

Vital Vocabulary

by Eliana Otta and...

Vital Vocabulary

. . . comes out of necessity, as we acknowledge the insufficiency of available language to address what is meaningful in times of extreme uncertainty . . . times when we seem to lack words to properly express the depth of our confusion and pain, as well as to articulate what dares to appear as hope, even dreams. Vital Vocabulary considers how these times reinforce our intuitions regarding the need for sweeping change. Even if sometimes all we can do is transform a letter, an intonation, or an agreement on what a word can do.

What words can do becomes tangible when you deal with translation on a daily basis. Coming from a country with 48 languages, Peru, but speaking only one of them (Spanish, the colonial and official one), I moved to start a new life which occurs mostly in English, while trying to learn Greek and basic German. My recent immigration to Europe kindled my interest in the relationship between words, naming and world-making. Diving into my current academic research, while coming from such a strongly oral background and context, I constantly struggle: how can theory approach the richness of embodied knowledge and lived experience that is not in books? While feeling that I inhabit several places at the same time, constantly translating and code-switching, I wonder: which adaptive and empathic tools can be recognized and nurtured within the mestiza, decolonial position that can be helpful for intercultural dialogue and inter-species conviviality?

How do we put our different languages and tools at the service of life? How can we use them for learning to live differently? What is the entanglement between art, imagination and responsibility in the midst of a planetary crisis? These concerns heightened because of the pandemic, and how it exacerbates the global injustice that characterizes the reproduction of life under neoliberalism. Now, more than ever, the kind of pedagogical, artistic and political projects we need should challenge us with bigger questions about life, the conditions for its existence and reproduction outside of capitalism.

Recent scientific research confirms what indigenous communities around the world have shown us for centuries just by living and surviving in spite of -- and against -- colonialism "Survival of the fittest" does not constitute what we call nature. Survival of the fittest is only the nature of capitalist rule, disguising as "natural" what is in fact cultural, so as to prevent change. Even if not all of us were colonized in the historic use of the term, our minds have been. So, we confuse "culture" with "nature," "surviving" with "living" and "domination" with "strength." A big part of such a mental colonisation is built upon the role of language as a classifying structure, based on dichotomous oppositions. What happens to our worldview when we encounter communities where the word "nature" is virtually untranslatable because of the complexity it evokes? Communities where time and space are inseparable as concepts or experiences? Where plants and animals are our kin, and are addressed as such?

What science now highlights, and what indigenous communities exemplify, is that life is only possible through an extremely interconnected web of relations, where the most dissimilar beings help and nurture each other in an infinite chain of regeneration. If something should be called "nature," it must be that complex web, of which humans are a minimum part, one of the most fragile and dependent. How might we use words in a way that helps us embrace the humility required to reposition our places in the world? How might we rename things following what our senses can teach us to understand what surrounds us? How might we revert hierarchies and distort divisions between object and subject that allow utilitarian, detached relationships towards the more-than-human?

These are the questions that make my body vibrate lately: those vibrations usually come from encounters with certain voices, poems, songs, ideas and gestures. Some of those voices write, sing and expand not only understandings, but also dance floors...and the table at lunch time, so there's always room for someone else . . . These are the people I contacted and quoted to elaborate this suggestive vocabulary: A diverse group of artists, writers, curators, social scientists, philosophers, choreographers and performers who work around finding ways to re-enchant the world, creating alliances, communities and living alternatives to anthropocentrism and colonialism. I sent them a selection of words connected to life and nature, for them to choose one to work with.

At the time, COVID-19's impact was growing in the Global South. Thus, some of the people I invited couldn't participate as they were occupied tending to others; I didn't want to put pressure on an already difficult moment. The Vocabulary is an open process, desiring expansion and constant enrichment. Most of the entries were conceived for this text, while others were curated and edited from beloved publications. Some words that are very important to me remain orphans for now: Body, Breath, Laughter, Music, River, Sea, Sun, Teacher . . .

