

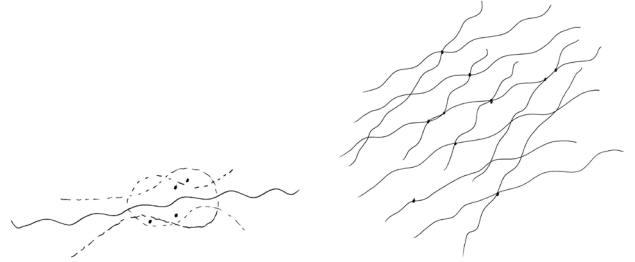
*Liquid Crystals*

*and Blissful Dots*

# *Introduction*

*Liquid Crystals*

Sally sells seashells by the seashore. I am inviting you to sail to the seashore to discover what a seashell might sell. This text is going to be a journey which swings from the sea to the shore and everywhere in between. Dwelling in a space that is so fluid might seem difficult, but a seagull above will guide you through the deluges and delusions that shall appear. If you manage to find the shell, gently press it to your ear, it will whisper the reason for the exploration — the search for tranquility.

*and Blissful Dots*

The stories and the characters in this text will be connecting parts of a larger net I am trying to knot. Some words are inhabiting transformations, overlaps and clashes that are happening in the world, others are shifting the focus to a calm and peaceful state of mind. I became obsessed with the coast long ago, it has always felt so close and so far, just like those blissful moments of total serenity. It is a space constantly concealed and revealed by waters, always surprising with the unfamiliar textures, scents and beings. I am interested in creating a narrative that frees one from darkness and offers a cheerful break or a pleasant discovery.

*Sunlight*

*Liquid Crystals*

It is the sudden flap of a wave that wakes us up and lures us into the fluid zone that changes every single moment. We try to resist gravity, to reach the familiar and safe — but apocalyptic uncertainty is pulling us back. It is unclear whether the water is still ebbing, the flow might already be further away than harbours on the opposite side of the globe.

The bare ground under your feet is mesmerising, the intense sea scent is making you feel alive and the soft spongy textures are caressing your body. This stillness, though, signifies that the sea is approaching somebodies' land with full force.

*and Blissful Dots*

The sea will flood the sands, will wet the marble floors of history. Perhaps it will damage the colours of our cotton sheets, but when the next cycle comes — when water retreats to its deepest basin, new generations will arise, a seal will crawl out of the sea again and undecidedly chill on a sandy beach, rolling itself in the particles of fossils of those who lived there before.

*Liquid Crystals*

The sea is a soup, boiling the biggest diversity of organisms on earth. All life started, and eventually ends, in waters. A dying body dries, releasing its liquids to the soil which connects all oceans above and below. We accept it as an inevitable part of our life, but it is troubling to imagine the apocalyptic scenario which shows our planet drowning altogether.

*and Blissful Dots*

1

Rachel Carson and 'Silent Spring',  
<https://www.independent.com/2019/08/29/rachel-carson-and-silent-spring/>

It is impossible to predict to what extent the changes will impact our lives, how high and how soon shall we have to climb to escape the rising waters. None of the engineering solutions can prevent the sea from spilling towards us. Despite having originated from the sea, we are becoming helpless as we see it approaching our contemporary lives. The paradoxical evolutionary path of mankind was noticed by marine biologist Rachel Carson who devotedly researched the sea-shore:

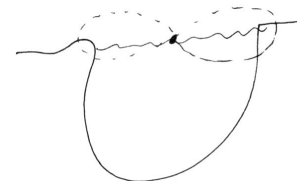
“It is a curious situation that the sea, from which life first arose, should now be threatened by the activities of one form of that life. But the sea, though changed in a sinister way, will continue to exist; the threat is rather to life itself.”<sup>1</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

2

Anthropocene – the current geological age, viewed as the period during which human activity has been the dominant influence on the climate and the environment.

