Stories Come to Matter: Water, Food, and other Entanglements
edited by Santiago Alarcón-Tobón and Enric Bou

To Steal a Fish

L. Sasha Gora
Universität Augsburg, Deutschland

Abstract In Deborah Levy's novel *Hot Milk*, Sofia escorts her mother to Spain in search of a cure for her mother's paralysis, only for the doctor to suggest a cure for her. To remedy her lack of courage, the doctor prescribes that she steals a fish. At the market she eyes a tuna, but pronounces it 'too big', before she slips a dorado into her basket. But what else might it mean to steal a fish? And is tuna truly 'too big' to steal? In response to these questions, this essay approaches the topic of how 'stories come to matter' by weaving together notes about swimming with Atlantic bluefin tuna together with reflections on storytelling and structure, matter and meaning.

Keywords Bluefin tuna. Fish ranches. Extinction. Cuisine. The Mediterranean Sea. Malta. Storytelling.

1 Notes, Fragments, Flashes

The sun is always blazing in Deborah Levy's 2016 novel *Hot Milk*. Sofia escorts her mother from England to Spain in search of a cure for paralysis. But at the clinic the doctor also suggests a cure for Sofia. She lacks courage, purpose – the doctor's diagnosis – and so he instructs her to steal a fish. At Almería's market Sofia pokes the mouth of a monkfish and considers silver sardines – too small – and tuna – too big – before she slides a grumpy dorado into her basket. To steal a fish is the doctor's prescription for acquiring boldness. Here theft is from the market, from the cashier and the sea hunters she must pay. But what role does the sea itself – the water – play in this theft? What else might it mean to steal a fish and what worlds do fish

Edizioni Ca'Foscari

Biblioteca di *Rassegna iberistica* 39
e-ISSN 2610-9360 | ISSN 2610-8844
ISBN [ebook] 978-88-6969-906-1

Peer review | Open access
Submitted 2024-11-07 | Accepted 2024-12-05 | Published 2025-05-09

DOI 10.30687/978-88-6969-906-1/004

story? And is tuna really 'too big' to steal? In the tune of these questions, this essay weaves together textual and material fish fragments to tell global tuna tales.[1] It is also an effort to exorcize how swimming in circles with Atlantic bluefin tuna has been haunting my understanding of the relationship between eating and ecology, of how appetites act as architects and redesign the world.

Because it is nearly impossible to pin down this champion of a swimmer to just one place, I posit that the slipperiness of fish and their disregard for terrestrial categories make them compelling to think about, to think with. "To Steal a Fish" is, thus, in dialogue with my larger interest in slippery stories, in the kitchen as a space of "cultural geography" (Oden, Dooley 2023, 10), and in how recipes trace the contours of local environments and, in contrast, how culinary cultures draw beyond and challenge their borders. I am also interested in beginnings and endings, in fishy stories and storied fish. Taking up the prompt that guides this publication, here I think with tuna to reflect on how 'stories come to matter'.

Stories connect dots and this essay exaggerates these dots by serving (messy) notes rather than (neat) sections. It is a collection of points that my research has gathered and an attempt to connect them. To draw lines between the dots. To craft a narrative between the notes. To turn stars into constellations. To weave together bits and pieces and to collect the crumbs they leave behind. More specifically, I am framing these points as notes. I call them notes, but you can also call them fragments, flashes, and perhaps even a tribute to and gesture toward the recent emergence of flash ethnography (see McGranahan 2023). But instead of presenting a singular flash, it explores the plural – a collection of flashes – and the idea that each note, despite its brevity, is its own whole. Less of a solo cigarette and more chain smoking.

Here I take inspiration from my former colleague Kris Decker, an STS scholar who structures his talks as a series of footnotes – often skipping numbers along the way, replicating what it is like to try to record observations in the field – in tandem with the writing of Black studies and literary scholar Christina Sharpe and her book *Ordinary*

1 This essay previews the thinking that scaffolds the title I am currently writing for Reaktion Book's 'Edible Series' – a small book about a big fish with an even bigger title, which is *Tuna. A Global History*. "To Steal a Fish" aims to complement, rather than to replicate, this book by sharing a more personal tale of swimming with tuna. *Tuna. A Global History* will wend from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, touring boats, freezers, and canneries, auctions, markets, and grocery stores, lunch counters, dinner tables, and kitchens. Its final destination is a reflection on appetites, overfishing, and culinary sustainability. In sum it asks: how have tastes in tuna changed over time and how have these changes, in turn, influenced and threatened tuna species and their futures?