While the Vital Vocabulary finds more accomplices to continue its ramifications, it wishes to accompany us in creating compasses capable of dis-ordering Souths and Norths, pointing to wider, more luminous horizons. It asks to be read out loud and discussed collectively, to be whispered to each other's ears. Hopefully, some words will join our meditations and invigorate our struggles. Such vital vocabulary aspires to help us inhabit and move through uncertainty, attuned to life's capacity to regenerate; to actively learn from the more-than-human-beings that preceded and will probably survive us.

Eliana Otta
Athens, September 2020.

Air

Air moves and carries life, transporting knowledge and other worlds. Air made wind that dances, draws, sculpts and designs. Wind reminds us that everything is in constant movement. It teaches that the things we build are temporary, that every rearrangement of what surrounds us is a lesson about not taking things for granted . . . that if things move so easily on the breeze, it is because in the end, they are not 'ours' . . . that borders are porous. If the winds can teach this, it is because first of all, from time immemorial, they have been the first to know.

Amazon

The plants write on the air at night, luminous strips moving in the darkness, not words. From left to right only, they draw straight-edged but irregular squares; they are creating space, there is no space ahead of the wide lines drawn in the air continuously. An injunction. They want a song for them. Can the human sing it? There is nothing to be done except sing it. They are not persons or images but are there before. Molecules that know the human and more-than-human body. Before the 177 languages that still survive in Amazonia. Ecocide. An injunction exists.

Animal

Hummingbird

Arrow
Blood Thorn
Drunk on honey
Motionless in the air
Humming incantations

Nomad
Vibrating flight
Sipping the nectar
In a mutual exchange
For a fleeting death

Hummingbird
Inner boiler
Warrior fallen in action
Wings flapping and guiding
those who disappeared as if by magic

Lefty
Iridescent stone
Dart moving back
To its native landscapes
Toxic ruins and crushed hills

Flying
A long way
The resurrected
That die off in the drought
And come back to life with the rains

Desert
I came to look
For the burning woman
The one with copper teeth
The world destroyer. Monster

Naomí Rincón Gallardo, artist, performer and researcher. *Hummingbird* was written for the song *Heavy Blood* (Video, 2018). <http://naomirincongallardo.org>

Care

To take care: To inhabit-us, be part of what we are, of the soil and our vital bonds. To recognize ourselves as beings living with other beings in interdependency. To be conscious that our kinships go beyond the colonization of human nature, beyond patriarchy and capitalism. That individual care, and even more, collective care and what the soil offers us, reproduce life. That their degradation has brought us a time of great destruction. But, careful! Care is not labor that generates exchange value, that can be converted and treated as a commodity for a better administration of its exploitation, rather, it is part of those economies, those countless languages that sustain and nurture life. Life with harmonies and balances that depend on relationships of justice and profound dignity: there lies its capacity to be lived, resilient and desirable -- to be beautiful.

Mar Daza Quintanilla. Feminist educator and researcher, with studies in sociology and economy. Daughter and granddaughter of Andean migrants. Mother of three girls. Member of Political Ecology Feminist Collectives such as Miradas Críticas al Territorio desde el Feminismo, Eco-razonar and Humus.

Cosmocentric

A cosmic pact implying a cosmic ethics which entails all and every entity tangible and intangible/visible and invisible – in a complex polyphonic dance that searches for harmony beyond and even through conflicts, which ignores taxonomies and hierarchies created by humans or immutable laws invented by scientists. This is a diverse cosmos, where there is no privileged center or hegemonic singularity.

A world permanently enriched by the interaction of each of its elements, even the antithetical ones, requires a moral code (a customs and behavior code) based in the logic of reciprocity. That which I take from the soil, from the world, from nature, must be given back, that which I give to the soil, to the gods, to my human counterparts or any of my cosmical relatives, will be returned to me. The indigenous world -this cosmocentric world- is inhabited by animals, plants, physical entities and immaterial beings engaged in a cosmic conversation that acknowledges in each entity and interlocutor with intelligence, will, feelings and purpose, or its own participatory teleology.

