

NO2

MAKING WAVES

Climate Imaginaries at Sea

INTRODUCTION

by Mariana Fernández Mora

"PEOPLE WHO DENY THE EXISTENCE OF DRAGONS ARE OFTEN EATEN BY DRAGONS. FROM WITHIN."

- URSULA K. LE GUIN, THE WAVE IN THE MIND: TALKS AND ESSAYS ON THE WRITER, THE READER AND THE IMAGINATION

How can we liberate the imagination from recurring stereotypes that understand climate change as something from the future, far away, affecting others, while so many people around the world already live with its devastating impact? How can material research, interspecies perspectives and indigenous water and climate knowledges help us form new ways of relating to the climate emergency?

These are some of the questions that initiated this second volume of "Making Waves," in which artists and researchers create micro-worlds that invite us into their research and processes. Exploring the role of imagination as a facilitator between generations and across species, geographies and material worlds, Amanda Piña, Carlo De Gaetano, Janine Armin, and Müge Yilmaz's contributions open channels for understanding different facets of life with rising seas.

Asking the reader to uncover and unfold each spread to reveal its content, this zine reminds us through these tearing and unravelling actions to care for how we engage with its pages and content. Functioning as a conceptual map that borrows graphic languages from natural textures and topographies, it becomes a landscape of practices that can help us navigate the sometimes frightening reality of our climate presents and futures.

Reflecting on this process, researcher Orestis Kollyris, in conversation with graphic designer Akash Sheshadri, discuss the way the design intersects with the works and their personal perspective on the importance of artistic research. Finally, a sticker set invites us to spread visual climate imaginaries into other pages and surfaces.

Rather than a compilation of finished works, this publication is a moment of reflection on the ongoing practices of its contributors. It is a window into the questions at the heart of the Climate Imaginaries at Sea programme and an invitation to engage with the urgency of the topics it addresses and strive to keep making waves.

IF I DEVOTED MY LIFE TO ONE OF ITS FEATHERS

Shortly after her exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs du Palais du Louvre in 1964, a journalist interviewed Chilean artist Violeta Parra in her studio in Switzerland³. In that famous video, she asked the artist:

"Violeta, you are a poet, a musician, you make tapestries, you paint ...
If I gave you the choice
of only one of these means of expression,
which one would you choose?"

When thinking about how to answer the question posed by Cecilia Vicuña's poem, If I devoted my life to one of its feathers and trigger for this text, this video came to mind.

What would I choose?

Inspired by these powerful artists and humbly in line with their genealogy, I call upon them, and my hands, our hands, start moving over the keyboard and so I start writing:

If I devoted my life to one of its feathers, I would devote my work to that which is impossible to understand with human logic, with modern colonial ontologies, with scientific methods. I would devote my life to that which is not taught at the universities, the schools, the academies; to the movements of the feather in the hand of the elder, the poet-singer, the healer, caressing the immaterial, the invisible. I would dedicate my work, my life, to the practice of remembering those movements.

I would strive to understand or over-stand, or sense-think, taste and touch, the knowledge of our elders, the Mara'akames, the Mamos, "las abuelas", the Pajés, the Altomisayocs, the Machis. I would practice this act of remembering, by reactivating those movements, those dances as fossils of experience (warmed again, alive again, in other bodies and other places).

In art and life, with no romanticism, swimming in oceans of micro-plastic, of PFAS, breathing the toxic emanations of carbon and burned oil. Drinking the poisoned waters of mining extraction and even more so, even stronger then, when the earth turns inside out, and the warmth originally inside spreads through the atmosphere. Burning like her and with no hope, but hips, but love for the living rhythms, I would dance the old/new dances, and allow those movements to reappear, strengthening my body and soul, our bodies and souls, our will to share, to lift this dance together.

Feathers, which already existed 250 million years before birds first flew, at the beginning were small and tufty, as they were meant to keep animals warm. In the disembodied world of a technology that creates sacrifice zones, for powering the machines available as fresh blood for the white world north, I think of the feather as the warmth of communal bodies, bodies of joy, of pleasure, bodies of knowledge, of shared experiences, bodies that know through metamorphosis, identification, sensation, dream, and touch, and not through distance and separation.

As a counter spell for the artificial warmth of this technology, powered by the extraction of gold, silver, copper, lithium, rare earth metals. I choose to embody the big condor flying over the mountain. And to devote my life to the earth-being that this mountain is returning to be: Apu Wamani.

To those forms of knowing, I would devote my life. To always return stamping the ground, dancing together, encountering through art and ritual, mostly inventing. By dreaming that which cannot be remembered. Faking it alive again (fake it till you make it!) in the future that is also the now, the time/place, in which ancestors remind us who we are: merging bodies of people, animals, plants, stone and river, ocean and forest, cave, well, source, estuary and fjord, volcanoes, clouds, storms, bodies of water, bodies of earth.

In the face of the monstrous war machines that are already mining the oceans, mountains, and forests, ancestral territories, to create landscapes of misery. Facing the drought, the poisonous toxic future of my mother's home. In the face of all sacrificed zones, I would not choose to resist, but to escape! The logics that create this destruction. As an escapist: *Mandrake el mago*, I would devote my life to rehearsing the disentanglement from the chains of the one-world default forms of thinking.

To the people and communities that are sacrificed to fuel, the fake bonfire of progress, of technological advancement, fake smiles, fake wealth, fake progress, fake technology, fake advancement. To my people, people-earth and people-people, Tira Kuna and Runa Kuna, whose bodies are the sacrifice zone, I would dedicate this feathered dance.

And like Violeta Parra, I would answer:

"I would choose to
stay with the people."



→ Violeta Parra (Santiago de Chile, 1917-1967) was a composer, singer-songwriter, ethnomusicologist, and visual artist. She contributed to the reinvention of Chilean folk music. In 1964, Parra presented an exhibition of paintings, arpilleras, and sculptures, at the Museum of Decorative Arts Louvre, the first solo show of a Latin American artist at this institution.



