



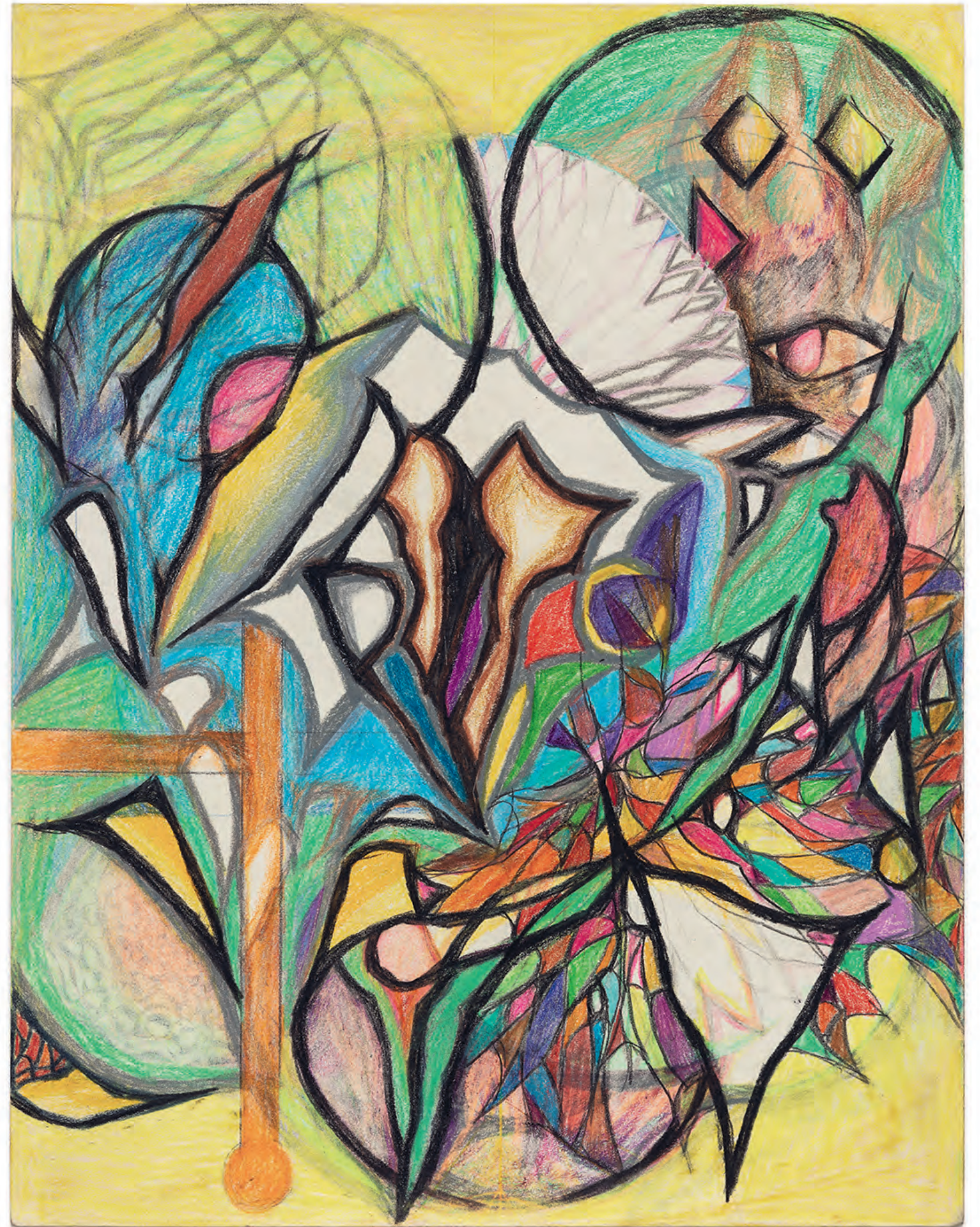
Kerstin Brätsch  
*PARA PSYCHICS*

To the Mother

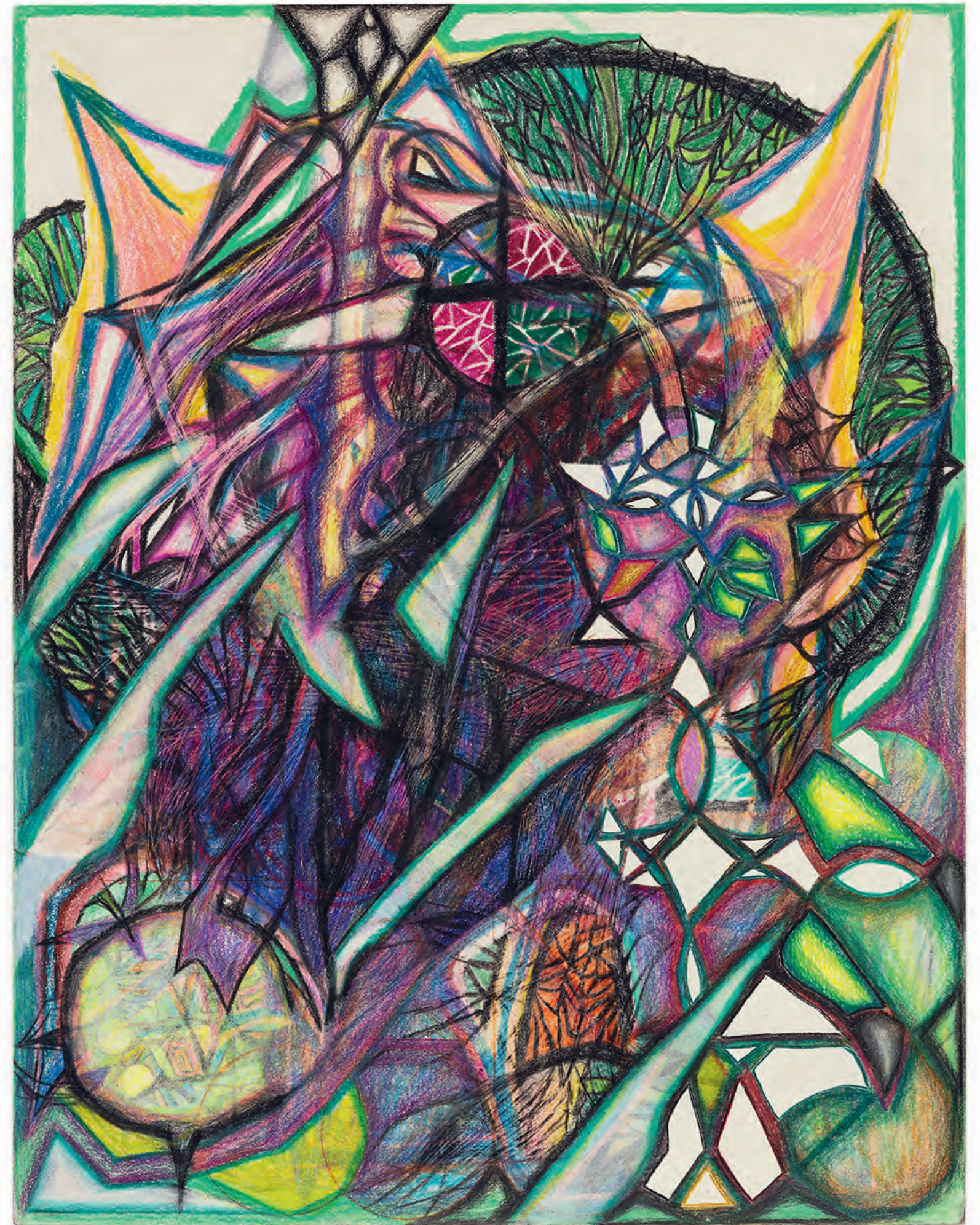
Ludwig Forum Aachen

Verlag der Buchhandlung Walther und Franz König, Köln















*“Flow directly implicates not one but several bodies” (Plasmastate)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

Following pages:

*Next time: thicker, deeper*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*Feeling your cells move, you open your eyes, the cells move*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020





