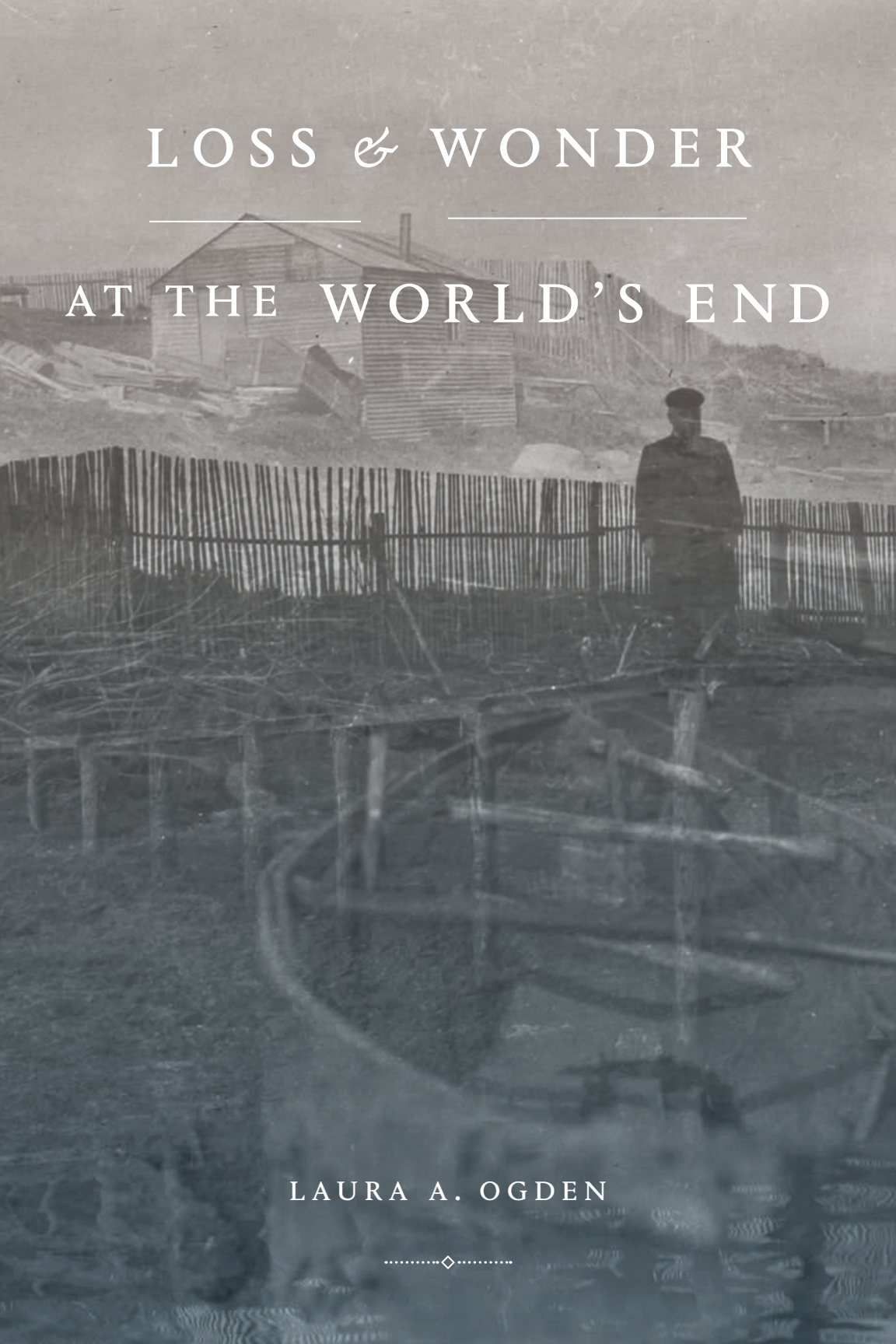
LOSS & WONDER AT THE WORLD'S END



LAURA A. OGDEN

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DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS Durham and London 2021

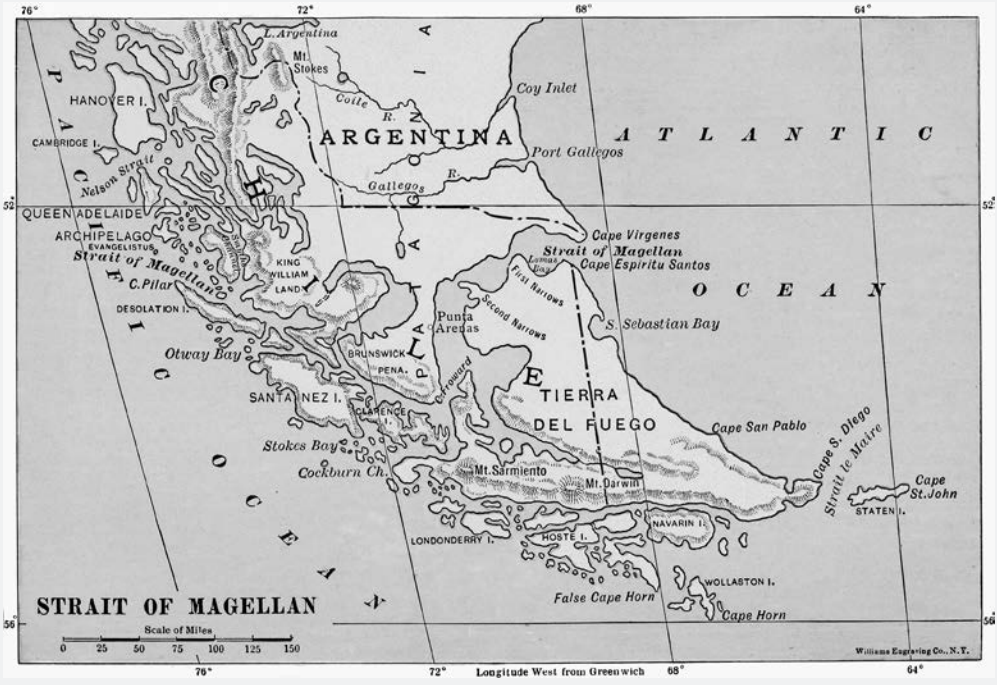
Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper ∞
Project Editor: Lisl Hampton
Cover designed by Matthew Tauch
Text designed by Aimee C. Harrison
Typeset in Portrait Text and Univers LT Std by
Tseng Information Systems, Inc.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Names: Ogden, Laura, [date] author.
Title: Loss and wonder at the world's end / Laura A. Ogden.
Description: Durham : Duke University Press, 2021. |
Includes bibliographical references and index.
Identifiers: LCCN 2021001838 (print)
LCCN 2021001839 (ebook)
ISBN 9781478013631 (hardcover)
ISBN 9781478014560 (paperback)
ISBN 9781478021865 (ebook)
Subjects: LCSH: Environmental degradation—Great Island (Argentina and Chile) | Human ecology—Great Island (Argentina and Chile) | Imperialism. | Great Island (Argentina and Chile)—Environmental conditions—21st century. | BISAC: SOCIAL SCIENCE Anthropology Cultural & Social | HISTORY Latin America South America
Classification: LCC GE160.A7 034 2021 (print) | LCC GE160.A7 (ebook) | DDC 333.70982/76—dc23
LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021001838
LC ebook record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021001839

Cover art: Photograph by Charles Wellington Furlong, 1907. MSS-197, Box XXIV, Folder 6, Furlong Papers, Rauner Special Collections Library, Dartmouth College.

