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Sprinkles of an Agate Sea-Wave— Multispecies Storying as Creating with Matter

Abstract

This article employs diffractive research strategies such as poetic inquiry, storying and speculative fabulation (Haraway 2013) to explore the interplay, or intra-action (Barad 2007), of memories, nostalgias, and material *s t o r i e d* with two Instagram channels. The article does not compare these elements, but sees them as parts of a *d i s t r i b u t e d* *k n o w l e d g e* (King 2011). Informed by Deleuzo-Guattarian nomadic thought and feminist new materialism, the article suggests looking at artwork and crafts as *p e r f o r m a t i v i t y* (Barad 2007), *n e t w o r k e d* *r e e n a c t m e n t* (King 2011) and *s p e c u l a t i v e* *f a b u l a t i o n* (Haraway 2013). The article itself takes shape in multispecies entanglements as ways of engaging with vibrant matter.

Keywords

Diffraction, Distributed Knowledge, Networked Reenactment, Speculative Fabulation, Stonework

The Workroom

The scent of the northern sea is as sweet and refreshing as a baby's breath; the motion of its waves is erratic yet purposeful, like dogs' frolicking. Its light is opal and amber on sunny days, and like moonstone and labradorite on grey ones. I see it as transparent and airy. A friend of mine says it is oily.

It is the same, yet different in every moment of its re-enactment/co-creation of our entangled realities, known or imagined with multiple ever-changing multispecies participants. The sea never stays in one place. In the

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moment I recognize its outreach towards me, I recognize the rhizome we form. In alliance, we make our space-time (Barad 2007): it expands our known space-time and transforms it in our mutual becoming and our mutual and collective plugging in (Deleuze & Guattari 2005; Jackson & Mazzei 2013) to collectively vibrant matter (Bennett 2010). I feel the presence of the sea far away from it, not just as a mental memory but with all my senses; it makes me write about it and think of our relationality. The rhizome we form grows to other alliances—dogs, birds, trees, air, paint, pencil, stones, and shells.

Employing the Deleuzo-Guattarian relational approach to art and qualitative research and its unpacking in feminist new materialism, this article explores how rhizomatic relations with nature and material are articulated in the work of an artist known on Instagram as @musha.art and in my own artistic experience pursued within my Instagram project @morkomorketide. This exploration is not a comparative analysis but an instance of intra-action (Barad 2007) that springs from the entanglement of its multispecies participants. I use the reflective reading (Smartt Gullion 2018) of my own artistic experience to relate it to that of @musha.art's and vice versa. Here, *o n e ' s o w n* means an entangled or networked experience. *E x p l o r i n g* means intra-action within multispecies entanglements.

These artistic experiences are simultaneously testimonies, theory, and method. They are not data to be interpreted to produce a final truth but a living process of the “assemblage in formation” (Jackson & Mazzei 2013, 263) plugged into multiple processes, this text being one of them. Thus, the article does not present the results of a study but, as a material practice itself (Barad 2007; Bennett 2010; Hekman 2010; Rosiek & Snyder 2018; Smartt Gullion 2018), engages with matter and diffractively explores the entanglements that drive the inquiry (Mazzei 2014). It is thinking-making (Haraway 2013), thinking in being (Barad 2007; Mazzei 2014) or thinking-in movement (Deleuze & Guattari 2005; Truman & Springgay 2019): theory, practice, memories, and associations—all actively participate in the thinking process. They mutate as they intra-act with the multiple participants of the process throughout this article.

Although I met @musha.art in person, the true conversation began as I started following her posts on YouTube, Instagram, and her blog. Her social media channels form an open expanded community of those sharing a mindset (@musha.art, 20.12.2019) and generate entangled *n e t w o r k e d d i s t r i b u t e d k n o w l e d g e* (Haraway 2013; King 2011). The network entails collaborative engagement formally shaped by the tools that social media offers.