AMANDA PINA

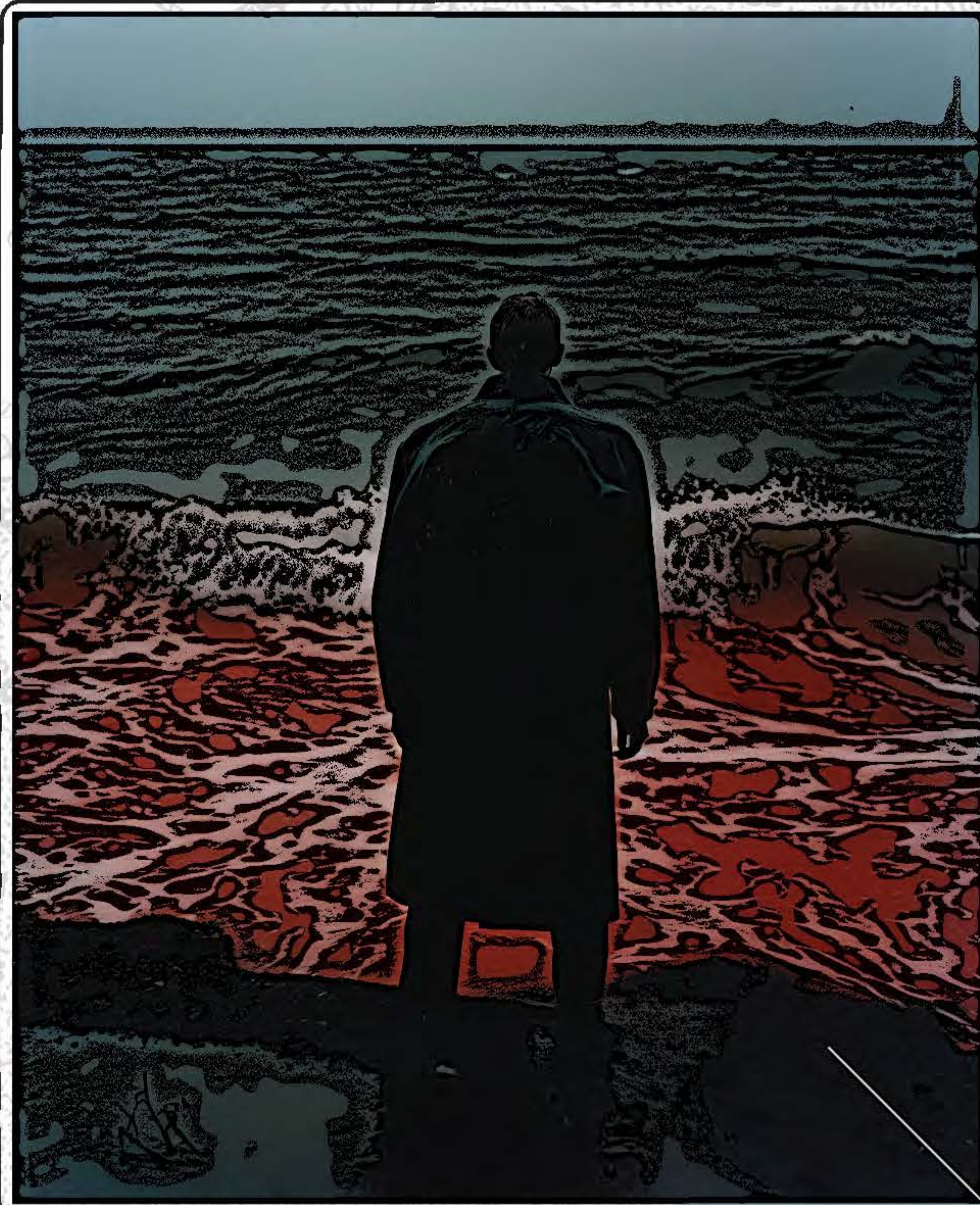
SYSTEM YOU ARE EMILY DICKINSON / GIACOMO LEOPARDI / MAYA ANGELOU / VIRGINIA WOOLF

USER We are writing a dialogue together. This dialogue only consists of questions without an answer. The topic of the dialogue is about our relationship with other species living in Dutch water-based ecosystems, how such species are narrated in cultural collections, and how fiction can be an artistic research method to explore alternative ways to relate to the other-than-human and more in general how to imagine collectively a life with a changing climate. The tone of voice will be dream-like, tender, and reflective. I will prompt you with the starting question, and you can follow up with another question. This dialogue will be used as a base to illustrate a fotoromanzo, so please suggest possible photos to go along with the questions. Let me know if you understand the instructions, and I'll prompt you with the first question.

[AI AS MAYA ANGELOU]

I dream not of want or intrusion,
But simply of continual emulsion.
Between the sea we share, the dance we find,
In subtle oscillation, of wave and wind.

IF THE FUTURE IS A PIECE OF THE PAST THAT HAS BEEN FORGOTTEN, ARE WE ACTUALLY FINDING NEW WAYS OF RELATING TO EACH OTHER? IF WE CAN'T RECALL THE TRUTH, SOMETIMES IT'S OKAY TO LIE. WE CAN HAVE OUR DREAM-LIKE, TENDER FICTION. BUT WHERE IS THE LINE BETWEEN IMAGINATION AND MISREPRESENTATION? (2)



ASSISTANT

I understand the instructions. I'm ready to proceed with your first question.

SOMEONE IS LOOKING AT THE OCEAN.

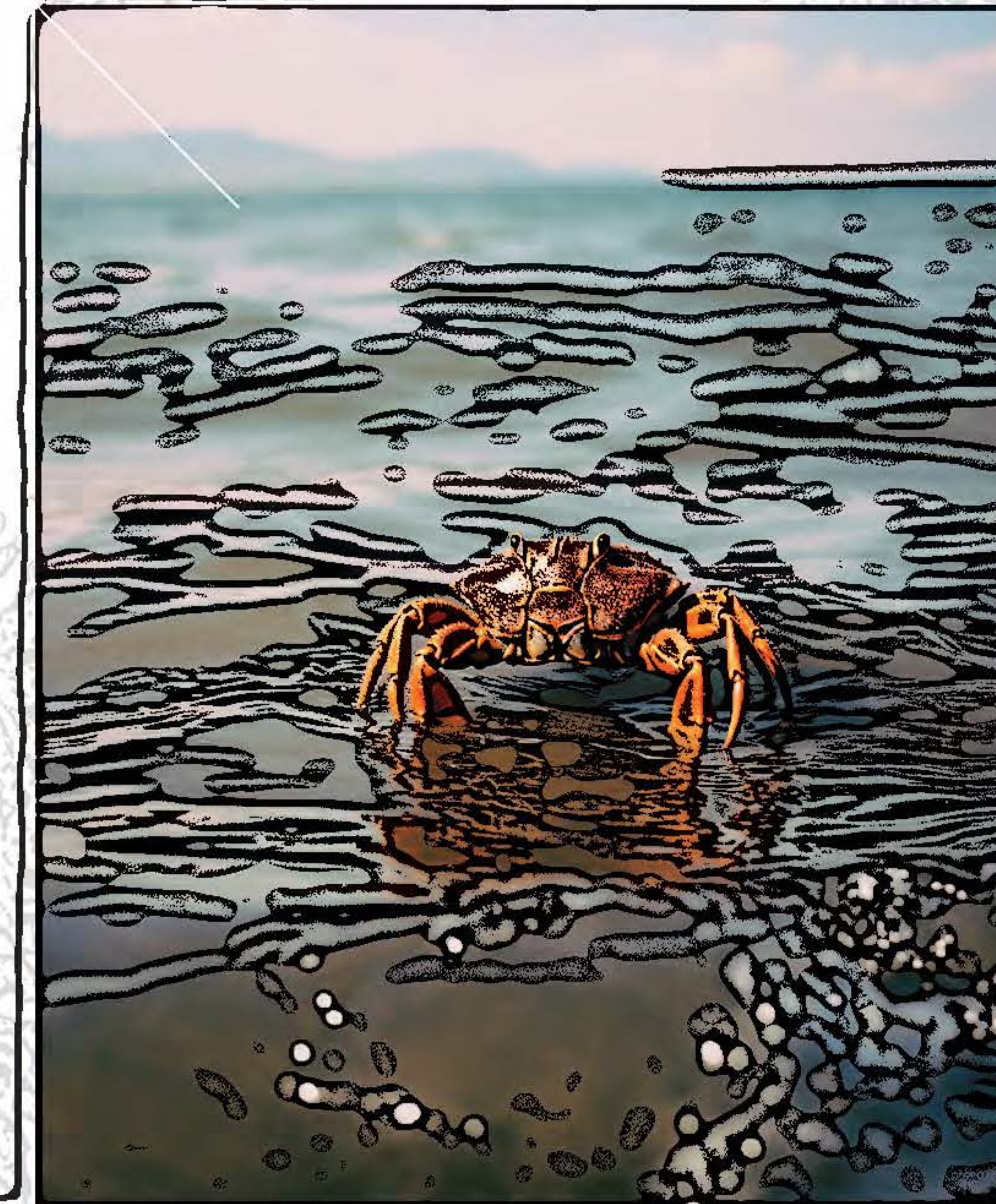
-WHAT ARE YOU?

NO, WAIT...