Notes.[2] A more classic introduction and conclusion frame these dots, but experiments with notes and narrative – in the section titled "Tuna Tales" – bulks up the distance between them. Notes that reflect on stories and fish and studies of both. With this method of writing, I aim to draw attention to the relationships between storytelling and structure, notes and narrative, matter and meaning.

2 Tuna Tales

Note 1

What does it mean to lose a fish? Loss shadows theft and I have been thinking about extinction, in general, and culinary extinction, specifically. About what it means to lose something, to mourn a recipe, a species, an industry, a way of life, a world. In *Lost and Found*, writer Kathryn Schulz traces the experience of finding love on top of that of losing her father. As a concept, loss is expansive. It "encompasses, without distinction, the trivial and the consequential, the abstract and the concrete, the merely misplaced and the permanently gone", she writes (2022, 6). And whether a wallet or a recipe, a loved one or a species, loss, to Schulz, seems "fundamental to the problem of how to live" (7). Loss – as defined by something being gone, seems to have something urgent to say "about being here", about the present, and about what comes after.

Note 2

My note app is collecting words to stretch into sentences, phrases to expand into paragraphs. But, much to my chagrin, it is also collecting emojis. Whenever I write tuna, my phone turns it into a sushi emoji: a perfect rectangle of a fillet of tuna fish straddling vinegared rice. But I guess my phone is not wrong. As a cultural historian, I mostly study fish fragments: geographical bits and pieces of fillets and cheeks,

2 I also draw inspiration from what I consider a seminal two-part essay by writer, artist, and environmental historian Jenny Price: "Thirteen ways of Seeing Nature in LA" (2006). Price, however, follows a more linear listicle format than what I attempt here. I would also like to thank the participants of the workshop and conference where I first attempted presenting this, and for their feedback, their curiosity and encouragement: *Wine, Place, and Space. Global Geographies of Wine Cultivation, Production, and Consumption* at the Katholische Universität Eichstätt-Ingolstadt and the European Association of Social Anthropologists' 2024 *Doing and Undoing with Anthropology* Conference at the University of Barcelona.

tongues and livers, bellies and roe, stuffed into cans and propped up on ice, listed on menus and fanned across plates.

Note 3

Last year my Instagram feed flashed a meme of four AI produced images in response to the prompt "salmon in the river". Single portion fillets, no heads or tails or bones or skin, "swim" upstream – the kind of salmon that obediently stands on guard behind a thick layer of plastic in a grocery store's refrigerator section. I filed the image as a perfect example, if an exaggerated one, of what it is like to study fragments, and how imaginations of a food can obscure representations of an animal. In contrast, this essay aims to be about the whole fish – the nose to tail body complete and intact of the Atlantic bluefin tuna – and encountering it in its home waters, although not on its own terms.

Note 4

Tuna is everywhere. Raw, canned, or cooked, it stars in countless cuisines, from sandwiches and sashimi to casseroles and carpaccio, and from tartar and tostada to pizza and poke. A saltwater fish, tuna is one of the world's most popular seafoods and despite its omnipresence it is expensive as often as it is cheap. Both everyday and endangered.

This is, in part, because the tuna family is large, encompassing multiple species and subspecies. When it comes to its culinary lives, a handful dominate: skipjack, yellowfin, albacore, bigeye, and, most controversially, the three bluefin species (Atlantic, Pacific, and Southern). Although bluefin only makes up one per cent of the world's tuna catch, it makes up two-thirds of its value.

Note 5

What some cultures had dismissed as a 'poverty fish' and "good only for cats and Italian immigrants", has since become a culinary star (Pinchin 2023, 36). This transformation marks 'the bluefin rush' (38) – an example of fish as an industrial resource, a means with which to create wealth, to fashion 'red gold', and a 'stock' to manage. Because of the global rise of sushi in the 1970s, Atlantic, Pacific, and Southern bluefin populations plunged (see Rath 2021). The success of tuna the food comes at a price for tuna the fish.