For Pat and Eva Kelly

Contents



FI.1 Map of the Fuegian Archipelago, including the islands of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. By James Bryce, 1st Viscount Bryce, 1838–1922.

The islands of the Fuegian Archipelago are fragments of land, broken off from South America's continental tip. They remind me of the way the jutting bits of family heirlooms are always vulnerable to neglectful care: teacup handles, the outstretched arm of a porcelain ballerina. But when you are on the islands, it is clear that there will be no putting things back together. Instead, the islands of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn seem to be barely holding their ground against the rough marriage of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. Here, particularly around Cape Horn, so close to the Antarctic Peninsula, enormous tanker ships are dwarfed and battered by tremendous walls of water. These are seas that make worlds and take them too.

Generations of slow-moving glaciers created the archipelago's topographic features, which Charles Wellington Furlong, a central figure in this book, described as "an inconceivable labyrinth of tortuous, storm-swept waterways."[1] These windswept islands are in a constant state of change. Once, the Strait of Magellan was solid ice. Later, during the Little Ice Age, numerous icebergs clogged the channel, endangering the passage of Spanish merchant ships. Today ice-blue glaciers reach down from the high peaks of the southern Andes into these waterways.[2]

The archipelago's naming conventions are not straightforward. For example, many contemporary writers use *Tierra del Fuego* to refer to the entire archipelago. For locals, and within the historic literature, that name refers to the archipelago's largest island, though sometimes you hear *Isla Grande*, which reflects the island's current name.[3] In historic accounts, including archival sources used in this book, the region may be referred to as *Fuegia* and its Indigenous peoples *Fuegians*. There are many more variations of these names, all of which are complicated by different practices in Argentina and Chile. For example, Indigenous people native to the interior of Tierra del Fuego (the big island) are called *Selk'nam* by Chileans and *Ona* by Argentines. In Chile, *Yagán* is generally preferred by the coastal community itself, though you also see *Yaghan* and *Yahgan* as spelling variants. In Argentina, *Yamana* was more common, particularly in ethnographic accounts.

While the names of people and places are varied, describing this region as "the World's End" is fairly ubiquitous. There are World's End backpacker lodges, poem anthologies, cruise ship itineraries, and nature reserves. Travel writers cannot resist the term. As I have explored in my writing about the Florida Everglades, figures are repetitive tropes, phrases, images, or ideas that shape our encounters with the world.[4] Figures emerge out of a specific "apparatus," such as colonialism or capitalism.[5] Figures limit the possible trajectories of life's constellations. For example, the figure of the "worthless

swamp" enabled widespread drainage and development in the Florida Everglades in the late nineteenth century. As the Everglades example illustrates, figures are one of the ways territory, both material and semiotic, is claimed.

In many ways, the World's End is the most recognizable figure in the Fuegian Archipelago. It is as common in the serious literature as it is in popular culture. For example, the most widely read book about the region is E. Lucas Bridges's *Uttermost Part of the Earth*, published in 1948. Dog-eared copies of *Uttermost* can be found in the common rooms of nearly every hostel in southern Patagonia, perhaps superseded in popularity only by Bruce Chatwin's *In Patagonia*. In *Uttermost*, Bridges offers an exhaustive chronicle of his family's missionary efforts, settlement, and relations with Fuegian Selk'nam and Yagán families. The book opens with the family's arrival in 1871. After an arduous sea crossing from England, Bridges's weakened and exhausted mother gazes off the schooner's bow toward the shore and recalls her husband's description of their new home: "He had told her of the unkind climate, of the long, dreary winter nights, of the solitude, when one was completely cut off from the outside world, with league after league of impassible country separating one from the nearest settlement of civilized man. . . . In this wild and desolate region, he had told her, there were neither doctors nor police nor government of any kind; and, instead of kindly neighbours, one was surrounded by, and utterly at the mercy of, lawless tribes without discipline or religion."[6] As Bridges's passage illustrates, the World's End figure conveys a sense of extremity that exceeds its geography. While the World's End does suggest a kind of dangerous landscape (as in, *these islands could slide right off the map*), it is a figure that also suggests an unsavory moral terrain, a geography that lies beyond "civilization": *no doctors, no religion, no laws*. Though the imperial politics of the World's End is not subtle, it is also strikingly persistent.[7]

In the Fuegian Archipelago, the World's End is almost elemental, like a life force. The apocalyptic tenor of the World's End resonates with the ways we understand the present as a time of ecological precarity and the way the future is imagined. In this book, the World's End does double duty: it helps me explore the atmospherics of risk associated with the archipelago's emplacement in history, as well as the temporal dimensions of living in times of loss and wonder.

INTRODUCTION · Loss and Wonder

1.1 Glaciers in the Strait of Magellan, Fuegian Archipelago, 1908. Photograph by Charles Wellington Furlong.

The future is dark, with a darkness as much of the womb as the grave.—REBECCA SOLNIT, *Hope in the Dark*

LIVING IN TIMES OF LOSS

Loss seems to define our present era, particularly losses associated with climate and other forms of environmental change. Best-selling books, from Elizabeth Kolbert's *The Sixth Extinction: An Unnatural History* to Amitav Ghosh's *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, frame the present as a moment in world history where catastrophic losses exceed our imaginative capacities. Each day, it seems, we learn about another species lost to extinction, or a coastline threatened by rising seas. In 2018 the *New York Times Magazine* featured a story titled "Losing Earth: The Decade We Almost Stopped Climate Change." In it, Nathaniel Rich cataloged the opportunities we missed to change the course of the earth's history. Because we did not act, Rich says, "long-term disaster is now the best-case scenario."

When I began to write this book, a crack in Larsen C, one of Antarctica's largest ice shelves, kept me awake at night. My dreams were troubled by fears of a continent broken in half. A few months later, my days and nights became vigils of waiting for the worst—as Hurricane Irma made its way across the warm Caribbean seas toward my childhood home in southern Florida. Loss makes it hard to keep things in perspective.

My family survived Hurricane Andrew, a category 5 storm on the Saffir-Simpson Scale, which made landfall in southern Florida in 1992. The storm's lethal eye crossed over our historic house, built in the 1920s of local pine boards and metal shingles. The day after the storm, I drove down from Gainesville, where I was in graduate school, to our small town at the edge of Everglades National Park. When I reached our town, the landscape had been so altered, with every palm tree, street sign, and building torn apart, that I had to ask the National Guard to help me find my way.

In Roland Barthes's memoir of his mother's death, he describes the landscape of loss as a "flat, dreary country—virtually without water—and paltry."[1] These days, loss doesn't seem like a dry and empty desert. Instead, loss is soggy, a terrain of wet clothes and sodden drywall. Loss is a place where trees and washing machines and playhouses are swept away by the tides. Loss is a way of being in the world marked by grief, rage, fear, and anxiety. Loss transforms who we are, how we relate to other beings and things, and our hopes for the future.

