



Helsinki, 10 October 2022

Dear Vincent,

I have been thinking about what to write in this postcard for a few days now, while in semi-isolation as my family has been ill with covid. Is this a sign of another *wave* of the pandemic approaching, or have we just gone against the *tide* somehow? Oceanic metaphors abound. I guess it makes sense. After all, waves and tides gesture towards something beyond our immediate perception. They make distances and borders dissolve.

Breathing thanks to and with the sea, my body also appears estuarine. Complete isolation is hardly an option. Isn't it a fascinating contradiction that the verb for making airtight is to *seal*? Seal being just one of the myriad creatures that unlike humans are at home both in water and on land.

Words must carry endless mythical lineages within them. Ancient knowledge and memory across temporal, geographical and generational distances about crossings, porosities, fluidities. What an amazing legend you introduced me to in your last postcard, by the way - a siren with duck-feet. Not only inhabiting land and water, but also gifted with wings, ducks are surely mythical more than mundane, when I come to think of it.

While collecting my thoughts for this postcard, I have witnessed flocks after flocks of birds gathering and chattering, getting ready to fly south, across the sea. I

have spent hours walking along and against the wavering gusts of autumn breeze, listening to the ropes jingling against the masts of sailing boats like wind chimes, sensing in the wind the breath of the sea.

Yes, we definitely need spaces and time for crying together. Likewise there is a need for myths and rituals - re-membered, emergent out of the waves of turbulence. Rituals that cannot be contained within the data infrastructures, but may yet weave together with them novel textures of collectivity, reciprocity and care.

For this postcard I chose an image I took of plankton sampled from the Archipelago Sea a few years ago. Down the river from the Titanic gallery. It was my first, truly transformative, visual encounter with microscopic phytoplankton, who make half the oxygen in the Earth's atmosphere. They have always been there, sustaining my breath, but mere visibility or data cannot convey our planetary interdependence. What kind of rituals and myth making tools do we need to (re)learn to pay gratitude to all of those, who make our lives possible? Rather than fearing monsters lurking in the depths, how to meet and greet them on these shifting shorelines?

As Rachel Carson wrote, our shared *world is a water world, a planet dominated by its covering mantle of ocean, in which the continents are but transients intrusions of land above the surface of the all-encircling sea.*

Warmest wishes for the exhibition, Taru