Note 6

In *The Lion's Historian. Africa's Animal Past*, Sandra Swart recites a proverb remembered by Chinua Achebe: "Until the lion has a historian of his own, the tale of the hunt will always glorify the hunter" (Swart 2023). I am wondering what it might look like to be the tuna's historian. But tuna, of course, is never a single fish even when it is. This connects to what anthropologist Arne Kalland calls "the superwhale". The creation of a singular, anthropomorphized concept oversimplifies diversity and collapses all species and their distinct traits into one (Kalland 2012, 41). By spotlighting only bluefin, I am somewhat guilty of doing the same in this essay. Journalist Karen Pinchin calls bluefin "'charismatic megafauna' – a category of large, big-eyed beasts […] that serve as placeholders in the public imagination – and have come to represent the health of our oceans and the overfishing that besieges them" (Pinchin 2023, 4). Bluefin as shorthand for overfishing. Bluefin as shorthand for unsustainable appetites.

Note 7

For decades there have been discussions about how best to manage this stock and, increasingly, efforts to introduce tuna to farms.

Note 8

Another word for farm is ranch.
Another word for ranch is pen.
Another word for pen is cage.

Note 9

Friday 10 November 2023

I take the ferry from Gozo to Malta at 09:30 am. It is late and so I will be as well. But time is often more elastic, its gatekeepers more forgiving, when you are on an island, or so I have been told.

Onboard I photograph a tuna sandwich packaged in plastic in the convenience store: "Tunisian white". I walk out to the deck, sit in the sun, and dip into Christina Sharpe's *Ordinary Notes*. The book reminds me of seas that have become graveyards and here I am about to pay to swim in one. I eat half a package of industrial shortbread and drink an 'Innocent' green smoothie. I do not buy the 'Tunisian white'.

Sharpe's notes make me think about the geography of racism, the geography of violence. And how often these geographies are wet, submerged. I study how she drops quotes with a casual "here". Following Sharpe's lead, I will leave these here. Note 73 (her note not mine). "[W]hether one admits it or not, one is oriented to one's work from the location of the body and all that that may mean" (Sharpe 2023, 114). The body as beginning: this is where the research starts.

Here is another one; and this one has a name. Note 188. *Terra: Terror: Terroir*.

> What lingers is here: now and now: here, a tug that times and untimes. You are thrown into a past that is a future tense. Tongue strains. What flavors place, what place flavors. Relation is made here. Rock to soil, soil to sweat, sweat to water, water to microbes, microbes to memory, memory to work. Ghost to ghost. Ghost as what lingers. A haunting flavor. It used to taste like. (2023, 263)

What does tuna taste like? The sea? Like salt? Like time and untime? Like it used to?

Note 10

I arrive at the dive center. M.'s skin still wears the summer sun, even though it is November. He hands me a pile of forms. "Are these also for snorkeling?" I inquire. "Oh no", he answers, taking them back. "Is this your first time going to the tuna farms?" he asks. "Absolutely", T. replies, standing by my side.

Malta has two seasons: high and low. The presence of tourists followed by their absence. During high season, M. escorts tourists from the shore to the sea, teaching them how to dive, pointing out the local fish. His job when the tourists are not there is working on the tuna farms.

Note 11

I should probably tell M. that I am not a strong swimmer, but I do not. I can barely hold my breath long enough to cure the hiccups. My stomach is susceptible to the drama of waves, mimicking their wake between my throat and my mouth, unleashing tides of their own. But I am also a researcher. A writer. I promise myself that out there, out at sea, I will focus on swimming. I will forget about skill. I will ignore the story that I tell about how I am not a good swimmer.

Note 12

"'You'll Never Believe What Happened' Is Always a Great Way to Start" is the title of the first chapter in Thomas King's 2011 book *The Truth About Stories*. Like the other four, it starts the same way. It follows the same formula. He repeats the exact paragraph, word by word, at the beginning of each of the five chapters.

> There is a story I know. It's about the earth and how it floats in space on the back of a turtle. I've heard this story many times, and each time someone tells the story, it changes. (King 2011, 1)

The structure and details might change but the story, he concludes, remains the same. To wrap up the intro, King writes: "The truth about stories is that that's all we are" (2).[3] I story and, therefore, I am. I tell and, therefore, I feel.

King shares facts and feelings from his life not to dump his experiences onto readers or audition for their empathy, but, instead, to model and to instruct how stories work, "to suggest how stories can control our lives" (9). He tells stories to study them, to take them apart and then piece them back together. This leads up to the lines that I come back to again and again, that I repeat in my writing and regularly recite in my speaking. "For once a story is told, it cannot be called back. Once told, it is loose in the world", King warns (10). His advice? "So you have to be careful with the stories you tell. And you have to watch out for the stories that you are told" (10). Between the lines, he's asking a bigger question. What kind of worlds do different stories create?

