

PRE

FACE

*Let me introduce
The body I will use
It will produce
and reproduce*

*Please let me introduce
The land that I re-use
It will produce
and reproduce*

*Let me confuse
The body I refuse
It will seduce
and reproduce¹*

Soil-on-to-logic is a proposal for long term engagement, a time for speculation, a refusal of binary formations and most probably a space for (un)learning in public. It's a sneaking suspicion following me, of what it means to be a creator? The creator of something. What is produced in these hands and what is reproduced in a common sphere? And the other way around.

Trying to deal with, understand complexities, take responsibility and (un)learn has never been comfortable. Transition is often both painful and relieving, pleasurable and confusing. And it means to sometimes fumble around blinded by the sun and to insist on things I'm certainly not sure about. I hate to fail, and maybe that is, in a way, what (un)learning is all about.

Birth-Day-Letter II

I could say it started with a sudden pain in the back. Or I could say that is where it ended. Or I could say that was the beginning of the end, then it ended, and then you began. Or I could say it was neither the beginning nor the end. It was something that made me stop, forced me to react, in an unsorted chain of things happening.

To mark my words, it wasn't a chain of course. It's just something I say. I could say it was me colliding with a bunch of people, thoughts, random events, leaving me in different states.

Like when I lost a birthmark on my arm, two times in a row. It just fell of my skin. What did that mean? Or the half year I spent in bed, not able to stay up for more than one hour a day? Or when I constantly had death on my mind for 730 days, the first thing I thought about in the morning, the last thing leaving my mind when falling asleep? Or when I walked that bridge in Skellefteå, passing the furious river in the dark summer rain, and I just knew. I knew it so deeply, like someone would have spoken to me. But there was no voice, no words, no sound, nothing to listen to, I just knew.

I've spent much time figuring out whether that deep internal feeling of knowing would show itself as true or not, so far I haven't been able to prove it wrong. Was that the beginning or the end?

Soil-on-to-logic

What is soil? I wonder.

What is soil formation?

Rocks, or so called 'parent material', "are transformed into soil by physical and chemical changes that occur at the Earth's surface. Gradually, these mineral inputs are combined with organic matter. Over time both the mineral material and the organic matter are transformed into new materials; these are then moved through the soil by percolating water, so that the more soluble compounds are finally lost completely. It is the nature of these inputs, transformations, movements and losses that determines what type of soil will form."¹

"A more scientific term for the break-up of rocks is 'weathering'. We use this term because climate, and the prevailing weather, is the main factor that eventually transforms rock to soil. Weathering can be either physical or chemical"² and understood as a wide range of different kinds of processes, crossing each other, but eventually resulting in rock disintegrations.

However, weathered rock fragments as such are not what we call soil. Soil is the combination of rock fragments with plant material (such as cellulose, hemicellulose, proteins, lignin, fats and waxes) and organic components, made up of both living and dead organisms.

This is the second time I am doing this. Trying to write this letter to you. Last time I didn't know you, I had no idea who you were. I had never seen your face, your legs, toes, arms or fingernails. Everything about you were still left to my imagination. And I must admit, I wasn't really in a position where I was able to imagine. I couldn't really connect, as they say. I definitely felt you, sensed something I didn't really know how to formulate. But probably I wasn't really there. And probably I was busy thinking about what to expect rather than listening to what was. It took time for me to get there. But at some point I felt there was a change. I knew something was different.

I think last time I wrote you this letter I failed. And I think this time will not be any different. I live under no expectation that it will be possible to succeed with what I'm trying to do, but still I need to try. If not for you, then for myself. I need to insist on writing this, in this way, trying to formulate this that I know might not be possible for me to formulate. I might end up repeating this letter over and over again. It might be a reason for that. I'm already sure there will be no point where I'm finished with this, where I have reached my goal, where this will come to an end. But knowing this, at least I can try to formulate a position where the end is no longer the end and the beginning will not be the only beginning, but possibly a beginning along with other beginnings.

Last time I began to write this letter you had no face yet. Last time I began writing this I know there was some tiny hands sprinkling out of your shoulders, where your arms would then slowly grow from, forever connecting your fingers to your

Just like us, it needs to be inhabited by a cosmos of microscopic living organisms; such as biotas, nematodes and funghis. A living soil has its own temporality, its own local organisation.

Today, most human cultures and political economies, can be said to turn around plants' metabolic rhythms; as in what fuels and nourishes us, what we produce for living and clothing. Petrified bodies of once-living creatures are being sucked up from their burying places and turned into plastics and fossil fuels. We can be said to be living in two timelines as our bodies are burning from their energetic accretions.

