Journal of Ecohumanism
January 2023
Volume: 2, No: 1, pp. 55 – 65
ISSN: 2752-6798 (Print) | ISSN 2752-6801 (Online)
journals.tplondon.com/ecohumanism

TRANSNATIONAL PRESS® LONDON

Received: 20 November 2022 Accepted: 19 October 2022
DOI: https://doi.org/10.33182/joe.v2i1.2897

The Tangled Roots of Family, Forest, and Farm

Eva-Lynn Jagoe[1]

Abstract

When my family started stewarding eight acres in British Columbia, Canada, we encountered a pervasive pioneer species or "weed"—quackgrass—that grows long roots and chokes out other plants. This paper counterposes the behaviour of these competitive and embinding roots with the cooperative mutual interrelation of forest root systems. Using these two roots as metaphors for the pleasures and pitfalls of family, I make an argument for family farming that both honours and resists the tangle of rootedness that is embodied in the symbiotic relationship of mother and sons. I paint a picture of a political project of regeneration and flourishing that is founded on deep love and affinity for the land and for each other. While I critique the constraints of family, the mother-son relationship emerges in this essay as a historically embedded and potentially generative form of community.

Keywords: *Family; farming; roots; forestry; agriculture; mothering*

The Tangled Roots of Family, Forest, and Farm

There's a video that cracks us up every time we watch it. It's from two years ago, when my family first arrived at the rural property that we had bought sight unseen. As we walk up the steep rutted driveway, I turn nervously to the camera and say, "Whatever it's like, let's just remember that we love each other."

This essay is about the encounter with what we found around that corner, both with each other and with the land that we would steward. It is about roots—roots that ground, that nourish, that bind and compete. In grappling with all those different kinds of roots, I attempt to work through a praxis of care that both honours and resists the tangle. I will tell a story that has to do with the relationship of not only mother and sons, but also the symbiotic relationship of humans and soil.

Part One: Tangle

The whole project of moving to the Kootenay Mountains of British Columbia, Canada, had a lot to do with the strangeness and irreality of the pandemic. As professors, my partner and I began to teach online, so we rented our Toronto condo and moved out West to be close to my two sons: Sebastian, who was working on a farm in Nelson, BC; and Liam, who was a student at University of British Columbia in Vancouver.

Seb's enthusiasm about all things related to soil—compost, mulch, worms—was contagious, and he and I watched a lot of Youtubers describing regenerative techniques for enriching the

[1] Eva-Lynn Jagoe, University of Toronto. E-mail: e.jagoe@utoronto.ca

soil while cultivating, harvesting, and preserving food. We read all the classics of permaculture philosophy, as well as newer books on regenerative agriculture and rewilding. This fascination led, of course, to the desire to try it out.

The photos of the property we ended up buying were stunning: mountain views, a gushing stream, laden grape vines, and baskets of vegetable bounty. The write-up described a mature permaculture homestead that had been providing for the family's needs for a decade. Maybe we should have clued-in to a couple of things that seemed odd. The garden was a hundred metres away from the house, further away than the orchard. We knew enough about permaculture principles to have gleaned that this didn't make sense. Permaculture design is predicated on the ease and efficiency of having your "kitchen garden"—the one where you grow mainly annuals that you will be eating daily—closest to your house (Avis & Coen, 2021). The fruit and nut trees, that barely need any tending, should be further away. However, we were carried away with enthusiasm.

When we set foot on the land in late April, our hearts sank as we surveyed the scatter of beer bottle tops, broken jars, discarded building materials, and an old van rusting into an embankment. Holding out hope for the cultivated garden, we pushed open the sagging gate, and saw not rows of garden beds, but something that looked like a grassy hill, with long tufts growing over terraced layers of rocks and wood. The previous year's raspberry canes were brown and withered, but the bright green grass was weirdly vibrant and lush.

The friendly guy at the hardware store groaned when we asked him about the grass, which he told us was quackgrass. It is also known as couch grass, twitch, and—most revealingly—devil's grass. According to the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Rural Affairs, "This is the most troublesome perennial weedy grass in […] Canada" (2022). What makes it troublesome, we soon discovered, is the fact that it reproduces through nodes in its roots, which can continue to grow shoots even if broken. It is allelopathic, which means that its roots exude toxins that inhibit growth of other surrounding plants. We have pulled up stunted potatoes and garlic that have sharp quackgrass roots speared right through the middle of them.

