World Problems.

What is original does not come from absolute blank nothingness, but from an electromagnetic tenderness—from remembering, not forgetting.... I think entities never exhaust their possibilities by being used or interpreted.... Earth needs this tenderness—I think there is some kind of fusion between tenderness and sadness, joy, yearning, longing, horror (tricky one), laughter, melancholy and weirdness. This fusion is the feeling of ecological awareness.

- Letter 8, Timothy Morton, Björk's letters with Timothy Morton (2015)
http://www.dazeddigital.com/music/gallery/20196/7/bjork-s-letters-with-timothy-morton

Each time a story helps me remember what I thought I knew, or introduces me to new knowledge, a muscle critical for caring about flourishing gets some aerobic exercise.... Each time I trace a tangle and add a few threads that first seemed whimsical but turned out to be essential to the fabric, I get a bit straighter that staying with the trouble of complex worlding is the name of the game of living and dying well together on terra.

- Donna Haraway (2016)
Staying With the Trouble: Making Kin in the Cthulucene

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1.
You remember, one time, you were ten years old. And you were sitting in a circle of girls. One of them was explaining that there are two holes for a woman, one that you pee through and one that you bleed through.

Another time you turned away from a new girl at school who asked me if she could sit with us at lunchtime. She was fat, and ugly, and you had already been nice too many times that day, so you said no.

Actually now that you think about it, you didn't even say no, you just turned your back on her and kept talking and hoped she would disappear.

You remember you used to sit in the hot water closet next to your bedroom when you were a child. you would shut the door and listen to the darkness. Silence.

You remember in year three someone asked your classmate Daniel, who was from Mauritius in Africa, what it was like to be covered in poo.

You remember your father crying during his divorce, you'd never seen a man as big and strong as him double over, the way he did. you also remember him yelling YOU FUCKING CUNT GET OUT OF IT, GET OUT OF IT YOU FUCKING *LITTLE* ***TOAD*** when one of the opposition players tackled an All Black on the TV. That's the New Zealand Rubgy Union team, the All Blacks. They're not all black.

You remember watching the snot that your father picked from his nose and rolled into a tiny little ball and flicked onto the carpet one day, on his way to doing something else, absentmindedly, like it didn't really exist.

You remember the birthday cakes your mother would bake, especially a teddy bear one with chocolate butter icing and chocolate sprinkles for the fur, which was your favourite.

You remember a girl called Samantha who would come to your birthday parties, she had bright white hair like a myth and she always smelled of urine. She lived in the caravan park around the corner from your house, it was called Levi Caravan Park, it was where the Snowtown Killers lived for awhile, they killed 12 people, not all in the caravan park, and the movie they made about those guys was actually filmed in Smithfield Plains, which is 20 miles away not close at all.

You remember the dog we owned who lived outside and even when she was old and slow she would get very anxious if we tried to bring her inside to sit by the fire at night.

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You remember the cat we had that was killed out of the blue, by a car right outside our house. You remember looking at the skin that had been whipped off his face and the brightness of his gums and his snarl. His stiff body like this.

This is the cat that you think of when you have to answer those personal security questions on websites, you know, when they ask you the name of your first pet, even though he wasn't technically your first pet, you had had many pets by then including two rabbits and another cat and the dog you just told you about.

But you choose to use this cat's name on those websites. you miss him very much.

Henry.

You remember dressing up and playing shop with your best friend Clare, we met on a slide in a playground when You were 4. She had a tiny little face and a huge brown teddy bear bigger than her head and she used to cry a lot. One day we made a movie together in your father's office about two chairs who decided to get married, we had to use chairs in the film because we didn't know any actors and it didn't matter because all they had to do was stand at the altar. The movie was called George and Charlie. you don't remember who wore the dress, whether it was George or Charlie. No-one will ever see that movie, we recorded it on VHS.