Yet, in the public sphere, what kind of language, practices and ideas surround this? In a human centered world where industrial agriculture together with capitalist and colonial modes of production has for a long time sucked out the fertility of soils around the globe.

What happens in societies where we lack a language, understanding and acknowledgement of the processes we are a part of? Where we stay blind to the fact that human life is only made possible by an entourage of non-human life? Where colonial ideas penetrate our bodies and institutions and capitalist logics are reproduced as the only rational alternative?³ Where material agency is not a part of the conversation? And "what are the political implications of recognizing that everything - including rocks, garbage, dumps, and spools of thread is alive?"⁴

The way we name and make possible to perceive, the way we include something into our common perception. The way we choose to care for something will always stay entangled with what stories we tell, or what we make ourselves available to listen to, or pronounce.

shoulder blade. Your bones, soft as dough and butter, constantly transforming and expanding while building porous connections to deep tissue, fascia and nervous system. When I began this letter last time you had no legal rights, you were not yet considered a human being in legal terms. But alive you were, a rushful flow, a generating force of dividing cells within rhythm and time.

As much as I write this letter to you now, I write this for myself. As your brain is building synapses for every new impression, for every time I say yes or no or maybe. Slowly implementing superficial grace. We are entangled in this dance of impulse and repetition where every time I show you something is dangerous or safe, thousands of new synapses will grow. Slowly you will have a sense for what I consider this world to be. And my consideration will affect your consideration. Certainly not only a gift, but neither only a curse? I think writing this letter is in a way one of my attempts to re-connect those synapses in my already built-up connection.

Let me remind you about your birth. The movement from your current world of water to this world of air you made with ass first, hanging in your neck while the bacterias from my inner vagina rapidly made themselves comfortable in your so far sterile guts, giving you my foundation for health and, some say, personality.² From my two kilos of bacterias a bunch of pioneers inhabited the texture of your skin, cleaning, eating, polishing, living, generating possibilities for your very existence. The bacterias were the first ones to accompany life on its journey and they might be the last ones to leave when time is out.

(Un)Consciousness is something we do. Not something we think.

There are a lot of urgencies on my mind, things to deal with, things to handle. Slowly I have felt the need for a slower reaction, a change of perspective, a stillness in frustration. A beginning of the possibility to untangle my own me? Writing me as in me out of the story I know. Who am I anyway in a body full of mes and its? “What if the ways we respond to crisis is part of the crisis? What if there are other spaces of power? What if we can touch those spaces of power and be touched in return?”⁵

What could be a possible fracture in IWCs (Integrated World Capitalism) appropriation of bodily affect and channeling of unconscious intensities? “A greener self-culture-nature will require not only new “laws, decrees and bureaucratic programmes” but “new micropolitical and microsocial practices, new solidarities, a new gentleness, together with new aesthetic and new analytic practices regarding the formation of the unconscious.”⁶ And I want to ask, if it really is something “new” that is needed, or rather something ancient? Or maybe new and ancient understood transversally? A shift in ontology.

“First, socio-historical critiques of temporality expose how different societies and epochs foster different experiences of time. Looking at temporality from the perspective of everyday experience shows that time is not an abstract category, nor just an atmosphere, but a lived, embodied, historically and socially

I see myself so clear, yet loosing my sense
of me.³

Where do you begin and where do I end?

How can I write this body, we now know as you, into a world
which has no distinct beginnings or ends? Where we are our
bacterias as much pollution in the air? Where the sensed boun-
daries between my body and yours is only the way we imagine
ourselves. Where do you begin and where do I end?

With the pores in our skin? With the evaporating water recircula-
ting around the globe, inside our bodies, holding every organ?

Who am I in a body full of mes and its?

Where “the its outnumber the mes.” Rather than me being me
and you being you, “we are an array of bodies, many different
kinds of them in a nested set of microbiomes.” What illuminates
the night, is that I might, be out of sight.⁴

If I remember correctly the birth-day-letter I wrote you ended
with a small note. A small plea or a wish from my side, so-
omething stating my own responsibilites. I can not remember the
exact words I used, but I remember it as quiet solemnly.
Something about not being able to state a truth but that if there
was something I wished to give you it would be a tool or a posi-
tion.

It’s easy to know what I don’t want to give to you.

Harder to know what I want to give. Knowing the limitations
of my own knowing, the only thing I can be sure about, is that
knowing is not only knowing as I know it. Yet we can’t avoid
the need to navigate all this we think we know, what we perceive
and live with.

situated experience. Time is not a given, it is not that we have
or do not have time, but that we make it through practices.
Temporality is not just imposed by an epoch or a dominant
paradigm, but rather made through socio-technical arrangements
and everyday practices. So, if we accept the possibility of a
diversity of practices and ontologies, the progressive, productio-
nist and restless temporal regime, although dominant, cannot be
the only one.”⁷

There is an urge in me to find words which respond to a subtle yearning
inside, an urge for another kind of stimulation? I feel a need to stimulate
myself differently. Sometimes in ways that seems futile. I need forms of
being which correspond to an internal knowing I can not argue against
rationally. And why would I?

