

Nothing is True  
Everything is Alive.

ly Toplis

**This book is not here to tell you to do your recycling.**

**This book is not here to scold you for not being a good enough activist.**

**This book is not here to make you feel bad about yourself.**

**This book asks you, instead, to contemplate your role to the earth, what's around you, and your own existence within that.**

**I am here too.**



*Photograph © Cally Buxton, 2025.*

**Nothing is True, Everything is Alive.  
Milly Toplis**

*Art and Offerings.*

CARE \_ Cultivating an Alternative Climate.

This is a manifesto I have written from my learnings over the past years. You can use this as a guide to what I am thinking when viewing my artwork. But it is also a manifesto for how I wish to lead my life.

1. You must be kind to yourself. If you cannot be kind to yourself., you cannot be kind to the world around you.

2. Care is ESSENTIAL. Care is VITAL. Care is a NESECITY for the world to survive.

3. Care is growth and nature. As well as maintaining and perserving. Think of care as something as simple as watering a plant. It does not have to be complicated or hard, but it is vital for existance of the plant. Care is an action. It is not passive. To care, is to act.

4. To care is power.

5. To care is to consider.

6. Care is labour. We must redistribute this labour more equally across society.

7. Care can be creating something together, creating something that fuels each others creativity.

8. Care can be creating something on your own, an expression of yourself.

9. Dont take life too seriously; we all become seashells in the end anyway. Eve rything eats and is eaten.

10. To care is to love, to rage, to feel.

11. Care can be calm.

12. Care can be gentle.

13. Care can also be the anchor point of a crisis.

14. Care can be something you realise at the last moment, before the terminally ill, in a home, in a hospital, in a funeral.

15. Care is grief.

16. Care can be making a cup of tea.

17. Care can be taking the time.

18. Look after yourself and each other.

19. Care is in the trees, in the grass, in the pebbles.

20. Care is not some unachievable goal: it is something we do daily.

It encompasses human empathy, love for each other and our mistakes within that.

21. Care is not an isolated set of structures but rather a way of engaging with the world at all times.

22. Care allows for us to be vulnerable while protecting those who need it most.

23. Care is warm, and soft.

24. Care is something we all deserves.

Care is like being in someones warm arms after a long day, with a warm yellow light. ~~Take~~ Take someones hand and hand. Hug every muscle in their fingers, ~~and~~ hug every bone in their hand.

Care is continuing to breathe. Breathe with your tummy.

Care is grey. The expression of excess love. Grieve something, someone you have lost. Use your whole body.

Feel your heart.



What does it mean to care today? Can we actually make a difference? Today, we are stuck in the churning of the world, left immobile, unable to protest, unable to change. We take to the streets, and no one listens. We send emails to big corporations and no one replies. We do our recycling and stop eating meat and we can see no change at all.

I just want to climb back under the warm duvet, turning off all my alarms, so that I can begin again, and I will count time as every breath I take.

It gets hotter and hotter and river banks get higher and higher and there's nothing we can do. We are left powerless from the structures that govern us. No one can afford their heating. The landscape around us slowly turns to concrete and metal.

I look at the meadows that graze outside the window from my childhood bed. I look at my dog, who doesn't know it's a Wednesday. It's wintertime and I just want to find a place to rest my head before the snowdrops start peaking through. I will find a place to put down my head.



My work responds to 'care' as a method of rejecting polarisation on both a political and personal scale. A rejection to culture wars, subcategorising and right-wing extremism. Ecofeminism is the theory that "relates the oppression and domination of all marginalised groups (women, people of colour, children, the poor) to the oppression and domination of nature (animals, land, water, air, etc.)." (Françoise d' Eaubonne, 1974). Through exploring ecofeminism, making issue of broken globalisation and resisting capitalist patriarchal dominance, I am bringing a focus to 'care' as a concept. 'Care' informs the grounding of my work, but my practice has grown more towards navigating what it is to live in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, in a world full of technology, in constant progress and late capitalism.

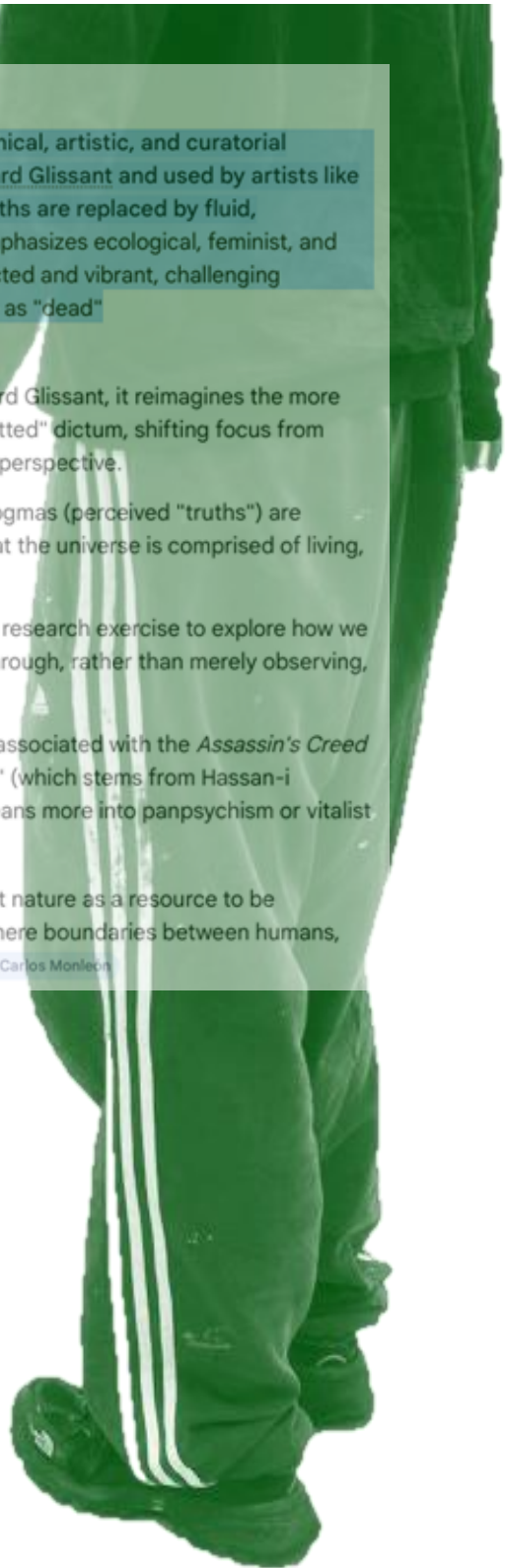
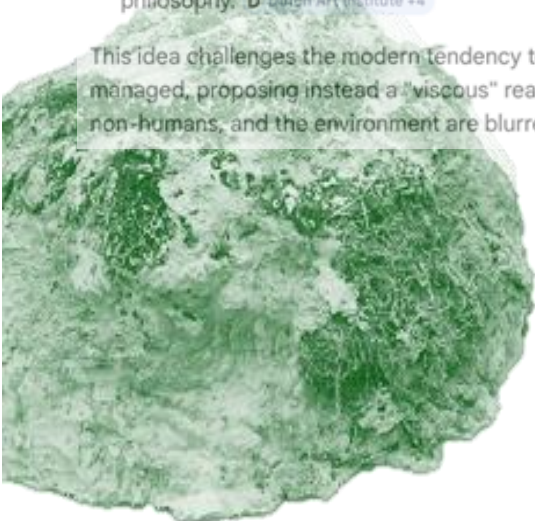
## ◆ AI Overview