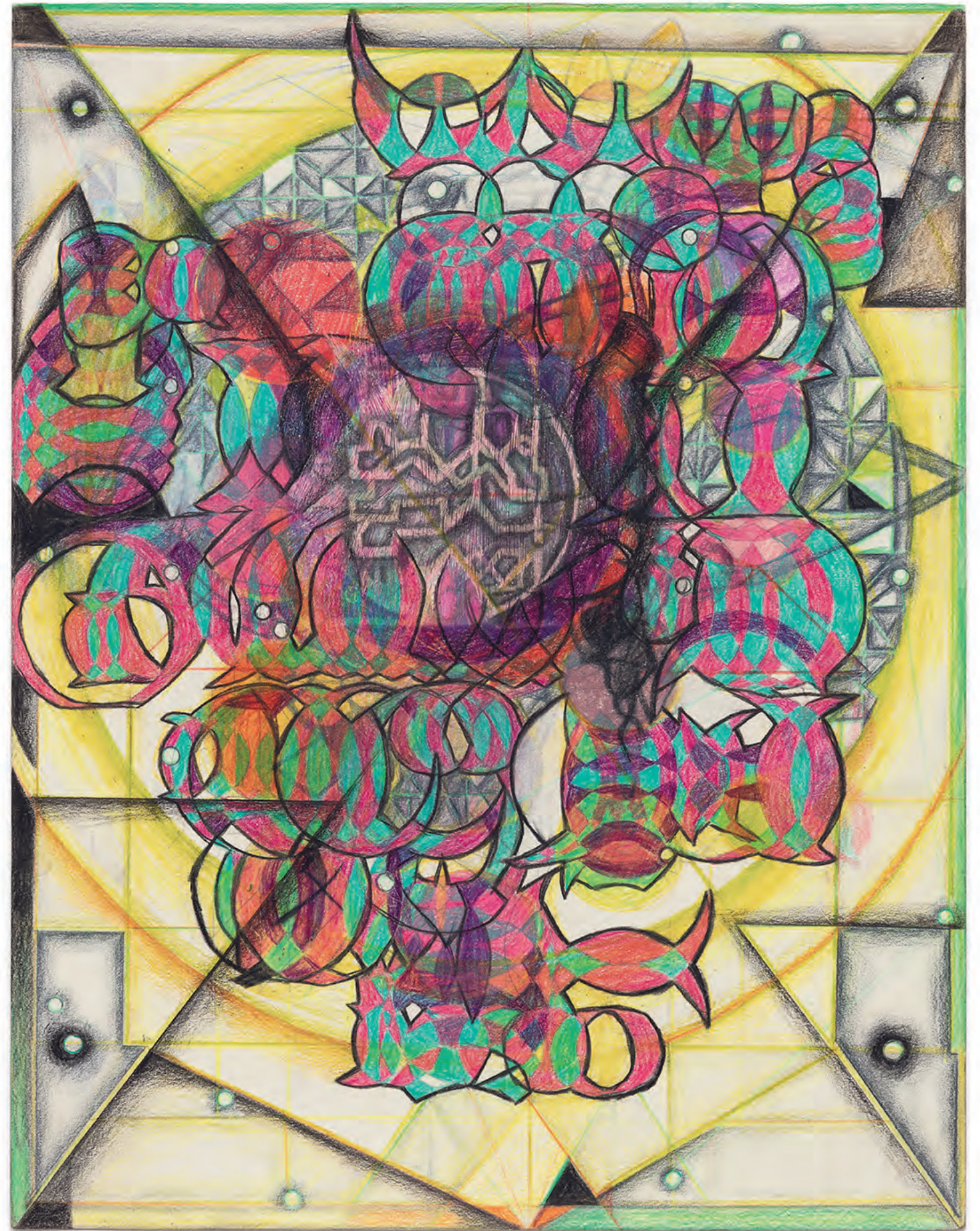




*"There is no reason on Earth why you should run out of people to be."*



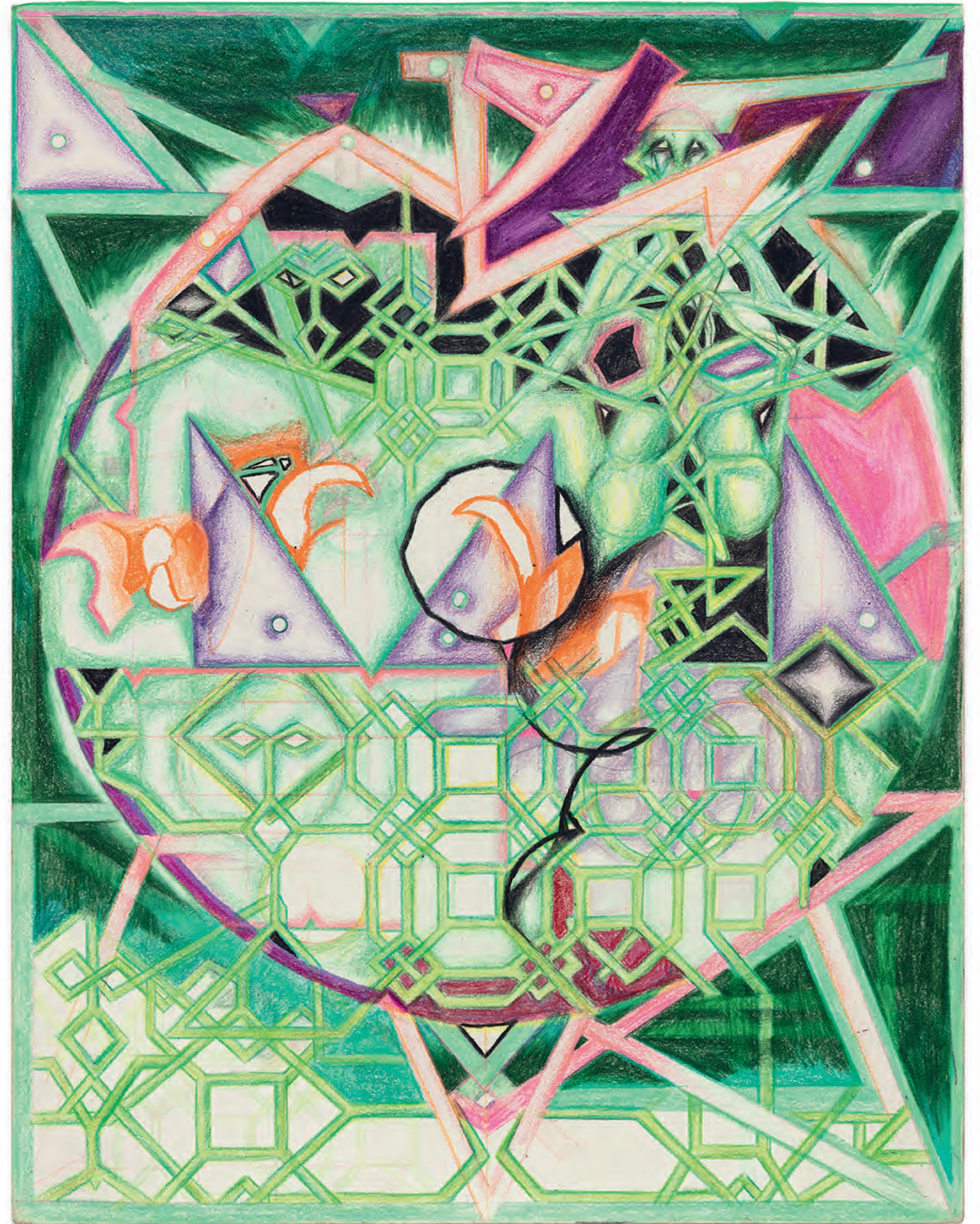








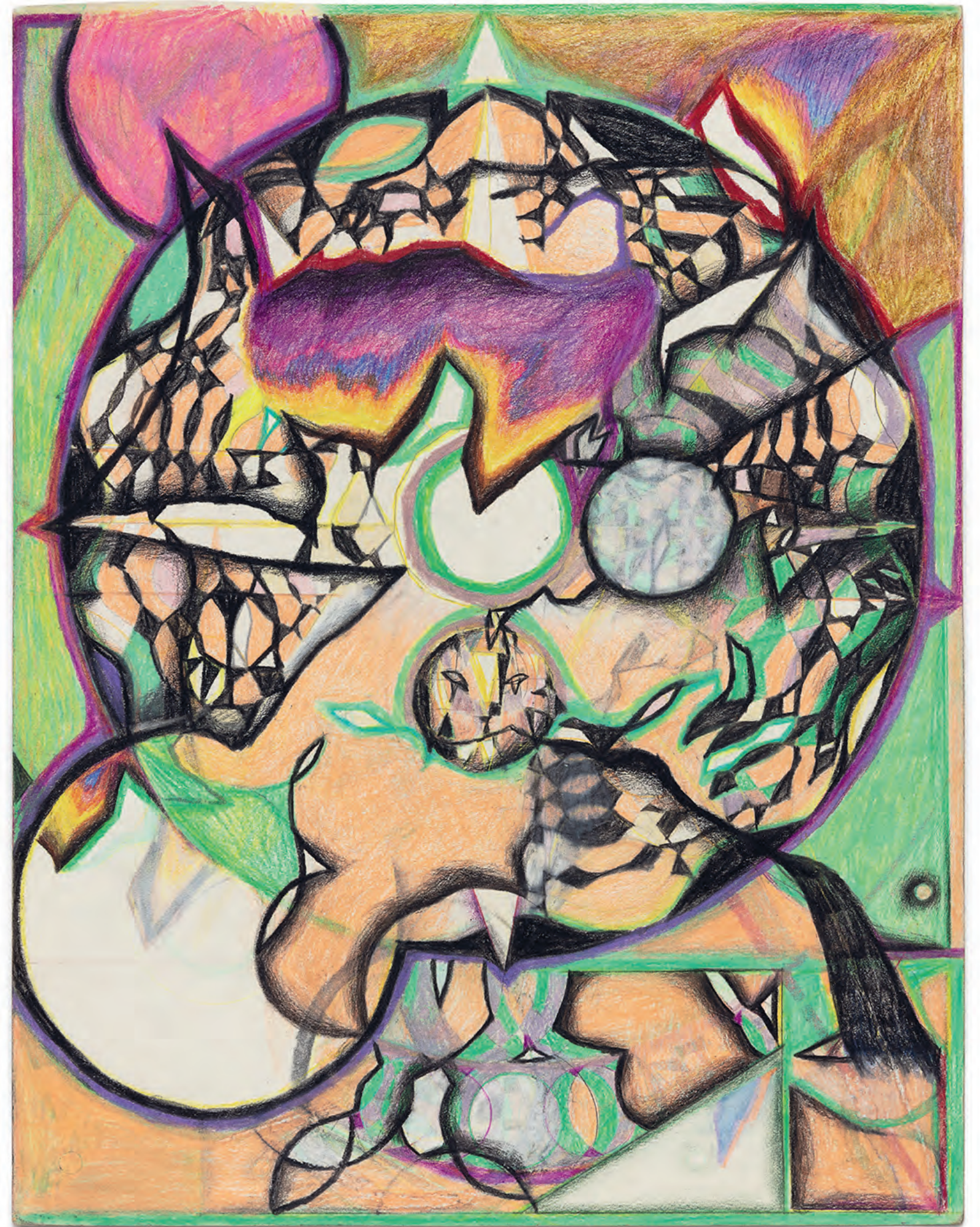














*By Default (Fontanelle)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

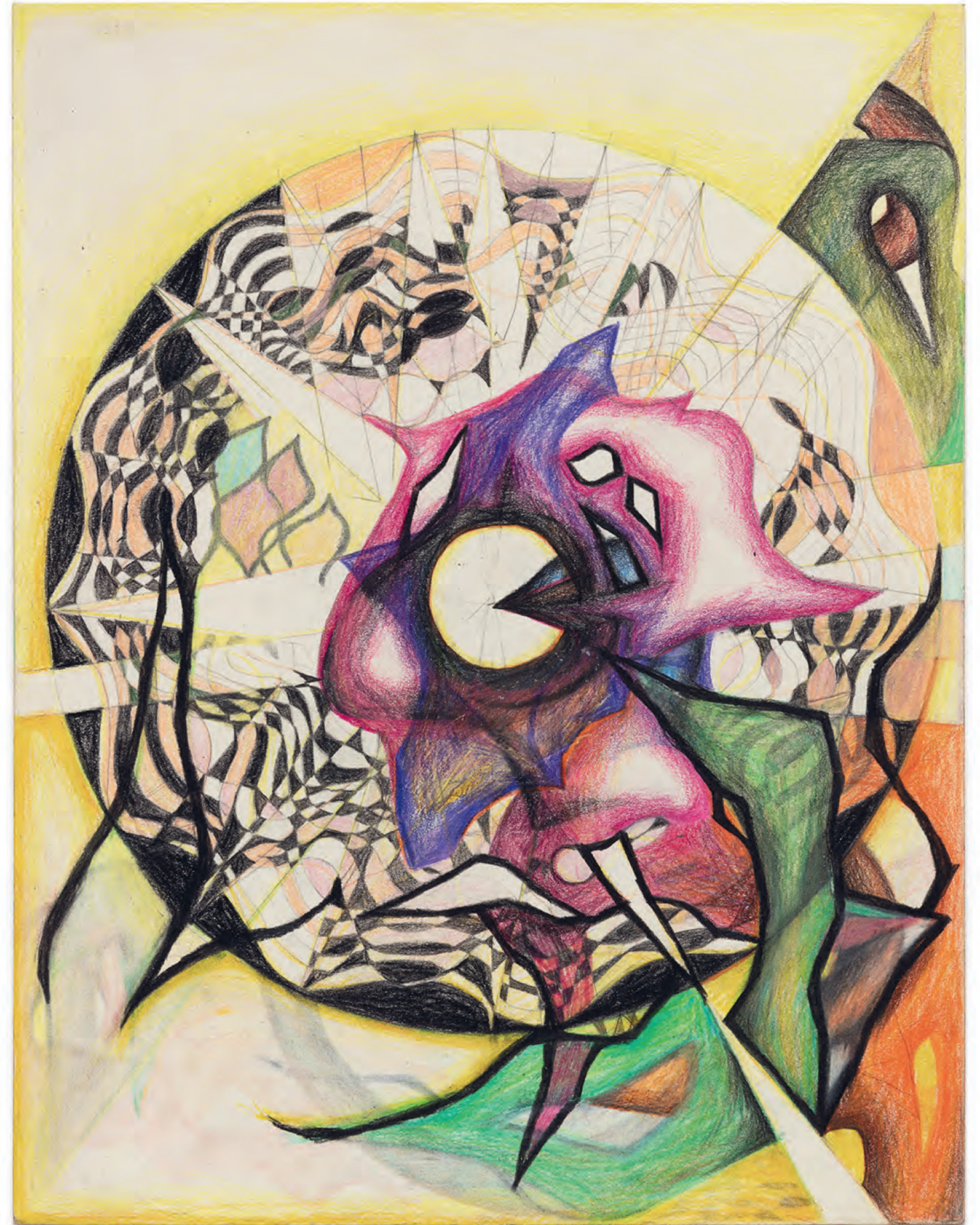
Following pages:

*Sun Swallower*

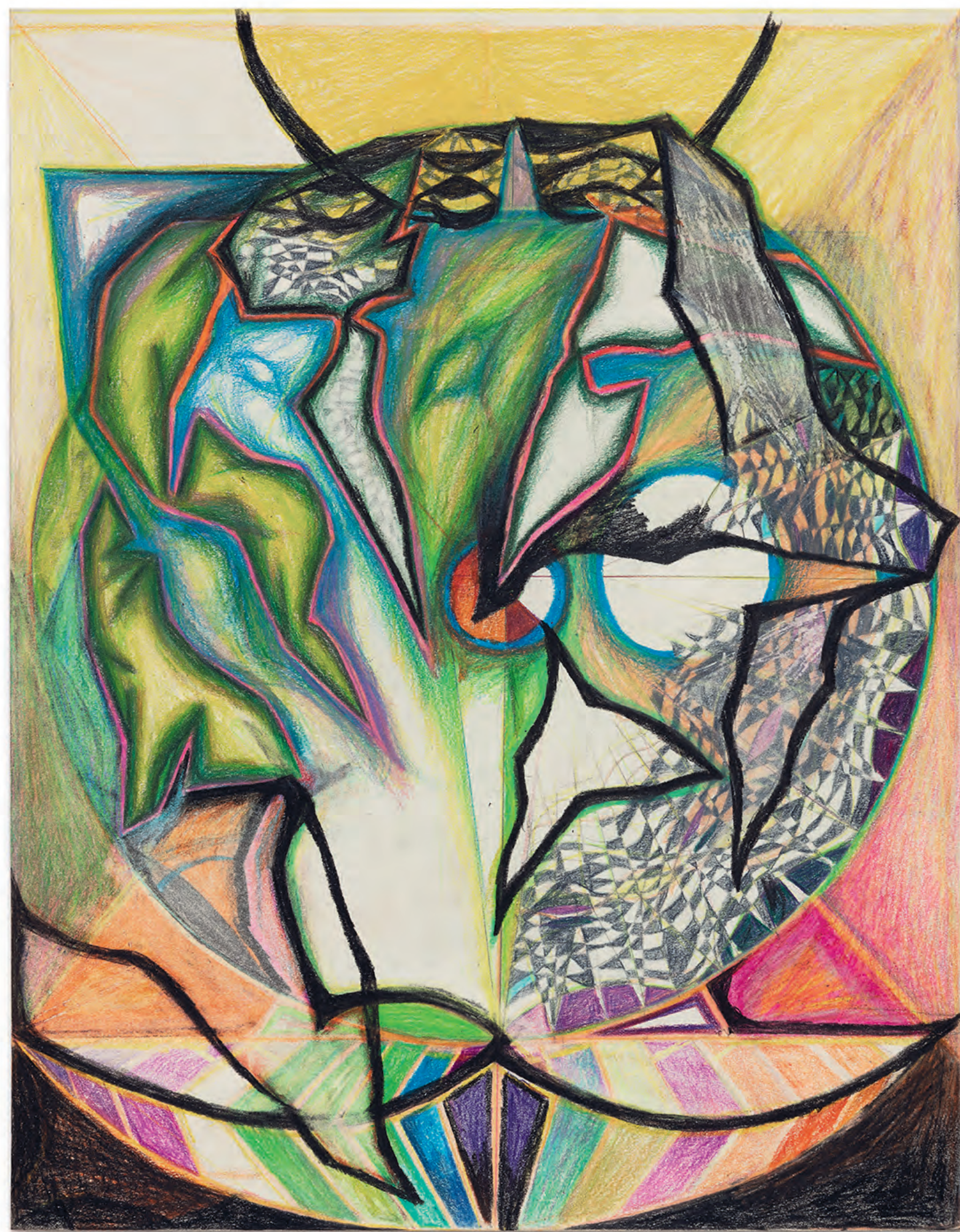
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*Ectoplasmic Ash (Cotton Candy)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020









Colored pencil, graphite, and collage on paper, 2020

Following pages:

*Swarm logic (of noise and crowds)*

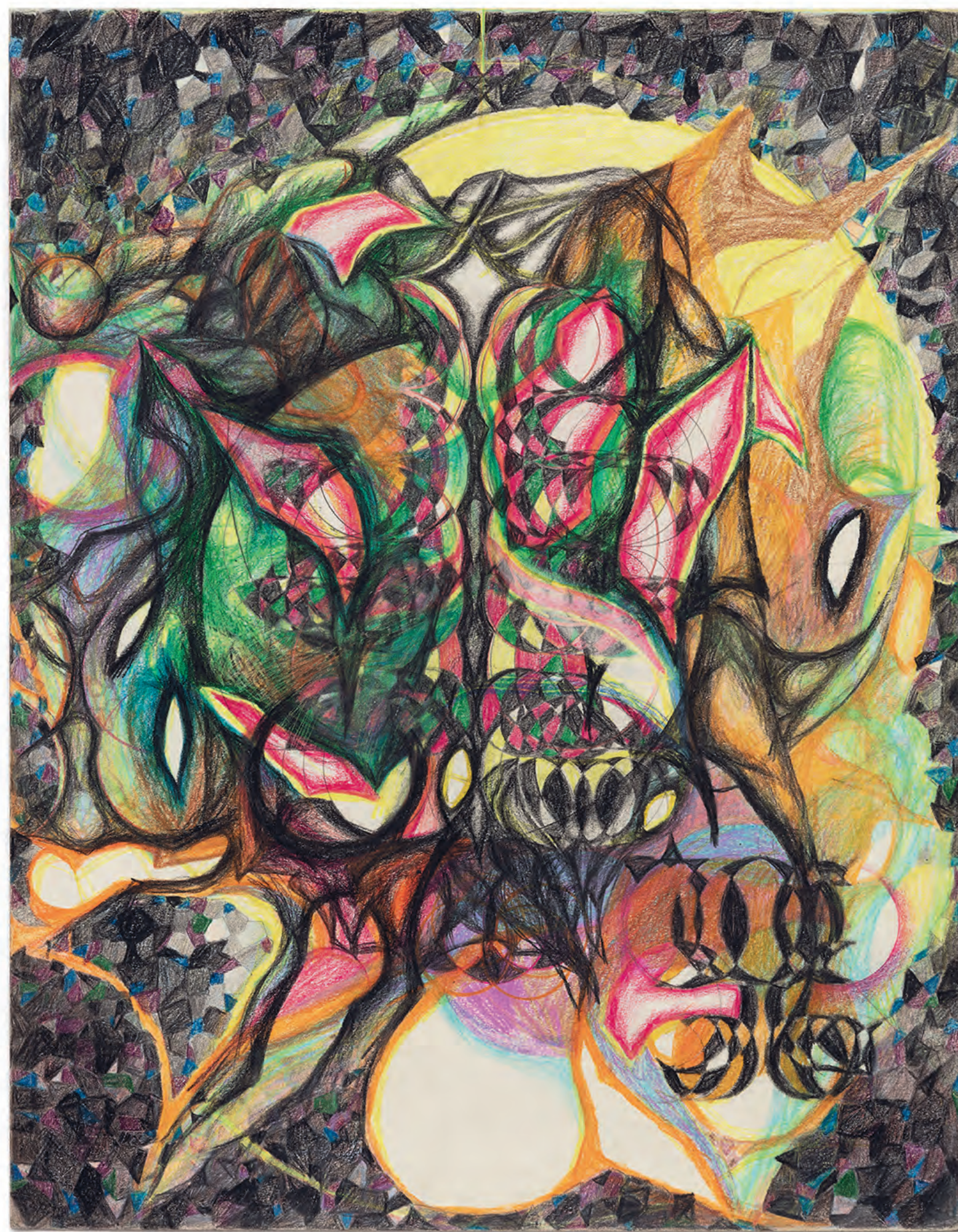
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*Death*

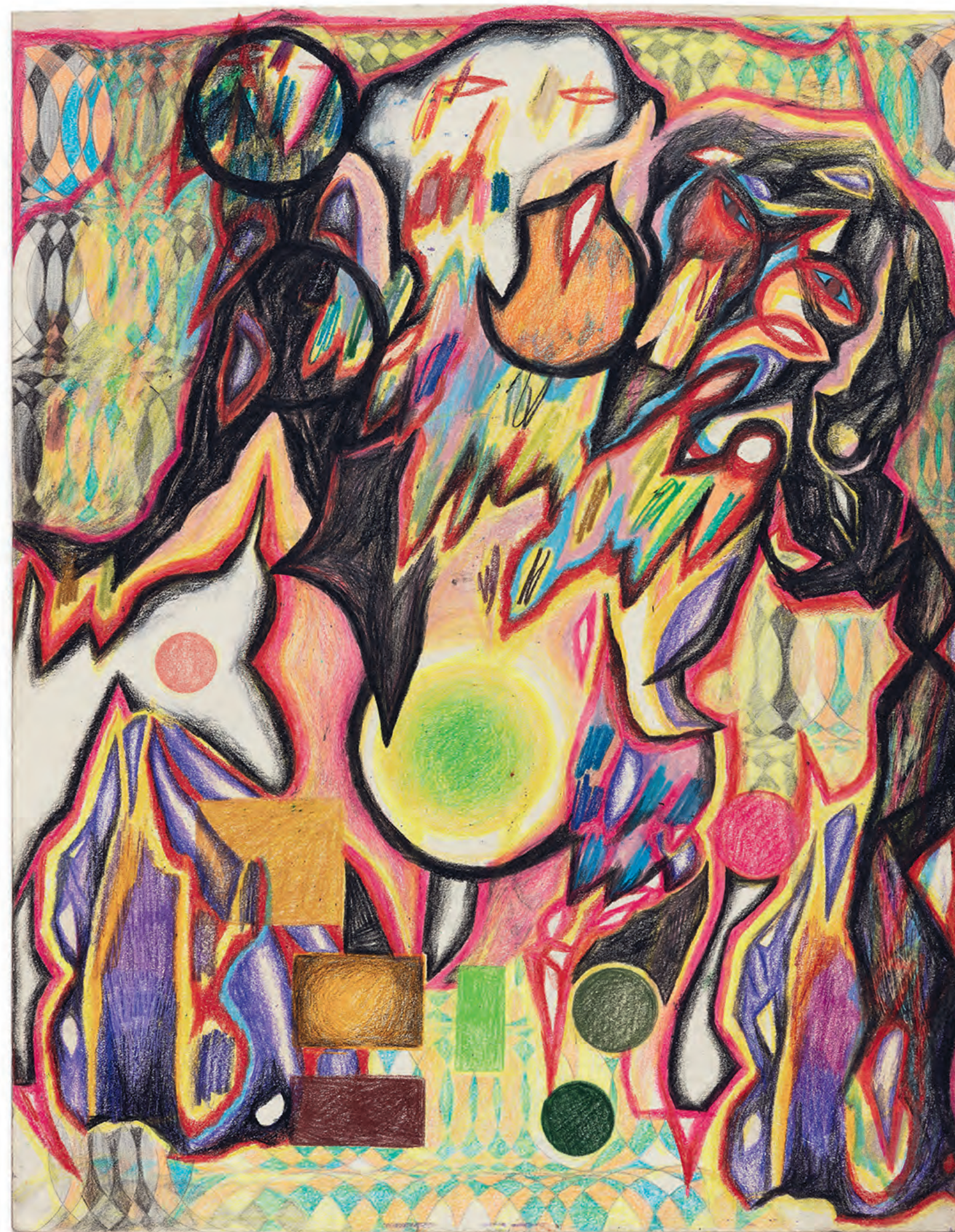
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020–21



















