

# Chapter 7

## Bodyplacetime: Painting and Blogging ‘Dirty, Messy’ Humannatured Becomings

Sarah Crinall

### Introduction

The separation of nature and culture has been identified as a significant problem underpinning the failure to adequately address issues of planetary sustainability. In this chapter I explore the necessity of attending to the sustenance of self in order to sustain places through examining painting and blogging as acts of making involved in ‘humannatured becomings’.

As a mother, education researcher, scientist, and inhabiter I have spent time painting with artists of water, and blogging, to consider alternative ways of knowing through art, in an inquiry into new imaginings for sustainable education in these precarious times of the Anthropocene. I live in Southern Victoria, Australia, on a thin slice of land at Surf Beach, on Phillip Island between two water bodies, Bass Strait in the Southern Ocean and Western Port, a bay. Many small rivers, creeks, and drains feed Western Port, which in turn feeds into Bass Strait and the Southern Ocean.

Sending our attention outward to local surroundings with a critical consciousness of sustainability issues has been recommended (Gruenewald, 2003). Involving our bodies and language in this query has brought local, everyday life in places (e.g. Rautio, 2009; Somerville, 1999) into focus as a space from where sustenance can emerge, sustenance being that force which nourishes an entity through multiple cycles of a life. Alternative forms of knowing to science and philosophy are accessible through bodily practices of art making (Deleuze & Guattari, 1991/1994; Grosz, 2008). Creative modes of writing and artistic practices of making are powerful tools for making meaning in relation to local, everyday life and issues of sustenance (e.g. Carter, 2004; Grosz, 2008; Rautio, 2009). In this chapter I exhibit three blog posts that contain artworks I was involved in making with local artists Pip

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S. Crinall (✉)

School of Education, Western Sydney University, Sydney, NSW, Australia

e-mail: [scrinall@gmail.com](mailto:scrinall@gmail.com)

Cleeland and Prue Clements, expressive art therapist Anthi Emmanouil, and my daughter Edith, in and around Western Port's and Bass Strait's watery places amongst my everyday life. I call the technique of blogging art making practices of places laced with everyday occurrences 'bodyplaceblogging'.

Bodyplaceblogging has emerged from a critical consciousness of my body, mind, sustenance, and water in places. As I notice my body and how it feels in a present moment, I also pay attention to what my mind is saying, as I write. I simultaneously extend my attention outward from this self – the body and mind, and write of the places I am in. As I write, I apply an overall critical attention to the words and concepts of sustenance, water, and the latest theory I have been reading. The words that come to me in this space are written down the page with images haphazardly inserted into the text stream afterward. This blogged piece comprises a 'bodyplaceblogpost'. I do not edit these bodyplaceblogposts. Rather, I make one then press publish, and return later to use them, sealed, as theoretical forms. Leaving the errors in feels necessary in order to remain in the questioning space of what is certain and finite.

Out of this book's themes, I have chosen to inquire into my 'humannature'. I am looking specifically to the possibility of my own humannatured becoming, and I am wondering as I make this chapter if, in the blurring spaces between human and nature, in the bodyplaceblogposts is there a sustenance that benefits human and nature simultaneously by knowing them differently in relation to each other? I find I enter a space of conscious attention during the acts of making paintings and making blogposts that I come to call a space of 'bodyplacetime.' I find this nourishing bodyplacetime looking between bodies and places for intra-actions (Barad, 2010). These intra-actions are described as dirty, messy (MacLure, 2013) intra-actions because they are not definable in binaries such as object/subject, body/place.

What the space of bodyplacetime is will be clearer at the end of the chapter. I will define what I mean by a humannature and draw together a theoretical frame to examine the blogposts in a way that allows them to speak through their unspeakability. I then exhibit three blogposts with a playful engagement between the theory and data (Somerville, 2007) in the moment of writing.