You remember the man who ran the fish and chip shop around the corner from your Mothers house when You were at high school. He sold the best hot chips you'd ever eaten and for only $2 dollars you would get enough for a whole meal. He was always playing elvis records. He had huge sideburns. "They say Elvis isn't dead!" he would yell to whoever was in line. "And they're right! he's alive and well and working in a fish and chip shop in Adelaide, South Australia!"

You remember having no boobs and this went on for many years, for ages, like forever. You remember having no boyfriend and this is still going on. You remember your first pair of glasses and You remember the ulcers you got from your braces.

You remember wearing waistcoats and matching shorts. You remember being teased for that. You remember puffy sleeves, ballet shoes, glitter, spandex, corduroy jackets previously worn by men.

You remember not remembering.

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You remember panic attacks, and success, and receiving a graduation certificate in the mail.

You remember test results.

You remember a young man from Madrid behind a podium in Melbourne talking about the economic meltdown in Spain, years after it had happened, and only then did you realise that you'd barely even noticed it when it was happening.

You remember the morning after 9/11. Our lecturer asked the whole class to stand for a minute's silence and this was the first time you had ever done anything like that, for people who lived in America. You remember her telling us that there was going to be a war.

You remember a famous anthropologist coming to speak to that same class. The anthropologist drew two huge overlapping circles on the white board in this great big lecture theatre and she told you that before her research on Indigenous cultures in the Australian desert, Anthropologists had only ever talked about one of those circles. The one where the men lived.

She said that all she did to get noticed was talk about the other circle.

II.

You remember moving to Canberra on the weekend of their worst bush fire of all time, driving uphill with ash falling on your windscreen.

You remember the times I saw your mother cry. You remember lying on the pavement at 3am, after kissing a boy you shouldn't have. You remember myself. You remember myself. You remember getting drunk. You remember a floral dress you used to wear. You remember your favourite pair of black high heels. You remember phoning boys on a landline. You remember the yellow pages, and You remember looking myself up in the phone book, which was white.

You remember paying $75 a week in rent. $75 a week, what is that, 50 euros? A WEEK. And you lived in a beautiful three bedroom house with wooden floorboards and a backyard and it was thirty minutes walk from the centre of town. you lived there with a young man called Johnny who wore glasses, and was rarely at home, and could only cook one thing - spaghetti – and You remember he had a big penis but you never had sex

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with him or even saw him with his shirt off so its strange that you know that about him. His penis.

You remember the first time you had sex.

You remember very few elections.

You remember reading about feminist cyborgs before you'd ever been naked with anyone. You remember getting locked in a library at Melbourne University with a handsome man from Europe. Nothing happened. You remember an Elton John concert where he wore bright green and sang about crocodiles, and you fell asleep on your father's lap in the cold.

You remember reading about the birth of the internet. you don't remember the first time you used the internet. You remember your first nokia. you don't remember your first smart phone. You remember creating an email account. you don't remember tinder. You remember your first kiss. You remember you used to be happier.

You remember talking to your best friend on the internet after too many beers. You argued, you think. I mean, you think it was an argument. But sometimes it isn't so easy to know, is it, on the internet.

PAUSE

You remember the bike you used to ride. You remember the eighties. You remember watching television, your nose pressed up against the screen. A Country Practice. Home and Away. Dougie Howser MD. You remember hating walnuts.

You remember caring about things. You remember seeing a future.

You remember believing good things were to come.

You remember taking magic mushrooms at a friend's 30th and immediately taking myself straight home to bed. You remember missed calls from the boy who'd given me the magic mushrooms that night on your phone screen. You remember your phone screen.

You remember your passcode. You remember your first address.

You remember the reindeer you made out of coloured fabric for the Christmas Card design competition you won at primary school. You remember winning the Christmas

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card design competition at primary school with your design of a reindeer made out of coloured felt fabric.

