

*Climb the walls of Uruk and walk along them.
Examine the massive, terraced foundations.
Is the masonry not of fine, fired bricks?
Those foundations were laid by the Seven Sages.
One square mile is town, one square mile is orchard
One square mile clay-pits, and half a square mile
Is devoted to Eanna, its buildings and temples.
These four parts make up the city of Uruk.*

The Epic of Gilgamesh Tablet I (16-23) ancient Mesopotamian poem

Prologue

Your body has a temperature.

So does every body surrounding you.

No one can feel their temperature. Yet you know your temperature is keeping you alive.

You wrote me your question in a letter. How will it feel when the temperature has changed?

I will answer by telling a story. I won't tell the end yet. Because, every story becomes less captivating once the ending is spoiled. And because neither you nor I nor anyone can ever really know whether it's the end in the end.

The story is simple. It is about humans living in craters. One of the humans is you.

Beginning

Meanings of the term Nature.

Listed according to time of invention.

- (i) a quality-describing potential
- (ii) a metaphysical guiding force
- (iii) a universal-distancing function to separate the human-made/calculated/controllable from the materially existing

The term started off as singular existence (das Leben/ das Sein) and turned into the plurality of objects of use, defined solely in their relationship as serving humanity.

The water is hot, running down her naked skin, over the scrubbed tiles into the metal drain. The tiles are straight. Aligned next to each other with just a little line of glue separating the squared shininess. The dirt coming from her skin, the crud that was stuck in her hair, and underneath her nails, come along with the water. Onto the tiles, contrasting its white shallowness. Uncleanliness is that, which must not be included if a pattern is to be maintained. The tiles make the tiny black spots seem big and heavy. Its geometrical pattern disrupted. She feels nasty seeing so much dirt washing off her. Dirt is never a unique, isolated event. It's the by-product of a system throwing out what's not fitting the order. This shower rejects the soil she brought in from the balcony, where she was planting basil this morning. She did not notice getting dirty. On the balcony, the soil seemed fitting. A thing is only a thing in relation to its counter thing. She watches the black spots becoming less. The last darkish water disappears into the drainage. Revealing the geometrical pattern of whiteness. Satisfying it is, once the shower is clean again. The scene of the shower. The shower-scheme. It can never categorize everything. Things have to fall out. Like her carrying crud into the whiteness of the shower. That is, how deviations are being invented. By making systems. Creating dirt, by maintaining the clean. She remembers this. It might come helpful one day. For now, she peels it off, washing, scrubbing, isolating germs, to ward off the spirits of the dirt.

2

After the shower, she dresses and enters the evening mood on the streets. The gallery is not too far away but walking all the way gives her enough time to think about how much she fits into the system, dressing like she does, walking the pavement, having the conversation she is about to have. Rather stay home. At the point she decides to turn, neon signs guide her the little steps down and before she has noticed, she is surrounded by artsy people and bubbles. There is a photograph hanging on the wall. It shows a black hole. In reality, it is not black at all. It has a bright orange circle that takes up the full size of the small framed square. There is only a little black at its four corner edges where the circular shape rounds off. But the label next to it says Black Hole, April 2019, Event Horizon Telescope. She recognizes someone standing next to her. Sharing thoughts, the other poses a question.

Who said dark must be black?

She remains silent, trying to understand the question.

It is clear that this is a black hole. Yet if we would not see the picture but only read the sign, our imagination would probably show us a black circle on an even blacker background.

Before comprehending exactly how that would look like, the other continues.

It reminds me of the big bang. And the many small bangs. Before, the Earth was floating in orbit you know, silently, in peace. Then this

quietness was disrupted by an explosion somewhere far. A star fell into a thousand comets. The comets were going all directions, some coming close to the Earth's orbit. One of these comets scratched the atmosphere. Another one came even closer, entering the atmosphere completely and crashing onto the planet's surface. Few more went the same way. The comets burned away soon, leaving behind big craters of stardust and ashes.

Concentrated she looks at the picture and imagines the orange crumbling to dust and ash.

The first raindrops cooled the craters. During that time, the Earth was empty. There was 'existence' without 'people'. There was life without system, without patterns. Stardust mixed with ashes, becoming one, becoming many, and soon developed into a multitude of life. There were humans as one of many parts making up one organism (i). Each of the comet's stardust brought another form of life. Brought another shape of human. Each crater was populated by different forms of life that soon ventured beyond its boundaries and spread around the planet.