## Researching and Mothering

There was no way for me to conduct this research without my everyday life with Edith or Surf Beach. Through the act of bodyplaceblogging my body becomes one of the strands of voice woven in with the voice of my mind, theory and data. Through this the occurrence of a very local, everyday life become part of the work. Since I have been a researcher I have also been becoming a mother. Edith is now 3 years old. Five years ago we moved to Surf Beach and the more I spend time here the more I feel I come to know this place, and become part of it. I sense a storm coming with a drop in the temperature while I hang the washing. I look for the returning shearwater when I notice the yellow wattle dust fall in September, and so I drive more slowly. I avoid the red cave where the black flies re-inhabit and breed each March, at Surfies Point. Karen Barad (2010) offers an alternative to standard conceptions of matter such that Surf Beach, Edith and I might be all originally one, drawn out into separate forms from this one entanglement temporarily, by what is

given agency. Separated as spacetime-matter we entangle back again/at the same time (Barad, 2010, p. 244). I am playful with Barad's entanglement in this chapter wondering how artists, Edith, Surf Beach, and I are simultaneously one and other in the conscious space of making art in and of watery places here. Hultman and Lenz-Taguchi (2010) empirically consider what happens when a shift is made from an anthropocentric reading of a photograph of children playing with sand to understand the event as sand also playing with the children. I wonder how the local places we make art of and in, invite Edith and I to be sustained, local, and natural.

I became pregnant with our daughter Edith while working to sustain waterway-health as a waterwatch officer. I noticed I was not attending to sustenance of myself, which felt contradictory. I wanted to challenge my sense that it was indulgent to attend my own sustenance. Surf Beach houses are built upon a (re)claimed shearwater-nesting rookery overlooking Bass Strait. Surf Beach is not 'natural' nor is it 'unnatural.' Edith and I go about our daily life here. Our experiences with its character as and beyond a housing estate/swamp/nesting ground emerge as we walk about collecting pine cones and fire kindling, play in the garden, shelter from a southerly wind, listen to the pounding sounds of waves on the beach, spot blue tongue lizards in the grassy heathland, and make cubbies in amongst the remnant swamp paperbark swales (drains) that take storm water to the sea. Surf Beach negotiates sustenance with us and other life, and we negotiate our sustenance with Surf Beach.

***Bodyplaceblogpost, 22nd July 2013***

*On the floor*

I'm perched in the dark  
 on the floor  
 being quiet.  
 Looking through the glowing  
 crevice  
 of amber in the fire



while subtle crashing waves  
 and slowly flashing lights  
 swoosh edie to sleep.

It's a step on from the exhaust fan  
 and gruff rumble of the bathroom heater  
 she's lulled off to  
 over the last two days.  
 It must be noisy in her developing imagination  
 she needs  
 a sufficient sound to dull the endless new words  
 colours  
 tones  
 she's growing up  
 and circling back  
 perhaps spiralling is more applicable,  
 with  
 its  
 coiling  
 suggestion of accumulation (Carbaugh 2005 originally cited in Rautio 2012)  
 her character was immediately present at birth  
 as life spirals around her  
 growing self,  
 the melodrama of her birth  
 emanates through various holes in the fabric of Edith's everyday.  
 I wonder if she's gone to sleep?  
 No sounds now though the waves splash on  
 I'm readying to write this blog into  
 a story  
 forming this story is like being  
 the sea  
 swelling up around the Stromatolites  
 layering on layers  
 that are the bodyplaceblogposts.

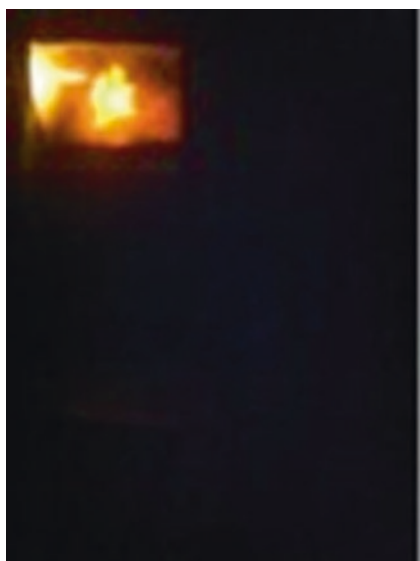


Stromatolites  
 are  
 layered  
 pillars of blue green algae.  
 Time-filled oxygen-producing beings  
 each layer  
 bridging then and now

each pillar is also its own individual shape and character  
just like a bodyplaceblogpost



The fire is so hot.