Although she was observing this phenomenon in the middle of the last century, these days we are becoming more and more aware of the dramatic scenario that is influencing every being on earth. We are trying to take a step back, but changes only happen if one moves forward. I initially had the idea of writing a script for my art piece, which would be an invitation to escape the approaching tsunami in serenity, then some waves pulled me inside the Anthropocentric<sup>2</sup> thinking that deliberately enhances the drama of our world today. It is not the way I want to tackle it, though. I am aware of things that scream about the catastrophe, but I also notice

*and Blissful Dots*

that people are anxiously looking for help. As religion retreats from Western thinking, people don't have a space to place their sorrows in, and 'nobody' to lean on. My attempt to create comfort by focusing on beauty might be a failed one, but I wish to open it up with different voices that perform alternative ways of looking at the world. I chose to move along the line between the sea and the shore in order to have the possibility of jumping from one matter to another, to shift perspectives and to enhance certain subjects in a metaphoric way. Some things are quite obvious if we try to talk about them, but they become visible if we shine a particular light on them.

*Liquid Crystals*

My urge could easily be criticised as escapism, but that is how I wish to support humans during this whole cycle of catastrophe. I remember A. Camus' words: 'There is no country for those who despair, but I know that the sea precedes and follow me, and I hold my madness ready.' Is it possible to keep despair in suspense? While some people are trying to run away to outer space, I am inviting you to look for peace in the surroundings and observe the temporality of beauty. Perhaps it is time to adjust our position and focus on peace instead of chaos. It is both a passive and a neutral state. We become spectators of change, licking sweet metaphors of familiar imagery. Virginia Woolf, Walt Whitman and many other writers have always enchanted their readers with pictures from the seashore that wrap one in beautiful dreams. 'O madly the sea pushes upon the land, With love, with

*and Blissful Dots*

3

Whitman, Walt. "Out Of The Cradle Endlessly Rocking." *The Complete Poems*: Penguin Books, London, 2004, p. 277

4

Not if the Seas Rise, but When and How High, <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/11/22/books/review-water-will-come-jeff-goodell.html>



love.' Whitman writes<sup>3</sup>. In contrast, contemporary thinkers like Timothy Morton and Jeff Goodell mention the coast as a disastrous zone threatening our existence. 'Sea-level rise is one of the central facts of our time, as real as gravity. It will reshape our world in ways most of us can only dimly imagine.' states Goodell<sup>4</sup>. The sea is one of humanity's oldest metaphors for life, and a sea journey, as a journey through life, noted German philosopher Hans Blumenberg. In his book 'Shipwreck with Spectator', he explores the metaphoric language of sea and shore throughout history and how human perspective is neutralised as we remain only observers recording events flowing in front of our eyes.



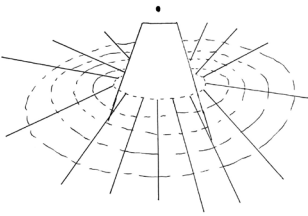
*Liquid Crystals**and Blissful Dots*

In times when media is flooding everyday life, we must not forget to look for lucid shores that support one's personal vision. Our common knowledge about the space between the sea and the shore is driven by daily news about the rising waters, refugees leaving and arriving as well as our memories from holidays at the beach. The image of a lighthouse standing still or a fishermen pulling in their catch of the day. The shore is a place full of streaks which mark the passing of time, humans moving around and ecological changes in the world. It can be seen as a symbolic metaphor for the world, captured in each moment — groundless, fluid and rapidly changing, it affects our lives while we are the accelerators of all the change.

5

Blumenberg, Hans. *Shipwreck With Spectator: Paradigm of a Metaphor for Existence Studies in Contemporary German Social Thought*. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1997, p. 10

“The contraposition of dry land and deep sea as the primary frame of reference for the paradoxical metaphors of existence might, however, lead us to expect that, going beyond the ideas of storms at sea and sinkings, there must also be the, as it were, emphatic configuration in which shipwreck at sea is set beside the uninvolved spectator on dry land.”<sup>5</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

Nevertheless, we can also make a positive impact. I believe it is not enough to raise the awareness, to emphasise the threats. It is more powerful to propose a solution which could be the 'lucid shore'. To me it means a serene moment, one which I am trying to create in my practice. I gather elements of everyday life that compose a situation where one can focus on the beauty of the mundane; a net becomes a narrator of the coastal events instead of an evil symbol of the fishing industry, the water is absent and reveals the tactile landscape, a lighthouse invites the spectator in and illuminates the hidden world.