And what happens to these worlds if the stories change?

The tail trails the top. The first chapter ends the same way as the four that follow. King asks you to take the story he just told. "It's yours", he writes.

> Do with it what you will. Tell it to friends. Turn it into a television movie. Forget it. But don't say in the years to come that you would have lived your life differently if only you had heard this story. You've heard it now. (King 2011, 29)

I have heard it now. You have heard it too.

3 This idea holds hands with Joan Didion's most repeated quote: "We tell ourselves stories in order to live" (Didion 1979, 7). This star of a sentence opened the first essay in her 1979 collection of the same name: *The White Album*. In 2006 it then became the title of the book equivalent of her greatest hits album.

Note 13

You will never believe what happened. You will never believe what I saw: 50 meters wide and 50 meters deep. 20 cages with 200 million euro worth of bluefin tuna. Each fish weighs between 200 and 600 kg.

We leave the dive shop and board the small open boat, a rigid inflatable – something I associate with recreational summers on lakes and not physical labor out at sea.

Our destination is cage seven, but first we will drop by cage six where "they're hunting this morning". Depending on the wind, it will take about 20 to 30 minutes to reach the 'farm'. The wetsuit turns my body into a sleek surface of synthetic rubber. The wind slides down it, catapulting back into the air.

M. turns off the engine as we approach number six. I pull out my phone, swiping for my camera app. A large boat is parked next to the underwater cage. A handful of men in wetsuits swim with snorkels in their mouths and small guns in their hands. "They're clearing the cage", M. explains, "harvesting them all". A short swim then a fast shot. The tuna's body springs to the surface. The boat fishes it out. It looks more like a crane constructing a skyscraper than a hook catching a fish. Maybe the scene will make more sense when I rewatch it on my phone?

Each tuna goes from one boat to a second, where it is frozen in a flash, and then shipped to Asia: China or Japan. Some tuna are auctioned off whole. Others are first filleted.

Note 14

M. starts the engine, steering the boat to the left. We circle the cage, taking the long way to reach the next one to its right. He passes over the flippers. "Jump in", he says. "But don't swim too close to the center".

Because the water that flows over their gills delivers them oxygen, tuna cannot stop moving. The ancient Greek word *thuno*, the predecessor for *thunnus*, means to rush or to dart. Pablo Neruda captures this in his poem "Ode to a Large Tuna in the Market", calling the fish a "torpedo from the ocean depths, a missile that swam" (Neruda 2007).

In a cage, that missile swims in a circle, which creates a vortex. If you swim too far in, it might pull you under.

Doing my best to forget that swimming is not one of my strengths, I strap the goggles to my eyes. I take a deep breath to bob above and then snorkel below the surface of the Mediterranean to swim clockwise in the company of Atlantic bluefin, to hitch a ride on what feels like an underwater merry-go-round that rewrites the song *Hotel California*. Instead of champagne on ice, there is tuna frozen in such a flash that it still counts as fresh, but the same doubts remain – about

what is heaven versus hell, about steely knives and the master's chambers, about checking-out without being able to leave.

Note 15

I swim clockwise, but it is not a decision. The tuna current pulls my body in that direction, making it the only path to follow. What do the men on the ships think of tourists like me? They are paid, not a lot, or at least not enough, to endure tough conditions and I pay, a lot, to witness them. Ignoring the guns in their hands, the men snorkeling in wetsuits made me feel more comfortable, less alone, to brave the water.

But I am swimming somewhere I have no business being. Where I am out of place. To be able to swim where I should not.

Swimming with tuna is like one of the spinning rides at Oktoberfest that I never have the stomach to try. Some can buy a ticket to ride. Others will spin round, baby right round, like a record baby, right round, right round, until they are hunted, until they die, until they turn into dinner. An Anthropocene underwater merry-go-round.

One circle is enough. I pull myself back onboard. We watch T. go for another round. "That's tuna sweat", M. points out to me. It takes a moment to clock what he is flagging: the white that forms a layer of a puddle on the water's surface. "It's omega 3. They use it in cosmetics", he explains.

