**“One among many”: Voices heard and held in imagined futures**

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**AHRA: Voices in Architecture, Westminster University, 20th April 2022.**

“If it is a human thing to do to put something you want, because it’s useful, edible, or beautiful, into a bag, or a basket, or a bit of rolled bark or leaf, or a net woven of your own hair, or what have you, and then take it home with you, home being another, larger kind of pouch or bag, a container for people…”

In her essay ‘A Carrier Bag theory of Fiction’ the sf author Ursula Le Guin talks about storytelling in relation to Carrier Bag Theory of human evolution, an idea of what it means to be human that is founded not on the invention of the weapon - the knife, the spear, the axe, but on the carrier bag – the sack, the net, the home. As Le Guin says and I would joyfully echo, if that is what it means to be human, not the making of a weapon in order to kill, but making the means of collecting, to gather in, “then I am a human being after all. Fully, freely, gladly, for the first time.”

But what might this mean for storytelling? The story of the spear give us the hero’s quest, what stories does the carrier bag contain? Cradled in this bag, these are stories of how we relate to one another, how we interact with all those lives jumbled up with our own in “this belly of the universe, this womb of things to be and tomb of things that were.”

When presented with the theme ‘voices in architecture’, I found myself thinking of the stories told within the carrier bag, whispered in the enfolding dark. The bag is an act of gathering, and so I sought out the places in fiction which are imagined to hold us together, the architectures which are envisaged to support practices of collective encounter.

So, this talk will dwell in turn within a house in West London in Mohsin Hamid’s *Exit West* (2017), the comm of Castrima in N.K. Jemisin’s *Broken Earth* trilogy (2015-2017), and the dining hall of Mattapoisett in Marge Piercy’s *Woman on the Edge of Time* (1976) to consider how these fictions depict spaces of discussion where voices are heard and held.

These novels are possible examples of what writer and activist Walidah Imarisha terms ‘visionary fiction’, that is science fiction which “has a relevance towards building new, freer worlds”[[1]](#endnote-1) part of the decolonizing and unshackling of the imagination from which other forms of liberation might be born. Within the enclaves of these texts, these gathering spaces, we are able to inhabit the world made otherwise, and gain critical distance to reflect on our own situated experience, giving voice to worlds which sit on the thresholds of possibility. As described by the activist adrienne maree brown, science fiction can act as a site to radically challenge pre-existing conceptions of the world and powerfully undertake the work of imagining alternatives, it can be “a way to practice the future together.”[[2]](#footnote-1)

EXIT WEST

it did not reveal what was on the other side, and also did not reflect what was on this side, and so felt equally like a beginning and an end.

The house in West London in *Exit West* is a point of arrival, accessed via a doorway which leads from the Greek island of Mykonos, dissolving the intervening time and space. It is one of many doorways that have changed, no longer leading into the next room but folding space to create a connection between here and there without the passage between. Their destinations are unknown; welcome and relative safety cannot be guaranteed. By collapsing distance, the doorways have removed the risk of the journey but not the peril of arrival or the loss of departure.

For Sophie Lewis (2019) the border like the door is a technology devised to “hold, release and manage” that which it contains. Where the boundary has a thickness which accommodates an in-between place, the technologies of the border and the door act as threshold mechanisms controlling access to both the other side and to the in-between. These are technologies designed and deployed with political, social, and environmental intent in support of a powerful fantasy of separation. In their place Lewis calls for the creation of “desired or needful openings” which are “conducive to flourishing” allowing movement across and in-between.

It seemed the more empty a space in the city the more it attracted... local newspapers referring to the area as the worst of the black holes in the fabric of the nation.

The shadow cast by the thickness of the frame or the half open door leaf is transformed into a sliver of darkness that folds space. Like all boundaries the doorways define the places they demarcate by locating them along a shared edge albeit replacing the time of passage with an identifiable moment of transition. The doorways into uninhabited or unused rooms seem most inclined to change and so the security of the land-banked homes of London, left vacant to accumulate wealth, are shattered by a thousand hairline fractures. They are cracks through which the world can seep in.

Soon there was a vanload more of them, in full riot gear... barricades and checkpoints were manned by armed government forces.

While the doorway has collapsed distance the idea of the border remains, and the spaces of arrival are monitored and secured with the animosity and cruelty of all border policing. In this way the border is simply displaced surrounding the doorways which act as holes in the fabric of the nation state. But while the brutality enacted in detention centres, offshore, or at immigration checkpoints is held at a remove - this border blossoms in terraced streets crossed with police cordons and darkened by power blackouts. It is a displacement of border which strips the comfort of distance and refutes attempts to relegate this violence to the periphery.

