

*He held his breath again, but he quickly gave up. He opened the back door. The water had risen noticeably during the night and the waves had reached the doorstep. Nothing too ominous though. Soft round waves lapping against the door. He took off his pyjamas and stepped into the water as quietly as he could. The light was almost horizontal. The surface was flat, polished metal, and on it wavelets, light and honey soft, teetering sideways, just like he imagined waves in a fjord would. He dipped his head in the water and looked around. There was a gurgle of activity: seaweed, fish, pebbles reflecting light and then disappearing, dunes moving along the seabed mirroring the waves above. Green and gold. He let the first bubble go and waited. After the second one, the water started to forget him. When he finally let go of all the air inside him, the whole watery mass with its grainy sandy base and all the seaweed, fish and pebbles had stopped moving. Everything expanded like a wave of time, gigantically slow. They had forgotten him amongst their folds, they let him observe the pause. He was content: this time, it took less than usual.*

(extract from Andreas Philippopoulos-Mihalopoulos, *The Book of Water*, London: Eris 2020)

## **TRACING SUBMERGENCE**

A collaborative project between Jan Hogan and Andreas Philippopoulos-Mihalopoulos

The work uses water, paper, sumi ink, gold leaf and theory. It pursues a geological exploration of submergence, tracing the strata of a chthonic writing. Submergence refers to the planet, as it dips into flooding and risen water levels, but also to the human existence after the anthropocene, and how it is absorbed by the geological. The first instalment took place in Hogarth, Tasmania. The second instalment is to take place in Venice, Italy. The third instalment is to take place in London, UK.

### Part I – withdrawing

We withdraw from the manic centre of the Anthropocene, where human is everywhere. We allow agency to emerge without trying to assign it. We stand by and observe nonhuman agency blossoming. We remain silent. We withdraw: neither is leading, the dance is organic, I see you moving and I move along, replicating each other's copying mistakes of route, a writing that moves like atonement: no representation, just movement.

### Part II – stitching

We honour differences. We might all be part of a human/nonhuman continuum, but we are all distinct. We understand the need to provide support: we have a historical responsibility to make amends. We are the main perpetrators. We stitch: we enable the structure to emerge and merge. We align without imposing a way. As subtly as we can, we visibilise difference.

### Part III – gilding

We dig deep, we find gold. We glide and gild, we fly low above the surface, releasing moments of reflection. We observe the inequality. We fear for the depletion of mineral resources and we hope for the mineralisation of thought. We aim for a planetary jurisprudence of mineral circularity. We gild: we bury the economical, make light of 24 karats. We die frivolously, we give birth to a geology of justice.