation of "History". He shows the world breaking and world making processes made possible through settelr colonialism are apparent in these archives – how Indigenous imprisonment was resisted, how kinship is forged under dire conditions, and how relationships to land and water are broken but also renewed. An act of refusal and an act of reclamation, *Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer* is a captivating portrayal of the quotidian, theoretical, and visual strategies and tactics taken up to restore what was taken from Indigenous people imprisoned at Fort Marion. This radical cultural production refuses settler colonialism, dispossession, and incarceration so that audiences might understand how to care for oneself, care for their ancestors, and care for the land, water, and cosmos so that future generations might find belonging in it.

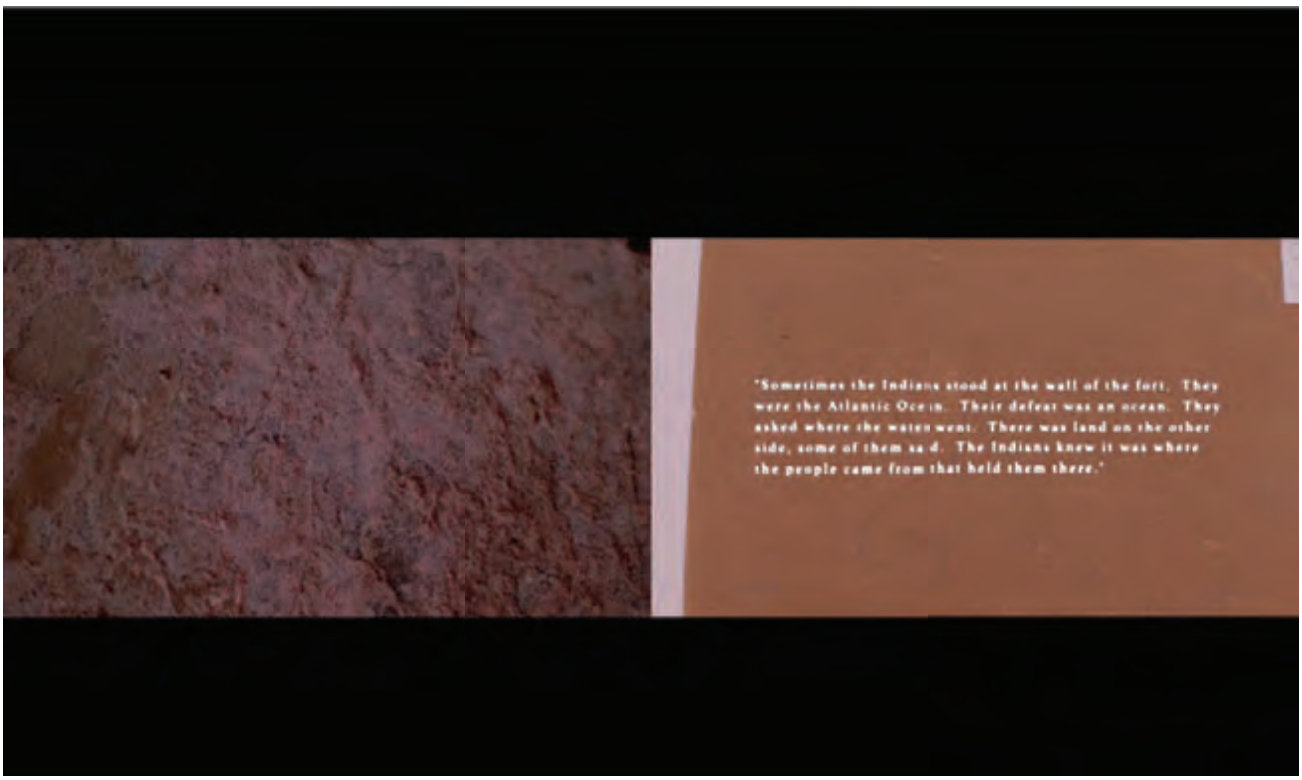
The following screenshots are from Sky Hopinka's 2019 2-channel video *Cloudless Blue Egress of Summer*, which can be accessed on his website: skyhopinka.com


"The prisoners stood on the wall of the fort and stared at the water. The waves kept coming like the cavalry. The prisoners rocked back and forth with the waves. They were stultified. They were sick."




'After Howling Wolf saw the ocean, he thought the moon
was water. It had the same marks as the shore where
they walked. He knew there were waves on the moon
as they looked at it above them.'

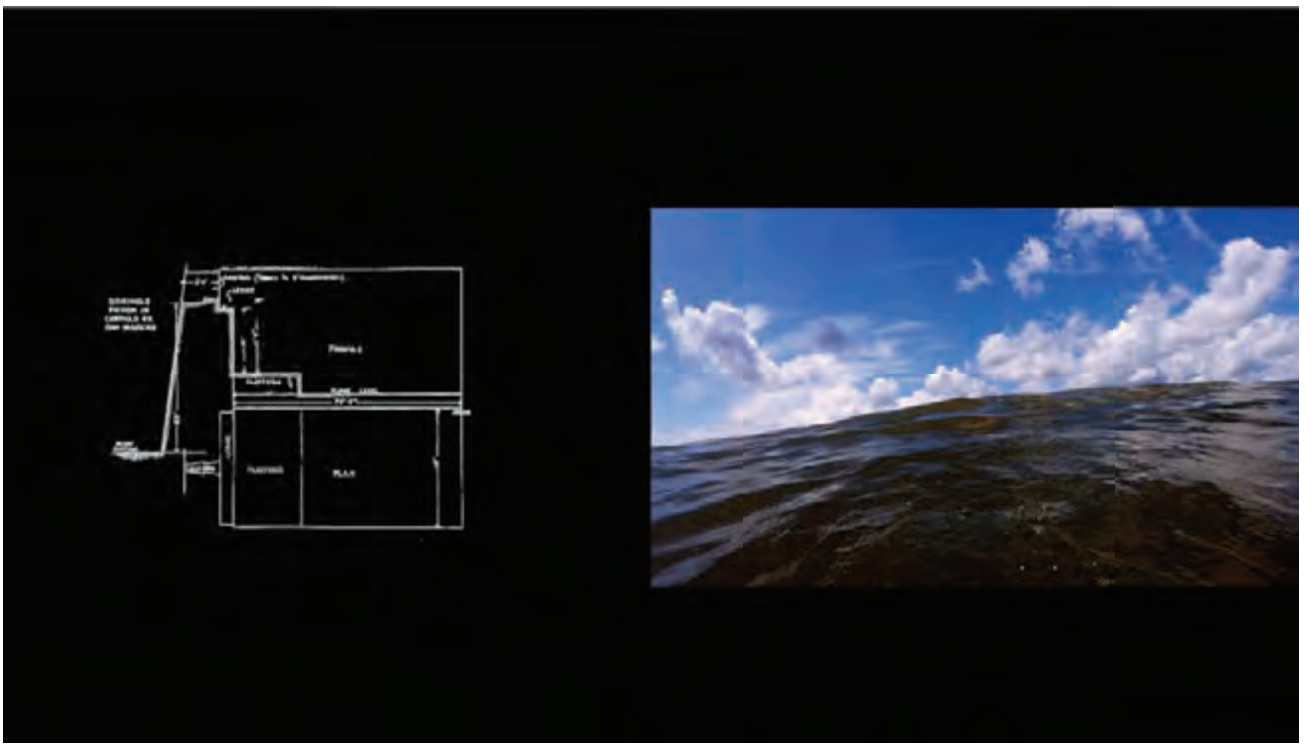

He says,
to give his
own narrative,
"We had been growing
sickly from day to day and
we resolved to make our escape,
or die in the attempt. We were in a
small room, eighteen or twenty feet squ
-are. All the light admitted, was through a
hole (embrasure) about eighteen feet from
the floor. Through this we must effect
our escape, or remain and die with


"Sometimes the Indians stood at the wall of the fort. They
were the Atlantic Ocean. Their defeat was an ocean. They
asked where the water went. There was land on the other
side, some of them said. The Indians knew it was where
the people came from that held them there."

"My father, King Philip, told me I was made of the sands of Florida, and that when I was placed in the ground, the Seminoles would dance and sing around my grave.

I had rather be killed by a white man in Florida, than die in Arkansas."

"I dreamed they tied a pencil to my hand.
I dreamed they tied the ocean to our feet."



you are here

More-than-Human Kinship

you are here

Felled Relationships: Questioning the "No Alternatives" Discourse of Powerline-Driven Tree Clearing

by

Emma Minke McMain
and Sharon Minke

Washington State University

audio-recording produced
by Kaleb Bass

scan for audio

During the winter and spring of 2023, the Orcas Power and Light Cooperative (OPALCO) conducted a tree-clearing project in San Juan County, Washington. Trees and shrubbery were removed from within 10, 25, and 50 feet of underground distribution lines, overhead lines, and transmission lines, with the rationale that this clearing would mitigate the risk of power outages, prevent wildfires, promote forest health, and improve safety and access for powerline crews. In this audio-recording, I (Emma) share the story of a San Juan Island resident—my mother (Sharon)—who has been deeply affected by the tree-clearing and its failure to acknowledge the loss of multi-species relationships. We pose a series of critical questions about OPALCO's latest project: How and why was this tree-clearing conducted? Whose perspectives were and were not considered? What happens when we recast "natural resources" as "non-human relatives" and "unquestionable protocols" as "societal choices?"

My mother's story does not call for boycotting electrical companies or demonizing tree-cutting. It is about creating space as a species and a society to sit with the joy, connection, and loss that come from multispecies entanglements. We draw attention to the significance of context, worldview, and intention: while some tree-cutting can be done in a way that invites reciprocity and care between human and more-than-human interests, other tree-cutting can be a form of necropolitical dominance using anthropocentric excuses (financial bottom lines, inconvenience cloaked as impossibility) to justify certain actions. Although our conversation focuses on the tree-cutting in the San Juan Islands, the questions we ask and the emotional connections we illuminate can transfer to many contexts and geographies. By engaging with personal stories, more humans might reimagine how decisions are made about more-than-human landscapes and how we notice and react to the destruction of localized relationships.

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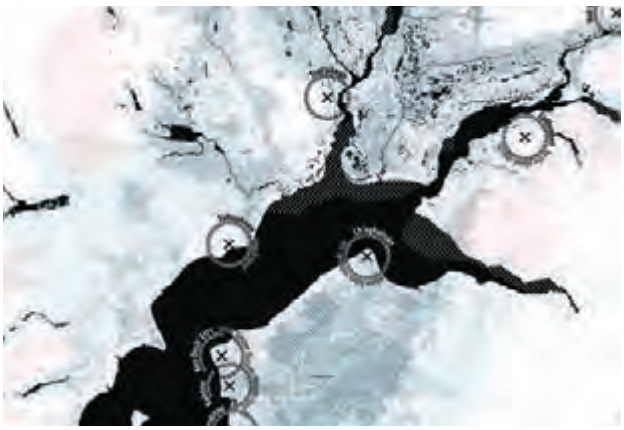
Ephemeral Fields in the Alaska Atlas

by Amanda Aman

University of Texas at Arlington



The pedagogical mapping of place is formed by the city, where the physical manifestations of our worldviews are chronicled throughout history. What is unaccounted for in this discourse, however, is the mapping of place for geographies without material histories — places defined more by ephemerality than by material permanence. The mapping framework for how these geographies are viewed requires an ontological shift to foreground the worldviews embedded within them. According to James Corner, a landscape architect and theorist, an initial mapping operation consists of establishing the field — the graphic organizational system that conditions how and what observations are made and presented.[1] The field is the lens that focuses on the narrative of a place and is often framed by agents of human construct — a grid, as a primary example. It is a constructed environment, conditioned by the author, to orient, frame, scale, and measure phenomena so as to communicate a particular narrative about a place. The conditioning of the field lays the groundwork for establishing the operative relationships between the phenomena within its purview. These relationships are ultimately the catalysts for how we experience, remember, project or imagine realities; the orchestration of these relationships within a conditioned field has the ability to free the reader from both the "controlling linearity of narrative description and the confining perspective of photographic or painted images."[2]

This framework, instead, reframes the field and considers it to have agency, afforded by the intangible, ephemeral forces of a given context. It becomes a novel imaginary that narrates a place through the collective operations of memory, migration, peripheries, seasons, traditions and imagined realities. Worldviews emerge in the relationships found between these operations as they simultaneously engender the field to change over time. The field becomes active within the very map it systematically organizes and therefore reimagines a place with a more accurate reality. It affords the occupants of the map, both human and non-human, a collective voice that advocates for them, using the elements of their own imaginary. This work reimagines the Alaska atlas from an outsider's positionality through a series of ephemeral fields, utilizing a number of community engagement and participatory mapping research strategies, so as to forefront narratives and worldviews that

1 James Corner, "The Agency of Mapping: Speculation, Critique and Invention," In Mappings, ed. Denis Cosgrove (London: Reaktion Books, 1999), 94

2 Denis Cosgrove, "Introduction: Mapping Meaning," In Mappings, ed. Denis Cosgrove (London: Reaktion Books, 1999), 11

map place for Alaska Native peoples.

This work seeks to reimagine the Alaska atlas utilizing data from combinations of memory, migration, periphery, seasons, traditions, and imagined realities, in order to center worldviews that map place for Alaska Native peoples. The greater narrative arc is communicated within the context of a collective atlas where maps collate into a graphical essay with the agency to contend. While each map asserts its own arguments about the realities within its purview, together, they chronicle a narrative that spans space and time to argue authentic readings of place. The atlas as a whole is a narrative arc that seeks to serve as a communicative story-telling device within an educational platform. It aims at bringing awareness to the under- and mis-represented worldviews of Alaska Native Peoples, specifically the Dena'ina and the Inupiaq. It also serves as a pilot for mapping marginalized communities using the construct of the ephemeral field, so as to uncover and reimagine new ways of seeing the world for the sake of making it more just.

Figure 1: Dependence through Migration and Periphery

you are here

Figure 1 frames dependence as a shared and malleable operation through the ephemerality of migration and periphery in the heart of Dena'ina lands along the Cook Inlet. The Dena'ina worldview centers on an intimacy with place, where livelihood is predicated on the seasonal symphonies of animals in migration and the peripheries that ebb and flow along with them. This intimacy is physical in nature, in that sustenance comes from the hunting of land mammals (moose, caribou, and Dall sheep) and the use of watershed tree species (black spruce, white spruce, and paper birch) for weaponry and tool-making. However, it also holds equal weight in spirituality, as all of nature is believed to respond to the actions of humans, and vice-versa. Therefore, their hunts become more than just a means to provide for their families and communities; they are opportunities to become one in spirit with the animal, a novel type of migration that reveals reciprocity and dependence as important processes.

Figure 2: Construction of Spatial Territory through Memory and Tradition

Figure 2 frames the construction of spatial territory through the ephemerality of memory and tradition. Given the seasonal nomadic nature of the Dena'ina, memory and tradition have since been utilized to navigate their waters and to remember important places. Using traditional place names and their associated stories as the map field, place is remapped with memories, many of which center on water. The actions of water over time and the ways in which it impacts their place is evidenced in documented memories; they demonstrate an intimacy in relationship with water that holds permanency amongst continual fluctuation, because it too has its own memory within that same place. The act of storytelling is bound up with memory.

Figure 3. The Agency and Scalability in the Practice of Fishing

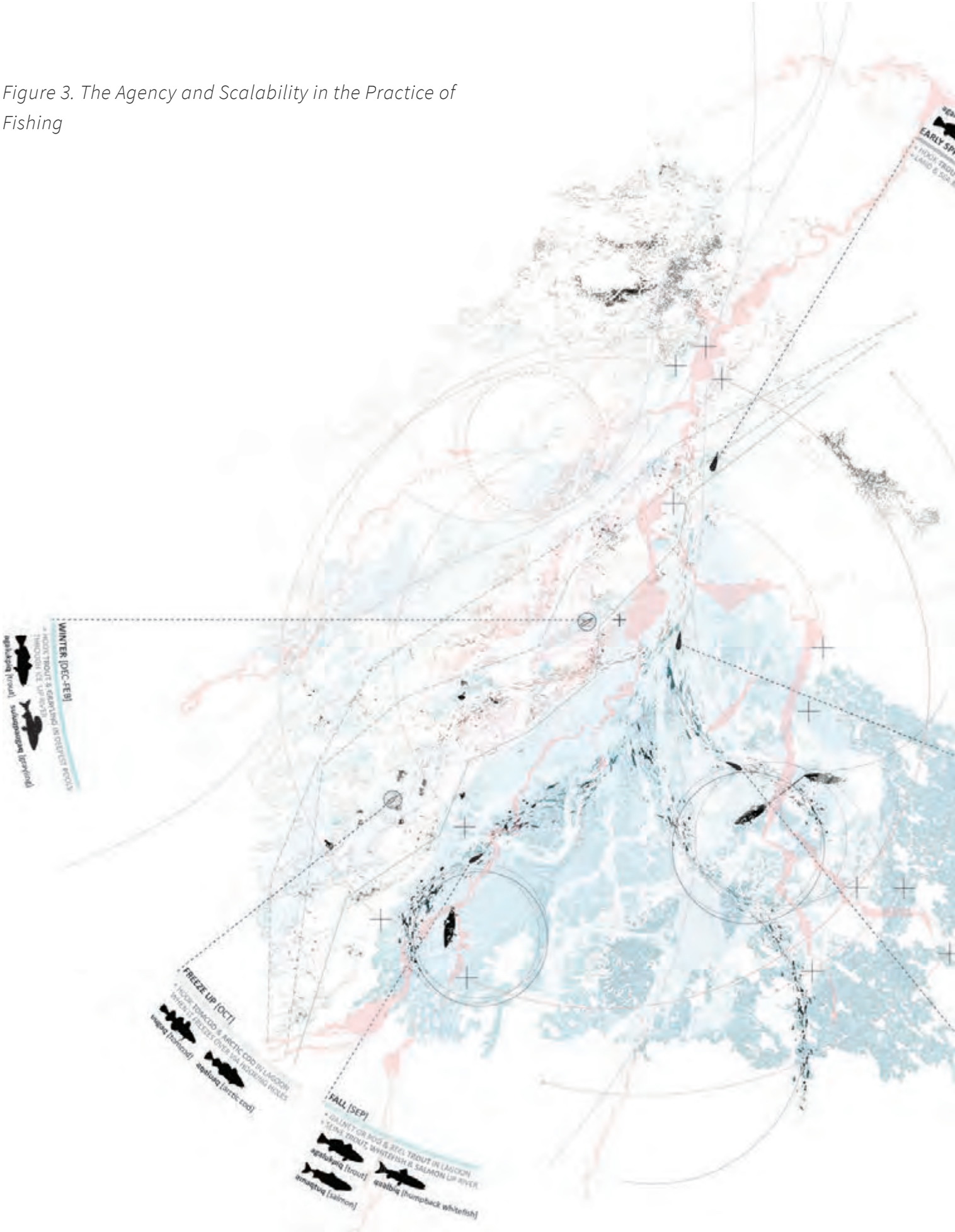


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Figure 3 shifts to the Inupiaq culture, an arctic people group along the north and northwestern coasts of Alaska. Though they thrive in a different geography, they share a number of key beliefs and practices with other cultures, including that of their relationship with water. This map frames the agency and scalability of seasonality in the practice of fishing through tradition and changing seasons. The Inupiaq depend on fish throughout the year to supplement land and marine mammal diets, filling in the gaps between their migration seasons. The time of year and the state of rivers drive the cyclical relocation of fish camps and the species of fish present. Over the course of the year, the Inupiaq move from summer camps to winter camps at a more regional scale, following the migrations of animals and fish. Locally, fish camps encompass systems of practice that involve the entire family with regard to tracking, fishing (hooking, gillnetting, etc.), preparing, drying, storing, and cooking. These patterns simulate one another at both scales, tethering their cyclical traditions to the variability of the seasons.