While emotionally peeling the skin off, old voices keeps repeating in
my veins. Words I thought were lost or buried still take me by surprise.
My biological family is partly from the north of Sweden, Luleå and Ki-
runa, and partly from Bergslagen. Both areas have been deeply involved
in the mines and mining industry for centuries and most people have a
relation to them. The north of Scandinavia carries a history which con-
tains deep processes related to colonial desires and creations of internal
Orientalism⁸.

So to speak, the continuation of colonial ideas integrated in both glo-
bal and national processes of Othering. In Sweden both in relation to
the Sapmi indigenous people, the Roma population, the finnish popula-
tion, workers in industries (eg. the mining and forest industry) as well
as nature in itself, so called ‘nature resources’. The use and exploration

You will not be able to ask me about truth and false, because honestly, I don't know. I can't sign up on that idea. I can not tell you what to think or do in every given situation, like that was a given. I can not tell you what is right or wrong, as if that would always stay the same.

But what I can do is trying

to give you a sense

for recognizing false beginnings,

accept and allow for transformation

and a deep feeling

for intentions.

I try to be careful.

No exception.

Let's say I am considered. And aware.

Considered and aware of that not only am I limited in my words, as such what they contain, and not only do I need to be careful about what words I use to describe or name. The very way I talk to you!

So.

What is.

Before I speak.

Tipping points,

revealings,

revelations as beginnings.

The beginnings will

keep on coming,

like petrified ashes

that keeps calling.⁵

Rather revelation

than revolution.

Me,

my action.

A chemical reaction.⁶

Writing you into this world and slowly write myself out of it.

Not physically so to speak. Not timewise.

But by adding sediments

to what is possible to perceive,

possible to sense.

of nature and human bodies have always stayed connected, from the dual birth of capitalism and colonialism, assisting each other into this world. Spread as a net around our globe, holding us tightly together. When a practice has been internalized, it keeps reproducing like a virus. Because, the middle classes never had organs to sense. No, "the trading classes had no organ to sense the dangers involved in the exploitation of the physical strength of the worker, the destruction of family life, the devastation of neighbourhoods, the denudation of forests, the pollution of rivers, the deterioration of craft standards, the disruptions of folkways, and the general degradation of existence".⁹

Still, in my upbringing a gratitude has remained present,

(No Grandma, I haven't forgot the deeds of Hjalmar Lundbohm)

(Yes, welfare for all) a belief in the industry produced,

(I know, the mine keeps this country going)

a combination of proudness and bitterness of working for something bigger, for creating the foundations for others.

"And never shall we refrain to state that we have always managed without them, yet they have never done without us..."¹⁰ And this ambiguity has never been possible for me to fully grasp. A constant wet layer not possible to pronounce. Words holding me back.

But actually, exactly *who* is sucking out the ground under your feet? In this very moment.

(Yes, Dad. We need to speak about this. There is more to say.)

(No, Dad. There is no time to wait, there is no other time.)

(No Other time, Only Now time)

Mommies makes the world go round.
I want to write you into every dimension.

Accepting what I would call my own
muteness is the first step.

What do I
mean by that?

*“There was a time when many had the right to claim
ignorance.*

*But for the past three decades, since the Intergovernmen-
tal Panel on Climate Change was created and climate
negotiations began, this refusal to lower emissions has
been accompanied with full awareness of the dangers.*

*And this kind of recklessness would have been functio-
nally impossible without institutional racism, even if only
latent. It would have been impossible without Orienta-
lism, without all the potent tools on offer that allow the
powerful to discount the lives of the less powerful.*

*These tools – of ranking the relative value of humans
– are what allow the writing off of entire nations and an-
cient cultures. And they are what allowed for the digging
up of all that carbon to begin with. (...)*

*There must be theories of othering to justify sacrificing
an entire geography – theories about the people who
lived there being so poor and backward that their lives
and culture don’t deserve protection. After all, if you are
a ‘hillbilly’, who cares about your hills?*

*(...) In North America, these are overwhelmingly com-
munities of colour, black and Latino, forced to carry the
toxic burden of our collective addiction to fossil fuels,*

with markedly higher rates of respiratory illnesses and cancers. It was in fights against this kind of ‘environmental racism’ that the climate justice movement was born.”¹¹

When a practice has been internalized, it keeps reproducing like a virus. Mute relations creates mute mutations.