"Nothing is true, everything is alive" is a philosophical, artistic, and curatorial concept, notably adapted by thinkers like [Edouard Glissant](#) and used by artists like [Caecilia Tripp](#) to suggest a world where rigid truths are replaced by fluid, subjective, and vibrant perspectives. It often emphasizes ecological, feminist, and animist views, suggesting all matter is interconnected and vibrant, challenging scientific, objective, or patriarchal views of nature as "dead"

matter. [D Dutch Art Institute +1](#)

- **Origin:** Coined by poet and philosopher Edouard Glissant, it reimagines the more traditional "Nothing is true, everything is permitted" dictum, shifting focus from chaos magic/nihilism toward a relational, living perspective.
- **Meaning:** It argues that scientific and social dogmas (perceived "truths") are artificial, while promoting an understanding that the universe is comprised of living, responsive, and connected matter.
- **Curatorial Approach:** This phrase is used as a research exercise to explore how we interact with, understand, and feel the world through, rather than merely observing, environmental and digital landscapes.
- **Connection to Other Ideologies:** While often associated with the *Assassin's Creed* quote "Nothing is true, everything is permitted" (which stems from Hassan-i Sabbah), the addition of "everything is alive" leans more into panpsychism or vitalist philosophy. [D Dutch Art Institute +4](#)

This idea challenges the modern tendency to treat nature as a resource to be managed, proposing instead a "viscous" reality where boundaries between humans, non-humans, and the environment are blurred. [● Carlos Monleon](#)







*There's a Silence in the Wind*, concrete and resin, 100 x 100 cm,  
October 2025





MAYBE ANOTHER  
TIME.

Alarm

Snooze

Alarm  
Alarm  
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Snooze

Snooze

Snooze



*Yearning, waiting, for something that  
might never happen.*

If I could have my way I'd spend all my  
time with you ! 🥺

Reply



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*Everything is Alive*, moss,  
metal, motor, January 2025