Quackgrass is not native to the Americas. It first arrived in Wisconsin in 1879, "a stowaway from Europe" (Leopold, 1968, 14). I don't know how long it took to come up to British Columbia, but, judging from the rate at which it grows and spreads, I would guess that it wasn't too long after that.

Look online, and the most common advice you get about what to do about quackgrass is to spray it with herbicides such as Monsanto's Round Up. Repeat until gone.

If you don't want to do that, you're down the rabbit hole of the tilling debate. The pro-till people argue that repeated plowing will weaken quackgrass's root structure. Tilling, however, destroys the soil biome and erodes topsoil. The no-till method is to smother the grass with many layers of cardboard and mulch, which we tried. Within a couple of months, quackgrass spears had poked their way through. When we tried to pull it out, the pale white roots were as long as my thigh. We've tried other ideas, but have not found a viable way to get rid of it.[2]

The attempt to order the garden into neat rows of annual plants terraced on the mountainside is precisely what invites the quackgrass in. As Tusha Yakovleva says, "Weeds love disturbance

[2] Even Ruth Stout, one of the visionaries of deep mulch methods for suppression of weeds, confessed herself to be stumped by the pernicious spread of quackgrass. See "Back to Reality."

and (most) humans love to disturb. And thus, humans and weeds share a long, intertwined history. For anyone who has ever turned the soil, weeds are our ancestry and our inheritance." (Young, 2022, 5:04). Knowing this, we have decided to give up on the garden as it is, and turn it instead into a food forest.

A food forest is a permaculture principle that we will use to turn our garden into a productive mix of fruit- and nut-bearing trees, shrubs, vines, and edible perennial herbs and vegetables. To convert our garden will take years, but we have started by planting apple and cherry trees, and hazelnut and Saskatoon berry shrubs in amongst the existing berry canes and bushes. Oregano and lavender have already overtaken clumps of quackgrass, and the pollinators love their flowers, so we let them spread. We've also found perennial varieties of chard, kale, and onions that are beginning to establish themselves. Asparagus and rhubarb thrive, and emerge early every spring. Scattered amongst these perennials are easy annuals—amaranth, squash, pole beans, and cannabis—that shoot up past the quackgrass.

Our most successful ventures have been to create large *Hügelkultur* beds (Holzer), which involve digging a trench, lining it with at least four layers of cardboard, piling in logs and branches of differing sizes, covering the whole thing with compost, leaves, manure, straw and wood chips, and allowing it to decompose over a series of years. So far, one of them has been a home to chipmunks, who love finding the little air pockets between logs, and some funky mushrooms that are thriving on the decomposing wood. Squash plants thrive and grow without needing to be watered even through the summer drought.

I say "we" a lot. The bulk of the plans and the labour power are Seb's. Liam puts in hours of back-breaking labour whenever he comes home. My partner does the work that the rest of us avoid, such as pulling out plastic or mowing the lawn. I prune, harvest, preserve, and mastermind ideas that emerge from my research. What does it mean for me and my adult sons to be doing this project together? How does it shape our relationship to each other, and to the land?

Part Two: Family

My sons' partners teasingly call them "Mama's boys." We don't deny it. As a single mother of young teenagers, I really tried to show up for them, leaning right into the discomfort of awkward discussions or painful confrontations. I knew that no other adult in their lives was doing that. To be a mama's boy is, I think, a badge of honour for them. It signifies they are attuned to certain forms of sociality and generationality, seeing my friends as their own. It is to inhabit a different form of masculinity, one that may be epitomized by Seb's tattoo "soy boy."[3]

I wasn't always good at the mother thing. Anxious to prove I knew what I was doing, I wanted my firstborn to showcase my parenting skills. I was young, and susceptible to everyone's advice and criticism. Once, visiting my parents, I caught my father grimace with disapproval when Seb screamed his refusal to go to bed. Instead of attending to my baby's excitement, I saw him through the eyes of a formal man who had expected his children to be self-effacingly well-behaved. I swept the little boy up in my arms and took him to the guest bedroom, where

[3] "Soy boy" has been used as an insult by alt-right voices to connote an effeminized and cowardly man, usually from the political left. Paul Joseph Watson explains in an 8-minute video that this is due to soybeans containing "high amounts of phytoestrogens: organic compounds that mimic the female hormone estrogen in the human body" (Watson, 2018, 3:03). The theory has no scientific grounding.