*Strobe Light*

*Liquid Crystals***Trūksta Iceberg'o ilustracijoj**

Humans have always been enchanted by the seashore — its mysteriousness, power and magic — which evolved into a politically, sociologically and historically complex zone. The same tip of an iceberg that indicated the catastrophe of Titanic last century, is now becoming the Noah's Ark for polar inhabitants whose shoreline is melting with gradually increasing temperatures. At the same time there are new 'coastal' formations shaping in the oceans entitled 'the garbage patches'. Obviously those examples are concerning, but if one mindfully approaches and observes the strips of the **sea-shore** that are still vital and intimately unveiled by ebbing water,

*and Blissful Dots*

6

Ecotone – area where different plant communities transition from one to another. It contains characteristics of both bordering vegetations and often hosts species that inhabit neither.

some stunning textures and colours will appear. Seaweeds, barnacles, mussels, crabs and other tough species are inhabiting the area that is always in flux, forcing them to adapt and evolve into an invincible army. One should stroll slowly there, bend the knees, come closer to the crystals of sand, transmitting whispers of invisible creatures. It is important to listen carefully, because this special moment may be disturbed by the chuckling baby having its first meeting with the sea, the shriek of a concerned parent observing that encounter or a radio report of a worried biologist tracking the changes in the marine ecotone.<sup>6</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

*'Mum! It stole my sandwich! Bad Bird! Ugly Bird!' cries a little girl, who was having such an appetising lunch when a huge seagull noticed a vulnerable food source. She wipes her eyes with sandy hands and, half blinded, runs towards her family. It didn't take long for the joyful energy to return. A pink lycra suit was stretched over the body, inflatable wings were pressing her biceps — the girl was ready to play where sea meets land again. Although the elaborate sand castle, built over many hours, was already being beaten by powerful waves, the same water tongues were actively throwing out intriguing things. She noticed small yellow*

*and Blissful Dots*

*stones that looked like amber. There were so many stories that her mother used to tell about fossilised tree resin that holding the physical pieces in small palms felt magical. She particularly liked the Lithuanian legend about the goddess of the sea, Jūratė, who lived in an amber castle and a mortal fisherman Kąstytis. They fall in love, but their unity is impossible because land and water worlds can't mix. Jūratė gets punished by her father who uses lightning bolts to kill the man and destroy the palace. According to the legend that is why little pieces of amber keep arriving at the shores and beaches of the Baltic Sea.*

*Liquid Crystals*

My first encounter with the seashore was in Nida — a small village on the Curonian Spit, Lithuania. Every year, in the last week of August my family would go there on holiday. I learnt about the forceful nature of waves and the tranquility of sand on the beach of Nida. From time to time I would experience the temporality of my existence when a huge tongue of water sucked me inside a stream. Those moments might traumatise one, but if overcome it introduces the power of nature and makes you feel alive. It was mostly a careless and joyful time. I remember as kids we (my friends and siblings) would throw stranded jellyfish at each other

*and Blissful Dots*

or roll their slimy bodies in the sand, totally unaware they were 'beings'. We were also running to pee in the sea, encouraged by our parents. It felt more natural to release our urine into the massive 'soup' of different microbes instead of going further behind the dunes. The Baltic seaside often gets too dirty to dip sweaty holiday bodies into, partly due to the irresponsible behaviour of the holiday goers. On the opposite side of the globe tourists gather for (scuba)diving sessions to look at the whitening coral reefs. Not all of them are aware that the monochrome colour palette is a warning sign from nature, showing the demand for non disturbance.