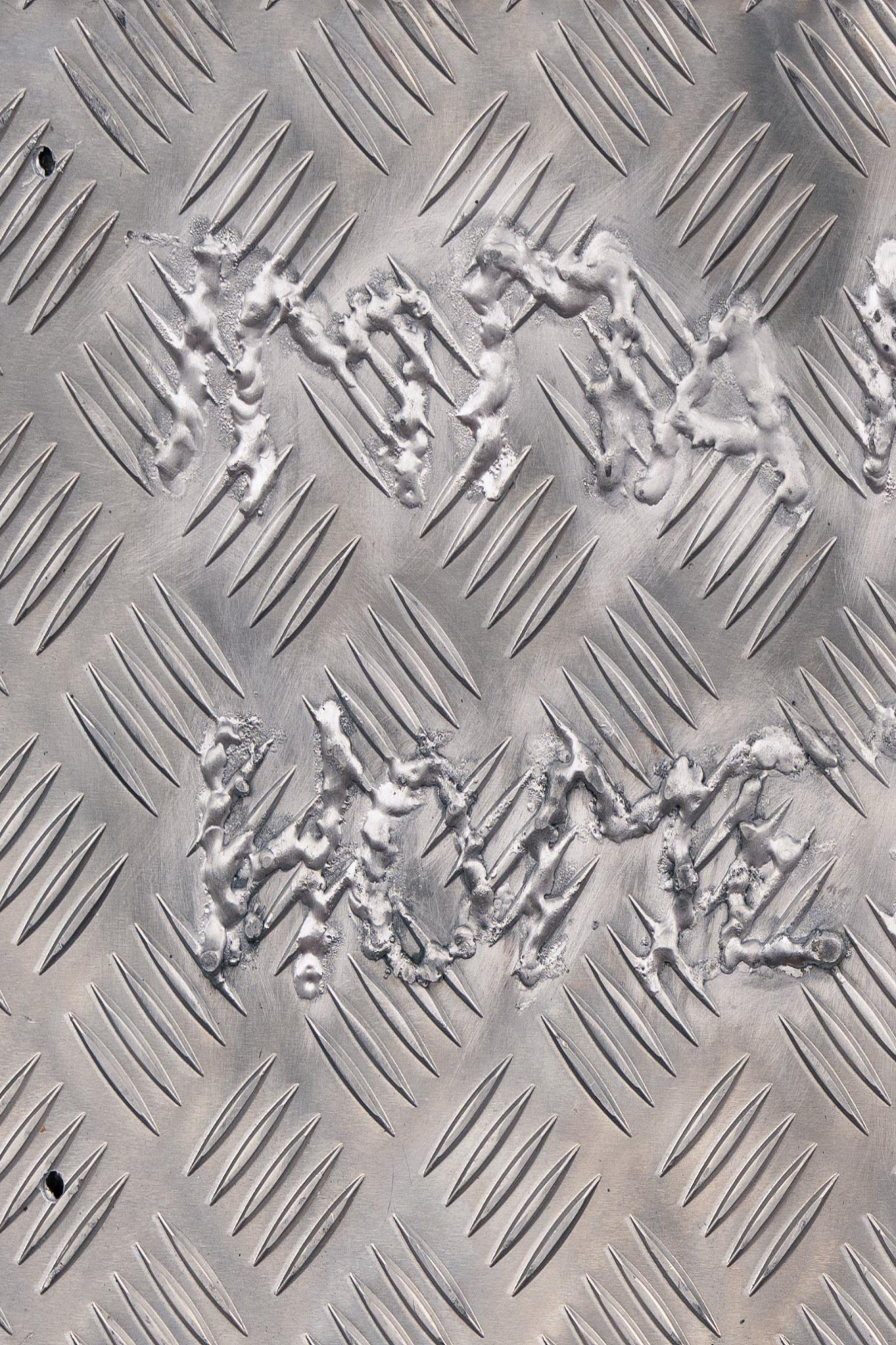


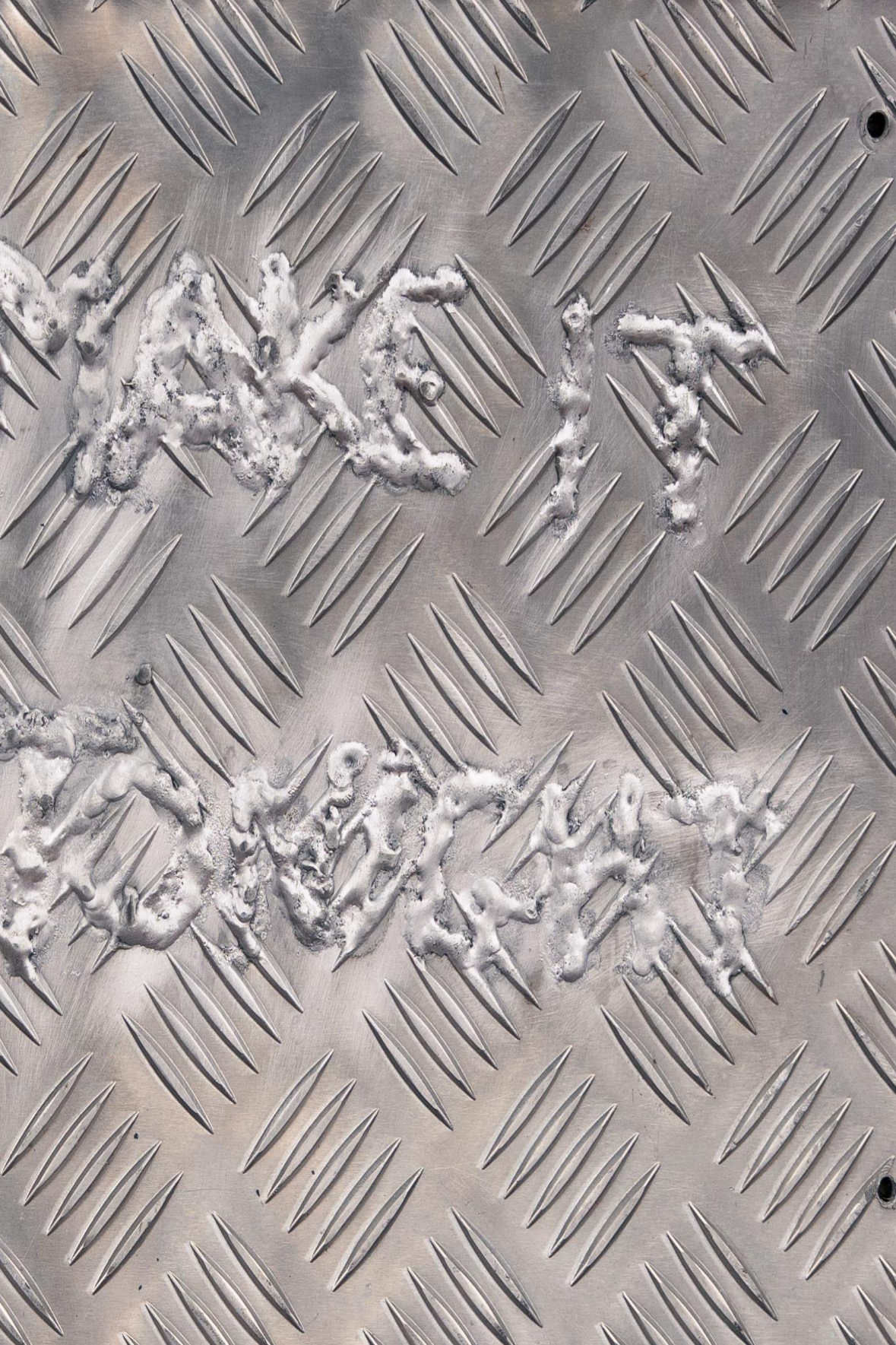
What does it mean to care in a world that's so uncaring? When everything around us is so brutal so harsh so cruel.

It means to have hope. To believe. To carry on. Although these seem like indigent actions they are not. It takes energy, effort, purpose to care.

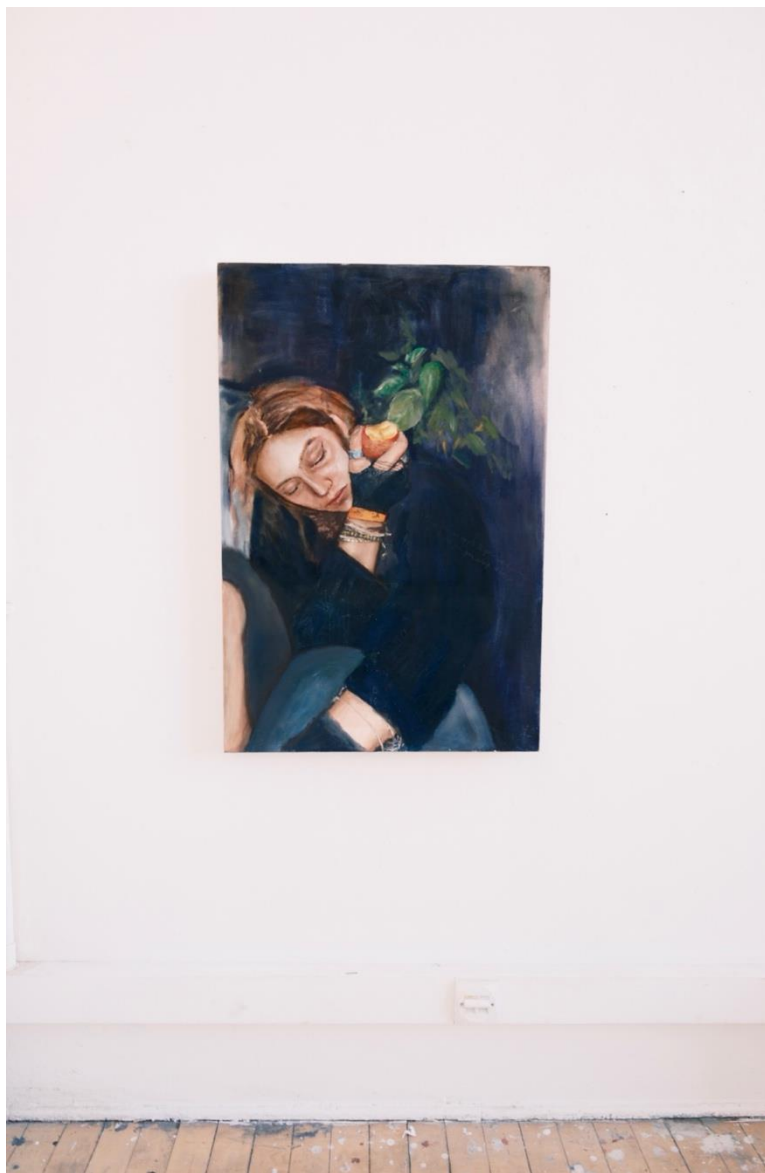
'Posthumanism' thinks through how humans relate to other creatures, plants, ecosystems, technology and the world around them. This way of thinking is not to escape reality but so we can have a more complex understanding of what it means to be human and how we belong. It offers alternative viewpoints to the uncertainty we face with current technological, ecological and planetary existence.