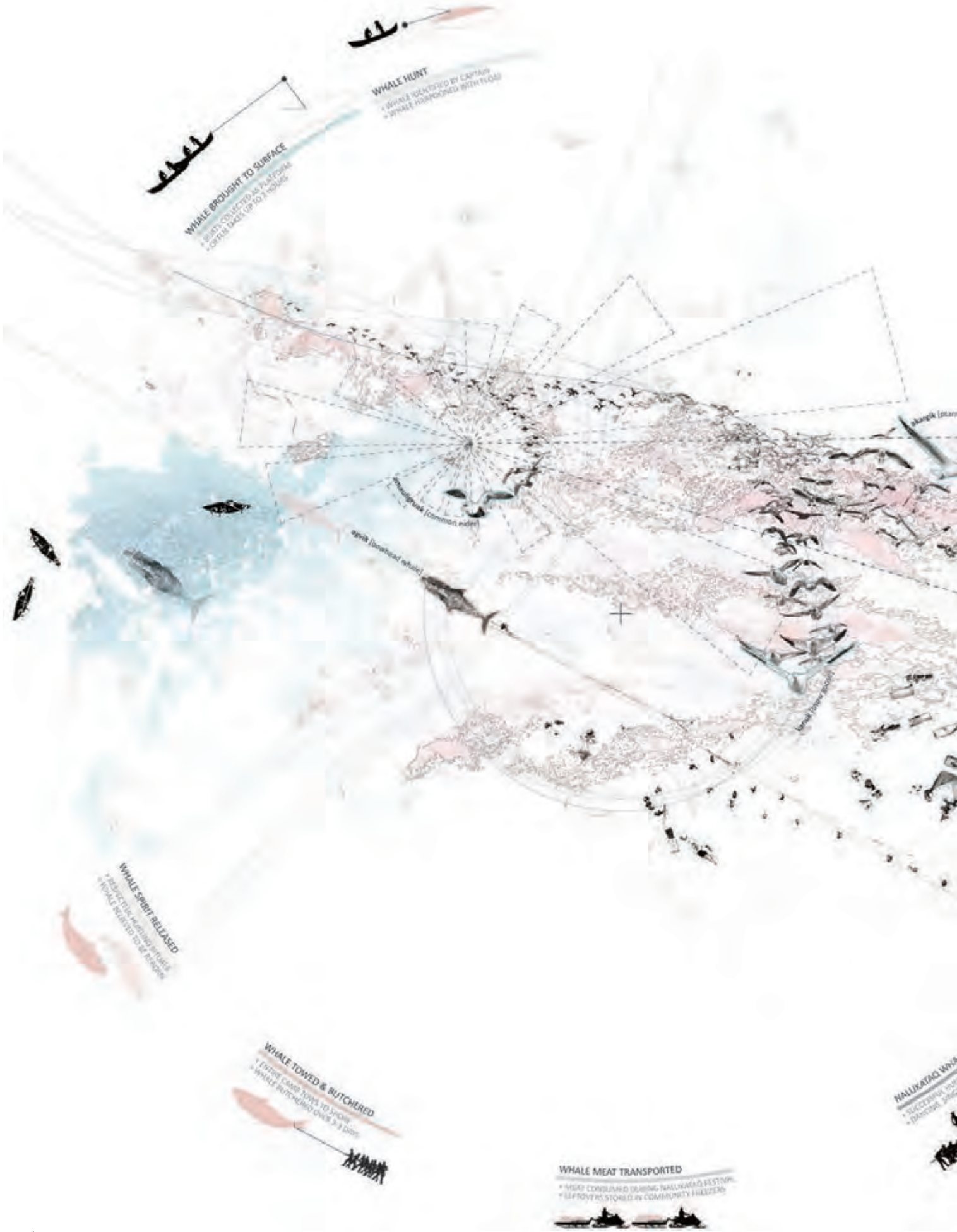

WHALE HUNT
WHALE BROUGHT TO SURFACE
WHALE TOWED & BUTCHERED
WHALE MEAT TRANSPORTED
WHALE SPIRIT RELEASED
you are here

Figure 4: The Bowhead Hunt and Bird Migrations as an Inupiaq Calendar System.

Figure 4 frames physical and spiritual systems over time through the ephemerality of migration and seasonality. The bowhead whale is a keystone species of physical and spiritual sustenance for the Inupiaq. The choreography of the annual winter hunt of the bowhead whale is mapped here. Exact locations vary each year and are constructed with an intimate knowledge of a number of natural systems: bowhead migration routes, the effect of wind on snowdrifts, and an elaborate vocabulary of ice character. These same camps are used in the spring to hunt migrating waterfowl with the same intimate knowledge of place. Highways of whales and waterfowl, looped over and through changing trails of human mobility, ultimately remake geography and reality in ways that speak to the Inupiaq way of life.

Figure 5. Remaking of Geography without Geography

Figure 5 frames a remaking of geography without geography, using only the migrations and habitation zones of land and marine mammals (primarily caribou and the bowhead whale) and the areas of Inupiaq influence, and overlays the collective ephemerality of the previous maps. Spatial territory is reimagined through the way the landscape is used and moved through; it is then juxtaposed with the application of federally recognized Native land ownership that represents only a fraction of that spatial territory. The interactions mapped very clearly cross physical and artificial boundaries and require the advocacy of ephemerality to be well-represented. Seasonality and migrations ultimately shape the peripheries where these interactions occur, while memory and tradition determine physical and spiritual navigation. Together, they both present and offer the opportunity to imagine realities that have agency as they continue to change within and outside of the confines of space and time.

(Shell)ter, a map

by

Hazlett Henderson
(she/her)

University of Kansas

I began this project by thinking about survival during waves of heat and humidity—wet bulbs. Scientists project that these will increase as the century warms. In collaboration with the materials residing with me, in my home—coiled wires, jute, an abandoned malleable PVC pipe, a copper colander, duct tape, rainwater, dirt (especially from homemade archaeology projects), old clothes, found fabrics, and many discarded books—an egg-like form began to take shape as I molded contours potentially protective of my body. But eggs are sublime, their form nearly beyond belief. What emerged from the interaction of my hands, these materials, and the cool fall air was something lumpy, accreted: like the rough and wrinkled surface of a seashell. Seashells, too, protect what is inside and perpetuate survival, so I continued to mold my shell.

The molding of my shell is motivated by fear, yes, of experiencing unbearable conditions in my own body, the likes of which other bodies have already seen. In this regard it is a self-interested project. But it is also motivated by curiosity about material and creaturely futures: What will become — of piles of old things, of living bodies in unnatural heat, of networks of survival and cooperation in fraught climates?

Wondering about these futures, I made the skin of my shell by blending rainwater and the pages of old books to create paper pulp. As I selected old books to pulverize from the collection rescued from dumpsters by my friend Mike, who traverses our city by bicycle every day, his long white hair flowing behind him, I noticed a theme among the useless and rejected books ready to transform: they are books that standardize, books that permit reference, books that turn profit.

Of particular interest to me are the many hardcover cookbooks Mike finds, covers intended to protect insides for as-yet unknown futures. The harvest of trees, the chemical processing, the pollution of water and air, the absence of end-of-life or restoration plans… all of this to regiment the consumption of plants and animals. In ordering what is otherwise a sensory practice performed and circulated in shared times and places, these cook'books' create the conditions for my shell in more ways than one. They are entangled beyond immediacy and evidence.

Shell(ter), a map, is made of rainwater, dirt, and materials colliding with me in space and time. And if a map is a representation of space, then what is not a map?

Moss Bodies (Series)

by Iulia Filipov-Serediuc

Artist

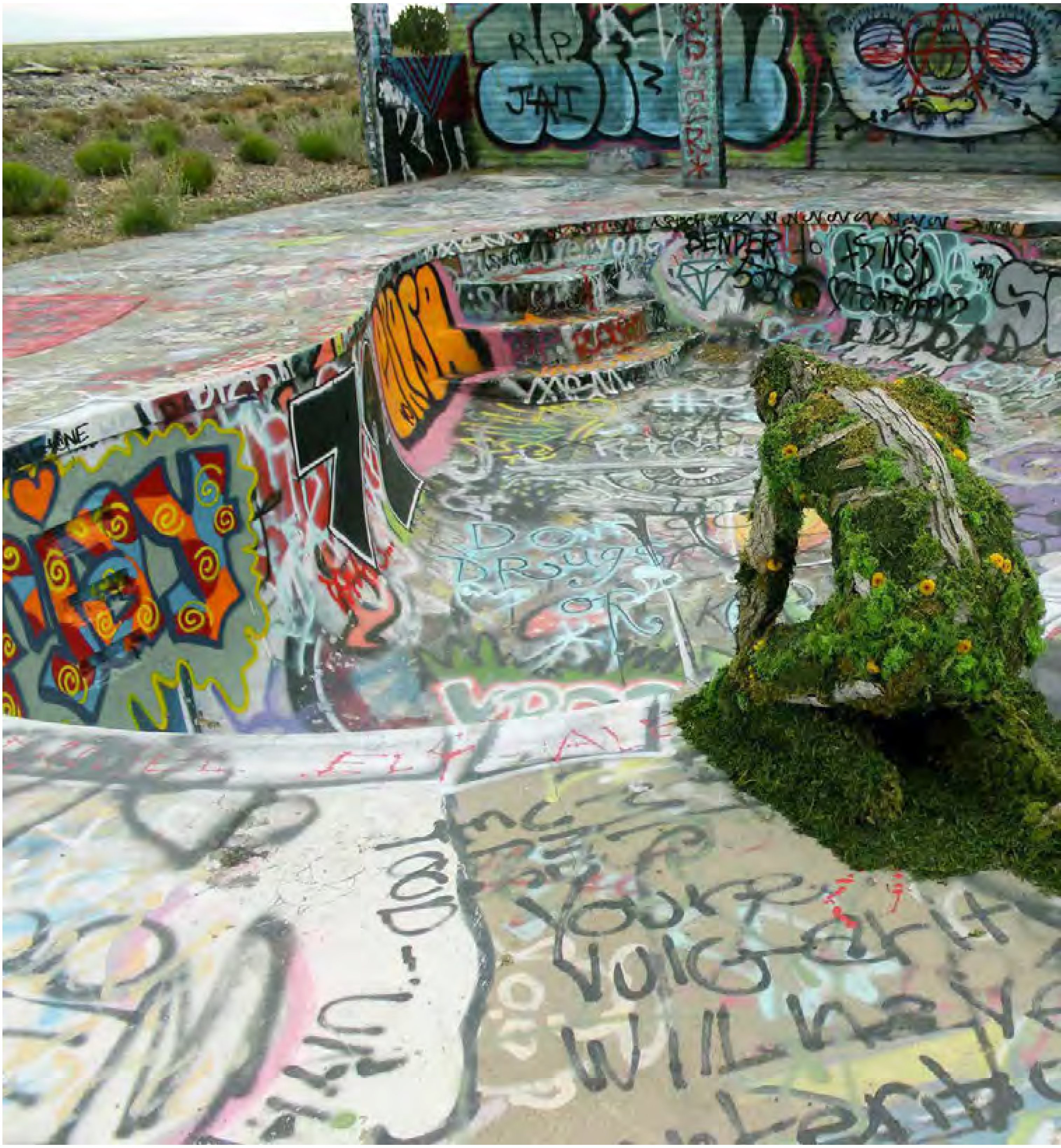
35.11321° N, 111.09202° W

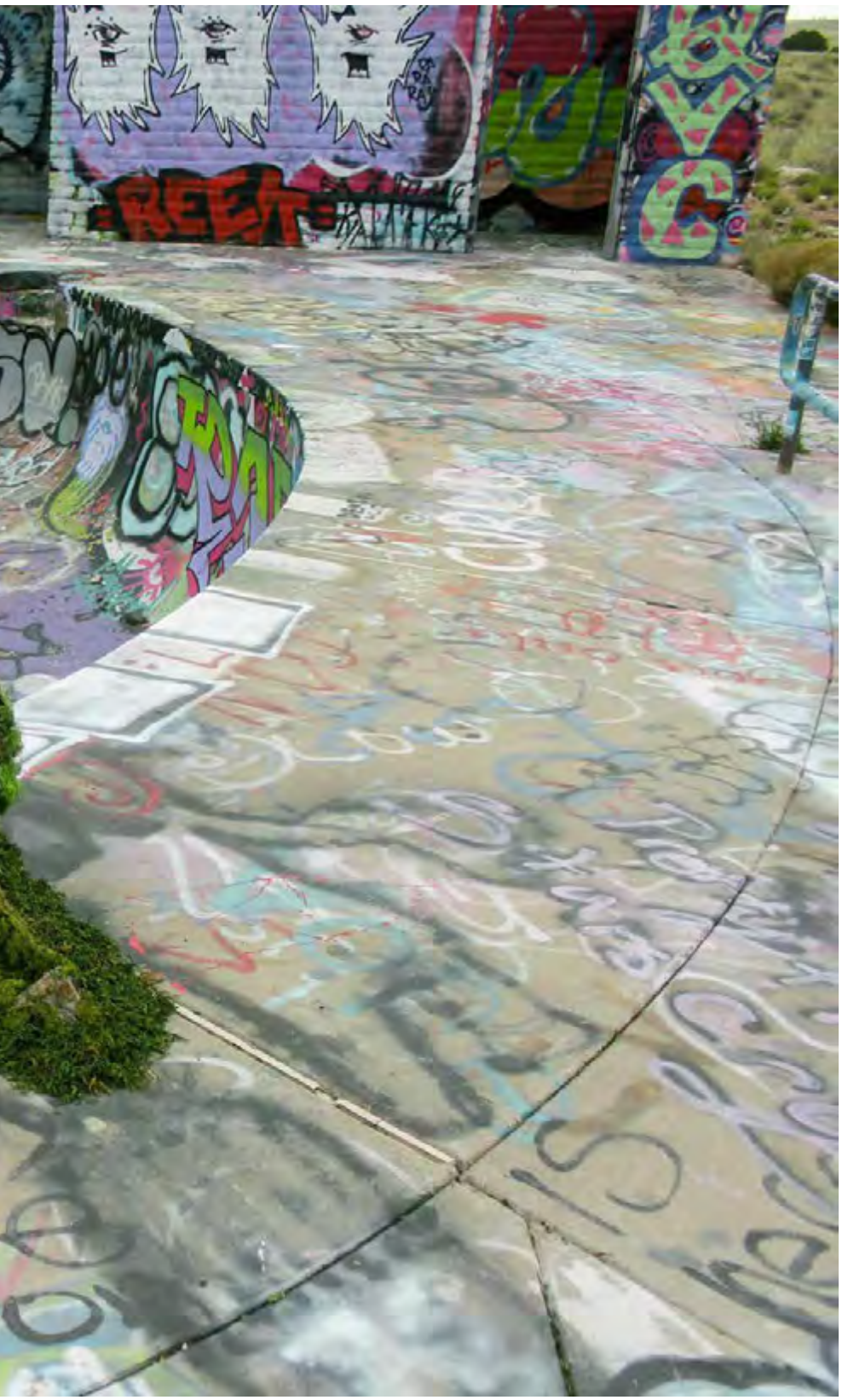
35.11321° N, 111.09202° W

The moss people are ghost entities that transcend boundaries of time, space, and culture. These natural entities exist in a transitory space where nature reclaims its power. Installed in abandoned structures, the moss creatures embody the memory of humanity.

The relationality of past, present, and future is upheld by the crumbling ruins, where I memorialize the ghost of the invisible prior passerby. Those who view my work in their site-specific installations are located in space with the creature, which is only accessible during its short lifespan as an object before it decays. Being made of organic matter, the moss bodies will cease to exist like the rest of us, and ultimately see the demise of the structures they live in.

The medium of moss speaks to my own relationality within American geography. Being the queer child of immigrants, I find myself on the border of striving to assimilate and claim space. As a medium, the moss is not local to any of the places


R.I.P
BENDER



35.11321° N, 111.09202° W

my pieces have been installed. It is a stranger in an unfamiliar place. The stranger is not only dislocated in space, but dislocated in time. I am reminded of the timelessness of form, seeing as though moss cannot grow on corpses.

When strangers encounter my works, they describe tension between the alive, dead, and the passively existing. Having created my work in a strange place has brought a sense of community to the viewers of my work. I believe that the sites of installation are counter-institution, specifically the white cube gallery. This is particularly evident in the people that come across my work, which I have been invited to be in community with since seeing the work.

The moss bodies exemplify the marriage of the esoteric and the real. As they exist in the intermediary of alive and dead, real and decaying, they force the viewer to acknowledge their own mortality.

35.11321° N, 111.09202° W

I want to call out to every passerby, the construct of humanity transcends the boundary of bodies, sociality, histories and futures. I create these bodies as an homage to the past, and a wish for the future. I hope that a viewer that comes across my work is not only reminded of their own mortality, but also of their immortality.

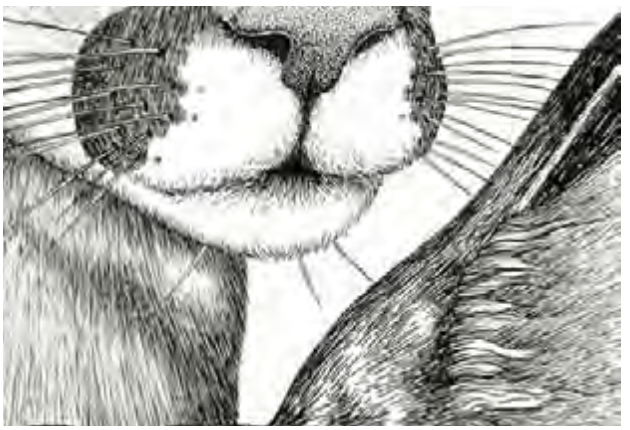
Much like the surroundings, this series of images and the moss people it depicts echoes a memory of humanity in a now abandoned place, waiting for time and the elements to chip away slowly at its form. In time, the figures will become part of the surrounding debris, having been experienced by explorers in various stages of their existence and interacted with in whatever way they see fit.

35.11321° N, 111.09202° W

Longer Stories

by Maria Renée

Artist



LONGER STORIES

When the cougar comes
Deer is not a victim, but a participant.
Not merely prey, but a story:

A sibling, an eater, a grower, life-giver, life-taker, sprout-chewer, a digester, exchanger, community member, shade-bearer, sun-appreciator, the sounds of hoof, heaviness, calling of a thousand kinds, and hot breath, home to many, witness of early dawn and the last light of day after day after day.

Marker of earth and deep sleep, grass-imprinter, branch-bender, water-drinker, bark-chewer, dreamer, wonderer, walker, follower, leader, one who grew from a small thing, lover, a mother, one well-camouflaged among the underbrush, a trail of prints marking the best way, the big eyes, oiled and crinkled fur.

A belonger, a becomer, a resilient person, a piece of earth— from the coat, the skin, the organs and blood, bones that fit together, tooth and tongue, nourishment for others, the soul, the spark, the beingness that goes on and on and on.

A tale told through tracks, marks, and time, continuing through the living of others who've crossed the same path – the rocky ledge, the overpass, the mountainous slope, the arroyo, the open, vulnerable prairie, the dirt, the dust –

Where the instinct
Calls us to the same place
At once.

you are here

Places Are People Too

by

Rene Ramirez
Chicano and Indigenous
(unenrolled member of
the Juañeno Band of
Mission Indians)

Loyola University Chicago

The world is full of people, and, although we have the motivation to engage and preserve human life, this anthropocentricism devalues the nonhuman life that surrounds us whether it be with nonhuman animals or the land itself. Vine Deloria Jr. and Daniel Wildcat, in their text *Power and Place*, claim that to understand the fundamentals of reality, we have to reflect on our understanding of the world as a product of complex relationships which we are always engaged with.[1] This means that at the metaphysical level, all entities are capable of influencing one another. And, because everything is fundamentally related in some way, we, as part of this network, can understand the world by unpacking our personal experiences with it.

To help make sense of our experiences, Deloria and Wildcat introduce two basic concepts: power and place. Whereas power is the "living energy that inhabits and/or composes the universe," place is "the relationship of things to each other."[2] While still somewhat vague, these terms can be better shown when placed into the context of what they reveal; personality.[3] Power + Place = Personality, sometimes written as the P3 formula, is used to understand how entities, when understood in relation to others, produce a particular personality, or experience of the world as conditioned by others. Furthermore, place while referring to geography in some sense, also includes notions of familiarity, nearness, and kinship as I will distinguish later.