*Liquid Crystals*

7

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nskUHvjyIEA>

Beaches have always been places for recreation due to the healing properties of salty water and the chemical mixture of different substances in the seashore that provide soothing effects. Unfortunately, people don't only gather there to relax in serenity, but also abuse it as a picturesque setting for careless practices. This ends in colourful mountains of plastic covering the surfaces. It takes massive efforts from scientists to come up with solutions for this problem. Pornhub has recently released a provocative video showing typical porn scenes in plastic-flooded beaches aiming to draw the attention from sexual desire, to an urgent need for action.<sup>7</sup> Polluted beaches is only a small visible part of the whole surface that is causing trouble for sea dwellers as well as land inhabitants.

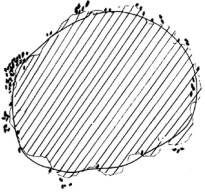
*and Blissful Dots*

8

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gH6AsRi4paU>



While most ecological changes are graspable, there are also discreet political actions that happen between aquatic and terrestrial zones. On the coasts of Africa, international forces are exploiting the area, leaving its inhabitants and the ecosystems disturbed. Local communities are not powerful enough to prohibit these environmental crimes. No wonder pirates of Somali have returned to their criminal activity. Originally making a living as fishermen, some men switched into piracy when foreign fishing ships started taking over their prey. They are mythologised and seen as Captain Hooks, but in most cases pirates are petty opportunists causing international concerns. Sympathising with them, one can understand that furious behaviour onboard is meant to protect the peace onshore.<sup>8</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

There are many factors that influence our understanding of the planet, the way we inhabit it as well as how we relate to other inhabitants. Human perspective of the world has changed due to discoveries made and the advancement of technology — we know that our planet doesn't end at the horizon. It is interesting, though, that our knowledge of life below water is quite limited. Plato famously commented: 'We inhabit a small portion of the earth...living round the sea like ants and frogs round the pond'. The majority of the world's biggest cities are situated in coastal areas. It is a phenomenon that evolved due to the attractiveness and economical benefits for the residents of the coastline. Harbours, fishing industries and tourism are some of

*and Blissful Dots*

9

Excerpt from lyrics:

"Dear Miami, you're the first to go  
Disappearing under melting snow"

the most profitable practices and ones that many people count on for their livelihood. It is inevitable, though, that such activities leave nature disturbed and often destroyed. Some problems occur in how inhabitants deal with the outcomes of their environment. While residents from richer areas tend to build massive concrete walls and blockades to protect their property from the rising sea and disastrous flooding, poorer communities have no power to fight the threatening waves approaching their homes and wiping out their livelihoods. Ten years ago I used to listen to Roisin Murphy's song 'Dear Miami', which announced the fatal future of the city, yet it is only now that I understand what 'disappearing under melting snow' means<sup>9</sup>.

*Dim Light*



*Liquid Crystals*

~~

slush blurp flip flop flap hug suck  
fuck phloop clurk

soft soft sOoOft                      so o o o ft

slip sliiiiip slippP sli p p p er y

in in in in in side

disappear merge smerge

wow vowel slow shovel

touch retouch stretch reach

s wa ll ow

*and Blissful Dots*

look blink bling i eyes my mine  
glossy shine

this it big too big  
small enough

skin itch ouch jell silk

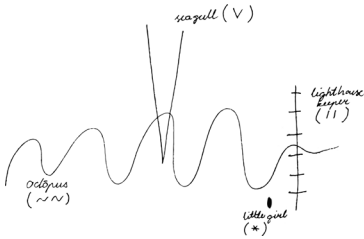
stop front back care not

muscle tense tentacle tenser minced  
mouth beak crack more

pho egg noodle spaghetti sauce  
thick butter

~~

# Liquid Crystals



As bodies of water we ebb and flow across time and space. Crawling, swimming, walking we learn to live in the world. The joyful discoveries of the first tactile experiences of newborns recur during adult years when new or unexpected sensations are triggered. Our ten fingers are always alert to touch and grab, the nerves are quickly transmitting news to our brains — we get accustomed to our surroundings through similar explorations as those of the octopus. Eight tentacles are gathering knowledge while gripping undiscovered objects. The word tentacle originated from the Latin word ‘tentare’, which means ‘to feel, to try’.