Loss also has its ripple effects. With Larsen C's protective buffer gone, glaciers behind it will begin to melt and break apart. Already communities from the Bering Sea to coastal Louisiana are in the process of relocating their ancestral homes to higher and safer ground. Not long ago, residents of Innaarsuit fled as an 11-million-ton glacier threatened their coastal village in western Greenland.[2] As communities pack up and leave, they sacrifice much more than houses, schools, shops, and livelihoods. For place-based people, the sea is forcefully claiming their past, their sacred sites, and the resting places of their kin, both human and nonhuman.

Loss is not just an event of absence—of something or someone now gone. Instead, loss is ongoing. It is a disposition of alarm and resignation. In this time of loss, everything feels like it needs to be fortified or reengineered. Cities throughout the world have created sustainability plans focused on an uncertain future. In southern Florida, tidal floods now turn city streets into rivers of urban debris. My sister-in-law's car was totaled after she stalled out in a flooded parking lot. People complain that homeowners insurance is hard to find and too expensive anyway. There, contemporary wisdom includes "Sell while you still can" and "Time to get the hell out of Dodge."

Loss is a refrain of the present. Much of the discussion about climate change and rates of species extinctions presents these phenomena as global and therefore universally distributed in space and time. It is as if the earth, once a glimmering blue marble in space, has now become shrouded by a dark and menacing cloud. Seeing the earth and our future as uniform is a trick of scalar perspective, as Anna Tsing has described, which makes us "ignore (not see) the heterogeneity of the world."[3] Instead, loss is expressed in diverse dialects and includes profound silences. Loss and change in southern Florida is not the same as loss and change in the Arctic. Loss has its own vernaculars and place-based temporalities, even though these differences are often effaced by modernity's monocular optics.[4]

Loss is lived by bodies that exist in relation to other beings and things. Loss can rupture or reconfigure those relations. Thom van Dooren reminds us that understanding the full story of loss, such as the ongoing effects of species extinctions, requires "an attentiveness to entanglements."[5] This means paying attention to how loss becomes habituated in the bodies of historically constituted subjects, both human and nonhuman, and how loss saturates the webs of relations that make life. This kind of attentiveness to loss's dialects, affects, and embodiments requires paying attention to the routines and relations of living, dying, and recomposing for the future. As an anthropologist, I understand that time is not a universal phenomenon

and that losses are rarely equally distributed. This book offers an account of loss specific to time and place, what could be called *a vernacular of loss*.

Like all places in the world, the Fuegian Archipelago is both real and imagined. The dominant imagined version, what I call the World's End, has long relied on ideas of sublime nature and "lost" peoples to maintain itself. Today the Fuegian Archipelago (as both a real and an imagined place) is being transformed by other concerns about loss. Repeated algal blooms have closed fisheries in the archipelago, collapsing one of the only sources of livelihood for coastal communities. Extractive industries, including commercial forestry and natural gas production, salmon farming, and introduced species, are rapidly transforming constellations of life. Glaciers are in retreat. These are very real and devastating problems. They are also problems that are deeply entangled with histories of colonialism, an aspect of environmental loss that remains fairly invisible in the region.

WONDER

Wonder is another refrain that runs through this book.

Numerous scholars have explored the changing meaning of the term *wonder*, from philosophers to theologians.[6] Since I am neither, I will only say that wonder carries some intellectual baggage. From the Renaissance to the Victorian era, European and Euro-American explorers and naturalists experienced wonder as a kind of spiritual-epistemological disposition toward unfamiliar landscapes and ways of life. Because nature, in its grandest and most exotic variants, offered evidence of a Christian god's earthly miracles, wonder-seekers were motivated by the promise of transcendence, even as they were driven to acquire, dominate, and categorize the lives and landscapes they encountered.[7] The enduring popularity of *Wunderkammer*, those "curiosity cabinets" filled with skulls, artifacts, rocks, fossils, and other specimens, speaks to this dual impulse to both know and acquire the world.

Wonder, as a kind disposition to know and acquire nature, inspired numerous explorers to come to the Fuegian Archipelago, as the anthropologist Anne Chapman describes in her book *European Encounters with the Yamana People of Cape Horn, before and after Darwin*. Chapman's title draws attention to Darwin's visit to the region in 1832, and for good reason. Darwin's infamous depictions of Fuegians as uncivilized savages has overdetermined how the region and its peoples are represented and known. For this reason, Darwin appears as a key figure in my book (as does Anne Chapman).

Darwin was clearly grappling with the limitations of his own experience, to put it mildly. He marvels over the new species he encountered while in the archipelago, while simultaneously expressing feelings of insignificance in the face of the vast unknown that is nature. Describing Cape Horn, he writes, "No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body."[8] For the young naturalist, and countless others who came after him, the Fuegian Archipelago offered a mode of nature resonant with transcendent possibility, while at the same time serving as a living laboratory for thinking about nature's laws and change in species.[9]

Darwin's wonder continues to shape the experience of today's nature-loving visitors. Considered one of the last wilderness areas on earth, Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn have become bucket-list destinations for adventure travelers. Just a short flight from Antarctica, wealthy tourists often spend a few days in the region before heading down to the pole. While in the archipelago, they might take a tour boat through the Beagle Channel's glacial passages or a ferry across the choppy Strait of Magellan. Birders come to see penguins and pink flamingos. Wonder takes flight with the condors. Climbers and trekkers summit the craggy peaks of the southernmost Andes, while salmon and trout fishermen wade the Fuegian rivers to fly fish for (introduced) king salmon and other trout species. Like Patagonia to the north, the archipelago's ongoing allure rests on its reputation as a refuge of spectacular nature, free from the contaminating influence of civilization. My friend Marcos Mendoza has called this vernacular of wonder the "Patagonian sublime."[10]

Yet the World's End is not free of people. Instead, simplistic stereotypes of Fuegian Indigenous peoples are bound up in the archipelago's wilderness aesthetic, particularly representations of Selk'nam and Yagán families from the early twentieth century.[11] The World's End, as a set of compositional practices, collapses "wild people" into "wild nature." In tourist shops all over Punta Arenas, for example, there are postcards of penguins, glaciers, and Selk'nam people all crammed into the same display rack. Images of the Selk'nam *Hain* ceremony are everywhere: the walls of backpacker hostels, book covers, coffee mugs, tea towels. The *Yagán* is the name of the commercial ferry that makes the thirty-hour trip to Navarino Island, a favorite spot for European trekkers. The ferry's cramped galley is decorated with vintage images of semi-clothed Yagán people. Although Indigenous communities continue to live in the archipelago, these images contribute to the near invisibility of contemporary Indigenous lives and livelihoods in the region.