In a way, we can say that all discourses are colonial discourses. Since the connections between economical mechanisms, social processes and knowledge production will always be both obvious and obscured.

“Even the development and reproduction of knowledge systems which seems to be too abstract to be twisted by ideologies, like mathematics, can be connected to the imperialist project.”¹² This is both amplifying the marxist claim that all ideas stays entangled with economical and social realities, as well as giving attention to how ideas contributes to the creation and upholding, and not only the reproduction, of social systems.

The more we enhance the consciousness about our entanglements, historical processes as well as material, the further our possibilities become to question and deal with dominating ideologies, which of course never can stay omnipotent in all dimensions. “To reveal the colonial roots of ‘modern’ knowledge systems is to begin the process which Raymond Williams calls ‘the unlearning’, whereby we acquire the ability to question imprinted truths.”¹³

So, what does this mean in relation to being the creator of something?

What *does* this mean in relation to being the creator of something?

What is reproduced in this body and produced in the public sphere?

What is reproduced in the public sphere and produced in this body?

“What possibilities remain open for an embodied re-remembering of the past which, against the colonialist practices of erasure and avoidance and the related desire to set time aright, calls for thinking a certain undoing of time; a work of mourning more accountable to, and doing justice to, the victims of ecological destruction and of racist, colonialist, and nationalist violence, human and otherwise – those victims who are no longer there, and those yet to come?

This task is related to rethinking the notion of the void. (...) The void is rather the yearning and the imagining of what might yet have been, and thus also the infinitely rich ground of imagining possibilities for living and dying otherwise.”¹⁴

- (1) Hard Work, Hardly Working, performance (2019). Lyrics written by Josefin Jussi Andersson, Klara Ström and Hannah Wiker Wikström.
- (2) Charmen med tarmen, Giulia Enders, 2018
- (3) Lux-ur-y Light, performance 2020.
Lyrics written by Hannah Wiker Wikström.
- (4) Lux-ur-y Light performance 2020.
Lyrics written by Hannah Wiker Wikström.
- (5) Soil-on-to-logic, performance 2020.
Lyrics written by Hannah Wiker Wikström.
- (6) Soil-on-to-logic, performance 2020.
Lyrics written by Hannah Wiker Wikström.

- (1) Introduction, M. Ashman, G. Puri, 2008, Essential Soil Science
- (2) p.3, M. Ashman, G. Puri, 2008 Essential Soil Science
- (3) Wendy Brown, 2007, Att vinna framtiden åter
- (4) p.108, Jane Bennett, 2010, Vibrant Matter
- (5) Bayo Akomolafe, 'On slowing down in urgent times'
(For the Wild Podcast; 155. As transcribed by author)
- (6) p.114, Jane Bennett, 2010, Vibrant Matter
- (7) p.4-5, Maria Puig de la Bellacasa, Making time for soil: Technoscientific futurity and the pace of care, 2015
- (8) p.3 Madeleine Eriksson, 2010, (Re)producing a periphery: popular representations of the Swedish North
- (9) Karl Polanyi, 1944, The great transformation
- (10) David Väyrynen, 2017, Marken (Translated freely by author)

“och aldrig ska vi försumma att slå fast
att vi har alltid klarat oss utan dom
att dom har aldrig klarat sig utan oss
att marken är vår och självständigheten
i evighet, jajamen” – ur Vår ropande röst (i obygdén)

- (11) In 2016 Naomi Klein delivered the annual Edward Said London Lecture, entitled “Let Them Drown: The Violence of Othering in a Warming World.” In the speech, Klein shows how the process of colonialist “othering” that Said so famously outlined is inherent to the kinds of exploitation of resources and people that has led to climate crisis.
- (12) p.71,72 , Ania Loomba, 2005, Introduction to Postcolonialism
- (13) p.72, Ania Loomba, 2005, Introduction to Postcolonialism
- (14) Karen Barad, 2018, Troubling Time/s and Ecologies of Nothingness: Re-turning, Re-membering and facing the Incalculable

POST

FACE

What is system critic?

What is systematic change?

Can I critic within this language that I speak?

A language of oppression.

Can I ask for systematic change within a logic which
doesn't have place for such a term?

Maybe in theory, but in practice?

Maybe I can write it, but how to live it?

I don't think it's possible to remain with these thinkers and doers and
their writing and choices and ideas and name it only Critical theory, as a
field. To me, it's something else. It's about adding onto what is possible
to perceive, possible to imagine, possible to think and speak and act
and be with. Tools. Comfort. A vague sense of understanding. They are
mystics of the now. Mystics that put everything in process, allowing for
transformation of what we thought was stagnated as stone.

Mountains melt at high temperatures,
mountains turns into sand
and mountains are grounded down by water.