There's so much to be sad about, but the world will carry on either way. And the world is so beautiful. There's nothing in this world that could keep me here. And there's everything that will make me stay. The moss will grow through the cracks in the concrete and my heart will rise with the morning sun. There will be another day.





Im ma make it home tonight.  
Between the cracks of a bug's  
wing, moss carpets the bubbling  
stream. The long grass,  
dandelions, buttercups and sea  
flowers stand tall and gently  
flutter in the wind.



The earth is dying. The world is ending. She clutches an apple in her hand. The earth gone death! The earth gone death! Gone asleep. Gone asleep. A bite for all.



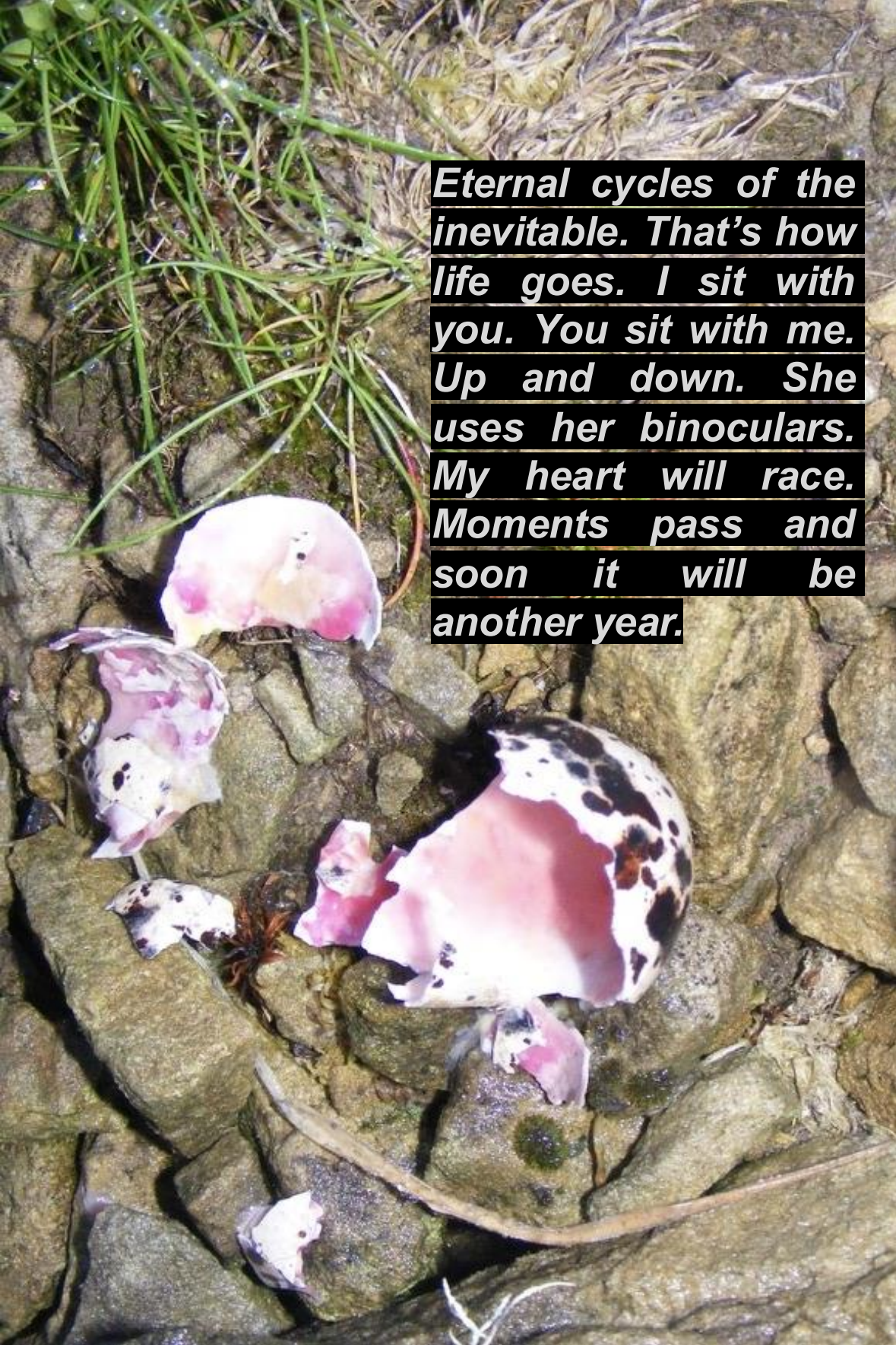






Hush! Hush! A crab apple has fallen out of the tree.