The other looks at her focused face till she recognizes and looks back. She remains silent, patiently awaiting the continuation of the story. The other has brown hair curling over a long forehead into dark eyes. Almost orange these iris' in the light down here.

Way later then people organized themselves in societies and explained the bangs with celestial powers. Gods that aimed to reach people aimed to penalize them for their sins (ii). Here it started, when humanity put itself into the center of all. Around us the world. Pinky-red floral glasses. Systems that made up states and laws; making predictions and precedents; shaping environments to fit human imagination (iii). All framed by rationality, by Vernunft. This was the first time a state of nature is being contrasted with a state of society. And since, this "contrast" is being preserved.

The orange accretion disc seemed to have gotten more and more

vibrancy. The last words were almost spat onto the orange at the wall. She sees the fire, the uncontrollable boiling of the black hole sucking in all that is near. And she sees the square-shaped frame, trying to capture, to fit a hole that is never to debilitate its forces. Black can be vibrant, even bright if you want. No one ever said that blackness has to be dark. But scary. Powerful it is. Powerful in that it does not set us at its center. Powerful while its center remains hidden from humanity. Uncontrollably there. She turns towards the brown curl. But there is no one standing next to her anymore. She is alone. The artsy people are crowding near the open door, smoking cigarettes, refilling their bubbles.

3

She steps onto her balcony to watch the sun fall. There is a line right above the horizon. Only a few centimeters tall. Like a milky layer before the clearness of the sky starts. She sees the sky transforming into a colour field. She sees the sun as a round flickering movement towards the milky strip. Once the sun enters, for a few seconds, the milky strip is completely dumped in colour. An orange blizzard. Then the colours are gone. Swallowed into the debris of smog and pollution, that caused the luminescent orange spectacle.

Back inside she switches the lights on and returns to the hard-cover book. What she reads is about a self-exaltation of humans from earthly into celestial dimensions. Its title is *Homo Deus*. She finds it hard to get back into it. Behind the window, all light had disappeared. The sky is completely dark. She thinks about the black hole and the orange eyes. Nature made humans to the point where humans organized nature around them. Now humans make nature. Like this sunset, whose ray of colour would never be so vivid without the pollution of the city. Like deserts and lakes that are the result of long-lasting resource extractions. Sadly, she realizes she is part of a risk society digging underneath the shore on which they live.

4

Meanings of the term **Urbe** (by the 19th-century architect Ildefonso Cerdá)

- (i) A social space covering the entire globe
- (ii) A mechanism connecting society across the countryside, wilderness, and oceans

Meaning of the term **Urban** (by the 21st-century architect Ross Exo Adams)

- (i) A political technology that questions how power constitutes itself via space, architecture, and infrastructure
- (ii) A way in which we organize matter and bodies in the world
- (iii) A human condition

It got late by now and she is hungry. A week ago, an Instagram ad made her accidentally order a hello-fresh package for Pasta Pomodoro from Europe. It arrived yesterday. We'll send you amazing recipes and all the ingredients you need to prepare them. A side note points out that some essentials are not delivered for the sake of package reduction and food waste. She starts peeling garlic cloves and slicing the tiny tomatoes that are beginning to shrink. Probably because of the long and climatological unstable journey. It says to use olive oil for the pan. The hello-fresh box did not cover oil. In her kitchen, there is no olive oil. She uses a wok and heat sesame oil before you add the garlic and the sliced tomatoes. She

also exchanges the grounded white pepper for some dried chilies. She eats alone. She would have liked to share the hello fresh food with someone. She lives in a flat building with 24 floors. She only knows her downstairs neighbour. Because they onetime asked to borrow an egg. And not even that name she remembers. It is a hard job for an architect to construct a building without estrangement. She never crosses her neighbour's path. Of course, she could have asked to come over. But she knows that they work on nightshifts so they won't be there now anyway. There are divisions in the organization of the schedules of their daily rhythms. Collective living means being separated by walls. Sharing spaces and organizing their uses on big scales, means that on small scale, everyone remains alone. That day when they borrowed the egg, her neighbour told her how much they enjoy this urban lifestyle in which everyone has their very own rhythm. They might go out when others come home, yet even when leaving home, strolling through the city never felt lonely. Always there are people out, doing their things. The story, the orange eyes with that brown curl told her, pops up in her mind. Her neighbour is living in their crater, she in hers. As if they still did not yet venture beyond its edges. They are circulating in the same orbit yet according to different calendars. One city, one building yet no one knows each other's names.