Stefano Varese, Italian-Peruvian anthropologist, Professor Emeritus of Native American/Indigenous Studies, University of California, Davis. Entry made with extracts from the books *Antropología del activismo y el arte del recuerdo* and *Selva vida*, in coordination with the author.

Death

After death: nothing. Simone de Beauvoir used to say, regarding the death of her beloved Jean-Paul Sartre: "His death will tear us apart. My death won't reunite us."

To know ourselves ephemeral, to desire ephemerality, to accept our transience, to disappear with everything and like everything, and might the world go on. To give space to others, to those who remain.

Death is a gift. An ending. A surrender. A beginning. A union.
The most profound relaxation.
Only when we embrace death, with reverence and humility can we fully live.
As life and death dance in unison -- in each breath.
Hard. Frightening. Peaceful. Unfair. Divine. Always timely.
Death sustains life and somehow serves the balance of the greater whole.
Let us access the love beneath death.
After our last exhale lies the potential for liberation.
To release from the bond of the earth.
To experience ourselves beyond matter. To become the spirit that we are. To join the realm of the ancestors. The purpose of life could even be to prepare for the spiritual potential of death.
All lives must end. Death is our sole certainty. Yet existence always remains as we come and go . . . stars, planets, rivers, leaves, cells . . . we come and go.
May we cultivate the art and science of dying consciously.

Violeta Janeiro Alfageme, curator and researcher focused on artistic practices with repercussions on civil society and their consequent strategies not to betray their emancipation.

Tabita Rezaire is a devotee, spiritual seeker, artist, yogi, doula, eternal student of the earth, body and sky and mother of amakaba.org

Desire

Exponentially generative, engaged, engorged, desire is not mere wanting, but our informed seeking. Desire is both the part of us that hankers for the desired, and at the same time the part that learns to desire. It is closely tied to, or may even be, our wisdom. [...] Desire is a thirding of the dichotomized categories of reproduction and resistance. It is neither/both/ and reproduction and resistance. This is important because it more closely matches the experiences of people who, at different points in a single day, reproduce, resist, are complicit in, rage against, celebrate, throw up hands/fists/towels, and withdraw and participate in uneven social structures - that is, everybody. Desire fleshes out that which has been hidden or what happens behind our backs. Desire, because it is an assemblage of experiences, ideas, and ideologies, both subversive and dominant, necessarily complicates our understanding of human agency, complicity, and resistance.

Flower

In a field of roses, you walk. Face to face, a rose and you get in contact. You stop. Stepping on the soil, you feel that you are a rose as well. For an instant you are that rose, only to discover that a rose is not a rose.

Food

It is held in common agreement by all kinds of goddesses and gods, worlds and realities, that we cannot live without food; physical and spiritual nutrients. We feed ourselves and feed others with choices, random and purposefully, to meet a daily need. In food we find an excuse to be together and make sure no one is short of it, even in makeshift dishes. We learn to cook for one, ten or twelve hundred people in mere weeks, sometimes with what others dismiss, but it remains savory to us. Having food imbues psychotropic qualities: each time we swallow it, we bathe in other perspectives, trips to the worlds of the living and the dead, celebrating existing and upcoming autonomies.

I read that during the Covid-19 quarantine, people decided to cook identical meals even if they did not live in the same physical space, transmitting by video call the pleasure of each bite.

Friendship

Every friendship is based on weird coincidences that only make sense to the people directly involved. When revealed, these coincidences emanate a sticky invisible substance with the capacity to hold together the gaps between selfhood and otherness.

Among the many rare things that we have in common, my friend Alkistis and I have the same name—a name really rare—but she writes it with an S at the end. In 2019, my friend's lymphoma came back. The threat to the other (my friend) was pasted onto the self (me).