I angrily dropped him down on the bed. He looked up at me with his beautiful brown eyes as I berated him. Then, in a slow gesture of shutting down, he turned his head away from me and put his thumb in his mouth.

Maybe the rest of my life with him has been an attempt to heal that damage, to be able to meet his gaze with acceptance and respect. I have strived to prove to both of us that a family relationship can be based on trust and not predicated on anxious repetition of patterns of control and oppression.

Having a baby is like tilling a patch in a soil that has been overfarmed. There are so many different schools of advice out there on what to do. Maybe some parents hope to produce something radically different from what has been sown there before. Others plan to replicate the model that has always worked. And others wish that there was some other structure that does not repeat and reaffirm normative ways of doing it. The form—capitalist, patriarchal, heteronormative—of "family," however, is very deeply rooted. All around and through and with the blossoming flower that is your child, will sprout other surprising and pernicious habits and patterns you didn't expect to find in your relationship. Dynamics of power, of rejection, and of insecure attachment are as persistent as quackgrass. There is no undisturbed soil upon which to start a project as historically, socially, and politically laden as family.

So how do I reconcile the reality that I adhere to the family form with the fact that I believe in the abolition of the family structure? I agree, for instance, with scholar Kathi Weeks, who argues that as an institution the family "is supported by an ideology, or more accurately, a 'family' of ideologies, that function both to mask mundane forms of domination and exploitation and to construct the subjectivities that are willing to submit to them" (2021, 2). To reform the family does not get at the inherent structural inequalities and hierarchies that constitute many of our societal values, and what we should strive to abolish the structure completely. Sophie Lewis, drawing upon Weeks and many other scholars who, in different critical traditions, have pointed out the colonial, patriarchal, and economic underpinnings of the idea of family, insists that "For all purposes except capital accumulation, the promise of family falls abjectly short of itself. Often, this is nobody's "fault" per se: simply, too much is being asked of too few. On the other hand, the family is where most of the rape happens on this earth, and most of the murder" (2022, 16). Both scholars know that, right now, we need family—we believe in it, we are affectively constituted by it. Yet they posit a long game, hearkening towards a future that can and should be imagined, in which the structures of gender, sexuality, class, and money that push us into reliance on the family will be dismantled.

Whenever I try to imagine a different society from the one that we live in, my mind goes to Ursula LeGuin's *The Dispossessed.* Almost fifty years after it was written, it remains one of the novels that best conceptualizes the daily realities of an anarchist utopia. On the planet Urras, children live in nurseries and are cared for by different adults who are not necessarily their parents. Raised by the community, they become part of it, learning to put their individual needs behind the needs of the whole. Even their language denies possession, not only of property but also of relationality: "Little children might say 'my mother,' but very soon they learned to say 'the mother'" (58).

Why then, I've always wondered, do Shevek, the main character, and his partner choose to keep their child with them in their lodging, as opposed to sending her to the dormitories? Does LeGuin want to represent Shevek as more caring or more attached than the other adults

around him? Perhaps she fears that readers will find him too theoretical and nerdy, so tries to make him more sympathetic to us by inscribing him within a nuclear family.

It could be LeGuin herself who cannot think outside of the family form.[4] She formulates many parts of a new system, but still replicates the heteronormative family structure, unable to extricate her characters' attachments from those that obtain in our deeply sedimented affective structures.

