

Multibeing Drag Rift: Multispecies is a drag

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Fig. 1. Performance of ‘Multibeing Drag Rift’, *Recentring the Regions* conference July 6 2023

Source: <https://youtu.be/aXIV30QC8Wg>

Transcript

[Music]

multispecies is such a drag so we're seeking something more prolific in its wake. We propose a multi-being drag rift in the rack zone. The rack zone is both sea and land and also neither. The rack zone salty cruddy and a bit unkempt is where all matter of stuff washes up. It's where different ways of life mingle; some survive, some do not, others transform and become something else altogether in the rack zone.

Becoming climate change is not only about loss but also about super abundance dragging in the wrack zone.

We propose a tuning to different genres of being

1. In the wrack zone

The ocean reminds us that multiplicities move and move relationally. Imagining with the ocean's flows and transitions

takes us offshore away from terrestrial bias, fixed orientations and mythical bonds of linear time.

untethered we're beholden to the current, reminding us that the ocean's distributive capacity is both situated and global. Currents show us where change comes from and where the effects of change are going.

Currents send warmth, seeds and bodies but also remnant oil and plastic from one basin edge to another. Currents and other dynamic phenomena are thus thoroughly entangled with terrestrial events they're implicated in; intensifying human activities and desires.

Fluxes of carbon plastics and other materials arriving, transforming and leaving through river mouths canal outlets.

Vehicle exhaust rain freshen surfaces.

Holiday coastlines beneath ice sheets and evaporating skyward

This is all to say we know that ocean beings are vulnerable but so too are systems, movements relations, materialities, temporalities that make the ocean what it is. So while many humans act as though these dump desires will never return for a reckoning, currents send them ashore as material misses of the local conditions through which they pass.

and so we arrive in the black zone

washed up detritus froth and spume from

offshore sediment bedragglings of kelp forest, styrofoam beads and deteriorating flip

here is the ocean pulled in but also terrestriality pulled out

this conglomeration belies the myth of away

depositing us instead in the in the

muddled middle

feel the rack zone shuffle a multi-being performance that echoes the ocean's endless movements through living and dying minerals and corporals

hear the slow slide of moisture evaporating from gelatinous fronds and their slower drying twists under the sun

the currents push and pull living and dying as another configuration of the ocean's dynamic processes

In the wrack zone, we come close to life's abundance
 and forsakings empty shark eggs gasping
 fish plastic straws and bottle tops
 creeping stars and spent balloons in all
 their visual or factory tactile glory
 and gloom
 and at this edge we glimpse
 death and its beginnings broken down
 fish and whale body parts sea wrecked
 mutton birds fleshless urchin shells
 braids of sea vegetables and kelp knots
 evaporating pungent water to the breeze
 and others long dead sun bleached and skeletal
 aren't wracks just communities of life and its diverse processes

We describe death as as an always lurking
 presence but life lurks a bit as well
 that's the wonder of the wrack zone
 towing strands of kelp can reveal the
 stink of a nibbled snapper carcass or a
 crab scampering beneath clumps of
 Neptune's necklace

2. Multispecies to Multibeing

the wrack zone reminds us that multi-being is
 not object-oriented
 even if it includes somethings among
 its cast of characters and to focus on
 the things is not
 is to not focus on everything that holds
 them movement tone texture texture time
 process relation behavior life cycle
 lifeline matter

Our rift is thus interested in what these forms and modes

of being can teach us beyond the narrow
confines of the snaplock specimen bag of
species with its snapshot of being fixed
in time

we're interested in how moving
beyond species and its ontological
limitations and temporal ideals can
teach us something about diverse
unfurlings and varied velocities
about form and not only content

categories
always
leak

multi-being is a logic against inherited
logics a seaward feeling to be sure but
not that oceanic feeling and its
absorptive relations erasing
universalism which is also the logic of
logics

In the wrack zone we become suspicious of taxonomy. We appreciate the possibilities of pattern recognition and some kind of handhold—a blue thread if you will—to keep us on track as we stumble along the shoreline scraps. Here taxonomies dissolve but they don't disappear entirely. They're reconfigured in the backwash emerging instead as improper affiliations.