It doesn't help that these images are almost always captioned with a reference to the "lost tribes" of the World's End. The trope of the lost tribes, with its connotations of extinction, is so pervasive even most Chileans are unaware that Yagán, Selk'nam, and Kawésqar families continue to live in the region.[12]

Of course, the association of nature with Native peoples is by no means unique to the Fuegian Archipelago. As the daughter of 1970s white hippie scientists, I am fairly experienced in the ways Indigeneity has been (and continues to be) appropriated by nature lovers in the United States. In Chile these modes of appropriation are similar. For example, almost all the nature parks in the archipelago evoke the landscape's Indigenous history and the "lost tribes" iconography as part of their branding approach. When I am in these parks, I can't seem to escape earnest people wanting to lecture me about Selk'nam ceremonies or medicinal plant use, all gleaned from anthropology of the early twentieth century.

Yet in these nature-loving sites, something else is going on. Fuegian peoples are not only represented as relics of the past (as they are in tourist shops and on book covers) or even representatives of primeval nature. The "lost people" of the Fuegian Archipelago have come to serve as a warning sign of nature's precarity in this time of ecological crisis. Put another way, evoking lost people has become of way of saying, *If we can lose these nature-people, we can lose this nature too*. Absent is any self-reflection about the "we" (often white nature lovers) in this eco-apocalyptic equation.[13]

But wonder is a shifting refrain, with multiple registers. Wonder can also be a practice of hope shaped by small, ordinary triumphs.[14] This book ar-

1.2 On the left, a figure from the Selk'nam Hain ceremony, the spirit Halahaches, in front of a mobile tourist shop, Punta Arenas, Chile. On the right, Yagán Kina figure painted on the front of a house, Puerto Williams, Chile. Photographs by the author.

chives many forms of loss—including territory, language, sovereignty, and life itself. Yet, as I learned in writing this book, life continues to flourish even in the ruins of these devastations.[15] Coastal lichens hold their ground against the battering tides of rising seas.[16] On Isla Navarino, children learn Yagán vocabulary words in preschool, even when there is only one *abuela* left in the community who grew up speaking the language in her home. I am enormously indebted to the wonder and commitments that drive social movements to seek change, as well as the wonder and commitments that enable guanaco populations to rebound after decades of overhunting on Tierra del Fuego.[17]

If the present is a time of loss, it is also a time when communities (of people and other living beings) are grappling with loss, holding their ground, and becoming something new in the process. The darkness of the womb, as Rebecca Solnit says, is a darkness filled with uncertainty, as well as the possibility of a different future.[18]

COMPOSITIONAL NOTES

Three questions guide this book:

1 What evidence do we use to know the present?
2 Where is this evidence archived?
3 What temporalities constitute the present?

The *place* of this book is the Fuegian Archipelago of southernmost South America. The *time* of this book is the heterogeneous lost-times produced by the ongoing effects of settler colonialism in the region. The *form* of this book is an archive of loss and wonder. That said, my ideas about place, time, and form have become increasingly unsettled in the course of writing this book.

This book's materials draw from both collaborative ethnographic research in the Fuegian Archipelago as well as collaborative archival research at Dartmouth College, where I work. Like many environmental anthropologists, my research has explored how some conservation efforts transform the lives and livelihoods of other communities, as well as the political and economic forces, generally glossed as capitalism, that continue to transform multispecies practices of living and dying throughout the world. I began fieldwork in the region because I wanted to understand more about the politics and ethics of managing animals considered "invasive." Simply,

I wondered: How can it be OK to kill animals just because they are in the wrong place? I went to Tierra del Fuego to find out.

While introduced species are changing landscapes everywhere, beavers imported into the Fuegian Archipelago in 1948 have become one of the most challenging forest conservation problems in the world, as I describe in this book. Spending time with people who care about the Fuegian forests taught me the importance of allowing loss to serve as a generative space for ethnographic theory and environmental ethics. Fuegian beavers taught me to pay attention to the way animal life is enrolled in ongoing imperial projects. Fuegian beavers also taught me a bit about wonder.

While anthropological research tends to benefit from serendipitous encounters, this project shifted significantly through a chance conversation with Alfredo Prieto, a respected Chilean archaeologist. Prieto urged me to explore the archives of an American explorer, Charles Wellington Furlong, which are housed a short walk from my office at Dartmouth College. As it turns out, the Furlong archive contains one of the world's most significant collections of materials that document the impacts of colonial settlement on the lives of Fuegian Indigenous peoples and their landscapes. Trying to make sense of the archive and the college's ethical responsibilities as stewards of this material led to a rich working relationship with members of the Comunidad Indígena Yaghan Bahía Mejillones on Isla Navarino. We have taken a collaborative approach to the archive: Francisco Filgueira and Alberto Serrano have come to Dartmouth to make copies of material and evaluate the archive's scope and importance, and I have led several meetings at Villa Ukika, the Yagán community on Isla Navarino, to discuss the archive's contents and develop practices for making the materials available and useful to the community.

I began the research for this book in 2011, with an interest in learning about the impacts of environmental change on life in the Fuegian Archipelago. Soon after I began spending time in the region, it became clear that the legacies of colonialism, though everywhere, were largely absent from discussions about environmental change. This is striking, as many would agree that the present, at least in the Americas, is the product of various forms of global imperialism. In the process of writing this book, I began to think of environmental change as imperialism's shadow, a darkness cast upon the earth in the wake of other losses.

Sometimes big concepts explain everything and nothing at the same time. This book uses ethnographic research to understand the sites, or

"contact zones," to borrow Mary Louise Pratt's term, where environmental change and colonialism touch and compose life in the Fuegian Archipelago.[19] It is the touching that matters. Loss and wonder are produced in these sites of contact, though they are discernible in shifting registers depending on the context and politics of their production. The loss and wonder of colonial explorers and the loss and wonder of contemporary environmentalists are not the same. Loss and wonder are always subjective and political.

As an example: the other morning I was standing in my kitchen making a sandwich. As I stood there, I could just make out the sounds of Elvis Presley coming from my daughter's room on the floor above. I imagined her getting ready for school, music blaring, as she struck a pose in front of the bathroom mirror. The song's melody was muffled, yet Elvis's familiar low voice seeped through the floorboards. With it came sweet and sad memories of watching Elvis movies on a grainy television in my mother's bedroom. He seemed from another age, even then. Yet my Elvis nostalgia is dulled by a dose of Elvis despair, shaped by the ways Elvis's fame ("the King of Rock and Roll") effaced so many Black artists in the history of rock and roll. Loss and wonder are like political currents that creep under the door on a cold day. Sometimes you barely feel them, yet they can still chill you.

This book is organized as an archive of loss and wonder. John Berger has compared archives to archaeological sites, which is apt, except that most archives are curated in ways that archaeological sites are not. Archives are more than a collection of facts, memories, photographs, digital files, and dried leaves pressed flat and brown in the pages of an old book. Archives have structuring logics that constrain how the world is known and how the past is encountered. Archives are sites of both proliferation and restraint. Not everything gets in, only things that matter. It is this "mattering" that we need to pay attention to, as this is a key to understanding an archive's logic.[20]

In this case, I am extending the epistemological boundaries of what counts as evidence in an archive of the present.[21] In this book's archive, I am bringing together beings and things (beavers, stolen photographs, lichen, birdsong, my cousin's pantry) to catalog the ways environmental change and colonial history are entangled. In the process, I have learned that the present is composed of heterogeneous temporalities and that loss and wonder are contingent refrains. That said, my aim is not diagnostic. Instead, I am writing my way in and out of these entanglements.