It feels uncomfortable to level such a critique at a thinker and writer I so deeply admire, and whose creative vision and worldview transcends any I have been able to imagine. Critique, of course, is what I was trained to do as an academic. I am in the habit of seeking out the blindspots, the places where ideology shapes the text in ways that undermine its intentions. Five years ago, in a graduate seminar on community and collectivity, I explained to my students the ways in which ideological interpellation works, and pointed out how LeGuin replicates a family dynamic in *The Dispossessed.* In our attempt to consider other forms of kin, we discussed Lee Edelman's *No Future* (2004), in which he proposes a queer kinship based on non-reproductive forms of relation and connection that refuse to reproduce reproductive futurism; Michael Cobb's *Single* (2012), which argues, through readings of American literature and culture, that the traditional model of family is increasingly being challenged by single-person households and non-traditional family structures; and Donna Haraway's *Staying with the Trouble* (2016) that posits the importance of creating relationships of care and responsibility with other beings, human and non-human, in order to create a more just and sustainable future. She advocates for the creation of "kin-making practices" that foster connections across boundaries of species, race, and culture, and that challenge dominant narratives of progress and domination. Armed with the arguments that each of these texts, in their distinct ways, make in championing kinship of choice, rather than family of birth, my students and I were able to mount a vigorous critique of Shevek's family drama, pointing out limits in LeGuin's communitarian thinking.

If I taught *The Dispossessed* in the Environmental Humanities classes I now teach, would I continue to say the same thing? The first difference in my approach would be the context of the course readings and discussions. I think I would situate the novel towards the end of the term, after having engaged with activists and growers such as Vandana Shiva (2016), Leah Penniman (2018), Rowen M. White (Young, 2022), Robin Wall Kimmerer (2015), and Mark Shepherd (2013), who all argue for different forms of farming. They propose an agriculture that is regenerative, seed-saving, and smaller scale, and capable of feeding local communities.[5] This resonates with much of what LeGuin imagines on Anarres, a dry desert-like planet with scarce water. She describes permaculture, hydroponics, and local agricultural/gathering practices best suited to the climatological conditions of the specific region.

At the same time as each of these activists present cooperative forms of communities establishing food sovereignty and building resilience, their proposals often include (either implicitly or explicitly) some kind of family structure. Whether it is through an emphasis on the importance of intergenerational knowledge transmission and the role of families in

[4] It's interesting that Sophie Lewis uses LeGuin's essay, "All Happy Families," (10, 19) as part of her argument to abolish the family. I do think that LeGuin would have been sympathetic to the concept, even if she seems to replicate the family drama in this novel.

[5] It is not only alternative farmers who are advocating for sustainable farming practices. Even "Big Agriculture" is warning that farming must change. See Rushe, 2022.

building community (Penniman), or the ways in which traditional knowledge is passed down in order to nurture connections to the land (Kimmerer), or the role of women in seed-saving and sharing of resources across family units (Shiva), the family emerges as a central hub around which local collectivities can emerge. This may be due to the fact that most of the world still lives in a family or household situation (ranging in size from 6.9 in sub-Saharan Africa to 3.1 in Europe [Kramer, 2020]). The numbers tend to be larger in rural areas where living in a larger intergenerational unit is useful).[6]

Chris Smaje's *Small Farm Future* (2020) argues explicitly for some version of the privately-owned family farm as the most viable way to keep a group of people committed to the land, hard labour, and time that farming requires. He does mention cases of successful collective farms, but concludes that there is nothing like a family unit in which each individual is personally invested in the successful future of a farm.

There are obvious arguments against his proposal, ones that resonate with the critiques of family and normativity I articulated earlier. But what is compelling about Smaje's idea is that it does not require a complete overthrow of present-day realities. A practice of food production that is structured around something that looks like a family unit (which can be non-normative in all kinds of ways) stands the test of viability.[7] It also responds to the fantasies that continue to animate many human communities around the world, which situate family as a site of sustenance and economic security, as well as a shared vision of intergenerational interdependence and responsibility. One may know there could be a better alternative, but not be able to fully desire the abolition of such a familiar and constitutive structure. As Weeks says, "even if we might be among the agents that help to bring that different future into being, we will not be, and perhaps could not be, the subjects fully desirous of that world" (17).[8]

To come back to my question about LeGuin, I think this time around I would be more sympathetic to her depiction of Shevek's tenderness towards his partner and their child, and to the ways in which his love for them motivates him as he does hard physical labour in the fields. Or maybe I would see that the family remains in the background as an affective given, and foreground instead the many ways the novel describes the practices of collectivization of food systems required for the community to thrive. As so many of the texts in my seminar point out, local collective practices of barter, mutual aid, and ecological stewardship can, and do, multiply out of these family nuclei in rural communities. In keeping with this most ingrained interpersonal formation of our society, the small family farm could function as part of a strategic plan to mitigate climate change and to adapt to the local labour practices that such an energy transition could necessitate.

