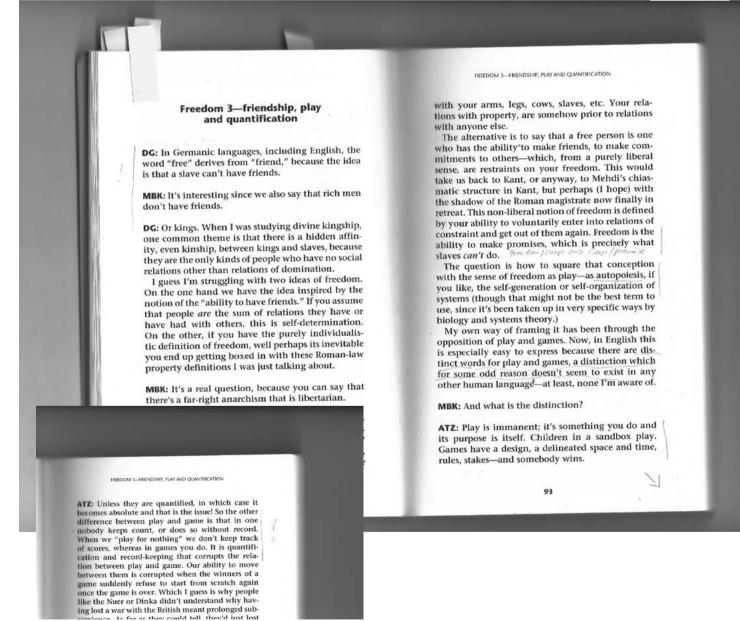
friend [fiend] v/i.+t. to place oneself within the world; to collectivize land; to be honest; to care; to organize; to share; to feel joy; to understand with the heart; to fight; to give; to be in a process of exchange

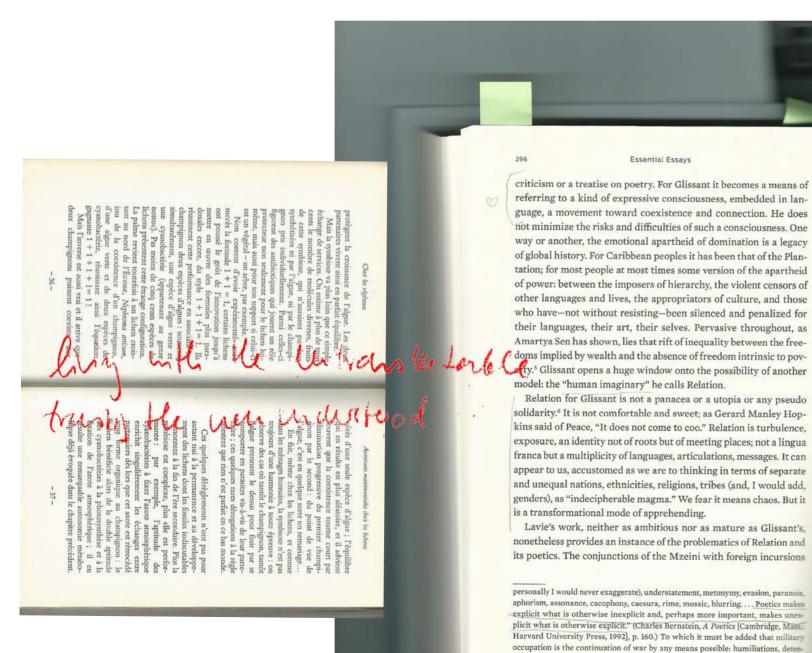
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collegue L'he me one veads, this text together nouv

The human body, however, is not just a collection of bones, muscles, flesh and souls; we are inhabited by diverse microorganisms, bacteria, fungi and viruses: some 30 trillion microorganisms live on and in us, making our existence possible. This unimaginable number is roughly identical to the number of cells in the human body.

So, who am I speaking for? What does independent mean? Independent of what?



tions without charges, searches and seizures, censorship, rape, demolition of home

destruction of harvests, withholding of medical supplies, and so on.

To friend is radical, in the 14th century meaning of radical vital to life. The word derives from Latin radix, meaning root. Root in the sense of grass root, grass root in the sense of rhizome, rhizome in the sense of multiplicity, heterogeneity and connectivity; connectivity in the sense of *Poetry is t* only way out of here, out of here in the sense of we are all in the same boat and the boat is not full, but the water is soon to chlorophyll in the beautiful membrane-bound be gone; soon gone in the sense of soon gone:

99% will die of thirst and 1% will drown in liquidity. Fear will get us nowhere. We are not accidental victims of difficult sweet morsels of sugar - the stuff of redwoods times; these are the consequences of our actions. To friend is radical. To friend is a practice. To friend is to stay alive.