An experimental approach to wonder, what I call speculative wonder,

has guided my research method and thinking. In general, speculative wonder is a curiosity about other assemblages of life (compositions of beings, beings and things, sometimes beings that identify as human), but more specifically, *it is an experimental approach to engaging and representing those worlds*. Bringing an ethnographic sensibility to trajectories of species difference, for example about the lives of beavers, is clearly a speculative project.[22] When speculating about nonhuman worlds, I pay particular attention to how other beings sense and know their environments. It matters that beavers have very poor eyesight. Yet, instead of collapsing these speculations into the "already known" of animal biology or ecology (though these are clearly important sources of knowledge in my work), my speculations are guided by an intentional hyper-anthropomorphism. In other words, I use what I know best (my own subjectivity) to engage the affective worlds of other species. In some ways, this allows me to shift an epistemological and ontological problem (how other beings know the world) to a representational one (how to write these worlds).

Wonder, as the philosopher Isabelle Stengers has explained, "means both to be surprised and entertain questions."[23] Stengers has written about the philosophical challenge of bringing nonhumans into political theory as entities with political standing.[24] She uses the term *speculative* to signal an experimental reframing that enables the ontological reorientation in our practices of environmental concern. For Stengers, life forms are always in the process of becoming, which means the future is one of possibility. The goal of the thought experiment is not to speculate about possible alternative futures but to reveal the tensions that are a part of becoming within the confines of the world's predetermined categories (what she calls "probabilities").[25]

Thought experiments are the nudge that helps us ask, *What if?* Formal thought experiments in my book, such as reframing invasive species as "animal diasporas," allow me to critically evaluate intellectual traditions that tend to keep animals, plants, and humans in separate conceptual spaces. With a similar goal in mind, this book experiments with disciplinary boundaries and genres, bringing together ethnography, colonial archives, performance studies, and natural history. This expansiveness helps me nudge concepts that feel stagnant, like "wilderness" or "invasive species," and, to quote Stengers, produce "narratives that populate our worlds and imaginations in different ways."[26]

Finally, instead of a classic literature review, this book includes several portraits of figures whose ideas have been influential to this book. The accu-

mulation of these portraits, like the World's End that began this book, form the book's intellectual archive. The book includes portraits of well-known philosophers, such as Jacques Derrida, and anthropologists who have been important to my thinking, such as Arturo Escobar and Anne Chapman, other collaborator-friends, as well as other beings and places. I have treated these figures like playing cards inserted between the pages of my book. This approach helps me treat theory as just another form of knowledge, specific to place, time, and social relations, rather than a kind of apolitical, universal knowledge.

While this book explores the vernaculars of loss and wonder in the Fuegian Archipelago, much of the wisdom I have about these emplaced practices comes from my long-term fieldwork in the Florida Everglades. As a writer, I struggled to keep the Everglades out of this book—until I decided that it was impossible. Not only did I write and think about the Everglades for nearly two decades, but I grew up in the Everglades and was raised by Everglades scientists. The Everglades landscape is as foundational to my thinking self as the figures I highlight in the archive's portraits. And so she finds her way in.

The Explorer's Refrain · *A Figure*

F2.1 Charles Wellington Furlong and Virginia Spinney Furlong curating his archive, Dartmouth College, May 1962.

There is an obsessional madness to working in the archives, a point the philosopher Jacques Derrida made in his work *Archive Fever*.[1] I have spent the past several years plundering the collected papers of Colonel Charles Wellington Furlong, an American who traveled in the Fuegian Archipelago in 1907–8, returning again in 1911. For Derrida, the archivist project is fueled by a desperate desire to locate authentic evidence of a knowable past. Not surprisingly, this mad quest has its physical symptoms. After spending hours hunched over document boxes and squinting at bad handwriting, my back has stiffened, and my eyes are strained. The collection takes up thirty-five linear feet in the backroom storage areas of Dartmouth College Library's Rauner Special Collections Library. Most of the time, these materials lie dormant in anonymous gray boxes.

Archival research involves strict protocols: ink pens are not allowed; purses and backpacks must be secured in off-site locations; gum and food are not permitted; sometimes wearing gloves is required. While working in the archive, I took thousands of photographs, but I was always nervous about the use of flash photography. In archives, materials are meticulously cataloged, tracked, and hand-delivered, as if in a police procedural. But the culture of Rauner Library is nothing like a TV detective show. Like most archives, Rauner's ambience of serious scholarship makes me feel like an amateur. I think of Agatha Christie's Miss Marple, impatient with protocols and lacking the professional's commitment to rigor.

After several years in the archive, I have come to know Furlong, or at least his archival self, well. Born in 1874, less than a decade after the US Civil War, Furlong fully embodied the contradictions and blind spots of white, liberal America's ideas about race and Indigenous peoples. As part of the acquisition process, Dartmouth College hired him to organize, catalog, and interpret his collection.[2] Being both archival subject and its sole interpreter allowed Furlong to present a highly curated version of his self, first, as an explorer, and in his later years as a scientist.

Spending time with Furlong has granted me a certain expertise on explorer culture.[3]

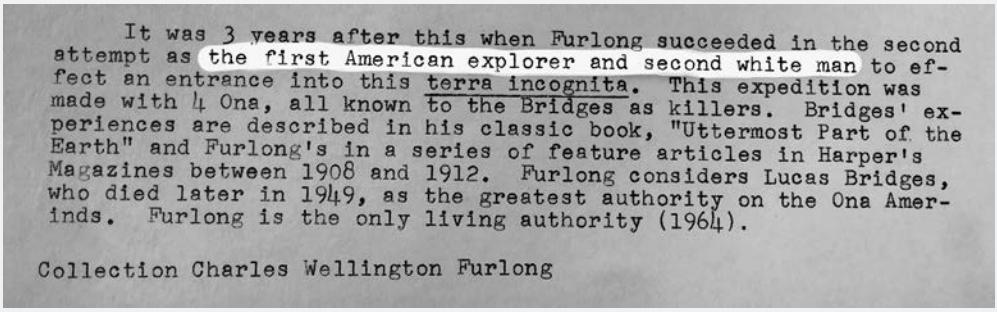
Furlong's life of accomplishments was long, varied, and full of many firsts. He discovered the wreck of the US frigate *Philadelphia*; he was a rodeo star; and he created the US Geographic Military Intelligence Division during World War I. He was friends with Teddy Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover. He recovered the relics of Sir Henry M. Stanley while exploring East and Central Africa. Yet in a 1948 letter to Lucas Bridges, one of the founding settlers of Tierra del Fuego, Furlong wrote, "Of all my many and varied explorations

in out-of-the-way lands, whether in the hinterlands of Bolivia, the jungles of Surinam, the back Orinoco country of Venezuela, in the Balkan backlands or with my Arab friends of the Sahara, in the deserts of the Middle East, Tripoli and Morocco, with the Masai and the Kikuyu and other tribes of East and Central Africa, *my deepest heart interest* somehow seems still to be in my expeditions in Tierra del Fuego with you, in particular, and the Lawrences and my Ona and Yagan friends."[4] It should be clear from this passage that exploration is a masculine endeavor, forever preoccupied with penetrating the unknown. Sometimes, though, an explorer's memories become bittersweet with age.[5]

Another thing I learned: the distance between "Furlong the Explorer" and "Furlong the Archivist" was not a straightforward march in the direction of liberal progress. In significant ways, the culture of US imperialism changed between Furlong's initial trip to the Fuegian Archipelago in 1907 and when he was curating his archive in the early 1960s. To illustrate, he left for Tierra del Fuego just a few years after the United States signed the Treaty of Paris in 1898, ending the Spanish-American War and solidifying the United States' imperial presence in the Caribbean. During his journey, Furlong actually crossed paths with Theodore Roosevelt's Great White Fleet, the nickname for the US armada that was then circumnavigating the globe as a demonstration of US naval power.