The discussed artistic practices are both nostalgic and utopian. They co-create an alternative space-time through critical and situated engagement (Deleuze & Guattari 1994, 108) with the world that Andersen (2017) calls *storying*. The memories and associations they evoke are diffractive post-memory (Hirsch 1992/1993), counter-memory (Barthes 2000), or Deleuzo-Guattarian rhizomatic anti-memory (2005). Following these conceptualizations, they deconstruct the clear-cut distinction between memory and history, past and present, individual and collective, intimate and public, between the media of representation, being “equally mediated by the processes of narration and imagination” (Hirsch 1992/1993, 9) and, in this way, entail the process of assemblage as the practice of *distributed knowledge* (King 2011).

Circling the text (St. Pierre 1997), poetic inquiry (Faulkner 2015; Leavy 2015), or rather speculative fabulation (Haraway 2013) as performative and dynamic discursive-material research practices bring out the diffractive and distributed nature of networked knowledge. Speculative fabulation is re-assembling, a tentacular collaborative learning-knowing-experiencing-making sense in and with the world (Haraway 2016a; 2016b). The tentacles, Haraway explains, “are not disembodied figures” (2016a, 2) or fragmented bodies in the part-object vision of the world (Deleuze & Guattari 2005, 171-172), but multiplicities “lived along lines” (Haraway 2016a, 2) in multispecies entanglements. The rhizome’s nodes are the tentacle’s suckers, curious and outreaching organs of matter that simultaneously mark structure-oriented space and call for its diffractive dismantling to explore new connections. Speculative fabulation enables multidimensionality and celebrates diversity (King 2011). It is the process, as King elaborates, of learning “how to be affected or moved”, it “opens up unexpected elements of one’s own embodiments in lively and re-sensitizing worlds” (2011, 19).

While speculative fabulation is an open, all-dimensional mapping—performative “experimentation in contact with the real” (Deleuze & Guattari 2005, 12), the two-dimensionality of a journal paper inevitably turns it into an ordered layout (Grellier 2013). The order of the sections in this article constitutes an interplay between academic laws or conventions and the practice of speculative fabulation; and rather than merely sustaining the order, the sections seek to open it up by exploring the rhizome’s nodes—the spaces of potentiality.

I recognize the rich and thought-provoking body of literature about mattering in art and lament that the article’s word limit prevents me from discussing in more detail the contribution of many authors. They share an un-

derstanding of life and matter as a movement, a flow, and the ethical search for new forms of research, teaching, seeing, thinking, and being with things, which urges to break language orthodoxy and seek artistic expressions and arts-based practices. We can find more extended reviews and elaborations of new materialism and artistic practices in many methodological and theoretical studies (e.g. Coleman, Page & Palmer 2019; Kontturi 2018; Leavy 2019; Sinner, Irwin & Adams 2019; Tiainen, Kontturi & Hongisto 2015).

I would also like to mention scholars from academically underrepresented regions and scholars who work closely with indigenous practices of knowledge, and whose contribution to new materialisms, whether directly focused on art or not, remains understudied (Rosiek, Snyder & Pratt 2019). Many artists and artistic collectives expand our understanding of feminist new materialist thinking and artmaking. Yet they stay less visible due to their location, limited access to resources and academic networks, or choice of language. This article is a dialogue between an artist/organic scholar and a scholar/organic artist, where organic is understood in the Gramscian sense (Gramsci 1992) as grassroot and not institutionally certified. This dialogue allows the artistic practice to theorize and so, hopefully, expand the circle of references while contributing to the already rich debates on mattering art with ever new vibrant matter.