Before getting into how these move us towards an engagement with the world in the kinship model, we first need to understand Deloria and Wildcat's terms better. Power is amorphous so to capture how we are subject to it and enact it on others, we must inspect how we are placed, i.e., in relation to others. As already mentioned, place is geographical to some extent but it also refers to more than mere spatial location. Where are you right now? On connotation alone, you might respond by describing where you are physically located. But, building from this geographical sense of place, in this conversation of power, one's location can refer to where you are in the food chain, economically, and even temporally. For instance, 'Where are you at in life?' is not a geographical statement, yet, we can understand that it still refers to a particular sense of place. Place, as we want to understand it, is contextual. In the sense

1 Deloria Jr. V. & Wildcat D.R. (2010) Power and Place: Indian Education in America. Golden: Fulcrum Publishing: 2.

2 Deloria & Wildcat, 22-23. These are dense concepts. While I do my best to describe them briefly here, I can only include a partial description to how power and place function for Deloria and Wildcat overall.

3 ibid.

that Deloria and Wildcat discuss it, place locates one within a community of relations and processes. Place here remarks on how we are located within a community.[4]

Place, as we understand Deloria and Wildcat's account so far draws attention to it less as a geographical location, and more towards how one is situated within a relationship with other beings. They claim "the point should be obvious: we, human beings…are intimately connected and related to, in fact dependent on, the other living beings, land, air, and water of the earth's biosphere."[5] That is, where we might consider our relations with other people in the human community, we ought to consider non-human entities as persons too. And why should we? Because we are "inextricably bound up with the existence and welfare of the other living beings and places of the earth: beings and places, understood as persons possessing power."[6] By being involved through power we are related. Further, not only are we related, but the well-being of others also becomes necessary for us to pursue as well—our well-being is mutually upheld within the relationship so what is good and matters for others must also matter for us. So, how can we better realize and understand the world as a person? By getting to know it firsthand.

Getting to know other people requires that we do a couple of things. For instance, recall the generalism 'no two people are the same.' If this is so, and places are persons, then no place can be the same either. Whereas personality broadly refers to the behavior and attitude of an entity, in the case of Wildcat and Deloria's usage, it describes one's experience with the world as conditioned by others. If personality is produced through engaging with others and there are plenty of others in the world, then there is a multitude of processes that produce personality. Hence, the experiences that produce personality are not a product of a single process but recurring through our ongoing experience and engagement with others.[7] By, building from how place implicates us within a community, our process of learning other personalities and developing our own personality requires we

4 ibid. p. 144.

5 ibid. p. 13.

6 ibid.

7 Land operates as an agent which organizes us in relation to place and is foundational in this sense. To some degree land operates as the key entity which always has a sense of place. While we have become delocalized through a sense of time and a loss of particularity, land has remained local and particular although it has lost its robust sense of sacredness. However, it is worth clarifying that everything is placed and so land is not its singular referent.

look to who we are in community with.

Wildcat describes personality as a metaphysical concept in which we realize the relations we hold and the power that we all embody. If we can only be in one place at one time and similarly since one cannot occupy the exact same place as another, then the relations we hold are also unique.[8] And if we all possess different levels of power as structured by our place, then the personality must also necessarily be unique.

To better grow an understanding of personality, and in particular, how we come to learn the personality of others, consider our animal friends who dwell in our homes. I know the personality of my cats all too well from spending nearly every day together.[9] In this case, personalities aren't witnessed in a vacuum of non-interference but are understood by being in contact and forming friendships with beings. Only from firsthand engagement or the sharing of stories can we form an understanding of pets with unique personalities. And, as particular people, it is also worth realizing that they influence us as well. We come to learn the personality of that individual, by growing to understand their relation to us and their distinct influence on us and others. For instance, most mornings I don't need to set my alarm, my morning ritual revolves around my cat's consistent feeding schedule. Those with personalities are distinct individuals to whom we hold particular relationships.

While that moves us towards thinking of persons in the animal sense let's move further. For example, water possesses a unique personality depending on where it is placed and one's relationship with it. I can look out from my window right now and see Lake Michigan. It's cold and windy so there are waves which move against the rocks. I know this is typical for the season, although I remember instances when it was extremely still and quiet. Even if the water is cold now, I remember that it was also warm at some point in the summer. Further, despite being familiar with the lake I'm hesitant to claim I know it all that well or can even consider us friends. Currently, we're neighbors. I can infer a personality from it when I pass it daily on my walk but I can also imagine how my understanding of its personality might change if I were a fisherman on the pier or a frequent swimmer. My lack of involvement limits my understanding of its personality. I see its waves but I've never felt the current beneath them: my way of relating to the lake alters my perception of its personality.

All the while, my life is dependent on

8 ibid. p. 145.

9 ibid.

the lake. This immense being shapes the culture and city adjacent to it. Similar to my relationship with some family members; we are kin, but sometimes only after thinking through how well I know them, I come to realize how shallow my sense of their personality is. Being kin does not mean we have immediate knowledge of another person; however, this relation does mean I have the capacity to learn. Perhaps if I engaged with them more frequently, I could gain a better sense of their personality. Personalities are constantly in flux and informed by one's experience, so to gather an understanding of personality, engaging with others and listening to them is vital.

Personality and kinship aren't only helpful in the familial sense but this dynamic also carries an ethical imperative. For instance, if we know other beings as persons and can recognize how we influence them, then we ought to consider our impact.[10]And, if places are people too we must consider how we influence it and how we ought to better engage with it to learn its personality.[11] We find kin in where we are, but kinship is more than mere relation: it includes responsibility.

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10 ibid. p. 23.

11 ibid. p. 75. Wildcat articulates the undergirding claim that Deloria makes the Power + Place = Personality as motivated by the elimination of the nature/human distinction. By realizing that there is no separation we can better understand that nature and our place within the world is always embedded with others. Wildcat, speaking on Deloria's account writes, "Deloria's power-and-place-equal-personality equation, or P3 formula, makes for a spatial metaphysics of experience. The TC3 expression, technology, community, communication, and culture, is an attempt to identify the natural cultural feature of human beingness. P3 and TC3 are not rigorous mathematical expressions; rather, I think both are symbolic expressions that can serve as mnemonic devices that preclude thinking of technology, or for that matter any of the key features of human culture, as outside of nature."

you are here

Locating the Decolonial & Anti-Colonial

you are here

Mapping with the Making Relatives Collective

by

Dr. Emma B. Mincks
(Lakota)
and V'cenza Cirefice
University of New Mexico

University of Galway


Renowne
Photograp
Bill Croet

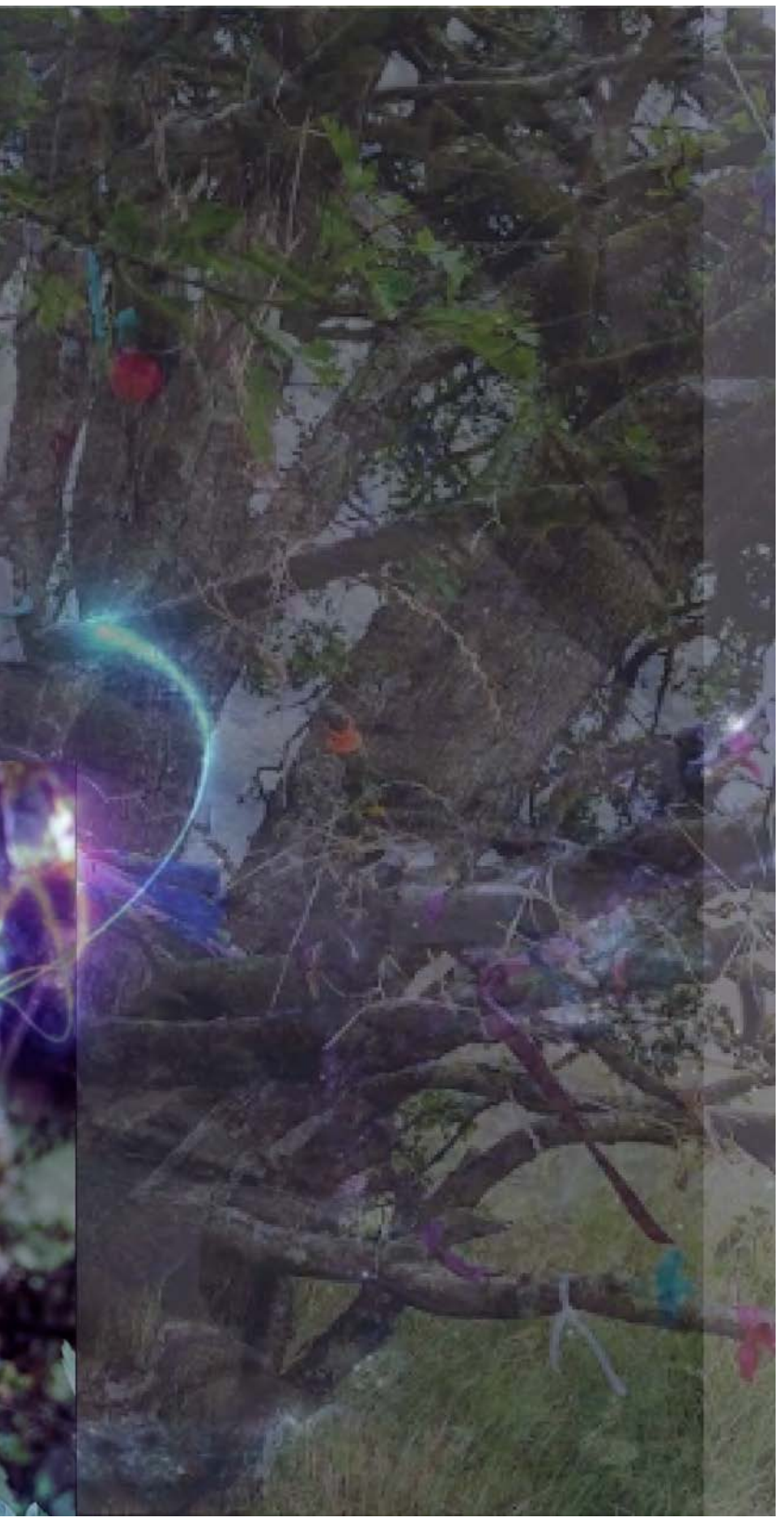
This is a visual essay of reflections from organizers of the Making Relatives Collective, a collective of Water Protectors from Turtle Island and Ireland compiled by scholars and members of the collective, Emma B. Mincks (University of New Mexico) and V'cenza Cirefice (University of Galway).

Making Relatives is an envisioning and practice of strengthening kinship relationships internationally, starting in the North of Ireland with Water Protectors from South Dakota, Turtle Island. This intentional relationship building becomes an opportunity to collaborate in our struggles for climate and environmental justice.

These images, compiled of artwork and photography from V'cenza and Emma, represent our transnational decolonial projects in Ireland and Turtle Island centering the relationality of humans and the more-than-human and building solidarity coalitions across different contexts through relationship-building, solidarity actions, love for the water, trees, earth, and relatives who support our love, and our continued resistance to colonial extraction.

From 2018 the collective has facilitated solidarity visits from Indigenous Water Protectors to frontline communities in Ireland, North and South, to build relationship, solidarity and connection. These collaborations have involved Lakota Nations from North and South Dakota, Dakota and Ojibwe folks from Minnesota, including the Ikidowin Youth Theatre Ensemble and Nibi water walk ceremony leaders.

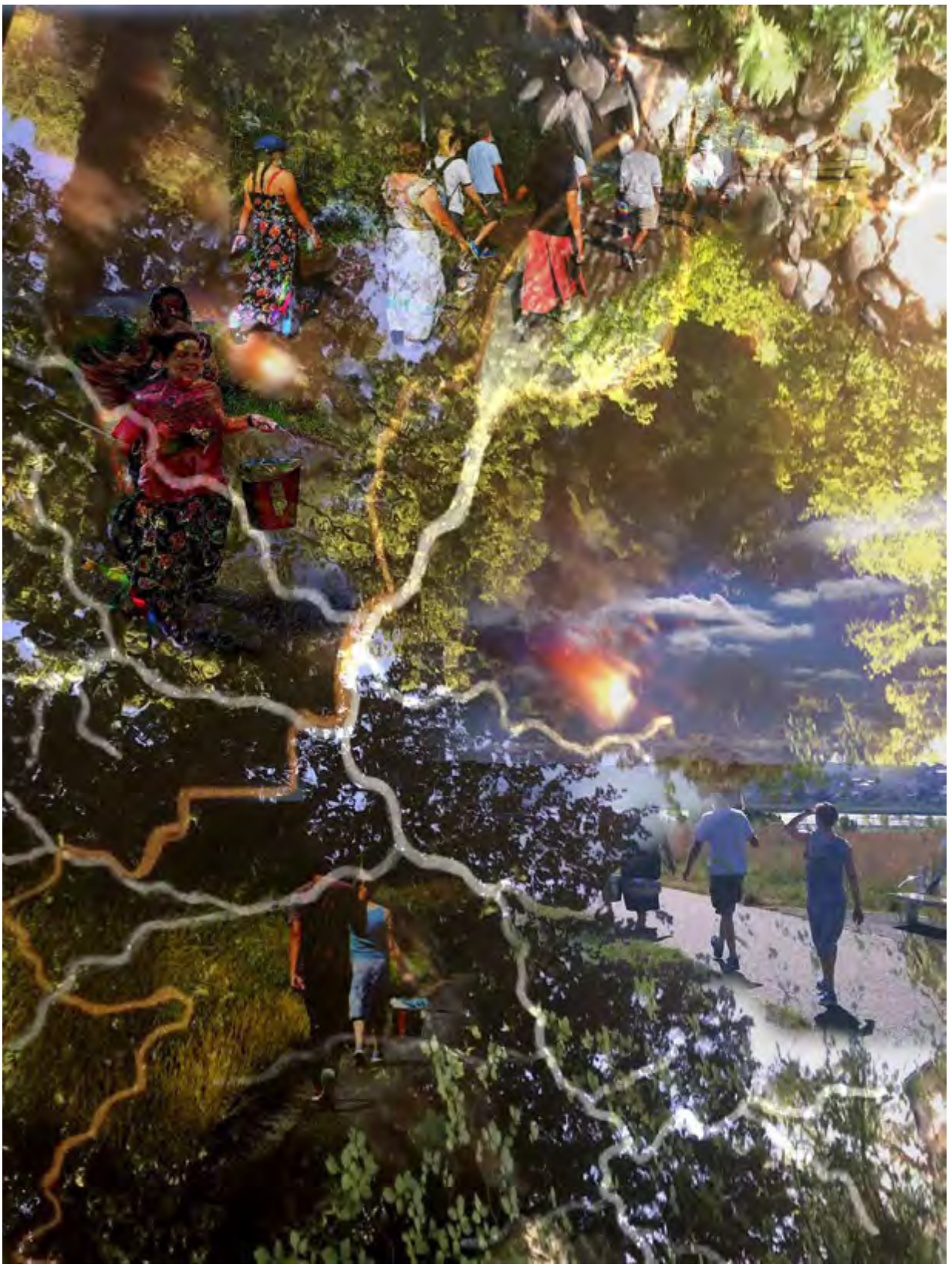

IRELAND




Soul of our Soul, Heart
LAND
BACK
FREE PALESTINE
IS NOT


of our Hearts


WATER PROTECTORS
FROM STANDING ROCK
TO THE SPRINGS




We do it for the water

Land Back Land Forward Partnership

by

Sarah Farahat

Pacific Northwest College of Art

scan for website

The LAND BACK LAND FORWARD PARTNERSHIP (LBLFP) is a mapping-in-community partnership and call to action.

LBLFP invites folks with access to land or urban spaces to take the opportunity to connect and return land access to Indigenous neighbors through mutual sharing agreements.

This project is not a counterargument to the Land Back movements (aka full return of the land).

This is a set of doable, direct, reparative, reciprocal individual and community actions in solidarity with the goal of Indigenous sovereignty.

WELCOME HOME: This partnership creates a possibility for your ancestral homelands to be accessible for Ceremony-including harvesting, ecological restoration/care & more, through mutual agreement. This project encourages Indigenous peoples to reach out to the contacts pinned on the map to set up a visit to the land or space, or to

post what locations are of particular interest to you through the form provided on the project's website.

This map also encourages land tenders to reach out to local tribal councils, Indigenous communities and individuals to build these homecoming partnerships in a good way.

To participate in offering the land you're tending click on this QR code or fill out the form on the LBLFP website.

Currently Farahat is working on short video interviews with the participants in the project in order to make them more approachable as well as continuing to share the project in the hopes of creating a large network of land sharing agreements across all colonized lands.

LAND RECLAMATION/RETURNS

- Upper Sioux Dakota Pezihutazizi Oyate Community Land Reclamation
- Rappahannock Tribe Land Return
- Sogorea Te' Land Trust Rematriation Projects
- Dakota Land Reclamation Project
- Snoqualmie Tribe Reclaims Land
- Intertribal Sinkyone Wilderness Council Land Return (Tc'ih-Léh-Dûñ)
- Yurok Tribes Reclaim Land
- Stillaguamish Tribe Reclaims Land
- Osage Land Return
- Confederated Tribes of the Grand Ronde Reclaims Willamette Falls
- Washoe Tribe Land Return
- Esselen Tribe Reclaims Land
- Passamaquoddy Tribe Reclaims Land
- Mountain Maidu Land Return
- Klamath Tribes Reclaim Land
- Wiyot Tribe Land Return
- Kashia Pomo Land Return
- Clatsop-Nehalem Land Return
- Nez Perce Reclaim Land / Nez Perce Celebrate Land Reclaim

This process can work in many ways. This website is a conduit for the connections you dream up.

For example...What do you want?

Do you want to gather or hunt once a year, in the fall or spring, or all year round?

Do you want extended time at a location?

Are you looking for a place that can be accessible all the time without checking in?

Do you have ceremony that needs to happen somewhere at certain times? Is it necessary

that the land tender leaves during this time?

Do you simply need to sit and listen to the land?

Do you have commitments to a certain place that you'd like to keep?

How can you tend those commitments within the system of land "ownership" that exist right now?

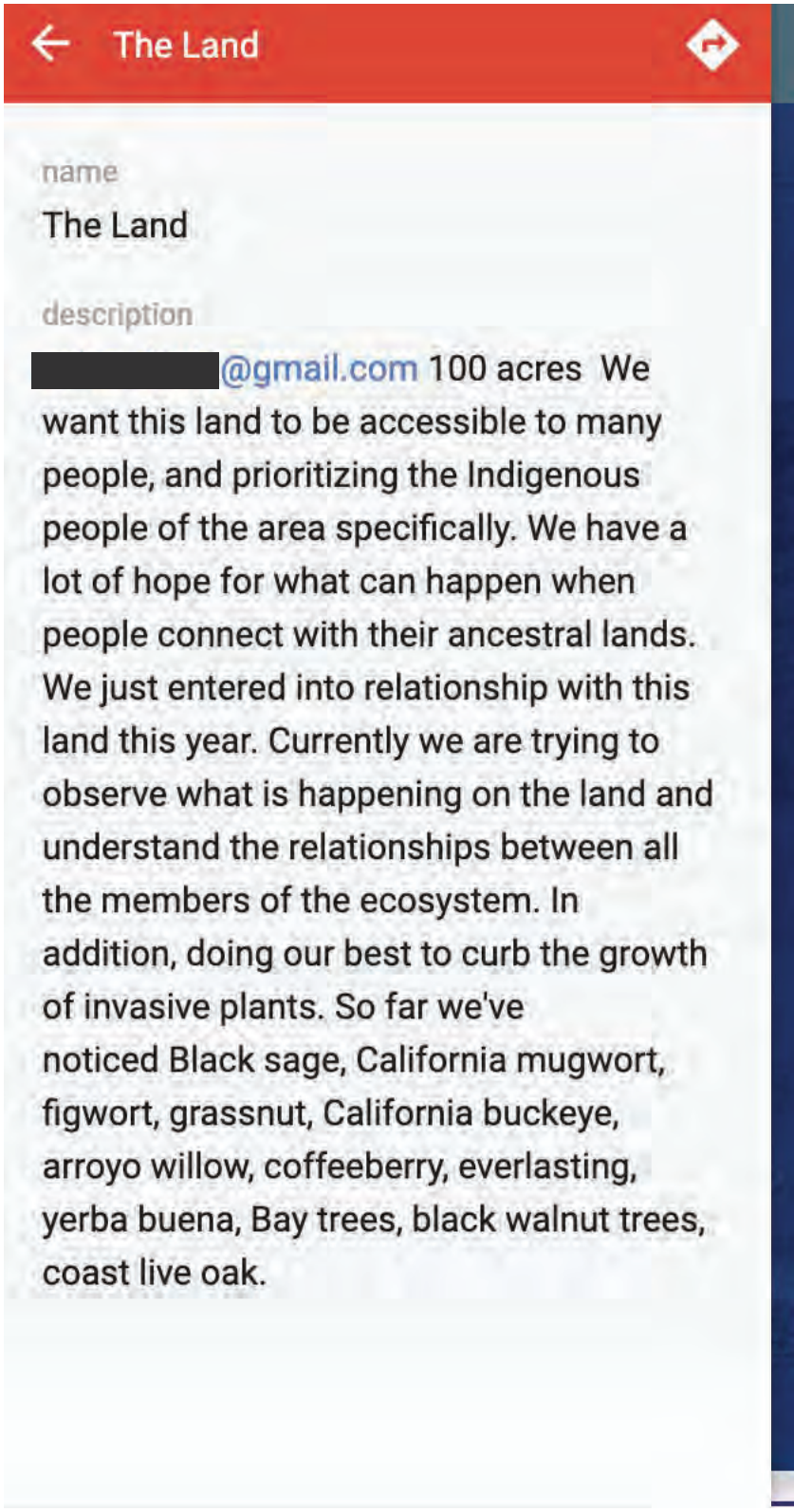
What are things that a land tender could do to make you feel more comfortable accessing the land?