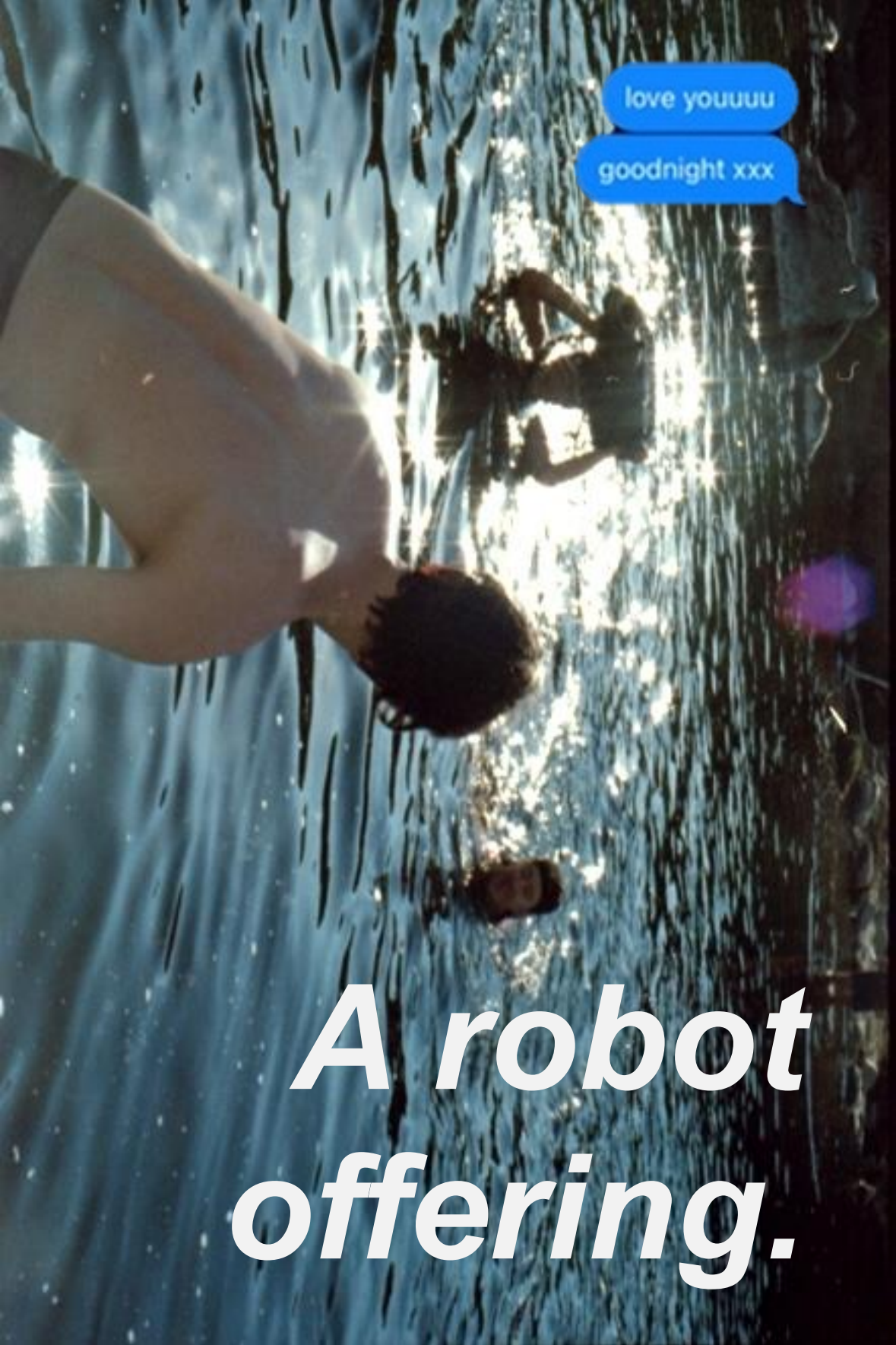




*Eternal cycles of the  
inevitable. That's how  
life goes. I sit with  
you. You sit with me.  
Up and down. She  
uses her binoculars.  
My heart will race.  
Moments pass and  
soon it will be  
another year.*



107 Wishes, sticks, twigs and pewter, November 2025

A person is swimming in the ocean at night. The water is dark blue with shimmering light reflections. In the background, a robot is visible, appearing to be underwater. The scene is illuminated by a bright light source, possibly the moon or a spotlight, creating a dramatic and mysterious atmosphere.