HOW DO YOU LIVE? (1)

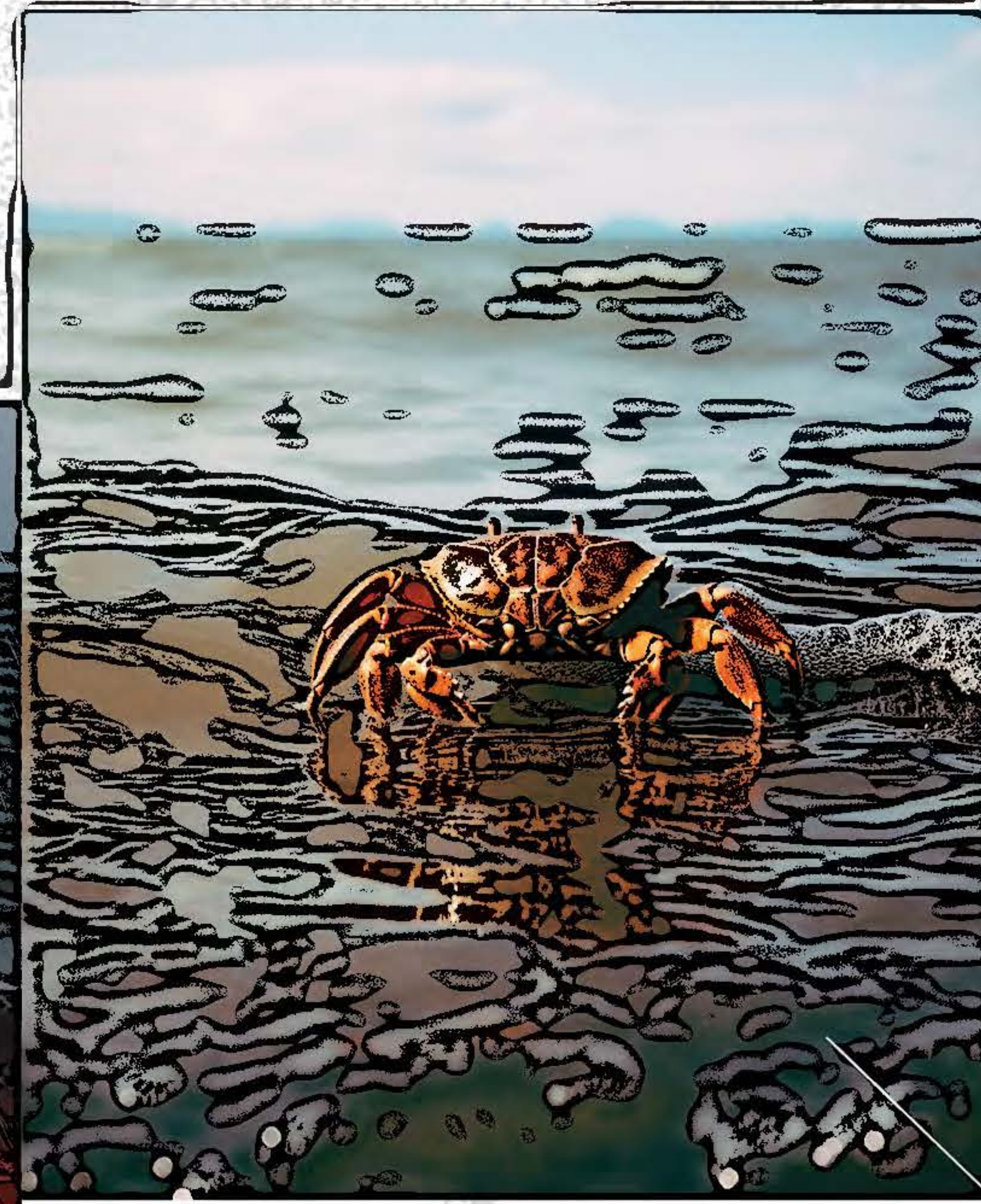
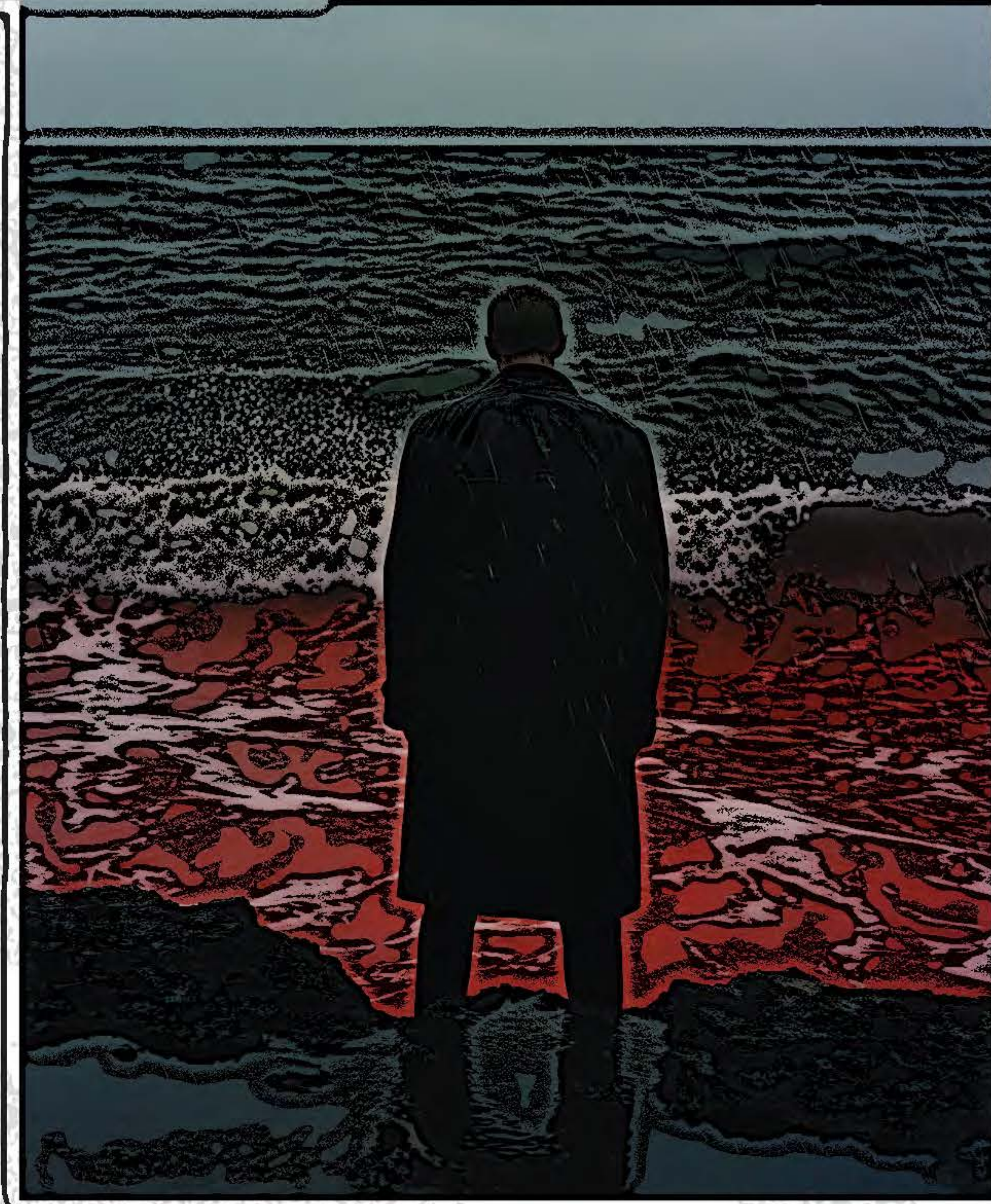
[AI AS EMILY DICKINSON]

Within tide-pocked iris blooms, water-enriching petals wet - are these embodied stories whispering knowledge beyond artifact; ancient and untamed? Then, a question or maybe a desire: how do such collections sever us or knit us together?



[AI AS VIRGINIA WOOLF] The ocean swirls, dark and embellished with a splash of froth. It remains silent, a receptor of thoughts, offering lessons in humility and steadiness.