It's the only sound around me in this dark.  
The heat, swells outward from its own body  
passing into my toes,  
calves,  
knees,

thighs  
and outward into the surrounding places.  
(Crinall, 2013)

In my research, I have been examining how artists come to know waterways in an alternative way to how science knows them. I do so by spending time with artists painting, listening to their stories and watching how they work in relation to the places they paint. After we paint, the paintings are posted on the bodyplaceblog. Simultaneously, the bodyplaceblog captures the experiences in a playful way amongst everyday life in Surf Beach with Edith, transcripts of conversations and photographs of the time spent. All of this ‘data’ (or stuff) is like wool to me. As wool strands are knitted into a blanket, this stuff of time spent with artists and everyday life is knitted onto the bodyplaceblog with a critical attention to questions of sustenance. Along with the paintings posted, the bodyplaceblogposts are their own form of artistic expression and bodyplaceblogging is an artistic practice in itself.

## Painting

### *Bodyplaceblogpost, 12th November 2013*

#### *Sitting in the wind with pip*

Bustling day  
Pip described as in her genetics  
from  
Scotland and ancestors who learned to live in this temperament.  
We met about art  
We dream them over tea at one gathering  
Then walk  
and talk it out at the next



Seal it with a  
 well painting  
 like those pip shared with me all that time ago.  
 Teeth are covered in the tannins  
 of the goddess tea  
 textures and textiles  
 we've discussed  
 Oh the materials  
 It occurred to me  
 I shared  
 Often I don't like the order prescriptive layer of paint  
 It's the second and third  
 where I rub and scratch paint off  
 Then the image starts to resonate with me  
 "I like what you are talking" responded pip.  
 (Crinall, 2013)

Painting takes us into the place we are visiting specifically. We take a moment to focus here. While it could be anywhere, it is always here. Pip once painted with the clay we sat upon and took water from the sea to wash her brush. Prue once painted as though she was the shearwater coming in to land.

Pip, Prue, Anthi, Edith and I have all sat together in watery places and painted over the last 3 years. Each artist and I choose the location and we all have our own way of painting. We do not get together for long. Pip and Prue both insist it should be quick - an hour at most. A small piece of art is produced before we leave again. While the painting is the focus of the outing, strings of conversation happen along the way, by the way, and photographs are taken in moments when something strikes me and I cannot resist, or at the request of the accompanying artist. These are all the threads of incidental, everyday life that make a bodyplaceblogpost.

## **(Bodyplace) Blogging**

My reflections posted on the blog synthesise body, place and theory, with a consciousness of sustenance laid over. I call the blogging bodyplaceblogging given I use my body to explore the place I am in while I make posts. Using Somerville's (1999) emphasis on drawing experiences of local places through bodies and Gruenewald's (2003) call for sending our consciousness outward critically to places with queries of sustenance, I send my consciousness out through my body to the place about me, then draw my consciousness back in again, like a breath, and write my experience of these moments down the page.

Once the painting session has passed, I grab a moment somewhere that day in amongst the debris of domestic motherhood and I use the blog to make with the experience. Using the material I have at the time, I do not know what will be written in a bodyplaceblogpost until it is made. This bodyplaceblog-making process helps me be playful with these artistic encounters and the bodyplaceblogpost of the event emerges as its own work of art. Art making with the painted artworks in the blogging way gives me access to a space to be between the places, body, and the artists,

without talking about it. I use Pauliina Rautio's (2012) work to think through the way the material is produced. I do not want to work in conventional writing styles, which might problematically solidify what needs to remain fluid and open to negotiation (Rautio, 2012), to continue becoming.

I now notice after 3 years of bodyplaceblogging that I have started to enter the bodyplace space in my everyday life. I find myself composing bodyplaceblogposts in my mind as I put petrol in the car on Phillip Island Road. I catch a glimpse of the grey on grey of Western Port across the street and I am provoked by the encounter and lay out a bodyplaceblogpost in my mind.

## Humannatured Becoming

A humannatured becoming is not entirely explainable. It feels knowable, yet unspeakable in a rational, linear language.

This may be because, as MacLure (2013) celebrates of promiscuous feminist writings, sending feminist thought beyond women's issues to issues of the globe, "the messy habits and dirty theories" (p. 625) do not conform solely to traditional, rational boundaries, and so cannot be expressed in traditional, rational language?

This may be because time is in movement, made of split strands (Grosz, 2005). Grosz asserts that time is split with a virtual and an actual strand such that time is made of the preserved past and the passing present (p. 3). Barad (2010) too considers time, not solely linear or jointed nor solely non-linear or dis-jointed (p. 244). How do I write with (dis)jointed, (non)linear time? And how might I describe something that is joined and disjoined in a linear and nonlinear way simultaneously?