The space between border walls is described by Léopold Lambert (2015) as being within the thickness of the boundary line. “They are trapped within the thickness of the line, a space that has no geometrical, and therefore no legal, existence.” As such, bodies which occupy this place are no-where, stripped of the legal rights which accompany spatial presence. The spatial technology which tightens around and subsumes the individual within them is not ubiquitous. Rather, as Lambert notes, existence in-between is the result of applied systems - the enactment of policies whose foundations range from callous ambivalence to explicit racism.

here they were penned in together, and being penned in made them into a grouping, a group.

This particular redrawn border territory in West London, between the shadow of the doorway and the edge of the police cordon, is occupied by Nadia and Saeed who are swiftly joined by other individuals and families. They are a group borne of situation - of this specific location and of their position within it. It is a collective identity forced upon them established by the police presence which flattens and dismisses difference. This act of enclosure is a source of terror for those held inside. But it also provides the common ground of a shared situation, a place from which to offer comfort and solidarity.

she did not need to fear that her views could not be comprehended, for her English was like theirs, one among many.

The border of the police cordon is replicated in blocked wifi and cut power lines which curtail digital freedom. The violence inherent in this, and all forms of incarceration, cannot be understated. To those who surround them, Nadia and Saeed are suspended in transition from one place or another, in a denial of the lived experience of the journey or places in-between. But within the house this flattening of the boundary to a line is refuted, unfolded and expanded. Not only by the lives of the inhabitants but also by the doorways through which they passed which contain the possibilities of connection with all elsewhere - all the places they have travelled from, all the other shadows of doorways, and those who might step through them. It is a connection founded not by association with one place or another but by occupation of the space between.

Stavros Stavrides (2019) discusses the city as a site of identity enclaves where accessibility - as a vital attribute of spatial justice, is predicated on an individual’s ability to meet the characteristics demanded by each demarcated domain. In this conception of urban space the spaces in between are the places of encounter - of relational, multifarious, or open identity. Stavrides suggests that “creating in-between spaces, might mean creating spaces of encounter between identities instead of spaces characteristic of specific identities.” This house is remade by its occupants, changed into a place of encounter, a space outside of definition which creates its own ways of being.

where multiple voices ground from which acts of solidarity become possible.

**The Broken Earth Trilogy:**

The abandoned village up there is this comm’s wall. Camouflage rather than a barrier. …“These people should've just built a wall like everyone else," you do say, but then you stop, because it occurs to you that the goal is survival, and sometimes survival requires change.[[3]](#endnote-2)

The comm of Castrima in NK Jemisin’s *Broken Earth* trilogy is beset by prejudice, violence and famine. In response to dramatic shifts in climatic conditions most communities have built walls to delineate the boundaries of their caring, to mark out who is self and who is other. The occupants of this comm have already faced the hardship of being cast outside of those walls. So, they have removed themselves from the cruelties of the surface. An abandoned settlement above conceals the tunnel which leads down into the community of Castrima below, a place of retreat and respite from the fiercely defensive villages and towns of the surface. They use the ruins of the world as camouflage. For Naomi Jacobs there is a utopianism to be found in digging into the earth, the act of burrowing rather than building.[[4]](#endnote-3) It is a form of construction which acknowledges the ground as a living substance to be sculpted rather than conquered. In the vast expanses of the Antarctic discussed by Jacobs, this burrowing is an act of endurance, of making or finding home within a landscape of cruel and beautiful freedom. In *The Broken Earth*, this digging down is an act of endurance undertaken for the sake of freedom from violence. It is made possible by the ‘orogenes’, individuals who have the power to shape the earth, but it is their presence within this group which necessitates their concealment. They have been driven into hiding by overwhelming fear of discovery, driven underground in all sense of the word. Their existence is deemed so intolerable to the dominant majority that walls would not be enough to protect them.