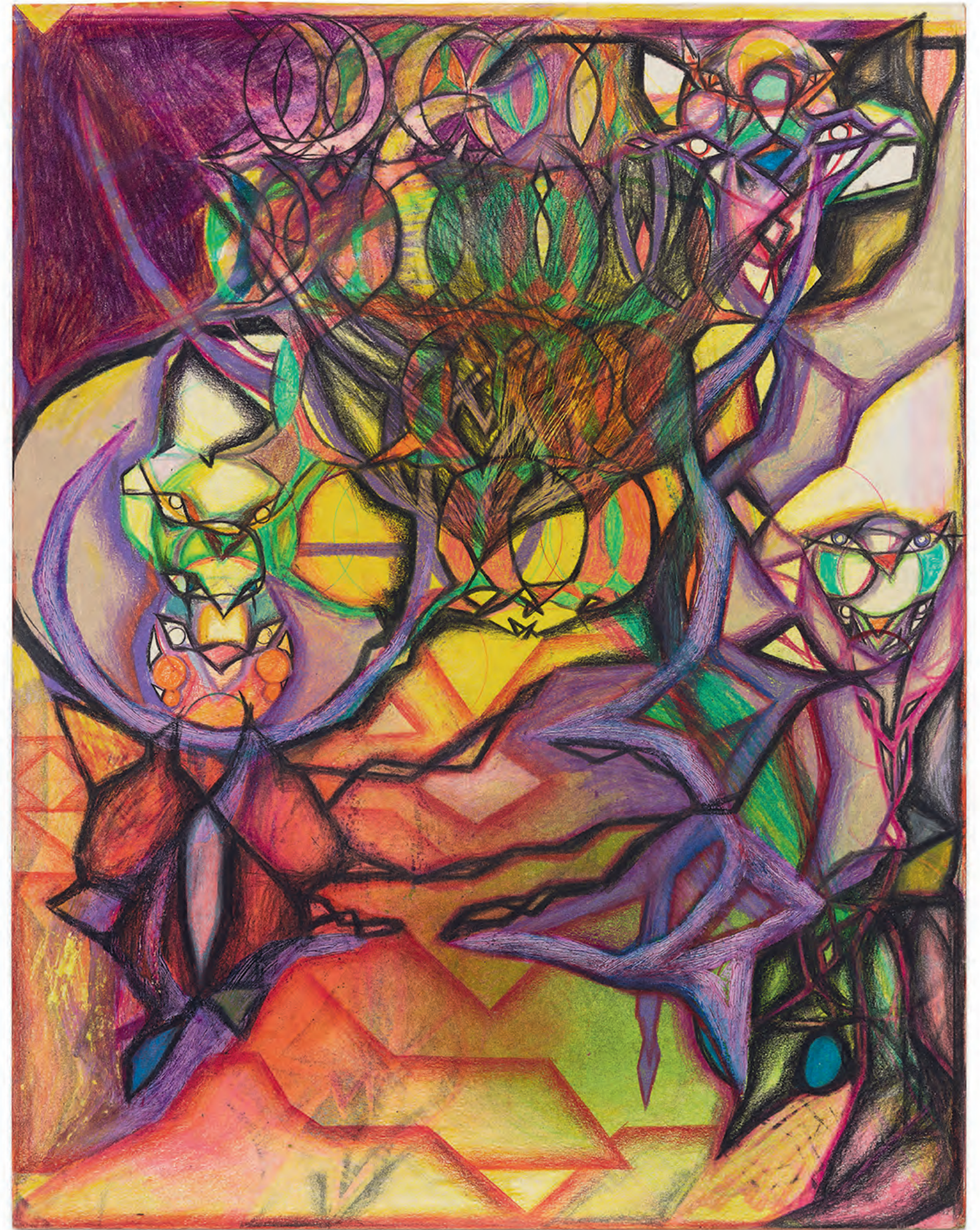






*The Sitters (Why Do You Keep on Telling Everyone About Those Animals?)*

Colored pencil, oil, and graphite on paper, 2020–21





*She Wolf*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

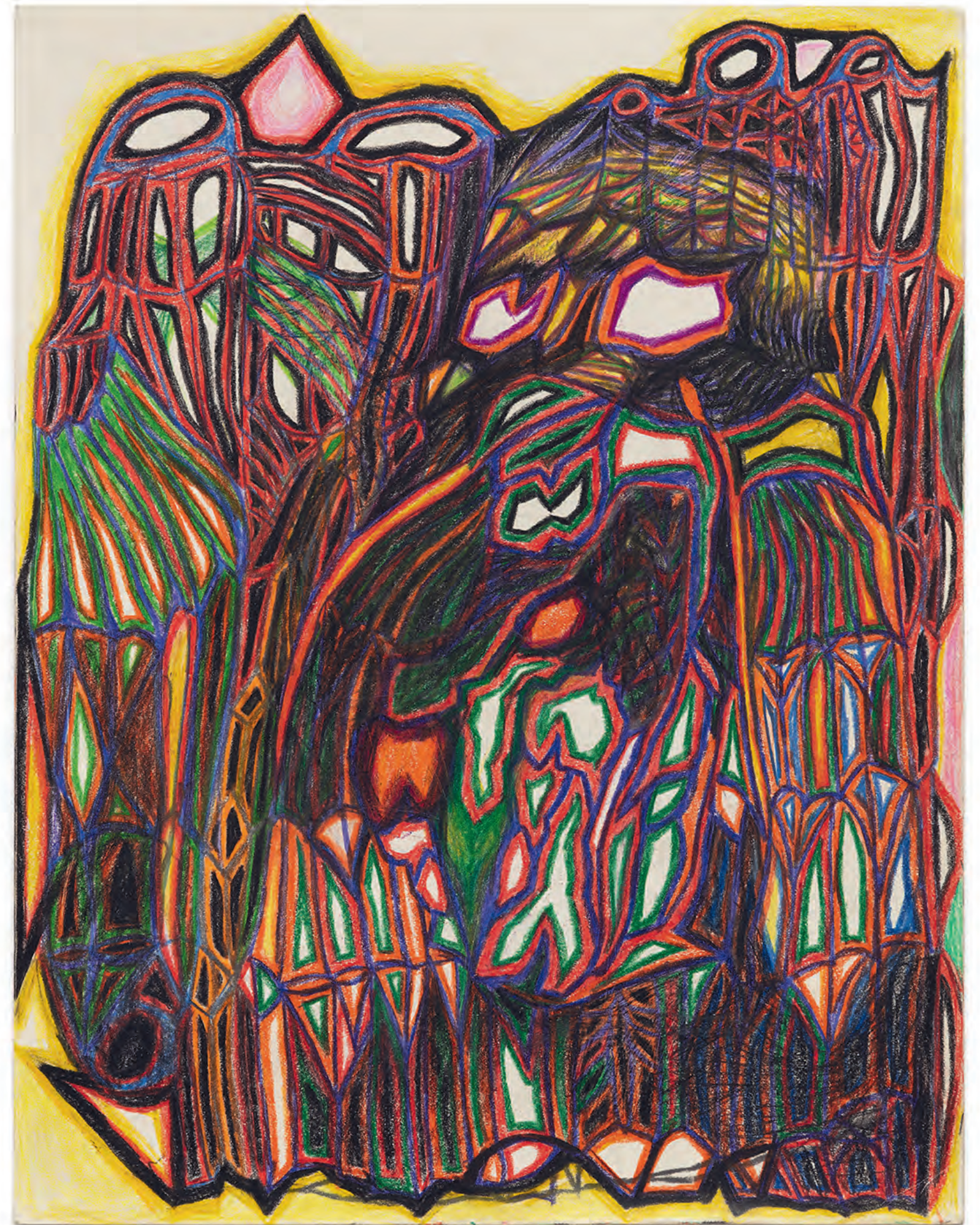
Following pages:

*Nobody's Guardian TOTEM (Parasite)*

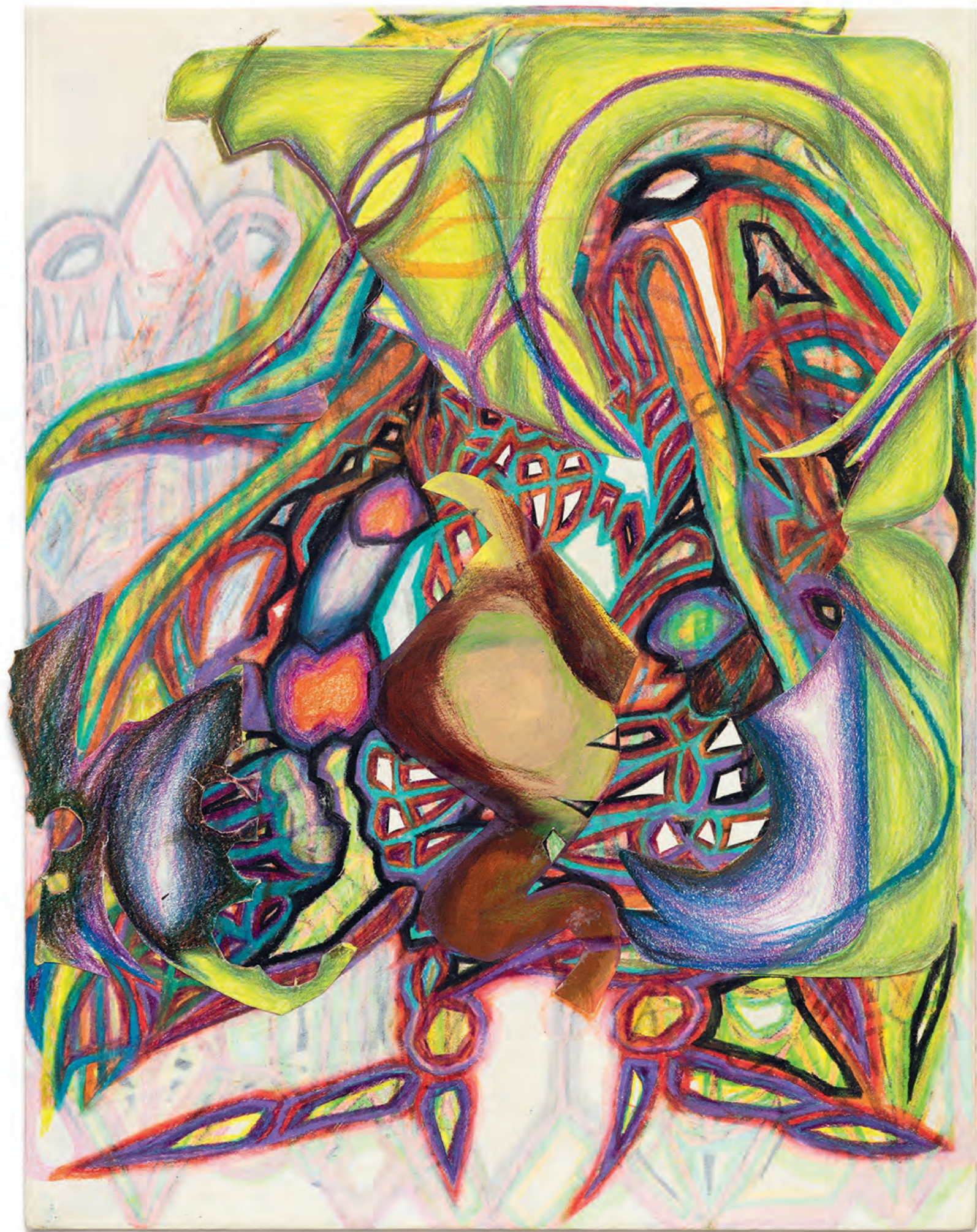
Colored pencil, oil, lacquer, crayon, graphite, and collage on paper, 2020–21

*Nobody's Guardian TOTEM (Termite)*

Colored pencil, oil, graphite, and collage on paper, 2021



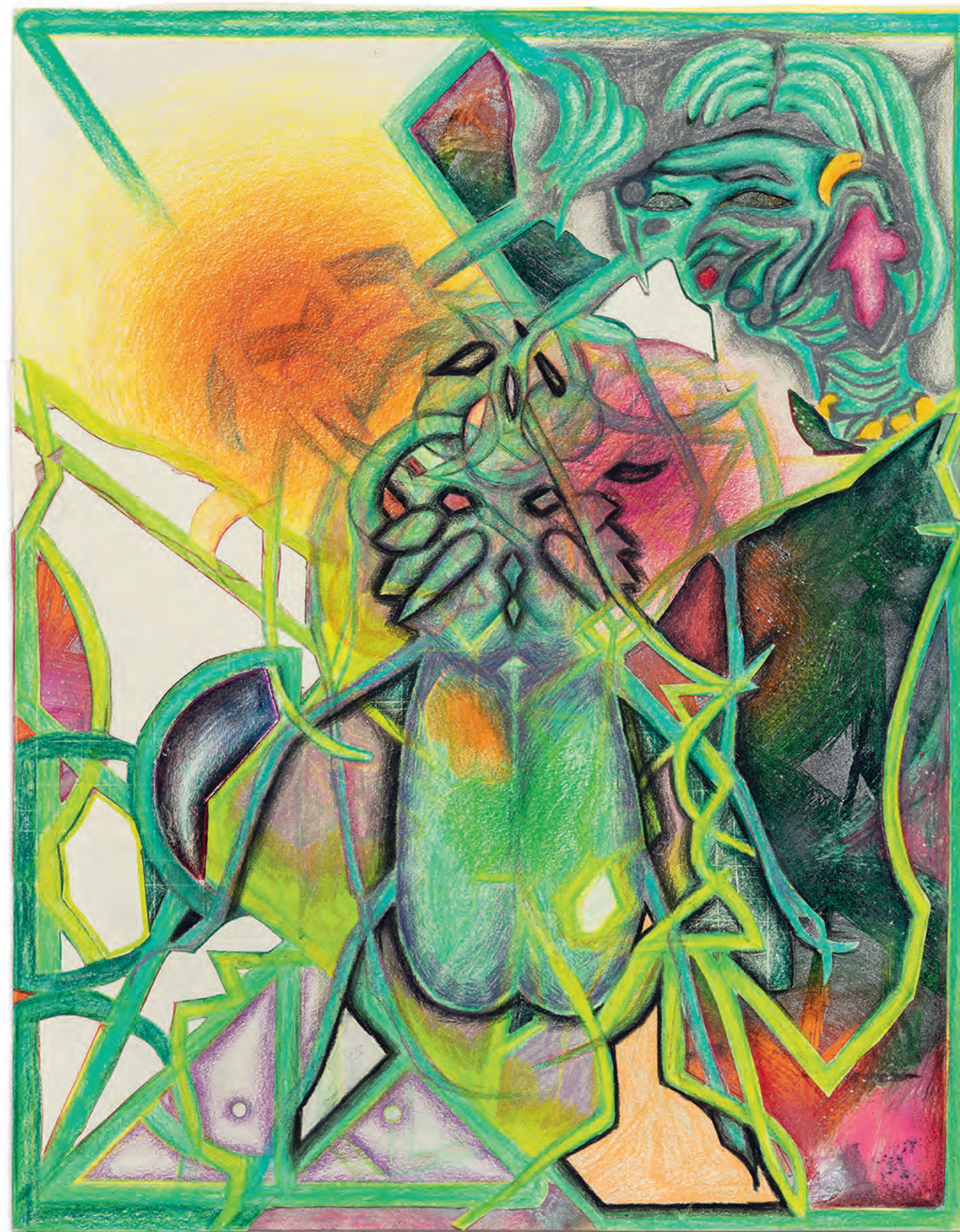


























*“Eine Art Stoßerei, die nicht die vorgebahnten Wege (oder die offenen Spuren) nimmt, sondern die Hirnsubstanz durchdringt, in dem sie unaufhörlich neue Wege schafft.” (Sphere I)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

Following pages:

*Path of no distinction (Sphere II)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*Radical intersection (Sphere III)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2021









*Hekate (The Triple-Bodied Woman)*

Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

Following pages:

*"Its upper part is not bright, and its lower part is not obscure." (Underworld)*  
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*She's Hungry*  
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2021

*Like (that of) water (Welt i)*  
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020

*Von dicker Konsistenz, kalt und in seinem Temperament trocken (Welt ii)*  
Colored pencil and graphite on paper, 2020