[6] Though I admire Lewis' *Abolish the Family*, I do take exception with the statement that "Not very many human beings actually live in [a family]…. Millions of us cohabit in ad-hoc, odd, creative, warehoused, forced or partially communalized ways; further millions upon millions live entirely alone" (8). This may be true in the global North, but certainly not in many parts of the world, in which people live—maybe unwillingly—with family.

[7] Family farmers manage 70% of arable land worldwide[…]. Small farmers produce up to 80% of the food in the non-industrialised countries" (GRAIN, 2014).

[8] Lewis ends with almost the exact same sentiment: "this is a future that can be imagined, even if it cannot be fully desired yet, at least, not by us. I don't know how to desire it fully, but I can't wait to see what comes after the family. I also know I probably won't see whatever it is. Still, I hope it happens, and I hope it is a glorious and abundant nothing" (98).

Part Three: Roots

Even though we all are in love with the area, there have been times that we really question what we are doing here. A recent article in a local magazine is informative and wry about the invasive species that have recently arrived to the area (Cunningham, 2022). The tagline is "From Asian hornets to zebra mussels, this lineup of perpetrators is invading our region, causing ecological and economic harm." The seventh one is the "Urban Transplant," described as:

- A wealthy, remote-working or early-retirement *Home sapien* […].
- It seeks new habitat at any cost, overbidding on houses and forcing native species to rent at astronomical prices or flee their hometowns. (33)

This cuts close to the bone. I know that the influx of remote workers like me have upset the local economy and changed the fabric of the communities. It is difficult for young people who grew up here to be able to stay in the area due to inflated real estate prices.

Without trying to defend our family's immense privilege in being able to choose to live in such a beautiful part of the world, I want to push back against a certain fantasy of the local. Rural spaces in developed countries tend to be places where people choose to dwell, opting out of what they see as urban ills. They may be individuals or communities who want to live less under what they deem to be government interference. In the Nelson area in particular, the culture and history are closely tied to draft dodgers, communes, hippies, religious dissenters, the "weed barons" who profited when cannabis was illegal, and, most recently, Freedom Convoyists. Some of the residents have come from elsewhere, lured by the promise of space, freedom, and safety. Some old-timers are involved in extraction industries adjacent to the ones that brought their forebearers here in the first place.

I expected, before I got here, to be captivated by the forest ecosystem's mycorrhizal symbiosis of roots. The symbolic resonance was strong within me: I would root myself, like a mother tree, into my new home, supporting and nurturing my children as they also rooted themselves. Metaphors of roots and rhizomes function, as Hannah Pitt points out, to connote groundedness, thriving, connectedness, communication, cooperation, and sharing (2021, 472-3). However, the reality is that when my family and I walk through the forest that is part of our eight acres, it feels dead to us—cluttered with fallen logs, monotonously uniform, and quiet due to lack of birdsong. According to a local friend, the problem with these forests is that they have not been properly managed. He remembers the fights in the 70s between loggers and "tree huggers." Now, it seems, the forests bear the marks of these extreme positions, so that they have either been too extensively clearcut, or left untouched.

Much as I hug trees myself, I know that there is no leaving the forest "as it is." There is instead a tremendous responsibility to manage the ecosystem's imbalances as best as one can, whether this involves bringing in natural predators, cutting fire-fodder brush, or diversifying the mono-plantations of the BC forestry service. Forestry scholar Suzanne Simard argues for selective logging, pointing out how beneficial it can be to an unbalanced forest ecosystem by promoting new growth and diversity in the forest floor, which leads to a healthier mycorrhizal network (Simard, 2021, 57).