You stare in openmouthed, abject wonder. It's a geode. You can sess that, the way the rock around you abruptly changes to something else. The pebble in the stream, the warp in the weft… Within that pocket, nurtured by incomprehensible pressures and bathed in water and fire, crystals grew. This one's the size of a city.[[5]](#endnote-4)

Castrima is located within an unnatural crystal formation which was brought into being by the skills of a former civilisation, now rediscovered by their distant oregene ancestors. While its current inhabitants can sess the means of its construction - the way it has shifted the land to create this pocket of crystalline perfection, the means to undertake such work has been lost. The geode’s clarity and scale are testament to the technological control of those who went before, but as environmental lawyer and policy scholar Alastair Iles discusses, Jemisin’s *Broken Earth* trilogy is a critique of such hubristic techno-utopianism.[[6]](#endnote-5) Here the human and environmental costs of ideals of technological progress are gradually exposed, and the hard cutting edges of this geode seem to echo the brutal rigidity of the former social order. This crystal chamber is both a monument to this lost civilisation’s power, and a memorial to those killed by and for its construction. The vacant chambers are now reclaimed through occupation, inhabited by those more willing to bend and compromise.

Figuring out how to reach the ground level is difficult, at first, because all the platforms and bridges and stairways of the place are built to connect the crystals… There's nothing intuitive about it, you have to follow one set of stairs up and walk around one of the wider crystal shafts in order to find another set of stairs that goes down-only to find that they end on a platform with no steps at all, which forces you to backtrack.[[7]](#endnote-6)

These crystal structures cannot be easily carved, cut or reshaped, and the knowledge of how to grow them has been lost. So, the inhabitants of Castrima have grafted timber platforms and rope bridges onto the monumental crystal. Rather than live within the limits of the structures they uncovered they have begun to forge a place for themselves in a resistant world. As they build bridges which span between previously isolated places, they overwrite uncompromising perfection with a network of paths that are conditional. Like the community, the bridges connect the possible, creating routes which can shift and be remade, accommodating of change and accepting of the uncertain.

Ykka’s not in her apartment. You look around, follow the patterns of movement in the comm with your eyes, and finally head toward the Flat Top. She cannot still be there… You see that only a few people are still on the Flat Top now—a gaggle of maybe twenty, sitting or pacing, looking angry and exasperated and troubled… But Ykka is here, sitting on one of the divans that someone has brought from her apartment, still talking. She’s hoarse, you realize as you draw close.[[8]](#endnote-7)

This is where we find Ykka, in the wake of the community discussions which have rendered her hoarse. Her once strong voice now quavers and shakes, rough with the strain of use. And yet she speaks on. She sits with others on the ‘Flat Top’ a broken stone in the centre of the Castrima comm. For the inhabitants of Castrima this is a place of decisions, where issues of survival are weighed and measured, and each inhabitant has their voice heard. This space of discussion is not walled in or separated off from daily life but placed at its center. It is a manifestation of a desire to create a society without the barriers, to welcome in those who had been so fiercely kept out of the spaces of power.

She sounds so determined. It makes your heart ache, because you felt the same way she did, once. It would be nice to still feel that way. To have some hope of a real future, a real community, a real life…[[9]](#endnote-8)

Castrima exists within our own far future. Earth which has undergone seismic transformation and is now subject to unpredictable ‘seasons’ which bring with them plagues, earthquakes, acid rain. Each season is an apocalyptic event for those unprepared, so humanity walls itself off into small self-sufficient groups and builds for rugged endurance. It is a divisive mentality which pervades the social fabric, a way of living founded on a mistrust of others who might be a drain on resources, and a pathological hatred of those who are not understood – those like the orogenes who can influence the earth itself, who are only tolerated when subjugated and controlled.

This is a world beyond the end of the world. As sf scholar Gerry Canavan describes, these are novels which dwell in the repercussions of climate emergency, which continue past the moment of crisis to consider the life that can be lived within and beyond.[[10]](#endnote-9) Rather than presenting a narrative of apocalyptic finality and rupture, this vision of ongoing and present climate emergency reaches both forward and back in time to acknowledge the many apocalypses of racial exploitation and colonialism. In his work on environmental justice, Kyle Whyte reflects on notions of apocalyptic finality in relation to Indigenous persons “already having endured one *or many more* apocalypses.”[[11]](#endnote-10) For Whyte, sf and storytelling can be a way to both recognize and imaginatively inhabit the post-apocalyptic, to explore adaptation and flourishing which exceeds mere survival. As described by geographer Kathryn Yusoff in *A Billion Black Anthropocene’s or None* which draws on Jemisin’s work to consider the geophysical re-shapings of earth by extractive logics, “the end of this world has already happened for some subjects, and it is the prerequisite for the possibility of imagining living and breathing again for others.”[[12]](#endnote-11) The inhabitants of Castrima already inhabit a time past many ends of the world, and their ability to live and breathe again will depend upon further endings.