Beginning in spring, adolescents swim through the floodwaters at the triangular confluence of two rivers.

The souls of the ancestors buried in the earth find them, which came from the sources of the Yellow River.

With these powers within them, they begin to settle. In this place, charged with magical earth energy. These are hills and primeval forests that seem unsuitable for agriculture. And yet reproduction is essential to maintain the circle of life. So it happens that every time the tides recede, the triangular confluence of two rivers divides into fields that will sustain the different families. In autumn there is a great festival to celebrate the end of the harvest. In winter there is a festival, to drive away the cold by drinking and singing. Then, everything starts anew.

Interpretation of an ancient Chinese poem about states and their hymns.

She asked her friends from the gallery about the brown curl. Social media enabled the connection to get real so now they are sitting in that corner café. Next to each other, each a self-brought cup filled with chain coffee in their hands. It somehow itched her to meet. She wanted to understand this anger. This fiery irritation she saw in these eyes. Because of the rational way humanity separated nature from society, nature from culture.

Nature always had its own causal connections. Homing human communities, was once pragmatic, designed to secure the survival of the species. Now its excesses led to a detachment. Cultural

practices once were intertwined and sustained by environmental conditions. Today what we label culture is mainly bringing us away from nature's cycles. This detachment results in des-identification. And this is causing estrangement from the things we use. Because everything, including we only comprehend its relation to its use. For us. Look around huh? You think anyone knows what they are slurping? Where the beans come from? Who are how they were ground? They just know they get a kick from it. That's enough. Benefits checked.

Like a child getting suddenly aware of its surroundings, she looks around. Then she looks at her own cub. She has no idea. The bean could be from Brazil. Or from Kenia. They could be from Uruguay or from the Philippines. She only has little knowledge, mainly about the areas and climates coffee beans are cultivated in.

The earliest cities were designed in grid patterns. This was just the practical solution to efficiency in agricultural practices. It happened in middle America, North Africa, and in China almost simultaneously. Chinese settlers were the most aware. They integrated holistic traditions such as cosmology, geomancy, astrology, and numerology into their urban planning. Back then, it was all about maintaining harmony and balance between the cosmic diagram of human, state, nature, and heaven. The square-shaped grids developing through human design were the first signs of humanity's separation from nature – humanity's trials to control nature. Yet they were moderate. Creating craters within craters to ensure safety and exploration. Their practices for survival asked for patterns, for maintenance, for a system. And this, this got out of hand. Nowadays there is no sense of responsibility for the places we live in. Of the systems sustaining us. Of the care that is needed to maintain cycles. We lost connection to the most important cycle. The complex cycle of our climate.

She can see the fiery iris's getting softer.

Let's walk a bit outside?

It seems quite dark from the window table. There was no clear sky to see when she came to the café neither. They put on their jackets without saying much. With the cups in their hand, they walk onto the street, in an unspecified direction.

All Neolithic cities lived with the agricultural year. This cycle might have been different everywhere but movement always happened according to stars and moons affecting the waters on the Earth. A celestial clock, like in ancient Chinese poems.

It started raining and her coat does not close properly. She can feel the wind blowing her chest and tiny raindrops wetting her forehead. The trees give somehow shelter. They ended up entering the park just right before the sky started to break open. They decide to stay for a while underneath one tree, watching the rain-curtain hiding the view. The Park has been reopened only a few years ago. Big constructions and plans were realized as a response to the last flood catastrophe. Walls, excavation, a whole tunnel system underneath the grass are thought to secure the neighbouring district. In numbers, the park can capture 23.000 m³ of water. The news consistently talk of extremer weather phenomena. When they opened the park, they called it, the first example of a new urban metabolism that will secure Bangkok's citizens.

They are standing close to each other. Somehow strange, shoulder to shoulder without seeing each other's faces. Just staring into the grey strands in front of them. Then she speaks.

You know that we are standing on excavations that can fit 9.000 m³ of water? In case of flooding. Or a hurricane. Or something else that humans cannot control. A robot rebuilt the Park. It took four years. But just because the robot ran solely on solar energy. That made the nights and some very cloudy days, rest days.