Fast-forward fifty years. When Furlong was working at Dartmouth, the geopolitics of US imperialism and other forms of coloniality were quite different (at least overtly). For example, in 1961, the year after Dartmouth acquired Furlong's collection, Frantz Fanon published *The Wretched of the Earth*, a soaring manifesto that inspired liberation movements for decades to come, including the Black Panthers. That same year, the National Indian Youth Council was formed, one of the first Native American organizations to use direct action to protect treaty rights in the United States. On the Dartmouth campus, students and faculty were engaged in civil rights marches and demonstrations, as the nightly news made the violent attacks on African American protesters in the South difficult to ignore.

And yet, while the formal apparatus of colonialism and empire may have been crumbling in Algeria, Cuba, and Oakland, California, their traces remain throughout the Furlong archive (as they continue to reverberate in sites of neoliberal and territorial occupation in the United States today). For example, on the back of every photograph in the archive, and there are about seven hundred that document life in the Fuegian Archipelago, Furlong affixed a typed and detailed caption. At some point, when reading these cap-


It was 3 years after this when Furlong succeeded in the second attempt as the first American explorer and second white man to effect an entrance into this terra incognita. This expedition was made with 4 Ona, all known to the Bridges as killers. Bridges' experiences are described in his classic book, "Uttermost Part of the Earth" and Furlong's in a series of feature articles in Harper's Magazines between 1908 and 1912. Furlong considers Lucas Bridges, who died later in 1949, as the greatest authority on the Ona Amerinds. Furlong is the only living authority (1964).

Collection Charles Wellington Furlong

F2.2 A variant of the explorer's refrain from a lengthy caption that describes Furlong's long-term association with E. Lucas Bridges, the first white man to cross the interior of Tierra del Fuego.

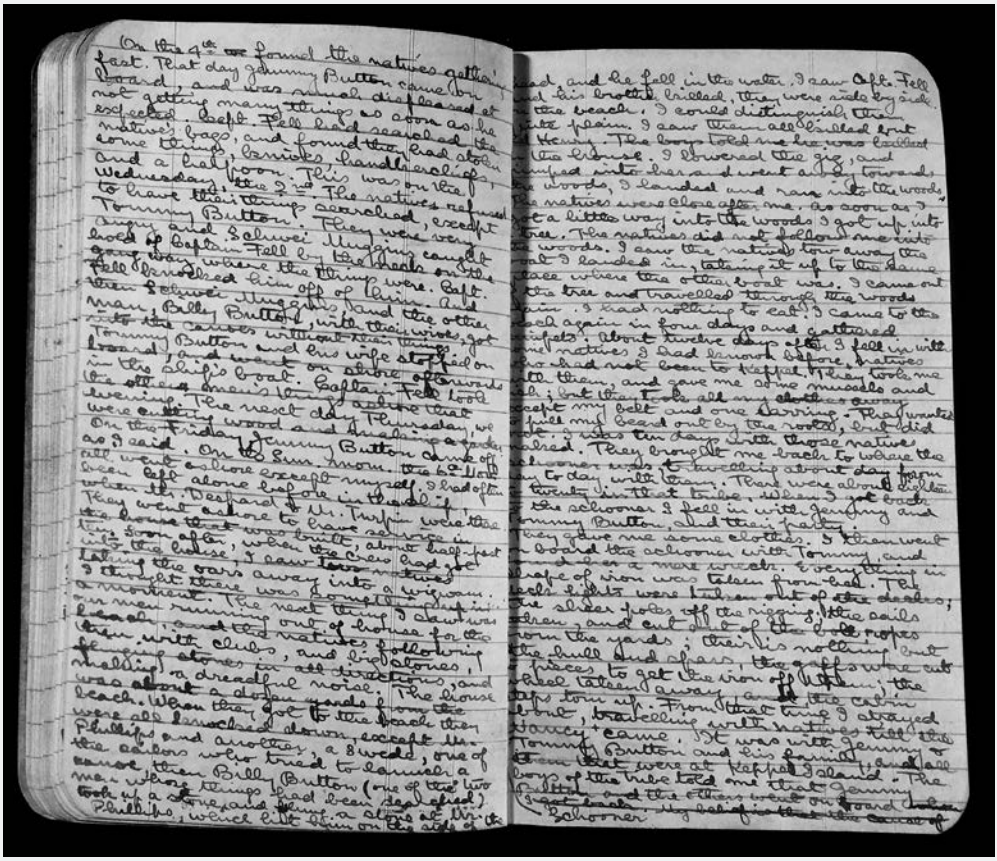
tions (which someone told me his wife actually typed), I stopped keeping track of the number of times Furlong referred to himself in the following way: "the first American and second white man to explore the interior of Tierra del Fuego."[6]

Time and time again he used this exact phrase, a refrain of colonial exceptionalism meant to cement his legacy within the archive. Furlong's refrain traveled with him across many continents and several decades before permanently settling here. Reading those captions is like hearing the cover of a song you know well—familiar, yet with slight shifts in the register. Colonial exceptionalism is resilient in that way. Still, the "second" white man? Is this like being the second man on the moon?

Furlong's archival self is unbending with the simplified tropes of white male exploration. Perhaps because of this I yearned to know him as a real person. My genealogical research offered little beyond the vital statistics contained in his marriage and birth certificates. His application to join the Sons of the American Revolution only confirmed what I already knew. Things I wondered about: Why did his first marriage fail? Surely his wife resented his years away. Her name was Eva, also the name of my daughter. Did Furlong miss his children while he was away? Was his missing the same kind of missing that has left me hollow and jagged when I'm doing fieldwork?

Still, I have a strange connection with Furlong forged in the countless hours I have spent with his handwritten journals. I am probably the only person alive who has read them in their entirety.

There is something so confidential and vulnerable about his cramped handwriting, his misspelled words and free-form sentences. His cursive is terrible and contains the traces of prior centuries. For example, his *x*s look



F2.3 An example of Furlong's journals. Photograph by the author.

like crooked *c*s. I had to consult a handbook on old-fashioned writing just to make sense of his letters. I often found myself staring for long minutes at the simplest words, such as *then* or *cape* or even *is*. On nearly every page, and I transcribed 122 single-spaced pages, there are words or passages that I bracketed to mark my uncertainty. A sentence's meaning changes dramatically if a word is *horse* or *house*. Because Furlong was interested in the region's Indigenous peoples, his diaries include endless lists of Selk'nam and Yagán words and names. I found these impossible to decipher. I simply could not figure out the letters when he wasn't writing in English or Spanish. There is an anticipatory logic to transcription, making transcription a form of translation.