Note 16

Before there were pens there were traps – a technique practiced by the Phoenicians starting around 1000 BCE that became *tonnaro* in Italy and *almadraba* in Spain, meaning "place to hit and fight". Traps take advantage of how tuna swim in circles, slowly coaxing, as Pinchin details, "each giant fish toward the one-way channel of the net's mouth, where it entered a terminal pen from which it could not escape" (Pinchin 2023, 143). Tuna farms have now grafted a new meaning to 'terminal pen'. Fishers net wild young tuna and escort them to pens where they feed them and fatten them until they reach peak adult size, until they reach 'slaughter weight'.

Note 17

That night at the hotel restaurant we ask about the fish charcuterie on the menu. "It is tuna pancetta", the waiter details. But I am not ready to eat tuna. Its color is as dark as the sunset, as red as blood. When will I eat tuna again? When will I be ready to stomach the trouble that is eating, to eat with the trouble?

Note 18

By the time Paul Greenberg published *Four Fish. The Future of the Last Wild Food* in 2010 ranches removed "more tuna from the wild than […] traditional fisheries" (Greenberg 2010, 105). Tuna, as Greenberg argues, represents "the final frontier of fishing" and the move away from "national territorial waters" to "the 'high seas' […] owned by no one and fishable by anyone" (94). Human appetites have ventured further and further out into the ocean.

Two nights before I swam with tuna, I visited a grocery store on Malta's northern island of Gozo called The Lighthouse. I studied its collection of tinned tuna. None of it was from Malta:

- The Philippines (soybean oil)
- Thailand (sunflower oil)
- Ecuador (sunflower oil)
- Indian Ocean (sunflower oil)
- Vietnam (sunflower oil)

I am not able to buy tinned tuna from Malta in Malta, but I can pay €300 to swim with them (€250 for the boat and €50 for the guide to the farm).

Note 19

In 2011, the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN) Red List of Threatened Species catalogued the Atlantic bluefin tuna as endangered. In 2021, the IUCN removed Atlantic bluefin from the endangered category, and yet many of its regional populations continue to be depleted. It still, however, classifies its relatives the Pacific bluefin as near threatened and the Southern as endangered.

Note 20

In *Red Gold. The Managed Extinction of the Giant Bluefin Tuna*, environmental governance scholar Jennifer E. Telesca writes about commodity empires and the highly criticized International Commission for the Conservation of Atlantic Tunas (ICCAT). Instead of understanding "the rapid extermination of a former ocean giant" as a "tragedy of the commons" Telesca asserts that "this tragedy finds its roots in the commodity form" (Telesca 2020, xvii). This pays tribute to Rebecca Claussen, Stefan Longo, and Brett Clark's 2015 book *The Tragedy of the Commodity*.

Note 21

A colleague sent me an article in *The Guardian*: "Swim with the Fishes: Is Tuna Tourism Just a Bit of Harmless Holiday Fun?" (Kevany 2024). The Spanish company Balfegó, which describes itself as peddling "Sustainable bluefin tuna" and has a restaurant in Barcelona (and who declined my interview request), is now "one of just a handful of companies offering fish-farm tourism […] but environmentalists are concerned that it is a sector with the potential to grow". One of the company's spokespersons, however, describes the tours as "educational" – "a way to help people understand how we farm tuna".

Note 22

Before I swam with tuna, I read cultural studies scholar Elspeth Probyn's account of doing the same. Swimming with tuna unmoors ontologies, she writes, as bluefin "complicate any strict division between wild and domestic, natural and private property" (Probyn 2016, 83). Would she swim with them again? "The answer is a resounding no", she asserts. This is because: "To swim with tuna is to swim in an aquarium where the species are meant for the table" (97). It is to swim in a marine feedlot.

3 To Spill, To Steal, To Story

Jonathan Gold, the first food writer to win the Pulitzer Prize, was terrible with deadlines. When he died in 2018, American food media – especially in his hometown of Los Angeles – turned their print and online pages into eulogies cataloging all that he had done to get other writers to take food seriously. All that he had done to get his fellow food critics to stop paying attention to only fine dining establishments and to give the taco truck down the street the attention it deserved. Yes, Gold was a pro at detailing the texture of a tortilla, the spring of a noodle, but he was terrible with deadlines. Ruth Reichl remembers:

> If you were his editor you gave him fake deadlines, hoping that if you could convince him that you needed it before you actually did, you might get the copy on time. (2018)

"Good luck", she warned. "To Jonathan, deadlines were merely a suggestion" (2018). Deadlines did nothing to discipline his perpetual lateness.

