

Editor's Note

"There is no Away on this surface, no here and no there." –Timothy Morton¹

The generative impulse for this issue of *Dusie* was in part informed by Timothy Morton's *Ecology Without Nature*, his challenge to the notion of "nature" as it has historically been constituted, a notion fundamentally invested in isolating human from nature, nature from human. Constructed through the lenses of political/sociological/economic/environmental (and other) tensions, "nature," "place," and "environment" are othered and objectified. At the interstices of ecological zones, species, cities, nations, bodies, those permeable borders separating "us" from "them", human from other-than-human, insider from outsider, the vulnerable from the powerful, how might we reconfigure our understanding, encounter the unbounded condition having neither center nor margin?

In the introduction to Jerome Rothenberg's *Eye of Witness*, editor Heriberto Yépez describes Rothenberg's work as a call "for the **simultaneous renewal of cultural forms and a reconfiguration of consciousness**, a matter of making new cultural and spiritual constellations available....**to say in every form possible what cannot possibly be said.**" (19 my emph) How might witnessing in writing and art afford, indeed *enact*, an ecological poetics, a political/social/cultural/economic/aesthetic reconfiguration of "being-with" rather than being outside/separate? Crossing over, between, *into* otherness. Put another way, as the wonderful poet Jared Hayes wrote to me, "a stein is a stein is a stein is a self is an other is a bucket is a void is a togetherness is an intimacy."

self other void intimacy

I sought work from writers and artists that speaks into this eco-socio-political moment as an act of witness and of *reach*, especially works which, having adopting hybridity's otherness, do not look back. I was amply rewarded. Lori Anderson Moseman writes in her essay-length engagement with grief and the print-works of Sheila Goloborotko, "There is nothing new in this save the ever-growing context of complexity"—"Art's work is to ask for mercy." Complexity and mercy. In Deborah Poe's *Rock Box*, the artist gathers the lost, reaching by way of community toward a reconfigured wholeness. Rachel Zolf's video, a brief section of a longer "video and sound performance, responds to [her book *Janey's Arcadia*]. The film uses stolen footage from the National Film Board of Canada, a prime governmental 'civilizing' agent in Canada, famous for its 'pioneering' documentary work": Zolf juxtaposing Canadian settler and Indigenous voices/experiences. Eleni Sikelianos maps loss in her catalog of extinction—howl, fur, hoof, eye—a "ghost dance of all the animals." Michael Ruby locates community riding the subway in and out of Manhattan on his daily commute. Sueyeun Juliette Lee inhabits the strange border of militarism and ethnic identity: "[writing] through the daily news headlines detailing the joint

¹ *Hyperobjects: Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*

military exercises that South Korea and the US hold each year, in which they pretend to invade North Korea.” John Pleucker and Jen Hofer, positioning themselves within the liminal space between languages, translate the work of poets Sara Uribe and Cristina Rivera Garza. Hofer writes, “We turn to the words of others—recourse in the form of writing known as translation—in order to listen rather than speak. We can’t translate the border. The border is untranslatable. The border is a translation. The border untranslates us.” Craig Santos Perez writes through his own otherness, Guamanian in Hawaii, son of a ‘protected’ ‘territory,’ alienated from his home ground and confronting the experience of raising a Hawaiian-Guamanian child within a similarly alienated ground. Chen Chen asks, “will you accompany me to the apocalypse tonight,” as he navigates the contested cultural/social space of his sexuality: “I saw how China could be many things & Nature could & me singing in the grass little songs about gravity”. Camille Dungy evokes the alienated siblings, affluence and misery, death riding on the shoulders one and all, that sojourn in hell. Bhanu Kapil writes from the edge of the berm, “a trash heap so bright the cows are a curiously festive sight,” of a return to India to perform in memory of Jyoti Singh Pandey, gang raped on a Delhi bus in 2012 and cast to the roadside, later dying of her wounds.

eco || poesis || ethos

Compose a “household” disposition: where oikos has neither border nor limit and disposition denotes ethical relation. What Gary Snyder named Earth House Hold. Ecopoethos.

I have been gifted with amazing work, manifold in its faces, forms, and hybridities, giving voice to that *other* space, that once-familiar place: the unbounded zone of encounter—self and other, human and other-than-human, living and dying, existing in intimate relation, fearless and becoming. “*There is no Away on this surface, no here and no there.*” (Thomas Morton)

Gratitude for all the writers and artists who so graciously shared their work with me. Gratitude for Susana Gardner generously allowed me to curate this issue of *Dusie*. And gratitude for all the readers: Go! Wander in this surfeit of intimate, untranslatable wonders “[saying] in every form possible what cannot possibly be said.” *This place of complexity and mercy.*

Marthe Reed