Michael Taussig described a fieldwork notebook as "an extension of oneself, if not more self than oneself, like an entirely new organ alongside one's

heart and brain, to name the more evocative organs of our inner self."[7] If this is so, Furlong's self is disordered. His journals are a collage of observations and random facts. He bounces from topic to topic, like a stone skipping across the surface of a lake. Some topics are brief, just a couple of words; others take up pages. Some pages are filled with lists of expenses and little reminders to himself. Throughout there are pencil illustrations (boat profiles, rigging, spears, "wigwams"), the lines no longer crisp.

While my own field notes veer off-course, they generally adhere to chronological order. Furlong rarely bothered with dates or the diarist's convention of describing the events of the day, though certain passages do have a feeling of immediacy. For example, in the early days of his trip across the interior of Tierra del Fuego, he describes how the horses slide and stumble down a rocky embankment, only to bog down in the mud at the other side. The animals are so stuck, Furlong fears he will have to abandon Joe, his cargo mule. This passage must have been written before Furlong had a chance to cool down, as his frustration is etched into the page.

Clues allow me to trace some of his movements across the landscape, even though they feel outside of time. For example, his journals include the names of places (lakes, ranches, rivers, coves, etc.) and their descriptions. Because the journals are numbered, I can somewhat follow his route. Many of the places he describes are places I too have visited. I have literally followed in his footsteps. When this happens, his time and space become entangled with my own.

In all my labored time with Furlong, he mentioned his family only once. At the end of February 1908, after nearly a year exploring the Fuegian Archipelago, he and his guide found themselves at a Tehuelche horse camp. The atmosphere in the camp was rough with fighting and liquor, only to worsen after some Argentine rustlers showed up. Furlong became increasingly worried about his safety. His troop of horses mysteriously disappeared during the night. The rustlers were keen on getting his Winchester rifle and his chocolate. That night his handwriting spiraled down the page, becoming large and loopy and faint. He wrote, "I am writing this by sense of touch only. If anything further occurs and there is opportunity I will write it. My thoughts at such a time naturally turn to my darling wife and precious little Ruth and to other loved ones at home. I lay on watching until the crescent of the waning moon kissed the dawn."[8] I am generally a fast reader, but my eyes traveled through his journals slowly and painfully. These journals created vast horizons of lost time, like the time I spend sleeping.

Notes

The World's End

1 Furlong, "The Alaculoofs and Yahgans, the World's Southernmost Inhabitants," 420.
2 For a history and discussion of glaciation in the Southern Patagonian Ice Field, see Lliboutry, "Glaciers of Chile and Argentina," 1108–1206.
3 The largest island in the archipelago is officially named Isla Grande de Tierra del Fuego. Throughout this manuscript, I use *Tierra del Fuego* to describe the largest island, as this is still commonly used, and it aligns with archival sources as well.
4 Ogden, *Swamplife*.
5 In this book, I use the term *apparatus* to describe a governing structure that seeks to capture or entrain other beings and things into its semio-material logics. As an example, in 1958 Zora Neale Hurston used the term to describe southern Florida's commercial agriculture system, saying, "It has evolved into a production machine, a device, an apparatus, an invention, under the supervision of both state and government." In her description of this agricultural apparatus, she importantly includes not only African American farm labor, state policy, infrastructure, and the economic system, but also southern Florida's rich muck soils and flowing rivers. See Hurston, "Florida's Migrant Farm Labor," 200. I am indebted to Jessica Cattelino for sharing Hurston's piece with me. See Abbott, "Recovering Zora Neale Hurston's Work," for historical context of this piece and Hurston's work more broadly. In addition, the philosopher Giorgio Agamben provides two helpful insights into the political characteristics of an apparatus: first, an apparatus strategically and concretely reinforces existing relations of power; second, within and through an apparatus, relations of power intersect with relations of knowledge. He goes on to say that an apparatus is "anything that has in some way the capacity to capture, orient, determine, intercept, model, control, or secure the gestures, behaviors, opinions, or discourses of

living beings." Agamben, "What Is an Apparatus?," 14. Settler colonialism, though uniquely configured in the Fuegian archipelago, is an apparatus.

6 Bridges, *Uttermost Part of the Earth*, 24.

7 In "Inventing Tropicality," David Arnold convincingly shows how the "tropics" were invented as a moral category that enabled centuries of European exploration and exploitation in the Southern Hemisphere. European ideas about tropical places and people became conceptually contingent, Arnold argues, with the heat-drenched excesses of the "jungle" becoming a metonym for the moral character of Indigenous peoples too. Something similar happens with European representations of polar peoples and landscapes. Both are ways of knowing and representing place that are imbued with European privilege and colonial logics. Both are ways of constructing place and people as alien and dangerous. Still, the affective resonances of the World's End are specific to ideas about life on earth's southernmost settlements, as I explore in this book. Simone Abram and Marianne Lien examine how "geopolitical and economic processes" produce political peripheries that are simultaneously bound up with contemporary ideas of wilderness ("Performing Nature at World's Ends," 5). Similarly, Paige West uses the term *representational rhetorics* to describe the way a bundle of images shapes how Papua New Guinea and its peoples are known and governed, as well as supports ongoing inequalities and practices of dispossession (*Dispossession and the Environment*, 5).

Introduction

Figure I.1 is from MSS-197, Box XI, Folder 26, Furlong Papers. Henceforth, all such archival citations refer to the Furlong Papers.

1 Barthes, *Mourning Diary*, 53.

2 Jansen, "Massive Iceberg Looms off Greenland Coast."

3 Tsing, "On Nonscalability," 505.

4 For an important discussion about modernity's logics, see Arturo Escobar's "In the Background of Our Culture," in *Designs for the Pluriverse*.

5 van Dooren, *Flight Ways*, 12.

6 For the past several years, I have been thinking about wonder with Andrea Ballestero. She uses wonder as a key concept to understand how water activists, scientists, and others position water as a human right in Costa Rica and Brazil. Ballestero justifies wonder as an analytic by saying, "In philosophical terms, wonder takes over when knowledge and understanding cannot master what they should" (*A Future History of Water*, x). For a discussion of wonder within philosophy, see Rubenstein, *Strange Wonder*. Tulasi Srinivas's *The Cow in the Elevator* is a very helpful example of allowing ethnographic research to shape wonder as an analytic.

7 Greenblatt, *Marvelous Possessions*.

8 Darwin, *Journal of Researches*, 503.

9 For a discussion of Darwin's wonder, see Philip Armstrong, "The Wonderment of This Taxonomy," 161.

10 Marcos Mendoza writes, "Patagonian tourists experience the sublime as a sense of wonderment, intense connection, and even rapture before the majesty of the Andean wilderness, a sentiment that they take back home with them, where it works to recruit the next wave of travelers" (*The Patagonian Sublime*, 5).

11 *Fueguinos: Fotografías siglos XIX y XX*, edited by Álvarado P. et al., is a wonderful collection of essays about the power and circulation of Fuegian images.