A scene of a dream. I am lost inside a forest and I bump into an abandoned car. I open the driver's door and I see a glass jar with the letter S on its lid. It's filled with a sticky substance. My friend suddenly arrives but she has some holes on her body. I use the goo to fill them and then sit on the passenger seat as I don't know how to drive. My friend starts the engine and drives us away.



Virginie Bobin, is an aspiring gardener and an apprentice mother, who works at the intersection of curating, publishing, translation and research.

Imagination

In Totonicapán and Nebaj, women and men realize a series of activities to discuss and build political discourse in big regional assemblies, and through art festivals; discourse that produces common sense against the dispossession of communal land and genocide. The creativity and imagination are wide and complex, originating singular strategies, by example, women organized themselves to overthrow the electricity poles of a mine. They came with their axes and threw the poles. It was decided that only old women would participate, since they don't have identification documents and that would make the process of formal accusations against them more difficult.

Life

If we look at things from the ways daily life is managed and reproduced, we'll have a wide lens to look at our stories, our struggles and our strategies to propose, produce and organize the commons. We, the indigenous peoples know as concrete experience that our existence and fight against capitalism has been built from the commons. We live because we organize a communal government system to manage, regulate and govern the water, the soil and the forest. Our stories are sustained by a long chain of collective events that have built the struggling political paths where the material means for reproduction are disputed.

Gladys Tzul Tzul is a Maya K'iche' activist, public intellectual, sociologist, and visual artist. The entry is a quote from her text *Mujeres indígenas: Historias de la reproducción de la vida en Guatemala*. Pag.96.

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Listening

What if instead of saying that we believe only what we see, we would start attending, with the same urgency, to practice what we can perceive by listening? "Sound," as I am reminded by Tina Campt, "is [a] profoundly haptic form of sensory contact." We hear and feel it. Maybe our bodies are nothing more than vessels for whatever wants to reverberate and get in contact, then? And maybe listening is a way of encountering what is so desperately suppressed, yet keeps making its way back to the surface, anyway?

Indeed, listening is a primordial sense, but it may become a superpower. The sort of superpower accessible through a constant practice of sensorial expansion. Expanded and deep listening. That's how it comes to be for those people living in the mountains, among the ruins of a city that once had the name of a saint. They linger for a bit on the edges of the way, or when they are waking up and, by themselves or together with the others, they listen. To the winds: where do they come from? Which sounds do they bring? To the ground: which noises does it sound? Which vibrations resonate? They undress parts of their bodies, exposing their skin, this layer that defines, membrane that separates but that still creates the possibility for communication and interchange with the medium. Thus, through the skin of the nape of the neck, of the forearms, through the soles of the feet and the fingertips, they can hear the moment and, reading the signs, prefigure the future. Listening together, sharing senses, rehearsing realities.

Belinda Kazeem-Kamiński is a Vienna-based artist and writer whose practice is dedicated to the past*present*future of Black freedom.
Campt, Tina, *Listening to Images*. Durham/London: Duke University Press, 2017.

Rodrigo Andreolli transits through the arts, exercising the body in activations of the visible and invisible layers of what is public, currently attending the Master in Choreography and Performance at The Institute for Applied Theater Studies, Giessen. <http://yo-wasser.hotglue.me>

Love

I sit to write love. Which is different from perrear. The ass on the chair makes the vertebral column, connecting physiologically and spiritually the jaw and the pelvis, to incline forward, a posture opposite of perreo. The jaw contracts itself on rage and excitement. Sitting, we tend to be hunchedbacked. Perreo bends the knees, throws the pelvis backwards, rotates the ass to the sides. Those are contrary corporeal postures, but shouldn't be antagonist activities. More on love in *Eros, Eroticism and the Pedagogical Process in Teaching to Transgress* by bell hooks.

Fabiana Faleiros works with performance, songs and objects. Her doctorate, *Lady Incentivo – SEX 2018*: is an album about thesis, love and money; about the historical construction of white femininity through a decolonial feminist perspective.