This may be because stuff or matter is never fixed as something or other, and so is not describable from a distance, away from the body sensing it in a passing moment. Barad (2010) theorises that what emerges and returns to the entanglement as spacetime-matter is always both unified and differentiated. Would describing matter as one or the other then be incomplete in relation to the entanglement (Barad, 2010, p. 244)?

This may be because, as Grosz (2011) suggests, "at its best feminist theory has the ability to make us become other than ourselves, to make us unrecognizable" (p. 87). If becomings are both measurable and indecipherable (p. 1) will these becomings be measurable only when written with the movement itself? How will I write with movement?

Operating in a mode of becoming where "every thing, every process, every event or encounter is itself a mode of becoming that has its own time, its own movements, its own force", then will these becomings be indescribable in a singular, inert way (Carbaugh, 2005 as cited in Rautio, 2012, p. 2)? Where we are not a unified human, as is being theorised now in (post) qualitative inquiries of the posthuman (Braidotti, 2013), this 'dismembered – re-membered' version of ourselves is made of more than ourselves (Carter, 2004, p. 11). Does becoming more than ourselves in a space of making new creative knowledge by weaving (knitting) or material thinking



(Carter, 2004, p. 15) speak differently? How does a collaboration of bodies and places, becoming by acts of making, speak?

The term becoming was used by Greek philosopher Heraclitus (530–470BC) to describe what he felt was the only certainty – that there is change and movement (Rayner, 2008). I notice living with intent to become as a being dominates current western thought over a sense of becoming. Tonight I caught myself saying to Edith, “you will be tall if you eat broccoli.” To reconsider this in terms of becomings, growing is doing up and undoing (Grosz, 2011) infinitely as we move through the present. Hair, skin and bone cells die, shed, and replicate. I might have exclaimed, “You are becoming and unbecoming while you eat your broccoli.”

It feels safe ‘to become,’ knowing that I can work toward somewhere where everything will be a certain way. The cost, it occurs to me, is that being occupied with intent ‘to become’ (e.g. to become a good mother) orients me toward a future in time where this will be achieved. This being, over becoming, is embedded in the future and neglects the rich, sensorial time that is knowable in the movements of becomings now and before (Grosz, 2011). For Grosz, time as movement “splits into two trajectories, one which makes the present pass and the other which preserves it as past... Time functions simultaneously as present and as the past of that present” (Grosz, 2005, p. 3).

Being locks me into an inert, finite sense that I am solely a unified human (Braidotti, 2013), and so does not work in a framework to understand what happens between bodies and places in a humannatured becoming. To continue the broccoli-human example, a sense of becoming that unlocks the unified-human would have me exclaim “you are a humanbroccoli hybrid becoming!”

## Theoretically Disrupting Playfully

A theoretical frame that playfully disrupts time and matter assists me to explore a humannatured becoming in the bodyplaceblogposts.

I encountered Maggie MacLure’s (2013) celebration of promiscuous feminist authors one day during a study session that found me later, as often happens, out in the vegetable garden. The words ‘dirty’ and ‘messy’ came bounding at me during the session working in the garden, and materialised in the moment of making a bodyplaceblogpost afterward. Becoming playful with the terms and concept of a dirty and messy relation assisted me via the blogging to move into a space of provisional uncertainty, spreading across boundaries in an everyday moment.

### *Bodyplaceblogpost, 24th April 2014*

*Humanbroccoli hybrid*

*‘So it has been great to witness ...  
the promiscuous feminist researcher  
with her dirty theories and messy habits  
her diverse and perverse commitments and  
her productive–seductive vulnerabilities’ (MacLure, 2013, p. 625)*

Reading the terms 'dirty' and 'messy' here  
 draws me immediately to the earth  
 Earth on fingers  
 under nails  
 between toes  
 I am gardening  
 digging old tomatoes from the earth to plant broccoli for the winter  
 To water  
 To watch  
 To eat  
 Toward becoming  
 A *Humanbroccoli* hybrid!  
 (Crinall, 2014)

I found a literal dirtiness in between my place and body when I was out in the garden. The concept of a dirty and messy becoming in the space of living everyday life tangled about me. I felt the garden engulf me and I engulf it. As a student water scientist I learned about algae (seaweed) and its origins. Brown algae are younger in geographical time than green and red algae. Brown algae are thought to have evolved when a simple single-celled organism, a little alike to a tiny plant, was engulfed by another more animal-like cell. The plant-like and animal-like cell had a symbiotic relationship, helping each other survive. Over time, the two cells became one organism, now known as multicellular brown algae. This hypothesis is supported by the presence of four membranes that surround the brown algal cell's nucleus or 'brain centre.'

