

*Weatherscaping -or- How To Become Weather*

***Weatherscaping:*** *(Verb)*. The process of entangling the human identity within a broader system, by freeing identity/society boundaries aesthetically and practically designing them as the behaviours and emergences of atmospheric phenomena (such as clouds, fogs, flows, ebbs, waves, storms).

This could implies echoing within the awareness of a belonging to complex adaptive system that transcends the sole human being (ego-tistical) scale in favour of a eco-systemic one. The shift from BEING in the weather to be a weather being. Epistemologically embodying and embedding transparency, uncertainty and fluidity.

As a practice, Weatherscaping is a practical act of de-territorialization<sup>1</sup>, a way of embedding the sparkle of regeneration by putting back to the initial conditions of turbulence matters such as: volumes and voids, bodies (as citizens and specimens), ideas and dreams.

*Example. "Do you remember what the weather in your dreams was?"*

*Shifts to*

*"Do you remember which weather you are in your dreams?"*

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----- Transmission stops.

*CLOUD SWIMMING*

*An exercise of Weatherscaping.*

*An observation session on the gaseous state of matter.*

Conditions: 3pm, February Afternoon. Light Blue Sky, Clouds in flashes. Length of the exercise: 3 hours with up-and-downs of attention span, pauses for the eyes to rest and to write down the observed variations.

The sky passes above us, while we are closed in boxes that block our view, and suddenly the windows seem like the only way out.

Of some soft masses, I don't understand if they are made up of greyer parts or are their shadows.

The shadow of the clouds.

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<sup>1</sup> Deleuze, Guattari, 1972

Gradually, all levels of the sky are distinguished. We flatten reality into infinite scrolling on a flat screen, but the sky has infinite depth.

The endlessly frayed edges of the clouds no longer appear white after a while. The clouds move very fast.

Something deep and very high at the same time. Without warning, the drawings of an imperceptible and unexpected rain appear on the ground. I've lost count of how many clouds there are.

What is made of light and what is not. Who touches your grey areas and who wears wool hats.

Now, a meeting of waves, like a satellite photo imprinted in blue, which isn't blue, but we perceive it as such. How strange, some human beings have their portals to the world the colour of the sky, the colour of the sea, and others the colour of the ponds, the woods and all the organic living things that make up this planet. in 16 x 16 billion shades.

Luke Howard<sup>2</sup>, referred to as "The Godfather of Clouds", the "Namer of the clouds", and the "father of meteorology", spent the majority of his live dedicated to trying to define and classify the changeling gaseous matter flying above his head and his house in London.

His definition of Cirrus<sup>3</sup>, made in 1802 is the following:

*"Parallel, flexuous, or diverging fibres, extensible in any or all directions"*<sup>4</sup>.

A background of clouds that look like the traces left by the waves on the sand. Imprinte (Impresse) and imprints that overlap an imperceptible scythe.

The sun reflects on your feathers and the blonde highlights of your hair and then you take off without thinking, and that's why you fly so well. I know that we are under the same blanket of atmospheric layers that envelops us, and I feel when you reach out and think of me. I practice searching for the moon in the afternoon sky, even if it's 3.25pm.

End of the exercise. Nothing happened, I just stared at the clouds for all the hours of light I was given today. And everything happened, in this stasis, everything moved, a quadrant of the sky has moved and is reflected on your wings, which have always been spread.

Only now do I realize that my grandfather carried in his eyes all the clouds that allowed him to always be a clear sky and a natural bastion in an airy perspective.

Today nothing happened, I just looked at the clouds for hours, and everything happened.

(Maybe, I'm better at resonating with clouds than with people.)

The sun passes through the feathers, and I think it is not a question of free will but of a stubborn idea that our human brains can explain the world without caring about the empty universes of which we are the accumulation in dense points.

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<sup>2</sup> Luke Howard, Sir (28 November 1772 – 21 March 1864) was a British manufacturing chemist and an amateur meteorologist with broad interests in science. His lasting contribution to science is a nomenclature system for clouds, which he proposed in an 1802 presentation to the Askesian Society. Because of this, Howard is referred to as "The Godfather of Clouds", the "namer of the clouds", and the "father of meteorology".

<sup>3</sup> Howard, Luke, On the Modifications of Clouds: Cirrus Definition, Royal Meteorological Society, 1802

<sup>4</sup> As above.

If you are an antenna for the universe, you feel confused if too many electromagnetic storms overlap between you in the sky, as if you were a jinn<sup>5</sup> lost between the centuries and created from energy and vaporous matter.

Maybe it's inside where you have to fill the space before you start emptying it. Gradually, fade away.

Cirrus, Cumulus, Layers.

First the Cumulus, then the layers.

Nothing has changed, everything has changed. Pupils of the air<sup>6</sup> in a liquid society<sup>7</sup>, under the same layers of pm10, which make our horizons orange and carcinogenic, but in the end, from one hemisphere to the other, from a frog's breath taking mine and vice versa entering our lungs and make us permeate each other.

Fernweh baby.

On bridges of clay, gold, or maybe just glass and water.

I see.

Under this post-industrial god of ours who says that we are made of the same substance as dreams, but also as our parents, more specifically and literally, made of the same molecules of clouds, icebergs and water.

Now, in this world of grandfathers-glaciers that will flood us, of galaxies of dances in garages, we are ready to regenerate constantly, because life is this flying over our invisible attacks, trying to wrap them in an embrace which makes us cross them like Eurydice who vanishes at the exit of the cave.

We, lost Orpheus, turn around and no longer see anything, standing on foot at the flashing level crossing, smiling at the blossoming of Spring being back.

Ready to float, again and again.

// End of the exercise.

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5 Jinn=Djinn, Genius

6 Sloterdeijk, 1982

7 Baumann, 2000