Stonework as travel, as toil and following the path

Natural bodies are not a resource, scenery or metaphor, but active participants and co-creators in our various endeavors (Bennett 2010; Chen, MacLeod & Neimanis 2013; Kohn 2013; Rautio & Stenvall 2019; Somerville & Powell 2019). Stones and crystals evoke associations and with them memories, dreams, and stories. They could be memory and language themselves (Barad 2007; Cohen 2015; Jacanamijoy Tisoy 2014; Kontturi 2018). More so when you know more about their origin, composition, and structure (DeLanda 2015). They tell the stone's story: about the erosion of a volcano, a passing insect or an animal, a disaster, and nearby minerals. All these serendipities make the mineral recognizable, yet still a unique assemblage. Holding a small piece of a fossilized equisetum left by the collapsed cliff at a seashore first brings me back to the image stored in a biology or geography schoolbook and, in the next instance, as in a daydream or a flashback, to an ancient forest. The textbook becomes a portal (a tentacle, a sprinkle of the sea wave) to the fossil world. Together with an incrustation in the mineral, they are ingredients of the amalgam which I am part of.

A stone in nature looks different: its ornament is hidden and could be revealed by stonework. Depending on the combination of stones, setting, carving, and sculpturing, its beauty could be augmented or lost. Stonework is the mechanical or chemical interference and manipulation with its structure and integrity. Even without considering the ethical aspects of excavation such as work conditions, environmental effects, artificially stimulated demand, and invented traditions, stonework raises ethical concerns: is this aesthetics of manipulation a result of the aesthetics of purity and sterility or a childish curiosity and longing for discovery? Is it another form of domination and colonization? When is the stone cut out of its environment and separated in pieces, *t h e f r a g m e n t e d b o d y*, and when is it *t h e b o d y w i t h o u t o r g a n s*, “permeated by unformed, unstable matters, by flows in all directions, by free intensities or nomadic singularities, by mad or transitory particles” (Deleuze & Guattari 2005, 4)?

The concern of consumption haunts my artistic practice. Where is the line between creativity, communication with the world, creation, and consuming, producing trash? Bennett (2010) argues that trash is a vital relationality and therefore creative. The intention, the scale, and ethics of production, attitude to the material in question, and the process of creation itself all make a difference. Works dealing with similar ethical dilemmas (Smartt Gullion 2018; Rosiek & Snyder 2018) turn to Barad’s definition of justice that “entails acknowledgment, recognition, and loving attention” (2007, x). Yet no universal solution and no list can do “justice to entanglements” (xi). “There is only the ongoing practice of being open and alive”, Barad notes (2007), “so that we might use [...] our responsibility [...] to breathe life into ever new possibilities for living justly” (x) “for the wonder of a nonhuman life to be created” (Deleuze & Guattari 2005, 192). The wonder is the diversity and multiplicity of potentialities of the alliances, of kin- and rhizome-making, in openness and ethical giving in of one’s will, one’s power over, one’s imposing I, in becoming clandestine (Deleuze & Guattari 2005). “Intense intimacy with their material” (Bennett 2010, 60), care and loving attention (Barad 2007) enable an artist’s multisensory knowledge of the material (Kontturi 2018) and self in the world.

“I adore it when the stone compels me despite my ambitions and it itself defines the form [for the ring],”¹ says @musha.art in her story (30.03.2020)

¹ All the non-English social media posts onwards are my translations. I have retained the original emoticons as they were included by the authors and complement the meaning. I do not engage in analysis of the emoticons as this could distract from the storyline of the article, yet keep them in the original quotes for ethical reasons.

(personal communication, 1.04.2020). She elaborates: “As a jeweler, you want to express your ambitions, make the setting of the complex engineering, show off. Then you look at the stone and give in to it, cut off anything excessive in your ideas” (personal communication, 1.04.2020). She adds that everything, sky, stars, mountains, a leaf or a stone all have and lack value and meaning, as they transform depending on the assemblage, in this case with her as an artist. “So, do I. I change throughout our conversation”, she replies to my thoughts about her artwork.