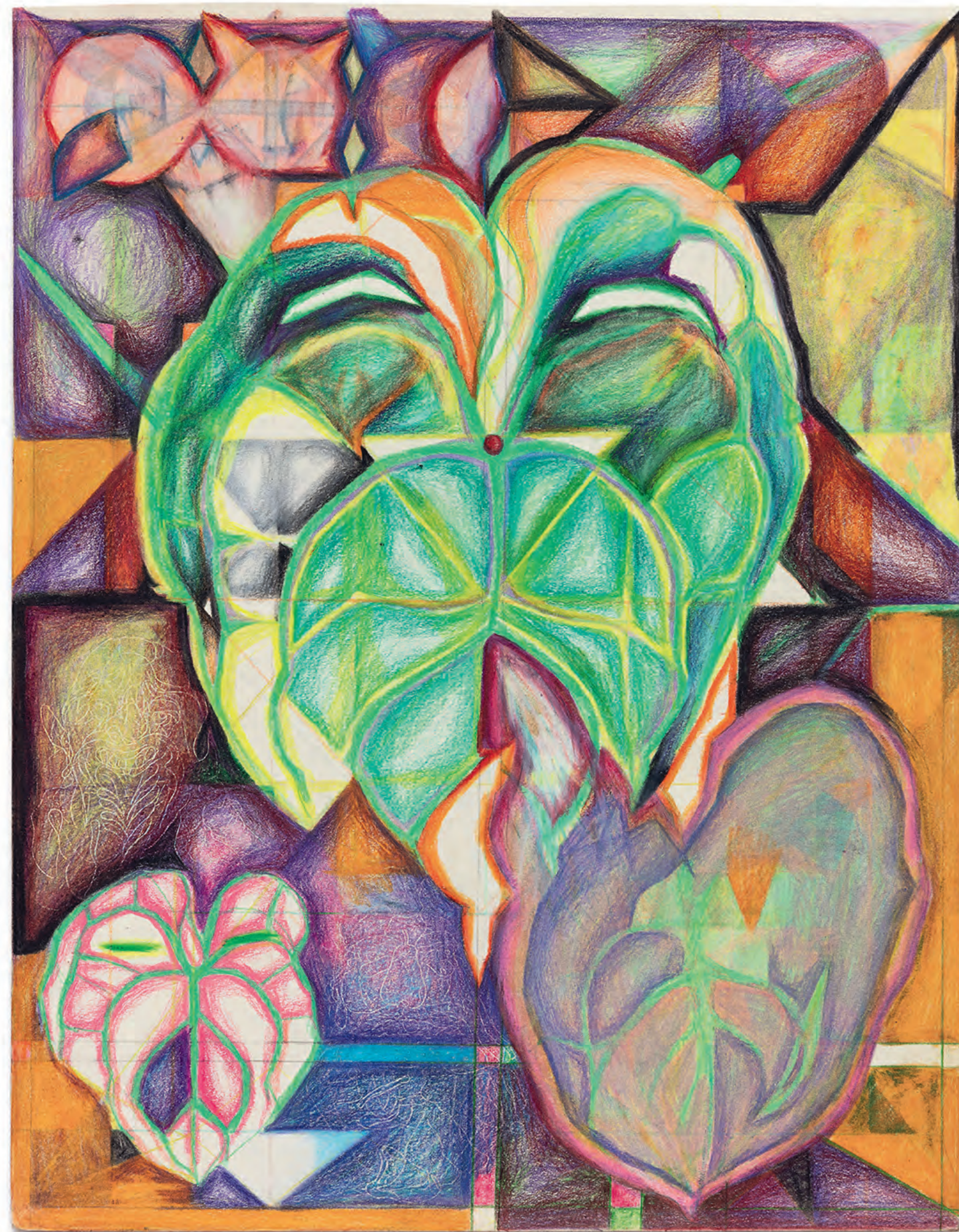




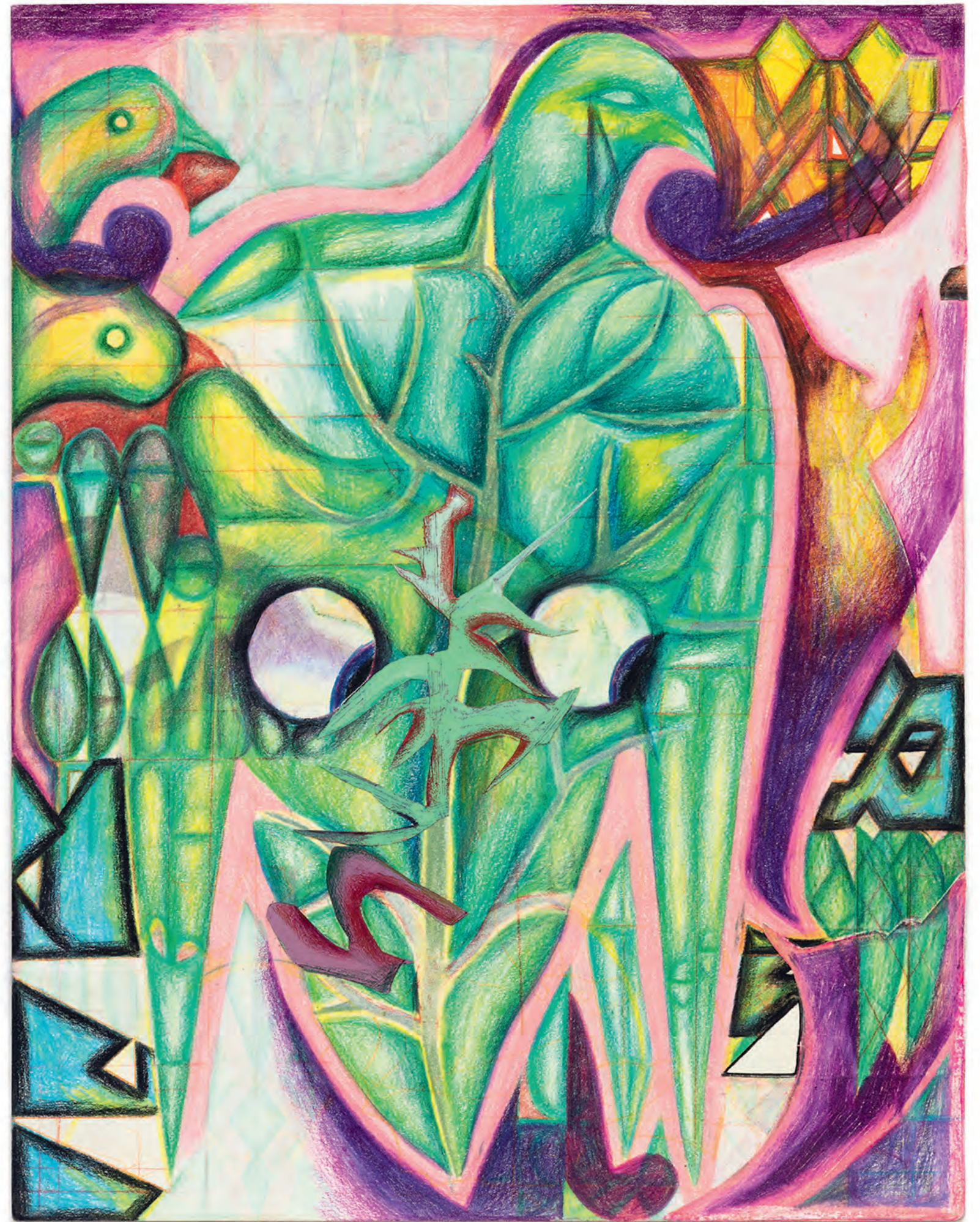




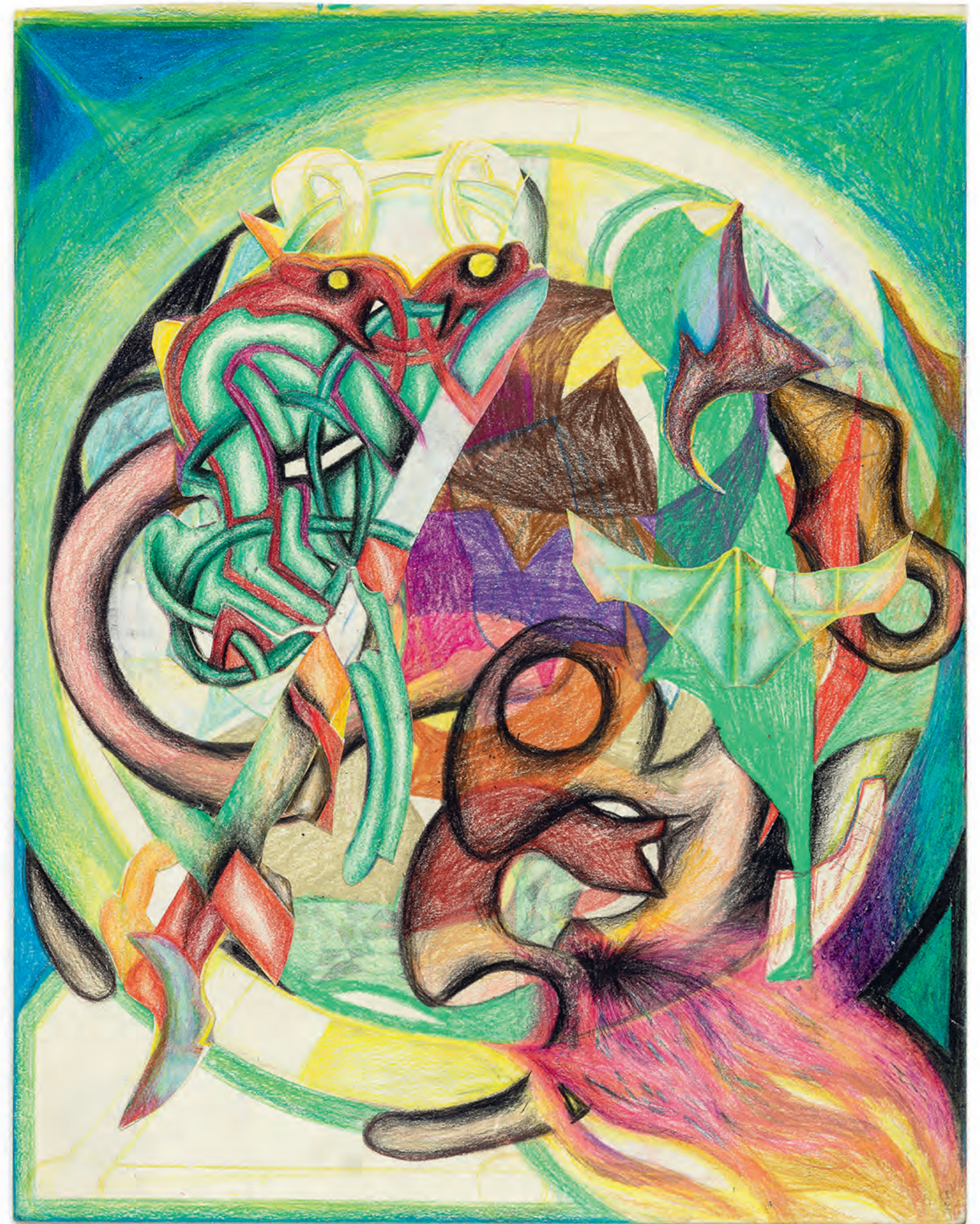






















Colored pencil, oil, lacquer, crayon, graphite, and collage on paper, 2020–21

Following pages:

*Enki (Sohn)*

Colored pencil, crayon, oil, lacquer, graphite, and collage on paper, 2020–21

*Nammu (Mutter)*

Colored pencil, ink, oil, lacquer, crayon, graphite, and collage on paper, 2020–21









*Pele (The Earth Eating Woman)*

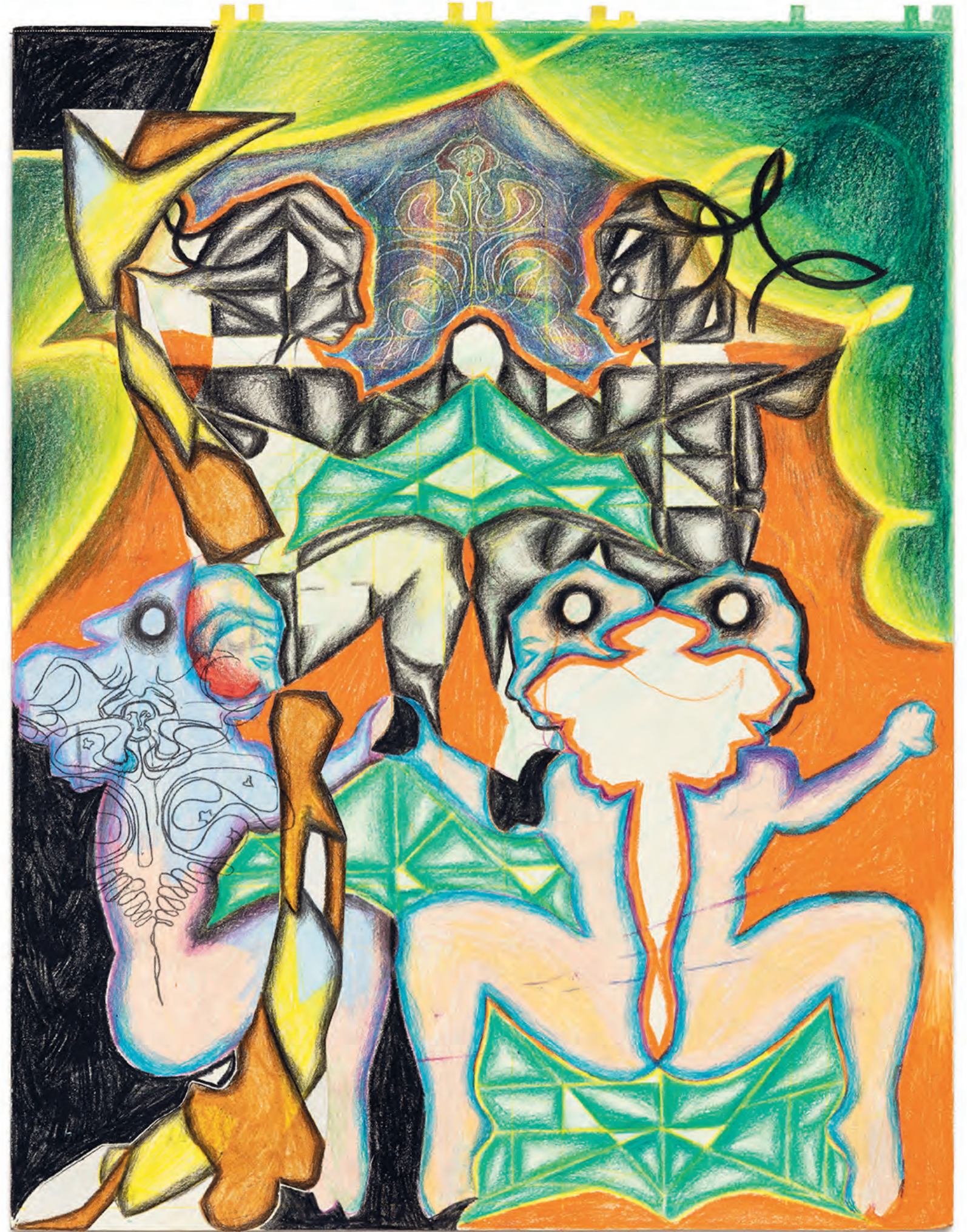
Colored pencil, oil, pigments, lacquer, crayon, graphite, and collage on paper, 2021











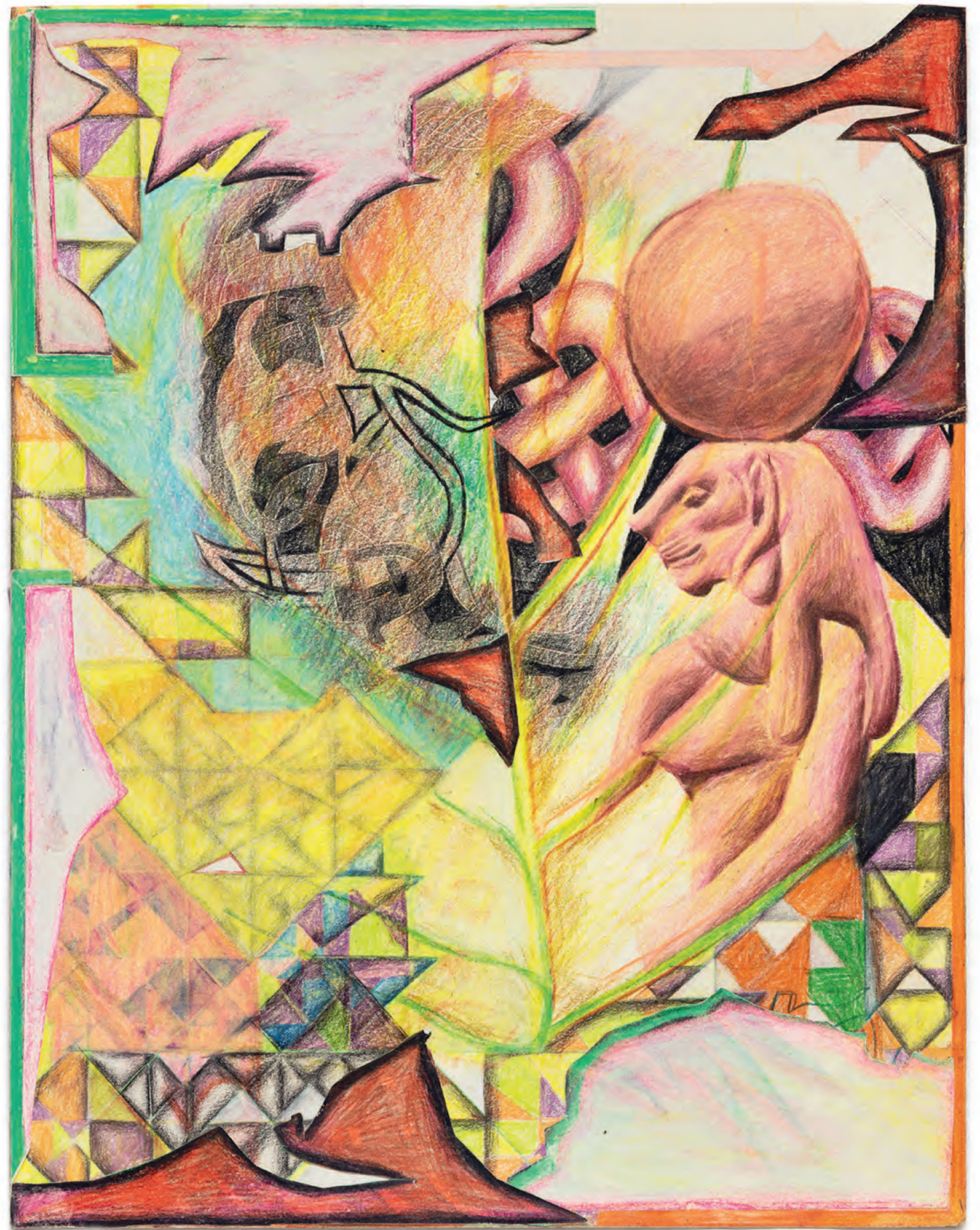


*"It is quite possible that the energy or phenomenon that glues together a repeatable experience of solidity and materiality on this earth is the pressure of billions of human beings simultaneously, and in close proximity, believing in what they see and hear." (Frau, Erbin, Essig, Eisen, Eulenmutter)*





*"Ceaseless in action, it cannot be named, and then again it returns and becomes nothing."  
(Inanna, twin of Utu)*









# Kerstin's Sein

A Letter to Kerstin by Eva Birkenstock

You mentioned the *Para Psychics* (2020–22) for the first time to me in an email during the first months of the 2020 pandemic. Not being able to proceed with your often collaborative studio practice, you described making use of the immediate resources you had at hand and beginning work on Mandala-like drawings with colored pencils on paper instead, sometimes for weeks on one drawing. Intimate condensations of the suspended time of the lockdown, of personal meditations, of anxieties and fears, but as always also channels to spheres, modes, agencies, and durations beyond our present.

I didn't get to see the actual drawings until you moved to Berlin in December the same year. Back then, the series was yet not completed. You mentioned the title, *Para Psychics*, and expressed an interest in tarot, mysticism, and alchemy in relation to them, but you still seemed to be figuring out what the drawings were or could be, not least in relation to your broader practice. In previous series such as your *Psychics* (2005–08), the *Unstable Talismanic Renderings (with Gratitude to Master Marbler Dirk Lange)* (2014–17), *Fossil Psychics for Christa (Stucco Marmo)* (2017–present) or the *Blocked Radiants (for Ioana)* paintings (2011) and *Blocked Radiants Glasses* (2012–16), the matter and the technique of the works appeared to be as much a medium for mystical and spiritual references as they were part of the inherent material processes: by building images from drops (marblings), sculpted brushstrokes (stuccos), and through the constant multiplication of your own artistic identity, with the involvement of ancient crafts and their masters (or in case of the *Psychics*, by painting abstract portraits following actual sessions with psychics). After many years of collaborating with artists and mosaic workshops—as well as with glass, marbling, and stucco masters—the *Para Psychics*, triggered by the particular reality of the lockdown, inverted this collaborative impetus. The means for exploring this longing for other sites, spheres, and personalities come no longer via the inclusion of others and the appropriation of centuries-old processes, but via / para you.

Now that you have finalized the entire series of one hundred drawings, and following our many conversations about them (which even led to a joint seminar with workshops and excursions inspired by the *Para Psychics* (at Nuremberg AdBK in 2021–22), I am honored and overjoyed to co-publish this unique publication with the Ludwig Forum in Aachen, and furthermore to host *Die Sein: Para Psychics*, an exhibition featuring the complete series within a site-specific installation of yours at the museum. *Die Sein* is a derivative of the German term “Da Sein”—to be there, to exist, replacing “Da / there” with the female “Die / she”. This first part of your title perfectly connotes the radical shift these drawings manifest within your practice. Particularly the way *Die Sein* recalls a personalized, feminized mode of existing beyond simply “being,” but instead as *being her, being Kerstin*, while still including many (or being many, but only via yourself).

Spread out in temporal, potentially changing constellations across the museum walls as well as across independent architectural structures, the *Para Psychics* drawings offer devotional readings to the architectural space, to the site, and to the visitors wandering through them and becoming part of them. *Defense; “Flow directly implicates not one but several bodies” (Plasmastate); The Call; We meet it and do not see its Front; we follow it, and do not see its Back.” (Psychopomp); So as a Female Bird? (The High Priestess); \*Shapeshifter, Direct Action as a Means of Escaping Fate (Medea); Soulmate; Pharmaceia (Christa's Blutbild—Can't Describe It More Closely); Blut (That Abrupt and Heavy Falling; Von Geistern geworfen; Transitioning (Please Leave a Message); Time breaks down into many times; The Waiting Room . . .* The drawings' abstract titles consist partly of fragments of essays and publications you consulted while working on this project, partly of titles of older works, of references to personal experiences, made up names and neologisms, the names of goddesses, or of terms from the handbook of German superstitions. These poetic spells and announcements are projected onto a wall in the Ludwig Forum. Accompanied by a meditative sound sphere from Wibke Tiarks, they create another kind of waiting room, a preliminary stage for rest, rehabilitation, arrival, and departure.

