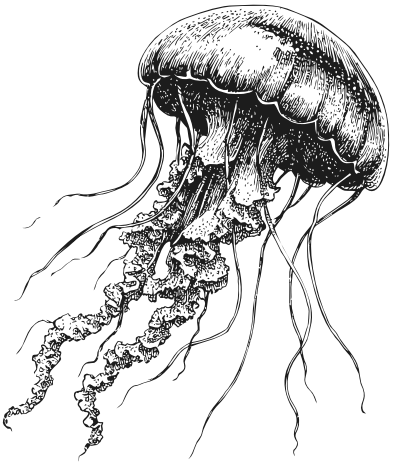
Beach Diary: Chronicles of a traveling jellyfish



Vol. I:
When art meets science
and education

Beach Diary: Chronicles of a Traveling Jellyfish

1. When art meets science and education

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Beach Diary chronicles *the jellyfish tent* project *(La carpa de la medusa),* led by Paula de Solminihac in co-production with Nube Lab and under the curatorship of Carolina Castro Jorquera. This collection documents the creative processes that shaped the project, recording its journeys, anecdotes, and lessons learned. This first issue covers the period from late 2022 to May 2025, during which the first ideas for a jellyfish tent emerged. The tent was finally installed for the first time on Playa Chica in Las Cruces in December 2024, later continuing to implement its lessons in local schools throughout 2025. The project was carried out in collaboration with the UC Coastal Marine Research Station (ECIM UC) and the Municipality of El Tabo, and was funded by CORFO's Sustainable Productive Development Program through the Factoría Creativa instrument.

Content


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EL ETERNO CICLO DEL INTERCAMBIO / EL DON
APARIENCIAS / CHUANGUNGO
del Disparate vc — Pilar Cereceda

The Jellyfish Tent: A Project in Three Stages

Consuelo Pedraza

It arrived at dawn, almost silently, as if it had emerged from the bottom of the sea or from a coastal dream. On December 20, 2024, just as dawn was breaking over Playa Chica in Las Cruces, a giant, soft, translucent jellyfish appeared. But it wasn't exactly a marine animal; rather, it was a light structure made of iron, fabric, and recycled ropes. It had come to deliver something to us — an offering, perhaps? — a meeting place for the coastal community.

Long before it arrived on the beach, *the jellyfish tent* already existed. It was a sketch in a notebook, an insistent image in the mind of an artist obsessed with jellyfish. In 2021, visual artist, teacher, and executive director of Nube Lab, Paula de Solminihac, read about kelp forests in a newspaper, which sparked a chain of events that led her to dive and immerse herself — literally — in the mysterious world of jellyfish: that wandering, ancient, almost ghostly animal.

Jellyfish — members of the cnidarian group — have inhabited the oceans for more than 600 million years. They have survived major planetary transformations, are made up of 95% water, move gently, and drift at the mercy of ocean currents. There is in them a simple, flexible, and adaptable way of life — a way of being that, Paula intuited, might have something to teach us.

It was not until 2023 that Paula invited me, along with architect Vicente Donoso, to imagine a soft, ephemeral structure that evoked the shape of this animal. With the arrival of curator Carolina Castro Jorquera to the project, this vision took a new direction: it began to take shape as a long-term, territory-based methodology of work with the community. From there, the project continued to grow alongside the residents of Las Cruces, the UC Coastal Marine Research Station, and the Department of Culture of the Municipality of El Tabo, who contributed local knowledge, networks, and support.

And as if it attracted wills of its own, other forces joined in, coming from different worlds but equally committed to a more conscious and collaborative way of being and doing.

From the world of sustainable production, Patagonia, Toyota, and Bureo offered a unique material: discarded fishing nets that, transformed into a high-performance fabric called Netplus®, became the skin of this coastal creature. Recollect, for its part, donated recycled ropes that became its tentacles. These collaborations not only made possible a lightweight and resistant architecture but also represented a gesture of responsibility toward the marine environment that inspired it. The project was finally launched thanks to funding from CORFO's Sustainable Productive Development Program, through the Creative Factory instrument, which allowed all these pieces to come together in a single collective body.

In a context of increasing vulnerability of the coastline — where 86% of Chilean beaches are at risk of disappearing, according to studies by the Institute of Geography of the Pontifical Catholic University of Chile — *the jellyfish tent* brings together art, science, and education to collectively reflect on the past, present, and future of coastal areas, their inhabitants, and all forms of life that dwell there. Through meaningful and collaborative experiences, it seeks to activate sensitive learning processes and open spaces for conversation in the face of the socio-ecological transformations that already challenge us.

Guided by a territorial work methodology, the project unfolds in three stages, which, for visualization purposes, we can imagine as a curve similar to the umbrella of a jellyfish. It begins with a gradual approach to the community — the ascent — through a series of workshops that open dialogue and begin to establish ties. It then reaches its highest point — the peak — with the installation of the tent on the beach and the holding of an open and engaging event. Finally, it descends gently, sowing what has been learned in local schools, leaving a trail of pedagogical continuity in the territory.

1 Pontifical Catholic University of Chile. (2023). 86% of beaches are at risk of disappearing. Retrieved from: https://www.uc.cl/academia-en-los-medios/el-86-de-las-playas-esta-en-riesgo-de-desaparicion/

The ascent: community approach

From October to December 2024, together with Paula de Solminihac, Carolina Castro Jorquera, artist and psychologist Paulina Martínez, and under the coordination of Tatiana Orellana from the Department of Culture of the Municipality of El Tabo, we began a series of community workshops in Las Cruces. These were opportunities for exploration and encounter under the title "I, Jellyfish, Have Seen and Will Touch," which were attended by shellfish gatherers, artisans, writers, marine biologists, public officials, and neighbors.

The meetings were an invitation to delve into the world of this ancient and mysterious animal. We talked at length about what was known and what was not known about jellyfish. Questions, intuitions, personal stories, and a few myths arose. There was speculative writing — around the question of what jellyfish might have witnessed in other geological eras — and modeling with clay and water. Anecdotes, memories, and affections were also shared among those in attendance.

During these meetings, some of the first lessons that jellyfish could offer began to emerge, almost without us realizing it: their ability to adapt, their transparency, their apparent tranquility and simplicity, their fluid and collective movement — almost hypnotic. Later, these lessons would unfold on the beach as sensory experiences. And then, in another format, they would return to schools as educational activities and content.

But there was something else — something that only happens in human encounters, in relaxed conversation, when stories of life, work, and childhood are shared. Faces, names, and stories appeared: María Elena and her connection to Punta del Lacho; Nancy, an artisan and compulsive collector; Luis, municipal library manager and *cruzólogo* — as they call him, an expert on Las Cruces; and Cony, from the Futuro School Library, who once came face to face with a jellyfish.

It was these connections that gave substance and meaning to the project. Because it was from these encounters that

Tatiana proposed doing a program on the beach — sharing with those who were there what we had already learned among ourselves. It wasn't just about setting something up on the beach, but about weaving something together, based on what each person knows how to do. That's why the program for the December 20 event wasn't designed from the outside — it arose directly from that collective fabric. It was the participants themselves who proposed workshops, talks, and meetings, guided by their trades, knowledge, and affection for the territory.