love youuuu

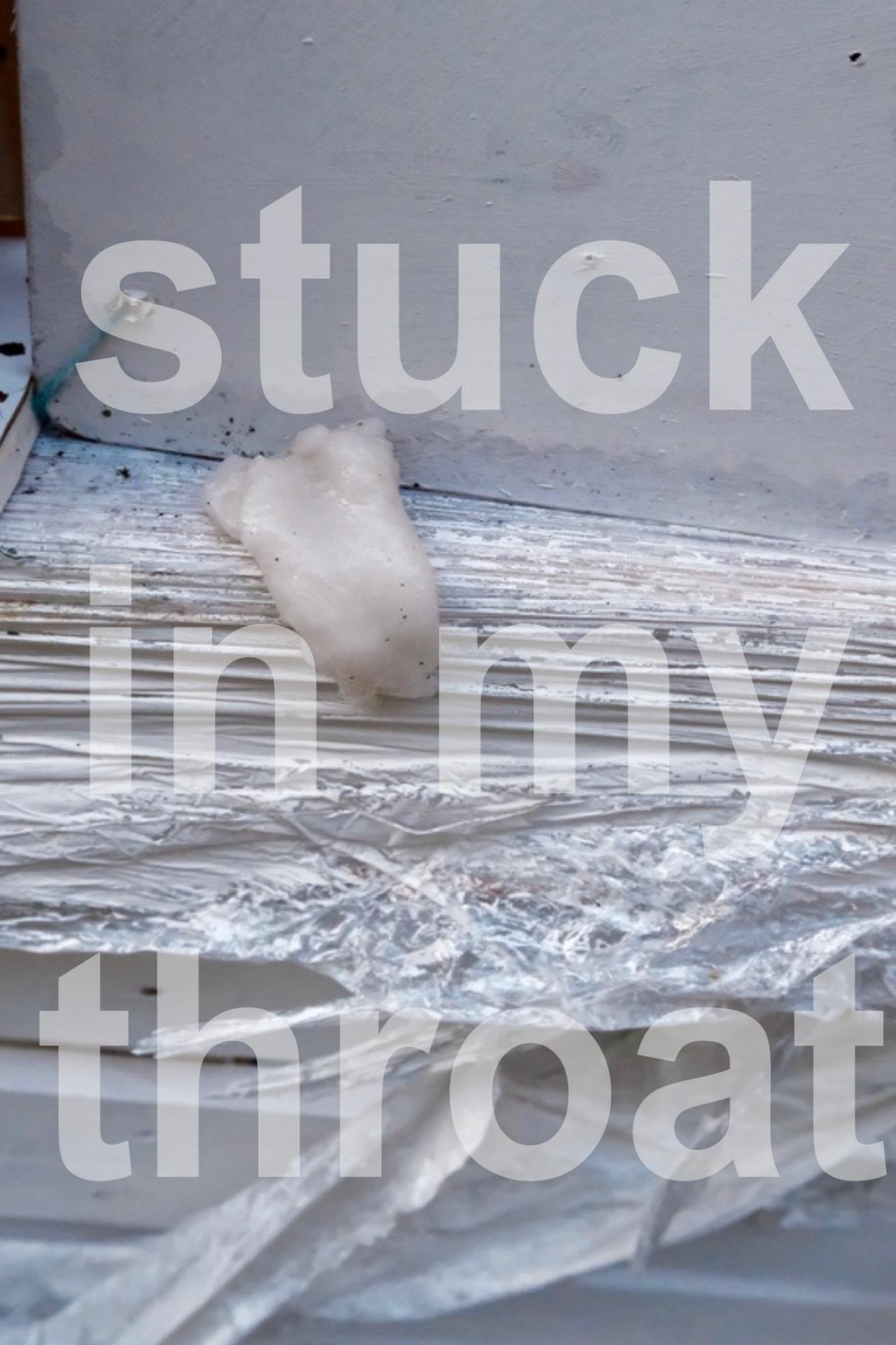
goodnight xxx

***A robot  
offering.***









stuck  
in my  
throat









*Like life-support the earth grinds beneath me.*

*“Like-life support, in hospitals” was something I scribbled down in my notebook.*

*Care can be pretty, and gentle, being in someone’s arms. But it can be something you realise in the last moment, before the terminally ill, in a home, in a hospital, in a funeral.*

*Time escapes me.*

It's 2025. Trump is  
being Inaugurated.

Polarised concepts,  
polarised minds.

I cut my long baby  
hair. Now it has  
grown back again.

I sit contemplating  
how we will all die.  
It's okay, it's alright.  
We'll have jacket  
potato for tea  
tonight.

I want to bury myself  
in your soft curly  
hair. Sit tight.

"Care for me", I beg!  
We are made from  
the same clay.  
Squeeze me until I  
become little again.  
Then you can love  
me, the way I used  
to yearn to be loved.







*Keepsakes/Personal Treasures,*  
Pewter, February 2025

# Albion

LIVE AT

with Honey  
& Jam with Alison



Monday 29th September  
Doors at 7pm  
@aldousband

# Sneaky Pokes

***That summer was so sticky. I descended into a land of grumpy bugs and crying flowers.***

***The sun was sticky hot hot, so so close. Unbearably warm.***

***My tears became a constant babbling stream. Shrieking. Everything is alive. Stop. It's all too real. Everything is smiling at me. Everything is so bright. Everything is so warm. Everything is so close.***

***And you sit there, apologising, even though you've done nothing wrong. All I want is a hug from you. But instead, I wrap my arms around myself. And even though you're sitting right next to me, you seem so far away.***

***There's a sort of sharp coldness in a sweltering hot summers day, the flow of tears interrupted by a nearby flower.***

# Aldous

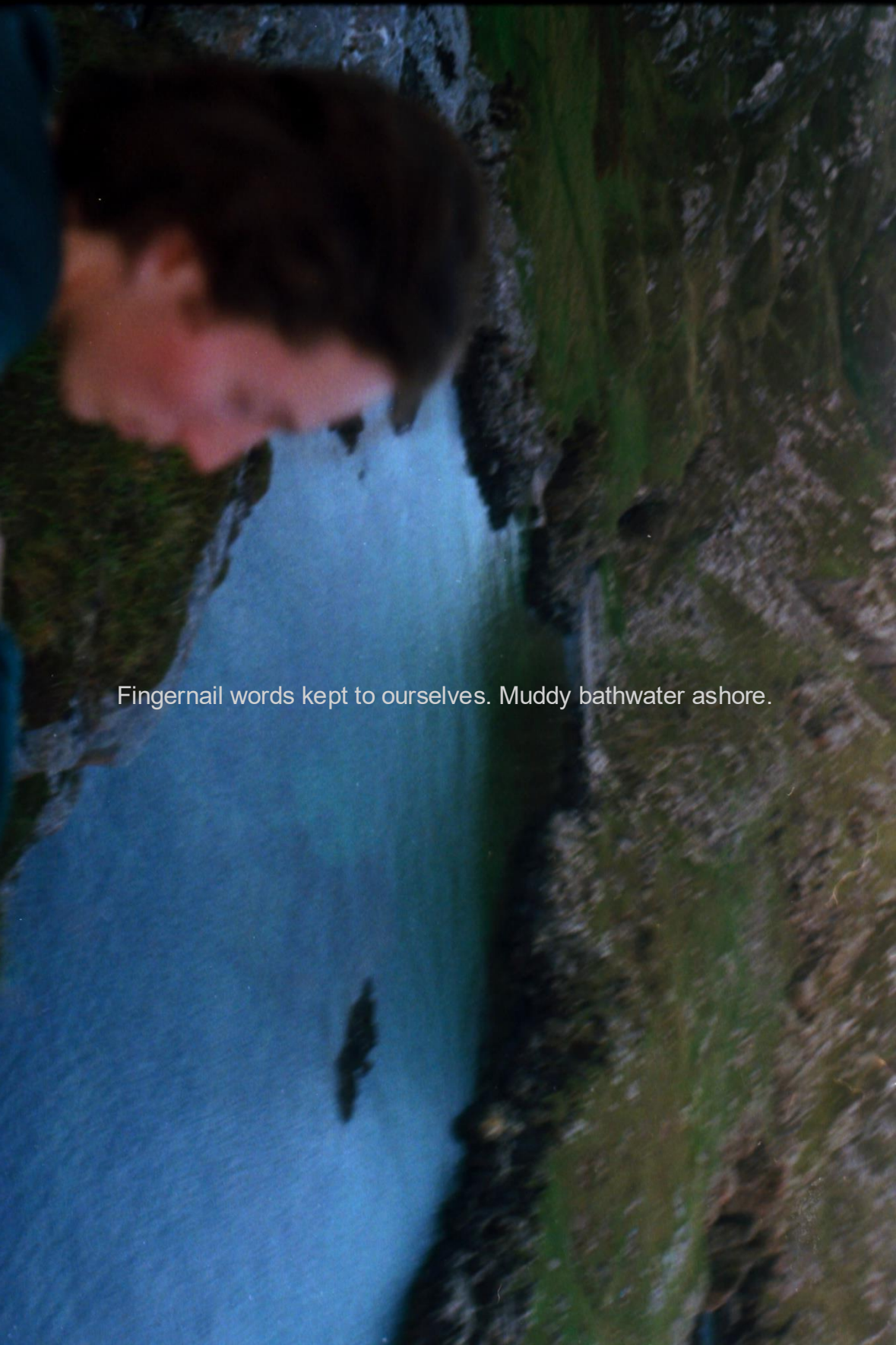
with support from  
family art club



live at TUE 17<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 7:30 PM  
PEOPLE'S LEISURE CLUB



