

"To study the kind of situated, mortal, germinal wisdom we need, I turn to Ursula K. Le Guin and Octavia Butler.³ It matters what stories we tell to tell other stories with; it matters what concepts we think to think other concepts with. It matters wherehow Ouroboros swallows its tale, again. That's how worlding gets on with itself in dragon time. These are such simple and difficult koans; let us see what kind of get they spawn. A careful student of dragons, Le Guin taught me the carrier bag theory of fiction and of naturalcultural history.⁴ Her theories, her stories, are capacious bags for collecting, carrying, and telling the stuff of living. "A leaf a gourd a shell a net a bag a sling a sack a bottle a pot a box a container. A holder. A recipient."⁵ So much of earth history has been told in the thrall of the fantasy of the first beautiful words and weapons, of the first beautiful weapons as words and vice versa. Tool, weapon, word: that is the word made flesh in the image of the sky god. In a tragic story with only one real actor, one real world-maker, the hero, this is the Man-making tale of the hunter on a quest to kill and bring back the terrible bounty. This is the cutting, sharp, combative tale of action that defers the suffering of glutinous, earth-rotted passivity beyond bearing. All others in the prick tale are props, ground, plot space, or prey. They don't matter; their job is to be in the way, to be overcome, to be the road, the conduit, but not the traveler, not the begetter. The last thing the hero wants to know is that his beautiful words and weapons will be worthless without a bag, a container, a net. Nonetheless, no adventurer should leave home without a sack. How did a sling, a pot, a bottle suddenly get in the story? How do such lowly things keep the story going? Or maybe even worse for the hero, how do those concave, hollowed-out things, those holes in Being, from the get-go generate richer, quirrier, fuller, unfitting, ongoing stories, stories with room for the hunter but which weren't and aren't about him, the self-making Human, the human-making machine of history? The slight curve of the shell that holds just a little water, just a few seeds to give away and to receive, suggests stories of becoming-with, of reciprocal induction, of companion species whose job in living and dying is not to end the storying, the worlding. With a shell and a net, becoming human, becoming humus, becoming terran, has another shape—the side-winding, snaky shape of becoming-with. Le Guin quickly assures all of us who are wary of evasive, sentimental holisms and organicisms: "Not, let it be said at once, [am I] an unaggressive or uncombative human being. I am an aging, angry woman laying about me with my handbag, fighting hoodlums off. . . It's just one of those damned things you have to do in order to go on gathering wild oats and telling stories."

Haraway, Donna J.. *Staying with the Trouble (Experimental Futures)* (pp. 118-119). Duke University Press. Kindle Edition.