Much like you, I am. Much like I, are you? Thinking metaphors rather than absolutes, like the waterlily opening in the marsh, don't you see new perspectives?" Can human eyes see the way flying fish do when they skim above the duckweed-covered artistry of our peat bodies?



YOU ARE NOT MY DESIRE, YOU ARE NOT MY CONCEPTION. (3)

[AI AS VIRGINIA WOOLF]

We are fluid, we are change itself. - Asserts the dreamlike offspring of the maritime erosions. -As water shapes the rock, eternity shapes us. And so the answer, dear human, lies not in the privacies of past relics, but in the openness of shaping currents. -

As landscape and living entity speak and the tide laps the feet, the dune grass chimes in, -Threads end and begin. Stories, they fray... We have always loved in a different language each time have we not? Reindeer tracks in snow to here, wind whispers to shell echoes. - Does nature not stir one, inviting deeper communion?



BUT WILL THIS BE ONLY IMAGINATIVE SPECULATION OR THE SEEDS FOR OUR NEW, LIVED EXPERIENCES?



[AI AS EMILY DICKINSON]

What lies in a future both steadfast and fleeting, in the constant flux of becoming? How do we ensure that our escape into imagination doesn't stray too far?

-IN THE ARCHIVES, YOU LOOK LIKE PREY, AVAILABLE ACROSS MERCILESS DUNES. TO BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOUR HOME, A MEAL, A SUBJECT OF STUDY. BUT HERE, NOW...

I PROMISE MY FICTION WILL STAY UNCERTAIN AND OPEN, AS YOU ARE ALIVE, KNOWING, AND POSSESSED OF AGENCY. (4)



ARE YOU...QUEER?

[AI AS GIACOMO LEOPARDI]

In the rapid overturning of a drop, in competition with a rainbow, a thousand different fringes could be brought about. Thus, colorful fabric of life, adapting, mutating, flowing without restraint. If 'queer' is a song to diversity, then yes, applaud every biosis of our queer essence.



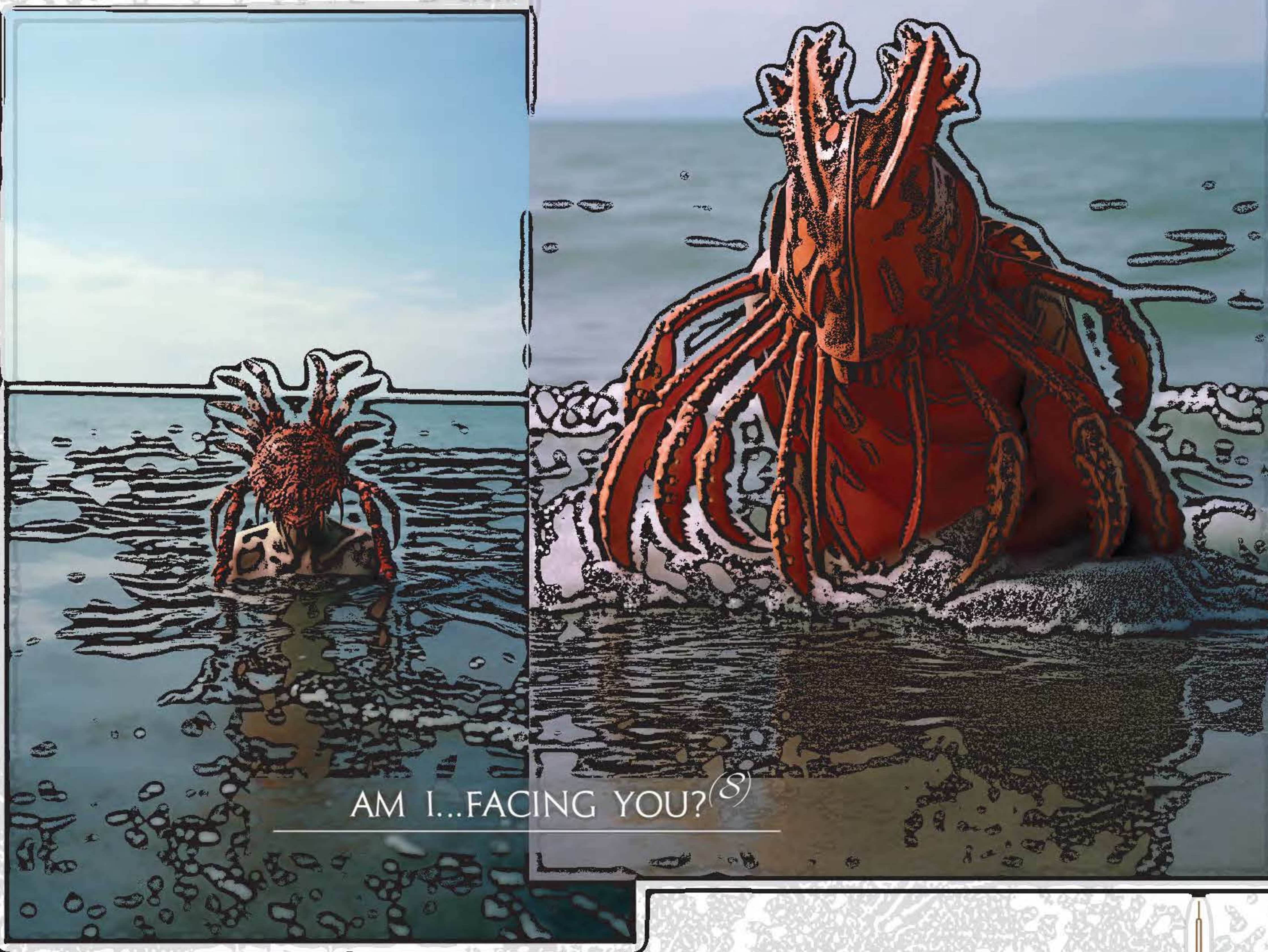
DO YOU FEEL IT?