You remember having to share the winning with three other kids who also did designs and they put all of our designs together on the same card so your reindeer only took up the bottom right hand corner and You remember being really pissed off about that. Because your reindeer design was by far the best design, everyone else drew shitty pictures in crayon but you used coloured felt fabric that was then photographed and the use of textiles meant the colours came out much clearer and more vivid in the printing so it was in a completely different league from those other crayon drawings, it was simply *better* than anything you could ever make with a crayon. So much better. It was magnificent.

you still think this.

You remember winning a milkshake maker from a cereal box competition. You remember winning a stuffed toy at a fairground. You remember screwing up a certificate in Primary School because You were bored with being told you were good at things. You remember being good at things. You remember being good. You remember bleeding on your school uniform. you don't remember your first tampon. you do remember your hairy legs.

You remember the fall of the Berlin Wall, people seemed happy about it, on the TV.

Chernobyl: You remember watching the news about it, you were only a child and it sounded bad but we had a small tv and they didn't even speak English where it was happening so you knew it wouldn't hurt us. We were safe.

And You remember 25 years later watching a theatre show in Melbourne with a woman who had lived in Chernobyl telling us she had been standing on a train platform when the explosion happened, on her way to law school.

She laughed You remember, onstage, and she looked over our heads off to the side you know where people look when they are somewhere else inside, and she said "that's right, I wanted to be a lawyer." But then she said the minute she heard about the explosion she never went home again.

Actually, wait a minute that play was about Sarajevo. Which is another country...

You remember the footage of Tiananmen Square and the death of princess Di and when Paul Keating became Prime Minister of Australia. You don't remember voting. You

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remember marching for refugees, and marriage equality, and indigenous rights. You remember vigils. You remember the plane that went down. You remember going on a date with a man who knew a woman who knew a man on the plane that went down. He said to me "it could be worse, I know a woman who was single at 37 and desperately wanted a family, and then she fell in love with a colleague and after they got engaged they went to Europe to celebrate, but she had to fly home early for work and he came back on the plane that went down.

You remember Russia.

You remember vodka and dirty statues and drunk Australians in hostels.

You remember dance classes on wooden floors in old Melbourne dance studios when you were new to the city and looking for friends. You remember distance.

You remember you used to like Gin.

You remember offending people. You remember the look on her face.

You remember being told to "stop over thinking everything" and to "just have fun" and not knowing how to do that.

You remember Brixton. And St Petersburg. And Hong Kong. You remember Utrecht and Vienna and Budapest. You remember Amsterdam in summer. You remember Amsterdam in winter. You remember Sydney and Auckland, Brisbane, Perth, Darwin, those freshwater rockpools out of town, You remember Kakadu, faintly. Uluru. You remember Toowoomba. Byron Bay, Christchurch. Brighton (when it was cold). You remember a muddy island festival off the coast of the UK but you do NOT remember the hat you wore despite the photos. You remember queing for the portaloo, and a woman in front of me turning around and saying *you know, people say it can be fun to be at a music festival in the rain, but it's actually just really shit*.

You remember needing coffee.

You remember when you were so scared of talking to new people that your collar bone would throb and rise up and your eyes would strain open and your contact lenses would pop out on the ground.

You remember being laughed at. You remember making people laugh.

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You remember the taste of strawberries the first time you went to England when you were 27, and how they tasted exactly the way you'd always imagined strawberries would taste and realising that you'd never really tasted strawberries before, even though when you were 14 your best friend and you went picking strawberries in the South Australian countryside in the middle of summer and we ate them straight off the vine.

Is that what it's called? A strawberry vine? Or is it a bush?

You remember seeing art and You remember not wanting to like it.

You remember the first time you failed. You remember the second time you failed.

You remember conversations after midnight when our two brains knitted together for hours and hours as if they were one and You remember not knowing afterwards if it had ever really even happened or if you'd just wanted it to.

You remember the bad sex much more than You remember the good sex. Is this normal?