Taking into account the soil remediation, reintroduction of native species, and increase of biodiversity that we have instituted, I believe that my family's stewardship of the land is less destructive than the past century's uses and abuses. This area, so deeply marked by its histories of resource extraction and of settlement, may be rural but it's not "natural." The mountains are criss-crossed with logging roads and littered with abandoned mines and rotted cabins. Settlers, prospectors, and loggers have been shaping this land for over a century. This continues: Between 2005 and 2017, a total of 3.6 million hectares (Wieting, 2019) was clearcut in BC and $660 million was spent on mineral exploration for new mines (Bennett 2022).

The land that we "own" is stolen. It is the territory of the Sinixt Nation, who were forced across the border to a US reservation, and declared extinct by the government of Canada in 1956. The Sinixt official spokesperson and elder, Marilyn James, returned to the Slocan Valley and has been fighting for over 25 years for Sinixt and settler lands, right and interests. At a local screening of the *Beyond Extinction: Sinixt Resurgence* (dir. Ali Kazim, 2022), James told her settler neighbours that she does not exonerate us, but that, if we choose to stay here, we should "love the land." This affective imperative is central to what keeps my family (and, I think, most members of this community) engaged in a reciprocal relationship of care for this ecosystem that sustains and nurtures us.

Love, however, is not enough to stop our forest from being clearcut, or our riparian zone disturbed. Ownership is what keeps logging companies off our land. At the risk of performing a version of settler innocence, I will say that, at least for now, my family's self-assigned task as private-property owners is to protect this small portion of the Kootenays from the rapacious extraction that surrounds us.[9] This does not preclude our involvement in collective action to protect old growth or to discourage private development, nor does it negate our commitment to a desire for a different kind of world order. It does, however, involve us in a complex reckoning that has challenged our preconceptions of what a forest is and how best to care for it in the Plantationocene.[10]

Conclusion

When we moved to this famously alternative area, we found that most people practice regenerative and organic farming, making the whole valley's ecosystem remarkably vibrant and diverse. I expected to also find many intentional communities, communes, and collective farms. Instead, we have been surprised by the number of small family farms and homesteads, some still inhabited by the original families that emigrated here at the beginning of the 20th century, others newly taken over by young couples with babies or intergenerational households like ours. Is it, I wonder, because farming fulfils a certain kind of fantasy of familial investment and futurity? Or is it just hard to get a group of people together to move to a rural location and work hard for little money if they are not interconnected through a recognizable and established structure?

I asked Liam, who tends (self-admittedly) to be a lazy fellow, why he worked so hard when he came to the farm. "Do you do it," I asked, "because you are a family member, and you are invested in this as your family's inheritance?"

[9] On settler innocence, see Tuck and Yang, 2012.

[10] For compelling arguments about why it makes sense to call this current epoch the Plantationocene, see Wynter, 2011; McKittrick, 2013; Haraway, 2015; Tsing, 2015; Davis et al., 2019; Trouillot, 2002.

"Maybe that's a part of it," he said. "But really I think it's because I'm an anarchist." When I asked him in an email to tell me more what that meant for him, this was his response:

> To me, the farm is a prefigurative project. It's an attempt to substantiate all the political theorizing, and create our desired world, in the here and now[…]. I'm willing to put in the work to build a different world where our relationships to each other, to food, and to work are radically different.
>
> I don't know quite how kinship fits into that. Family has certainly given me the way in, given me a space where investing my work can matter […]. But I don't think I would need family to work hard. I work hard at the farm because I'm not giving my labour to someone I don't care about in exchange for an arbitrary monetary sum, but engaging in an ongoing relationship of reciprocity with the people I care about.
>
> Also, like, affinity and affinity groups feel relevant? I don't think I would hang out with you guys, or care about bettering your lives if I didn't like you, but I don't think that's necessarily a familial thing, it's cause I really like you. (Jagoe, 2022)

I resonate with this and believe what he says about affinity, yet I wonder if the fibers of my being would be so stirred by these words if they hadn't been written by someone I have nurtured for 22 years. Part of me thinks that he cannot know that he likes me *because* I am his mother, because we are symbiotic in ways that I know deep within the nerves and tissues of my body and mind. I resonate with Simard's impulse to anthropomorphize the reciprocity that she has discovered in tree root networks. She calls certain old trees "mother trees", because of the way that they act like a hub. Their roots send all kinds of signals of care, nutrients, alarm, and support to the many younger trees around them.