This raft seeks to put species and its biocentrism to the side.
This rift is an experiment in genres of being all tending towards a new wrack-zone poetics

3. Gender as genre and did we mention abundance

Genre of course is another word for gender

Our wager is that this rift can productively
erupt by moving through gender which is
also to say sex which is also to say
sexuality, desire, which is also to say
reproduction and while we recognize the
political strategy of needing to

sometimes hold these terms apart we also
know that they are thoroughly washing
through one another. Alibis for each
other's persistence

nder the governance
logics of heteropatriarchy, white
supremacy and settler colonialism
Their delineations are part of the machines of
Control, a deliberate sloshing or mucking
around and between these terms is thus a
different kind of tactic one we might
find in the wrack zone

So here we are
encouraged to issue western biopolitical
manoeuvres of distinction that remain
tethered to a binaristic master model of
nature and culture and to call all of
this sex, bodies, desire, reproduction
simply gender is to already move from a
biopolitics of species to squirm our way
through gender is also to think the
question of bios through carnality,
pleasure, queerness, feeling and
irreverence and abundance and time.

Are we in or out of time multi-being draft
rift, drag rift drags the temporalities
of gender, genres drag rifts the
temporalities
of gender genres in Anthro-a-terrestrial
linear time
time can only be lost like
youth and elderhood is only desiccation
to infertility to decrepitude to
death-arts on

but ocean genders rift
these man-made landlocked temporal
linearities and churn up simultaneous

multiplicities instead nekton, eggs and
other material particulates of prey
predator and long-gone kin flush through
gills and gullets and in dark ocean
provinces marine beings initially
relate to one another not through
assigned sex age or other identitarian
characteristics but through movement and
the changed touch of water through the
sensitive cells of their body's lateral
line the presence of another is met
through the slightest quiver one is
known first as an amplitude
and a direction

what do these qualities of experience of
a genres of being gender as genre gender
as a kind a class a way or a mode gender
is to end gender to generate to ungender
all as a pathway to abundance gender is
multiple ways of being multivalent
ontologies and multitudinous relation in
place of taxonomies of species and tied
separations of gender from sex, biology,
from culture or life from non-life we'll
go with the overflow

multi-being
abundance means coming into being and
coming into multiple iterations of being
through multiple iterations of genre

why hedge one's bets with neat delineations
tentatively aligning oneself with this
position or that why not instead choose
the and and ... become explosive go big we're not
sure if the ocean is big enough but it's
a start so we are untethering gender
from its habituated anthro-terrestrial
orientations we're choosing instead an
imagining feeling toward an oceanic wrack

zone gender flushed with ever
transitioning form and relation: local
and planetary, superersize the
multiplicitus and riotous abundance of
bodies and matters, movements and
feelings, and times and natures and and
and
that can mean all of these things
and

In the Rex zone we are super
abundant
containment is futile

4. a funny thing happened on the way to the ocean

In the wrack zone our irrelevance
competes with our irreverence and humour
is also a tactic for planetary survival

we've known for some time now that we
need to take seriously the argument that
the ecological crisis is, even in a small
part, a problem of desire
that is desires
management containment and eraser
rather
than abundance and proliferation
environmentalism wants us to consume
less shrink our footprint cut back on
emissions and live small and while these
are all laudable and in many ways
necessary objectives
it is as though the
gravity of climate change's existential
crisis means that the only posture we
can take is one of us

as though the
gravity of biodiversity loss insists we
prepare coffins for those remaining and

we're not convinced that sober
abstinence or the holding pens of grief
will get us where we need to go

following these musings along the
shoreline we want to cultivate desire
not curtail it
to revel in abundance of
those still here and inseminate what's
still coming