I thought of @musha.art because of her articulate recognition of the active participation of matter in (her) makings of art. Her thinking or theorization above relies on speculative fabulation and “on a plugging in of ideas, fragments, theory, selves, sensations” (Jackson & Mazzei 2013, 262), memories, materials among many other things. @musha.art is a jewelry artist, documentarist, and traveler. In their five-year trip around the world, she learned jewelry-making and perfected the craft. The true learning process, however, was the journey itself, a journey of relations with her partner, of encounters, of reading, listening to, seeing, smelling, tasting, recording, filming, writing, and posting (Soundaround.me. Official page, YouTube channel). Her jewelry-work after the world trip is a form of elaborating these past experiences and transformations, as her posts suggest: “Once I will tell you about the mental discoveries while working with metal :) But for now, just about how beautiful it is” (@musha.art, 14.04.2018a).

In Russian the word for traveling is “putieshestvie,” which is a compound word meaning “following the path,” focusing on the process over the destination. In English, “traveling” comes from the word “travail” meaning “toil” or “labor” (Harper 2020). This is the toil of *dismantling* and becoming the *body without organs* (Deleuze & Guattari 2005), *inappropriate/other*, ruins, or *staying with the trouble* (Haraway 1992; 2016b) to become *open*, *alive* and *lovingly attentive*. The traveler—“the path trotter” [putieshestvennik] is the one who does the hard work of following the path of the unknown in the world and self, whether moving in space or staying still (Golovátina-Mora 2018): the movement of deterritorialization, “nomadic motionless voyage,” “voyage in place” with “intensities” rather than the movement from one definite spatial point to another (Deleuze & Guattari 2005).

@musha.art’s jewelry work, as I will illustrate in the next section, is always a learning/searching/exploring process of becoming with matter, thinking-making of *speculative fabulation*. It is traveling

on the river where the diffraction rather than reflection is visible everyday reality: “pacifist amateur, collector of treasures, maker of desires [...] soul of the river,” @musha.art introduces herself on Instagram. Her Instagram channel is an interplay of photos of jewelry, of her working process, materials, places, herself, her partner and her, people she loves, other artists she follows, a birthday wish to the passed rock singer who “moves, inspires, teaches to love night, wind and rain, and even if he does not give you t h e p l a c e f o r t h e s t e p f o r w a r d, he directs you to it” (@musha.art, 22.06.2017). Stories weave around the photographs and videos, evolving-mutating together, entangled, rather than presenting the already done and completed. The channel is a diary of t h i n k i n g - i n - m o v e m e n t and k n o w i n g i n b e i n g. The pictures and videos story together with texts on the trip, the origin of the stone, its structure and characteristics, the memory, a thought that inspired, preceded, or accompanied the process of creation. The followers’ comments complement the story and inspire its development: they reveal the technical details, such as whether she carries her instruments with her while traveling or buys them every time anew (@musha.art, 14.04.2018a).

Multispecies speculative fabulation of jewelry

Tracing the bear dreams about the summer. Sows give birth to their bear cubs under winter’s soft cover. That always impressed me! But I am sure that what they dream of in their dens is summer... The emerald surface of the water that covers rushing fish, jingling leaves in the trees, and lush soft grass hugging you up to your ears (@musha.art, 27.09.2019).

This story introduces a collar made for a friend with a deep green gem on the woven string photographed on deep green grass. It unites emotion and memory triggered by zoological knowledge, her dream of summer when the grass hugs the bear or herself (?). Has she ever experienced such softness of the grass or has she only imagined it?

@musha.art’s jewelry, the textured or smooth silver, stones, the secret on the back of the setting come from her traveling, herself, thoughts about the person who ordered it, or from a spontaneous desire to create: “A collar with the drops of labradorite. I wanted to make a light thing and I think I made one. [...] Who loves heavy raindrops or drops of the morning dew under the starry night sky?” (@musha.art, 24.01.2020). This section savors the performativity of her Instagram channel in detail.