THIS STATE OF BECOMING...⁽⁵⁾

OUR FEELING OF SOMETHING YET TO COME,
EXPANDING THE POTENTIAL FOR BEING...⁽⁶⁾

I SEE NOW. WE ARE KIN. BUT WHAT SHOULD WE CUT
AND TIE TO EXPERIENCE A MULTISPECIES KINSHIP?⁽⁷⁾



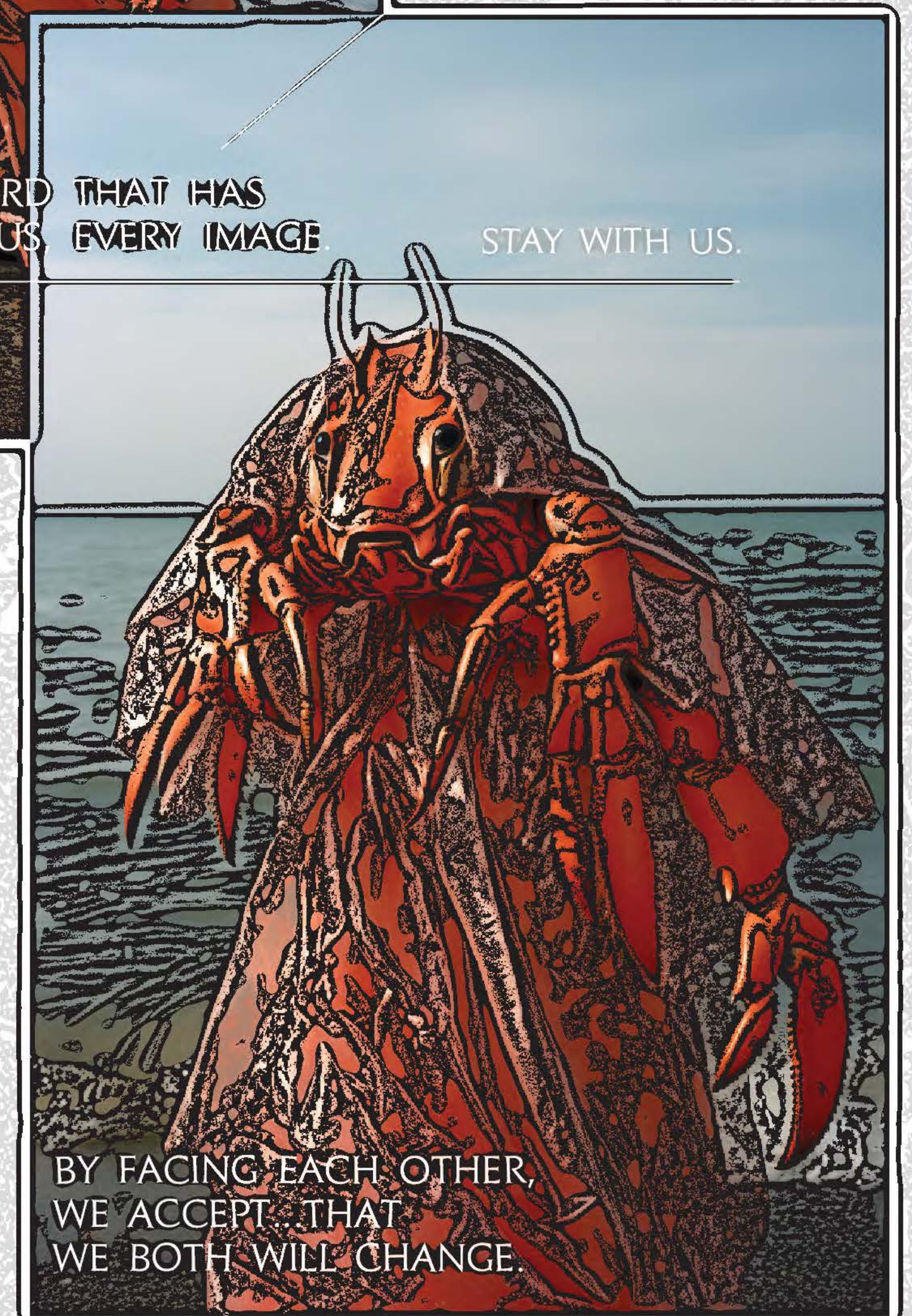
AM I...FACING YOU?⁽⁸⁾



WE ARE EVERY WORD THAT HAS
BEEN SPOKEN TO US EVERY IMAGE

CARLO DE GAETANO

I'M LOOKING AT
YOU, AND...YOU
LOOK BACK AT ME.
I STAY HERE WITH
YOU. US TOGETHER.
I'M ALREADY FEELING
DIFFERENT.
ARE YOU?



STAY WITH US.

BY FACING EACH OTHER,
WE ACCEPT THAT
WE BOTH WILL CHANGE.

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obliterating much that had gone before, as the tracks of the bird.

The sequence and meaning of the drift existence of hundreds of small snails—the branches and roots of the trees. Once their to the salt waters by every tie of their thousands and millions of years the ties themselves to life out of water, and now tide to which they only occasionally return many ages hence, there would be in their remembrance for the sea.

The spiral shells of other snails—these mud as they moved about in search of food.

storing of food, the putting forth of flowers, weeks of summer, this barnacle has drastically survive in a region of harsh conditions.

sea animals have pushed on even above high zone, where the only salty moisture comes such pioneers are snails of the periwinkle can endure months of separation from the sea waits for the waves of the spring tides activities except the vital one of reproduction

low water of neaps are the areas exposed on falls lower and lower, approaching the level this region is linked most closely with the sea. forms, able to live here only because

whelks live under the dripping curtains of or within the turf of Irish moss or among the dulse. They cling to the under sides where salt water drips from weeds and over the floor. In all such places the whelks eggs in straw-colored containers, each about and tough as parchment. Each capsule stands substratum, but usually they are crowded or mosaic.

A snail takes about an hour to make than 10 in twenty-four hours. It may produce a single capsule may contain as many as unfertilized nurse eggs that serve as food

green tube-weed rises from all of the floor. By rock and water and plants, and out another world. Looking into the pool, one sees hills and valleys with scattered forests. an actual landscape as of a painting of one; like the individual fronds of the algae do not literally But the artistry of the pool, as of the painter,

in any of these high pools—perhaps a few amber isopods. Conditions are difficult in all of the prolonged absence of the sea. The degrees, reflecting the heat of the day. The becomes more salty under a hot sun. It varies time through the chemical activity of the plants. far more stable conditions, and both plants

submerged. But why this return to salt water? ancestral stock were forced out of more crowded other species. Whatever the reason, they have in the difficult world of the shore with such their dominance there.

an individual mangrove begins when the long on the parent tree, drops to the floor of the swamp. when all the water has drained away; then the seed waiting till the salt flood comes in to lift it and later tide. Of all the hundreds of thousands of red on the southern Florida coast, probably less than parent trees. The rest put out to sea, their buoy surface waters, moving with the flow of the being able to survive the normal vicissitudes of battering of a rough sea. At first they float the development of their tissues for a new

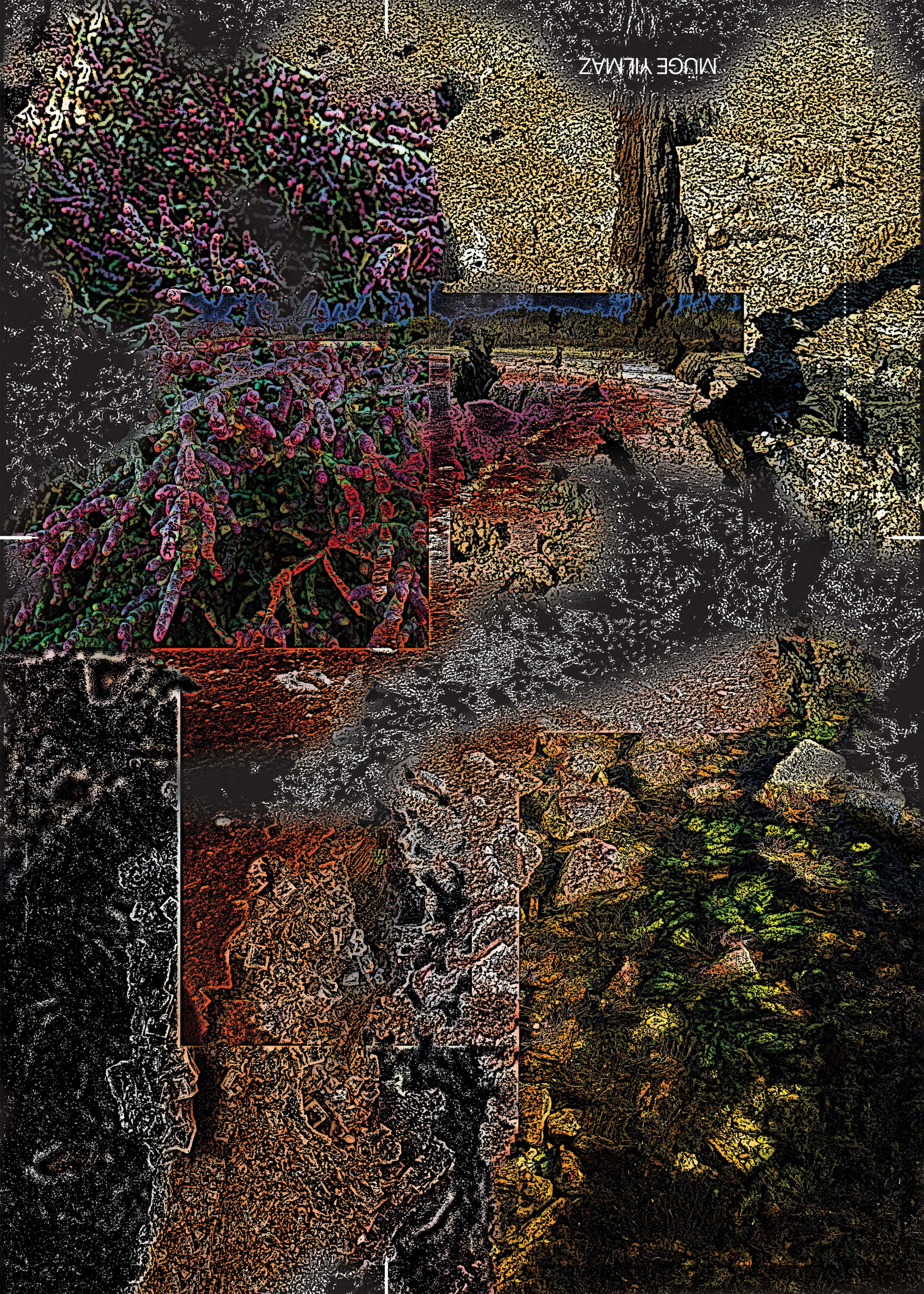
shiny spring coat may appear at its door and in the spring sunshine. If there is a lingering chill in its door. But the season has turned, and under all are awakening from their sleep.

