

Speculative fictions from planktons

Abstract

The climatic emergency imposes on us a necessary reconceptualization of the hyperobject Ocean. From a phenomenology of water and underwater perception, but also from the ethology of planktons, I propose to renew our imaginations. The relative formal simplicity of these poem-narratives has the vocation to give voice, otherwise, to a theoretical thought. In the hollow of these narratives are born new ontologies, more fluid, which allow to think, among others, with the trans, non-human and more than human existences.

Keywords

Planktons, Speculative fiction, Endosymbiosis,

Introduction

"There are words that are like war cries" said the biologist Lynn Margulis who, throughout the 20th century, fought to have symbiosis recognized as the biological engine of the origin of species, but also as a concept for a broader thinking of life. As a pioneer, and against the scientific hypotheses of her time, she fought throughout her life to impose the terms symbiogenesis or holobiont, which are today tools to think with her and beyond a religiously anthropocentric vision of the individual.

It is from the biological dimension of Lynn Margulis' thought, but also and above all from its epistemological, metaphysical, political and militant consequences, that we situate our research-creation practice.

PlanktonsSF gathers a series of poems written from my observations underwater and in the laboratory at the Observatory of Villefranche sur Mer where I work on the representation of symbiosis from planktons. The conceptualization of the Ocean as a territory and as a resource, subjected to the geopolitics of States and the world economy by a few thousand years of human exploitation is today a brake on our terrestrial adaptation.

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among others, with the trans, non-human and more than human existences.

Science fiction becomes speculative fiction, a way to make live possible worlds, possible ways of being.

1.

We are you.
Not in you.
We constitute you.
We grow into you. We survive in you and we survive you.
We are nothing less than the sum of your so-called I's. Nothing more than the continuum of life, with no individuals, no end and no skin to delineate us.
We are millions of years.

The coral shelters our colonies. We come from the mists of time where the dawn allowed multiplication. We are one and multiple. The individual is not a category we accept, you will not be able to see us as long as you look for the species. Abandon taxonomy and let the fleshescence of our multiplications invade you.

Let the organs swell with water instead of blood and let it seep into the smallest spaces, relax the boundaries, the holes, move the masses. Free yourself from your skin. Decompose yourself. Decompose yourself.
Spread yourself in the water and infest it.
Accept to become the poison of the Earth
All this exists. You have no eyelids. You see in the water.
Forget all the good you were taught, dive into the sticky tide, become algae or plastic, feed your mushrooms.

I will disappear

You still believe there is a you. You are nothing anymore. A heap. Let's dilute.

Let the elements go, let the molecules associate. Find other companies, without discrimination, without prejudice. Embrace. We will find joy in the new arrangements, let go of what you thought was there. I thought I was born in the West at the end of a century of techno-informational progress. I believed I had a woman's

body born happily white free to be shaped to exercise power over others. I believed in power, in its transmission and in the necessary struggle to make it waver.

I believed in deconstructing the capitalist-masculine injunctions to reappropriate a body shaped by myself. I believed in my rebellion when I stopped waxing my pussy. I

believed I was the heir to a reasonably unhealthy and woe-fully functional family history, capable of being cured by years of cures and the affirmation of a self that came from a personal dialectic. I believed in the family legacy in my choices and non-choices. I believed I was the daughter of and could one day be the mother of. I believed in genealogy. I believed in emancipating myself. I believed that chance and history had given me the possibility to make my mark on the world. I believed that I was lucky to be born in such and such a place. I believed in daily life, in destiny and in politics. I believed that it all mattered.

But it didn't.

2.

Together we will form a new being.

We experiment.

We give up the integrity of our bodies.

We divide and replicate to occupy space. Our boundaries expand, we go further.

When we die we take over. We are here for us. We are not dead, we are still here. We accept to be in transition, we no longer seek to know who we are. We endure in the multiple.

We have colonized the Earth, we are everywhere and we are one. We are limitless because we have never succumbed to individualism. We have made the bet of the extended rather than the individual. We do not need to be distinguished. We do not name ourselves. Only you name us.

Our colonies extend until they are exhausted. We are reborn from the weakest version of ourselves. We have defeated the myth of autonomy and power. We survive you. Our siliceous bodies become geological.

We are territories.

We do not forget anything.

3.

Zooxanthellae invade our bodies and we gradually become able to feed on light. Or maybe it is a story of capture, maybe we hold them locked up so much our forms look like a cage, a glass armor. We have ingested the zooxanthellae but they were willing. It doesn't matter. They are there. They fill our space. They form the full in us. We are in hollow, our voids constitute us. We are the emptiness between some microns of silica. they come to fill us. They change us radically. We used to feed on prey, they taught us to produce our energy from the sun. Each lunar cycle sees our capacity to synthesize the energy of the sun increase.

The decision of some to let neural cells migrate into the green zones occupied by bacteria has allowed to abandon the hegemony of the concept of "brain" at the base of mortifying humanism. The zooxanthellae having accepted to host neuronal cells have asked to see their place in the new connected world intelligence recognized. The fluidity of zooxanthellae, their ability to be satisfied with the hollow space that the already constituted forms offer them, their apparent abnegation to feed those who ally themselves to them has allowed them to find themselves in less than a billion years in almost everything.

I am no longer able to say what is still mine. The boundary between them and me. I agreed to let myself be occupied. I wanted to fill the void. To experience. I wanted to be on the cutting edge. To be part of the evolutionary adventure. But I wanted to be in control, I wanted to watch my body change. I was curious about these possible evolutions, I had planned to document them, to make my personal account, for others, to accompany you. We didn't understand that we would disappear. And lose.

We lost the exception. Impossible to observe ourselves.

The story is always a story of oneself or of another.

There is nothing more to tell. We are here.

4.

One would like not to be perceived as such anymore.

A feminim. One. Feminine.

We would like to be seen as full. Full.

We are tired of having to cope, of not knowing how to be other than by individuating. We would like to melt, to lose, to abandon, and to infuse. We dilute ourselves in the water of always and we mix with the dead and the plastic. We are plastic and more than plastic. The whole is greater than the sum of our beings. We become other things. We stop being eco-anxious. We stop playing with our organ. Brains connected to the planetary marine neuron. We welcome the informal memory of carbon and silica corpses. Water is the playground and the substance, the inside and the outside. We accept all contributions. We are the environment.

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Author Biography

Born in 1984 in Rouen, Brittany, XX studied history, then philosophy and semiology (ENS, EHESS). She also graduated with honors in 2008 from the Arts Décoratifs de Paris in photography and video. The same year she was invited by Fannie Escoulen to present her work at the Fotomuseum Winterthur in Switzerland.

In 2017 she joined the artistic research laboratory ArTeC and develops a work on representation of hyperobjets. She is currently PhD candidate at University Paris 1 Panthéon Sorbonne and ArTec / University Paris 8 in philosophy and arts.