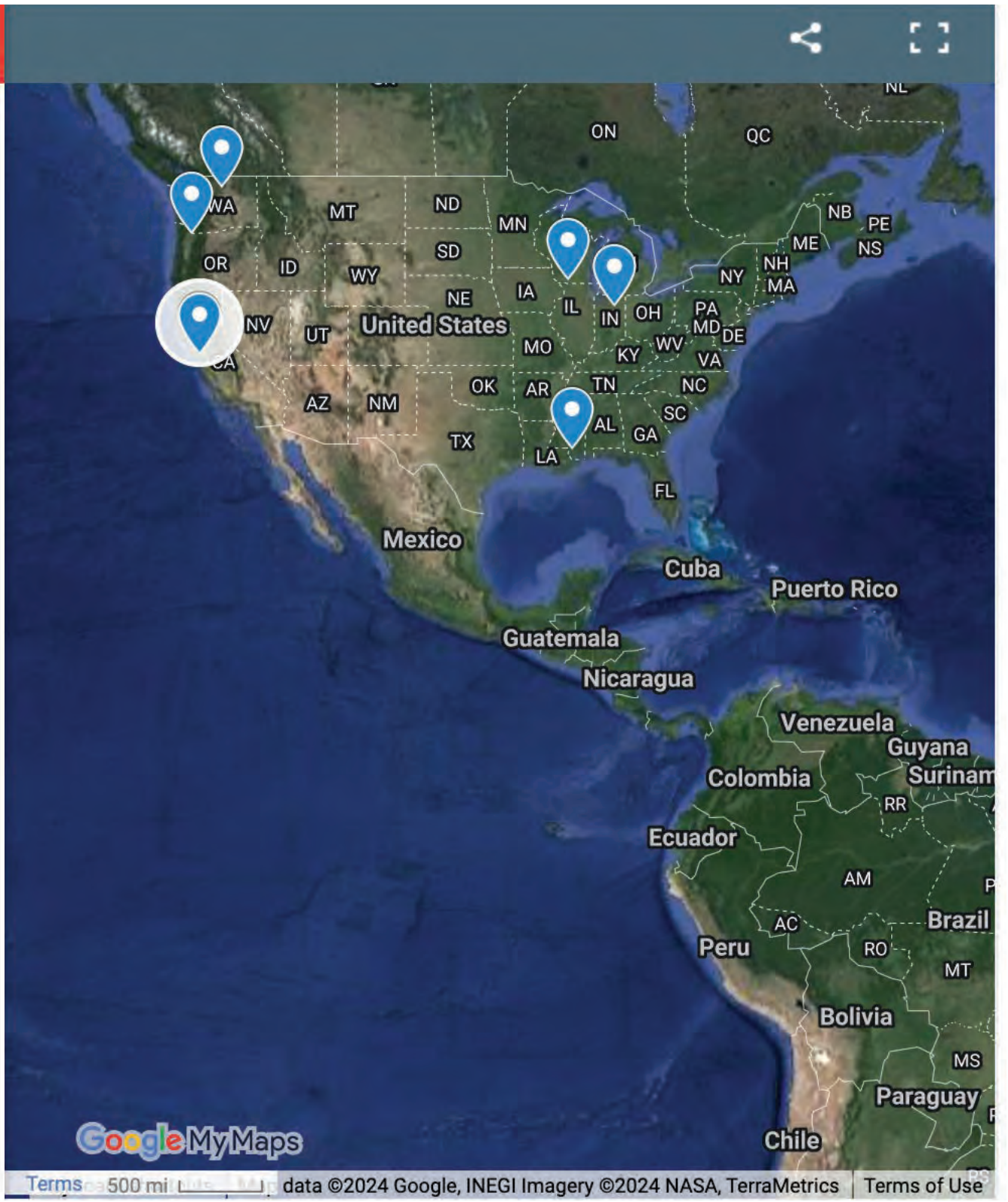
There are many possibilities and it is up to you to work out the details of an arrangement.

If you are a land tender, think about what you are willing to offer freely? Are there questions or concerns?

This is ok and will be a part of the discussions you have with a person, or persons that wants greater access to their traditional homelands. By agreeing to talk with each other, you are taking the first step in a process of relationship building. Whatever happens next is up to you.*

*Please note, that Land Back Land Forward Partnership does not serve as the mediator in forming these relationships and agreements, but can help to connect two parties that are interested in moving forward in discussing an agreement.

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you are here

Kinship-to-Nature

by

Daniel Coombes

Te Herenga Waka – Victoria University of Wellington

you are here

Author's Note:

In its drive towards classifying kinship, the colonial project prefigures the displacement of Indigenous relations. James Cook encountered New Zealand on his first voyage. On board the Endeavour. Joining him, botanists Joseph Banks and Daniel Solander collected vegetation. Indigenous plants were stripped of their existing relations and pressed on standard dimensioned herbarium paper. The plants were transformed into individuals awaiting taxonomic classification. From this subject-object relation, both scientific instrumentalization and detached contemplation take place. At this time in the 18th century, the concept of objectivity had emerged. Still, its scientific predecessor, truth-to-nature, was the standard practice. Where objectivity would privilege the herbarium (the dried and pressed plants), within truth-to-nature, the specimens were looked upon and visually re-presented to capture their typical form. In this context, truth was a way of seeing that edits out irregularities to bring forth an imagined essence. The visual culture scholar Nick Mirzoeff calls this way of seeing 'white sight.'

This work co-opts the white sight embedded in truth-to-nature practices and their colonial and racial implications. In 'Kinship-to-Nature', I situate myself as the classifier. Instead of extracting a model form from the plant, the classification process is co-created with a community of plant enthusiasts. I uploaded three of Banks' and Solander's plant samples to a digital platform (plantnet.org). The platform classifies flora by comparing uploaded material with a community-curated image archive. Each search suggests five possible classifications. Countering the convention of species singularity, this work presents multiple modes of kinship for each plant. The colonial botanist practice of taking specimens home for their taxonomic classification is re-enacted in this work. However, the geographical connections here are not based on colonial expansion but on the possibility of re-worlding, in this case, through virtual vegetation relations.

Kinship-to-Nature

In the nineteenth century, Māori, the Indigenous people of Aotearoa (New Zealand), experienced land dispossession through British setter-colonialism that violently and physically disrupted their kinship relations. In the eighteenth century, British explorers initiated the colonial violence by bringing Western scientific practices to Aotearoa, which disregarded existing mātauranga Māori (Māori knowledge). King George III and the Royal Society funded the first voyage of James Cook (1768-71). Cook was assigned by the Royal Society, a scientific body, to map the 1769 transit of Venus. A second clandestine mission for the voyage was to 'discover' land in the South Pacific at the request of the Royal Navy. Botanists Joseph Banks and Daniel Solander were among the ninety-three persons joining Cook on the *Endeavour*. Banks and Solander's role, along with eight assistants, including three artists, was to fill gaps in Western plant knowledge and find plants with medicinal or economic potential. On the voyage, the botanists collected, preserved, and described thousands of species from South America to Southeast Asia, including approximately 350 from Aotearoa.

Rāwiri Taonui (2015, para. 1), an Indigenous Studies researcher from Aotearoa says that in the Māori worldview, whakapapa (genealogy) "links people to all other living things." While the academic and Māori cultural advisor Te Ahukaramū Charles Royal (2007, para. 1) explains that "Traditionally, Māori believe there is a deep kinship between humans and the natural world." When Banks and Solander introduced the plants they collected in Aotearoa to Western taxonomy, a field that delineates between culture and nature, it altered the plants' existing relationality with Māori. Pressing these plants on standardized herbarium paper separated them from their existing collectives and transformed them into individuals awaiting taxonomic classification. From this subject-object relation, scientific instrumentalization and detached contemplation take center stage.

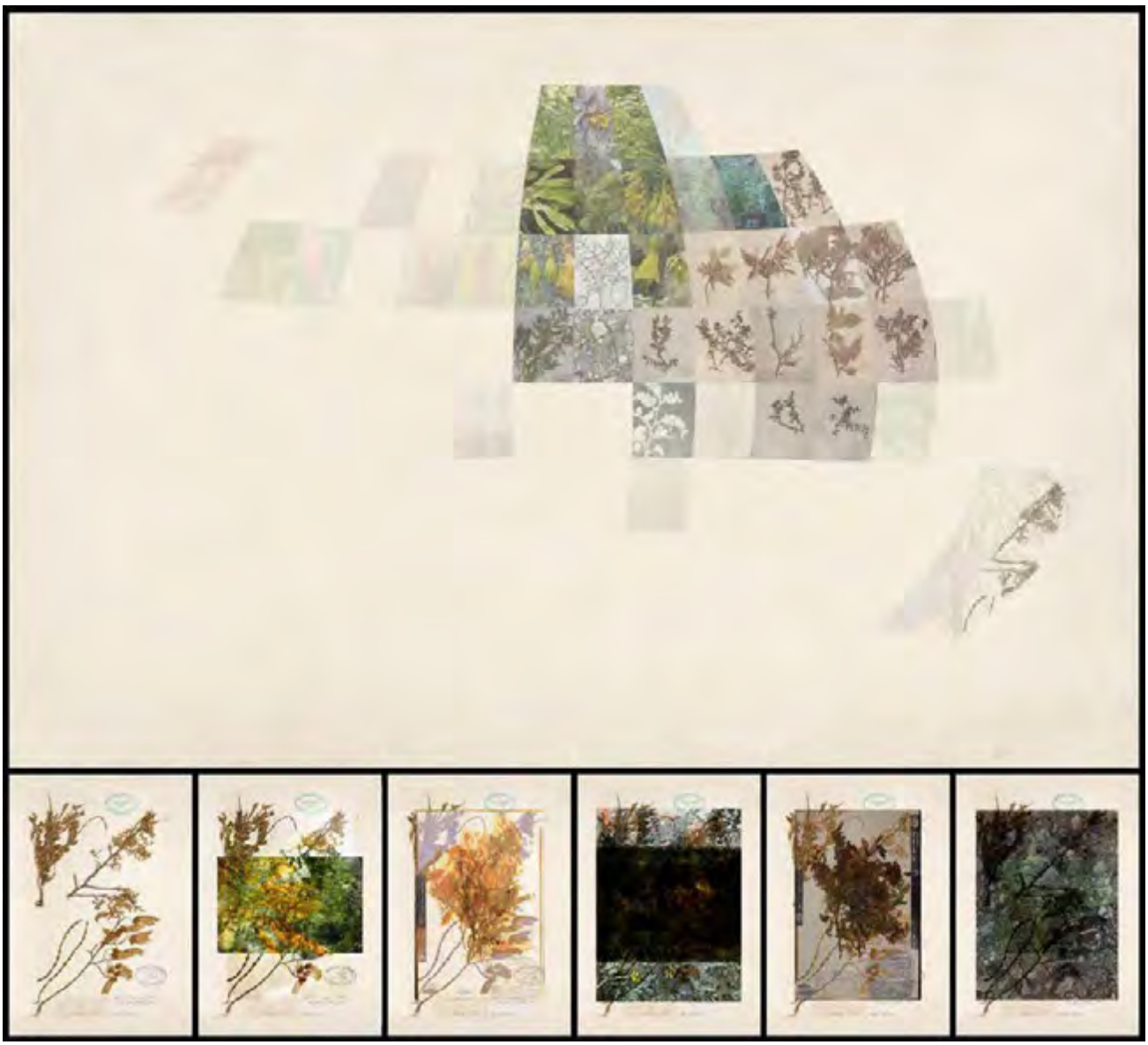
In the eighteenth century, the time of Cook's first voyage, European botanical classification occurred through a scientific practice called truth-to-nature. Unlike the later concept of scientific objectivity that arose in the mid-nineteenth century, which relies on the study of plant material for taxonomic classification, truth-to-nature classification involves a collaborative drawing process between scientists and artists. Truth-to-nature is a deeply subjective way of seeing that edits out irregularities to bring forth, through artistic practice, the typical or ideal qualities of a particular

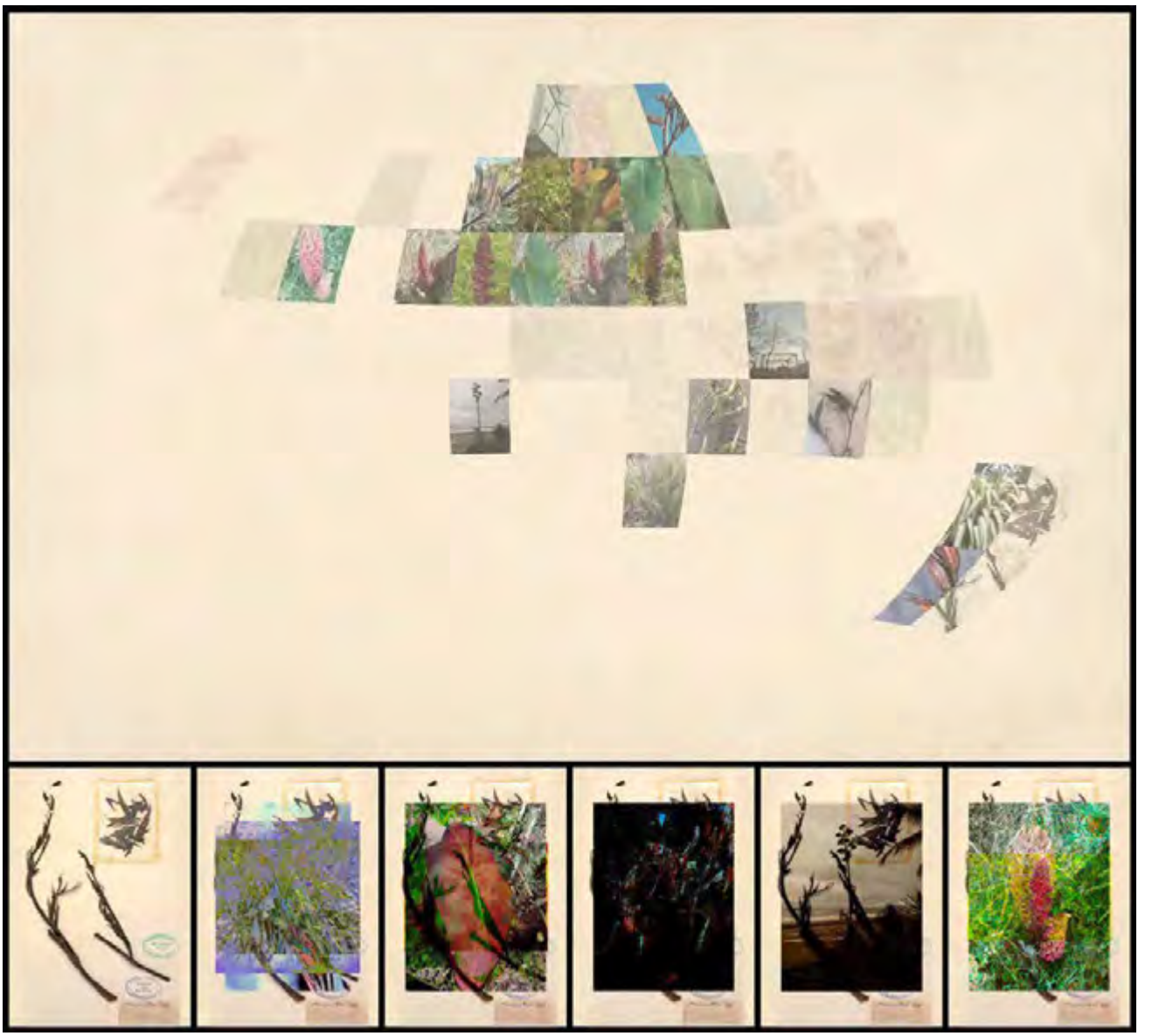
species. The visual culture scholar Nick Mirzoeff calls such ways of seeing 'white sight.'

The project ***Kinship-to-Nature*** co-opts the white sight embedded in truth-to-nature practices and their colonial and racial implications. As a descendant of British settlers, my relations are entangled with the colonizers, and my Pākehā (European New Zealander) presence in Aotearoa is dependent on Te Tiriti o Waitangi (the Treaty of Waitangi), signed by Māori and the British Crown in 1840. Edward Taihukurei Durie, former Chief Judge of the Māori Land Court, says that "We must remember that, if we are the tangata whenua, the original people, then the Pākehā are the tangata Tiriti, those who belong to the land by right of that Treaty." (Reese, 2023, para. 26). I weave my tangata Tiriti (person of the Treaty) positionality into this project by re-reading colonial practices of classifying plants through botanical illustrations. Instead of drawing a plant in its typical or idealized light, the classification process here is co-created with a community of online plant enthusiasts.

I uploaded to ***Pl@ntNet*** three of the plants collected by Banks and Solander in Aotearoa: Tutumako (***Euphrasia cuneata***), Kōwhai (***Sophora tetraptera***), and Harakeke (***Phormium tenax***). A participatory botanical classification website, ***Pl@ntNet***, was created in 2010 by four French research organizations (CIRAD, Inria, INRAE, and IRD). ***Pl@ntNet*** is a citizen science project that uses deep learning algorithms to match photos uploaded by the public with known plant species. For each plant photo I uploaded the search results returned five possible species and numerous images for each classification. I superimposed the search results and located the images on a world map. This approach attempts to disclose the virtual kinship relations within these plants and show their identities through multiple voices.

Unlike the eighteenth-century version of truth-to-nature, which edits out irregularities to present an imagined species, ***Kinship-to-Nature*** has anti-colonial intentions. Recognizing the colonial drive towards classification is a drive to sever and erase existing relations. This project subverts the taxonomic goal of species singularity to unsettle colonial and white ways of seeing the world. ***Kinship-to-Nature*** re-enacts the colonial botanist practice of taking specimens away for taxonomic classification. The geographical connections here are not based on taxonomic completion or colonial expansion but on the possibility of re-worlding through declassifying virtual plant relations. However, does the project perpetuate violence by re-tracing botanist and truth-to-nature practices? How does it redress the injustices it foregrounds? How might it work to reconceptualize these practices and relations?