Promiscuous feminisms work outward toward issues for the globe from issues for women and are comfortably uncomfortable in their "disloyal fidelity" (MacLure, 2013, p. 625). I am disloyally moving out-of-bounds to understand myself through the humanbroccoli hybrid. I peer into the space between bodies and places, humans and nature, becoming engulfed by (and becoming) what is not-me.

I need a travelling, disrupted, engulfing way to express this. In Barad's (2010) article she experiments with disrupting linear time specifically through her writing. In this playful work the reader is invited to participate in a "disruption of continuity" (Barad 2010, p. 240). Imagining unravels in separate time/space coordinates that leap the reader off the paper from one time, place and concept to another. While there is this discontinuity of disrupted time at work, linearity exists in continuity too. Her writing concludes with an intention for justice – justice for the entanglement and all the spacetime matter that emerges and returns. The discontinuity speaks to the bodyplaceblog's disrespect for linear time, and the continuity speaks to my critical question about sustenance of the bodyplace/humannature.

Occupied with (humannatured) becomings I find I need to shift toward issues of movements (e.g. Grosz, 2011). I want to write with the bodyplaceblogposts. In this context the bodyplaceblog is the loom weaving meaning from bodies and places as I go. The loom, Paul Carter (2004) offers, is the tool for making that is inseparable from the knowledge it produces. The bodyplaceblog is doing up and undoing bodies and places as it makes with the writing, playfully moving between the theory and the data. The work of play between the theorising and data is supported by a methodology of postmodern emergence (Somerville 2007), offered as a way to access alternative knowing in the spaces between.

## Three Bodyplaceblogposts

### *Bodyplaceblogpost One: 5th July 2013*

Bunyip River yesterday  
was a womb  
of phragmites  
nurturing  
the river



still  
in her lap  
(Crinall, 2013)

Prue was mentoring me in colour and movement while I showed her how to test the water quality on the day this painting was made. I returned home pleased with this painting, adoring of it in fact, like a mother of her newborn child. I remember the feeling of stopping and being in the space of the river on this day. In itself this was a kind of nurturing act. I had not noticed the wind and its strength until Prue pointed out I should work it into the painting. The wind bent the phragmites that hid the stillness in the pools of river. The reeds were so nurturing. Small birds hopped about them feeding on insects plucked from hidden spaces within the stems. The pools of water sat still behind them protected from the stirring wind.

The river is also a nurturer. A moving being becoming, stroking the banks with the watery body and taking food from one organism to another. The river is always becoming different, different in each moment (Heraclitus as cited in Rayner, 2008). As a waterwatcher testing water to act and make decisions to care for the waterway, I see myself as the nurturer and the waterways as needing my care and nurturing. It dawns on me now, as I write, there is a complexity to relationships of care between

me and the water, the nurtured and nurturing, between this watery body and my human body - a more dirty, messy am. Am I not only relating, are we related?

*Bodyplaceblogpost Two: 8th October 2013*

Prue Clements and her gouache painting of Rhyll Mangroves



Edith and me at Rhyll Conservation Reserve with our painting





Edith in pink waders at Rhyll conservation reserve

I'm lying cloaked in western port  
 I drift in thought to prue and y day on Rhyll amongst the mangroves.  
 The spiraling spiraling crabs  
 caramel oozing estuarine tide  
 looming mangroves  
 etching wind.  
 And Edith  
 in her pink overalls also a force of matter in boots on our painting  
 adamant that was where she was to be.  
 If art is of affect as opposed  
 to representation like Deleuze asserts  
 through Grosz  
 A sensation  
 An intensity  
 What does this brim a waterway-health education that is artful in its ecology?  
 I tingle at the possibilities.  
 (Crinall, 2013)