A jewelry piece is photographed on the skin, among leaves, or on a branch that looks like a hand carefully holding it, in the snow, or by the fire where one can make a berry drink the color of the stone (@musha.art, 24.11.2019). Colors and shapes of the photographic background highlight the colors of the stone, the story becomes the stone's setting itself: "[my partner] jokingly notes that it looks as if a fairy dropped it in the forest. Do you intentionally photograph it like that?—Of course, I do" (@musha.art, 29.03.2018).

Every being actively takes part in storying.

Wonderful and unrepeatable moss agate in an expandable ring. [...] Your personal entrance to Narnia. The first snow, frost on a sleeping tree, fog, or snowy air... From one angle, you will see winter, from another—spring... [...] if you try to catch the sunlight through it... wow, one can see a halo and observe the trees... [...] it is magic 🪄. [...] I wanted to photograph it in the Baikal winter forest, but I could not do it in the cold 🥶, the ring went on "charging" in the backpack behind my back 😊 (@musha.art, 23.11.2019).

The photograph of the ring and the story (the phrasing or the image, or both) distracted me from the ring, and I could not understand how she focused on the trees through the ring. The ring looked hollow. Did she use photoshop to make a collage? I kept on returning to the image, but I saw a tree in the fog. A few months later, I went back to this publication: distanced from the old story, I saw the ring and the ornament of the stone. It was magic. The magic of diffraction made me part of this storying, it made `t h i s s u n s e t a l s o m i n e`, as @soundaroundme (02.12.2016)—their world trip Instagram channel—once described the rhizome that a sunset forms with its watcher.

The pieces are carried around, they travel with the artist to find a perfect setting for the photograph to reveal what "Pachamama has cooked" (@musha.art, personal communication, 31.01.2020) and what the artist saw in this cooking; they have gotten "charged" with the air to pass it on to the one who will wear, see it or read about it. In this co-traveling, the artist may rediscover the place herself (@musha.art, 11.01.2020a).

The pieces of jewelry live their life the moment they are done, during the process of creation or even before (?): "I am not sure if the lizard looks at you through the stone or if it is cut in the setting," wonders one comment (@musha.art, 5.11.2019).

I was photographing it today and kept on thinking: "How have you ended up in the city in the middle of the winter!" I remember working hard on your antennae and fixing the labradorites, weaving the wings... you are alive as if it was not me who made you... 🐝 You were inspired by my favorite sphinx moths, who hover over the flower as a hummingbird would. And now you are autonomous (@musha.art, 9.01.2020).

The author plays a facilitator, instigator, and co-creator with the stone's origin, memory, size, color, ornament, and texture. All this diffracts the course of the creation process and its storying:

An absolutely tiny pinkie finger-ring. Its secret is even tinier: a fox puppy in the green summer grass. I know, its owner will walk it well in the mountains and meadows ♡. The last photo shows the Ai-Petri fox. They are very purposeful and busy there: they enter the tent and take everything they need. It is ok when it is an oven glove, worse when it is your shoe 🐾. I love them very clever guys (@musha.art, 11.01.2020b).

The last photo in the set shows the fox walking at night carrying something stolen from the tent. Its silhouette is cut in the back of the ring setting. The greenstone glows like a green grass blade in the sun through the fox, which makes the fox itself glow and emphasizes its trickster nature.

As in any rhizome, there is "no beginning nor end" (Deleuze & Guattari, 2005, 25): "With amazement, I noticed the particularity of the rutilated quartz—its golden arrows are warm in the sunlight as if they are the light itself" (@musha.art, 29.03.2018). It is impossible to say what triggers what: inspiration–creation; material–jewelry–seeing it everywhere. The relations world–material–jewelry shapes the form of the publication as well.

Late at night, I realized that the huge waning crescent was looking through my window. It was just rising and was still warm as if it was covered with gold. I could not take my eyes off of it for about three minutes... In the photo, there is a moonstone. One can watch its irisation for a long time as well, it is not even: in some places, it is blurred; in others, it pierces the depth of the stone with its sharp needle beams. The ring found its owner, it has its secrets, but I wanted to precisely show the stone this time (@musha.art, 20.12.2019).