The highlight: experience on the beach

It was erected during the night, after a long day of assembly that lasted until dawn. And at sunrise, there it was — a giant jellyfish in the middle of Playa Chica in Las Cruces. By six in the morning, families had already gathered around it, intrigued by its mysterious presence. Throughout the day, that curiosity spread to more people. Those who had come just to enjoy the sea began to approach, laying their towels closer and closer, attracted by something more than the figure itself — by what was happening inside and around it.

The day began with the voice of María Elena, who recounted the changes she has observed in Punta del Lacho over the past thirty years. At noon, Constanza Allende introduced us to the term mythophysics through the myth of the jellyfish, showing how different forms of knowledge — mythology and physics — can coexist and describe the world through their own logics.

In the afternoon, biologists Celeste Kroeger and Eloísa Garrido, together with artist Javier Otero, invited us to look at the sea as if it were a galaxy — with a magnifying glass, a microscope, and a sense of wonder. They encouraged participants to observe small creatures and then draw them from imagination: enlarged as if they were giants, or envisioned from the perspective of someone who had become tiny. Later, it was the turn of the El Tabo Cultural Artisans' Table, represented by Francisco Collio, Sindy Cea, and Nancy Maureira. Each of them brought a gift for the

Medusa: creations made using their own techniques and inspired by the fluidity and movement of this enigmatic sea creature.

And at dusk, the tent transformed — it became a cinema. The video projection created by Ana Edwards, with original music by Aníbal Bley, illuminated both the interior and exterior of the textile creature. More than fifty people gathered around it, enveloped by the images and sounds in an atmosphere so hypnotic — like watching jellyfish dancing at the bottom of the ocean — that no one wanted to leave.
What was experienced that day exceeded all expectations. From dawn until late at night, the tent captivated with its presence and everything it offered: an open classroom and community stage that, for one day, transformed the daily life of Playa Chica — a place where strangers shared stories, drew sea creatures, explored microscopic organisms, and let themselves be carried away by what was happening there.

“It’s like being in school, but much more fun,” said one child at the end of one of the workshops.

The descent: lessons for schools

Transformative experiences often have something untimely about them: they appear, surprise, excite, and awaken something that was not known to be dormant. That is what happened in Las Cruces. But amazement alone is not enough. To prevent those sparks from being extinguished at the end of summer, we must return — with a different rhythm. Return through education to leave within people everything that the jellyfish has offered as a metaphor: its slow movements, its way of inhabiting without imposing itself, its wandering yet always collective nature, its ability to adapt and float even in uncertain environments. All of this proposes a way of being in the world — a *jellyfish* attitude.

During the months following the event, we worked with ECIM UC to translate these learnings into lessons for

schools — four in total — transformed into activities and educational content to be developed in the classroom. And in May 2025, right during the Month of the Sea, both teams returned to Las Cruces — this time without the tent — to implement two of the lessons in local schools: Las Cruces Elementary School and El Tabo School, sowing that jellyfish attitude in the students.

“Who remembers a large jellyfish on the beach last December?” I asked as I entered the classrooms. Hands went up. They remembered. The *Lessons for Schools* initiative seeks precisely to sustain that sense of wonder and use it to cultivate more sensitive, collective — and ultimately, more ecological — ways of cohabiting in the territory.

What we experienced in Las Cruces is not an ending, but the beginning of a new way of creating learning experiences. This model is not a recipe, but rather a framework that can be applied in other coastal contexts, adapting to their landscapes, knowledge, and communities. We want this jellyfish to wander. May its way of inhabiting the world inspire more sensitive and sustainable ways of living. And that is why we are sharing everything we learned throughout this creative process.

This *Beach Diary* is an archive of transformation. Through sketches, anecdotes, and findings, it retraces how an idea—lodged in the mind of an artist—reverberated just enough to become a project shaped by collective, collaborative, and profoundly communal forms.

The publication adopts the voice of Paula de Solminihac, who narrates the path that led to the installation of *the jellyfish tent* on Playa Chica Beach in Las Cruces — a journey that intertwines memory, logbook, and choral narrative to trace the origin and unfolding of the project. Based on that experience, the second part proposes a shift: reorganizing what was lived through into a series of shared lessons. Thus, what began as an intuition is transformed here into a series of lessons and educational

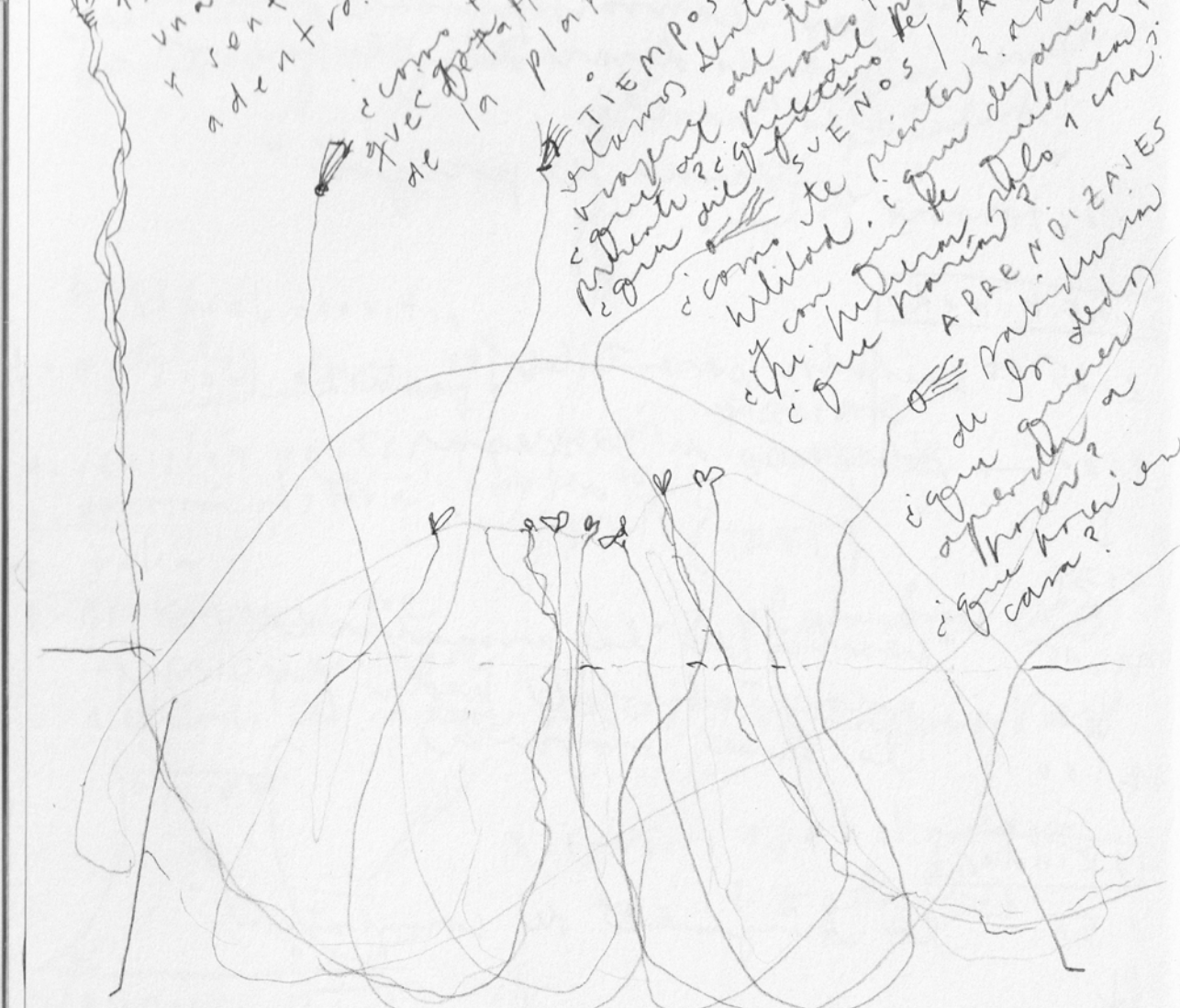
proposals, gathered into four chapters that explore what we call a jellyfish attitude: a way of learning that flows through the body, wonder, and our attunement to the world around us.