# and Blissful Dots

10

Reference to D. Haraway's concept of 'Tentacular Thinking' from her book "Staying with the Trouble"

Crawling back and forth through wet and dry worlds octopuses are curiously exploring new places and objects. There are stories of them being found on carpets, along bookshelves and in teapots. They continue to surprise with their ability to blend in anywhere. Although humans usually judge other beings from their perspective or project anthropomorphic qualities on those that resemble themselves, it is interesting how the octopus remains an ‘alien’, despite sharing intellectual similarities. There are stories recorded of octopuses taking humans by the hand and showing them around the sea or even inviting them to visit their dens. Holding hand in tentacle, tentacle gripping hand, we could blur the transition of marine ecotone and acknowledge our interconnectedness.

*Liquid Crystals**and Blissful Dots*

Ingold Tim. *The Perception of the Environment*. Routledge: London and New York, 2000

Cultures that worship nature and animals, respect their presence and habits, they manage to cultivate a peaceful linear relationship that doesn't elevate some beings above or detach from others.<sup>11</sup> People knew that the sea gods must be respected to maintain harmony in the world. In Greek mythology many characters have to cross the mysterious sea and reach unfamiliar lands in order to face the most powerful gods or their own destiny. Those stories evolved into traditions that continue to this

day. In 1492 Cristopher Columbus left the coast of Castile to find new paths around the world. He was looking for the fastest way to ship foreign goods to his homeland, which laid out routes for future colonialism. Recently, everybody observed Greta Thunberg as she sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to attend 2019 UN Climate Action Summit. The trip was a demonstration of her belief in the importance of reducing emissions. The young heroine believes that it is a way to fight for a peaceful future.

*Liquid Crystals**and Blissful Dots*

12

Argonauts – heroes in Greek Mythology who assisted Jason sailing the ship Argo to fetch the Golden Fleece

People onshore are waiting for the Argonauts<sup>12</sup> and the changes they bring to the coasts. What looks like an achievement in the moment, may later develop into complex histories. Both Columbus and Thunberg were conquering waves motivated by a genuine urge to bring positive results to the land. Contrary to their stories there is a silent flow of people, to whom arriving at a distant shore is a life changing event, an escape from chaos. Citizens from extreme political areas are ready to leave their homes hoping to find safety elsewhere. The path of a refugee often crosses



vast waters, the desperate hope of jumping over an abyss pushes them offshore. Their life is without a shoreline and the only mark of navigation is the horizon ahead with the rising and falling sun. The sounds and the figures familiar to the life onshore are usually the signs of mission accomplished and the peaceful ground awaiting. There is a whole generation of Lithuanians, who escaped Soviet occupation by crossing the Atlantic. One of them was the filmmaker Jonas Mekas, who recorded memories from the trip in his diary:

*Liquid Crystals**and Blissful Dots*

“We are beginning to pass some ships. Must be some islands nearby. I am standing on the deck watching seagulls, I listen to their sad screeching cries. I am also sad, but I am not crying. I am trying to keep my seagulls locked inside.”<sup>13</sup>

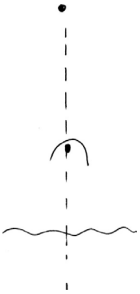
For Mekas, arriving at the coastal waters of America meant both salvation and alienation. Far from the native Baltic Sea it signified that he would step on the land of new life. Nevertheless, he suspended the drama and managed to find peace, silently accepting his fate. Later in life he made a biographical film, capturing the sublime fragments of living in fluidity. It was entitled ‘As I Was Moving Ahead Occasionally I Saw Brief Glimpses of Beauty’.