Mountain

When the women of our community turned into mountains, they started gathering around the city squares vibrating polyphonically. We had an emergency meeting to discuss this unprecedented situation. These new mountains made the soil, asphalt and pavement shyly shake in rhythms we could not comprehend. At first, it was enjoyable. We would come back from work, have a beer, feel the women's absence after a micro-waved meal, and sit back enjoying the vibrations. Then, time passed, and the drowsiness started. We could not understand why, but our bodies were moving inside; as if they were synchronized with the ground, mesmerized by the soil, haunted. We could not keep our eyes open. Everyone started sleeping in their homes, public spaces, parks, at work. Then we held another emergency meeting. It was not too long until we realized that the mountains were not only vibrating. They were whispering night lullabies. The women turned into vibrating mountains and their sound into mysterious sirens. How did this happen? Their songs started infesting our bodies, controlling our sleep, hibernating us back in time. Paralyzing us, in the most bittersweet way.

Marina Miliou-Theocharaki is a performer and curator based in Athens, Greece. She admires moving bodies and all the reverberations they produce.

Mourning

We go to the gone and find them changed, and we return from them changed in turn. That no one escapes change is one lesson, perhaps the lesson, of time and death -- and love, too. For it will be impossible to speak of mourning without the courage to speak also of love. What is being lost today, and who is losing it? Who loves or is willing to love what is being lost? How do or can these questions connect? [...] The stakes in these questions are high, for the answers we give will ground any possible politics, any possible ethics. [...] Mourning today will not be adequate, will not be radical enough, if it does not reground us and passionately re-entangle us in the whole planetary community of life.

Gene Ray picks at flotsam, dreams of gardens and recommends the new track by BLM: "All Monuments Must Fall." The entry was made with quotes from his text *Loss, Love, and Mourning in the Time of Eco-Genocide*.

Oxygen

Oxygen is not only a gas, or a substance, it is something more fundamental: an element, one of the most abundant on our planet. Its name in many languages means "acid producer," or "engendering sour." Molecular oxygen is responsible for the process known as burning: it is due to oxygen that wood becomes ash. And our animal life itself, from the perspective of chemistry, is nothing but the process of oxidation occurring as we breathe — a slow and beautiful burning of living matter.

Ruthia Jenrbekova is an interdisciplinary post-studio artist, researcher and cultural organizer. Co-founder of krelex zentre (with Maria Vilkovisky). Currently a PhD candidate at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. URL: <http://kreolex.center>

Plant

The agave grew this spring at full speed, became gorgeous and pushed a stem or quiofe from its bottom to the sky. It is exciting to see the agave flourishing due to the great energy it invests. When at its maximum splendor, when the flowers are completed and the air carries them to another spot of soil for the leaves to sprout, it dehydrates to become part of the soil again. And if its flowers might not be enough, through their rhizomes some hijuelos appear. Our agave's transformation reminds us that plants are relationships because there's no finitude in them. When we accompany their seasons, they cultivate us.

Poetry

What is the difference between defining what poetry is, and what poetry is, for me? What is the violence of saying, poetry is x? For example, poetry is an expanding of life. What definitions are ethical?

Inside poetry, solitude becomes something else. 'I' moves closer to there where I is 'we'. The possibility opens of an ongoing rearranging and disassembling of the self.

Poetry a thread connecting the nodes in time in which world becomes more real – the real that which cannot be put into language but can emerge through it via unknown openings.

Alejandro Simon: artist and researcher.

Helen Dimos's first book of poems is *No Realtor Was Compensated For This Sale* (The Elephants, 2017). She lives in Athens, Greece and Boston, MA.

Pollen

Phrases arrive like gifts and disperse themselves like pollen.