Finally, the journal closes with the voice of marine biologist and educator Celeste Kroeger Campodónico, who offers a view “from the other shore, which is not so different.” Her perspective builds bridges between science and art, reminding us that, although different in their methods, both disciplines explore the world through questions, intuitions, and their own ways of sharing knowledge.

Like any journal, it does not claim to be exhaustive or conclusive. For this reason, care has been taken to present this story through fragments, sketches, and educational exercises — acknowledging that a creative process is, in itself, something alive, changing, and always incomplete. In its design, space was left for marginalia: blank margins that invite readers to intervene, annotate, and engage in dialogue with what appears on the page.

Beach diary

Paula de Solminihac



SI ES UNA AULA ABIERTA Y TRANSPARENTE

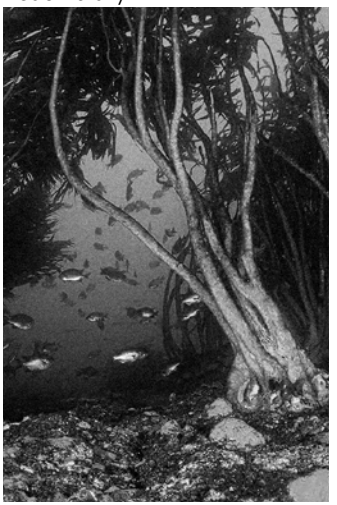
SI ESTÁ EN LA VIDA MISMA

SI ESTÁ EN EL LUGAR DONDE VAMOS A PASARLO BIEN

SI YA POCO SE ESTÁ APRENDIENDO DONDE SE DEBÍA HACER

¿qué aprendemos en la carpa en la playa?

ESTAR / SER AGU



I try to tell this story in chronological order, even though creative processes — especially when they are collective — do not move in a straight line. They fork, intersect, and change pace. What is recounted here could be told in many other ways, because at each step there was more than one perspective, more than one version. Even so, I try to remember and take notes, because creative processes are also a way of tracing the passage of time. If we pay attention to them — not only as a means to an end, but as something valuable in themselves — we can see them as a living expression, in constant transformation. People, places, accidents, and decisions appear within them. That is why it is worth telling their stories: because they are, in their own way, a form of memory[2].

December 2021 – December 2023

The jellyfish tent began as a jumble of events and intuitions that caught my attention. Little by little, these took shape in my imagination — and in that of others — and organized themselves into a collective vision that guided our steps.

It all started in late 2021, when I read an interview about the destruction of seaweed forests in Chile. From then on, those underwater landscapes began to creep into my artistic concerns. The image of these dancing ecosystems, along with my affinity for the sea and the beach, grew over time. It was nourished by spontaneous conversations, everyday situations, moments of work at Nube, and also nights alone in the studio.

Little by little, these ideas began to take shape in my notebooks. I drew evocative figures over and over again, and from there one in particular emerged: the jellyfish. Its soft, floating body began to inhabit my drawings with insistence. I started to research them and discovered that their bodies are 95% water, and that their origins date back to prehistoric times — as if they were creatures from a science fiction movie. The more I read, the more forms appeared. Jellyfish multiplied in my notebooks.

2 This story was composed based on a review of conversations held via email and WhatsApp with Vicente Donoso, Alejandro Pérez, Consuelo Pedraza, Christian Vivero-Fauné, and Carolina Castro. With each of them, I shared observations, ideas, projects, models, and construction processes that, together, shaped La carpa de la medusa.

In art, we are constantly mulling over questions that we sometimes don't even know how to formulate. Ideas don't come in an orderly or complete form; they appear as fragments, intuitions, loose shapes that are drawn or shared with others, waiting for a reflection in return. But at some point in the process — between notebooks and conversations — that scattered and seemingly chaotic material begins to take shape. In the artistic sphere, this usually happens when a proposal emerges: the need to seek funding forces us to translate intuition into words, to make it shareable.

During that period, various calls for proposals arose that pushed us to research, read, play, and make decisions — to identify problems, formulate objectives, imagine results. We wrote and applied six times, with six similar but slightly different versions of the same idea, which gradually began to take on a name, a form, and a specific meaning.

It was also during this process that two key people joined us. With Consu[3], we organized our thoughts, giving them direction and depth. And with Vicente[4] , we translated the loose forms into drawings with weight, dimension, and reality.

In October 2023, we recieved a grant from Corfo Chile Creativo fund. That was the formal starting point of the project. In the application, we proposed building a tent on the beach that would function as a workshop. We imagined an interactive aquarium inside, inspired by Sketch Ocean, a digital installation created by the international collective TeamLab in 2020, where drawings come to life and swim in a projection alongside creatures illustrated by others. We were fascinated by the fusion of the analog and the digital that the experience proposed. We met with experts in disruptive technology in Chile — without knowing for sure how we were going to achieve it, but with a firm desire to try.

3 Consuelo Pedraza, cultural researcher. Head of content and communications at Nube Lab.

4 Vicente Donoso Silva, architect and master's degree in Landscape Architecture from the Pontifical Catholic University of Chile.

Summer 2024

Soon after, we realized that adapting the interactive aquarium — with its blend of analog and digital technology — and taking it to a beach in Chile was not only going to be technically complex, but also too expensive. That realization marked the first major shift in the project: leaving behind the technological impact to focus on the essentials. First, to educate about beach life and enjoy the process. We wanted the space to be both a place of learning and of pleasure. Second, to create a traveling tent that could be replicated in different places across Chile and adapted to each environment. And finally, something that emerged strongly as we learned more: to let ourselves be affected by the jellyfish and its way of being in the world. The aquarium, which at first had seemed to be the heart of the project, began to feel dispensable. The principles were now clearer than the form.

That summer, two important things happened that gave shape and meaning to the project: the first was setting up the tent, and the second was bringing Carolina Castro Jorquera[5] on board as curator.