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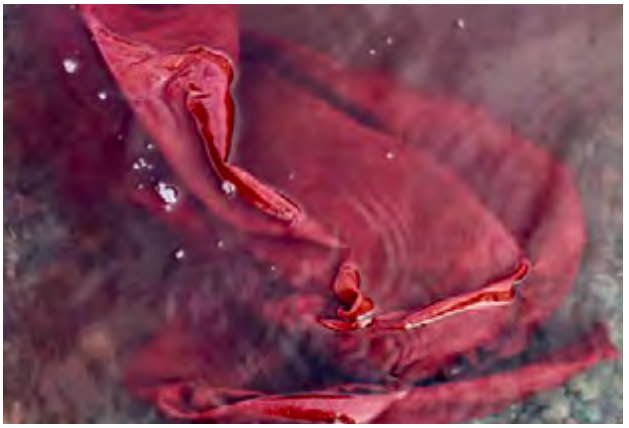
a (gentle) reminder

by

Megan Samms
(L’nu and Nlaka’pamux)

Artist

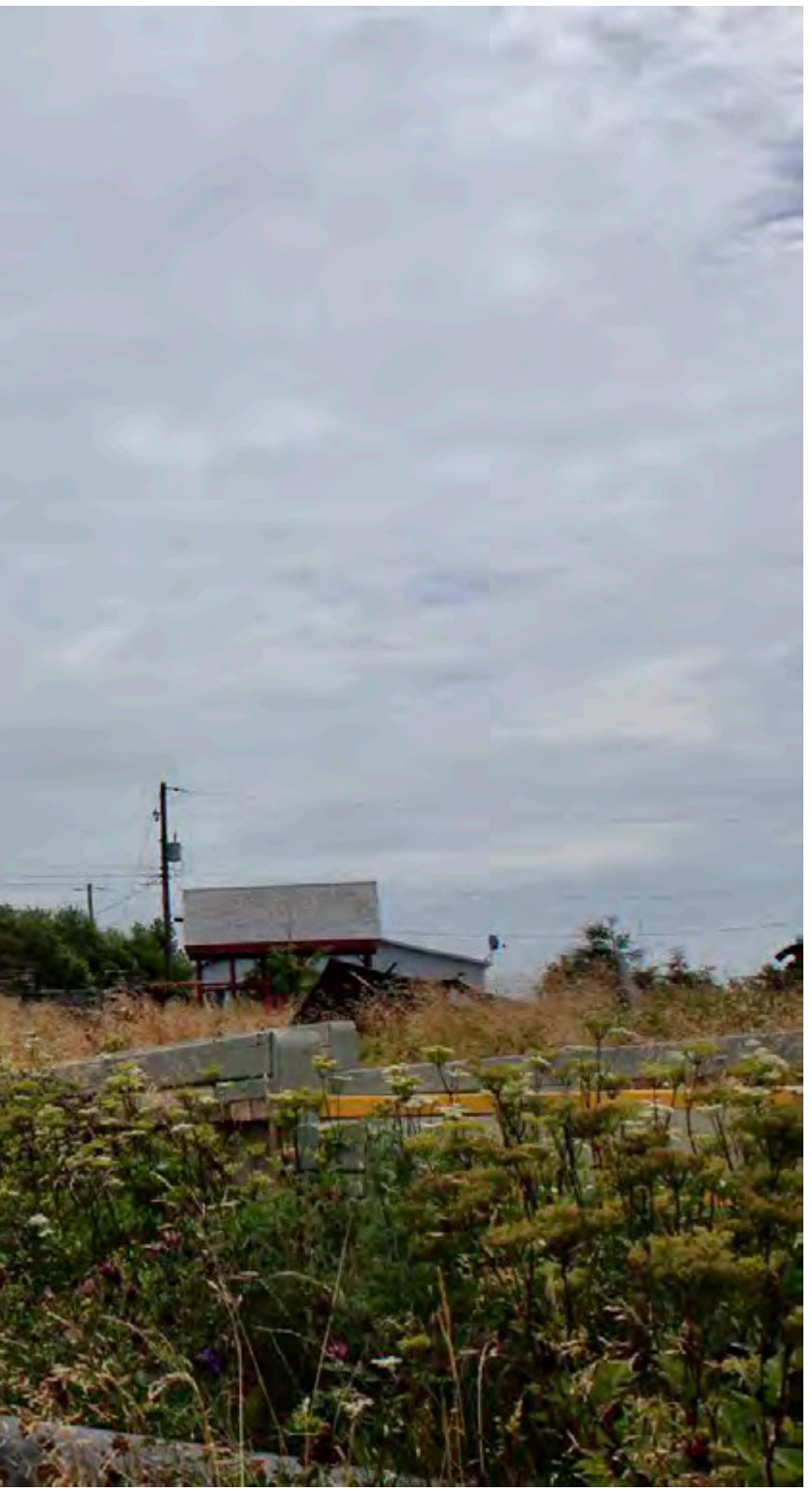


a (gentle) reminder is a commissioned work from the Bonavista Biennale which was co-curated by Rose Bouthillier and Ryan Rice in 2022. The work was exhibited during the Biennale in Summer 2023 alongside so many other artists who I am humbled to work beside. I'm honoured and grateful to have had the opportunity to participate in the Biennale, and importantly, to respond to the theme, *Host.*

I have many thoughts about the word, the feeling, and the energy of host/hosting. And to be honest, they changed a lot as I worked though *a (gentle) reminder*. In discussion with Rose, I heard the words of Beau Dick reverberating though my head, "we want to remind you that you are still our guests and we are still your hosts." I remembered his walk to the house of parliament in Victoria, so-called British Columbia in 2013 when he broke the Coppers. I remembered his words, they live. I haven't forgotten how I felt then, and I don't think I ever will. My feelings came right to the surface when Rose asked me to respond to this theme, in this place, in my extended traditional territory.

There is a very strong narrative of Discovery on the Bonavista Peninsula. It is not my home, I don't live there, I am a traveller and visitor there, but the place is part of my larger home. I am my home.


WE ARE
STILL
YOUR HOSTS



Thousands of tiny stitches made over months hold hand-felted words and motif to madder and bedstraw root dyed linen fabric. The message I've held from Beau Dick for over a decade, "we are still your hosts," is offered as *a (gentle) reminder* in one of the places of first colonial contact on Turtle Island. I'm offering this reminder in Port Union on a pre-existing flag pole, where the piece is surrounded by the sea, the land, by berries, by guests. I'm making the reminder with Mi'kmaq motif representing the land and water, with the colour red made of the earth - a colour that our ancestors and descendants can see: a time stretch. A declaration of the original Hosts. An indication of the land and sea as original Hosts. A motion made toward all kin, in all time directions, who are, have been, and will be Hosts too.

This piece was unfinished until it was installed for one month in Port Union. As the environment and weathers impacted the work and we collaborate together, more of the nature of the piece is revealed. I ignored it, as the guest-host relationship has often been ignored by leading canadian institutions and corporations, by extractive industry, the canadian capital market, by local, provincial, national, and international governments. After this ignorance, after this weathering, I came back to it, I observed damage. I now care for it. I consider again

the relationship of Guest and Host.

Flags are so often used to make a declaration, to state ownership, dominion, control. I imagine there was one such flag in exactly the place *a (gentle) reminder* is installed now; maybe. I offered mine as a call to come together, it's a request in a gentle and conversational way, an invitation, a request to ask questions to our own selves and to look for answers, continually, repeatedly. It's a request to process.

I ask viewers of the work, those who engage with it in place and further, to look around with the reminder in their minds and mouths, and ask:

- how has the land in this place been treated? how is it treated now?
- how are the people, in Ktaqmkuk, the L'nu, Inuit, and Innu, treated? how do I think of the people? how do I show respect? what am I not thinking of? how am I showing kinship, doing relationship, honouring humanity?
- what do I see around me? how am I held here? how could I be? how do I reciprocate and renew?
- what is missing? what do I offer?

As time and weathers make their changes to this piece, as time and weather and I collaborate together, I will have new questions and new thoughts.


WE ARE
STILL
YOUR HOSTS

a (gentle) reminder was documented where it hung nearly daily for the duration of its installation by Bethany MacKenzie. Over time and with place, the piece changed as it dialogued with the sea spray, rain and waters, resident birds, the wind. When the piece came home to me, it was new, something different. Ghostly. It seems now, a haunted reminder. I can only wonder how and where its medicine went, what became of the words in peoples mouths, how the questions landed and activated in lives and in place.


WE ARE
STILL
YOUR HOSTS


WE
YOUR


ARE
HOSTS

you are here

Relations in Time: Ancestors and Chosen Family

you are here

A Most Universal Cycle

by Fowota Mortoo

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

The territory is a projection of the society that transforms it.[1]

I frequently spend time mining language for the worlds hidden not in sight but in sound. Listening for words that approximate eachother, probing passing phrases for their literal parts, and altogether mistrustful of coincidence. It's an exercise that emerges from my regard for language—in its role as keeper of collective memory—as a map. But one that requires less technical aptitude to discern the way it orients than a particular attunement to pattern.

This practice of remembering gifted me a way.

Well, first, it granted me doubtful conclusions and fleeting periods of inquiry that yielded only passed time. Then, it delivered a profound yearning to sit in the midst of the cartographers, however far removed—to listen as they charted realms and wove space into sound. I wished with earnest for them to affirm that the meanings I was unearthing were not just of my imagination. I wished to be granted a measure of certainty, a blessing that I might continue on my way.

I see now that I received it.

In the Eʋe language, there is no line inscribed between yesterday and tomorrow. We speak of them with the same word: etsɔ. Context or affixes can be used to distinguish the two, but these additions ('va yi' for yesterday and 'gbɔna' for tomorrow) are often omitted in speech. This attribute is not unique to Eʋe but reflected in other West and Central African languages as well as indigenous languages across the Atlantic.[2]

A signpost of sorts, I imagine that the word illuminates the way our cartographers made sense of time: they made a map reflective of each day as both yesterday of tomorrow and tomorrow of yesterday. Unadherent to a conception of time that proceeds from an uncivilized (and geographically specific) past to a future with reward immeasurable, they sketched a blueprint that entreats us to orient our actions toward a different guiding principle: that of our positionality within a circle, rather than a pompous end or presumptuous beginning. In so doing, they implore us to give primacy to ***process instead of product***.[3] And so, in speaking, we refuse in words, whether we are aware of it or not, the pernicious and dominant rationale of future reward that so structures space.

This signpost (and the series of conversations with brilliant minds that followed) critically reoriented my understanding of time. It soon encountered a question that had likewise disrupted my

understanding of space. Foregrounding imagination as the basis of radical transformation, Ruth Wilson Gilmore asks: *How do we make the places we are into the places we wish to be?*[4]

To begin to answer, we must understand where, in fact, we are. Perceive 'ordinary' constructions of space anew, discern the abounding fictions masquerading as immutable facts and, so too, their consequences. Born from the encounter of a map, a question, and the company of those more perceptive than I, this invitation to enact engendered a season of imagination when I wondered how I might transform space in a manner guided by all three.

And then I began to dig.

Abolition is quite literally to change places.[5]

The border of my inhabitance is marked by towering evergreens and a road lies beyond the small stretch of woodland. We are near enough to be reminded by its persistent tenor of travelers that it is there, but it was invisible from where I stood when I began enacting an answer to my query. I was instead confronted with an expanse of land covered by grass and innumerable trips to the grocery store.

Structuring these [seemingly] mundane facets of life were invisible architects of narrative. Ones that fashion land as an entity to be manipulated, regulated, and above all, acquired (evident in the sprawling lawns that blanket the perimeter of residences, their lofty status in dreams of affluence, and…colonialism), and food as something of largely unknown (and distant) origin whose being begins in, and must be bought from a grocery store. In exalting ends to the diminution of means (or, product to the detriment of process), they too rationalize an agroindustry that regards ecological and human wellbeing with startlingly meager import, compelling displacement, deforestation, and death to those who oppose it. Falsifying sustenance in many minds as an abbreviated line that begins in the produce section and ends, too often,[6] in the garbage, they cloak origin with ambiguity (if one is to wonder about it at all), and mask the extent to which the global food system is one of the biggest stressors on planetary health.

This exists alongside a purportedly benign (and ahistoric) aesthetic preference for a large yard covered with grass. Often fading into an unquestioned and normative part of a residential landscape, lawns emerged in America in the 18th century following trends in English landscape design. With little to no ecological benefit, the most cultivated crop in the US requires unconscionable inputs of water, intensive human labor to maintain

appearances, and produces millions of tons of greenhouse gasses from grass clippings and fertilizers. I wish less to highlight the decidedly evident negative consequences of lawns than to indicate how they are one of many examples of spatial construction that have become so normalized as to be almost invisible, precluding possibility.

Crucially, though, in the architects' wayward configurations, they make invisible land as life-giving force with which one might have relation, and too, growing one's own food as an act intimately tied to sovereignty. And so, in transforming grass to garden, I brought into being something else: a place I wanted to be.

Accompanied by my map, I began inhabiting a world that had been papered over with, among other things, convenience. The necessary attunement to process made all manner of things not only visible but immensely important. For one, the sourcing of seeds. The first spring, I joined the multitude of gardeners flocking to big box stores to peruse rows of brightly colored seed packets. I did the same in the second. My actions reflect how we so often are: unknowing of the way our actions uphold complicity in systems that do not serve us and all the same unaware of other possibilities. Or, as in the case of many farmers, ***aware*** but restricted by structures meant to make them unfeasible or immensely challenging.

Marking a departure from the longstanding practices of seed saving, the privatization of seeds began in the mid 20th century and today, four corporations control over half of the global seed market. Legislation characterizing certain seeds as intellectual property buttresses market control as it enables patent-holding companies to collect royalties from growers' harvests ***and*** criminalize the practice of saving/exchanging said seeds.[7,8] Several of these laws are being introduced as concessions in foreign aid deals: As a condition of receiving developmental assistance through the New Alliance for Food Security and Nutrition, Tanzania adopted legislation in 2017 that gave "Western agribusiness full freedom and enclosed protection for patented seeds," meaning that a Tanzanian farmer selling unpatented seeds would be liable for a prison sentence of up to 12 years or a fine of £205,300.[9]

Further, the prevalence of hybrid varieties, which cannot be resown with the same characteristics as their parent crop, undermines farmer autonomy and community-managed seed-systems, as growers are forced to buy a new set of seeds each season. Hybrids prioritize yield (and center in development discourse especially in the context of a changing climate) but at the expense of other, arguably more

important seed qualities. Additionally, they are dependent on pesticide inputs to grow well. For those who continue planting open-pollinated or heirloom varieties that strengthen biodiversity, preserve cultural heritage, and ***can*** be saved and resown, they are placed at a disadvantage, as companies frequently subsidize hybrid seeds (or donate them in mass amounts).[10]

As Monica White notes in ***Freedom Farmers: Agricultural Resistance and the Black Freedom Movement***, any strategy that seeks self-reliance must have food access as a building block. Food sovereignty, a [predictably] mostly absent approach in development and foreign aid strategies, but recognized for its revolutionary nature by Thomas Sankara,[11] Fannie Lou Hamer,[12] Amilcar Cabral,[13]and countless others, begins here: with seed sovereignty.

Thus, unbeknownst to me at the time, the invisible architects had structured possibility ***and*** ensured complicity amongst the small paper packets that were in front of me. Though it would be inane to present some sort of equivalency—seed suppliers for farmers and small-scale gardeners are not the same (nor, obviously, are the challenges), the circumstances had some commonalities: hybrid varieties that require buying again in order to replant and the less apparent perhaps, but no less viscerally felt, absence of collectivity and communal autonomy that would exist were I to be located within an ecosystem of seed keepers.

It is only this season that I am learning about the vast network of seed stewards that sustains itself unmoved and undistracted by fabricated possibilities—of the multitude of seed sovereignty initiatives thriving in the United States,[14] Zimbabwe,[15] El Salvador,[16] Palestine,[17] Brazil,[18] Nepal,[19] and, I imagine, everywhere. It is now that I am conspiring to immerse myself in this world upon my return to the land of my cartographers, to receive the knowledge of those who have stewarded the land and these bearers of life for generations.

It is also only now that I am bringing another circle into being. In the same way that attunement to process made visible the world of seeds, it too has made visible (or rather, made unable to any longer neglect) the one of waste. Our compost pile is a teeming and vibrant newness, a space of decay and regeneration replete with transformation. In its small way, it heeds the cartographers' regard for unbroken circles and action attuned to consequence.

In many artistic and educational spaces in

recent years, there has been an eruption of fascination with cyclical time. Posited as an alternative to the entrenched linearity that undergirds notions of modernity and progress, it remains a novel idea for some and an ancient one for others. For me, the notion of temporal plurality faded from the abstract to the immediate with disconcerting regularity before I disentangled it from a purely intellectual exercise. Instead of perceiving it as something whose consequences unfolded at the societal scale, I began to interrogate its quotidian effects and more proximate spatial corollaries. Beyond informing how we structure our days, the way we understand time shapes our direction of accountability—whether it extends only to the edge of our physical life or unfurls bidirectionally towards ancestors and inheritors unknown.

Engaging in activities that foreground process reorients my consciousness to a trajectory that is not exclusively forward-facing. Indeed, tending a garden requires (if you are to do well) reflection on the past season and how you might adjust for the upcoming one. This unfolds not in a way that suggests the possibility of mastery, but rather perpetual learning [indeed a oneness of tomorrow and yesterday]. The co-conspirator of our craft reveals this—a small worn notebook filled with dates, scribbles on last frosts & spacing, the enduring lessons of land.

As we happen upon another change in season, I have returned once more to my map, and once again, it has yielded fruit.

One of my eldest memory keepers recently passed from this world into another, and feeling the ache of memories and relation lost, I sought the guidance of my mapmakers. They reminded me that ‘ku’ is the way we express both death and seed.[20] A signpost present too in the map of Hawai’i, both words give voice to these processes being an “infusion of life force” into the Earth.[21] As pupil of language and land, I recognize that it is for all us animate beings a most certain transition, a most universal cycle.

Endnotes

[1] Materia Prima, a collaborative research project conceived by architects Erika Loana and Gabriela Sisniega.

[2] Rivers, Chérie N. (2022). ***To Be Nsala's Daughter.*** Duke University Press.

Katondolo, Petna Ndaliko. (2021). ***Kumbuka*** [Film].

[3] Ibid

[4] Gilmore, Ruth Wilson. (2022). ***Abolition Geography and the Problem of Innocence.*** Abolition Geography: Essays Toward Liberation. Verso Books.

[5] Ibid

[6] UNEP Food Waste Index Report. (2024).

[7] See: the Plant Breeders Rights Bill introduced in 2018 in South Africa, the Arusha Protocol adopted by 18 African countries in 2015, and the Plant Variety Protection Act in Indonesia, among others. In some cases, if a plant cross-pollinates with a neighboring one through the movement of wind, insects, birds, or accidental seed mixing, companies can claim that the neighboring farm has infringed on their patent because the neighboring harvest would be likely to carry the patented gene. Thus, if the farmer were to save their seed and replant, they would be liable for prosecution.

[8] The number of patents on plants worldwide has increased from just under 120 in 1990 to over 15,000 today. | National Science Board. (2020). ***Beyond Patents: Trademarks and Plant Varieties***.

[9] Iquiniso, Kweli Ukwethembeka., Daems, Ebe. (2017). ***Tanzanian farmers are facing heavy prison sentences if they continue their traditional seed exchange.*** GRAIN.

[10] As occurred in Zambia, Haiti and Malawi.

[11] Thomas Sankara at the 39th General Assembly of the United Nations: "We must succeed in producing more – producing more, because it is natural that he who feeds you also imposes

his will…We are free. He who does not feed you can demand nothing of you. Here, however, we are being fed every day, every year, and we say, 'Down with imperialism!'…Our stomachs will make themselves heard and may well take the road to the right, the road of reaction, and of peaceful coexistence with all those who oppress us by means of the grain they dump here." | (Murrey, Amber. (2016). ***"Our stomachs will make themselves heard": What Sankara can teach us about food justice today.*** African Arguments.

[12] Fannie Lou Hamer: "Down where we are, food is used as a political weapon. But if you have a pig in your backyard, if you have some vegetables in your garden, you can feed yourself and your family, and nobody can push you around. If we have something like some pigs and some gardens and a few things like that, even if we have no jobs, we can eat and we can look after our families."| White, Monica M. (2018). ***Freedom Farmers: Agricultural Resistance and the Black Freedom Movement.*** The University of North Carolina Press.

[13] See: Experimental Farm of Pessubé | Schwarz, Carlos. (2012). ***Amilcar Cabral: An Agronomist Before His Time.***

[14] Southern Exposure Seed Exchange, Seed Savers Exchange, Tierra Negra, Indigenous Seed Initiative, Reclaim Seed NYC, Sankara Farm, Sierra Seeds…

[15] The Zimbabwe Seed Sovereignty Programme. (2017).