I am tempted to end this essay with Simard's compelling image as an emblem of my mothering, but that would mean that I have learned nothing from quackgrass. Much as I am fulfilled by being a nurturing mother, I also have experienced the competitive and allelopathic roots of family. When I got angry at my baby, I did it because of the tangled roots that bound me to my father. So do I truly believe that my care for my sons springs from our shared roots? Do I really think that I need to urge my kids, as I did on that anxious first day, to remember that we love each other? Liam is right: we work hard on the family farm because we feel a powerful affinity with each other and with the more-than-human others that inhabit the land. Through a praxis of mutual labour, we nourish and strengthen our connection that is a tangled mess of kinship, affinity, political commitment, and ideological interpellation. That continued engagement is what renders our love lively and robust.

Works Cited

Avis, M, Avis R, & Coen, T. 2021. Building Your Permaculture Property. New Society Publishers.

Back to Reality. (2020) "Ruth Stout's Worst Enemy (rhizomatous grass in a deep mulch garden)." October 8. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FwUw_Bq2p1Y

Bennett, N. (2022). "British Columbia saw near-record spend on mineral exploration in 2021." Mining.Com. January 31. https://www.mining.com/british-columbia-saw-near-record-spend-on-mineral-exploration-in-2021/

Cobb, M. (2012). Single: Arguments for the Uncoupled. NYU Press.

Cunningham, T, & Bates, E.(2022). "The Kootenays Most (Un)Wanted,"Kootenay Mountain Culture. Summer. 32-33.

Davis, J., Moulton, A.A., Van Sant, L. & Williams, B. (2019). Anthropocene, Capitalocene, . .. Plantationocene?: A Manifesto for Ecological Justice in an Age of Global Crises. Geography Compass, 13 (5), e12438. https://doi.org/10.1111/gec3.12438

Edelman, L. (2004). No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive. Duke University Press.

Ehrlich, P. (1970) The Population Bomb. Sierra Club-Ballantine.

Ellis, E.C. (2013). Overpopulation is Not the Problem. The New York Times. https://www.nytimes.com/2013/09/14/opinion/overpopulation-is-not-the-problem.html?search ResultPosition=1

Ferris, R. (2017) Stephen Hawking: Humans will turn Earth into a giant ball of fire by 2600. CNBC. https://www.cnbc.com/2017/11/07/stephen-hawking-humans-will-turn-earth-into-a-giant-ball-of-fire-by-2600.html

Gray, L. (2013). David Attenborough – Humans are Plague on Earth. The Telegraph. https://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/earth/earthnews/9815862/Humans-are-plague-on-Earth-Attenborough.html

Haberman, C. (2015) "The Unrealized Horrors of Population Explosion." New York Times, May 31.

Haraway, D.J. (2015). Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Plantationocene, Chthulucene: Making Kin. Environmental Humanities, 6(1), 159-65.

Haraway, D. (2016). Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene. Duke UP.

Henderson, A. (2018). Inside The "Soy Boy" Conspiracy Theory: It combines misogyny and the warped world of pseudosciece. Salon. https://www.salon.com/2018/11/14/the-soy-boy-conspiracy-theory-alt-right-thinks-left-wing-has-it-out-for-them-with-soybeans_partner/

Holzer, S. (n.d) Sepp Holzer Permaculture. http://www.seppholzer.info/huegel-culture-design/

https://grain.org/article/entries/4929-hungry-for-land-small-farmers-feed-the-world-with-less-than-a-quarter-of-all-farmland

Jagoe, L. 2022. Email correspondance. November 4.

Kirshenbaum, S. (2014). Having Kids Probably Won't Destroy the Planet. The Atlantic. https://www.theatlantic.com/health/archive/2014/05/having-kids-wont-destroy-the-planet/370798/

Kimmerer, R.W. (2015). Braiding Sweetgrass: Indigenous Wisdom, Scientific Knowledge and the Teachings of Plants. Milkweed Editions.