*Liquid Crystals*

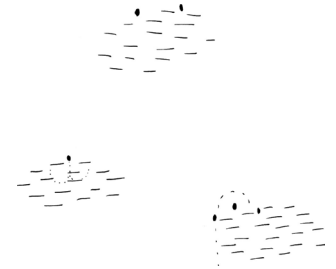
These days a trip does not mean a lifetime journey anymore. Living in mobility has become easy and accessible for the majority of people. Everybody has a certain knowledge of how various systems function in totally different parts of the world. It is still questionable, though, if the evolution has taken a second loop and we as humans are back to a nomadic way of living. Being in flux all the time asks for a certain alertness just like walking alongside the sea. Beware of the waves crashing towards you.

*and Blissful Dots*

To continuously move around is to live life without banisters. Nevertheless, we need to hold onto something to prevent ourselves from an endless fall. Coasts have blinking lights which direct and help travellers to navigate **and avoid**. The lighthouse is a spine for the horizon. The axis that pierces the sea in order to illuminate the end of an empty field of water. It exists on the edge of the horizon, almost in one's imagination. It is a floating structure that neither reaches the land, nor is completely isolated from the waters. The life of a lighthouse keeper is often either romanticised or seen as a desolate life for those who prefer the solitary confines of the role, away from the social rigours of mainland life. It stands still under the moon — the other light that stretches from as high as our galaxy and reaches underwater ecosystems. The moon might be the only companion for the lighthouse

*Liquid Crystals*

keeper — no matter whether full or crescent it measures the time and pushes or pulls the waters around. The modernised automatic blinks of the lighthouse dance in line with, or cross the moonlight. Although nowadays a human is not needed for the lighthouse to lead the way, there are still some places around the world where a person in charge observes the shoreline from above, notifying about the shipwrecks, the lost souls of the oceanic world and those humans who didn't make it across the sea or back to the coast. The lighthouse is a concrete symbol of direction, but the horizon in which we try to find our path remains unstable. Hito Steyerl writes:

*and Blissful Dots*

14

Steyerl, Hito. In Free Fall: A Thought Experiment on Vertical Perspective. E-flux Journal #24 - April 2011

“Our traditional sense of orientation — and, with it, modern concepts of space and time — are based on a stable line: the horizon line. Its stability hinges on the stability of an observer, who is thought to be located on a ground of sorts, a shoreline, a boat — a ground that can be imagined as stable, even if in fact it is not.”<sup>14</sup>

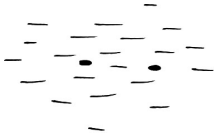
*Liquid Crystals*

A human eye can only see a maximum 4,5km in front of it, which means that physically our sense of space remains relative. It is the pre-knowledge and the imaginary that reassures us and situates our location on a map. That is perhaps the psychology of a person that is mostly standing vertically and facing the horizontal. While a horizontal body pressed down by gravity is soaking up the immanence of the surroundings, one's mind may experience transcendental sensations, triggered by sounds, smells and the vastness of space.

*and Blissful Dots*

We are accustomed to living erect, therefore, it is easy to thrive on the shore, but we become vulnerable in the midst of deep seas — the unstable terrain, which asks to adjust both the body and the mind. Yet there are some people who get empowered by living with water. One extraordinary example is the Haeneyo women who work as divers collecting underwater treasures. These South Koreans known for their independent spirit, iron will and determination, represent the semi-matriarchal family structure of Jeju island. Covered in neoprene suits they swim between seaweed bag and the sea floor, living under different pressures. As they surface, each women utters a distinctive cry — a determined groan of endurance and an ancient technique to expel carbon dioxide from the lungs. By working under water Jeju women ensure themselves a stable



*Liquid Crystals*

position in the society on the coast. Living aligned with the horizon they are immersed in the world unlike the majority of contemporary people who have a detached vertical perspective as described by Steyerl.