[16] Ramirez, Miguel., Beverly, Bell. (2015). Agroecology as a Tool for Liberation: Transforming Industrial Agribusiness in El Salvador (An Interview with Miguel Ramirez, National Coordinator of the Organic Agriculture Movement of El Salvador).

[17] Sansour, Viven. Palestine Heirloom Seed Library.

[18] Damasio, Kevin. (2023). ***Indigenous seed collectors grow a network of restoration across Brazil.*** Mongabay.

[19] Joshi, Abhaya Raj. (2022). ***Community-based seed banks in Nepal help conserve native species.*** Mongabay

[20] Gbolonyo, Justice Stephen Kofi. (2009). ***Indigenous Knowledge And Cultural Values In Ewe Musical Practice: Their Traditional Roles and Place in Modern Society.*** University of

Pittsburgh.

[21] Ayau, Edward Halealoha. (2020). ***Reparations: 30 Years of Repatriation of Hawaiian Ancestors.*** The Funambulist Magazine.

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Black ways of knowing: House, Home, and Hope

by Dewitt King

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In the south, east of the Mississippi, but not quite touching the Atlantic Ocean. But tethered to the Black Atlantic. Southern with an eastern bent time two. Northeast of the capital city that would become Columbia, South Carolina sits Killian.

Killian is a community that is sandwiched between an ever-expanding suburban landscape. This positioned Killian to not be urban but also to not quite be suburban. In many ways Killian became a rural suburb. It was surrounded by suburbs and exurbs in the last decade of the 1990s during a housing boom that relationally fed into the exploding exurbs in and around the small town of Blythewood. These processes were animated by white flight from the previously booming suburbanization that began in the mid aughts and continued into the 2010s.

Killian is a predominately Black community built by Black folks.[1] One of the architects of this community was my great grandfather Frank Arthur. Born in 1915, Frank what was Gramsci might refer to as an organic intellectual.[2] Or what Black feminist might call a kitchen table theorist, but instead of the kitchen table being the center of his praxis, it was the yard and the environment in around the community of Killian.[3] He obtained a sixth grade education and then cultivated skills that would make him the equivalent of a mechanical, environmental, and electrical engineer. He purchased swampland from his father and modified it into two large ponds that did not hamper or harm the nearby ecosystem. He intuitively tapped into what Clyde Woods refers to as Black indigenous knowledge. [4]In addition to terraforming the swamp land into self-sustaining ponds with a functioning isthmus between the two. He built a multitude of other structures such as several large garden plots for his wife, my great grandmother Ophelia, New Free Hope Church (Killian's central church I attended grow up attending), and the homes of three out of five of his children. Each of these structures stand today. Except for the house that he built for my grandmother, Frances.

While my grandmother's home is no longer visible, Black geographies of the house (that would become a home) are present. If you were to try to map it today, you might have to tap into a different type of knowledge to locate it. Because if you attempt to use traditional geographies to locate it, you will only find a road that is slightly paved and bumpy, that sits were once a house use to be. But if you can tap into a Black geographic sensibility, you will see that the grass in this plot of land is sparse as it is intermixed with sandy dirt. Not the red clay that one would expect but the sandy dirt that reminds us that at one time this was a beach, back, back long ago. This plot of land looks untouched with a few trees on it.

There once was a house present but it has been gone quite a long time. But much more than a house, there was a family that lived here that are also long gone. If you look deep in the earth, you might see a glimpse of ashes, dust, and debris.

The house is no longer there, but the love and pain will always be there. This plot of land where once a house sat is fallow and empty materially but the land, the space is still infused with love, pain, and spirit of those who once lived there. The love for this land and for this house that was burnt away on that April night is still there. In 2003, a few hours after midnight my grandmother and I woke up to flames. The old wiring in the house had caught fire. While we were safely able to evacuate, the right side of house was consumed and burnt beyond recognition. The right side of the home was where the living room, the den, and laundry room were located. That many books that my grandmother had collected for over 30 years, that she read, that I read, along with her vinyl record collection became the fuel to this pyre. While the fire's path did not move to our bedrooms, the bathroom, the kitchen, or the dining room, the intense heat and smoke of this inferno rendered the home unlivable and unsalvageable.

Despite this home being consumed by fire many things remained. The pain, the joy, and the sadness tinged with laughter, love, and yes even some joy is there. This house is in the south where tears seep into the soil, this is the south where blood animates the resistance and persistence in this land. This is the South where a house stood tall for over 30 years. This is the south where this house consumed itself from within and burnt itself to ashes and embers. And this is the south where my grandmother's ashes (at her request) were spread on this plot of land after her passing.

This is the South where I learned to read, where I learned to love stories, and where I used books to transport me to lands far, far away. This is the south where the past meets the present to ensure that there is a future. This is the South…where my grandmother's house was... this is the South where my grandmother rests, and this is the South that I will always treasure for nurturing me despite it all. This is the south. The is the South held me in its embrace when I was most vulnerable. This is the South has insulated me to harsh realities and gave me time to mature like a fragile plant in a greenhouse with plenty of sunlight, water, and nutrient soil. Yet the south is quite bittersweet. This is the South that I longed to leave and escape from as a teen. This is the south that has so many conflicting and constructing rules and regulations that I wished to dismantle. This is also the South where I felt boxed into a box that I could

barely escape. But this is the south that I can and have returned to when I have fallen. This is the South that I know like the back of my hand and where I feel most comfortable if I am honest to myself. The place I wanted to escape from only to realize it would always be my home. And this is the South that I learned to appreciate as I moved between places, lived in various regions, and changed my geographic frequency in the hopes of finding a home. This is the South that I now see fully as a perfectly imperfect place that I am from which has shown me love despite itself.

Reimagining what the South can be is painful but necessary. There is so much pain in the past of the south, especially in South Carolina. From chattel slavery to Reconstruction to Jim Crow to fight for Civil Rights of the 1960s that stretches to the current moment that we are presently in. These systems and structural inequities have impacted (and continues to) every generation of my family. From my great grandfather's generation to my generation and to the one that is behind me. There are scars, scabs, and wounds from the brutality of anti-Blackness that Black folks in the South have endured and lived with. So, when we reimagine the South, there is an unpacking of the past and the present that must be done to secure the future. This can and will be done through intentional conversations and by pushing us to reformulate what the very definition of the south is by people who live in the south. We must be more expansive but also more precise when invoking the South. My South includes the Caribbean. Haiti, Jamaica, Dominica, the Bahamas, St. Lucia, Trinidad, and Tobago, etc. as well as denizens in Puerto Rico, Cuban and the Dominican Republic are part of the South. My South includes reflecting on the Black diaspora and showing the multitudes of Black folk's love. My South is built on uplift that does not rebuke, on connection that is not divisive, and possibility that is not predicated on impossibility.

My South must be rebooted institutionally, spiritually, and materially. Real conversations must happen that center the liberation of all. Liberation through a Black geographic praxis for me means centering community and collectivity over individualist practices. This liberation is about redress through an acknowledgement of the past, with a plan to course correct the present that informs the reformulation of the future. Monetary reparations will not alone be enough to fix what is broke as an access to more capital only creates a small stop gap that eventually crumbles under the stress of anti-Blackness. These reparations must include rebuilding institutions, and worlds that center the humanity of Black people.

As Ruth Wilson Gilmore states “Where life is precious, life is precious.”[5] This preciousness of life extends to care, love, and the futurity of not only Black people but of Black geographies. This Black geographical futurity extends to the myriad of known and unknown Black cartographies, geographies, and topographies that exist in, connect to, resonate with, and live within Black folks. So, the South is, the South was, and the south will continue to be a beacon of hope entangled in bittersweet memories, histories, and yearnings. This is the Black geographies of Killian, a place where a house once stood, a place I called home, and a place that gave me hope.

Editors' note: Killian, South Carolina is on Catawba and Cherokee Territory

[1] My knowledge of Killian and my great grandfather is experiential, and it has been informed by numerous conversations that I have had growing up in the area. I lived in Killian until I was 23 years old. My great grandfather passed away when I was 5 so I have vague recollections of him as I stayed with him before I entered kindergarten as he doted of me being of his oldest great grandsons and the closet one to him geographically. However even after his passing he continued to live on through stories from my great grandmother who I had very close relationship with and who lived until my mid-20s. Additionally, he spirit lived on through various people in the community who would talk about him in my presence so in many ways part of what I Know comes from continual oral histories that were part and parcel of the storytelling culture of the south.

[2] Organic Intellectual is a conceptualization that Gramsci wrote about in Prison Notebooks. I reference and perhaps remix it to think about my great grandfather relationship to knowledge. He obtained a sixth-grade education but was able to things that only engineers would have been able to do in college. From the stories I have heard of him he was able to build houses, churches, work with electricity and terraform the land, all with out the benefit of higher formalized education. Gramsci, Antonio. ***Selections from the Prison Notebooks***. Edited by Quintin Hoare and Geoffrey Nowell Smith. Reprint, 1989 edition. London: International Publishers Co, 1971.

[3] Black feminist scholars have longed centered experiential knowledge. Further, they have noted that theory is not just the domain of academics and intellectuals but occur everywhere and in the lives of women, especially Black women, happen around the kitchen table. Engaging with a conversation between Beverly and Barbara smith in ***A Bridge Called My Back***. I am theorizing about my grandfather being a community theorist with the community being his kitchen table. Bambara, Toni Cade. ***This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color***. Edited by Cherrie Moraga and Gloria Anzaldúa. 1st edition. Watertown, Mass: Persephone Press, 1981.

[4] In the article, ***Life After Death*** Clyde Woods makes it a point to think about unpacking indigenous knowledge systems. I connect this to the work of historian Michael Gomez whose work has shown the intentionality of enslaved Black folks and showed how a multiple of various indigenous Black cultures and knowledges became African American. To center Black indigenous knowledge is to recognize that enslaved Black people were not blank slates who arrived to what would become North and South America without awareness but are human begins with knowledges, skills, and abilities that the employed to survive the brutality of enslavement. Woods, Clyde. "Life After Death." ***The Professional Geographer*** 54, no. 1 (February 1, 2002): 62–66. https://doi.org/10.1111/0033-0124.00315. Gomez, Michael A. ***Exchanging Our Country Marks: The Transformation of African Identities in the Colonial and Antebellum South***. New edition. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1998.

[5] This is very popular quote from Ruthie Wilson Gilmore. It was elucidated in this NYT piece where Abolition was centered and connected in both theory and practice to the decades long work that Dr. Ruthie Wilson Gilmore has down in, around, above, and beyond geography. Kushner, Rachel. “Is Prison Necessary? Ruth Wilson Gilmore Might Change Your Mind.” ***The New York Times***, April 17, 2019, sec. Magazine. https://www.nytimes.com/2019/04/17/magazine/prison-abolition-ruth-wilson gilmore.html.

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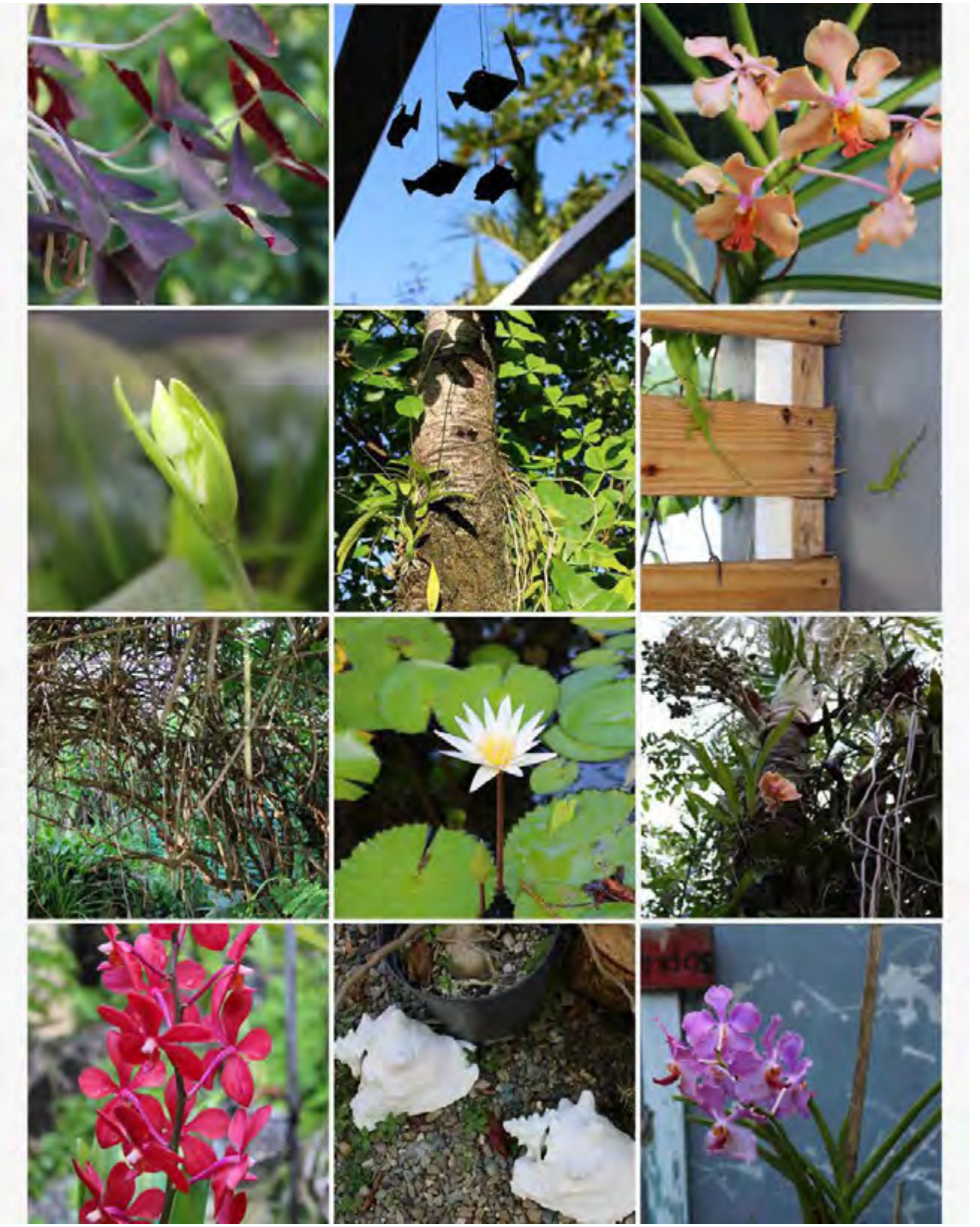
tania’s garden, captureland, xaymaca, W.I

by

J’Anna-Mare Lue
and Maya Carrasquillo

University of California, Berkeley

This work pays homage to my ancestors and highlights Afro-Asian intimacies (Goffe 2017) in the Caribbean through my lived and learned experiences growing up in Eastern Jamaica in an Afro-Jamaican community as a descendant of enslaved people and early Chinese immigrants. The creative geography comes into play with the use of poetry and photography to contextualize a place I refer to as 'Back a God.' 'Back a God' is a Jamaican colloquialism that in essence translates to a Black geography that 'no one knows.' Where written media about this place/space, my home, is sparse this piece hopes to add color to existing narratives of resilience, underdevelopment, and disaster by providing familial history and recounting ancestral ties to land. The piece underlines the existence of folks who are committed to living in the middle of nowheres and places on the frontline of climate crisis because of connection to place through labor, lineage, and love (Bruno, 2022; McKittrick and Woods, 2007).



tania's garden, captureland, xaymaca, W.I.

origin stories
wrapped up in history
knowing archives of flesh and bone
i weep in libraries.

i.
last year
right in my mother's garden
pon front page a Manchioneal,
Formerly St. Thomas in the East
now Portland

i spoke to my uncle [great-grand]
who the wind rushed
taking his brothers and sisters, including my
grandmother's mother,
some he would never see again
and left him here
to farm the family land
drink rum and make merry
tell me stories of banana time, hurricanes,
who owned which land and how it came to be,
IMF, his dreams of socialism,
share his analysis of the World -
physical, spiritual, political, and otherwise,
shared his love with us who were left
behind or rooted enough to want to stay

this year - in my mother's garden
i pour wray and nephew on the Earth
for Keith Richards of Barracks
farmer, uncle, brother, comrade, salt of the Earth

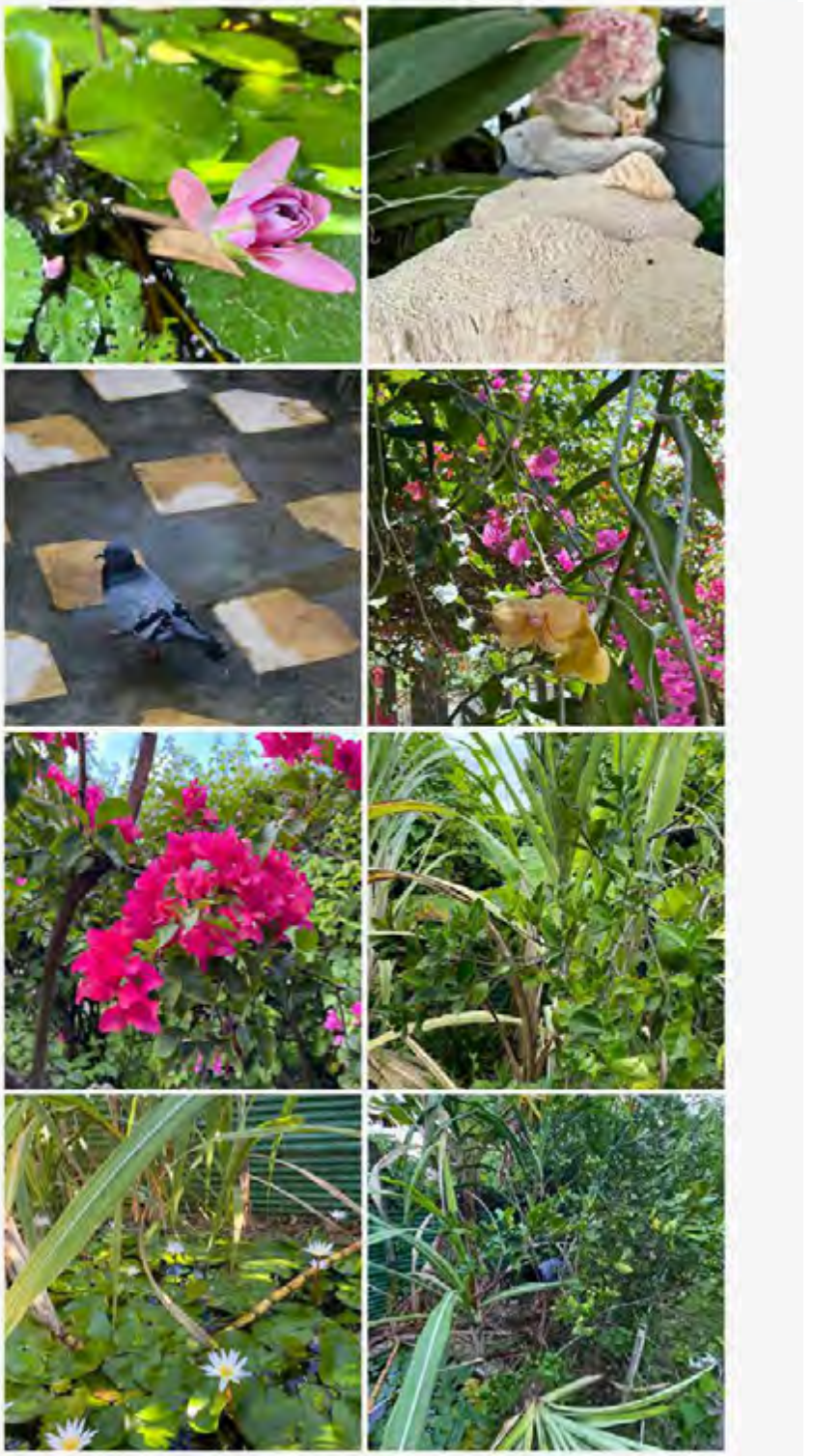
ii.

in my mother's garden
i met my grandfather
who died before i was born

a man who came to Jamaica from China in
the early 1900s
settled in Manchioneal
dumped up the swamp
to make life and he did
leaving behind businesses
children and a food forest
that, I, the first born daughter [家 明]
of gungung's [天來]
last and only Chinese-born son [远金],
could eat mangoes, june plum,
star apple, passion, tangerine, and cane
even Phoenix [my childhood dog]
cudda eat dogblood an'
i could heal her pups from the same land

an' a suh comes mummy garden
cudda cultivate in the front
an' di food forest can deh round a back
together the flowers and the food
make up the plot and the setting of my story
which led me from Manchioneal
to Philadelphia then to Berkeley
where I fell in and out of love with
my self and my life.

where everyday i
consider if I am laboring
on plot
or on plantation



iii.

and still I wonder how does my mother grow bougainvillea, roses, ginger
lilly, crown of thorns, lantanas, hibiscus on sand and gravel? dumpland?
now she also grow guava, pawpaw, apple, pine, sour oranges, plantain,
and cane and i wonder more

daddy built two ponds for fish, lilies, and bullfrog
swings and a treehouse for me and my sister and brother
the pigeon coop we inherited from my grandfather is overrun
with chicken hawk, but still the pigeons visit
sometime. my parents are stewards of the Earth they sit on
so were those who came before them
their plot is my plot

how a little boy running through the ricefields in China
and a little girl from behind the canepiece in Portland
created a home for three children, birds, butterflies and bees
back a God, Portland seaside, foot of John Crow Mountain

and i come back to my mother's garden atleast once a year
and i know that her labor is not in vain, that her garden is infact a plot
and that her labor on her piece of Earth and
with [the children of] our community
and my grandmother's as well is not in vain
for our family is rooted here, this is our lot and
our piece of captureland that we laugh on, cry on,
tell stories, feed ourselves, share when
harvest is plentiful and scarce

iv.

this year my mother's garden barely had a bloom when i came home
but we know seasons intimately, rain must fall sometimes
sun must shine sometimes, time for green, time for blue
time for leaf and time for bloom

References

Walker, Alice. In Search of Our Mother's Gardens : Womanist Prose. London, Phoenix, 2005.
Wynter, Sylvia . "Novel and History, Plot and Plantation ." Savacou, vol. 5, no. 1, June 1971, pp. 95–102.

you are here

TRENZAS

by

Kiri Avelar

University of California, Santa Barbara

Hair braided, haciendo trenzas. My memory maps the intergenerational act—the giving, the receiving—of braiding through testimonio, poetry, archival family photographs, and my own photography. I collage these media to understand and reflect upon how family and (home)land perform, create, and live (within me). The collage becomes a portal to understand my (dis)connection to the diaspora, my changing relationship with living family and our ancestors, and my own artist-scholar subjectivity across visual-spatial-temporal boundaries.