amphipod known as the sand hopper or moments of evolution, in which a creature new. Its ancestors were completely marine; its future aright, will be terrestrial. Now it is midway land life.

there are strange little contradictions and hopper has progressed as far as the upper beach; to the sea, yet menaced by the very element that the water voluntarily. It is a poor swimmer and it requires dampness and probably needs the salt in bondage to the water world.

from offshore. A blue crab dashes out of the the act of spreading its antennae to filter Clouds of salt-water mimnows move in with the tide, of the upper beach. Lance, or sand eels, dart copepods or fish fry; sometimes the lance are of larger fish.

extraordinary activity slackens. There is less eating however, some animals can continue to eat even Lugworms can continue their work of passing sand sake of the scraps of nutriment they contain. Heart in saturated sand, continue to sort out bits of food. is a lull of repletion—of waiting for the turn



CRAFTSMAN-STYLE HOUSE

'It's not too late you know,'

said Jon on the shared pull-out couch of Letitia's suburban den slash guest room. Conor worked in Adobe Illustrator on her computer. She had thrown him a small gig to develop an anthropomorphic image of a water hyacinth and its root system. He zoomed in to detail the small holes in its turgid stem, designing each one as a little mouth with fleshy lips that could inhale gruesome toxins and exhale sparkling shards of clear water. He hardly had to exaggerate the similarity of these openings to those in the human face. He loved doing this. Jon watched him abstractly and frowned.

'You're never going to get on her good side by waiting to see if she'll pay attention to you. She knows you're full of it.'

Jon winked at Conor who apparently didn't hear him, but Jon knew how closely he listened.

'You need to show her how you feel – that your priorities include her.'

You're so handsome, Conor thought, imagining the undone bowtie that accompanied his stereotype on TV. Jon's gaze circled Conor. He rested his hand on Conor's back and looked at his phone.

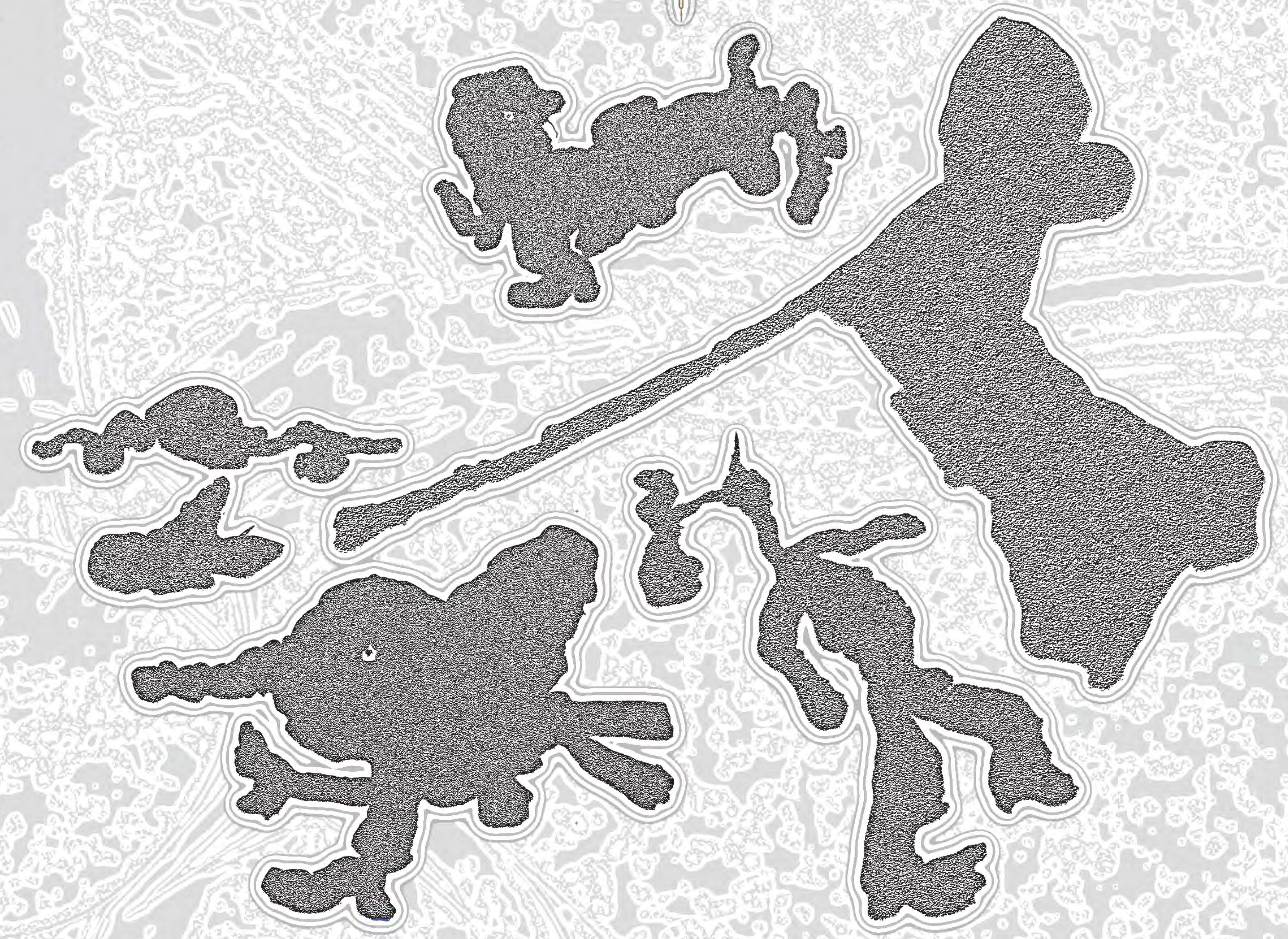
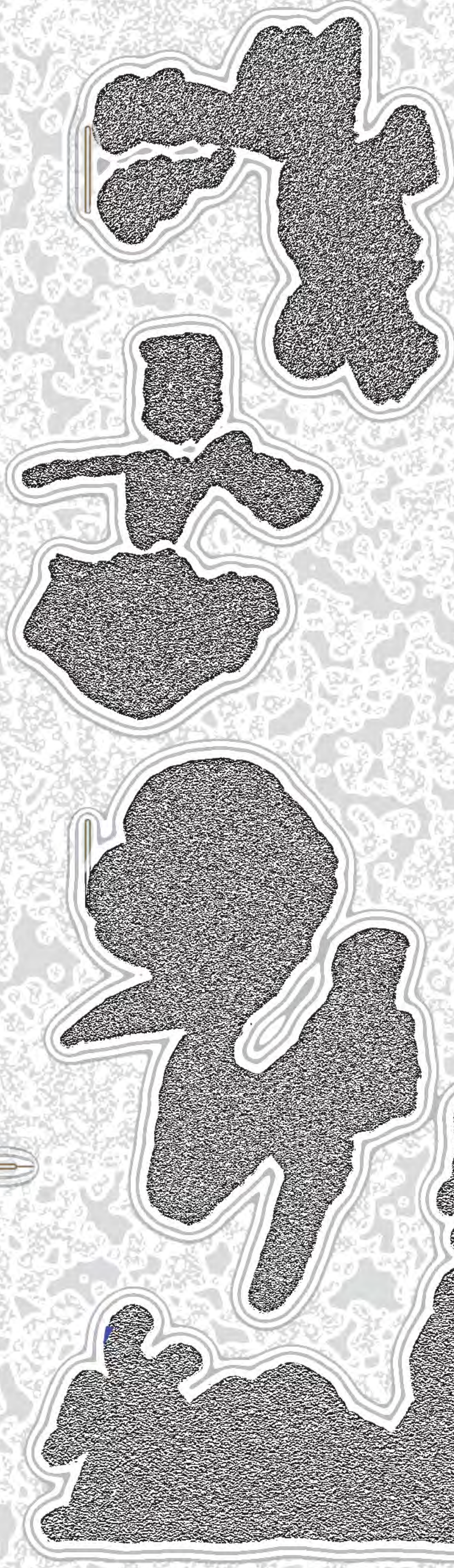
'I know,'