Kramer, S. (2020, March 31). With Billions Confined to Their Homes Worldwide, Which Living Arrangements Are Most Common? Pew Research Centre. https://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2020/03/31/with-billions-confined-to-their-homes-worldwide-which-living-arrangements-are-most-common/

LeGuin, U. (1994). The Dispossessed. Harper Collins.

Leopold, A. A Sand County Almanac. Oxford UP, 1968.

Lewis, S. (2022). Abolish the Family: A Manifesto for Care and Liberation. Verso.

McKittrick, K. (2013). Plantation Futures. Small Axe, 17(3), 1-15.

Monbiot, G. 2022. Regenesis: Feeding the World without Devouring the Planet. Allen Lane.

Moore, J & Patel, R. 2017. The History of the World in Seven Cheap Things. University of California Press.

Ontario Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Rural Affairs. (2022, September 30). Quackgrass. Ministry of Agriculture, Food and Rural Affairs. http://www.omafra.gov.on.ca/english/ crops/facts/ontweeds/quack_grass.htm

Pearce, F. (2010) "The Overpopulation Myth," Prospect Magazine, March 8 https://www.prospectmagazine.co.uk/magazine/the-overpopulation-myth)

Penniman, L. 2018. Farming While Black: Soul Fire Farm's Practical Guide to Liberation on the Land. Chelsea Green Publishing.

Pitt, H. 2021. "Roots." Environmental Humanities 13:2. November. DOI 10.1215/22011919-9320255

Rothman, J. (2017) "The Case for Not Being Born." The New Yorker, November 27.

Rushe, D. (2022). "Big agriculture warns farming must change or risk 'destroying the planet.'" The Guardian, 3 November.

Shepard, M. 2013. Restoration Agriculture: Real-World Permaculture for Farmers. Acres USA.

Shiva, V. 2016. Who Really Feeds the World? Penguin Random House.

Simard, S. 2021. Finding the Mother Tree: Discovering the Wisdom of the Forest. Knopf.

Smaje, C. 2020. A Small Farm Future: Making the Case for a Society Built Around Local Economies, Self-Provisioning, Agricultural Diversity and a Shared Earth. White River Junction, VT: Chelsea Green Publishing.

Subramaniam, B. (2018) "'Overpopulation is Not the Problem," Public Books, November 27. https://www.publicbooks.org/overpopulation-is-not-the-problem/#fnref-25017-3).

Trouillot, M.R. (2002). Culture on the Edges: Caribbean Creolization in Historical Context. In Axel, B.K. (Eds.), From the Margins: Historical anthropology and its futures (pp.189-210). Duke University Press.

Tsing, A. L. 2015. The mushroom at the end of the world: On the possibility of life in capitalist ruins. Princeton University Press.

Tuck, E., and K. Wayne Yang. (2012). "Decolonization is Not a Metaphor." Decolonization: Indigeneity, Education, and Society 1 (1): 1–40.

Watson, P.J. (2018). The Truth About Soy Boys [Video]. YouTube. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FTSvLKY7HEk&ab_channel=PaulJosephWatson

Weeks, K. (2021). Abolition of the family: the most infamous feminist proposal. Feminist Theory, 0(0). https://doi.org/10.1177/14647001211015841

Wieting, J. (2019) Clearcut Carbon. Sierra Club BC. https://sierraclub.bc.ca/clearcutcarbon/

Wynter, S. (1971). Novel and History, Plot and Plantation. Savacou, 5, 95-102.

Young, A. (Host). (2022, June 15). Rowen M. White on Seed Rematriation and Fertile Resistance (no. 291) [Audio podcast episode]. In For the Wild. https://forthewild.world/listen/rowen-m-white-on-seed-rematriation-and-fertile-resistance-encore-291

Young, A. (Host). (2022, October). Tusha Yakovleva on the Invitation of Invasive Plants (no. 307) [Audio podcast episode]. In For the Wild. https://forthewild.world/podcast-transcripts/tusha-yakovleva-on-the-invitation-of-invasive-plants-307?rq=Yakovleva