On February 21, we set up the tent for the first time in the backyard of Nube's workshop, together with a group with whom I have grown accustomed to speculating. With Javi[6] and my daughter Elena, we had traveled in 2018 to install *Los pliegues del atrapaniebla* (The folds of the fog catcher) in El Tofo, in the commune of La Higuera — an intervention in the landscape that sought to make visible an invisible process: the transformation of fog into water[7]. Six years later, we were meeting again. This time with new people: Consu and Vicente; Marti[8] who accepted the challenge of dressing the tent; Inés[9] who had recently joined Nube; and Oscar with his team of builders. A small community gathered around a soft idea.

We spent two days assembling metal parts and testing possible patterns with discarded plastic sleeves we found in the workshop. Meanwhile, we were in talks with

5 Carolina Castro Jorquera, curator, researcher, and doctor of art history.

6 Javier Otero, visual artist and leader of experiences and production at Nube Lab.

7 There we installed a fog collection system for eight months and, when we dismantled it, we took the fabrics to the sea to wash them with the same substance that had impregnated them. Loaded with salt, we stored the fragments without leaving a trace. It was the first time we had built something on a large scale in a territory—the coastal desert of the Coquimbo Region—trying to do with little, using the resources of the context carefully and allowing ourselves to be affected by the passage of time.

8 Martina Palominos, designer, textile artist, and founder of Mou Studio.

9 Inés González, visual artist and artist-teacher at Nube Lab.

Patagonia Chile and Bureo Inc. to obtain NetPlus®, a high-performance fabric made from recycled fishing nets that we dreamed of using to cover the tent. But at that time, we still weren't sure if the donation would go through. We could only work with what we had on hand.

Even so, putting it together and dressing it with that discarded plastic was a key moment — a full-scale model. It allowed us to gauge its size, imagine how it would look once covered in fabric, and begin to see it as a device, as a stage. That was the moment it stopped being just an idea. The render — a representation created by software — is a precious tool, especially when Vicente creates it. Although it brings us closer to reality, it does not give us certainty about what is possible; it only helps to better guide our dreams.

Carola and I had known each other since the days of the Fog Catcher, and we had long shared readings, conversations, and digressions about art and bodies of water. Many of those ideas had already begun to develop into what would later become the book *Majamama*[10], but something told me that this time I needed more than a conversation: I needed her perspective.

On January 29, I wrote her an email that began bluntly:

10 *Majamama*, by Paula de Solminihac, with texts by Carla Pinochet, Céline Fercovic, Cecilia Fajardo-Hill, Carolina Castro Jorquera, and Catalina Mena. Ediciones Nube, 2024, 209 pages. The book reflects on "doing-thinking" as a creative mode that intertwines body, thought, and relationships with the environment. Through personal stories and the voices of women linked to art, organic and non-linear forms of knowledge are proposed, in dialogue with everyday life and material processes.

To: *Carolina Castro Jorquera*

Subject: *Requesting curatorial support*

Dear Carola,

As you can see from the subject line of this email, I'm reaching out to request your curatorial support.

The good thing is that we've been talking and wandering together for some time now, validating disorientation as a way of searching for things we don't yet know. As I mentioned, this year many of the actions that have emerged from that sea of shared ideas will begin to take shape. Below, I've outlined the main points to help guide our roadmap.

General purpose: I would say that this is about exploring the relationships between art and ecology. More specifically, how contemporary art establishes dialogues and responses to the environmental crisis. My hypothesis is that art has the capacity to generate aesthetic, social, and economic value—but that these capacities have been undervalued or restricted to a specific group and to certain forms that we can and must expand, in order to amplify their effects and their beneficiaries.

Based on that, I want to do four specific things:

1. *Starting point: an exhibition in the studio of some artist friends with five "beautiful" paintings and the raw clay model of the reef that we will sink in Las Cruces (art for fish). The exhibition is on March 15. As I told you, I want to communicate with a group of collectors beforehand and invite them to join the flight: to buy these beautiful works to finance the actions that come next, changing the logic of value from art as a product to social art experiences.*
2. *As part of that exhibition: launch the book Majamama.*
3. *In May: sinking of the reef in Las Cruces. Document the process on video and make an audiovisual piece—as we have discussed—something beautiful, collaborative, with music and animation artists. I imagine it to be somewhat like Donna Haraway, but in audiovisual format, with the texts on a track that still needs to be defined. Not a classic documentary. Something new. Something we can "fish" at the end of the year.*
4. *The jellyfish tent: This would be the final phase of these actions. It has a popular and collective nature. This phase has the support of a Corfo fund to integrate technology, but I still lack funding for the initial stage, so I am considering requesting a modification: to do the workshop with less technology and thus be able to pay for the rest. This should happen in December 2024.*

Before that, I want to start circulating this project. Among other things, I would like to talk to Cecilia Alemani and try to bring the jellyfish to High Line Park, which she curates. I have written notes and many ideas about all of this, but as I told you, I need to work with you to begin to organize, orient, and communicate this correctly. And I need to do it soon, to be as prepared as possible for the exhibition, which is the beginning of everything.

Hugs,
Paula.

It was an invitation, yes, but also a gesture of trust — a request for curatorial help. Including her in the team we had already formed with Consu — where we imagined, thought, read, and modeled — was one of the best decisions of the process.

On the last day of that summer, *Juegos Nocturnos* (Night Games) opened at 550, a self-managed artist space in Santiago. It was the first public exhibition of the jellyfish — the first in a series of actions that would culminate in the tent — and also the first curatorial gesture shared with Carola. The show brought together five ceramic and encaustic paintings representing jellyfish forms. Along with the exhibition, we presented an intimate text that shared my approach to the subject: from learning to dive and the dilemmas of language, to the pleasure of bodies in motion and an appreciation for the unknown.

I wanted the exhibition to unfold like a celebration. That evening, in the workshop of some friends, we shared food, music, and conversation around these works. The event coincided with the end of summer, and that intersection — between season, art, and celebration — allowed me to propose another form of symbolic circulation: more collective, more affective, more free. It culminated in the launch of *Majamama*, a declaration of a way of approaching knowledge: diverse and divergent, physical, affective, spiritual. Feminine, in many ways.

19 December 2024

December 19, 2024, was a memorable day for all of us who were there — and there were many of us. It was the day *the jellyfish tent* would leave Nube's workshop for the first time, bound for its installation on Playa Chica in Las Cruces.

That morning we set off with everything rehearsed. We reviewed the plan, the list of materials, the schedules. We got in the car with Consu, Javi, and Cami[11]. We chose the playlist and settled into travel mode.

But before leaving Santiago, Migue[12] called us from Nube's workshop: the head of the jellyfish — or, as marine biologists call it, its umbrella — made of iron, didn't fit in the truck. The transport team was already there, and there was no way to load it. We pulled over to the side of the road, looked at each other, and began searching for solutions. We called friends, acquaintances, and acquaintances of acquaintances. We were lucky: Javi contacted Daniela Compagnon, who owns *Flete Arte*, a transport service specializing in artworks. Dani agreed to go to the workshop, pick up the iron umbrella with her small flatbed truck, and take it to the beach. The rest of the structure went in the truck we had already hired.

Once in Las Cruces, we met up with Inés and Alli[13]. Inés was in charge of various aspects of the jellyfish's production, while Alli was responsible for recording those moments that would later help us remember the essentials. They had traveled by bus and were waiting for us so we could go together to ECIM, where we would be sleeping for the next few days.