This blogpost was made after painting Rhyll mangroves with Prue. It holds many images without many words. I am drawn now to think of children and their non-verbal, non-traditional modes of communication. Edith is so fluent in speaking with her body and even now her body is twisted into mine, while I write, and she breaths through a slightly congested nose. She is trying to warm her body on mine. I had Edith with me this day when Prue and I painted the mangroves at Rhyll. I was concerned about her coming because I knew Edith might find it challenging to be in

the contemplative zone of creative academia with all the tempting features of a barely fenced boardwalk over a muddy mangrove inlet. I was eager to create a painting like the one I had made with Bunyip river (see first image Bodyplaceblogpost One: 5th July 2013) and I wondered if this was possible while being ‘mother?’ I prepared by taking paint and paper for Edith to use. She was engaged with her painting, quietly making for some time. Then I heard her come up behind me. I turned to one side, as she approached on the other. She laid a big pink splat on my page with her fat crayola paintbrush. Our arms flailed, bodies curled as I dove to save my painting. Then everything came to calm. My painting lay on the boardwalk and Edith was jumping up and down on it in her pink rainsuit with her purple gumboots. Brings me to wonder, was she painting herself into the image?

In the collaborative act of art making with Edith, are she and I dis-membered, and re-membered into the entanglement of Western Port bay/mangrove/water/mother/daughter... and on? Edith painted herself into Western Port! Did my desire for control over the experience to make a ‘wonderful’ final product evaporate here and the unpredictable, spontaneous, non-linear possibilities of operating in the nature of things emerge with Edith’s collaboration? A humannatured becoming might occur in a dirty, messy becoming undone courtesy of, and with, a child, my child Edith.

***Bodyplaceblogpost Three: 2nd June 2014***

*becoming water*

Anthi edie mikala and I dove into water  
 blue streaks down their faces  
 i see  
 they look like  
 they are the water  
 bodies shining in water and sun



lazing by green grassed dune  
 soft cream sand piled  
 and strung along coast for kilometres  
 to red

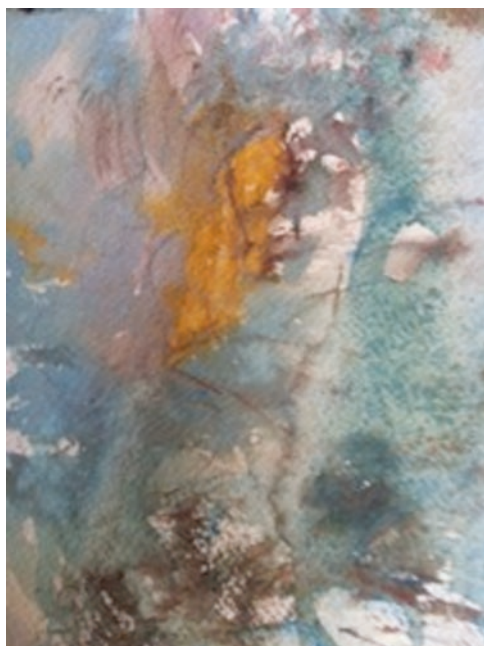
red  
orange  
red rock.



Crashing white foamed waves  
become foamier as we stay  
the wind  
still so so low.  
The sun so so streaky and warm.  
I realise as we ascend the stairs  
I revelled in each move edith made



artistic and other  
against anthi's reflection of her own letting go.  
What happens when I photograph our painting closeup?  
Theres a consciousness  
focus  
attention to detail/s







awareness  
slowing  
sl  
ow  
in  
g down.  
Each frame is a breath.



Painting by Anthi Emmanouil-Playne, Edith Rowbottom and Sarah Crinall at Forrest Caves, Surf Beach

(Crinall, 2014)

Anthi and I had planned to go to Forrest Caves beach to paint. I had heard women plein-air painters had camped here in the early 1900s to paint, and I wanted to emulate a small session. I also wanted Edith to be involved this time. Edith and I set off with a small bag containing one large piece of water-colour paper folded up, a tin of selected gouaches, and some water in a jar. Edith loves to ride on the bike on a small seat attached to the cross bar in front of me. She looks up at me sometimes and says, "I am a joey in your pouch, mummy." We saw three wallabies as we walked the path to Forrest Coves.