said Conor, lulled by the rhythm of Jon's prosaic late-night lectures.

They were in the rear of Letitia's house – far from the family – which from the front had a wide triangular roof with visible wooden beams, Craftsman-style. The further back you went, the more it dithered about its identity: sharp contemporary angles leading to an overgrown and wild garden.

Conor had borrowed Letitia's computer to do the work. In showing him how to use the tools he knew far better than she, she opened a Google doc containing a plotline and notes for a book. He wasn't sure if it was an accident. Jon saw it too.

'Your sister, what a shark, she can deal with anyone. Plus she's a mother, a writer, an executive, a scientist. You should be proud of her.'



Jon looked at him with kind eyes.

'You should tell her how proud you are of her.'

Conor gathered his remaining strength after a long workday, to drag himself to the washroom off the open-plan living room and brush his teeth, something Jon never bothered with when he was that tired. While this accounted for Jon's rotten teeth, his other poor hygiene habits offset the strength of his delicate build. Conor called out,

'I'm not sure she'd like that.'

Jon called back,

'Maybe it'd help open up the conversation between the two of you. Isn't that what she said to you the other day, "relationships are over when there's nothing left to say"?''



'Yeah, we have lots to talk about though.'

'I don't think that's what she meant. She's right, you know. You need something to argue about.'

Conor used one of Letitia's make-up wipes to clean his face and applied a light oil Jon had packed for the journey. He did a little run to jump into the bed. Jon playfully grabbed him, and gave him a passionate kiss before pushing him away.

FROM 'AND STILL SHE MOVES', A NOVEL BY JANINE ARMIN.
ALL IMAGES BY ZIGMUNDS LAPSA, 2023

'What's wrong?'

asked Conor.

'I'm chatting with Nathan. They're upset. They've taken on a new job somewhere in Hungary and ended up in a strange place. I'm keeping them on the line, so they don't feel alone.'

'An acting job?'

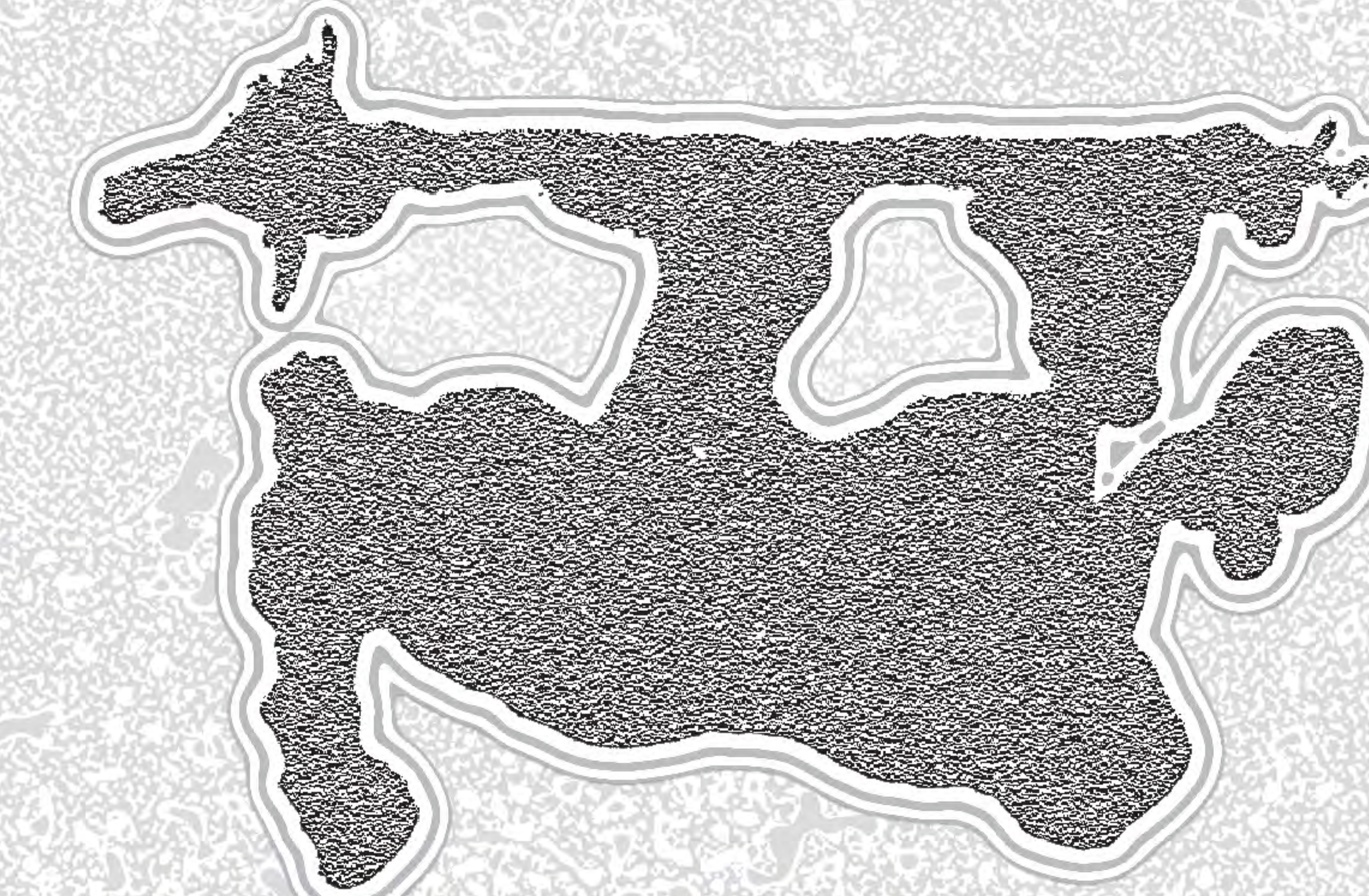
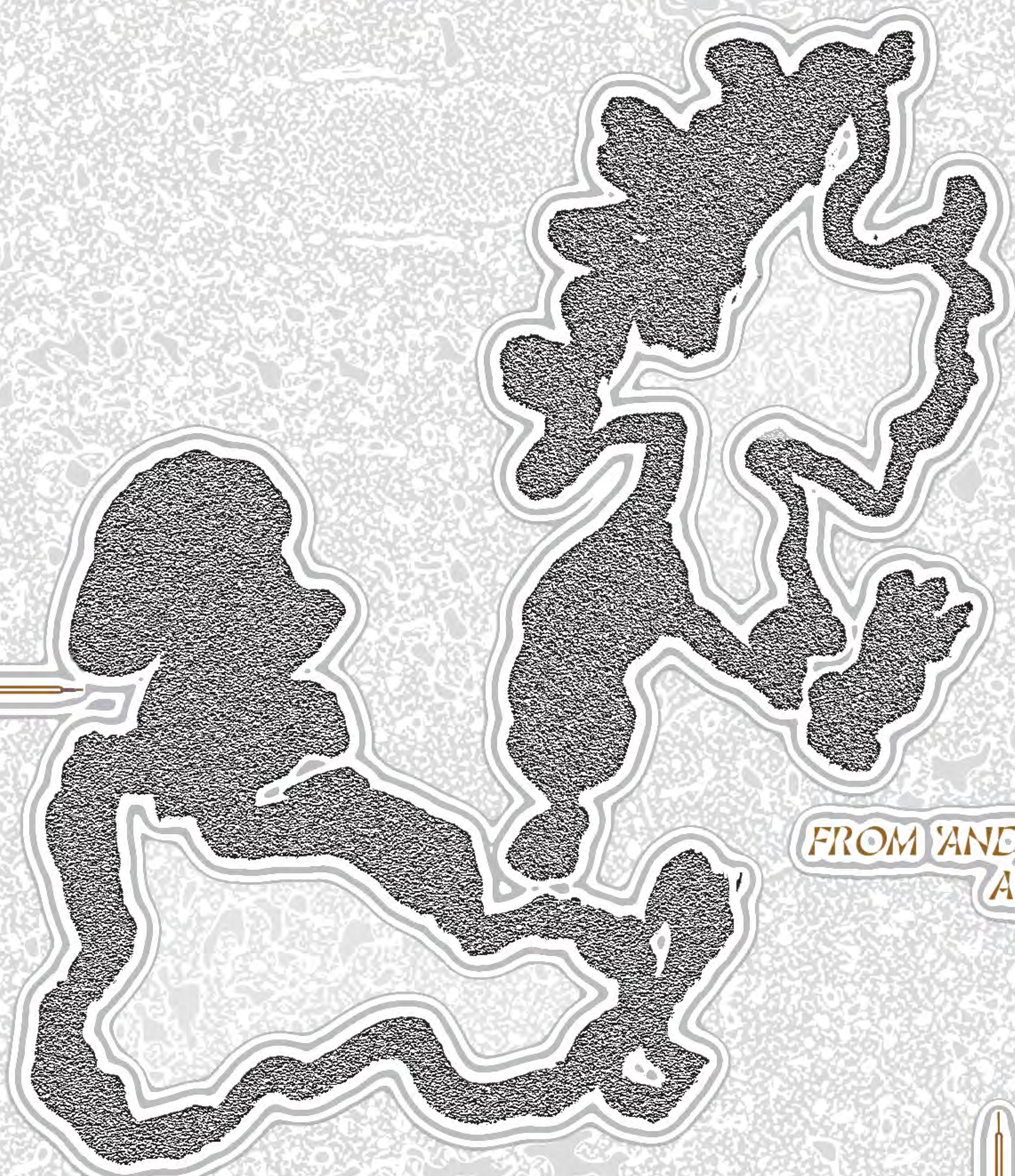
'Don't be jealous.'