That place — the UC Coastal Marine Research Station — had been part of the project from the beginning. It was there that I first spoke with Alejandro Pérez Matus, the person behind the interview on the destruction of Chile's kelp forests, who introduced me to that world that soon became my own. It was also there that I met Cele[14], a scientist and coordinator of the Chile es Mar program at ECIM, who ended up becoming a key ally: someone capable of combining the rigor and

11 Camila Romero, integral designer and head of design and brand management at Nube Lab.

12 Miguel Maira, visual artist, self-taught carpenter, and workshop and resources coordinator at Nube Lab.

13 Allison Conley, visual artist and head of photographic and audiovisual recording at Nube Lab.

14 Celeste Kroeger Campodónico, marine biologist and master's degree in marine biodiversity and conservation. She has dedicated her career to science communication and marine education.

affection of research with a deep educational vocation.

ECIM became a kind of home. It opened its laboratory to us and welcomed us with its people and its warmth. There we recorded the audiovisual piece that we would later screen inside the tent.

After leaving our backpacks, we went down to the beach to wait for the jellyfish umbrella. Dani and Migue were still in Santiago, dealing with the weight and dimensions of the iron umbrella. Dani was beginning to doubt whether he could really carry that structure. Imagining the two of them trying to lift it onto the truck — securing it with ropes, wooden slats, and safety straps — was to imagine a feat. But they finally succeeded. Around five in the afternoon, Dani set off for Las Cruces, driving slowly and very carefully.

Meanwhile, already seated on the sand, we had no choice but to wait. Oscar, Lucho, and Juanito joined us — the team of builders I met more than ten years ago when they were renovating my house, and who over time have become an essential part of Nube. They are the kind of people who make do with what they have, with good humor and no fear of improvisation. They always find a way. We were there, chatting, drinking beer, looking at the sea, waiting for the umbrella to arrive. And then Inés — who had also been in charge of coordinating the final details of the fabric and ropes — said to me calmly:

“I think I left the fabric that covers the head behind.”
“No!” was all I could think to say.

That unexpected turn of events was beyond my comprehension. It was late, we were way behind schedule, and there was no room for error. According to the assembly rehearsal we had done at Nube the week before, it would take us at least eight hours to set up and dress the structure. There was no time for failure.

The costume Marti designed consists of six pieces — segments, as we like to call them, because they fit together

like those of an orange — that form the umbrella, or head, and another nine pieces that make up the body of the jellyfish, or, according to biologists, its oral arms. We ran to the car to check the bag with the jellyfish's clothes. We started taking out the parts. What a joy it was to see that, indeed, the segments were there. But when we counted them, something didn't add up. There were only five. We counted once, twice, three times. We couldn't believe it. One segment was missing: a piece no larger than 150 x 200 cm. Without it, the jellyfish was like a smile with a missing tooth.

After 8 p.m., with the sun setting behind the sea, we saw Dani's truck appear on Errázuriz Avenue, slowly descending with the jellyfish head standing upright and precisely tied to the truck's platform — which was smaller than we had imagined. We were all amazed by the feat. It was a triumphant entrance.

But the joy of the arrival was quickly overshadowed by the confusion about the missing piece. Guilt settled on Inés's face as we tried to comfort her and think of possible solutions. We called Migue again — he is the kind of person who is always willing to help, kindly — to ask if he was at the workshop and could check whether the remaining piece had been left there. But it was December 19, and Christmas was fast approaching: Migue was putting up the tree with his niece in Estación Central, and Nube's workshop was in La Reina. Then we called Carola, who was leaving San Felipe at 6:00 a.m. the next day, to see if she could stop by Santiago to pick up the missing piece if it turned up. We still had hope!

Half an hour later, Migue called us:
"I found it! It's at Nube. I'm on my way."

The blame shifted to everyone else. It was late, and no one could believe that Migue was really going to leave at that hour to head to the beach. We tried to dissuade him, think of other options, consider other plans. But Migue was clear:

“We’ve worked too hard on this to fail at something like this.” And he hung up.

With the head — the large iron umbrella — finally on the beach, we could begin erecting the overall structure. This act has its charm. Three support pillars are attached to the umbrella, giving it height and supporting the flexible body of the jellyfish. Then, with the entire skeleton lying on the sand, a long rope is tied to the base of the umbrella. And then, we all pull at the same time to stand it up — a simple, collective, almost ceremonial action.

Night was falling. Tatiana Orellana and José Miguel, from the Department of Culture of the Municipality of El Tabo, along with Cele and Eloísa Garrido from ECIM, had been there all afternoon, attentive to everything that was happening. Now we saw them moving around the beach, gathering flashlights, portable lights, and warm clothes to spend the night. It was an emotional and collaborative mobilization around something soft. The beach was getting ready to spend the night awake.

We began to dress the jellyfish. We had scaffolding buried in the sand, a ladder that was not long enough, and a lot of enthusiasm. Inés led the dressing process: she knew which piece went where, how each section was tied, how the fabric should be turned. But enthusiasm did not make up for the lack of tools. There wasn’t enough equipment for everyone, so each person found their own way to contribute: tying ropes, holding structures, carrying weight, keeping others warm, telling jokes to ward off fatigue.

It was around 10 p.m. when Ale[15] appeared on the beach, along with the ECIM team of marine biologists and divers. They couldn’t believe what was slowly rising up out of the sand. I had shared so many speculative conversations with him — he was always willing to answer my curious questions without asking for lengthy explanations. He walked around the structure in amazement and disbelief.

“I never thought it would be so big!” he repeated to me as

15 Alejandro Pérez Matus, marine ecologist and director of the NUTME Millennium Nucleus. His research focuses on temperate and semi-tropical subtidal marine environments in the South Pacific.

he examined the jellyfish, stopping at every detail.

We were sharing that happiness — the amazement at the creature that was emerging — when someone noticed we were missing plastic ties. How could that be? I remembered that in a previous rehearsal I had become afraid of the wind — a real factor on the beach — and I asked Marti to double the number of eyelets to better secure the fabric to the structure. That modification, however, was never reflected in the materials sheet. It was that simple. And without ties, we couldn't attach the fabric to the iron skeleton. While some of the girls improvised fasteners with cigarette paper, the ECIM team — Ale, Bea, and Tuto — said without hesitation "let's see what we can find in the lab". It was ten at night, and the lab was already closed—but off they went. They returned shortly after, arms full of all the plastic ties they could find, the same ones they use in their daily research.

Another collective emotion—unexpected and joyful.We already knew Tuto and Bea[16] from one of those attempts to build bonds through speculative creative processes. In mid-2024, at Ale's request, they had offered to help me sink "experimental art for fish" into the depths of the ocean: thirteen ceramic *lulos* designed to function as a reef, a structure for the formation of an underwater habitat. They were the remains of that initial research on seaweed forests that would later mutate into jellyfish, and into this project. One Saturday in August, we set off together for Algarrobo to sink the pieces at an underwater observation point that ECIM monitors using environmental sensors. During that operation, Bea, somewhere between amused and bewildered, wrote in her field log: "Sinking of lulos," in an attempt to give shape to something that defied any usual procedure. Afterwards, we ate pizza, shared stories, and became friends.