Cecilia Vicuña is a poet, artist, filmmaker and activist.
The entry is a verse chosen by the artist from her exhibition *Semiya* (2000)
<http://www.ceciliavicuna.com/>

Regeneration

Once you start realizing that it is so interconnected, you start to realize the need to find systems that allow for a certain place to rest. When we go to sleep, we regenerate. The next day we go out to work, we expend energy, we have to regenerate again. But at the speed that we're going, there is no space for regeneration, especially if that place has resources or elements that can be extracted, and can be capitalized to bring in gains and money. Then it is depleted to a state that it cannot regenerate or takes much longer to regenerate. So for me, there is the extractive part, but it is mostly about how to allow things to sleep, to be dormant.

Otobong Nkanga is a Nigerian artist living and working in Belgium.
<https://www.otobong-nkanga.com/> The entry is a quote from the interview *On extraction and regeneration* published by berlinalink on the 24/07/20.

Ritual

Before western modernity emerged from the ashes of the witches' burning grounds around the end of the 17th century, we all lived in a constant interaction with a host of beings, powers, and spirits. The multitude of beings of this world taught us to share the abundance of the cosmos with them. They taught us the gestures of reciprocity, they taught us to fear greediness and accumulation. They taught us that the wealth of this world was not there for the sole purpose of satisfying our human needs. They did it with their own songs, gestures, and dances and with our own as well. That is what we call ritual.

Root

Entangler of the underground, making worlds of sustenance, breaking way for life to happen. Anchor and storage, support and endurance. Breaker of concrete and asphalt, holder of soil. Not all roots are the same and not all soils are the same. Roots that connect us to a soil and that grounds us as cords to the belly of the land. The world of the ancestors which are our roots, beyond our species. Our connection to all that exists across the universe. The paths that lead to us, the roots that keep us up. Taking root, establishing one's place, making an enriching life through drought and abundance. Expanding knowledge of the worlds in which we live. Rooting to thrive, to not feel lost. Rooting through a connection to lands and waters and to local healing plants aids. Roots that resemble rivers, veins and thunders; as a language in which life speaks.

Frédérique Apffel-Marglin, Professor Emerita, Dpt. of Anthropology at Smith College; founded Sachamama Center for Biocultural Regeneration (SCBR) in the Peruvian High Amazon in 2009.

Imayna Cáceres, artist and activist. Instagram: @imaynacaceres

Tact

The possibility of moving gracefully within the tactile realm.

Also the ability to touch without hands.

The knowledge of skin as a porous, penetrable matter, which can be infiltrated with words, gestures and thoughts.

The careful use of such knowledge.

The capacity to predict whether one wants to be caressed, stroked, kneaded, embraced or left alone.

Can be, but not exclusively,
one's aptitude to make words feel like massages.

(Radical)Tenderness

Accept its invitation to be present. Tune in with the collective body, both human and non-human. Relate beyond desires for coherence, purity and perfection. Interrupt addictions to consumption, not only of "stuff" but also of knowledge, experiences, and relationships. Integrate with a wider metabolism, with a much longer temporality than your human body. Make space for the unknown and the unknowable, in ourselves and in others. Don't hold "being" hostage to "knowing". Recover exiled capacities, expand sensibilities and de-immunize intimacies. Make room for new forms of co-existence to encounter you. Turn the heart into a verb: corazonar, senti-pensar. Look at painful and difficult things with the love of really wanting to see. Feel the pain of the earth transpassing you. Understand that the earth is not an extension of our bodies, it's the other way around. Invoke and evoke -- in a double and simultaneous movement -- the manifestation of a political practice of healing and well-being that is beyond what human intelligence can fathom. Allow it to come through you, forever changeable and fluid.

Claire Lefèvre is a French choreographer and performer. She also teaches concept-writing to movers and makers and writes for *Springback Magazine*.
<http://clairelefrevre.com>

Dani d'Emilia and Vanessa Andreotti are members of the arts/research collective 'Gesturing Towards Decolonial Futures' (decolonialfutures.net). Extracts edited by Eliana Otta from their text *Co-sensing Radical Tenderness*.