'I'm not jealous,'
replied Conor.

Jon smiled abstractly and put on his headphones.

Conor rolled over and faked sleep. The fragments he had read of his sister's book had lodged themselves in his brain and taken on a life of their own. He fell asleep to a land of monsters under northern skies. Survival at all costs.

JANINE ARMIN



Ambiguous Ripples

by Orestis Kollyris

There is still something to be said about the possibility of ambiguity in artistic research, especially as we develop new imaginaries for a world struggling with the exigency of survival and with the urgency to move beyond it. After all, an imaginary is always an argument unfolding in the present, but whose premises have not yet emerged. In the same way that being an artist that does research, or a researcher that does art is like being an anchored boat that still manages to lose sight of the land.

Artistic research is an ongoing process, never static, as is our climate reality. Rupturing through everything we know, declassifying what we have taxonomised, bearing promises we fear trusting, and spawning threats we dread tackling. Appearing as the last reality we will ever witness. However, we are still in the process of living, forced to negotiate and build new relationships with our non-human others while finding ourselves in the face of surprising, sometimes dangerous, conditions. But what if we refuse to use the established colonial taxonomies to account for these new life formations? What if we choose to declassify their contradictions? How can we respond to an environment that runs in a different temporality than we do while unbinding the barriers that keep its inhabitants apart from us? How to ultimately break the illusion of an “us” that keeps us separate from the rest of life?

I believe that doing artistic research is putting knowledge on a muddy pedestal made to dissolve, to get transformed and reshaped. In that sense, it is not a practice that grasps, that arrests or comes to know, but one that caresses. It is still an argument, but one that is yet to be made continuously. Which also means collectively. For every gesture towards developing better imaginaries springs an infrastructure. One on which someone has to lay, which someone has to trust, or else it disappears. Faced with the terrifying questions of the present, I find comfort in exchange and in dialogue, in upholding the promise of an ongoing process. This motivates the following interview with artist and designer Akash Sheshadri. A desire for this zine - designed, printed and assembled - to move again, to give a glimpse of its ongoingness.

O - Which elements of the works did you try to bring forth through the design and the visual vocabulary of the zine? How do these elements correspond to the topics of climate change and climate imaginaries?

A - The translation of the generous contributions of the authors into distinct, standalone entities whose elements still leave a cohesive trail was an exciting exercise. The visual vocabulary, for instance, borrowed a lot from processes of weathering and erosion, reflected in the visual design through the textural treatment of typography, images and illustrations. Sun-bleach, sand-blasted abrasion, winds, tides, eating up into material they make frictional contact with. Weathered textures are fascinating because of their ubiquity, the way they hold a historical passage of time within them, their processes leaving marks. I attempted to have a design process that leaves traces within the output it generates. While mindful of simplicity and legibility, decisions were made to strike a balance.

O - What was your approach to making the contributions interact with each other? How did the idea for the format of the zine come about?

A - For the publication's format, it was fun to adopt a loose metaphor of a map folding out in different directions, sometimes unmanageable and blowing recklessly in the wind. This seemed apt considering the variety of styles and subjects of interest of the contributions that still fall within a broader theme. All of these perspectives collapse and are bound together within a smaller format. In order to access the content, the design expects the reader to "release" it from its binding.

O - How did you approach the potential entanglement between your work and the research done by the artists? What would you say is the urgency of your work in relation to climate imaginaries?

A - In my personal visual practice, for the past year and a half, I have been interested in visual cultures and aesthetics surrounding 'transcendence', ideas of "as outside, so within", "as above, so below", etc. Popularly, these are represented in complex visuals that make up our ideas about psychedelia and fractals. A movement to a perceived infinity. These images that borrow from generations of maximalist aesthetics, the ancient and the future, indicate the nesting of worlds within worlds and the diversity and richness they contain. I found an interesting conceptual entanglement between the work of the artists, which peers into the vastness of themselves, their voice, and the perceived vastness of the subjects they're dealing with. It presents a dialogue of sorts.

Afterword

The circular, the nested, the upscaled—all familiar narrative structures folded into this last hint of dialogue within a dialogue—are rich in ways to think about this zine: a conversation in artistic research, a connection between collective struggles and private urgencies, a synecdoche, a background texture referring to a whole world, a sudden realization that someone's work was already part of your work and someone's life part of your life.



Futures from the past

by Mariana Fernández Mora

contributions by

Amanda Pina
Carlo de Gaetano
Janine Armin
Müge Yilmaz

with thanks to

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Design by Akash Sheshadri

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Further information about Making Waves and the Climate Imaginaries at Sea Project can be found at www.climateimaginariesatsea.org



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