That's why, when—there on the beach in the middle of the night—I saw them amazed by the jellyfish, I felt that, in some way, they had already gotten used to doing strange things when I arrived. And although it may seem like a

16 Vladimir Garmendia and Beatriz Murillo, both marine biologists and scientific divers.

detour in this story, I think it's worth pausing here. That night, I understood something I had already been sensing: that speculation with your fingertips — that is, those small actions born of conversation, of getting to know each other first as humans and then as professionals, leaving the project or the result for last — allows you to forge different bonds. Bonds that enable the creation of shared meanings in a natural way, without forcing it.

After the ECIM team saw me show up at their labs repeatedly — always with Ale asking them for help with small experiments or strange ideas — the strange had ceased to be strange. It had transformed into something else: that genuine excitement we artists feel when we create with the unknown. In those surprised faces, and in that generous willingness — like going out in the middle of the night to look for plastic ties — there was something else: commitment and enthusiasm to see how an idea, born of speculation, became real.

At eleven o'clock at night, we saw Migue's car appear on the waterfront. He had arrived. I managed to capture on video the exact moment he walked down to the beach, with the missing piece hanging around his neck like a cape, while Inés ran to meet him. They hugged amid the applause and laughter of the team still working around the jellyfish. It was a scene straight out of a movie. He was dressed for the heat of Santiago nights: shorts, a striped shirt, no coat. His plan was just to deliver the fabric and leave, but when he saw how behind schedule we were — and thanks to his usual generosity — he stayed. Someone handed him a sweatshirt, and without further ado, he joined the assembly. Migue stayed until Friday afternoon, sharing, supporting, and guiding the educational experiences in that role he knows so well: that of artist-teacher.

Around two in the morning, someone — with good judgment and on behalf of everyone — decided it was time for some of us to go to sleep. The program started at six, and we needed to arrive with some energy. So we divided the group: some went to rest at ECIM, while the rest of

us stayed on the beach, determined to finish. And we did. Around four in the morning, the jellyfish was completely assembled, dressed, and standing. Javi had found two improvised guardians — nighttime beach dwellers — to watch over the jellyfish for the rest of the night. Tati and José Miguel, from the Department of Culture of the Municipality of El Tabo, also stayed with us until the end: another example of that precious mixture of enthusiasm, commitment, and generosity that marked the entire day.

We left for ECIM looking to rest, or at least get off the beach. I took a shower, put on my pajamas, and I'm sure I even managed to dream. Two hours later, the alarm clock rang. And as I forced myself to get up, I couldn't help but wonder: whose terrible idea was it to start the program by projecting the video at six in the morning? But it was already decided. From the beginning, when we started to devise and sketch the project with Vicente and Consu, we had imagined that the day would begin with that scene: the jellyfish illuminated by the video projection in the morning twilight. The drawing ruled. That image shaped the program, which was then communicated and maintained until the end. Despite the sleepiness and fatigue, that morning we were going to fulfill the promise we had drawn.


RESTAURANTE
BAHIA ESCORIAL

20 december 2024

I could say that Friday, December 20, began around six in the morning, when I woke up — although midnight had already passed amid laughter, plastic ties, and the hugs of Inés and Migue. The truth is that, for us — the team — it was just a continuation: lighter, brighter than the previous day.

When we returned to the beach, the sky was just beginning to lighten. And there they were: a grandmother, her granddaughter, and a picnic basket. They had arrived on time, curious, eager for the first video screening at *the jellyfish tent.* We started the day with them. While we were setting up the equipment, other people joined us: three men, two children, and a dog.

The screening failed. It's not worth dwelling on the technical details. We shared some sandwiches that the grandmother had brought in her basket and talked about jellyfish. The granddaughter, infinitely curious, asked if we could also talk about other things. We talked about crabs and the coral she had in her hands. And then, as if she knew exactly what to do, she invited us all to draw a giant jellyfish in the sand — with twigs, with our feet, with our fingers. Two giant jellyfish now coexisted on the beach.

The morning continued at its own pace. The two children, aged between five and eight, were bodyboarding around 7:30 a.m. The beach was beginning to fill up. We saw the kiosks open, the ball nets being hung, the parasols set up, the buckets and shovels lined up.

After that opening scene, we had a little time before the formal program for the day began. We returned to ECIM, drank excessive amounts of coffee, and laughed with the contagious energy we always carry with us. At Nube, we say that laughter, energy, and optimism are part of our method — although we don't always call it that. But this experience reminded us that these are also creative abilities. I don't know if they're studied in manuals, but they

are undoubtedly a hallmark — a way of being together in the process and sharing the work with others.

The program for December 20 began at 11:00 a.m. But this day was not an isolated event — it was the result of a process of encounters and collaboration that had been going on for months, thanks to the joint work with neighbors, shellfish gatherers, artisans, scientists, and coastal managers from Las Cruces.

The day's activities arose directly from this network. Throughout the day, there were conversations, readings, workshops, and demonstrations that, from different disciplines and sensibilities, invited us to look at the sea, science, creation, and everyday life with new eyes.

In the morning, we listened to anecdotes from those who inhabit the territory, and even analyzed the myth of the jellyfish from a perspective shared across generations. In the afternoon, children and families gathered to play with a deck of cards that matched marine species with their larval forms. Then, with magnifying glasses and microscopes, they observed shells and small marine organisms and tried to draw them, imagining ourselves as tiny, or as if those creatures were giants. Later, the El Tabo Cultural Artisans' Table arrived at the tent with gifts for the jellyfish: creations made with their own techniques and inspired by this enigmatic sea creature.

Until dusk arrived. While we waited for the sun to set and darkness to fall, we played music. With that gentle lethargy that settles in at the end of a day on the beach, listening to songs and drinking beer under the warm light of sunset brought us complete happiness. In that state, with a song by Gepe playing in the background, we looked at each other and said: "Gepe should be here, playing in the tent."

I'm putting this down in writing because, if it ever happens, it will be a small triumph of the imagination. Thinking something, saying it out loud, and sharing it with friends —

laughing, getting excited, projecting it without shame — is a practice that we at Nube cultivate with love. Sometimes that's all it takes to get an idea off the ground.

With the beach already dark, it was time for the immersive video projection. The audiovisual piece was created by Ana Edwards and set to music by Aníbal Bley, especially for this project. And although the video was no more than ten minutes long, the collective feeling it generated is difficult to describe — but I'll try. The images enveloped the interior and exterior of the tent: marine forms, scenes of the seabed and Las Cruces beach, mixed with drawings from my notebooks, all floating to the rhythm of soft and intriguing music. When the projection ended, the reaction was immediate:

"Again, again!"
They wanted to see it one more time.

And to our surprise, we didn't hesitate. The second screening lost none of its magic. About fifty people remained around the jellyfish, attentive to every image, recording with their phones, taking photos, searching — unsuccessfully — for the music on Shazam. When it ended, no one wanted to leave. We put the music back on, and people simply stayed, floating in the atmosphere we had created together.