She pauses. She was part of the construction team herself. Whatever that meant. She works in HR, in Human resources. Her work is mainly organizing the time and space that other need to organize

the time and space of again others that end up doing the same. And at the end of that line, there was the robot. Whatever has been labeled work is definitely in flux.

The other has listened without moving. They are still in the same position. Yet, the rain has weakened a little. Then she speaks about what she wanted to speak about since these iris's caught fire.

You know, there are future visions from all times and societies. And these show, how there is this constant search for re-fusing society and nature. Even if only needed on a semantic level. There were circular ideas presenting a physical frame for a social system. There were splitting ideas of having green areas for recreation and food production that ran next to artificial labour and trading centers. The invention of rails was giving space to phantasies about living in the woods while working in skyscrapers. Ideas of allocating land for individual gardening, and the contrary, putting all people into few buildings to let nature flourish around. Today, future visions contain ideas of re-integrating the things human systems excluded. For example, doves wandering above the city, are essential for its vertical farms, turning dusty grounds into fertile soil with their shit. Future visions take into account localities. Like weather, materials, people, and contexts. They take into account times and rhythms that are different everywhere communities live. Calendars, that are no longer determined by agricultural practices or the predictability of train schedules. In the future visions of today, narratives are being created. Narratives that decentre the human. Rather than dividing, cities, buildings, and nature are constituting each other and make up urban metabolisms. What I want to say is that since the separation of nature and culture, humans have searched for unification. But it has to embrace complexities and its entropy. It might sound stupid and wise but I think life is teaching us mainly one thing: that we are constant-becoming. That all are variations of a common matter. No, two things. The second thing is, that particularity comes only by co-defining in relation to other.

The brown curl is even curlier being wet like now. The fire is gone

and if she interprets it right, there is even a shy smile playing around the lips.

Can I ask you one more thing?

Hmm

What were those pinky-red floral glasses about?

My very good friend always told me I would see the world through pinky-red floral glasses. She thought I would be too naïve in so many ways. Believing in the good of everything, the good of everyone. We were in our teenage years. She did not say that for a long time. Probably she would not say it nowadays.

A funny grin hushes over her face. She feels warm even with her coat being half-open. Gently they start walking again. They have a similar pace, step by step above the tunnel system beneath the soggy gravel path.

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It is a warm day. She stands looking up. The rainy day in the park lays back almost two weeks now. They have been together almost every day since. Strolling around the city, having chain-coffee in their own cups or just staring into the sky from a roof.

Crazy how different the colours no?

She sees the layers in the wall clearly. She wouldn't distinguish colours but maybe shades of grey. Bangkok was the chosen city for a reason. The cities light-pollution makes them feel no difference between the intensity of light even after sunset. The sculpture does not need its own lighting. They both do not know the artist but their avatar.

Should we feel proudness or disgust? As this is what our city exhales every second...

It is true that it has no particular shape. It bears the name DustyRelief and is a self-constructing structure of growth, as the avatar predicted. The sculpture absorbs smog and pollution and from that, builds, particle by particle, layer by layers, its irregular shape. It grows very fast. From where they are standing, they have to lay their head back to see its full size. Children can play on it, climbing the rounded edges, sliding the smooth transition to the ground. The transition between ground and sculpture. She thinks of the talk they just listened to in the public library. From there they just ventured the streets and incidentally ended up here, watching materialized smog. During the lecture, the term subnatures kept her from asking to leave early. Subnatures are forms of nature that

humans have condemned primitive and filthy. It's the uncontrollable things that disturb the clean sterility of urban spaces. It is smog, dust, exhaust gas, industrial smoke, sewage, debris, rubble, vermin, weeds, insects.

You ever have that feeling when you wash yourself in the shower that your body does not fit the body of the shower? The scheme of the shower? Everything seems to white and too clean for the dirt you bring in.

She looks at her. Feeling a weird bond, a strange connection as if they have been experiencing the same.

This is, what I make of subnatures. It was described as the by-products of urbanization and social collapse. So, it's a result of systematic organization. Either things fit – leading to a functioning society, or things do not fit, and if those who do not fit overwhelm, baang, social collapse.

Subnatures are not less nature. But it's those things that fall out, that disturb the order. The order in which the social role is dominant, in which space is perceived in its relation to its use. She thinks out loud, holding her face into the sunshine.

