



On the train from Barcelona to Paris, September 19<sup>th</sup> 2022.

Dear Taru

When leaving Biarritz, at the station, four days ago, and while looking at the city's coat of arms, I thought of you who wrote in your last postcard about the Gotland whale. A fishing boat with five gendered fishermen, one at the helm, three at the oar, and the fifth brandishing a harpoon. Under the boat, in the waters of a rough sea, a whale. On the top a star, two shells. Under the image, a motto in Latin: *Aura Sidus Mare Adjuvant Me*. Contemporary rereading of the latter resonates with an animist understanding of the sentence: 'May the wind, the star and the sea be with you', somewhat forgetting its historical, situated, and concrete meaning: may the weather conditions and the fate help you hunt and kill whales safely...

I'm on another train now, on my way to Paris airport. I'll be back by the Baltic Sea in the night. For the last three days we worked with my architect friend Edouard Cabay to prototype what I call *sceanographies*. The rendering of the latter in 3D prints will be, more or less immersed in water, exhibited among the other works at Titanic in November. From an inventory of the different sea/wave machines of the scenographic history of Western theatre, we realized miniatures of several *dispositifs* - from the helicoidal and blue hand-

activated columns of Niccola Sabbatini for the Baroque theater to Steele Mackay's wave-machine designed for his failed *Spectatorium* project for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 (for which Mackaye wanted to stage the 'Discovery of America' by realizing 1/1 scale copies of Columbus' three ships sailing on a hyper-realistic stormy sea!). With these miniatures machines we had fun animating water in a bathtub, lit by two projectors, collecting data from the water motion, and rendering the sampled data into 3D models (image)...

Yesterday, Jean-Luc Godard let go. In the evening, I swam for, I guess, the last time this summer. The Mediterranean was warm and quiet. And always already tragic. I thought of the last scene and the last images of *Pierrot le Fou* (which was one of my favorites as a young adult discovering cinema in the late 90s). Do you recall the scene? The camera sweeps from the explosion of the fireworks with which Ferdinand kills himself on the cliff towards the vastness of the sea, and we hear the lover's off- voices, whispering Rimbaud's lines:

Marianne: It's ours again.

Ferdinand: What is?

Marianne: Eternity.

Ferdinand: That's just the sea, gone...

Marianne: With the sun.

Vincent