Sometimes we forget the power of art to move us. We neglect it, relegate it — as if it only had value when loaded with ideas and concepts. But that night was different. That large, vaporous jellyfish — translucent, light, silent — projected images and sounds onto its body, and for a moment, all of us who were there saw life subtly unfold: we saw the beach, the sea, reality, and that sensitive layer that art adds to it, like an emotional veil. It was as if art allowed us to see everyday life slightly shifted — with more attention, more wonder, more beauty. We saw the real and, at the same time, its poetic reflection: the concrete and the imagined, simultaneously. And that experience — ephemeral, tenuous, collective — was deeply unforgettable.

We cried and hugged each other. We were exhausted but

happy. Ale, his daughter Violeta, his dogs, the ECIM team, and the El Tabo Municipal Culture Department were all there. We went out to eat, have a drink, and finally go to sleep.

The truck left for Santiago, and we began to say goodbye, one by one, to our new — and already dear — friends from Las Cruces: José Miguel, Tatiana, Celeste, Ale, the lady at the kiosk, the ice cream man, the grocery man. We laughed a little more, still with that feeling of pride and disbelief floating among us. Then we went to lunch at Nobel, in Isla Negra — the restaurant owned by Pablo Zamora, with whom we were beginning to build a friendship. There, on that perfect terrace, we tried to sort through everything that had happened, took out our ethnographic notebooks, and began to write down the necessary improvements, the changes to be made, the pending conversations. The head of the jellyfish — the large iron umbrella — was the first thing that needed to be rethought: How could we make it more compact? How could we design a better assembly system? Who should we talk to? What did we want to do next? It was a moment of perfect blend between emotion and reason, that rare balance that appears when you are happy but still thinking about how to do better.

When we arrived in Santiago, we said goodbye with a long, heartfelt hug—exhausted. I still remember that feeling of turning inward. That state where you're still permeated by what just happened: thinking back on it with disbelief and a quiet smile, because what occurred is still pulsing inside.

That same afternoon, at home, I began to write this story.

Lessons

Paula de Solminihac
Consuelo Pedraza

This *Beach Diary* is the archive of a transformation. If the first part recounted the creative process and its power to turn an idea into a giant jellyfish, this second part offers a new turn: transforming that process into lessons worth sharing.

Throughout the project, we learned not only from jellyfish, but also from the sea, the land, and the people who inhabit it. This section gathers all those learnings — a mix of intuitions, emotions, and reflections — and translates them into four chapters that serve as gateways to what we call a jellyfish attitude: a way of learning through the body, through wonder, and through our relationship with the environment.

Each chapter begins with an intuition, an anecdote, or a reflection, and develops it into an educational proposal designed to be implemented in local schools — spreading that jellyfish attitude through education. It also offers readers suggestions for practicing this attitude in everyday life.

These lessons are at different stages of development: two have already been implemented in local schools, one is in the prototype phase, and another is still being developed. We now invite you to immerse yourself in these lessons — make them your own, reinterpret them, adapt them, and carry them further.

ACCORDING TO THOREAU, COSMOS TAUGHT HIM THAT THE COLLECTION OF INDIVIDUAL OBSERVATIONS CREATE A PICTURE OF NATURE AS A WHOLE, IN WHICH EACH DETAIL WAS LIKE A THREAD IN THE TAPESTRY OF THE NATURAL WORLD.

"TACTILE"

FUTURE IS HANDMADE

1. Live waters: corporeal and voluminous forms

"Tentacle" comes from the latin tentaculum, meaning "feeler" or "antenna," and from tentare, "to feel" or "to try".[17]

In May 2021, I read an interview with Alejandro Pérez Matus about the seaweed forests along the Chilean coast. I didn't know him, but something in his words made me stop. I found it a fascinating landscape and, at the same time, completely unknown. I couldn't believe that there were large, lush forests under the ocean and that, like terrestrial forests, they sustained entire ecosystems — life forms that feed, take refuge, and intertwine with one another.

I wrote to him that same day:
"When I read about the kelp forests, I saw a beautiful and unexplored horizon. Once again, I found myself drawn to that logic that appeals to me so much: *as above, so below*. I would love to know more. Would you have time for a virtual conversation?"

He replied immediately. He was enthusiastic about the mix of art and science and shared with me some clues about related projects. After several failed attempts to coordinate our schedules, we finally met one day for lunch in Las Cruces. There I told him, "I want to learn to dive."

That sentence marked the beginning of this project. Wanting to dive was literal — to submerge myself in the sea — but it was also something else: a way of looking at the world from another place. Looking slowly. Looking without understanding everything. Immersing myself in a world of strange shapes that somehow already lived inside me. From that encounter — with the forests and with Ale — an image began to emerge: soft, smooth, fluid, curvy, fluttering shapes. This led me to a question that runs through many of my concerns: How do we recognize a shape before we know what it is?

17 Donna Haraway, Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene, trans. Helen Torres (Bilbao: Consonni, 2019), 61.

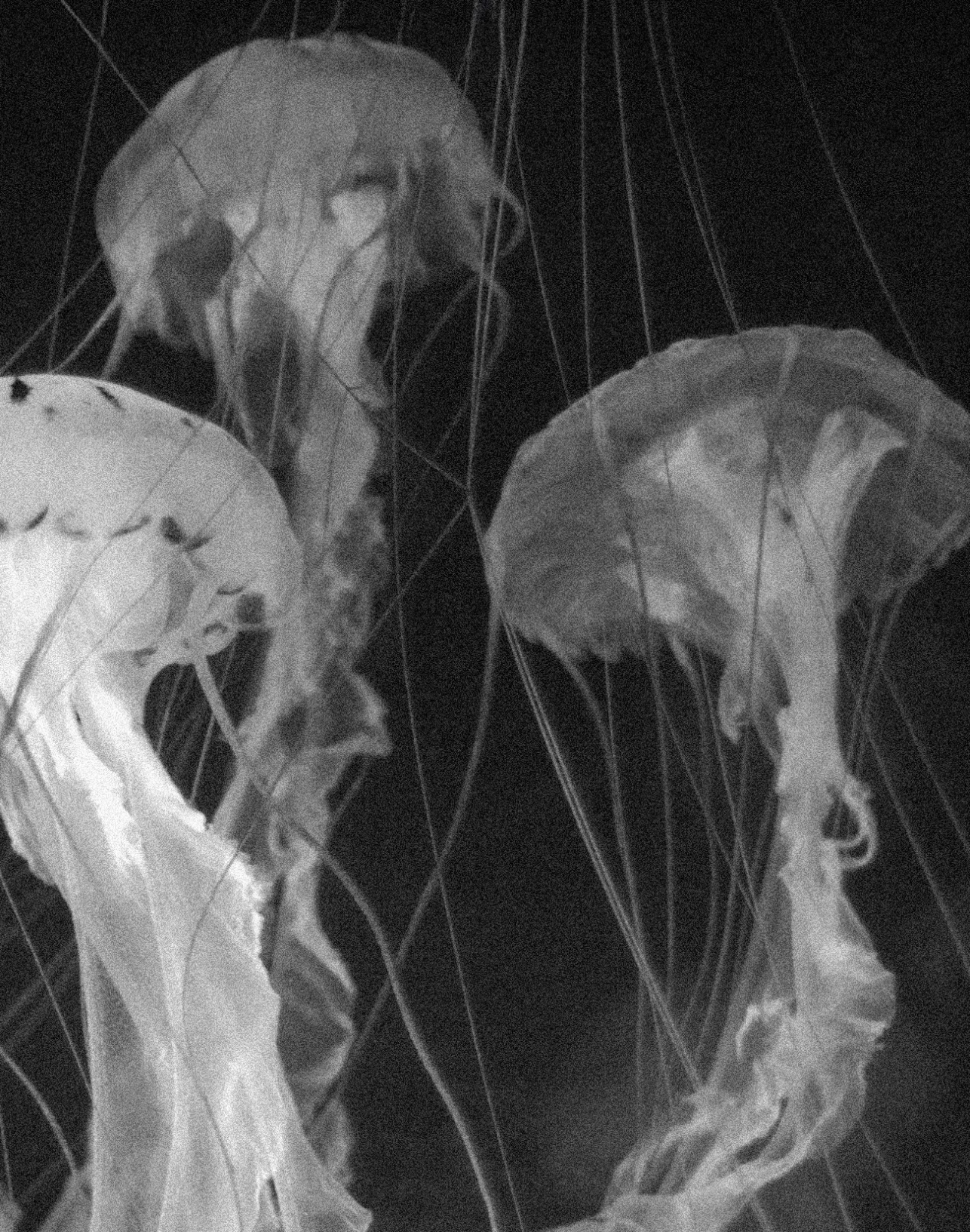
Sometimes we are attracted to shapes, and we don't know why. We just feel that there is something there — an attraction. Mental images belong to a world where the rationality of discourse — of words — has not yet arrived. And our only way to approach them is through a play of similarities and associations.