Maybe this sculpture shows the re-formation of subnature into nature. The smog and pollution that has been labelled use-less or even threatening to humanity, are now playground. Thus, humanity relates a use to it making it nature again.

Both are smiling. Both have their eyes closed. Knowing each other next to them. The sun warms their eyelids. The feeling as if they are experiencing something the same.

In their lives, borders are always blurred. Norms are to be tested. And what is giving stability today, will cause disruption the next day. It is a world defined by changing living forms. There are computational networks and technologies that missed out on developing empathy. There are organic species getting extinct. There are new species that cannot be put into binary systems. Similarly, the border between culture and nature is losing its validity, is dissolving into non-sense. Human life and non-human life are merging into never existing ecologies. And maybe the shore under which they are digging is not home to one society but to various communities. Various craters, connected by social fabrics. Soft and malleable. Weaving the transition from singular to plural; from one to many; from simplicity to complexity. Acknowledging that they do not stop where their environments begin.

Epilogue

I will stop telling the story here, hoping I brought you closer to your question. I think if you pay attention to it, you might already feel your temperature changing.

The Epic of Gilgamesh

Mesopotamia (stretching from the southern region of Baghdad to the Persian Gulf) was where the earliest civilizations developed. Around 5000 BC, people built an extensive infrastructure of canals, ditches, and basins for their growing population. The Epic of Gilgamesh is about a transformation in Mesopotamian society brought about by the growing mightiness of the city Uruk. The king Gilgamesh ruled this area around 2700 BC. Interesting are not only the described conflicts between wild nature and ordered civilization, but also sexual characters in the narratives. Homosexuality and Bisexuality coexist with and are part of heterosexual marriage tradition.

Gilgamesh. (2019). Hackett Publishing.

Raymond Williams (1921-1988, Great Britain, socialist cultural anthropologist) published a book about keywords and the evolution of their terminologies. Ten years later, at a conference in Glasgow, he spontaneously gives a 10min excursion on the semantics of the term nature. He crystallizes here the ambiguities of the term nature. “(i) the essential quality and character of something; (ii) the inherent force which directs either the world or human beings or both; (iii) the material world itself, taken as including or not including human beings”

Problems in a word: the “nature” question (MPEG).mpg. (2012, January 2). [Video]. YouTube. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zjIS66XJ1Bs>

Williams, R. (1976/ new edition 2015) Keywords. A vocabulary of culture and society. Oxford university press.

Mary Douglas (1921-2007, Great Britain, social anthropologist) talks here about the subjective concept of dirt that is fed by societal constructions. A scheme can never categorize everything and therefore a scheme also produces leftovers, anomalies that a scheme have to deal with, that is dirt.

@Baruch Spinoza (1632-1677, NL), Philosopher. "We are co-defining ourselves only in relation to the other"

@Stuard Hall (1932 – 2014, Great Britain), Sociologist: "Cultures are given maps of meaning"

@Gilles Deleuze (1925-1995, France) and Félix Guattari (1930-1992, France) who distinguish between two kinds of spaces: smooth space (nomadic societies) and striated space (sedentary societies).

Douglas, M. (2001). Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo

Deleuze, G., & Guattari, F. (1986). Nomadology: The War Machine by Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari (299ES). Atlasofplaces. <https://www.atlasofplaces.com/essays/nomadology-the-war-machine/>

Ildefonso Cerdà (1815-1876, Spain) was a Catalan urban planner and architect. As a classical liberal, he assumed that technology and capital serves humanity to grow. According to this assumption, Cerdà suggests a urbe, a space covering the entire globe. This urbe replaced the city by being a mechanism connecting all of human society by transforming countryside, wilderness and oceans into a single, interconnected urbe. Cerdà integrated the technical and spatial with the political and biological.

Adams, R. E. (2020) How The Urban Eclipsed the City. In: Jake Soule (Interviewer) Failed Architecture: <https://failedarchitecture.com/how-the-urban-eclipsed-the-city-an-interview-with-ross-exo-adams/>

Ross Exo Adams (1976-..., USA) talks about a notion of “circulation”: in an urban environment people, things, and commodities should be able to move without friction, in contrast to the stagnant, overcrowded cities of the early nineteenth century. Another important concept in Adams’ work is his notion of “urban”. By that he refers to a new modern political technology that questions how power constitutes itself via space, architecture, infrastructure and in general. Urban are the ways in which we organize matter and bodies in the world. Adams’ work aims to undue the assumption that urbanization is the only way to develop in the future of humanity. Adams hopes to “reproduce an overall imaginary that naturalizes the urban by passing it off as a “human condition”