# Editor's Note

Bettina Funcke

Kerstin is restless, always on the move from place to place, from one show or project or collaboration to the next, forever changing locations and states of mind—that's the way her creativity flows. So, when she called me last summer and started talking about a book that would bring together a series of daily drawings she was making while stuck in one apartment or another during pandemic lockdown, I listened. What might come about under such unusual circumstances? The series ended up spanning two years. What happens on a 11 x 14-inch piece of paper, and then happens again, and again, one hundred times, over the course of seven hundred days? The focus, the endurance, the commitment verging on stubbornness: it was dizzying.

During this first phone call in August 2021, Kerstin talked about a mystic almanac encompassing many centuries and cultures, about her exploration of inner life and plant medicine, about Ariana Reines' 2020 workshop where artists gathered on Zoom to read aloud from the myth of the oldest known goddess, and how she had begun her slow, dense drawings while learning about this goddess, Inanna. *Para Psychics*, she called the drawings. What does that mean, I wondered? A parallel psychic realm? Beings or spirits in relation to us, to Inanna, to the space and time of another dimension? These spirit drawings had accompanied her and structured her time for over two years. Simple challenges—like a temporary lack of black coloring pencils when everyone else started coloring in lockdown—joined the main problem of life under these new and extreme circumstances, under which the world would deeply transform, leaping into a new era still largely unknown as we try to catch up with all we've been catapulted into. What readings, ideas, images, voices, practices, or experiences could serve to help us locate ourselves or discern a path forward?

Kerstin's *Para Psychics* book is one answer to this question. It traces an artist's attempt to find stable ground underfoot while simultaneously taking flight. One hundred exquisitely reproduced *Para Psychics* are joined by reflections both new and ancient, historical excerpts and commissioned essays, poetry and potently experimental art theory, gravity paired with lightness in ideas both playful and deeply serious, all breaking open our sense of life as we knew it, just as the pandemic has done and continues to do. The contributions include hymns to the oldest known goddess, a philosophical poem about the nature of mind and soul, a non-fiction tale of lapis lazuli's role in art's aim of representing the sacred, a transcribed film monologue calling for new trans-species stories, transcribed excerpts from online lectures urging us to slow down, to consider the mischievous logic of the trickster, to descend into the cracks and find a deeper sense of femininity, as well as a prologue to a book about the entangled life of mushrooms. Ten images that inspired the whole endeavor appear with historical-personal annotations co-written by the artist and myself.

People are entangled, as is everything else in this book. Any image could refer to a written idea, weaving us into another thought and then back into a drawing, and on and on. One can get lost in these patterns, like those in string figures passed from hand to hand. This book wants it all, and invites us without modesty to see it all, to see us, as one and interconnected, like Merlin Sheldrake's fungi: “From these roots, a fungal network laced out into the soil and around roots of nearby trees. Without this fungal web my tree would not exist. Without similar fungal webs no plant would exist anywhere. All life on land, including my own, depended on these networks. I tugged lightly on my root and felt the ground move.”

These pages are also humble and shy, intimate and impish. There is no message to convey, just an invitation to spend time and to keep moving between, never losing the thread thanks to the depth of the interconnections: an idea that we might apply to our world at large in order to get just a little bit more comfortable living in it.



what would it take to  
kill the imagination  
it is important to  
wonder what  
our enemies  
are already  
thinking  
you are  
so much  
blood I  
love you  
your force  
the force  
of blood  
we give  
our thanks  
to the engineer  
of this meadow  
can you hear how it is  
flowing through our  
door flooding a  
better word  
sections of  
the day peel  
away to our  
curative  
vigor  
we were going to be okay  
we just did not know it at the time

woodpeckers  
make insects  
make themselves  
small as possible  
marooned in nucleus of  
another shattered  
discourse your  
burning building  
appears suddenly  
in this poem  
a wall  
collapses  
revealing a line of  
detectives waiting  
to see if the soul  
is betrayed will  
we still  
believe in  
the body  
imagine  
the body  
imagine  
us in the  
mouselike  
dream in  
the wall

our  
little  
places  
within  
are not  
dungeons  
remember  
remember  
astronomers point  
satellites into space  
the military points  
them down at us  
the inverse relationship  
between love we offer  
and what we give  
this on and  
off button  
is another  
opportunity  
to believe  
there are  
only two  
choices  
this too  
must end

movie of the  
memorized  
dissolving in  
aortic arch  
of worms  
lovers  
wincing  
in sunlight  
do you own  
the land all  
the way  
to the  
core  
are  
you  
a hot  
lava  
core  
owner  
barbed wire  
and shovel

broken  
bowl no  
longer a  
bowl  
apology moonlighting  
as compensation  
sometimes  
gloves get in  
the glove box  
this is  
how  
he is  
swallowing  
everything  
worrying  
over end  
date of  
the sky  
a good  
reaction  
when life in  
reverse makes  
you nauseous



to  
desire  
the world  
as it is  
not as  
it was  
falling  
feather  
attaches  
to new life  
for a moment  
when the hammer  
approached we thought  
*is that thing coming this way*  
we are the fractal  
drop to hear  
our own  
harmonics  
in the muffled  
underground  
hum of seeds

a  
lion  
meddling  
with mechanics  
of my throat  
hooks in  
hooks out  
eyes write  
heart writes  
liver writes  
liver writes a  
little more  
then I lift  
the pen  
prepare  
for their  
answers  
when  
speaking  
with  
the  
dead  
listen to  
the golden  
boomerang return

would  
a church  
exist if our  
fear of death  
did not prevail  
retire the invisible  
arm reaching in and  
out of our attention  
a tree  
reveals  
its pulse  
to the  
leaning  
lovers  
was that you  
it wasn't me  
our names  
materialize  
on lips of  
everyone  
we love  
a brief  
frequency  
holding each  
syllable  
midair

it is easy to  
forget there  
are other stars  
when sunlight  
fills me  
to the  
gills  
keeping  
a toe in  
the dance  
music our  
preferred  
epoxy  
I do not  
have enough  
civic pride for  
the grift in  
this system  
get me out  
of the grime of  
the sentence  
earning love is  
like taxing oxygen  
how many times are we  
asked to overthrow our desire  
please say you too are sick of it



never deny  
the warmth  
of a burning  
flag  
sing  
a 900  
year old  
death tune  
just in time to  
digitize empathy  
sing it for days  
sing it into chairs  
sit on it  
fold the anus  
gingerly around it  
hold its sweetest note  
till we remember  
which ancestor was  
the first to forsake  
the power  
of an  
ant

Do You Like  
Your Species  
is my latest  
questionnaire  
meet me at the  
quarry where  
Michelangelo  
conjured David  
your inferno is  
my paradise  
adjusting  
for the  
emotions  
of machines  
reaching for a  
spirit shining  
in the trees  
every cell  
singing the  
Ghost of  
We Shall  
Rise Again  
if you call this planet  
evil one more time  
I will have to learn  
to hold you better

battle cry  
connects  
bodies at  
a critical  
moment  
while love  
reveals the  
art of pliability  
before and after  
never so visceral  
sing happy  
birthday while  
harvesting organs  
sing happy birthday  
while stitching them  
into their new body  
learn to accept the  
unanticipated  
wonder for  
your hand  
when the  
moon  
reaches  
back

everything  
falls with  
the tree  
something  
about the man  
in the pin holding  
the butterfly down  
Dear Reluctant Sleeper  
we are supposed to be  
used to sleep by now  
each night we question  
where we are going  
why we have to go  
a stick in the air to  
poke a hole in the wind  
our planet is lighter  
with every astronaut  
shot into space  
jolted alive in the  
catapult of ritual  
roll the world's  
barbed wire  
into one  
ball  
good morning  
glad we are back





208 Inanna  
*Ishtar Cylinder Seal and Rolling*, Mesopotamia,  
Akkadian Period, c. 2334–2154 BCE  
© The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago

In April 2020, Kerstin joined Ariana Reines’ Invisible College, a Zoom community Ariana had founded in response to Covid as a space for artists to work. A twelve-day long study in ecstatic receivership, anaphora, underworld journeying, the ethics of bliss, and female statecraft, artists and writers gathered online to read out loud, discuss, and freely associate on the myth of *Inanna, Queen of Heaven*. Kerstin was dipping in and out of reading and drawing, working on some of her earliest *Para Psychics*. One of the most vital ancient myths about the first goddess

in recorded history, Inanna’s story of descent into the underworld was a fitting metaphor for the beginning of the pandemic, as her journey engages with ideas of death, transformation, and rebirth.

The seal shows Inanna (known to the Semites as Ishtar) in full regalia, standing triumphantly with one foot on the back of her roaring lion as she holds him on a leash. Horns extend from her miter, and in her left hand she holds a single-edged sword. Two quivers sprout from her winged shoulders, suggesting both her martial and supernatural natures. In the sky beside her appears an eight-pointed star, emblematic of her manifestation as the Venus star. Another goddess wears a single-horned headdress, denoting her lower rank, and gestures in worship to the Queen of Heaven and Earth.



*Fortune Turning Her Wheel: Regnabo, regno, regnavi, sum sine regno / Ruling, about to rule, without a kingdom, having ruled*  
Gregory the Great, *Moralia in Job*, written in three scripts in Spain in 914 CE, the main scribe named Gomez  
© The University of Manchester

The drawing *Fortune Turning Her Wheel* from a tenth-century Spanish manuscript of Gregory’s *Moralia on Job*, is the only figurative decoration in the entire book. This early depiction of the Wheel of Fortune is unusual. We see Fortuna looking upon the idealized human, who embodies only a governmental function rather than an ordinary human being made of flesh and bone. In medieval times the individual human did not yet exist.

The four figures on the wheel, in various states of regal or plain dress, represent four stages of rulership clockwise from the top: *Ruling, about to rule, without a kingdom, and having ruled*. Fortune herself and the two crowned figures in the wheel cast their gazes up and away from the viewer, while the two despondent figures look imploringly at Fortune as if requesting that she intervene on their behalf.

In later depictions, when transitioning from illuminated manuscripts to panel painting, the wheel stands on the ground, embedded in a landscape within a human realm. There is no three-dimensionality yet in this Wheel of Fortune, but only a free floating non-human space. Fortuna is not inserted by God to rule, but is God herself. Time is circular: past, present, and future are not linear. All states exist equally.



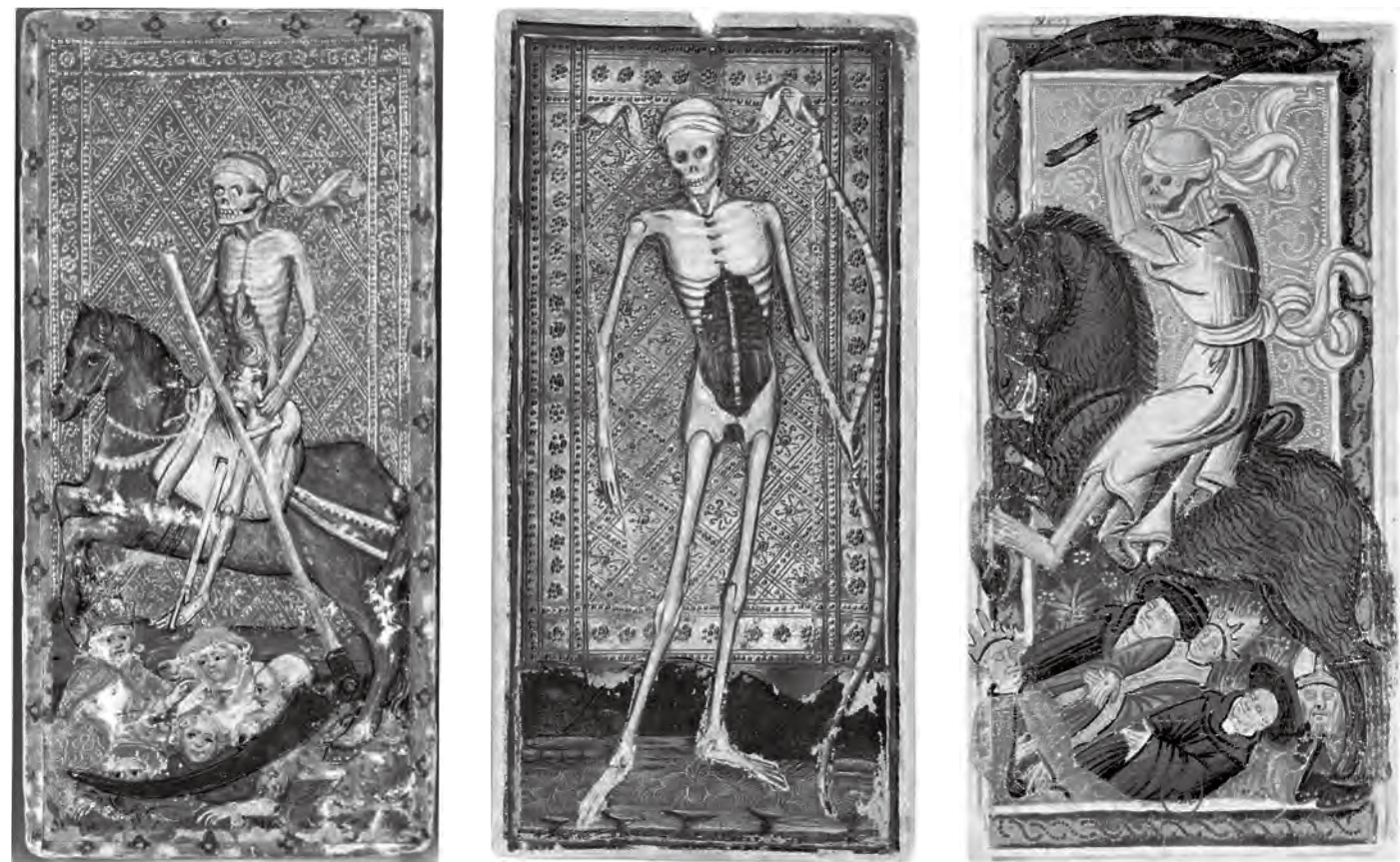
Upper Rhenish Master, *The Little Garden of Paradise*, c. 1410–20  
Mixed technique on oak  
© Städel Museum, Frankfurt am Main

*The Little Garden of Paradise* literally embraces Kerstin’s *Para Psychics* book from its inside, while partially being hidden. This unusual treatment of a reproduced artwork points to Kerstin’s fascination with the work, which she employed here like a hidden gift or secret of the *Para Psychics* book. Once could say that in general veiling and revealing are integral to spiritual experiences, practices, or religious images.

This intimate, small-format painting depicts a *Hortus Conclusus* (closed garden) scene. It could be seen as a simple representation of the connectedness of all living matter: plants, humans, animals, and little creatures. The sky and some cloaks were painted in lapis lazuli blue, which informed Kerstin’s choice for the outer jacket design of the *Para Psychics* book as a blue block. Cover, spine, and the edge of the pages are lapis lazuli blue. Lapis lazuli was a high-quality pigment widely known for its luminosity and iridescence in occidental art. It was rare and had to be brought by merchants across the sea, which gave the color its second name, “ultramarine.” Its pigmentation gives the heavenly sphere a material aesthetic.

Kerstin’s own as-of-yet-unrealized *Hortus Conclusus* garden project, which included extensive mosaic paintings, was inspired by the philosophy of the twelfth-century mystic Hildegard von Bingen. At the center of this medieval saint’s healing practice was an understanding of the reciprocity between plants and the astrological realm. Based on Von Bingen’s cosmic philosophy, Kerstin’s layout of the garden was designed as a giant traversable painting facing the sky. It was to function as a map for a future painting, a living painting, an ever-becoming body where nature and art would merge into one; an artwork whose lifespan would stretch into a different paradigm of time.





#### Death Cards from Different Fifteenth-century Tarot Decks

left: *Death*, Visconti di Modrone Tarot Cards, Milan, c. 1428–47  
Workshop of Bonifacio Bembo, fl. 1447–78, d. bef. 1482  
© Yale University Library

middle: *Death*, Visconti Sforza Tarot Cards, Milan, c. 1450–80  
Pierpont Morgan Library. Manuscript. M.630.12.  
Courtesy of The Morgan Library & Museum

right: *Death*, Charles IV Cards, Northern Italy, late fifteenth century  
Courtesy of The National Library of France

Tarot's origin is uncertain, but it is likely that the first cards came from India, the Middle East, or Egypt. Europe's early references to tarot date to the 1440s and 1450s and are centered around Venice, Milan, Florence, and Urbino. Tarot cards employed the standard Italian suits—Cups, Swords, Batons, and Coins—with values from ten to one and with Kings, Queens, Knights, or Knaves, up to fifty-six cards, which represented the general social order. Twenty-one trump cards, or *tarocchi*, were added, with the Fool at the bottom leading up to the Emperor and Pope at the top. Tarot is a game of trick-taking and the rules of the game have likely not significantly changed since the fifteenth century. Although the divinatory

aspect of tarot didn't become popular until the eighteenth century, alchemical, astrological, and hermetic imagery did appear in some earlier *tarocchi* decks because it was a part of the imaginary of the time.

The Death card is Kerstin's favorite, though it is probably the most feared and misunderstood of all the cards in the Tarot deck. The Death card has elements of a sudden and unexpected change: it symbolizes the end of a major phase or aspect of one's life. It concerns endings and beginnings; transcendence, transformation, and transition. Death represents alteration and an expansive idea of time. It is an inherent part of being alive.

The tarot deck is a devotional set of cards made up of Major and Minor Arcana. The Major Arcana tracks the Fool's Journey to enlightenment. Its structure follows the traditional Hero's Journey and the moment we ask a question in a tarot reading, it shows the obstacles and major shifts that happen along the way.

Kerstin's *Para Psychics* are an attempt to create a synchronicity of simultaneous spaces that break down the (man-made) illusion of hierarchy and commonly known linear progression.



#### *The Tarocchi Players*, c. 1440s

Artist unknown  
Fresco in the Borromeo Palace, Milan  
Photo: Kerstin Brätsch

*The Tarocchi Players* was painted around the time tarot (*tarocchi*) cards were invented. It is one of a group of frescoes in the *Sala dei Giochi* (Games Room) of the Palazzo Borromeo in Milan.