we are still seeking
improper affiliation which is both
hilarious and dangerous

in the wrack zone
our pleasure is our resistance

5. what comes next—gender as genre

though
means that this multi-being rift must
also be about expectations the whole
point of genre after all is to help you
anticipate what comes next
the tide will
surely turn and the pipi clam always
gets his man genre is deliberative this
means we can interpret this backwash
through a genre lens or deliberately
construct different genres or different
ways to be

multispecies is a genre whose
expectations we are so over

if genre means setting up expectations
how can multi-being rift upset those
expectations and proliferate gender
abundance and how is this held and poked
and prodded in the rack our multi-being

lateral lines sense the quiver of
unexpected expectations

also what are
our own genres of being that we bring to
our different encounters
does your genre
give way in the wrack zone

6. Rifting

here we offer you rifting as methodology
we ask why species must always be the lead characters in the story of life

a fault line opens to jumble our
assumptions about reproduction sex and
gender kinship and finality, desire and
death and life's lurkings

rift as a
fissure that opens up disturbing the
smooth surface rift as cleaving that bivalent by word that means both pulling
together and tearing apart

rift as a falling out
a variation of reef rifting
is rending resting to be wrenched or
riven
rifting is also riffing a take a
variation another way to play the game
same same but different

rifting is
drifting to being carried being dragged
to rift as method is neither ascent nor
dissent but making a different way
through

this rift is is a an
invertebrate provocation
a tactic and

not a panacea that's
the next thing you
know

7. Overwhelmed

we in the rack zone
have been paying attention to queer
activism and critique where where
pleasure and humor are

to be clear we mean no disrespect we
know that the extension grief weighs
heavy and becoming and climate change is
still a matter of life and death even
beyond bios

rifting expectations has become
imperative
how the hell else are we ever
going to make it through

the too
muchness of these tactics might be the
only adequate response to the too
muchness of these catastrophic times

so
why not respond to the rising tide
through exaggeration and overwhelm

through a procession of multi-being
characters that are part marine mark,
part old world bestiary and part teens
listicle, we embody explore and extend to
you as well an invitation to joyous
critique

Part Two: a sneak preview of the rack zone cast and crew

All-star like and drag, a local

filamental and guano group and pronoun
culture proliferationalists!

rafting planetary repair shop flotsom
meets algal drift
no anchor
hang loose, drift hard

what's happening in the loose lips counter?

they told me my body would float
forever Turkish towel skin of the sea
membrane wrapped and slippery lens
clamless razor rash with or without
beard lickety salts flicky don't wear it
too long now or you'll be like shhh
shave her belly with a rusty belly with
a rusty razor shave her belly with a
rusty razor shave her belly with a...
washing machine

transitive, as in, picked up by the ocean
and thrown in place rearranged
completely

dumping abundances in the tumblers of the
wrack I became the genders of my biome my
narrow hometown my fly down leaking
genres like nobody's business

washing
machine me here

flattened and stirred on
the rocks by all genres blowing the
ocean through my nose for days

flat on the rocks I don't need socks
waving
riding high dipping low
pass it on

bring them ashore and send them off
can't touch this

yeah but take my wave my
ripple my swell instead the slough
desire of slack-tide

an incantation for generative indecision
and untimely erotic let looses

Distracted proceedings of the sea squirt social club's organizing committee for international day
of event and anus diversity

Please hold the date!

Ever the multisocial cessiles loquacious and
universally loved
it's always nice to see
it's always nice to see them it's always nice to see them

they are sitting
in the morning in a rock on the corner
they are waiting on the basel
they really mean it this time no they
don't yes they do

hallucinating
menopausal celipid flies mistaking still
mucuscoated briney rack for an
algorithm for forever

how many hatchings
does it take to realize that we're all
emerging until we're not again?

briany inundations [Music]

sit back for some tidal cash flushing
and come what may

[Music]