For @musha.art the quartz with inclusions and air bubbles are pieces of the ancient Patagonia ice that she and her partner collected during their travels (@musha.art, 14.04.2018b), the pieces of larimar are the snow-white sand on the shallow part of the Caribbean coast (@musha.art, 13.07.2019). Are their colors a mere metaphor of their origins' locations? What triggers what? What is older? Its structure "grants [the stone] a rich inner world"

(@musha.art, 14.04.2018b), its form stipulates, and the setting reinforces the light in it (@musha.art, 29.03.2018). It is a co-creation, co-storying: “those bluish flames on the bottom of the piece that you can see in some pictures are the reflection of me wearing a sweater” (@musha.art, 29.03.2018). It is always a unique assemblage and “stones of the same type are never the same” (@musha.art, 29.03.2018). As an artist, she notices and balances the differences with a difference: compensating the weight of the stones by adding silver parts with a different weight to the earrings (@musha.art, 13.07.2019), “slightly balancing the tenderness of the stone with texture and oxygenation of the silver setting” (@musha.art, 22.10.2019).

She talks about stones “like they’ve got feelings, [...] like they can think for themselves” (Rowling, 2007, 403). It is surprising, marvelous, magical, even if scientifically well explainable, @musha.art (29.03.2018) concludes. “I love milky opal with a slight touch of green. [...] The only gourmet would choose such a stone. And I understand their choice” (@musha.art, 22.10.2019); “I love tourmalines! They are different, lively, sparkly! And at the same time, mysterious. Dee” (@musha.art, 12.08.2019). Marvelous and magic, wonder, and love are familiar words in her posts. They reveal her profound love and care for stones, the feathers she has collected while traveling, as well as animals, fossils, traces, experiences, sounds, colors, and more, since they are children of Mother-Earth.

She does not collect but participates in the assemblage-co-creation: “Soon I will collect the bird 🐦” (@musha.art, 4.08.2017). The process of making, working with material is a form of spiritual, mental, cognitive, emotional, and bodily learning: “I loved working with this bracelet and feel it on my hand, I even dreamed of making one for myself 😊, sometime...” (@musha.art, 23.04.2019). The making does not have a pre-set purpose but is an open-ended and often unpredictable process of becoming-with and in:

I feel primal and wild. If not for the heat, I believe I could see thousands of years ago in the mirror of the melting silver [...] all those flames, to which my eyes stare so mesmerized. Time disappears and everything around me with it, I am one to one with the mystery that I wish to learn (@musha.art, 23.02.2019).

Along with the video of melting silver, the fire, an interplay of orange, blue, brown and silver—and the coarse yet capturing and mesmerizing sound of the Andean flute—the post produces the desire that is expressed in the comments; in my case, it is the desire to get up, dance, watch the video, again and again, make something myself, or kiss a silver ring.

A second before the miracle begins. I love my workshop, the atmosphere in it, my teacher, and my compañeros—workplace mates. I love the smell of the burning wood, heated ceramics, the whisper of the burner, the heat of the fire, the hissing of the water when candent metal is immersed in it, and the bell of the anvil. I love all of this:) But more than that, that moment when you take a stone made by nature that you love so much and, in your thoughts, see it set. For one instance, your breath and your heart stop, you hear absolute silence. An inhale. And it begins... (@musha.art, 14.04.2018c)

The still picture of a hand with its palm lines black from smut holding a transparent quartz-like stone and round yet asymmetrical pieces of silver feeds this silence of creating.

Diffracting shades and stains

I love the scent of the fur on the top of my dogs' heads. It smells like coffee, sweet, dry, clover-like, musky; like the soil of a warm summer, a plowed field at noon. This is not a metaphor but an interplay of memories and experiences as I search for more precise descriptions of the scent with the closest associations I have. Their scent calms me down. The warmth, fluffiness, and smoothness of their hair confront the strength of their muscles. I like how they respond to my hugs: affection, attachment, and attention, yet not giving in. They are autonomous, they are themselves. Each part of their body has a life of their own, yet they are part of a whole. They change the course of my thinking in multiple directions. It also happens when we walk: a sudden something changes the pre-set trajectory of the walk and we stop or go in a different direction. I try to see what drew their attention, thinking about that something, them, grass, the movement.