It is not inappropriate that the image looks like a photograph of card-playing ghosts. These specters have stories, as well as fabulous hats, hairstyles, and tarot cards. . . . We see five young gamers crammed into half a small card table. They are actively involved in playing a 'trick', meaning to play cards of different values to see whose card will be of highest value and take the others. Completed tricks are collected into stacks in front of each player who has taken them. . . . Erosion has been so rapid in the last century, particularly because of changes in humidity and ground and air pollution . . . Palazzo Borromeo was bombed in World War II . . . the ceiling was blown off the *Sala dei Giochi* and in came the elements.

—Glenn Wright, *Pathology of the Poet*, Substack

The deck depicted in the *Tarocchi Players* fresco is known as the "Brera-Brambilla" deck and is located at the Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan. The Pinacoteca hosts one of three oldest sets of *tarocchi* cards in the world.



#### Celestial Atlas, 1660

*The Northern Stellar Hemisphere, with the Terrestrial Hemisphere Lying Beneath*, plate 26 from Andreas Cellarius' *Harmonia Macrocosmica*, 1660  
Publisher: Gerard Valk and Peter Schenk, Amsterdam  
The Minnich Collection, The Ethel Morrison Van Derlip Fund, 1966  
Courtesy of the Minneapolis Institute of Art

Did the sun orbit the earth or did the earth orbit the sun? In the 1600s this was up for grabs. The greatest minds in science and religion waged a war of observation and ideology to try and answer the question of our true place in the universe.

Andreas Cellarius' *Harmonia Macrocosmica* condenses the 1500-year-long history of astronomical systems into a single star atlas, depicting every competing theory and philosophy of the cosmos in a single, beautiful volume. The final pages of the *Macrocosmica*, including this celestial map, leave science behind to embark on a series of colorful and imaginative depictions of the constellations—Greek, Roman, and the later Christian icons. Here the stellar constellation of the northern hemisphere is placed on top of the terrestrial hemisphere.

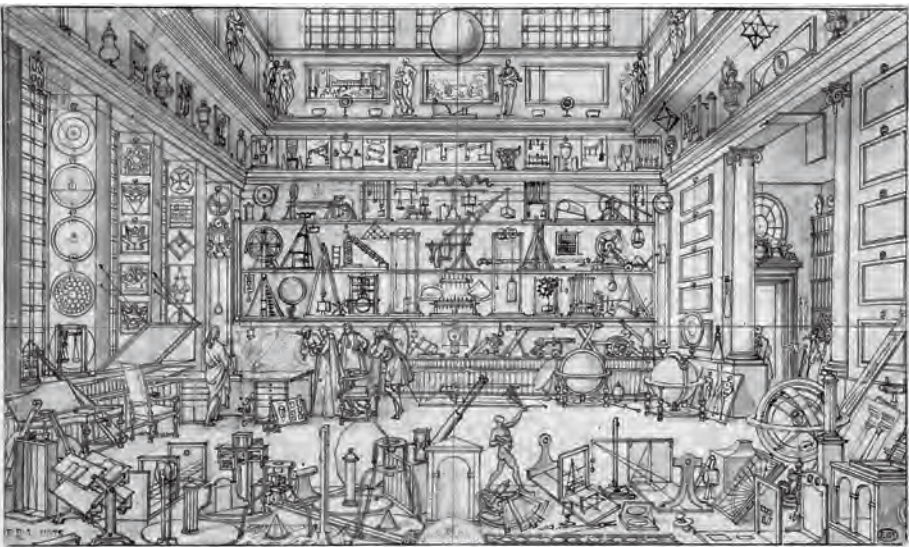
*Harmonia Macrocosmica* was criticized in the seventeenth century for refusing to take a side in the debate over heliocentrism versus geocentrism, science versus religion. It doesn't tell us *how* the universe works; instead it shows how we see ourselves in it.

There is a parallel here with Sébastien Leclerc's "ideal studio" (c. 1713), roughly from the same period, in terms of not choosing one side or the other but instead depicting contradictory theories or debates simultaneously.



Sébastien Leclerc, *The Studio of Monsieur Leclerc*, "second" drawing, c.1713  
Pen and brown ink, gray wash  
© Beaux-Arts de Paris, Dist. RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, NY

Sébastien Leclerc’s drawing of his own imaginary, and perhaps ideal, studio shows a sort of *Wunderkammer* (cabinet of curiosities), revealing a condensed representation of the world. Its shelves are filled with instruments, machines, models, and tools for helping to grasp the world. We see a rectangular interior with an extremely high ceiling in a frontal perspective and perfect symmetry. This arsenal of tools depicts a contradictory, rather than an enlightened, world. Various worldviews collapse onto each other. Here we might realize that an accumulation of knowledge doesn’t necessarily lead to consistency or clarity. There are machines for architecture, for war, for moving forces, for the balance of liquids, for the gravity of the air, for the elevation of waters, for



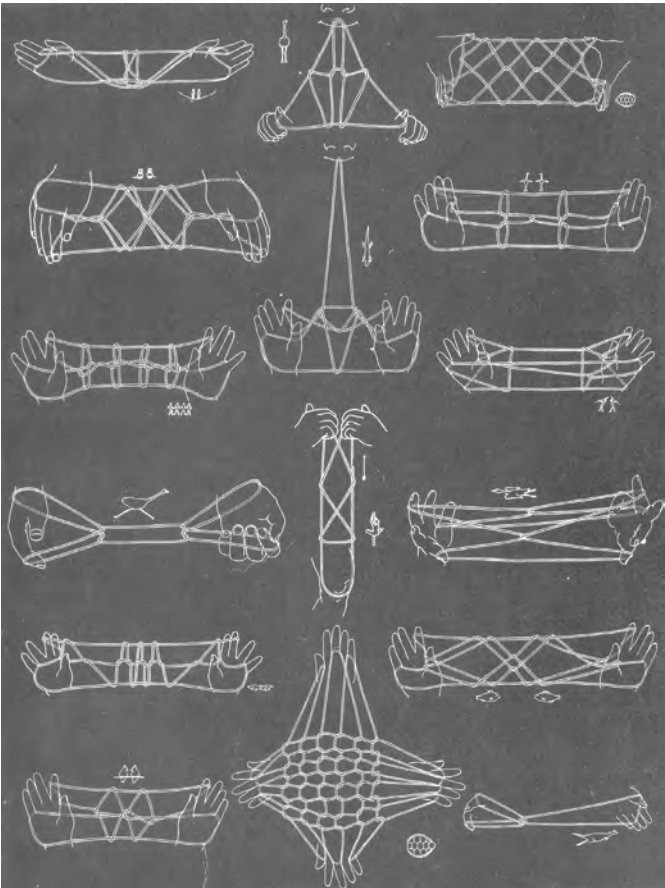
perpetual motion, for gnomonics, for statics, for vision, for perspective, for optics, and catoptrics. Piled up instruments include projection screens, a revolving lectern, tweezers, a long ruler with a binocular viewfinder, an hourglass, a small folding sundial, an instrument for prismatic mirror anamorphoses, a magic lantern against which is placed a compass, a graduated apparatus for studying the motion of the pendulum, an architectural board, and many others.



Jantar Mantar, c. 1727–34  
Astronomical instruments, yantras, at the Jantar Mantar observatory, Jaipur, India  
© Simon Fraser / Science Photo Library

Jantar Mantars are architectural astronomical instruments similar to observatories, used to compile astronomical tables, predict planetary movements, measure time, and forecast eclipses. Steps lead up to a viewing platform, where the movements of celestial bodies could be observed and tracked. The planetary movement of the stars as a “sky clock” is the foundation of our current calculation of times. The biggest monument at the Jantar Mantar observatory is the *Samrat Jantar*, a twenty-seven-meter-high sundial that can measure time within an accuracy of two seconds. The observatory is one of five that Maharaja Jai Singh II constructed in west central India between 1727 and 1734. It was restored in 1901.

Kerstin researched these astronomical structures while working on the above-mentioned *Hortus Conclusus*, a large-scale outdoor garden project. She envisioned bringing the cosmic relations in dialogue with plant life on the ground and building a fresco-sundial with a motif from her *Para Psychics*. She was drawn to the idea of a painting that would measure time by a simple means such as sunlight. Humans still have the capacity to experience the infinite through their body, revealing time as a construct beyond the constraints of a human mind.



Donna Haraway, *String Figures*  
AUSTRALIA. *Australia*. String Games of Northern Queensland  
Antique photographic book illustration for *Customs of the World*, ed. Walter Hutchinson, London: Hutchinson & Co, 1913  
© Antiqua Print Gallery / Alamy Stock Photo

String figures are a design formed by manipulating string around one’s fingers. The complex patterns that appear can be made purely for entertainment, but have also been used to pass on information about tribal legends or practical information about daily life. In her film, *Story Telling as Earthly Survival* (2017), Donna Haraway reminds us that “thinking is a materialist practice with other thinkers, and some of the best thinking is done as storytelling. We need other kinds of stories. . . . But good thinking always happens at the moment of speechlessness.” Especially in a time of ecological urgency, we need to question the language we use. For Haraway, the stories we tell, the practices we engage in, and the multispecies worlds we inhabit can all be tools for discovering ways of caring and thinking about and across sentient beings. This could involve an approach to countering the logic of capitalist progress, which has brought us to the current multispecies genocide. Passing string figures from hand to hand, feeling the magic of transformation from figure to figure, can serve to demonstrate our collaborative practices, modes of action, and ways of relating across species.



Ant fungus (*Ophiocordyceps unilateralis*), Peru, 2011  
© Linden Gledhill

Zombie fungi control the behavior of their insect hosts with exquisite precision. *Ophiocordyceps* compels ants to perform the death grip in a zone with just the right temperature and humidity to allow the fungus to fruit: a height of twenty-five centimeters above the forest floor. The fungus orients ants according to the direction of the sun, and infected ants bite in synchrony, at noon. They don’t bite any old spot on the leaf’s underside. Ninety-eight percent of the time, the ants clamp onto a major vein.

—Merlin Sheldaske, *Entangled Life*

Reading Merlin Sheldrake’s *Entangled Life* Kerstin became interested in fungi culture and their interconnectedness to plant life, discovering how vast the diversity of the fungi world is compared to that of plants. She was fascinated to learn about the ways in which the mycorrhizal root systems serve as connecting points for solid media, such as when fungi intertwine rocks and plants with one another. It’s inspiring to realize that all recognizable life on land depends on plants, and that the history of plants is actually the history of the relationship between algae and fungi. Fittingly, fungi have a very fluid sense of individuality, having no fixed shape or body, as they are constantly unfolding themselves by fusing with other networks. In this way, fungi are an example of utter entanglement and constant collaboration: of non-binary identity. Zombie mushrooms and the idea of tapping into a frequency. Insectile memory/the insect’s mimicry: to play and *be* dead at the same time. The insect has no control anymore over its body while still being alive. The entanglement of the mushroom doesn’t stop. Instead, it keeps on moving through other living entities.



Inanna  
Queen of Heaven and Earth:  
Her Stories and Hymns from Sumer

The *Huluppu*-Tree

In the first days, in the very first days,  
In the first nights, in the very first nights,  
In the first years, in the very first years,

In the first days when everything needed was brought into being,  
In the first days when everything needed was properly nourished,  
When bread was baked in the shrines of the land,  
And bread was tasted in the homes of the land,  
When heaven had moved away from earth,  
And earth had separated from heaven,  
And the name of man was fixed;  
When the Sky God, An, had carried off the heavens,  
And the Air God, Enlil, had carried off the earth,  
When the Queen of the Great Below, Ereshkigal, was given the underworld for her domain,

He set sail; the Father set sail,  
Enki, the God of Wisdom, set sail for the underworld.  
Small windstones were tossed up against him;  
Large hailstones were hurled up against him;  
Like onrushing turtles,  
They charged the keel of Enki’s boat.  
The waters of the sea devoured the bow of his boat like wolves;  
The waters of the sea struck the stern of his boat like lions.

At that time, a tree, a single tree, a *huluppu*-tree  
Was planted by the banks of the Euphrates.  
The tree was nurtured by the waters of the Euphrates.  
The whirling South Wind arose, pulling at its roots  
And ripping at its branches  
Until the waters of the Euphrates carried it away.

A woman who walked in fear of the word of the Sky God, An,  
Who walked in fear of the word of the Air God, Enlil,  
Plucked the tree from the river and spoke:  
“I shall bring this tree to Uruk.  
I shall plant this tree in my holy garden.”

Inanna cared for the tree with her hand.  
She settled the earth around the tree with her foot.  
She wondered:  
“How long will it be until I have a shining throne to sit upon?  
How long will it be until I have a shining bed to lie upon?”

The years passed; five years, then ten years.  
The tree grew thick,  
But its bark did not split.

Then a serpent who could not be charmed  
Made its nest in the roots of the *huluppu*-tree.  
The *Anzu*-bird set his young in the branches of the tree.  
And the dark maid Lilith built her home in the trunk.

The young woman who loved to laugh wept.  
How Inanna wept!  
(Yet they would not leave her tree.)

As the birds began to sing at the coming of the dawn,  
The Sun God, Utu, left his royal bedchamber.  
Inanna called to her brother Utu, saying:  
“O Utu, in the days when the fates were decreed,  
When abundance overflowed in the land,  
When the Sky God took the heavens and the Air God the earth,  
When Ereshkigal was given the Great Below for her domain,  
The God of Wisdom, Father Enki, set sail for the underworld,  
And the underworld rose up and attacked him. . . .

At that time, a tree, a single tree, a *huluppu*-tree  
Was planted by the banks of the Euphrates.  
The South Wind pulled at its roots and ripped at its branches  
Until the waters of the Euphrates carried it away.  
I plucked the tree from the river; I brought it to my holy garden.  
I tended the tree, waiting for my shining throne and bed.

Then a serpent who could not be charmed  
Made its nest in the roots of the tree,  
The *Anzu*-bird set his young in the branches of the tree,  
And the dark maid Lilith built her home in the trunk.  
I wept.  
How I wept!  
(Yet they would not leave my tree.)”

Utu, the valiant warrior, Utu,  
Would not help his sister, Inanna.

As the birds began to sing at the coming of the second dawn,  
Inanna called to her brother Gilgamesh, saying:  
“O Gilgamesh, in the days when the fates were decreed,  
When abundance overflowed in Sumer,  
When the Sky God had taken the heavens and the Air God the earth,  
When Ereshkigal was given the Great Below for her domain,  
The God of Wisdom, Father Enki, set sail for the underworld,  
And the underworld rose up and attacked him.  
At that time, a tree, a single tree, a *huluppu*-tree  
Was planted by the banks of the Euphrates.  
The South Wind pulled at its roots and ripped at its branches  
Until the waters of the Euphrates carried it away.  
I plucked the tree from the river; I brought it to my holy garden.  
I tended the tree, waiting for my shining throne and bed.

Then a serpent who could not be charmed  
Made its nest in the roots of the tree,  
The *Anzu*-bird set his young in the branches of the tree,  
And the dark maid Lilith built her home in the trunk.  
I wept.  
How I wept!  
(Yet they would not leave my tree.)”



Gilgamesh the valiant warrior, Gilgamesh,  
The hero of Uruk, stood by Inanna.

Gilgamesh fastened his armor of fifty minas around his chest.  
The fifty minas weighed as little to him as fifty feathers.  
He lifted his bronze ax, the ax of the road,  
Weighing seven talents and seven minas, to his shoulder.  
He entered Inanna’s holy garden.

Gilgamesh struck the serpent who could not be charmed.  
The *Anzu*-bird flew with his young to the mountains;  
And Lilith smashed her home and fled to the wild, uninhabited places.  
Gilgamesh then loosened the roots of the *huluppu*-tree;  
And the sons of the city, who accompanied him, cut off the branches.

From the trunk of the tree he carved a throne for his holy sister.  
From the trunk of the tree Gilgamesh carved a bed for Inanna.  
From the roots of the tree she fashioned a *pukku* for her brother.  
From the crown of the tree Inanna fashioned a *mikku* for Gilgamesh, the hero of Uruk.

## Inanna and the God of Wisdom

Inanna placed the *shugurra*, the crown of the steppe, on her head.  
She went to the sheepfold, to the shepherd.  
She leaned back against the apple tree.  
When she leaned against the apple tree, her vulva was wondrous to behold.  
Rejoicing at her wondrous vulva, the young woman Inanna applauded herself.

She said:  
“I, the Queen of Heaven, shall visit the God of Wisdom.  
I shall go to the Abzu, the sacred place in Eridu.  
I shall honor Enki, the God of Wisdom, in Eridu.  
I shall utter a prayer to Enki at the deep sweet waters.”

Inanna set out by herself.

· · ·

When Inanna entered the Abzu  
He gave her butter cake to eat.  
He poured cold water for her to drink.  
He offered her beer before the statue of the lion.  
He treated her respectfully.  
He greeted Inanna at the holy table, the table of heaven.

Enki and Inanna drank beer together.  
They drank more beer together.  
They drank more and more beer together.  
With their bronze vessels filled to overflowing,  
With the vessels of Urash, Mother of the Earth,  
They toasted each other; they challenged each other.

Enki, swaying with drink, toasted Inanna:  
“In the name of my power! In the name of my holy shrine!  
To my daughter Inanna I shall give  
The high priesthood! Godship!  
The noble, enduring crown! The throne of kingship!”

Inanna replied:  
“I take them!”

Enki raised his cup and toasted Inanna a second time:  
“In the name of my power! In the name of my holy shrine!  
To my daughter Inanna I shall give  
Truth!  
Descent into the underworld! Ascent from the underworld!  
The art of lovemaking! The kissing of the phallus!”

Inanna replied:  
“I take them!”

Enki raised his cup and toasted Inanna a third time:  
“In the name of my power! In the name of my holy shrine!  
To my daughter Inanna I shall give  
The holy priestess of heaven!



The setting up of lamentations! The rejoicing of the heart!  
The giving of judgments! The making of decisions!”

Inanna replied:  
“I take them!”

(Fourteen times Enki raised his cup to Inanna.  
Fourteen times he offered his daughter five *me*, six *me*, seven *me*.  
Fourteen times Inanna accepted the holy *me*.)

Then Inanna, standing before her father,  
Acknowledged the *me* Enki had given to her:

“My father has given me the *me*:

He gave me the high priesthood.  
He gave me godship.  
He gave me the noble, enduring crown.  
He gave me the throne of kingship.

He gave me the noble sceptre.  
He gave me the staff.  
He gave me the holy measuring rod and line.  
He gave me the high throne.  
He gave me shepherdship.  
He gave me kingship.

He gave me the princess priestess.  
He gave me the divine queen priestess.  
He gave me the incantation priest.  
He gave me the noble priest.  
He gave me the libations priest.

