



In between Stockholm & Visby 12.9.2022

Thank you Vincent for your postcard! What an interesting image... I will get back to that in a moment. First, I want to send you greetings from yet another boat. I am crossing this little pond of a sea once again, now heading towards a large island, Gotland, on the East coast of Sweden. I will write you more about it later. Last night, on my way through Turku Archipelago, full moon lit the way across the calm waters. Quite a dramatic scene! Thinking of your postcard while looking out through the round cabin window at the face of the moon, I wondered at the power of this timeless yet exhausted scene to simultaneously promise and betray. The moon draws out the landscape in sharp monochrome contrasts. But its sense of eternity, infinity even, veils the unprecedented speed of transformations unfolding beneath and above the waves. It also reminded me that something shared across the globe and across generations - the enchanting sight of the full moon - is never quite the same.

Here, in this small body of water, there are hardly any tides. The Baltic sea appears always relatively still, but this is merely a mirage. The view that bathes in the moon's cold light is also a scene of ecocide. Human impacts, ranging from local agricultural run-off to global climate change, are wrecking havoc in these waters. The notion of an ecoscene you refer to, makes me think of this all-encompassing sense that is always also an unresolved tension, of different temporalities, distances and scales being folded together. How would you define ecoscene? For me, a scene is a view but also a site, an event and an act. It can simply appear but it might also be staged, scripted and choreographed. What kind of a scene is the drawing in your postcard? For me it is, amongst myriad

other things, a view of the melting glaciers. But the explosive event has no single director or agent. Is an ecoscene always a collective act, or a view with no singular perspective? What happens when it is brought onto the stage, into the art spaces founded on the modernist cut of abstraction and detachment?

The image in your postcard made me also think of another cut at the foundations of Western thought, the binary of life and non-life, which is challenged by indigenous cosmologies. The notion of a mountain as a being, alive, does not necessarily have to do with anthropomorphism. Rather it is an acknowledgment that our fates are intimately, inexplicably and irreducibly entwined in the planetary circulations big and small. In the minerals powering my phone, the rocky landscapes that have been blown to speed up global human connections and the economic incentives driving these extractions, are now an intrinsic part of my subjectivity and social life. Geosocialities or hydrosocialities, nothing appears that stable in the end. Like these Northern shores of the Baltic, where the land and the sea both keep on rising - one on what seems like a slow steady pace to humans, the other in largely unpredictable rhythms to come, yet both ultimately governed by the melting of glaciers.

Warmly, Taru