Castrima calls to those who have been cast out for fear of their difference. Its inhabitants have chosen incarceration within this buried community over death at the hands of those they love. It is an act of fear, not of hope, and one which they acknowledge will last only as long as this place goes undiscovered. But, however fleeting, this coming together creates something new. It is a place where those who have been taught to mistrust themselves might be given voice and space to be heard, a place to find comfort and recognition.

**Woman on the Edge of Time:**

Most buildings were small and randomly scattered among trees and shrubbery and gardens, put together of scavenged old wood, old bricks and stones and cement blocks. Many were wildly decorated and overgrown with vines.[[13]](#endnote-12)

The ‘fooder’ dining hall in Mattapoisett in Marge Piercy’s *Woman on the Edge of Time*, is constructed from timber and weather worn bricks. It is not made but scavenged and found. This is an architecture that has been assembled rather than built, the designs shifting as gathered fragments are carefully dusted off and repurposed. In their hands the discarded and the disregarded is cherished, and new meaning is wrought from old materials. This tangible celebration of reuse and repurposing stands as testimony to the environmental attentiveness which underpins all their actions. While life in Mattapoisett does not address environmental crisis directly, as sociologist Lisa Garforth describes, it is a clear response to ecological concern and awareness.[[14]](#endnote-13) For Garforth such depictions of environmental futures in sf serve to re-socialise climate science, providing us with space to argue about what matters ethically and ontologically as we confront notions of the Anthropocene. Bio-regional awareness and the values of sustainability are present in all facets of life in Mattepoisett, including the structures they have built. Building materials are chosen on the basis of social and environmental impact rather than financial cost, and the damage inflicted by extraction, transport and processing is weighed alongside the pleasure of those who do the work of making. So, the salvaged takes precedence over the machined finish, and the time spent on manual forms of making is understood as both craft and community service.

The room they entered took up half the dome and was filled with long tables seating perhaps fifteen at each, mostly dressed in the ordinary work clothes that Lucient wore, the children dressed is small versions…The pulse of the room was positive but a little overwhelming. She felt buffeted. Why wasn’t it noisier? Something absorbed the sound, muted the voices shouting and babbling…[[15]](#endnote-14)

People claim that they gather here to eat together. But as with so many collective meals, sustenance is simply the easiest excuse to be together, a reason to share time and the joyful labours of care. They talk while they eat, children play games around the table legs, and their laughter bursts through the strains of musical instruments. This is a space is designed to encourage the blurring of uses, as multifunctional and everyday as a kitchen table. It resists labelling as a place of work or place of leisure but exists to support all forms of gathering and sharing. It reflects the social intent of this community which, as detailed by utopian scholars Raffaella Baccolini and Tom Moylan, imagines itself to exist outside of capitalist authority and patriarchal discourse which marginalizes and oppresses both the environment and otherness.[[16]](#endnote-15) Without a designation of use this is a space which resists the marginalising of any form of activity. By extension it resists the othering of any individual who might perform that action. There is no physical separation of spaces for domestic, creative, manual, intellectual or caring labour, just as its inhabitants are not separated or defined by these roles. It is a collective space which strives for the liberation of its inhabitants.

“The fooder is a home for us all. A warm spot.”[[17]](#endnote-16)

The sweeping dome of the fooder is not a space of hard edges or abrupt angles. It emerges from the earth as the ground gently tapers up into the roof. A gentle curve allows for an internal area clear of supports and columns creating an undisrupted enclosure, and the space within is able to shelter and accommodate the entire community. This is a future where large institutional buildings; the church, university, museum, and houses of parliament are notably absent, and so the size of this dining hall unwittingly bestows the spatial presence usually reserved for the seats of power. But it is perhaps telling that the most significant structure in this society offers sustenance to all its inhabitants. A purpose defined not by the accumulation of power, but the equitable distribution of resources. In this architectural celebration of a space for sharing, the community’s social priorities are made evident. No permission is needed to enter this dining hall. Here every individual is expected and welcomed.

On the translucent panels designs had been painted or baked in – she could not tell – in a wild variety of styles and levels of competence, ranging from sophisticated abstracts, landscapes, and portraits, to what must be children’s drawings. “where did the art come from?” Luciente looked surprised. “the walls? Why from us – or some of us….”[[18]](#endnote-17)

The room is lined with the artistic outpourings of the community, some baked into the fabric of the structure and others temporarily displayed. A wild mismatch of styles and forms, the brightly coloured finger paintings of young children squirm exuberantly alongside the refined precision of skilled artists. This is not a curated exhibition but an expression of joyful anarchy, the collection and display drawn from anyone willing to share. It is a shifting and varied reflection of the creative life of the community, establishing the tangible presence of all who choose to produce such work within this place of coming together, a visible representation of the myriad overlapping voices that speak within this space.