'The decent of the spirit' at Iona Abbey was made by a Jewish artist after WW2. The sheep at the bottom of the sculpture represents innocence and gentleness. Its message is for peace and humanity.



Fingernail words kept to ourselves. Muddy bathwater ashore.



mils, mils!

when you wake  
moments when  
there you are.  
sleeping you

and you  
ears of  
between  
ays



under  
ho.  
did  
you'll  
rs.

under  
ho.  
did  
you'll  
rs.

see  
fir  
with

you  
sit and pe  
We will  
our  
sit toge  
some eyes and  
to tell you that  
is all we have.  
XXX

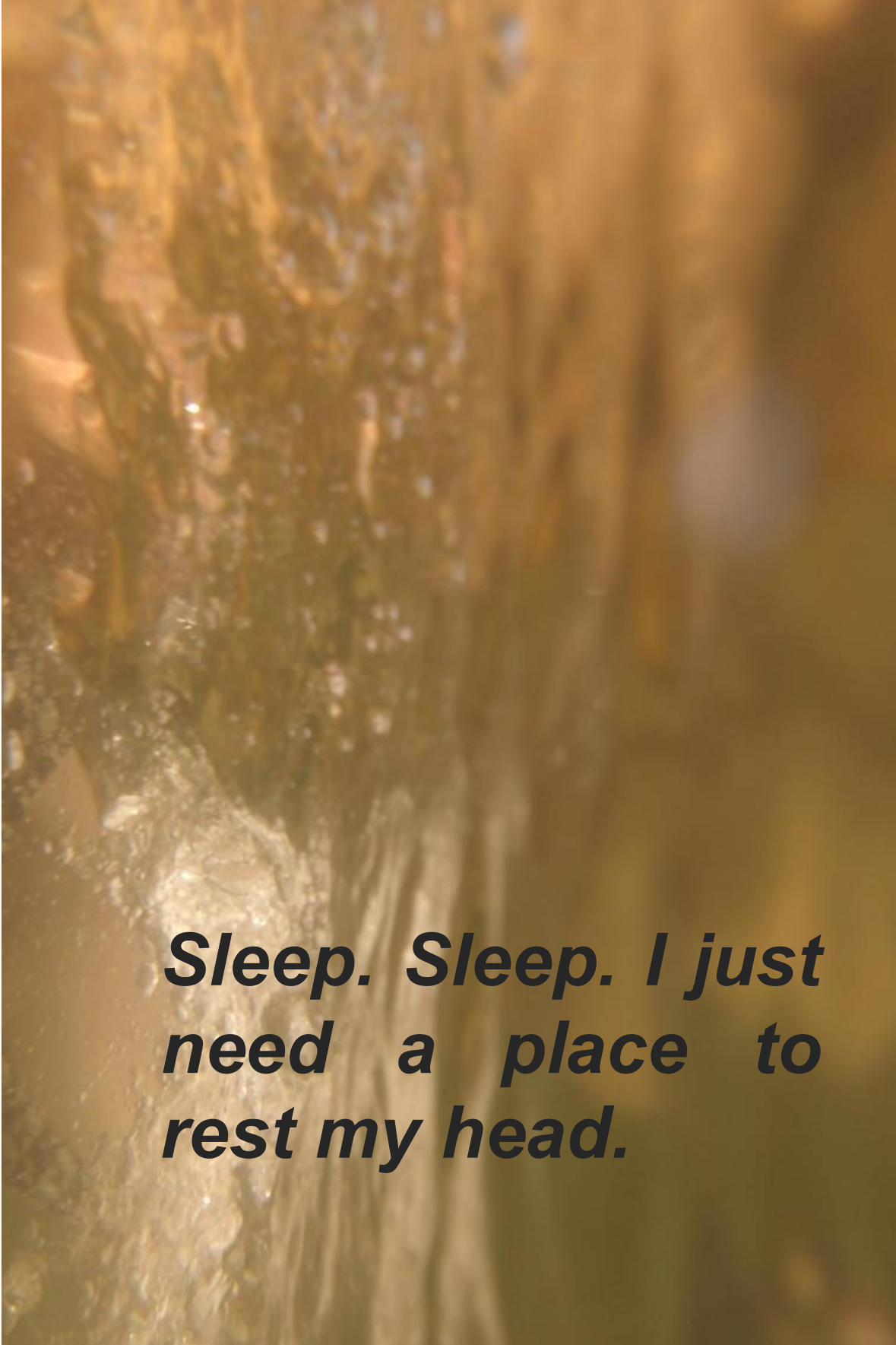




nothing is true,  
everything is alive.

nothing is true,  
everything is alive.





***Sleep. Sleep. I just  
need a place to  
rest my head.***

I hold your soft eggshell hair between my hands  
and pull you closer to my chest.