TRENZAS speaks to the labor of love in braiding, the feminine act of braiding, and the necessity and practicality of braiding—on the front stoop, or en la sala, wherever we could find the space, and however we made the time for one another. I learned to braid from my mother, who learned to braid from her mother. We braided each other's hair con cariño and, at times, con prisa—my sister, mother, another sister, our cousins, my tías, and myself. Haciendo trenzas, our braiding bodies are framed by a lush, living tree in Santa Barbara, California, my new home. This is a Chumash tree, an old and rooted tree on the West Coast shores, miles away from my family in the Texas/Chihuahuan borderlands. Framing these two images is an exquisitely crafted cutting board made of fragmented wood my mother carefully sawed, sanded, and pieced together in the sister cities of El Paso, Texas, and Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua. My mother's woodworking tradition from the Chihuahuan desertlands, the trunk of a live Chumash tree from my new home on the Pacific coast, and a black and white family photograph taken in an unknown location braid my memory of family and (home)land across geographies and epochs.

TRENZAS

Kiri Avelar

Pa'lante, Pa'tras
Pa'rriba, Pa'bajo
Pa'dentro, Pa'fuera
Pa'qui, Pa'lla
Por medio, Por lado
Por detras, Por delante
El movimiento del braid
Trenzando
ta
yo
as
Pa'lante, Pa'tras
Pa'qui, Pa'lla

What
are WE
becoming?

you are here

No More Goodbyes

by Jane Yearwood

University of Toronto

With this poem, I seek to critically engage notions of space, place, (im)migration, and belonging, and to bring these geographic themes to life through a personal story of an across-border journey. The poem draws attention to state rules and regulations around human movement, and disrupts the power relations at work when the state marks certain bodies and kinships as legitimate and others as illegitimate. The systems of heteronormativity, patriarchy, and capitalism embedded in the citizenship process become personalized in grim visions of blight. And yet, hope is still present. Dominant understandings of kinship are queer-ed through the hope that those in non-blood, extrafamilial relationships that are expansive in space and time may still one day reunite. May love be the heart of kinship, regardless of place, status, or identity

I don’t recall whose land my feet have touched
To finally feel my breath meet yours again.

I remember only the mountain I climbed,
The river that soaked my sneakers,
And the stars.

Each of the three nights we broke from our crossing
To lay in the sand or soil to sleep;
But I did not sleep, I looked up,
A nice change from looking ahead.

I dreamt of sprouting wings and flying among the stars,
Who, with their constellations—
Their bright spots connected yet far far away—
Seemed to understand our expansive love.

I dreamt of flying across the borders, fences, and walls
That seek to govern the leanings of our hearts.

I did not know that the journey among the stars
Would be the easiest part of it all.

———————————————————————————————

We are mano con mano again,
But we cannot celebrate in the downtown bars,
We must dance in blighted uptown spaces,
Where the wandering eyes of the state
Cannot mark our bodies as illegitimate.

We are mano con mano again,
But now we must wait:
Wait for our love to be documented, scrutinized, and approved;
Wait for our unpapered family (tía, amiges, madre, perros) to cross over;
Wait to find more blighted spots that might save our lives.

Now we dream of expanding our affinities so far
That the gaze of the state cannot trace us,
And their maps cannot hold our web of relations.

And we dream of one day walking mano con mano
Con toda nuestra familia,
With no documents, no hierarchy of relations, no points
To prove what we know to be true:
El amor no conoce fronteras.

you are here

Swallow, A Song Without Name

by

Meredith Degyansky
and Roman Sanchez

University of Massachusetts Amherst

Our writing and wondering stems from a four-year collaborative experiment, an unending dance of getting-to-know-and-become-with-the-other. Together, we navigate(d) the words of others working in queer xicanx feminisms, speculative design, decolonial ecologies, and environmental humanities, while continuing to weave together our own words with one another's, trying to make sense of our own entanglements with each other, with spirits, cashiers, lands, waters, rig-workers, skies, daughters, partners, soils, low points, parking lots, big box stores, tools, girasoles, academia, and everything in the spaces between.

From oil rigs in the middle of the North Sea to eco-co-op-corn fields in the Texan lowlands, temporal geographies ripple through the lattice of waterscapes, landscapes, and homescapes. In this creative essay, we braid together time itself, showing the kin relations between ancestral premonitions at the cusp of toxic futures, tumbled with multispecies cooperative futures where crop testing is a commonstance necessity, tumbled with present possibilities of becoming one with landscapes through relational-sensorial-driven consumption. Situated in moments mired with dispossession and extraction, our narrative imagines what is already and often becoming possible in, for, and as part of our kin relations in the ongoing era of climate catastrophe.

Swallow, A Song Without Name

(some time in the late 1800s)

When our throats
Can scream no more
no more,
We sit at the brim of red oak hedges
and watch the unstoppable rigs
harvest.

Our beings are being
summoned,
becoming ancestral,
abyssal
erased.

-ancestor, anonymous

***

(some time before the 22nd century)

The morning is bright from my porch and I notice a lizard skitter across the railing, possibly running from some predator or, more likely, eager to vacate its perch now that I've woken and been banging around outside. He gets to the edge of the porch railing and runs up the metal light post I attached to the side of the roof a few years ago, so that I can work on the garden at night.

Once, in my 30s, in another life, when I fancied myself a poet, my writing partner and I spent twenty minutes in a park staring at a light post, imagining what it would be like to eat it, how pokey it would be on the way down, how the metals and chemical elements inside the pole would transform in our bodies, how we would become twisted earth monsters, or maybe join the core of the earth again, which meant we would become star remnants.

Forty years later, as I look out on the 10 acres of possibly-toxic crops I've been tending to for months, I'm not so sure I'd like that.

I'm glad our little village, this once decrepit section of Houston, decided to push the soil

rehabilitation crops off to the edge of town, so no one else has to watch my stressed-out body walking up and down the rows every morning, praying to the vegetables, willing them to be edible and healthy this time. I've been attempting to save this soil for 15 years, and this really feels like our year. But I'd rather no one else see all the cussing that goes into growing crops you can't eat.

They'll find out soon enough.

***

(today, on the North Sea)

I'm in the line in the cafeteria again, trying to catch a break from the rig. In the middle of the ocean, the sun is bright, the sea is vast and meets the sky, making me feel like I'm inside a globe, not digging into the core of the earth via her bloodlines. I imagine how dark it is down there and spook myself out. Like that time I drove home along Cross Paths Road and both my headlights had gone out. 10 miles of cornfields and hoping for the best.

The menu today: chili cheese dogs or american cheeseburgers. It's the tenth day of my two week shift, then three weeks off. American cheeseburgers, are there any other kinds? I guess a German Hamburg, isn't that where they originated? Hamburg, plus -er? I choose the cheeseburger and go to the condiment station. Chopped onions in a sad looking plastic tray, yellow mustard, ketchup, and a squirt of Texas Pete's to cheer the limp thing up.

I find a table in the corner and position my back to the rest of the room so Mike and Joe can't find me. I take a bite. Meh. I chew. I swallow. I take another bite.

Chew.

Swallow.

Bite.

Chew.

Swallow.

Bite.

Chew.

Swallow.

Bite.

Chew.

Swallow.

I worry I may choke.

I wonder if that's how the ocean feels. Like our rig is sliding down through her esophagus, into her gut? Or no it wouldn't quite work like that. It's more like someone pulling cheeseburgers from my gut, to power airplanes and heat houses.

***

(some time before the 22nd century)

I have my lunch at the plaza so I can listen in on our town cooperative's votes for the day. I sit next to the small herd of bison, who always nibble at the edge of these meetings. The swallows and cardinals and pigeons are perched on awnings of the buildings surrounding the plaza. A dozen salamanders line a bench. A small fox is reporting on a sewage leak a few streets over. Everyone is attentive.

There's a section of today's agenda where they go around the circle and take turns expressing their excitement for the toxicity check at the gardens this evening but that's when I decide to head back into town for groceries, in case our crops are inedible again this year.

***

(today, on the North Sea)

Yes, finally, out. I head back to my cabin. No one else is in here, thank god, which means I can quickly get changed into my jammies without having to walk to the bathroom. Bev doesn't mind stripping down right here, but not for me. I think my mom gave me a fucked relationship to my body. I lay down in my bunk. Exhausted. Perhaps by the monotony more than anything. I scroll through youtube searching for this song I heard earlier. But damn. I don't know what it's called. How on earth do you google a song without a name and without words?

Oh wow, "Eating the landscape as part of your gut landscape". Looks fascinating. I click on the video and this beautiful woman wearing a tight teal leotard is talking about our gut microbiome and how the world is ending and soon we will have to eat with and as part of our landscapes.

She's talking about chestnut trees and walnut oil, keeps calling them "beings". Says we need to eat sensorially. Says the beings we are attracted to become part of us in a relational type-way, like if we need a walnutbeing and they need us, we will speak to one another and become with the other.

Wow, sounds really nice.

***

(some time before the 22nd century)

"Can we watch the test, please?"

"Can we watch the test please please Grandpa?"

I chuckle like I always do when the kittens call me *"Grandpa"*. "Yes, Ruthie, of course you can watch. Come, let's take our dish to the table and see how it's all turned out." They run out, past the eagles watching TV, and, as I walk my bowl of fideo out of the kitchen, down the porch, and out into a lawn filled with friends and neighbors, chatting and chittering in the soft evening light, I grasp the bowl tighter to not be drowned by the many years of memories of this very same event, walking down the porch stairs, through our herd, towards another year of bad news. I put my bowl on the long table erected by the turtles earlier this evening, and I walk over to the young wolf standing at the edge of the fields. The deer are there too, and the bears and a pelican. A sparrow is on my shoulder. Watching. "Ok, Jorge, give it to me straight," I say softly.

The wolf looks up from the screen of his testing instrument, with a glass vial sticking out the bottom, a single kernel of corn trapped inside its orb, and I see in his eyes the weight of generations, the long waiting, hope.

***

(today, on the North Sea)

I close my eyes and imagine myself wandering, being attracted to beings that I then swallow and who also want to become me. It's beautifully erotic but not in a patriarchal, penetrative sense. I see myself in a field vibing with goldenrodbeings. We dance a little. I take a small nibble then move along. Smelling the tall grasses, hearing buzzing bees.

Wow, hello there, american cheeseburgerbeing. I'm attracted and repulsed. Are you the being I am looking for? No response. He lays there limp. A squirt of Texas Pete's falls from the sky and lands on him. Nothing.

I move along, rejected, relieved. I see a large body of what looks like a lake ahead. Oh water, rejoice! Waterbeings I am coming for you, to guzzle you, to become with you! I run! Moving with impulse and desire! As I get to the lake I put my face down near the surface and splash the waterbeings to my face.

Oh no, no no. Oh god no. Thick, sour, metallic.

I wipe the substance from my eyes and look down at my hands. Covered in a dark brown, slightly red, molasses-type substance, my gut turns inside. No, no, stay back, back, Danger, no. I look to the left. I see a birdbeing covered in the thick black molasses-type substance, lifeless, limp, defeated. I look to the right. I see a fishbeing on the surface, covered in the same thick black

molasses-type substance, lifeless, limp, defeated.

I try to reach for them, both directions, stretching, stretching, reach. I will still become with you, you are me! I yell. You are me!

***

(sometime in a park, in another life)

Swallowing bodies
swallow bodies
perpetual
It's easy to be earth again.
to digest like monsters
to melt our cores
to be harvest

but it's hard to get used to the taste.

you are here

Grassbone, Tidal Waits, Mosaic Mirage

by Renée Rhodes

Writer & Artist

scan for video

I write to narrativize nonlinear world views alongside intimacy and familiar closeness with the more than human world. The intersecting specters of climate collapse, capitalism, and body-based supremacies haunt the backgrounds of my storytelling.

I am currently writing essays and poems about ecological caretaking and connection in several grasslands: my urban backyard nursery, a secret meadow in my neighborhood, and Vesper Meadow in southern Oregon. This writing explores erasures of subtle West Coast prairie ecosystems, practices in plant communication, grassland restoration as a form of family-making, and my contradictory ambivalence and longing for biological motherhood, as seen through a lens of bisexuality and erasure.

My submitted poems track with similar themes.

“Grassbone” channels birth and death cycles within ecological restoration and also creates a speculative fiction about change, loss, and interspecies family ritual. The lines of species—human and other—blur as the story centers around two women who are becoming grasses themselves. This writing seeks to share a felt sense of my entanglement with colonial mentalities and practices in the land, while acknowledging the capability of native grasses to heal land and body through reciprocal exchange.

“Tidal Waits” explores themes of waiting and pause-states as found in my ambivalence around motherhood as well as in tidal pool ecosystems along the Pacific edge. The changing climate, loss, and species loneliness fuels uncertainty about biological kin-making. As human-centrism continues to affect the lives of more-than-human kin and places, I wonder about what a non nuclear, interspecies family might look like. Tidal Waits is about the moments of waiting, wondering, and adjusting to an ecosystem in flux while wondering what cycling resources means when it comes to the heartwork of family-making.

I have also included a link to a video, “Mosaic Mirage,” in case there is interest in its visual overlap with the “Grassbone” poem. Also, here is an essay I wrote about that visual work:

https://www.vespermeadow.org/blog/2023/9/6/on-meadow-mimicry-as-playful-care

Grassbone

The two women walked, Melic and Stipa
they on a gentle swaying search,
in which, they could not find their father
father, being not exactly the right word,
but still bound and loved

Knowing where to look,
the two women headed to the prairie island
ringed by marshland and city spread:
a heron
a contrail
a little mouse
concrete blocks
gentle leaf stalked

Two women in flowing gingham, long haired
a trope in honor of: a troubled and silly Willa Cather crush, a lost blood line, and the inherent fluidity of prairies

They wafted through the grasses tall as their head,
wind through long leaf
a cellophane rustle

The searching became a dance
seen from outside of themselves

Arms stretched to the sky like heronhead
periscoping,
scanning hands
as eyes,
swiveled at the wrist,
seeing over grassy sea

Bend and bow with wind at the elbow
blending with grasses
foot rooted down 30 feet or so
a sprawling system and they slowly scan over root and dust
..

When they finally find him he is curled and crying
they knew they would find him here
on the small island
the wild remainder

Nearby, a lavender bract shatters
it's unsettling release
The two women, Melic and Stipa, pick him up
the father that they had found
and carry him to a soft place for resting,
a place that had become a home,
a home,
even if it meant
disappearance,
mirrors,
mimics,
the fading into of ghosts as a life way

Melic with the gold hair, picks up her blanket
and covers him with it
as hot as it is, this is a cooling act
inside soil's chill
the breezy cool of dying matter
a restorative,
to restore,
and he rests.

The blanket somehow
weirdly spun yarns
that allow for a shapeshifting shimmer
a chameleon-ing of pattern, texture,
the oceanic waves of grasses — aural & visual
spun yarns of Purple Needlegrass, California Melic, Wild Rye, and Oat Grass

As he shifts and shudders
the blanket shapes and mirrors the grassy hills surrounding
nearly no break, no fragmentation or separation,
between simulacra and soil
between grasses and threads

The two women bow
towards the thoroughness of their hide — the intimacy of a mimicry walking an edge so close
between love and lie

A sleeping, restoration, a mimics shroud, a return to original patterns a memory
re-whispered into it's physicality

The blanket decomposes

traced by a square of dust.
Melic and Stipa pick up brome's seeding heads
cut and crush them
pull up puny roots

clearing, casting, killing
for days they do this
beating hopeful circles around found spaces for living uninterruptedly

and when the work is done
they, the two of them, entwine
stand, still, sun blasting relentless at their edges

spooned like seed in shell
2 blending blades
seeding time on winds
the inherent fluidity of prairies in them

projected palm lines
down through old ocean floors
future rooted
placed
sun cracking apart skin
shelled seed sheath
bursts

warm tunneling of snaky fingers
as new growth in dark undergrounds emerge from below

brittle wind bent bow — a dance of swaying thinness for months and then,
green supple bellies turn a rush of blood to purple flowering spikelets
for fingers and elbowed joints that snap by August straw hairs, fall as
cover for next year's new ones

A new blanket remembered
mimetically appearing as
grassland,
quilt,
and upon second glance
wholly not there at all

from sex to death to sex to death to birth
restoring loops

shimmer the field.
Melic and Stipa die together.
Over and over, they will do this

settling
settled
unsettle
scattershot seed
frayed and burst they fall asleep

The hills are
covered in rustle
when they fall down this time
into a field of sharp spiked flowers, splitting barbed seeds into the
fold of gold grass
under its bristled waves asleep

a meadow,
a prairie,
of welcome ghosts &
grassbones in reverse:

into the total dark of soil
16 full feet down
the two women extend to
where the terminal root edges
still

encircled by the silver of mycelium:
a small beetle burrows
a worm waits for something
the soil ticks like a clock
there is a lot of death here

Sounds like dripping
shifting crumble
inside a muted room

The root strand shifts a little finger seeking
whitening, widening, plumps with water

There is a gap of language here for as long as it takes the water to travel up a 16

foot long run
to a blade shimmering in white hot heat
[Let us pause here for some amount of time and stare at a relatively scaled mark on the floor]
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
and then plunged backward to searing sun
above ground:
crisped stalk
a waving flow of blanketed hill
large assemblages
tufts of coyote hair
still green holding the trace of wind pattern and flow from a day, a week, a year sculpted
into waves and eddies
choppy fluid peaks
new bunches of bunchgrass
still green and supple by spring
as markers of the weather
holders of water
the time, the air,
as traffic, force, and, song

Before they died this time, Melic and Stipa, sent their seeds everywhere, in a perimeter all around them.