“some you can see through and some not, because some of us like to feel closed in while we eat and some – like me – wan to see everything.” [[19]](#endnote-18)

Despite the chaos of multiple functions and myriad artistic styles, this is still a space which aims to support rather than overwhelm. It is designed to allow for individual modification with shifting panels which can create openness or enclosure. There is the possibility of choice that comes from spatial variety. Here it is possible to sit with a friend in the warmth of a corner while confidences are whispered, to gather in a group’s boisterous openness, to find quiet solitude without isolation. As the panels are relocated and shifted the space reflects the desires of those it holds. It is a continually flickering celebration of individual difference and the powerful necessity of change.

“…there’s always a thing you can deny an oppressor, if only your allegiance. Your belief. Your co-opting. Often even with vastly unequal power, you can find or force an opening to fight back. In your time many without power found ways to fight. Till that became a power.” [[20]](#endnote-19)

The fooder of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts is only one future possibility for the year 2137. We visit alongside Connie, a Hispanic woman from 1970’s Harlem, for whom these visits to the future are an all too fleeting escape from a life where she is subject to domestic, racial and sexual violence, and incarceration in an asylum. Depending on whose testimony you believe, she travels through time to be here, or she is experiencing delusional visions. Here she finds respite and support, reaching across time to Lucient to visit the spaces of child-rearing and decision-making, becoming a member of this community for brief moments. The inhabitants of this future have forged a world without the prejudice which has defined and imprisoned Connie in realities of persecution and brutality. But, as identified by Levitas and Sargisson, they have given up much which Connie considers central to human experience. In the dismantling of gender they have given up bearing children so that they might all become mothers.[[21]](#endnote-20) They take up space, in ways that, as Karen Franck, Liz Bondi and Joyce Davidson discuss, challenge the fictions of gender.[[22]](#endnote-21) These shifts in what it means to be human are both subtle and significant, and while Connie admires the quiet self-possession of Mattapoisett, it is a way of being in the world she cannot occupy while remaining herself.

As a space of gathering, the background noise of the fooder might seem to preclude individual voices being heard in a debate. But this space of gathering attends to the multiple ways in which we choose to express ourselves within community. Rather than seeking to make space for unheard voices within existing systems which have too often ignored, diminished, or forcibly suppressed voices of dissent or otherness, this is a space which seeks to meet each individual on their own terms, to recognise the different ways we long to be heard and shape space to support us.

**Conclusion - 540**

Following Tom Moylan’s (1986) definition, they are critical utopias. They confront the world as it is and offer something which might be better, far from perfect and with its own weaknesses and negations, but an alternative, nonetheless. For those of us in the spatial disciplines, who are all too aware of how the structures of power are written into and performed through the spaces we inhabit and design, they provide a necessary critical distance from what we think the future is supposed to look like. As novels which begin from the premise of their characters and societies, whose architectural expression is a reflection of those ideals and compromises, they suggest spaces which might manifest and support the passive and participatory.

All three novels are deeply concerned with the space that an individual can occupy, and how this constructs social relations. They each take on the position of those who have the greatest struggle to be heard; the outcast, the overlooked, the oppressed, and strive to develop social and physical structures which recognise their agency, dismantling the barriers of exclusion constructed around spaces of power.

They all focus on the interior world, the everyday and the domestic. Rather than architectures of dominance or display, these are buildings developed from a concern for the life lived within. These societies strive to be non-hierarchical and as such, the structures they inhabit are low rise, modest and restrained.

These worlds sit in startling contrast to the imaginaries of the future where the city seems almost synonymous with rapid vertical urbanisation (Graham, 2016). While there is a

growing call for the study of sf by scholars in the spatial disciplines such as Abbott (2007) Collie (2011) and Hewitt and Graham (2015), as Kitchin and Kneale (2002) note in *Lost in Space: Geographies of Science Fiction*, we all to infrequently venture beyond the approved canon to consider works explore alternate built futures and their socio-economic structures and the everyday spaces of feminist sf are all too often lost in the shadows cast by the dystopian high-rise. I believe that to focus on these vertical urban fictions which depict the futures we either expect or fear, only serves to ensure their inevitability by crowding out alternatives. This does an injustice to the breath-taking breadth and variety of science fiction visions, and leaves little room for the futures we might hope for.