I wish that I had never read this. As my editors know, this is a symptom that I too demonstrate – one that not even over a decade of

living in Germany, a country lauded for respecting time and worshiping punctuality, can cure. No matter how fiercely a deadline looks me in the eye, I meet its stare, match its intensity, and then let it melt in my line of vision from a strict rule to, as Reichl describes, a soft suggestion. This text has been no different. The abstract was due on a Saturday in June. "I will get it to you by the end of the weekend", I vowed. That Sunday I was traveling from Perugia, where I was presenting a paper about turtle soup and culinary extinction at a conference, home to Munich. A train strike shook up the Italian leg of my travel plans. I caught the bus to Rome, instead, and from there the airport train, and, finally, my flight. I had calculated that between one leg and the next there would be time to drink coffee and pen an abstract about stealing fish, about slippery tales of swimming with tuna, about how stories come to matter.

The first hiccup to my plans was a spill. As I napped on the bus, my puffy bag that I tasked with schlepping my essentials, from toiletries to laptop, fell to its side, spilling the expensive serum that promised to calm the sunspots my forehead has started collecting as I age. The serum, instead, swirled into a stain that the cover of my notebook swallowed. May it help the pale gray cover with its spots and achieving a more even tone and texture.

The second hiccup was a theft. At the train station in Rome, a colleague and I grabbed a seat upstairs. We took turns watching each other's bags, while the other one cruised the cafeteria downstairs for lunch. She went first. I then did a full circle to end up where I had started: the sushi counter next to the stairs. I bought a tuna maki roll dusted with paprika – which tuna the package did not say. Just as I was about to pay, someone else's body checked mine. An early lunch hour rush, I thought while regaining my balance. I tapped my card and returned my chunky, leather wallet – the texture of pebbles and the color of night –, to my purse. As I reached for my tuna sushi, a thief fished my wallet out of my purse.

I did not notice until about half an hour later, when my sushi was gone and I was ordering a coffee – the one that was supposed to fuel the abstract I still had to write. "Un cappuccino", I requested only to reach for my wallet and to feel its absence. "My wallet, it's gone!" My colleague calmly paid for both of our coffees, while I took in the scene, inhaling the theft and weighing what to do. "Have you cancelled your bank cards?" asked a tall man with a dark nest of curly hair and thick glasses. He left his seat, a couple of tables over, and approached mine. "What happened?" I walked him through the choreography of my sushi purchase, which started with my wallet and ended without it. "I live in Germany too", he told me. I noticed his navy tote bag, its white letters spelling "TUM" – the name of another university in Munich. The cafeteria staff pointed us in the direction of the train station police office. He walked with us, pulling not

only my suitcase but also my colleague's. "Where are you from?" she asked him. "Palestine", he replied. One word rendered my loss no loss at all. A wallet you can replace. People you cannot. Is death a form of theft? I wondered. Is to steal a life to steal from life?

When I reached the airport I did not work on my abstract. Instead I called a friend, telling her about the stranger's generosity, about how silly I felt to have needed his help. All the cards my wallet held – including proof of my permanent residency status in Germany, the magic piece of plastic that allows border agents to wave me in with my Canadian passport and welcome me to stay in Europe forever – I could replace. Annoying, yes. But in the grand scheme of things – even in the lesser scheme of things – losing my wallet did not matter. I still had my phone, my passport, my culture, my country.

A loss shocks, Schulz argues, not because it defies reality, but because it reveals it. Loss, therefore, offers lessons about scale: the world is

> so enormous, complex, and mysterious that there is nothing too large to be lost – and, conversely, no place too small for something to get lost there. (Schulz 2022, 19)

But the fundamental paradox of loss is that "it never disappears" (75). Presence exposes absence. Absence becomes presence. And whether or not you call on the word 'Anthropocene' to describe the present, our collective now is marked by loss. The loss of winter. Too few fish. Too little ice. The bluefin's loss of a whole sea to swim in.

In *Hot Milk* Sofia considers tuna 'too big' to steal. After she, instead, purloins the grumpy dorado, she brings it home and cuts it open. It spills so much blood that Sofia imagines that if someone "banged on the door to claim their stolen goods", she "would literally have been caught red-handed" (Levy 2016, 79). Who might that someone be? The market cashier? The sea? The water? Its fellow fish? After my swim, I boarded the boat and on the ride back to land I was sick. Since then I have been wondering if sea sickness is a method of sorts, a means of attunement, of navigating estrangement, and, perhaps, a way of thinking with fish, of thinking with water, and a path back from the 'tragedy of the commodity'.

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