*and Blissful Dots*

Haeneyo women show that the ever moving shoreline may empower, but one has to adapt to the surroundings. One's corporality ought to be experienced in a different way — engaged with the environment. Such human relations to the seashore were researched by scientist Anna Ryan in her book 'Where Land Meets Sea':

*Liquid Crystals*

15

Ryan, Anna. *Where Land Meets Sea*.  
London: Routledge, 2012

“People are drawn to the coast — to the paradoxical regularity of its ever-moving and elusive characteristics. This flowing mobility of the meeting of land and sea draws attention to multiple spatial sensations: as well as making the physical mobility of the world materially and visibly apparent, the coast also emphasises the flowing nature of the relationship between body and world.”<sup>15</sup>

*and Blissful Dots*

Standing on the shore for some time, one starts noticing how different elements rhythmically shape a beautiful and gentle dance; a choreography of rockweeds slowly waving during a rising tide, the movement of waves spilling, plunging, collapsing and surging towards the shore, birds traversing aerial space and piercing deep waters, wind combing the beach. Human presence is relatively small — no matter how hard a surfer tries to stand on the board, it is difficult to achieve such an attuned state with the powerful forces around. At the same time, both physical and mental freedom may be experienced there. In the film ‘*Beau Travail*’, Claire Denis has shot French Legionnaires on the coast of Djibouti. The paradoxical blurry space is a perfect landscape to place men with erased pasts distancing themselves from their memories. They perform a **choreo-graphed** training ritual, which

*Liquid Crystals*

is graceful, yet passionate and builds up a lot of tension. Muscular bodies are approaching others with full force. The dusty deserted edge of the land is shot in contrast with the soft waters. It's only when the men swim naked in the sea that they loosen up — their actions become joyful, playful and less cautious, it becomes visible that some have a desire to share intimacy with each other. The coast, though, brings Legionnaires back to reality — controlled and empty lives have to be performed there.

*Just a Blink*

*Liquid Crystals*

What is it that we are looking for in the sea, standing on the edge of the land? Are we merely mesmerised by the beauty of the natural rhythm, the ephemera of the moment, or is it that attraction of the undiscovered zone that enchants with its mysteriousness. Since this space appears in so many narratives, it is clear that humans tend to romanticise the beauty and the darkness of immense waters. A shelter for the majority of our planet's inhabitants. R. Carson proposes:

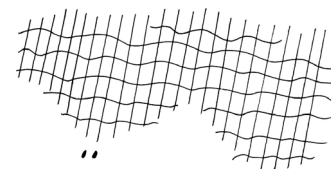
*and Blissful Dots*

Carson, Rachel. *The Edge of the Sea*.  
London: Staples Press Limited, 1955

“The shore is an ancient world, for as long as there has been an earth and sea there has been this place of the meeting of land and water. It is the elusiveness of that meaning that haunts us, that sends us again and again into the natural world where the key to the riddle is hidden. It sends us back to the edge of the sea, where the drama of life played its first scene on earth and perhaps even its prelude; where the forces of evolution are at work today, as they have been since the appearance of what we know as life; and where the spectacle of living creatures faced by the cosmic realities is crystal clear.”<sup>16</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

Despite the fact that there is so much negative information circulating around the damage that people are accountable for, it is important to create conditions to avoid the drama. I believe that by noticing and emphasising the beauty of life on earth we could establish an affectionate and respectful relationship with the surroundings and oneself. The seashore is one of the places that can comfort and calm down the tension. Therefore, I wish to represent it in

*and Blissful Dots*

17

Interpretation of Richard Tuttle's quote:  
The warp is what is given in life and the  
weft is what hap-pens in life.

my work as a guardian rather than a threat. It has been the (back)ground in the imagery of art, to situate people looking for hope. The sea is like a warp that stretches in front of ones eyes. It is the given in life and the waves that flow in all directions, go over and under like a weft. It is what happens in life.<sup>17</sup> Edward Munch's painting 'Two Human Beings (The Lonely Ones)' unveils this fluid weave. We see people who face the water that reflects their existence.