I would argue that by imaginatively inhabiting the utopian enclaves within these texts it is possible to give voice to other worlds. Following bell hooks (2014), for their inhabitants the spaces of these novels offer a ‘homeplace,’ that necessary sanctuary from oppression which accommodates the gathering of community and resolve, establishing a point of departure from which to enact change.

Where, in our lived reality, such places to be heard do not yet exist, or exist other to where we find ourselves, these novels offer imagined worlds where such utopian enclaves are not only possible but present. Reading these texts in this light, it is possible to see that the moments of coming together within these texts are not set against the fierce struggle of their inhabitants, they are part of it. They are the spaces of gathering, the fragments of that which is being fought for.

1. Walidah Imarisha, ‘Introduction’, in *Octavia’s Brood: Science Fiction Stories from Social Justice Movements*, ed. by adrienne maree brown and Walidah Imarisha (AK Press, 2015), pp. 3–5 (p. 4). [↑](#endnote-ref-1)
2. adrienne maree brown, *Emergent Strategy: Shaping Change, Changing Worlds* (AK Press, 2017), XX. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
3. N. K. Jemisin, *The Fifth Season*, The Broken Earth, Book 1 (Hachette UK, 2015), p. 409. [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
4. Naomi Jacobs, ‘The Frozen Landscape’, in *Utopian and Science Fiction by Women: Worlds of Difference*, ed. by Jane Donawerth and Carol A. Kolmerten (Syracuse University Press, 1994). [↑](#endnote-ref-3)
5. Jemisin, *The Fifth Season*, p. 338. [↑](#endnote-ref-4)
6. Alastair Iles, ‘Repairing the Broken Earth: N.K. Jemisin on Race and Environment in Transitions’, *Elem Sci Anth*, 7.1 (2019), 26 <https://doi.org/10.1525/elementa.364>. [↑](#endnote-ref-5)
7. Jemisin, *The Fifth Season*, p. 399. [↑](#endnote-ref-6)
8. N. K. Jemisin, *The Obelisk Gate*, The Broken Earth, Book 2 (Hachette UK, 2016), p. 212. [↑](#endnote-ref-7)
9. Jemisin, *The Obelisk Gate*, p. 217. [↑](#endnote-ref-8)
10. Gerry Canavan, ‘New Paradigms, After 2001’, in *Science Fiction: A Literary History*, ed. by Roger Luckhurst (London: British Library Publishing, 2017), pp. 208–34. [↑](#endnote-ref-9)
11. Kyle P. Whyte, ‘Indigenous Science (Fiction) for the Anthropocene: Ancestral Dystopias and Fantasies of Climate Change Crises’, *Environment and Planning E: Nature and Space*, 1.1–2 (2018), 224–42 (p. 236). [↑](#endnote-ref-10)
12. Kathryn Yusoff, *A Billion Black Anthropocenes or None* (U of Minnesota Press, 2018). [↑](#endnote-ref-11)
13. Piercy, p. 69. [↑](#endnote-ref-12)
14. Lisa Garforth, ‘Environmental Futures, Now and Then: Crisis, Systems Modeling, and Speculative Fiction’, *Osiris*, 34.1 (2019), 238–57. [↑](#endnote-ref-13)
15. Marge Piercy, *Woman on the Edge of Time* (Women’s Press, 1986), p. 74. [↑](#endnote-ref-14)
16. Tom Moylan and Raffaella Baccolini, *Dark Horizons: Science Fiction and the Dystopian Imagination* (Routledge, 2003). [↑](#endnote-ref-15)
17. Piercy, p. 75. [↑](#endnote-ref-16)
18. Piercy, p. 75. [↑](#endnote-ref-17)
19. Piercy, p. 75. [↑](#endnote-ref-18)
20. Piercy, p. 328. [↑](#endnote-ref-19)
21. Ruth Levitas and Lucy Sargisson, ‘Utopia in Dark Times’, in *Dark Horizons*, ed. by Raffaella Baccolini and Tom Moylan (Routledge, 2003), pp. 13–28. [↑](#endnote-ref-20)
22. Karen A. Franck, ‘Women and Environment’, *Handbook of Environmental Psychology*, 2002, 347–62; and Liz Bondi and Joyce Davidson, ‘Troubling the Place of Gender’, in *Handbook of Cultural Geography*, ed. by Kay Anderson (SAGE, 2003). [↑](#endnote-ref-21)