RELATION to Williams the world Valoque - Anarchy

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Robin Wall Kimmerer

said that sometimes a fact alone is a poem. Just so, the people of corn are embedded in a beautiful poem, written in the language of chemistry. The first stanza goes like this: Carbon dioxide plus water combined in the presence of light and machinery of life yields sugar and oxygen. Photosynthesis, in other words, in which air, light, and water are combined out of nothingness into between the inorganic realm and the living world, making the inanimate live. At the same time it gives us oxygen. Plants give us food and breath. Here is the second stanza, the same as the first, but recited backward: Sugar combined with oxygen in the beautiful membrane-bound machinery of life called the mitoch

People of Corn, People of Light

your breath is mine. It's the great poem of give and take, of reciprocity that animates the world Isn't that a story worth telling? Only when people understand the symbiotic relationships that sustain them can they become people of corn, capable of gratitude and reciprocity. The very facts of the world are a poem. Light is turned to sugar. Salamanders find their way to ancestral ponds following magnetic lines radiating from the earth. The saliva of grazing buffalo causes the grass to grow taller. Tobacco seeds germinate when they smell smoke. Microbes in industrial waste can destroy mercury. Aren't these stories we should all know? Who is it who holds them? In long- ago times, it was the elders who carried them. In the twenty-first century, it is often scientists who first hear them. The stories of buffalo and salamanders belong to the land, but scientists

Robin Wall Kimmere

extraordinary abundance of wild rice harvested by Native peoples; in just a few days, they could fill their canoes with enough rice to last all year. But the settlers were puzzled by the fact that, as one of them wrote, 'the savages stopped gathering long before all the rice was harvested.' She observed that 'the rice harvest starts with a ceremony of thanksgiving and prayers for good weather for the next four days. They will harvest dawn till dusk for the prescribed four days and then stop, often leaving much rice to stand unreaped. This rice, they say, is not for them but for the Thunders. Nothing will compel them to ontinue, therefore much goes to waste.' The settlers took this as certain evidence of laziness and lack of industry on the part of the heathers. They did not understand how indigenous land-

The Honorable Harvest

all day long they poled through the rice beds, knocking the ripe seed into the canoe. 'It didn't take long to collect quite a bit,' he reported, 'but it's not very efficient. At least half of the rice just falls in the water and they didn't seem to care It's wasted.' As a gesture of thanks to his hosts, a traditional ricing family, he offered to design a grain capture system that could be attached to the gunwales of their canoes. He sketched it out for them, showing how his technique could get 85 percent more rice. His hosts listened respectfully, then said, 'Yes, we could get more that way But it's got to seed itself for next year. And what we leave behind is not wasted. You know, we're not the only ones who like rice. Do you think the ducks would stop here if we took it all?' Our teachings tell us to never take more than half.

Robin Wall Kimmore

variations on a single word and I was feeling that this was just way too hard. The threads in my brain knotted and the harder I tried, the tighter they became. Pages blurred and my eyes settled on a word - a verb, of course: 'to be a Saturday. Pfft! I threw down the book. Since when is Satur day a verb? Everyone knows it's a noun. I grabbed the dictionary and flipped more pages and all kinds of things seemed to be verbs: 'to be a hill,' 'to be red,' 'to be a long sandy stretch of beach,' and then my finger rested on wiikwegamaa: 'to be a bay.' 'Ridiculous!' I ranted in my head. "There is no reason to make it so complicated. No wonder no one speaks it. A cumbersome language, impossible to learn, and more than that, it's all wrong. A bay is most definitely a person, place, or thing - a noun and not a verb.' I was ready to give up. I'd learned a few words, done my duty to the language that was taken from my grand-father. Oh, the ghosts of the missionaries in the boarding schools must have been rubbing their hands in glee at my frustration. 'She's going to surrender,' they said.