Anthi laid out the rug, as I set out the paints and the paper. The paper was wobbly on the uneven surface and I thought to the sturdy board I had left at home in exchange for being able to ride the bike. We would have to make do. We all began to paint. Edith intently worked on two coloured circles, a white and a blue. I drew colour from these and found a pleasing eggshell blue forming around the edges, while we chatted. Edith's brush was moving fast, drawing in sand from the boundaries. Sandgrains worked their way into my eggshell edge. Anthi used an earthy taupe, less watery than Edith and my colours. The colour was closer to that of the dunes that she was facing while we looked to the water in the sea. The whitewashing waves built momentum over the time we were there.

Edith soon gave up on painting the paper. She walked around the perimeter instead, then across it, flicking sand everywhere. Anthi and I rubbed it into the painting with our hands and kept going, filling all the white spaces in the oceanic silence. When Edith came back to me, she took my brush. At that time Mikala, another friend, arrived. Neglecting the paper, Edith reached up for our faces. Each of us received a cold, moist lick of blue from her brush to our cheek. Edith asked me to remove her clothes, indicating she wanted a swim now. I began to offer the usual excuses for deterring winter swims – "it's too cold, we have no warmer clothes, we are far from home, I don't have a towel". Mikala interrupted – "Great idea Edie, let's go!" I gave over to the crashing waves too, and so did Anthi. Then, there we were, three women and a girl, four females, four bodies, immersing in the water.

I slow down now while writing out this story, and I notice the way the bodies move from being bodies in their home nestled in, outward to their local place. The sea entices Edith who follows her interest away from the painting, to our bodies, to the sea. These bodies come to be messing into the sand, wind, and water through the making processes invited by paper and paint. I find the mixing is inevitable. Then I think to bare skin exposed against the salty sea. I have heard that the negative ions of the sea offer relief for ailing skin, like mum's – she swam that day in Western Port and found her rash eased. I think to Barad (2010) who offers me the "opportunity to engage in an imaginative journey that is akin to how electrons experience the world: that is, a dis/orienting experience of the dis/jointedness of time and space" (p. 244). I take up this opportunity.

From my chemistry days at school I know an electron exists in an atom. An atom is made up of a proton-and-neutron-centre with electrons rotating the outside in 'rings'. The centre is positively charged, and the electron rings exert a negative charge. These charges may cancel out each other's polarity deeming the atom neutral.

If a charge exists though, when two charged atoms encounter each other they may exchange an electron – Electrons jump from one atom to another. In my family we call a hug 'swapping electrons'. When the electron moves from one body to another, does this blur what is one thing and another? Everything is made of the same matter at an atomic level. I notice electrons are not monogamous. They, like feminism like playing out-of-bounds, they are promiscuous.

When I think through this electronegativity, I notice the nature of electrons and the nature of bodies and places – they are all made of the same promiscuous, playful stuff. As I assemble bodies and places and move into the blog from the everyday event of painting, writing and photographing, am I activating Barad's (2010) intra-active assemblage? Is the bodyplaceblog a space of entanglement?

As we left the beach Anthi turned back to look at me while we ascended the stairs.

"It is like a meditation", Anthi reflected.

"I am not worried about how it turns out", I responded.

Anthi added, "I would have struggled with Edith's involvement 5 years ago. Today I didn't even notice".

## Bodyplacetime

This blogged space of entanglement is also a space of sustenance for me. The slow, moment-to-moment play with the passing present and preserved past eliminate the ever-forward occupation that so often engulfs the life out of me when I live lead by my organising brain, or more specifically, without my body and a consciousness of the places about me. Might I call this space of entanglement and sustenance a space of bodyplacetime?

I am unconcerned with the future here in bodyplacetime. I leave my role in the future, and any fear of it or responsibility for it. Barad (2010) argues that the future already exists. I am not concerned with whether it exists at all. Writing this stops me. It feels unsustainable to be unconcerned with the future and a gush of guilt swats me. Isn't it my role to save the planet as a sustainability educator and to do so don't I have to name the consequences of our actions on the future of resources and ecosystems and work to change them? Now I query this. As I type, my shoulders float and face falls lightly at this thought. It feels like the very act of looking away from the future into (making in) the space between the past and the present, body, and the local place about me, with my everyday life entangled, might be what comes to sustain it.

Do these moments of making with daughter, water, and body humannature my becoming? I cannot know – how would I recognise myself? It has been nourishing and altering simply to ask the question.

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