He gave me truth.  
He gave me descent into the underworld.  
He gave me ascent from the underworld.  
He gave me the *kurgarra*.

He gave me the dagger and sword.  
He gave me the black garment.  
He gave me the colorful garment.  
He gave me the loosening of the hair.  
He gave me the binding of the hair.

He gave me the standard.  
He gave me the quiver.  
He gave me the art of lovemaking.  
He gave me the kissing of the phallus.  
He gave me the art of prostitution.  
He gave me the art of speeding.

He gave me the art of forthright speech.  
He gave me the art of slanderous speech.  
He gave me the art of adorning speech.  
He gave me the cult prostitute.  
He gave me the holy tavern.

He gave me the holy shrine.  
He gave me the holy priestess of heaven.  
He gave me the resounding musical instrument.  
He gave me the art of song.  
He gave me the art of the elder.

He gave me the art of the hero.  
He gave me the art of power.  
He gave me the art of treachery.  
He gave me the art of straightforwardness.  
He gave me the plundering of cities.  
He gave me the setting up of lamentations.  
He gave me the rejoicing of the heart.

He gave me deceit.  
He gave me the rebellious land.  
He gave me the art of kindness.  
He gave me travel.  
He gave me the secure dwelling place.

He gave me the craft of the woodworker.  
He gave me the craft of the copper worker.  
He gave me the craft of the scribe.  
He gave me the craft of the smith.  
He gave me the craft of the leather maker.  
He gave me the craft of the fuller.  
He gave me the craft of the builder.  
He gave me the craft of the reed worker.

He gave me the perceptive ear.  
He gave me the power of attention.  
He gave me the holy purification rites.  
He gave me the feeding pen.  
He gave me the heaping up of hot coals.  
He gave me the sheepfold.  
He gave me fear.  
He gave me consternation.  
He gave me dismay.

He gave me the bitter-toothed lion.  
He gave me the kindling of fire.  
He gave me the putting out of fire.  
He gave me the weary arm.  
He gave me the assembled family.  
He gave me procreation.

He gave me the kindling of strife.  
He gave me counseling.  
He gave me heart-soothing.  
He gave me the giving of judgments.  
He gave me the making of decisions.”



Inanna gathered all the *me*.  
The *me* were placed on the boat of Heaven.  
The Boat of Heaven, with the holy *me*, was pushed off from the quay.

. . .

King Enki looked about Eridu and called to his servant Isimud, saying:  
    “My *sukkal*, Isimud—“  
    “My king, Enki, I stand to serve you.”  
    “The high Priesthood? Godship?  
    The noble enduring crown?  
    Where are they?”  
  
    “My king has given them to his daughter.”

. . .

Inanna called to her servant Ninshubur, saying:  
    “Come, Ninshubur, once you were Queen of the East;  
    Now you are the faithful servant of the holy shrine of Uruk.  
    Water has not touched your hand,  
    Water has not touched your foot.  
    My *sukkal* who gives me wise advice,  
    My warrior who fights by my side,  
    Save the Boat of Heaven with the holy *me*!”

(Ninshubur sliced the air with her hand,  
She uttered an earth-shattering cry.)

. . .

## The Descent of Inanna From the Great Above to the Great Below

From the Great Above she opened her ear to the Great Below.  
From the Great Above the goddess opened her ear to the Great Below.  
From the Great Above Inanna opened her ear to the Great Below.

. . .

She gathered together the seven *me*.  
She took them into her hands.  
With the *me* in her possession, she prepared herself:

She placed the *shugurra*, the crown of the steppe, on her head.  
She arranged the dark locks of hair across her forehead.  
She tied the small lapis beads around her neck,  
Let the double strand of beads fall to her breast,  
And wrapped the royal robe around her body.  
She daubed her eyes with ointment called “Let him come, Let him come,”  
Bound the breastplate called “Come, man, come!” around her chest,  
Slipped the gold ring over her wrist,  
And took the lapis measuring rod and line in her hand.

Inanna set out for the underworld.  
Ninshubur, her faithful servant, went with her.  
Inanna spoke to her, saying:

    “Ninshubur, my constant support,  
    My *sukkal* who gives me wise advice,  
    My warrior who fights by my side,  
    I am descending to the *kur*, to the underworld.  
    If I do not return,  
    Set up a lament for me by the ruins.  
    Beat the drum for me in the assembly places.  
    Circle the houses of the gods.  
    Tear at your eyes, at your mouth, at your thighs.  
    Dress yourself in a single garment like a beggar.  
    Go to Nippur, to the temple of Enlil.

    When you enter his holy shrine, cry out:  
    ‘O Father Enlil, do not let your daughter  
    Be put to death in the underworld.  
    Do not let your bright silver  
    Be covered with the dust of the underworld.  
    Do not let your precious lapis  
    Be broken into stone for the stoneworker.  
    Do not let your fragrant boxwood  
    Be cut into wood for the woodworker.  
    Do not let the holy priestess of heaven  
    Be put to death in the underworld.’

. . .

When Inanna arrived at the outer gates of the underworld,  
She knocked loudly.



She cried out in a fierce voice:  
    “Open the door, gatekeeper!  
    Open the door, Neti!  
    I alone would enter!”

. . .

Neti, the chief gatekeeper of the *kur*,  
Entered the palace of Ereshkigal, the Queen of the Underworld, and said:  
    “My queen, a maid  
    As tall as heaven,  
    As wide as the earth,  
    As strong as the foundations of the city wall,  
    Waits outside the palace gates.

    She has gathered together the seven *me*.  
    She has taken them into her hands.  
    With the *me* in her possession, she has prepared herself:

. . .

When Ereshkigal heard this,  
She slapped her thigh and bit her lip.  
She took the matter into her heart and dwelt on it.  
Then she spoke:  
    “Come, Neti, my chief gatekeeper of the *kur*,  
    Heed my words:  
    Bolt the seven gates of the underworld.  
    Then, one by one, open each gate a crack.  
    Let Inanna enter.  
    As she enters, remove her royal garments.  
    Let the holy priestess of heaven enter bowed low.”

Neti heeded the words of his queen.  
He bolted the seven gates of the underworld.  
Then he opened the outer gate.  
He said to the maid:  
    “Come, Inanna, enter.”

When she entered the first gate,  
From her head, the *shugurra*, the crown of the steppe, was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the second gate,  
From her neck the small lapis beads were removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the third gate,  
From her breast the double strand of beads was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the fourth gate,  
From her chest the breastplate called “Come, man, come!” was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the fifth gate,  
From her wrist the gold ring was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the sixth gate,  
From her hand the lapis measuring rod and line was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”

When she entered the seventh gate,  
From her body the royal robe was removed.

Inanna asked:  
    “What is this?”

She was told:  
    “Quiet, Inanna, the ways of the underworld are perfect.  
    They may not be questioned.”



Naked and bowed low, Inanna entered the throne room.  
Ereshkigal rose from her throne.  
Inanna started toward the throne.  
The Annuna, the judges of the underworld, surrounded her.  
They passed judgment against her.

Then Ereshkigal fastened on Inanna the eye of death.  
She spoke against her the word of wrath.  
She uttered against her the cry of guilt.

She struck her.

Inanna was turned into a corpse,  
A piece of rotting meat,  
And was hung from a hook on the wall.

When, after three days and three nights, Inanna had not returned,  
Ninshubur set up a lament for her by the ruins.  
She beat the drum for her in the assembly places.  
She circled the houses of the gods.  
She tore at her eyes; she tore at her mouth; she tore at her thighs.  
She dressed herself in a single garment like a beggar.  
Alone, she set out for Nippur and the temple of Enlil.

. . .

Father Enlil answered angrily:  
“My daughter craved the Great Above.  
Inanna craved the Great Below.  
She who receives the *me* of the underworld does not return.  
She who goes to the Dark City stays there.”

. . .

Father Nanna answered angrily:  
“My daughter craved the Great Above.  
Inanna craved the Great Below.  
She who receives the *me* of the underworld does not return.  
She who goes to the Dark City stays there.”

. . .

Father Enki said:  
“What has happened?  
What has my daughter done?  
Inanna! Queen of All the Lands! Holy Priestess of Heaven!  
What has happened?  
I am troubled. I am grieved.”

From under his fingernail Father Enki brought forth dirt.  
He fashioned the dirt into a *kurgarra*, a creature neither male nor female.  
From under the fingernail of his other hand he brought forth dirt.  
He fashioned the dirt into a *galatur*, a creature neither male nor female.  
He gave the food of life to the *kurgarra*.  
He gave the water of life to the *galatur*.

Enki spoke to the *kurgarra* and *galatur*, saying:  
“Go to the underworld,  
Enter the door like flies.  
Ereshkigal, the Queen of the Underworld, is moaning  
With the cries of a woman about to give birth.  
No linen is spread over her body.  
Her breasts are uncovered.  
Her hair swirls about her head like leeks.  
When she cries, ‘Oh! Oh! My inside!’  
Cry also, ‘Oh! Oh! Your inside!’  
When she cries, ‘Oh! Oh! My outside!’  
Cry also, ‘Oh! Oh! Your outside!’  
The queen will be pleased.  
She will offer you a gift.  
Ask her only for the corpse that hangs from the hook on the wall.  
One of you will sprinkle the food of life on it.  
The other will sprinkle the water of life.  
Inanna will arise.”

The *kurgarra* and the *galatur* heeded Enki’s words.  
They set out for the underworld.  
Like flies, they slipped through the cracks of the gates.  
They entered the throne room of the Queen of the Underworld.

No linen was spread over her body.  
Her breasts were uncovered.  
Her hair swirled around her head like leeks.

Ereshkigal was moaning:  
“Oh! Oh! My inside!”

They moaned:  
“Oh! Oh! Your inside!”

She moaned:  
“Ohhhh! Oh! My outside!”

They moaned:  
“Ohhhh! Oh! Your outside!”

She groaned:  
“Oh! Oh! My belly!”

They groaned:  
“Oh! Oh! Your belly!”

She groaned:  
“Oh! Ohhhh! My back!!”

They groaned:  
“Oh! Ohhhh! Your back!!”

She sighed:  
“Ah! Ah! My heart!”

They sighed:  
“Ah! Ah! Your heart!”



The Way Things Are  
De rerum natura of Titus Lucretius Carus  
Book III  
Lucretius

She sighed:  
“Ah! Ahhhh! My liver!”

They sighed:  
“Ah! Ahhhh! Your liver!”

Ereshkigal stopped.  
She looked at them.  
She asked:  
“Who are you,  
Moaning—groaning—sighing with me?  
If you are gods, I will bless you.  
If you are mortals, I will give you a gift.  
I will give you the water-gift, the river in its fullness.”

The *kurgarra* and *galatur* answered:  
“We do not wish it.”

Ereshkigal said:  
“I will give you the grain-gift, the fields in harvest.”

The *kurgarra* and *galatur* said:  
“We do not wish it.”

Ereshkigal said:  
“Speak then! What do you wish?”

They answered:  
“We wish only the corpse that hangs from the hook on the wall.”

Ereshkigal said:  
“The corpse belongs to Inanna.”

They said:  
“Whether it belongs to our queen,  
Whether it belongs to our king,  
That is what we wish.”

The corpse was given to them.

The *kurgarra* sprinkled the food of life on the corpse.  
The *galatur* sprinkled the water of life on the corpse.  
Inanna arose. . . .

Inanna was about to ascend from the underworld  
When the Annuna, the judges of the underworld, seized her.  
They said:  
“No one ascends from the underworld unmarked.  
If Inanna wishes to return from the underworld,  
She must provide someone in her place.”

Excerpted from *Inanna, Queen of Heaven and Earth: Her Stories and Hymns from Sumer*.  
Translation and retelling of the Inanna stories from Sumerian by Diane Wolkstein  
and Samuel Noah Kramer (New York: Harper and Row, 1983).

Death  
Is nothing to us, has no relevance  
To our condition, seeing that the mind  
Is mortal. Just as, long ago, we felt  
Not the least touch of trouble when the wars  
Were raging all around the shaken earth  
And from all sides the Carthaginian hordes  
Poured forth to battle, and no man ever knew  
Whose subject he would be in life or death,  
Which doom, by land or sea, would strike him down,  
So, when we cease to be, and body and soul,  
Which joined to make us one, have gone their ways,  
Their separate ways, nothing at all can shake  
Our feelings, not if earth were mixed with sea  
Or sea with sky. Perhaps the mind or spirit,  
After its separation from our body,  
Has some sensation; what is that to us?  
Nothing at all, for what we knew of being,  
Essence, identity, oneness, was derived  
From body’s union with spirit, so, if time,  
After our death, should some day reunite  
All of our present particles, bring them back  
To where they now reside, give us once more  
The light of life, this still would have no meaning  
For us, with our self-recollection gone.  
As we are now, we lack all memory

Of what we were before, suffer no wound  
From those old days. Look back on all that space  
Of time’s immensity, consider well  
What infinite combinations there have been  
In matter’s ways and groupings. How easy, then,  
For human beings to believe we are  
Compounded of the very selfsame motes,  
Arranged exactly in the selfsame ways  
As once we were, our long-ago, our now  
Being identical. And yet we keep  
No memory of that once-upon-a-time,  
Nor can we call it back; somewhere between  
A break occurred, and all our atoms went  
Wandering here and there and far away  
From our sensations. If there lies ahead  
Tough luck for any man, he must be there,  
Himself, to feel its evil, but since death  
Removes this chance, and by injunction stops  
All rioting of woes against our state,  
We may be reassured that in our death  
We have no cause for fear, we cannot be  
Wretched in nonexistence. Death alone  
Has immortality, and takes away  
Our mortal life. It does not matter a bit  
If we once lived before.

Excerpted from *Lucretius, The De rerum natura of Titus Lucretius Carus*, Book of Mind III: lines 830–72,  
trans. Rolfe Humphries (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1968).



# What Color Is the Sacred? In the Time of Lapis Lazuli

Michael Taussig

It was some other medium altogether, twisting through the branches of the forest, something I call *magical polymorphous substance*. The same substance makes up the interior of the bodies of South American shamans, meaning the shamanism of hunters and gatherers, people without chiefs, whom the late Pierre Clastres referred to as “society against the state.”<sup>1</sup> Yamana shamans told Lucas Bridges in the late nineteenth century and Martin Gusinde in the early 1920s that their bodies were full of a strange white substance like the feathers of newborn birds, a sort of ur-substance, like fetal tissue that can become any body cell whatsoever, which is one of the reasons I have chosen to call this substance—which for me includes color—*magical polymorphous substance*. Combining the art of the conjuror with that of the spirits, the shaman’s body collapses into this white feathery substance that is unlike any other. Not only can this substance stretch and grow at amazing rates and abruptly disappear back into the body whence it emerged, but it deftly crosses over into what we fondly think of as distinct media. It is the *shaman’s song*. It is the *shaman’s eye*. Above all it is visibility incarnate, *the metamorphosing substance of sorcery* that takes many forms from baby octopi to sharp flints.

Among the Shuar Indians in the mountainous jungles of eastern Ecuador as described by Michael Harner from his time among them in 1961, a shaman, male or female, appears to those who have drunk of the hallucinogenic vine, *yagé*, to regurgitate “a brilliant substance in which the spirit helpers are contained.” The shaman “cuts part of it off with a machete and gives it to the novice to swallow.” At the end of a month a spirit will emerge from this brilliant substance the novice has ingested. It will rise up into the novice’s mouth, and many more spirits will be generated by the novice swallowing insects and plants because now the novice has the power to convert such things into spirit helpers that can take the form of giant butterflies, monkeys, or even jaguars. The power of the shaman depends on these animal helpers whom, under the influence of *yagé*, the shaman sees as hovering over him- or herself, perching on the shoulders, and sticking out of the skin. To another shaman,

also having drunk this hallucinogen, a shaman will appear to have a red, gold, and greenish “crown” above his head.<sup>2</sup>

Colors are also brought into play when, intent on destroying a rival, a Shuar shaman tries to evacuate that person’s spirit helpers. This is accomplished by drinking the hallucinogen and then using one’s own spirits to create a bridge in the form of a rainbow between oneself and the other along which one shoots one’s spirits that strike the ground beside the other shaman with an explosion likened to a lightning bolt. The shock puts the rival off guard, allowing one to suck his or her animal spirits back along the rainbow.<sup>3</sup>

Actually, anthropology has a word for these white feathery insides. Writing in Paris at the beginning of the twentieth century, Marcel Mauss and Henri Hubert called it *mana*, a term they borrowed from an anthropological study entitled *The Melanesians* written by R. H. Codrington, who lived on the Banks and Norfolk Islands in the South Pacific for twenty years from 1867 onwards. Sifting through different ideas about the basis of magic, Mauss and Hubert seized excitedly on *mana* as a way of taking the reader into the topsy-turvy, destabilized world of accelerated movements and disappearances wherein the distinction between substances and thoughts, for instance, became problematic and wondrous.

Understood as *mana*, magic is one jump ahead of an explanation, just out of range of the hunter. Mauss and Hubert understood this. Their use of *mana* was philosophically astute. They defined *mana* to be an extraordinary substance, invisible, marvelous, and spiritual, containing all efficacy and life. It was “pre-intellectual,” a function of communal psychology. Belonging to a “fourth spatial dimension,” it was “mobile and fluid without having to stir itself.”<sup>4</sup> They could have been talking film theory, the Eisenstein variety, drunk on *plasmaticness*.<sup>5</sup>

Perhaps the story of ultramarine is helpful. Before it was produced in factories in 1830, ultramarine was gotten from the semiprecious stone lapis lazuli. Under the microscope you can see why the natural and the synthetic varieties as used in painting look different to

the naked eye. While the synthetic pigment has homogenous round crystals that produce a consistent all-the-same blue surface, the ultramarine derived from lapis lazuli has large, irregular crystals of varying transparency and, what is more, are clustered together with particles of mica, quartz, calcite, and pyrite, yielding what Anita Albus calls a color “like the glittering firmament.” The calcite crystals, she says, “sparkle like stars within the deep blue.”<sup>6</sup>

With regard to the fine arts, as practiced by the likes of Jan van Eyck and Vermeer, centuries of craft were choked off, notably the tremendous work preparing pigments, fresh, each day, the underpainting or foundation of the painting, and following that the application of alternate layers of opaque colors and transparent varnishes, what Cezanne called the “‘secret soul of grounds’” and others call “glazing” (*AA*, p. 72). In enlargements of cross-sections of paint samples from paintings made this way, what we see, says Albus, “would look like a landscape of geological layers of different shapes and colors” (*AA*, p. 93). Multilayering was the key, and a crystalline, transparent density, the result. You see it in van Eyck and Vermeer. You see it in the iridescent cloth woven by the Flemish and the Italians in the fifteenth century, no less than in the iridescence of a butterfly’s wing. As she puts it, color is the *interplay* between *body* and *tone* (meaning hue). Each pigment a painter used had a different body, she writes, “which refracts, reflects, and absorbs light in a different way” (*AA*, p. 65). In other words when we see a color we are actually seeing a play with light in, through, and on a body—refracting, reflecting, and absorbing light—something we are aware of but rarely as with sunlight filtering through a forest, black water glinting in its rush past the ice, or rainbows on oil slicks on a wet roadway.