And then I swear I heard the zap of synapses

Learning the Grammar of Animacy

firing. An electric current sizzled down my arm and through my finger, and practically scorched the page where that one word lay. In that moment I could smell the water of the bay, watch it rock against the shore and hear it sift onto the sand A bay is a noun only if water is dead. When bay is a noun, it is defined by humans, trapped between its shores and contained by the word. But the verb wiikwegamaa - to be a bay - releases the water from bondage and lets it live. 'To be a bay' holds the wonder that, for this moment, the living water has decided to shelter itself between these shores, conversing with cedar roots and a flock of baby mergansers. Because it could do otherwise - become a stream or an ocean or a waterfall, and there are verbs for that, too. To be a hill, to be a sandy beach, to be a Saturday, all are possible verbs in a world where everything is alive. Water, land, and even a day, the language a mirror for seeing the animacy of the world, the life that pulses through all things, through pines and nuthatches and mushrooms. This is the language I hear in the woods; this is the language that lets us speak of what wells up all around us

1: It was so dark outside two of my plants died. Some sort of protest: they do not belong in pots nor in closed rooms somewhere in Germany. They are rooted in sunnier fields. They couldn't bear to just dream of being in the soil among and with all other in-earth inhabitants for much longer-so, they did what they had to do to get back in. Tough it isn't in the South. Just a German compost. It's sad. I cry. I don't cry because the plants are done with their service of giving me joy, I cry because I understand them. Feeling guilty for having plants in captivity. Wishing I could lay my body on some warm ground.

2: Is it ok to kill a fly? No, it is not. Everybody agrees to a mosquito genocide. Why-because the mosquitos bother you? Because they hurt you? Cause you harm? Then what about a system causing harm? Destroying life, producing cancer, poison, infertile soil, death, famine, war, depression, anxiety, stress, insomnia-how about destroying that system? Trees, plants and grass, animals with and without vertebrae, fungi, bacteria, viruses of all kinds and yes: mosquitos!-and our dependencies on them are real, whereas the dependency on central banks and consorts is a well-indoctrinated illusion.

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front. This politics of listening to each other became a key experience for us, changing our pedagogical and artistic practices in many ways: we understood that imposing our opinions and loudly insisting on them is not the best way to persuade someone. The Zapatistas' strategy admirably demonstrates how the tool of listening can be used, as we must learn to say 'yes' to different positions, in order to reach a particular goal, in a particular situation, place and time, while clearly understanding that this "yes" does not mean saying "no" to other opinions and self-definitions of each participant in the process. In our times, when identity politics often disrupt possibilities of collaboration, to learn this lesson was fundamental. What can we learn from Indigenous peoples' cosmogony, their vision of medicine and agriculture, and their understanding of the role of the human being? In which other ways can we think of the synthesis of art. science and tradition? As Russians, we come from a society that has been uterly transformed by a revolutionary 'modernization' imposed in the cruelest way possible, completely destroying traditional, peasant life. This process managed to create a modern society in which (in comparison to 'developing' countries) fairly high standards of education, medicine, and social support were guaranteed to all citizens. The modernization project of the State completely transformed the condition of society, leaving almost no place for the emergence of any form of alternative development whatsoever. But how can we keep moving forward in this way, when we see the equilibrium of the natural world being destroyed, and the ethical values are erased in every regard? At the Selva Locandona, one begins to really understand that life is not defined by the presence or absence of basic comforts, if such comfort does not contain the possibility of mutual assistance, solidarity, allowing a different way of living Zapatismo and the politics of indigenous peoples unequivocally raise the issue of the need to look for a strategy for regeneration beyond accelerationism, towards degrowth and slowing down. WE WALK, AND DON'T RUN, BECAUSE WE ARE GOING VERY FAR What can we learn from Indigenous peoples

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yet it is not fonely,
the ground of imagination is fearlessness
discourse is video tape of a movie of a shadow play
but the puppets are in yr hand
your counters in a multidimensional chess
which is divination
& strategy yet it is not lonely,

the war that matters is the war against the imagination all other wars are subsumed in it

the ultimate famine is the starvation of the imagination

it is death to be sure, but the undead seek to inhabit someone else's world

the ultimate claustrophobia is the syllogism the ultimate claustrophobia is "it all adds up' nothing adds up & nothing stands in for anything else

THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION THE ONLY WAR THAT MATTERS IS THE WAR AGAINST THE IMAGINATION

ALL OTHER WARS ARE SUBSUMED IN IT

There is no way out of the spiritual battle There is no way you can avoid taking sides There is no way you can not have a poetics no matter what you do: plumber, baker, teacher you do it in the o you have a poetic like a suit of read

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