I collect their fur because I feel I would betray and waste something if I had just thrown it away. I also think it is beautiful. The decision to make a felted puppy was spontaneous, generated by a set of circumstances. Wool is moldable, yet resistant; it is soft, warm, and the texture feels smooth when held in your hand. While working with their fur, I felt like I was hugging them. The shape is formed with a few pokes, I see ears and tail, familiar facial expressions, the curve of the back, the tension of the leg muscles. I am surprised and mesmerized with what appears in my hands. I even feel uncomfortable poking this creature with a needle. Felting as a practice of entanglement makes me think of its plasticity yet firmness.

Was the desire to make this sculpture a desire for control? I hope not. While working, I was revisiting our hugs, feeling their scent with my imagination. I revisited my memories, at times I looked at their pictures or them

when they were around. I talked to them through the needle, wool, and sensation. The puppy-fur-felted dog is its own being now. I touch it with my forehead the same way I do with my dogs. It responds. I sense its smell with my imagination. It is the materialized assemblage of my dogs, my vision of them, my senses, their fur, their personalities, the needle, my memories, our relations, we are all together and separate. The felted sculpture playfully continues reassembling all that and more.

The Instagram channel @morkomorketide was created as a transmedia storying project. Like the felted puppy, it was born from an urging desire, a search, from a moment of *s i l e n c e* to begin to explore what is in-between the media, matter, external and internal stimuli, as reflexivity with creating an academic or otherwise creative practice. I believe the first post of the series was a dog looking intensively to my off-camera face with the comment: “so, tell me a story or shall I chew your shoe instead?,” which suggests the silence of creating (@morkomorketide, 22.04.2017a). The channel is intentionally public to emphasize its openness to conversations with the world, yet it is structured by Instagram’s algorithm and my ability to select followers.

The pictures do not necessarily correspond to the story; one post does not continue immediately from the previous post; English and Russian texts are not always a translation of each other, nor are they neatly separate. Often the preference of a certain word, its sound or spelling, the reference to an association, a memory, a quote, a song, or a movie defines the order of the post. Capital letters are avoided to emphasize the in-betweenness of the story. Desynchronization between, for instance, image and sound, as Trinh Minh-ha (1990) proposes, triggers deconstruction of the dominating gaze and introduces a multiverse of connections, relations, and meanings.

@morkomorketide pursues the goal of *p l u g g i n g i n , t h i n k i n g - m a k i n g i n* becoming with the discursive-material reality in flux and *w i t h t h e t r o u b l e*. The storyline is an attempt to walk the streets as a dog would (or as I understand and remember it): let oneself be driven by what is not meant to be in the pre-established street order, yet is there—ruins, stains, shadows, blurred pictures as if in motion, parts, and fragments that with plugging in are feelers of the whole body, a body themselves. Like a puppy, the story tries to look in multiple directions, change storying the moment it is undertaken, look for details as tentacles of the diverse colorful multitudes with curiosity, momentous purpose, and joy. The story looks for not where it comes from but where it brings me, you, us.

The plant's shadows on the balcony tiles have multiple levels and intensities of grey, interrupted by the reflection from a windowpane. The text of the publication says: "they [white birds—blurred glass carvings against the red background from the previous post] want to catch the early light to change it slightly with their feathers to its own shadow. it opens the stair[s]" (morkomorketide, 22.04.2017b).

Walking in and with, I see the shadow, and in my thoughts, I see the story as a setting for a gemstone. I need to share it. The lack of time and the other non-Instagram life make me collect the stories in my head, on my phone, and my laptop. By the time it is published, the story can be different, merged, and transformed. It is an ongoing multispecies conversation in and with matter. Is what I see mine?—as @soundaroundme (12.12.2016) suggested. Whose voice is speaking? Is it as it is, or do I transform it? Do we re-enact it?