Given the play with light brought about by texture, it is no wonder that color can seem to be what I call a polymorphous magical substance, twisting itself as if alive through the branches along with the dying sun. At least it would be of no wonder were it not for changes since the nineteenth century in the production of paints. “The very abundance of colors in

the modern world,” wrote Francois Delamare and Bernard Guineau quite recently, “seems to dilute our relationship with them. We are losing our intimate connection with the materiality of color, the attributes of color that excite all the senses, not just sight.”<sup>7</sup>

It is not by chance, Albus says, that now “the language of color nuances is always connected with *bodies*: *sky* blue, *lavender* blue, *turquoise* blue, *gentian* blue, *violet* blue, *cornflower* blue, *reed* green, *apple* green, *olive* green, *almond* green, *sea* green, *emerald* green.” What does she mean, “not by chance”? She points out that each name associates a color with a texture: “transparent or opaque, smooth, rough, dense, or friable bodies that shine, sparkle, reflect, or shimmer softly or harshly in the light” (*AA*, pp. 68, 69; my italics). Take the new, colored look of the *Wall Street Journal* with its palette of mint green, sky blue, and soft champagne. But such body names are fake, allusions to what paints used to be before the mid-nineteenth-century industrial production of bodies with which light has an easier time with color than before—easier in the sense that light is not whacked around as it might be with passage through a series of roadblocks of different shaped crystals, as in the case of lapis lazuli or, for that matter, in the case of the colors of the sky in storms or at dawn and sunset.

- 1 See Pierre Clastres, *Society against the State: Essays in Political Anthropology*, trans. Robert Hurley (Cambridge, Mass., 1987).
- 2 Michael Harner, “The Sound of Rushing Water,” in *Hallucinogens and Shamanism*, ed. Michael Harner (New York, 1973), p. 17. See also Harner, *The Jivaro: People of the Sacred Waterfalls* (Garden City, NY, 1972), p. 163.
- 3 See Harner, *The Jivaro*, pp. 165–66.
- 4 Marcel Mauss, *A General Theory of Magic*, trans. Robert Brain (1903; New York, 1972), p. 117.
- 5 Commenting on Lewis Carroll’s Alice expanding and contracting in size and giving us full-page copies of John Tenniel’s illustrations of this, Eisenstein emphasizes the visual pleasure entailed with the freedom of form that he calls “plasmaticness,” behaving “like primal protoplasm” (Sergei Eisenstein, *Eisenstein on Disney*, trans. Alan Upchurch, ed. Jay Leyda [London, 1988], p. 21).
- 6 Anita Albus, *The Art of Arts: Rediscovering Painting* (New York, 2000), p. 66; hereafter abbreviated *AA*.
- 7 Bernard Delamare and François Guineau, *Colors: The Stories of Dyes and Pigments* (London: Thames and Hudson, 2000), p. 125.

Excerpt from Michael Taussig's article "What Color is the Sacred," Critical Inquiry 33, no. 1 (Autumn 2006), pp. 28–51.



# Story Telling for Earthly Survival: Camille Stories

Donna Haraway

Later this week we'll talk about the Camille stories . . . their stories of the children of compost, the children of the soil of the underground, of the dark, of the night, of incapacity, of non-action, of non-success—not as a bad thing but as that soil within which human souls, and perhaps not just human souls, are made. The science fiction writers who write about these matters all the time, who tell their stories in these wordings, are in my view, in the strict sense philosophical texts. I don't feel like I am importing them in order to do some other kind of work, much less using them to illustrate one of my points. But the stories that they tell, the storytellers, are in my view thinking. And thinking is what we need to do, not the discipline of philosophy or political economy or biology or literature or . . . The disciplines will take care of themselves, without my help. It's not like everything that happens in the disciplines is bad, far from it. But *thinking* is what we are about. And thinking is a materialist practice with other thinkers, and some of the best thinking is done as storytelling. . . .

We need other kinds of stories. We must change the story, the ages, the stories of the earth. We must change the deadly story, the story of the first beautiful words and weapons, the story of the killing, the story of achievement as the achievement of second birthing that is killing. The great existentialist philosopher Sartre argues that it is in second birthing that we become human. First birthing is merely birthing, the birthing of women, the birthing of the earth, the birthing in the soil. It is in second birthing, achievement of the self-made, in the following through, tragically, of a self-realized purpose, of that kind of tragic consciousness that is human consciousness, that is second birthing, usually through some kind of killing. Well, if ever there was nonsense of an extraordinary kind, and a nonsense that has ruled storytelling! Sartre only concretized and distilled what is a very old set of commitments, not just beliefs, but commitments. And we, all of us in this time, where the ongoingness of life as we know, where Gaia is intruding, where the intrusion of that which will no longer be put down threatens ways of life as usual. It doesn't threaten life itself. Life itself will go on for as long as this planet has the right conditions of temperature and moisture and whatever. Microbes are very inventive. It's not like *life itself* is at stake. But vast ways of life and becoming with each other, across peoples and species on this earth, are truly at stake. And the rate of extinction, of ways of living and dying, of peoples of all species, including human, are truly on the ledge, on the edge of falling off into nothingness. The story of the Earth is at stake as we participate in it. Our own extinction is of course truly possible. But with or without extinction in terms of the kind of final death, the deepening of the destruction of ways of living and dying on this earth is happening. And the story of this earth, the arts of living on a "damaged planet"—Anna Tsing's phrase—the absolute obligation to become capable, to render each other capable of changing the story, the story of ongoingness, cultivated in the earth, in the tunnels of the earth. If the makers of living and dying on this earth could begin to somehow be at risk to each other, to propose something real, that which is not yet but might be. Some mode of coherence, which might have a chance at every scale.

Until the stories start getting told like that, and until those who tell the news start hearing where those bits of story are actually being told, where people are actually doing this . . . but they're not on the news. Maybe just a little bit, maybe very weak. How to make the weak story stronger and the strong stories weaker? We are speechless to this now, and then we give it bad names. But good thinking always happens at the moment of speechlessness.

## Camille Stories

Early in the twenty-first century, communities all over the planet sensed a kind of urgency of the undoing of ways of living and dying, an undoing that involved humans and other critters in the tissues of our being together on Earth itself.

Somehow, a kind of wave of feeling and action and thinking and motion began to sweep the earth in a very particular sense. Communities of 150 to 500 people began to form with each other, either from already being in place, but finding each other and coming together with intensities that were practiced in quite new ways, or moving from one place to another. All of these communities formed themselves around a particular kind of felt intensity, of felt need and lust and desire and project, which was to live for the recuperation of the critters of the Earth, the human and the nonhuman.

To somehow cultivate the arts of living on a damaged planet. To be those who came to recuperate and restore where they could, as communities who either already lived in or moved to damaged lands to be communities of care and concern.

Camille 1 was born in a community that had decided that at least three parents were going to be required for every new baby. And having a baby was not something someone could just decide to do. It was rather a collective decision, so that folks who wanted to bear babies or bring babies into the world might well have to wait or might never be able to do so, but they could participate as parents in a family raising a baby. So that Camille 1 was going to have to have siblings, not necessarily in the same immediate household. But the children to be born in this community had to have other children who were going to be their siblings, but who were almost certainly not going to be their biological siblings.

So the reproductive choice for the person who would bear the pregnancy, whether that person was a male or a female person in the beginning of this process, whoever bore the pregnancy to birthing had a particular kind of reproductive choice, which was to choose a symbiont, another critter, who was to be in symbiosis with the human baby for the lifetime of that baby.

So the woman who bore Camille 1, in a dream that she had during her pregnancy, chose for Camille 1 the symbiont of a monarch butterfly. Monarch butterflies had part of their range in the area where this community had settled down. Camille 1, at puberty, could do many things. Camille 1 could decide to alter its body into male-female or female or other ways. Camille 1 could choose to stay with whatever body it was birthed with, could partially alter it, maybe a little bit of this, a little bit of that. And some of it was going to be irreversible. They'd have to learn to live with consequences. The community was not afraid of a kind of morphological experimentation and thought that that was something that adolescents ought to have the means to do. Camille 1 chose to stay with the symbiosis, and to deepen it. And the story begins with the first heir of Camille 1, Camille 2.

Camille 2 was born female, and as an adolescent Camille 2 decided to stay female but wanted to grow a beard. In Camille 1's lifetime, the symbiotic relationships were not yet at a molecular level. Biological sciences, the techno-biological sciences that the community had developed in such a way that by the time Camille 2 was born, it was possible, indeed desirable in the community, for the symbionts and the human beings to share bodily substance, and to share genetic substance.



Entangled Life:  
How Fungi Make Our Worlds,  
Change Our Minds, and Shape Our Futures  
Merlin Sheldrake

PROLOGUE

I LOOKED UP TOWARD the top of the tree. Ferns and orchids sprouted from its trunk, which vanished into a tangle of lianas in the canopy. High above me, a toucan flapped off its perch with a croak, and a troupe of howler monkeys worked themselves into a slow roar. The rain had only just stopped, and the leaves above me shed heavy drops of water in sudden showers. A low mist hung over the ground.

The tree’s roots wound outward from the base of its trunk, soon vanishing into the thick drifts of fallen leaves that covered the floor of the jungle. I used a stick to tap the ground for snakes. A tarantula scuttled off, and I knelt, feeling my way down the tree’s trunk and along one of its roots into a mass of spongy debris where the finer roots matted into a thick red and brown tangle. A rich smell drifted upward. Termites clambered through the labyrinth, and a millipede coiled up, playing dead. My root vanished into the ground, and with a trowel I cleared the area around the spot. I used my hands and a spoon to loosen the top layer of earth and dug as gently as I could, slowly uncovering it as it ranged out from the tree and twisted along just below the surface of the soil.

After an hour, I had traveled about a meter. My root was now thinner than string and had started to proliferate wildly. It was hard to keep track of as it knotted with its neighbors, so I lay down on my stomach and lowered my face into the shallow trench I had made. Some roots smell sharp and nutty and others woody and bitter, but the roots of my tree had a spicy resinous kick when I scratched them with a fingernail. For several hours I inched along the ground, scratching and sniffing every few centimeters to make sure I hadn’t lost the thread.

As the day went on, more filaments sprang out from the root I’d uncovered and I chose a few of them to follow all the way to the tips, where they burrowed into fragments of rotting leaf or twig. I dipped the ends in a vial of water to wash off the mud and looked at them through a loupe. The rootlets branched like a small tree and their surface was covered with a filmy layer that appeared fresh and sticky. It was these delicate structures I wanted to examine. From these roots, a fungal network laced out into the soil and around the roots of nearby trees. Without this fungal web my tree would not exist. Without similar fungal webs no plant would exist anywhere. All life on land, including my own, depended on these networks. I tugged lightly on my root and felt the ground move.

So at puberty Camille 2 decided to have implanted on her face a beard made up of the stem cells that would grow the antennae of butterflies. So that Camille 2 had a face full of the antennae of butterflies. And the antennae could sense, could taste the air, taste the foods. And Camille 2 had an enhanced, sensory being that he /she /z felt enhanced Z’s ability to care for and to care about the ongoing possibilities of the monarchs.

By Camille 2’s generation, the kids were doing skin implants of stem cells to build patterns on their skin that were the patterns of the insects and the critters that they were taking care of. So in their dance raves and drugs scenes, and all the rest, they had various kinds of light shows. And the ones that were symbiotically banded to the octopus and squid had chromatophores in their skin, so they got sexually excited. They would pulse the same way that the squid and the cuttlefish and the octopus would pulse. They could do these amazing light shows with their skin.

So there was a kind of playfulness around this caring.

Just as making kin without making babies was a lifetime matter, this question of forming and reforming kin was not something done all at once. They didn’t inherit everything all at once. Frequently adoptions would take place of people in their fifties. Families would form and reform and perhaps redo their houses and rewrite their instruments of financial joint responsibility. It was understood that making family was a lifetime matter. Families needed to be able to experiment and change. The commitments were very serious and intended to be for a lifetime, but it could take various forms. It was understood that you needed rituals and support ways of celebrating the breaking up of love affairs, and the consolidation of friendships out of love affairs that had broken.

Of course, there were terrible mistakes made. It was understood that there would be a lot of suffering. But the communities felt that they were the children of compost. They were staying with the trouble. They were here to somehow build the cat’s cradle games that would make flourishing ongoing possible.



Let Us Make Sanctuary:  
On the Trickster  
Báyò Akómoláḿě

*The Times Are Urgent, Let Us Slow Down*<sup>1</sup> is the invocation of the more than human. It is a standing at the crossroads. And maybe I should take a detour here and say that the Yoruba people have a philosophy, an indigenous cosmology that has at its center this idea of what they call the crossroads. The Crossroads, or the Orisha, is where the trickster sits. The Trickster sits at the crossroads. The Trickster’s name in the Yoruba Pantheon is Eshu. An Eshu is the one that holds agency in his hands, agency, or Ashé, the way the world materializes. It materializes at intersections, at crossroads.

Growing up I heard stories about crossroads. One of the most famous crossroads was the entrance into a marketplace. That was where spirits actually congregated. We have this street urban legend that, if you get to the marketplace and you bend down and you look between your legs and look back, look at the world between your legs, you will actually find monstrous things. You would find three-headed beasts, you would find people that have died centuries ago. You would find things you’re not supposed to see. You would see things you’re not supposed to see. And you can only do that when you’re at a crossroads. You’re at the liminal edges of all things. I never tried it; I wish I did. But every time I tried to do it my uncle, or anyone that was nearby, would slap me on the head and forbid me from doing that.

The crossroads is where the idea of slowing down in terms of urgency actually gains this intelligibility because slowing down is where temporalities, timelines, other ways of being in the world, other monstrous forms reside. The gist of feminist scholarship is not male versus female. It’s the idea that we are indeterminant and our bodies are much more diverse, more diffracted, much more spread out than the colonial forms that white modernity has fixed us into. That’s the gist of cutting-edge feminist scholarship. It’s not that this is against this. It’s that we are not as contained as we think we are. We are crossroad species, we are mangled bodies, we fall into each other. We are containers for microbiomes, just as much as we are containers for ancestral activisms, just as much as we are the activisms of trees and rhizomes and things around us so that we are actually in many senses chimeric. We are prolific. We are much more in cahoots than we think we are, than modernity has pressed us into being who we are.

So the crossroads is the Yoruba people’s way of making sense of that, that bodies intersect, intra-sect each other at crossroads. The invitation to slow down at the crossroads is actually not an invitation that is framed for individuals to apply . . . Tami said something wise the other day. “I’m going to apply it as a tool and take it as my new spiritual tactic in order to save myself, to become more woke, to become a better white ally.” None of that! It’s not about you.

It’s not about your individual trajectory to salvation. It’s much more about lingering at the crossroads. And it’s about the collective, the irreducibly collective, the manifold, the parliament of voices. It’s a prayer, actually, when we say, times are urgent, let us slow down.

1 Bayo Akomolafe, “The Times Are Urgent, Let Us Slow Down.” An Open Letter to CONCORD-DEEEP, CIVICUS, GCAP, Civic Society Organizations and Activists Working for a “Better” World. Co-authored by Bayo Akomolafe and Marta Benavides. Available online: <https://www.bayoakomolafe.net/post/the-times-are-urgent-lets-slow-down>.

Excerpt from Báyò Akómoláḿě’s talk on Tami Simon’s podcast *Sounds True*, September 20, 2020.

Cracks / The Feminine  
Báyò Akómoláḿě

I remember sitting there and having a very distinct feeling that cracks are opening up everywhere in the world, that the world is replete with cracks. And these cracks are invitations to descend. The Greeks called it *katabasis*.

It’s a performance of descent that in times of crisis, when there are seismic shifts and troubles afoot, there will be faultlines and fissures. And it’s in those places that we build sanctuaries. It’s in those places that we train our ears to listen to the gods that are screaming out from those cracks. And that is, I feel, where the feminine is. I wouldn’t even fully designate it as a “feminine” because there, the notion of the feminine is indeterminate. It’s not singularly, categorically, in some kind of absolute, pure form the feminine. It’s the undoing of the binary that exists between the feminine and the masculine. It’s the fugitive, it’s the yet-to-come. We don’t know how to categorize it. And that’s why Donna Haraway, the biologist activist, would invite us to “stay with the trouble.” We’re used to naming things. We’re used to knowing where things fit. These cracks in the ground are invitations to revisit those concepts. And in revisiting those concepts we revisit ourselves. So I shy away from thinking of it as the rise of the feminine because it seems to play into the notion that power is about being recognized.

It’s about building superstructures and phallic towers and skyscrapers on the ground, and whoever sits atop these towers owns power. I’m more attuned to the power of soil and depths, which is largely invisible. But that’s where everything seems to thrive most.

Excerpt from Báyò Akómoláḿě’s talk at the retreat “I of the Storm,” hosted by SAND. *Science and Nonduality*, December 18–20, 2020.



Contents

2	Para Psychics Drawings
184	Kerstin’s Sein A Letter to Kerstin by Eva Birkenstock
185	Editor’s Note Bettina Funcke
186	CAConrad
193	Painting into the Cosmos Zoe Stillpass
201	Fantasy Bundle Kerstin Stakemeier
208	Annotations / Inspirations Kerstin Brätsch & Bettina Funcke
214	Inanna Queen of Heaven and Earth: Her Stories and Hymns from Sumer
227	<i>The Way Things Are</i> De rerum natura of Titus Lucretius Carus Book III Lucretius
228	What Color Is the Sacred? In the Time of Lapus Lazuli Michael Taussig
230	Story Telling for Earthly Survival: Camille Stories Donna Haraway
233	Entangled Life: How Fungi Make Our Worlds, Change Our Minds, and Shape Our Futures Merlin Sheldrake
234	Let Us Make Sanctuary: On the Trickster Báyò Akómoláfé
235	Cracks / The Feminine Báyò Akómoláfé
238	Author Biographies
239	Acknowledgments