12 The "lost tribes" trope is similar to and as damaging as the "first contact" narratives Lucas Bessire describes in *Behold the Black Caiman*, a comparison I found helpful in writing this book.

13 Kyle Whyte makes this point in "Indigenous Science (Fiction) for the Anthropocene" more broadly, arguing that the literature on climate change and the Anthropocene often positions Indigenous peoples in historicized temporal categories. This framing, he argues, enables non-Indigenous allies to position themselves as saviors, without the burden of acknowledging their ancestors' roles in the making of the present.

14 Srinivas was surprised to discover wonder in the performative excesses on display in the temples of Bangalore, where she was doing fieldwork. Wonder, she found, is generated in sites that lie between the past (one defined by neoliberalism's crushing and persistent losses) and hope for a different future. In her account of ritual performances, wonder is both a practice of "amazement" as well as "a tiny space of resistance that stands within the brokenness and precarity of everyday life in the city" (*The Cow in the Elevator*, 4).

15 Tsing's *The Mushroom at the End of the World* has taught me to pay attention to what survives even in the midst of capitalist and colonial destruction.

16 Donna Haraway offers the hopeful slogan "We are all lichens" as a model for living well with other creatures among the rocks (*Staying with the Trouble*, 56).

17 Guanacos are one of the largest mammals in South America, closely related to llamas.

18 Solnit, *Hope in the Dark*, 5.

19 Pratt defines "contact zones" as "social spaces where disparate cultures meet, clash, and grapple with each other, often in highly asymmetrical relations of domination and subordination—like colonialism, slavery, or their aftermaths as they are lived across the globe today" (*Imperial Eyes*, 4).

20 In anthropology and history, there is a wonderful body of scholarship that critically interrogates the structure and logics of colonial archives, particularly Ann Laura Stoler's work on Dutch colonial archives. In *Along the Archival Grain*, Stoler insists that we see colonial archives as sites where enlightenment and exploitation are "deeply entangled projects." Her work has helped me approach the Furlong Papers as a site for understanding the representational logics of settler colonialism.

21 Maura Finkelstein has a beautifully written ethnography, *The Archive of Loss*. In it, she similarly extends the term *archive* to encompass nontraditional sites, including deindustrialized mills and mill worker bodies in Mumbai, that chronicle processes of industrial decline.

22 Vilém Flusser and Louis Bec's book *Vampyroteuthis infernalis* has been a longtime model and inspiration for my approach to multispecies speculations. The book is a serious yet incredibly fun and clever philosophical treatise on human subjectivity and existence told from the perspective of a vampire squid. Flusser's approach to philosophy was influenced by phenomenology, and his attention to how existence is shaped by embodied epistemologies has influenced my own interest in understanding how nonhumans sense and know their worlds, as well as in experimental approaches to evoking nonhuman subjectivities in writing.

23 Stengers, "Diderot's Egg," 11.

24 Stengers, "Including Nonhumans in Political Theory."

25 Stengers, *Cosmopolitics I*, 13.

26 Stengers, "Wondering about Materialism," 378. I am indebted to Gregory Seigworth and Melissa Gregg's thoughtful essay "An Inventory of Shimmers," which helped me think about affect in relation to Stengers's work. As they say of Stengers's writing, "Here affect is the hinge where mutable matter and wonder (ofttimes densely intermingled with world-weary dread too) perpetually tumble into each other" (8).

The Explorer's Refrain

Figure F2.1 is from MSS-197, Box VIII, Folder 3. Figure F2.2 is from MSS-197, Box XII, Folder 40. Figure F2.3 is from MSS-19, Box II, Folder 58.

1 Derrida describes "archive fever" as "burn[ing] with a passion. It is never to rest, interminably, from searching for the archive right where it slips away. . . . It is to have a compulsive, repetitive, and nostalgic desire for the archive, an irrepressible desire to return to the origin, a homesickness, a nostalgia for the return to the most archaic place of absolute commencement" (*Archive Fever*, 91).

2 The Furlong Papers was gifted to Dartmouth College by William E. Clark, and his gift included support for Furlong's efforts.

3 Royle, "Exploration," 676.

4 The letter can be found in MSS-197, Box I, Folder 10; emphasis added.

5 Crystal Fraser and Zoe Todd discuss the challenges of archives "produced by non-indigenous people: namely white men who dominated exploration, political and other 'great men' tropes," as sources for Indigenous history ("Decolonial Sensibilities," 35). As I hope is clear in this book, I am treating the archive as a source for understanding colonialism in Tierra del Fuego, its representational logics, and inscription practices, though the archive also provides insights into the white men who dominated exploration.

6 MSS-197, Box XII, Folder 40.
7 Taussig, *Fieldwork Notebooks*, 5.
8 Quotation found in Notebook 7, MSS-197, Box II, Folder 59.

Chapter One. The Earth as Archive

Figure 1.1 is from MSS-197, Box XIV, Folder 47. Figure 1.2 is from MSS-197, Box XXXVII and Box XXXVIII. Figure 1.3 is from MSS-197, Box X, Folder 38. Figure 1.4 is from MSS-197, Box XXXVIII, Folder 7. Figure 1.6 is a modified map from MSS-197, Box XXIV, Folder 3. Figure 1.9 is from MSS-197, Box X, Folder 36. Figure 1.10 (*left image*) is from MSS-197, Box IX, Folder 27. Figure 1.11 is from MSS-197, Box IX, Folder 31.

1 For a short description of the dermatoglyphs, see Mavalwala, "A Note on the Dermatoglyphics." Furlong describes obtaining the prints in "Brief Notes on the Furlong Collections." For a discussion of their history within anthropological research, see Jantz, "Anthropological Dermatoglyphic Research."
2 This quote can be found in the caption of a photograph found in MSS-197, Box X, Folder 38.
3 Furlong offers different spellings for the names of his Yagán and Selk'nam guides and other Indigenous people throughout the collection. I have chosen to use the variants published in a series of articles Furlong wrote for *Harper's Magazine*, mainly because the articles were written shortly after his expedition (when pronunciations were most likely still fresh in his mind). That said, his spelling variations often differ from other accounts from the era.
4 Furlong describes using the frying pan in a photo caption found in MSS-197, Box X, Folder 23.
5 George Stocking, the historian of anthropology, has described social evolutionism as "both the reflection of and the justification for the invasion, appropriation, and subjugation" of lands in colonial contexts ("Colonial Situations," 4). Furlong's scientific practices were clearly informed by social evolutionism and its popular variants, such as eugenics. In the mid-1960s, he shared his dermatoglyphs with Mavalwala, a biological anthropologist and expert in dermatoglyphics. For Mavalwala, and for Furlong too, it is the mere existence of the prints that establishes their value, because as Mavalwala put it, "the data on these two extinct groups are quite meagre" ("A Note on the Dermatoglyphics," 5–6). In these intellectual communities, the inky afterlife of Fuegian women, men, and children became rare data in the science of human biological variation.
6 Galton, *Finger Prints*, 23, 150.
7 Galton, *Finger Prints*, 2.
8 Galton, *Finger Prints*, 2.
9 Galton, *Finger Prints*, 2, 22, 98.