Does an agglomeration of pavement patches in a Finnish town look like the Moomins scene? And do moss on a tree trunk in the sunlight and tree shadows dance at the bottom of the sea (@morkomorketide, 18.11.2017)? Has the power of the tree, restrained by the concrete of the human road, spoken with its roots that look like a wise sad elephant? (morkomorketide, 9.05.2017) and what hill covered with the sun coming through the morning mist is the bag of the chamomile tea?—the one from my childhood memories or the one from the Hobbit story? (@morkomorketide, 1.09.2018) Finally, as Harry Potter asked Dumbledore at the King's Cross: "Is this real? Or has this been happening inside my head?"—"Of course, it is happening inside your head, Harry, but why on earth should that mean that it is not real?"—Dumbledore beamed at him in response (Rowling 2007, 725). One thing becomes the other and back with no beginning nor end: "As we were falling or going up the sound of our movement became the sound of the ocean waves" with the texture and ornament of the night butterfly's wing (@morkomorketide, 26.03.2019). It is nostalgia, imagination, wishful thinking, utopia, a desire to share the admiration with the world around, by revisiting, re-memembering, re-entering the storying in search for re-sensibilizing the ways the world is looked at, as well as for the community of the soul sisters (@musha.art, 20.12.2019).

The video shows a dancing grass blade against the construction site across the road. The text says: "that day we ex[c]hanged a recipe of a happy bark for an enthusiastic idea of weaving sunlight in the constructions for their lightness and yet extra strength" (@morkomorketide, 6.05.2017). The publication primarily wanted to share the happiness that dance emanated.

Forthwards to the Workroom

There is a long serpentine walk between the beginning and the end of this writing. While walking it I grew in love with this text, intuition grew into ideas, and theory mended holes in my thoughts. The pieces of the puzzle found each other at least for the time being and opened new ones. But as I get up to hug one of my dogs, he turns to his back to express his affection and lets me rub his belly. I bury my face in his fur and breathe in the sweet musky scent. I go back to my computer and the felted puppy looks at me cheerfully (@morkomorketide, 4.02.2020). Somewhere far away the waves of the opal sea play with each other as two dogs on a beach. I hear their sound in the rustling buzz of the computer fan. I feel their sprinkles in the freshness of the night.

This coda summarizes the fragment of the traveling momentarily shaped as the present text. I prefer the term coda to that of conclusion as it entails the openness of the becoming-movement. It brings back or rather forth the idea of living through the writing with multiple participants, all of which contribute to the craft—re-turns to it while “diffracting anew” (Barad 2014, 168). Simultaneously, it offers a refrain and marks a dismantling node in the rhizomatic entanglement of paper-artistic experience-matter. As Deleuze and Guattari (2005) wrote:

It is the body without organs, animated by various intensive movements that determine the nature and emplacement of the organs in question and make that body an organism, or even a system of strata of which the organism is only a part (171-172).

Diffractive inquiry (Mazzei, 2014) cherishes loving attention to matter, as Karen Barad (2007) has discussed. It is this loving attention that this inquiry also partakes in. Loving attention supplies or builds a basis for justice that should guide forms of artistic practice as any other activity, scholarly or otherwise. It opens ever new possibilities for knowledge of multiple selves and others and sensitivities to the vitality of matter. Care for matter and loving attention to its even smallest elements and details search for ways to build rhizomes; building rhizomes brings out the vibration of matter; the vibration of matter makes craftwork art. With/in the aesthetics of co-creation and care, artwork does not begin in the workroom, it does not have a single author, nor does it have a beginning or end. It is a way of relating to the world. The networked entangled world is the workroom, where everybody contributes to the shared art assemblage with momentarily preferred and changing means.

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