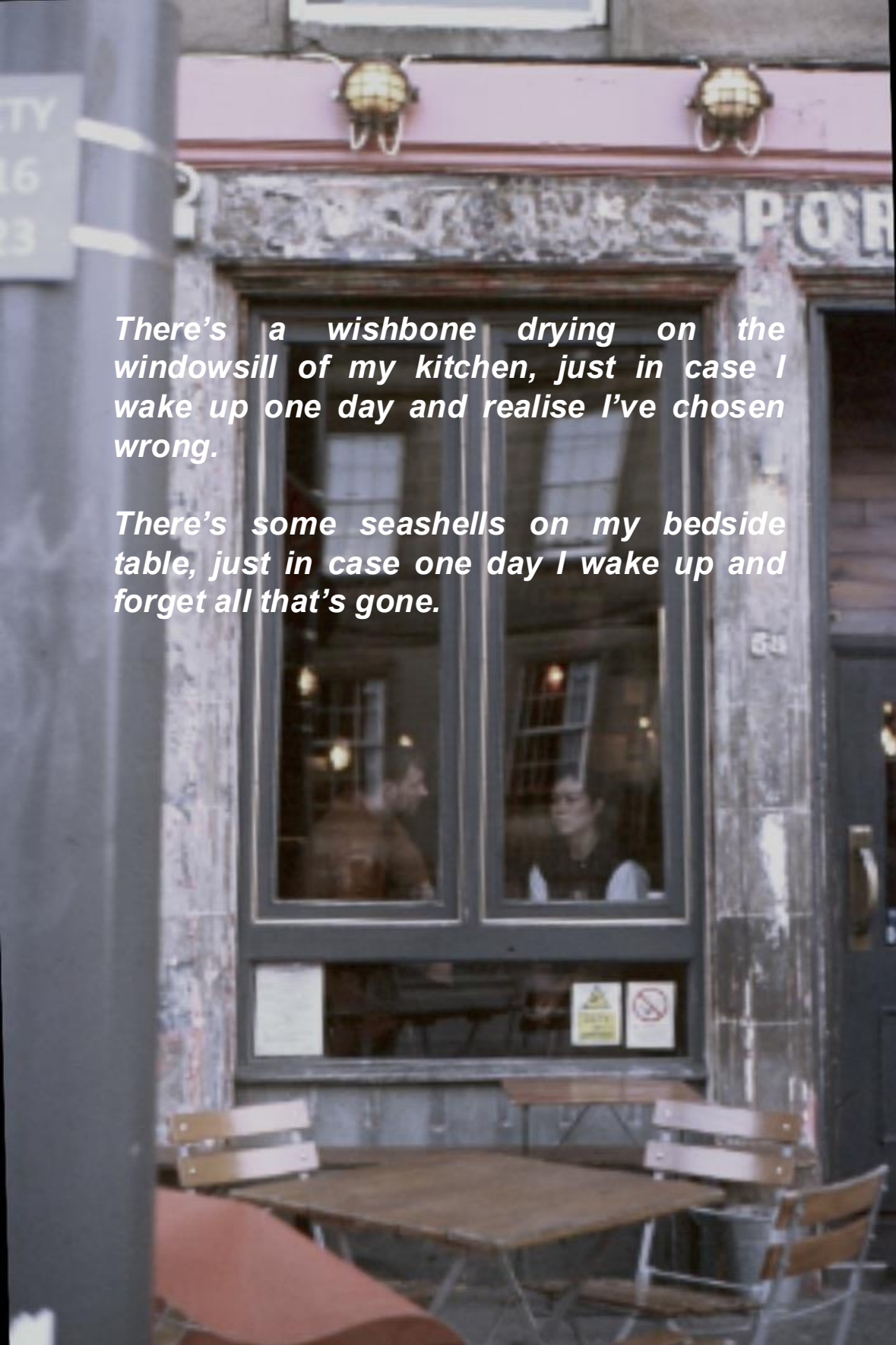
It's 2026. The world is burning.

I was lying so still but the grass around me was clicking and fluttering. The world was turning around me. And then as I placed my hand ~~the~~ earth it started to pulse. The earth was breathing. Like it always has been.

EVERYTHING IS ALIVE! When you touch the bark of a tree you can feel it's warmth underneath. When you feel the smoothness of a pebble, it is as soft as the back of your hand. My shoes click on the pavement, the sea foams and ~~the~~ sand ripples like cracks in my palm.

We are deeply interconnected with non-human entities, such as animals, plants, technologies, and natural systems.

When we die, we will be planted 6 feet under green grass where the worms will crawl. Our hair will become blades of grass and our toenails will become the roots of trees. We will be washed into the sea and we will be churned into seashells. The minerals that make us up will become stardust in the end.

A photograph of a pub window with text overlaid. The window is framed by a decorative stone archway. Above the window, two brass light fixtures are mounted on a pinkish-red horizontal band. The window itself is divided into two panes, showing the interior of the pub where two people are seated at a table. Below the window, there are several signs, including a yellow warning sign and a red prohibition sign. In the foreground, there are wooden tables and chairs set up for outdoor seating. The overall scene is a classic pub exterior.

*There's a wishbone drying on the windowsill of my kitchen, just in case I wake up one day and realise I've chosen wrong.*

*There's some seashells on my bedside table, just in case one day I wake up and forget all that's gone.*



*There's  
a  
lump  
in  
your  
throat.  
I  
have  
a  
lump  
in  
my  
boob.  
Brown  
fills  
the  
outbound  
tide.*





*I come with mud.*



**I saw you  
at the  
bus stop  
yesterday.**







*Becoming a Tree*, body, string, cling film,  
ink, January 2026





BUTTERFLY, BUTTERFLY,  
TELL ME HOW MUCH

YOU LOVE ME.

THEN SAY IT AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.











*Maybe Another Time, moss and concrete, March 2026*



*Time evaporates between my feet. It will soon be another day, another year.*

*I hold your soft eggshell hair between my hands and pull you closer to my chest. I lightly tap your shoulder and cheekily smile up at you. You let me in under your wing, where I place my head. I feel like a child again.*

*My head bobs as I arrive at Newcastle. My eyelids, heavy from sleep, flutter open. I rest my head against the cold windowpane and focus on the dreary Christmas lights around the station. It is only 4:30pm and it's already dark. Soon another year will be over.*

**Still swimming,  
Still moving,**

**Still going.**



I love you so so so much.

Love you

With my eternal love,

I love you

Love you to the moon and back!

I Love you so much.

so so so much love

much love

I love you so so much.











***You***



***transpire.***





You and the world are one of the same.

Your skin is as warm as an April morning.

Your bones are as hard as pebbles on a beach.

Your body glogs with water like a bubbling stream.

Your palm is as textured as a terrain of water from a plane window.

Your veins run as constant as a river.

Your spine is as mountainous as a set of monros.

And you are as soft as a bed of moss.



# Bibliography & Acknowledgements

Françoise d' Eaubonne (1974). *Le féminisme ou la mort*. P. Horay.

Lyrics from *Stoned at the Nail Salon*, Solar Power, Lorde

Some phrases and words taken from various songs, books and media

Nothing is true, everything is alive.

*All photos (unless referenced) taken by Milly Toplis.*

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