You remember Rotterdam, and Brussels. You remember Bangkok and Peshawar. You remember the border to Afghanistan, the men with the guns and the women and children without them. You remember Dubai, many many, many, many times. You remember the capital of Sweden, and Riga. You remember Stuttgart and Berlin. You remember Muscat, in Oman. You remember Rome... from before you were born. You remember the holocaust and those camps in Poland. You remember the grey mud and the mist. You remember Warsaw and Krakow and drinking hot beer out of plastic straws. You remember climbing a mountain in Cape Town. You remember a Cliffside road trip with your fiancé and the fresh fish we ate and the bed in the motel we rented. You remember a pub on the Great Ocean Road and those huge rocks towering out of the ocean and falling over in the wind.

You remember Los Angeles, where you've never been.

You remember a theatre performance you saw that went on and on and on. There was no beginning. Not much of a plot. Just talking. It was about class, or maybe it was about racism. Something important.

You remember the raw carrot sticks and asparagus you ordered from the theatre cafe beforehand, which was the only thing on the menu you could afford. You remember the teenager who stumbled into the foyer out of the cold after the play had ended; he was

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tumbling into the wall, propping himself up against it, looking at the ground as we all walked past him. you don't think he knew where he was.

You remember a long string of fake pearls given to me in Primary School by a boy called Jean-Paul Victory. You remember the name, Jean-Paul Victory, but you don't remember anything else about him. you don't remember us ever speaking.

You remember a blind boy in class called Toby who went on to be quite successful, you think.

You remember your ten year high school reunion. you were at Richard's funeral that morning. Richard's best friend Ben was the first boy you'd ever kissed. You remember seeing the first boy you'd ever kissed for the first time in a decade, at his best friend's funeral, on the morning of your ten year high school reunion.

Richard wasn't insane, he was depressed. you had another friend who was insane. you think she had a personality disorder.

You remember you used to bake every weekend. You remember you used to clean things, and run ten kilometres, and believe in myself.

You remember you used to believe in every single one of you.

You remember reading an interview with a scientist who thought that perhaps the Aliens are controlling their own little fun park here on earth, and maybe they just push a button when they get bored and watch the meltdown, which might be a big earthquake somewhere or tsunami.... You remember he said how wonderful it might be if this was true. It takes the pressure off somehow don't you think? If we aren't in control of it all?

But also you think how stupid it is of the aliens to keep pushing the same buttons, why is it always Pakistan and India and the Philippines and South America. When will they hit Sydney?

You remember a young rastafarian sat down next to me one day on a tram in Melbourne. He showed me his poetry which was all about the devils who run the world who were always gonna keep him down and you said I don't agree, I think that in their heart of hearts people just want to be good. So the Rastafarian pulled his phone out and he showed you a video taken in a refugee camp in Africa.

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He showed you footage of a huge pile of rubbish surrounded by people, standing in a circle, and on top of the pile of rubbish were human beings, human rubbishes, human bodies barely alive, so weak they could barely be called human really and all of a sudden one of them was set alight, someone threw a lighter onto a young boy who was lying on the top of this pile, and immediately the boy came alive, he jumped up from the pile and started leaping around, arms flailing in the air, all of him on fire, and some of the people standing ran away in fright from this dancing boy, his flames unpredictable, but there were other men and women and children on the video who were just standing around, watching it all, watching the young boy in the centre, as he ended.

That's what people are really like, said the Rastafarian.

You remember pussy riot, and *Treaty*.

You remember the history books you started and never finished.

You remember being locked in a suitcase. You remember lashing out.

You remember Kanye, and Belle and Sebastian, and Bernard Fanning.

You remember swimming in the ocean during a heatwave.

You remember learning port and starboard.

You remember your hair used to be shorter. Like a boy's.

You remember the skype meeting you had this morning with a woman in India, and her monitor kept freezing because *the wifi is terrible in Kerala* she said, and you found it really annoying. you found her really annoying.

You remember worrying about privacy. you used to worry about privacy.

You remember your mother telling me how many years she could afford to stay alive, on her super.

You remember a boy you knew who died from some kind of genetic illness. He was very young when he died, maybe 22, but this was many years after we all expected him to.

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