*Liquid Crystals**and Blissful Dots*

I had my first cigarette near the harbour of Reykjavik. Sitting on the lava rock I was watching the pink sky and the never landing summer sun reflected on peaceful waters. Such beauty made me consider paganism and think of the Vikings. It was magical and gave me strength to ebb from Iceland in order to flow further. V. Woolf writes:

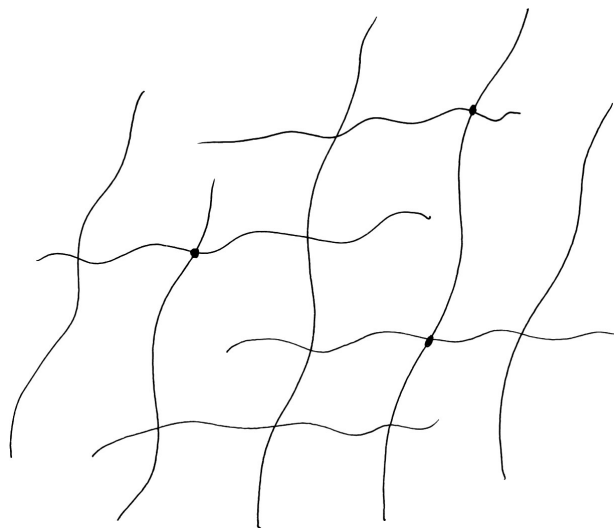
18

Woolf, Virginia. *To the Lighthouse*.  
London: Penguin Books, 1996

“...the monotonous fall of the waves on the beach, which for the most part beat a measured and soothing tattoo to her thoughts and seemed consolingly to repeat over and over again as she sat with the children the words of some old cradle song, murmured by nature, ‘I am guarding you — I am your support’.”<sup>18</sup>

*Liquid Crystals*

Try again, board a boat that is leaving your past and heading for the unforeseeable future. Try to escape the burdens the world has put on your shoulders. The waves will help you, they will peel it off your soul and you will reach the lighthouse that is waiting, lonesome, whispering of hope. A moment I am building for is like a second in meditation — there is nothing but the silent death of one's troubled presence in search for bliss. Everybody onshore is mourning the world, but the seagulls above are screeching louder, you are leaving the voices behind, swaying on a boat that is carrying you further. We can't swim together, but we can teach each other to float on the surface. You flip your body and look at the sky, feathery clouds, pale blue sheets above you. You are in the middle of the world and it is a beautiful place to be.

*and Blissful Dots*

*and Blissful Dots*

- Blumenberg, Hans. Shipwreck  
With Spectator : Paradigm of a  
Metaphor for Existence Studies  
in Contemporary German Social  
Thought. Cambridge, Massachu-  
setts: The MIT Press, 1997
- Carson, Rachel. The Edge of the Sea.  
London: Staples Press Limited,  
1955
- Haraway, Donna J. Staying with the  
Trouble. Durham and London:  
Duke University Press, 2016
- Ingold Tim. The Perception of the  
Environment. Routledge: London  
and New York, 2000
- Mekas, Jonas. I Had Nowhere to Go.  
Leipzig: Spector Books, 2017
- Not if the Seas Rise, but When and  
How High, <https://www.nytimes.com/2017/11/22/books/review-water-will-come-jeff-goodell.html>
- Steyerl, Hito. In Free Fall: A Thought  
Experiment on Vertical Perspective.  
E-flux Journal #24 - April 2011
- Rachel Carson and 'Silent Spring',  
<https://www.independent.com/2019/08/29/rachel-carson-and-silent-spring/>
- Rachel Carson and 'Silent Spring',  
<https://www.independent.com/2019/08/29/rachel-carson-and-silent-spring/>
- Ryan, Anna. Where Land Meets Sea.  
London: Routledge, 2012
- Whitman, Walt. The Complete Poems:  
Penguin Books, London, 2004
- Woolf, Virginia. To the Lighthouse.  
London: Penguin Books, 1996  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nskUHvjyIEA>  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gH6AsRi4paU>

*Bibliography*