Time

Noun:

1. An ephemeral current best traversed through indescribable taste and/or smell
2. Musings of plants that revolve to old, barely perceptible, rhythms
3. A whirling substrate that defies empty space, often depicted as something groups or individual humans can become trapped and compelled to whirl within; sensible only through conscious pattern recognition; and demarcated by a series of blurry, overlapping, and somewhat invisible lines; see also: Time Loop
4. Indeterminate continuity wherein a Subject is defined through its displacement or dislocation, irregardless of intention, see also: Agency
5. A never-ending void -- with or without gravity

Verb:

1. A variant of Travelling
2. A variant of Breathing
3. A root of Speculating

Used in a sentence:

Until the time

After that time

All the time

Never a time

See also: a wrinkle in time, reading patterns, how strawberries taste and/or smell, being-time

Rule for use: we only travel to the future -- not everyone can safely go into the past

SHATTERED MOON ALLIANCE is a living research project exploring science fiction narrative world-building. SHATTERED MOON ALLIANCE is Christina Battle and Serena Lee, based between Toronto and Edmonton.

shatteredmoonalliance.hotglue.me

Tree

Vibration

In Mendocino grows a Redwood tree. As ancient and strong as a dragon, she was a sapling when the pillars were first laid in the Norman cathedrals. Now she vaults into the heavens like Yggdrasil.

At times, I place my hand upon her thick bark and swear to protect her to my dying breath, even as the sound of chainsaws oppress her forest. Other times, I crouch like a trembling mouse in her shelter, the agony of raging fires and deadly viruses overwhelming me. I hold on. Root me. Come into my dreams. Free me of fear, oh holy one. My head lies in a deep crevice in her trunk, gazing into the blue sky shimmering with green leaves.

The futility of defining her makes me laugh, she whose being, rooted in symbiosis throughout the forest, encoding and transmitting information from the sky, filled with centuries of wisdom and knowledge, is beyond the encompassing of my tiny awareness.

I only ask that I may be held by her, and all the Earth's forests, until I breath my last into Her, the Great Mother of us all.

Robert Tindall is the author of numerous books on shamanism and indigenous, traditional cultures. His blog is: www.roamingthemind.com.

Olia Sosnovskaya is an artist, writer, organizer and a member of several collectives, born in Minsk, Belarus.

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Water

(Attuned to the Danube)

Voices stationed at the edge of each other. Some howling shapeshifting our eyes, prickling the nightfall on the river bank. It is a move in time: sidestepping books, a publishing gesture, one that falls under saga lands of caresses and words-as-spells thrown into the Danube with lips applied firmly to her. Scrabbling away a space into our day. Paraphrasing, leaning on/in each other's presences & words: let's turn everything we touch into a landscape, make new words, geyser out from the inside of the skin, spill into the length of our hands into falling wavelets.

Water will be the main goddess in the future
And fountains will be temples
When it becomes scarce
We will raise up our eyes with devotion
To praise the great stream
Powerful incarnation of the goddess
That with its incessant sprout remind us
Those fresh showers we used to had in the mornings
Small blessings that she provided us
When in an intimate and personalized manner
She liberated us, one by one of any dirtiness
Water breaking
And always within us
Alive within us
Captive within us
Humid within us
That are
Approximately
65% God
35% us.

Alix Eynaudi, French choreographic artist who experiments with platforms of artistic collaboration and their resulting (partial & poetic) forms of representation.

Tilsa Otta, writer and audiovisual artist. <http://www.tilsaotta.com>

Quotes:

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Desire from Eve Tuck, in *Suspending Damage: A Letter to Communities*. Pages 418, 419, 420.

Available in: https://static1.squarespace.com/static/557744ffe4b013bae-3b7af63/t/557f2fe2e4b043c28125cc27/1434398690240/Tuck_Suspending+Damage_HER.pdf

Imagination and Life from Gladys Tzul Tzul, in *Mujeres indígenas: Historias de la reproducción de la vida en Guatemala. Una reflexión a partir de la visita de Silvia Federici*. Bajo el Volcán. Pages 96-98.

Available in <https://www.redalyc.org/pdf/286/28642148007.pdf>

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