Adams, R. E. (2020) How The Urban Eclipsed the City. In: Jake Soule (Interviewer) Failed Architecture: <https://failedarchitecture.com/how-the-urban-eclipsed-the-city-an-interview-with-ross-exo-adams/>

Flemming Rafn (Denmark) founded the Copenhagen based architectural firm Tredje Natur (third nature). They deal with the uncontemporary separation of city and nature. Project are related to the implications of mass migration, mobility and climate change and try to find a new third way „where the relation between the planet's resources and our consumption is more balanced“. This way assumes, that cities, building and nature are constituting each other and make a sustainable whole. It is assumed that the challenges ahead can facilitate a vital rethinking of the urban metabolism. Tredjee Natur's way of approaching urban planning resembles a “humane responses to human-made problems“. It explores and re-establishes the relationship between human and non-human nature.

Rafn, F. (2000) Nature-culture. In: Marianne Krogh (ed.) Connectedness – an Incomplete Encyclopaedia of the Anthropocene. Strandberg Publishing.

Website Tredje Natur: <https://www.tredjenatur.dk/profile/>

Fransçois Roche (1961-..., France) is an architect whose practice works at the borders of architecture, science, genetics, science fiction, philosophy, identity and biopolitics. He created an androgynous avatar that speaks for him as artist. In 2002 R&Sie(n) (founded by Roche that collaborated with Stephanie Llavaux) designed a piece DustyRelief for Bangkok which goal was it to absorb the city smog and transform this smog into a structure of growth (artistic sculpture). It was never realized but the research was exhibited at the Biennale di Venezia in 2004.

R&Sie(n) website: <https://www.new-territories.com/>

Biennalewiki: <https://biennalewiki.org/?p=8120>

David Gissen (1969-..., USA) theorizes nature from a cultural approach and tries to bring this as a questioning and provoking thought into the architectural discourse. He talks about subnatures that can be broadly conceived as those things, those externalities. They are unwanted materialist outcomes that are produced within the modern city often as a result of modernist urbanization processes. Gissen's subnatural architecture can be seen as an activist architectural art practice. Gissen even plays with the thoughts of prevailing the human-threatening subnatures (like extreme smog or bugs bringing diseases) as he suggests to maintain a contaminated state of a place to affect its viewers. Doing that, Gissen hopes to find a "new material- aesthetic between architecture and nature".

Gissen, David (2009). *Subnature: Architecture's Other Environments*. New York: Princeton Architectural Press: 1-240.

Gissen, D. (2013, June 1). CITY OF DUST: ARCHITECTURE AND SUBNATURE IN LOS ANGELES. Artforum International. Retrieved October 31, 2021, from <https://www.artforum.com/print/201306/city-of-dust-architecture-and-subnature-in-los-angeles-41244>

Subnature. (2021, February 2). In Wikipedia. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Subnature>

Rosi Braidotti (1954-..., Italy) is an expert on the post-humanist turn in contemporary feminist theory and post-structuralist approaches. She has also coined the term of “nomadic subjectivity”. This concept goes back to the nomadology of Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. Nomads are pictured as far from the state, coming from outside to threaten the authority of the state and its mightiness.

Braidotti, R. (2000) Connectedness. In: Marianne Krogh (ed.) Connectedness – an Incomplete Encyclopaedia of the Anthropocene. Strandberg Publishing.

Deleuze, G., & Guattari, F. (1986). Nomadology: The War Machine by Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari (299ES). Atlasofplaces. <https://www.atlasofplaces.com/essays/nomadology-the-war-machine/>

Donna Jeanne Haraway (1944-..., USA) is a feminist post-structuralist thinker. In her works, she criticises the concept of the Anthropocene as yet another conception of reality that places humans at the centre. As a visionary of the future, she proposes instead a Chthulucene, which encompasses “a time of learning to come to terms with the difficulties of living and dying responsibly on a damaged earth”. Rather than focusing on humanity, Haraway speaks of critters sharing a multi-species world in which we must practice response-ability; it is about becoming-with, not reverting to normalized visions of realities.

Haraway, D. J. (2016). *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene (Experimental Futures)* (Illustrated ed.). Duke University Press Books.