And each seed saw what was needed,
four seasons time in one passing glance
a timelapsing sequence

and the seeds begin.

you are here

Tidal Waits

I enter a long hallway
mirror, gold trim, glass, faux marble
yielding way to a waiting room

I sit in a gold chair
edged in metal,
cheap paisley cushion
pfffts
with weight
waiting,
I get to waiting

Water drops
drops of water
from the foamy ceiling tile
pools up in a clamshell
on the reception desk

I look into the water pooled there
fluorescent lights
refracting buzzy boredom
the lighting fizzles, dims

The room floodfades to a kelp forest a seal brings
me through a veil of seaweed and now we are
two humans and a seal drifting through tidal
waits
we float by a bed of sea stars
we stare above a pooled pool
refracting prismed lines of sunlight
edged in frilly pink algae
covered in the mint green tentacular waves of sea
anemone
rippling with the breeze
current
little fish scuttle
starfish lurch, hermit crabs tumble

seaweed breathes everyone
into final position as the water drains out
in thin turbulent gushes
sucked and spit sand,
little confetti'd bits of kelp,
sparkly pink, emergency green
an exit sign glows
submerged
iridescent blue, purple, blood, maroon
the foamy gold chairs lift

float

suspended animation: bodies, time, faux marble, manila file folders with names, the
orderly analysis of disordered fleshy parts:
a bleeding, a seepage, a blockage, a break,
an inflammation, a wasting,
a cracking of bleached bone

sand swarming through the watered air
in disarray

The water goes
the connective current drained out full
waiting for eight hours
until the water comes back into the pool
intertidal waiting game

While we wait:
our bodies flicker, lift
cinematic crossfade ~ trophic cascader fader
reverse rivering up a creek
to a cabin in a densely quiet cedar forest
at moonless midnight

We wonder was that golden hue fire light,
fog filtered summer sun, smog?
how urgent an emergency?

I lost my jobs that came with money
how long will the unpaid laborlessness last?
is it true that I am not laboring now?
we wonder, how long will these waterless hours go on for?

We wonder, cum inside me or waste it on my belly:
sea salt films on my skin or I take it in this time?

Fuck it. Go with the flow ...
a cycling of resources
I take it in this time
waiting with hips up, gravitational inversion
for a time, in case, uncommitted, but you never know to
support easy upstream swimming

And then I walk into the the cedar forest
in the no moon night
beam of my headlamp casting theatrical spotlight on dark blood soil

I squat and pee special nitrogen into the soil
as vulnerable as I really am
crouching in the dark
cycling resources
not really trying but also not not
a going with the flow
more than a willful longing
a hmm, let's see, and reproductive rouletting

From the forest we drive from Port Angeles to the edge along
the Salish Sea
whose sea stars are down by such and so many percent waters
warm
we drive along patches of clear cut old growth forest breasts
swell as a timekeeper or an anomaly?
It's hot here
No birds
I think it was fire light
I can smell it, faintly

Slight dryness in my throat

The salmon are
lives made impossible by river disconnection
a blockage, a break
interrupting passage
from sea to alpine lake
en route to spawn and die
their bodies would transform to special kinds of seaside nitrogen
cascading trophically
the cedars need it, the bears need it
the forest needs the minerality of the sea

Body birth death
as offering
as ecosystematically needed

Instead the nitrogen flows the wrong way
excessive clear cuts runoff and over fertilized fields flow
from ghost forest to sea
the ocean warms
the nitrogen pours out of the forest
cycling circling cycling
becomes a deluge
displaced, misplaced

The sea stars waste
they are a skin breaking into an accumulation of sores
arms twisting and shriveling
a falling apart
limb from limb
liquefying into ocean
into the ocean
a body in disintegration phase

Warm water anomalies
overcrowd the sea with bacteria and oxygenless life
a too-muchness

leading to a breathlessness
sea star skin
gills as body
with no oxygen to take in

In the lab, scientists see too much special nitrogen
in sea star remains
all signs pointing to suffocation
filed in the folders with names for the orderly analysis of disordered fleshy parts
everything in the wrong place:
nutrients
temperatures
creatures
and their anatomies

The urchins overtake
and clearcut the kelp forest
razed to a barrens

Extinction brinks for all
but maybe I misunderstand
solstalgic and nostalgic
maybe I miss
the long game
of a sea urchin barren
timelapsing in evolutionary splendor

The tidal waits turn to flood state
our bodies flicker, lift
cinematic crossfading now back to the sea
the anemones stranded by the tides
tentacles retracted
like long breasts or tired dicks
I want to touch them but fear getting stung
are there fewer sea stars here then fifteen years before
or is doom a perverse fantasy looping?

We lie in bed

tangled in each other
bodies and years
potential wasting syndrome
time, love, kin
no, that's just the scarcity mentality talking
there is still time
to figure out the shape of this longing
nothing wasted in the search

On the other hand, Donna Haraway says we might be addicted to reproducing, our commitment to it, despite the numbers
perhaps the longing can be reshaped
what are we to do with the last of our mammalian instincts?

Loneliness fear configurations emerge:
species loneliness, biokin loneliness, motherhood loneliness, nuclear family loneliness, everyone-too-busy-hustling-to-even-commit to-friend-family-dinner loneliness lonliness as a state: real or imagined
the imaginary of scarcity thinking made manifest
really, the riches abound
a cycling of resources
The ripping tidal pool crossfades us again
there's no exit
from here we're
tangled in each other
lying in bed
washed by the predictable unpredictability of tides in a cabin in a cedar forest
inside the waiting room wavering
chintzy gold
sea anemones cross fade into bracted branches and nitrogenous soil
the tidal waits

A gut fear about twisting, mangling,
dissolving
into a puddle of goo
on the ocean floor

it's dismal
who eats the goo
everything is cycling
some deaths are not waste

My motherhood metamorph
would feed someone

Is my body birth death
capable of operating as an offering,
as ecosystematically needed?

The solstalgia of change
doesn't mean
a new adaptation isn't coming
glorious and full
motherhood metamorph as metamorph of motherhood the
Institution of
possibly beyond
my wildest evolutionary imagination

Above the film of the water
sun then fog
the fantasyland of a tidal pool as vacation
rest/sleep
waterless waiting
the cyclical oceanic kind
like a clock
as a way to arrive to self, even if fleeting commodity
to see the flow of cycles
time
nitrogens
desires
too easily flatlined by hardened logics

a flow that loosens, floats
in the pink sparkling sea kelp forest

I am starting to feel the deep ovary throb
an arrival?
or just the beginning of bleeding this one out too?

I tire of blood and its precise timelines
especially if
we are all just salt and seawater

Is what I am longing for
simply sustained attention,
intention,
adaptations of my evolutionary imaginary?

I suck on my hair
seawater and salt
the water is starting to come back in
after so many suspended hours and days
where am I in the corridor continuum anyway?
forest, riverine way, seaside tidal pool,
waiting room with the
faux marble and ugly chairs reassembles around me
the files about fleshy bodies float back into place
starfish arms untwist and restore from liquified decay

The ceiling tile drips
gold framed kitsch
inspirational quote in scripted handwriting beneath a photo of a bright orange sea star foam sand and surf
fluorescents flicker out
and on before everything wavers, glimmers, and cycles again ...

you are here

Contributors

Amanda Aman is an architect and a lecturer at the College of Architecture, Planning and Public Affairs at the University of Texas at Arlington. With interests rooted in the confluence of natural and social systems and the built environment, she has worked with a number of architecture and landscape urbanism practices. Her work in the Arctic has been presented and published through national conferences including ACSA110 and 2022 Imagining America National Gathering, and has been expanded on and awarded through the 2018-2019 Stewardson Keefe LeBrun Travel Grant and the National ACSA Best Project Award for 2022.

Kiri Avelar, MFA, is a fronteriza artist-scholar and educator from the U.S./Mexico borderlands of El Paso, Texas/Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua. Her artistic practice provokes thought around the artistic, physical, and cultural border(less) experiences of Latinx artists in/beyond the United States through film and screendance, embodied oral histories, photographic essays and collages, poetry, and soundscapes. Her inter/transdisciplinary work has been presented in the Southwestern United States, Northern Mexico, and New York City, including El Chamizal National Memorial Theater, Teatro INBA, El Barrio's Artspace PS109, the Apollo Theater, The United Palace Theater, Ballet Hispánico, the National Dance Institute, Northern Manhattan Arts Alliance, and Lincoln Center Outdoors.

Maya Carrasquillo is an Assistant Professor of Civil and Environmental Engineering and the PI of the Liberatory Infrastructures Lab (LiL) at UC Berkeley. The mission of LiL is to develop systems of critical infrastructure that support liberation and restorative justice for all. Dr. Carrasquillo's research focuses on sustainable and equitable urban water infrastructure, food-energy-water systems (FEWs), community engagement and community science in decision-making, and environmental and infrastructural justice.

V'cenza Cirefice is an Irish artist, activist and researcher currently doing her PhD at the University of Galway on resistance to Extractivism in the Sperrin Mountains, using participatory and creative methods. She has experience as an organizer in anti-mining movements in Cyprus and Ireland, and is part of CAIM, communities against the injustice of mining, a grassroots network of rural communities resisting extractivism in Ireland. Her work is informed by feminist political ecology/ ecofeminism, decolonial approaches, and post-extractivism and she aims to centre care, reciprocity and relationship building in activist

and academic encounters. She recognises her privilege as a non-Indigenous person from the Global North. V'cenza grew up in the 1990's in the North of Ireland in a rural farming community along the border.

Daniel Coombes is a creative practice PhD student in Aotearoa New Zealand, and a tutor in landscape architecture at Te Herenga Waka - Victoria University of Wellington. Previously, he taught landscape architecture at universities in Korea and China. Daniel has presented his research relating to fieldwork, the more-than-human, and landscape (non)representation at interdisciplinary conferences and symposia. Daniel has forthcoming book chapters in 'Fieldwork in Landscape Architecture' (2024) and 'Collective Landscape Futures' (2025).

Meredith Degyansky works at a worker-owned cooperative farm as part of her life project and research practice toward a PhD at the University of Massachusetts Amherst. She's interested in place-based world-building and collaboration with one another and the lands we live within, amongst, and as part of. Together, they wonder, write, read, laugh, mourn, and ideate.

This project was dreamt by **Sarah Farahat**, daughter of early German settlers on Lenni Lenape lands (on her mother's side) & a recent Egyptian immigrant to the US/Turtle Island (on her father's side), whose ancestral lands travel through Africa, Asia and Europe. She grew up near the shores of the Michi Gami and the banks of the Nile, and now lives between the confluences of the Willamette, Sandy and Nchi Wana rivers in the stolen and unceeded ancestral lands of the Multnomah, Tualatin Kalapuya, Kathlamet, Clackamas, Molalla, Wasco, Cowlitz & Watlala bands of the Chinook, Oregon City Tumwater and many other bands and tribes. Farahat is a transdisciplinary Egyptian American artist, activist and educator dreaming of a more collective future for all beings. She teaches at local universities, for youth in her community, and is a member of Justseeds Artists' Cooperative. Learning about and participating in grassroots struggles for liberation, abolition, and self-determination inform her art and design. Her days are infused with speculative fiction, music, water, culinary experiments and plant medicine.

Iulia Filipov-Serediuc is an interdisciplinary artist confronting the ideas of mortality, human existence, and notions of tradition. Stemming from a rich history of antiquated beliefs, Filipov-Serediuc inquires if 'things really happened that way'. Using elements from mythology, folklore, and religious ideology, she explores the ephemeral nature of existence through a fantastical lens. Her practice is informed by her Romanian heritage, the visual language and aesthetics of the Old World, and sheer queer stubbornness. The usage of discarded and alternative materials is a staple within her work, questioning the wastefulness of the modern man and what that squandering will create in the future. Her recent body of work poses the possibility of divinity being found within the experience of the average person.

Weronika Gajda, an architect and interdisciplinary PhD researcher at KU Leuven's Faculties of Architecture and Engineering Technology in Ghent, is a member to the Architecture & Wicked Matters, Geomatics, and DRAMCO research groups. Her work focuses on how emerging technologies transform collective experiences in cities. In her research, titled 'Citography', she employs analogue and digital tools, including drawing, fieldwork, tempo-spatial modeling, remote sensing, and data acquisition. Created critical cartographies reveal the relationship between socio-spatial dynamics in public spaces and emerging technologies, shedding light on the changing nature of urban life.

Hazlett Henderson (she/her) is a geographer-in-training, librarian, artist, and gardener born and living on land now known as Lawrence, Kansas. Her work engages belonging in place, practices of waste making and repair, and ecologies re-made for pasts and futures. Hazlett received her MLIS from Emporia State University in Kansas and her BA in French and Francophone Studies and Arabic Language and Literature from Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania.

Dewitt King is a Chancellor's Postdoctoral Fellow in the Department of Film and Media Studies at the University of California, Irvine. He received his PhD from the University of Minnesota in American Studies. His research broadly examines the relationships between Black geographies, Black cultural production, and political economies.

Jerald Lim I'm an Environmental Humanities graduate student at the University of Utah. As a graduate student in the University of Utah's environmental program, I engage in academic and creative work in three broad areas: environmental justice and land reclamation in Singapore, posthumanism and its intersections with Daoism, and the construction and representation of ecosophic narratives in entertainment media. I graduated from Yale-NUS College.

J'Anna-Mare Lue (she/her) is a Civil and Environmental Engineering PhD student at the University of California, Berkeley. J'Anna is an interdisciplinary scholar whose research seeks to explore engineering as a potential site for reparative worldbuilding. Her work is largely focused on water and climate change but attempts to engage decoloniality and Black feminism. J'Anna is from a rural fishing village named Manchioneal, Jamaica. She is concerned with Black Geographies, especially the Caribbean.

Filipina. Woman. Social scientist. Activist. Artist. Creative writer. Poet. Development practitioner. Facilitator. Dreamer. Daughter. Sister. **Heidi D. Mendoza** navigates this world with different intersectionalities and positionalities. These days, as she does her PhD in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, she treads the academic community as a minority who is somehow expected to bring perspectives from the Global South - as if one can do a proper representation of such geography. Yet sometimes also questioned for bringing such epistemologies.

Emma McMain, PhD, is a postdoctoral teaching associate in Educational Psychology at Washington State University. Emma uses qualitative methods including book clubs and focus groups to promote dialogue about social justice and eco-justice in education. She draws from a blend of theoretical frameworks including feminist poststructuralism, ecofeminism, critical whiteness studies, and affect theory to explore discursive themes in curriculum, media, and the lived experiences of teachers and students.

Emma B. Mincks is a mixed-heritage organizer, writer, and scholar who holds a PhD in British and Irish literary studies. As someone from He Sapa, the segregated and unceded territory of Lakota people also known as the Black Hills, their work focuses on bringing history to

bear on contemporary issues affecting land, sovereignty, and embodiment. Their methods bring materials from the long nineteenth century from colonial and medical representations of teeth within the discourse of "the savage" and the framing of land and character as both human and non-human. Their theoretical frameworks include Gender and Sexuality studies and Critical Indigenous studies, utilizing biopolitics and necropolitics, materialism, the history of land enclosure to address patterns of commodification in Britain, Scotland, Ireland, and the US. She engages the historical and ongoing resistance to those enclosures with Native North American and Irish people through journalism, public scholarship, and solidarity work.

Sharon Minke, MA, is a retired elementary-school educator, a mother to twins (one of whom is Emma), an avid walker, a reading tutor, and a believer in the magic and mysteries of the more-than-human world. She has called the Pacific Northwest home for many years and considers evergreen trees, insects, and garter snakes to be among her most beloved kin.

Fowota Mortoo writes essays that examine the intimately reciprocal nature of space and narrative. Deeply grounded in place and collective memory, her work explores themes of Black placemaking, ecology, and language. She is currently a graduate student in geography at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Larissa Nez is a citizen of the Diné nation and was born and raised on the Navajo Nation. She is of the Mud People and born for the Mountain Cove People. Her maternal grandfather is of the Red Running into the Water People and her paternal grandfather is of the Big Water People. Centering critical Indigenous theory, decolonial theory, and the Black Radical Tradition, Larissa's research seeks to cultivate deeper understandings about Blackness and Indigeneity in order to imagine and build worlds and futures that are dialectically and intimately connected to the past / present, land / body, and material / spiritual.

João Carlos Nunes Ibanhez, Universidade Federal de Grande Dourados Mestre and Doutorando em Geografia pela Universidade Federal da Grande Dourados (UFGD). He graduated in Geography Bacharelado from the Federal University of Mato Grosso do Sul and focused on research in the area of Human Geography investigating how space is presented in

literature and art in general. He is a drummer for the punk band Resistência Suicida as well as the composer and charanguist for the band Androide Melancólico.

Rene Ramirez is a graduate student in Philosophy at Loyola University Chicago. Originally from Los Angeles California, Rene is Chicano and Indigenous (unenrolled member of the Juañeno Band of Mission Indians). His academic research revolves around Critical Philosophy of Race and Indigenous thought and in particular how racial categories influence the possibilities for social-political movements and cross-cultural coalitions.

Maria Renée is a visual artist, writer, educator, and ecological grief-worker whose work explores animism, connection, place, and change. She received her MS from Oregon State University. A current project is facilitating community spaces and processes of connection for those grieving socio-environmental collapse. She currently resides in her birthplace, the Sonoran Desert, where the coyotes sing and nighthawks swoop at dusk. Her multidisciplinary work has been shown at the University of Arizona Museum of Art, Saguaro National Park, and the Natural History Institute, and has been published in Cultural Geographies, Edible Baja Arizona, and Terrain.org.

Renée Rhodes is a writer, artist, gardener, and nonprofit worker who lives four miles from the Pacific Ocean in San Francisco, California—on unceded Ohlone land that was once part of a rolling range of sand dunes. She makes writing, social sculptures, videos, gardens, and walks that explore ecological empathy, mimicry, and the creation of place-based memory through somatic practices. Renée currently tends a small native plant nursery in her backyard and collaboratively takes care of a small grassland meadow in a park near her house. She was the Commissioning Editor of “The New Farmer’s Almanac Vol. VI: Adjustments and Accommodations,” a project of Greenhorns and recently had writing published in Seventh Wave Magazine. During the summers of 2021-2023, she was an artist-in-partnership at Vesper Meadow Education Program.

Juan Ruiz is a 2nd-year Ph.D. Student in the Latin American & Latino Studies Department at UC Santa Cruz. Juan works on cultivating resources for undocumented students, theorizing

about the undocumented lived experience, and respecting, valuing, and enjoying all forms of People of Color livingness. When not engaging academically, he loves playing soccer, swimming in open waters, and hiking through the forest with his family on a rainy day.

Megan Samms (she/they) is an L'nu and Nlaka'pamux interdisciplinary artist who works in a range of mediums including textile, natural dyes and inks, paint, words, and photo. Megan is also a regenerative, community based farmer; sustainability, in all ways, informs their making.

Megan lives in their home community and one of her two traditional territories. She is motivated by their specific place in the world and how they fit in and around it. Megan observes decolonial values, love and care. She looks at multiplicity and contrastingly, at fragmentation. They are interested in inter-dependance and increased capabilities; Megan collaborates often, thinks and works intergenerationally, and considers working together with place and people integral to process and makings.

Roman Sanchez is a PhD candidate at the University of Massachusetts Amherst, where he studies decolonial education, land-based ethnic studies, and speculative futures imagined by Xicanx farmworker descendants. He teaches art and humanities at San Antonio College and is working on his first novel.

Niiyokamigaabaw Deondre Smiles (Leech Lake Band of Ojibwe) is an assistant professor in the Department of Geography at the University of Victoria. Their work focuses on Critical Indigenous Geographies, human-environment interactions, and tribal cultural resource management.

Jane Yearwood (she/her) is a queer, lesbian geographer currently completing her MA in Human Geography at the University of Toronto. She focuses on economic geography, queer geography, and other-than-capitalist imaginaries. Her current thesis work explores conditions for the formation of other-than-capitalist subjectivities in urban community gardens in the City of Toronto. You can find more of Jane's work in Issue 13 of Queer Toronto Literacy Magazine and Volume 7 of U of T's Landmarks Journal.

The *you are here* team thanks all contributors for helping to create such a remarkable issue this year. We are grateful to the lands, waters, rocks, plants, and more-than-human-kin who contributed and supported as well.