Shapes attract other shapes, even when there is no apparent similarity. It is an internal process that builds links between what we see outside and what already exists within us. We see a form in the world — a forest of seaweed, perhaps — and, without knowing why, we are drawn to it. It reminds us of something. It invites us to look closer. It connects with something inside us. Intuition is activated and takes control. That moment — silent, sensitive, restless — is often the seed of a creative quest.

To grasp a latent image—that unfinished form that lingers around us—we must pay close attention to its resonances. Not look in order to understand what it is or what it's for, but observe in a way that frees what we see from its functional context. Detach it from its usefulness. Only then can we recognize, in those everyday forms, the echoes of that image. Because so often, what we're searching for is already there, in plain sight. But to perceive it, we need to suspend judgment and look with a different disposition: without naming, without classifying—letting the form "speak" to us.

And then, to integrate that moment of sensitive observation, we need to draw. Drawing emerges as a tool to fix, to think, and to continue the dialogue with the mental image. It offers something that photography cannot: time and decision. When we draw, we don't just represent what we see — we interpret it, synthesize it, let it pass through us. We decide what to record and how. We eliminate what we consider irrelevant and fill in what is missing from our memory, our experiences, our ways of thinking. Drawing is a way of thinking — But a kind of thinking that moves through the hand—through the line. That is why even the simplest sketches can be intense: not because they reproduce reality, but because they interpret it subjectively. They say, "this matters to me," and also, "I was there."

Collecting and sharing shapes is a strategy of the creative process–shapes that disturb us, that haunt us, that insist. Sometimes they appear as a photo, a news item, an everyday object, a drawing, or a trinket found on the street. That is why artists observe, draw, collect, and display these findings in their studios, hold exhibitions, and return again and again to the same thing: variations on a figure that haunts them. Because when we observe, draw, and create, it seems that we are trying to discover what forms hide–their mystery–beyond the use or function that has been given to them. And it is there, in that back-and-forth over the same image, that a kind of knowledge is produced: one that is not always expressed in words, but constructed through intuition, repetition, and the desire to look beyond the obvious.



Educational activity: The jellyfish's brush

Jellyfish have existed for more than 600 million years, making them one of the oldest living organisms on the planet. Their soft, gelatinous bodies are composed of 95% water, which allows them to float with ease. They have no brain, heart, or lungs, but they do have a simple nervous system that enables them to perceive their environment and respond to it.

They move by combining two types of motion: one passive, in which they are carried by ocean currents — or even by the wind, in the case of some related species — and another active, generated by the rhythmic contractions of their bodies. This second movement works like a kind of jet propulsion: the jellyfish compresses its umbrella to expel water, and that impulse propels it forward.

Despite their apparent fragility, jellyfish have survived enormous planetary transformations. Their way of life embodies an adaptive intelligence: they coexist without imposing themselves, they adapt to their environment, they respond to the movement of the sea. That is why, in addition to being fascinating from a biological point of view, they are also a source of inspiration for imagining other ways of being in the world — softer, more flexible, and more connected to our surroundings.

"The jellyfish's brush" is an activity designed for students in grades 3 to 6 that invites them to think with their hands — or with their tentacles. Its objective is to spark a sensory, playful, and creative exploration through the figure of the jellyfish. Everyday materials — plaster, string, sponges, and socks — are transformed into a brush shaped like this ancient organism: the umbrella becomes the handle, while its tentacles become the bristles that leave traces on the surface. With this tool in hand, participants are invited to paint and draw as if they were jellyfish, discovering new repertoires of movement and expression.

More than learning about jellyfish, this activity seeks to learn with them. What do their softness, their way of floating, their ability to coexist with their environment without imposing on it teach us? By personifying a jellyfish, children connect with a different rhythm — slower, more fluid, more attentive. Painting like a jellyfish becomes an exercise in empathy, imagination, and bodily experimentation. What would happen if I were a jellyfish? How would I move? What trail would I leave in the water? The act of becoming a jellyfish through a tool — a paintbrush shaped like them — allows us to explore another way of being in the world: letting ourselves drift, leaving a trail, and learning from movement itself.

This activity is part of the first cycle of educational experiences of the jellyfish tent. The complete version — with teaching suggestions and step-by-step instructions — is available at www.nubelab.cl/recursos

2. Plankton: wandering collectives

"To be one is always to become with many".[18]
"Those who accept small wonders are ready to imagine great ones".[19]

In December 2022, I had the opportunity to install a large-scale work on Miami Beach in the United States. It was called *Morning Glory*[20], like the flower, and consisted of a large wooden deck half-buried in the sand, which functioned as a shared space. There, I developed an educational program with improvised jazz sessions, breathing exercises, and workshops. But unexpected things also happened: spontaneous fashion shows, impromptu weddings, family picnics, children on roller skates. The work mutated. It opened up to use, occupation, and play.

During those days, I witnessed something that stayed with me: a man in a wheelchair who, every morning, traveled along the wooden walkway until he reached the closest point to the sea. On the last day, we asked him why he kept coming back. He said, "I've never been so close to the sea."

That gesture — minimal and immense — moved me deeply. There was something in the simple act of being there, of getting closer, of sharing a place, that resonated with conversations we had already been having at Nube. For months, we had been talking about putting on a festival, taking to the streets, bringing art to street markets, inventing popular artistic formats. When I returned from Miami, I shared that anecdote — and many others — with the team. It wasn't an idea yet; it was just a small story, but it began to circulate. To infiltrate. Something in that image — the beach, the access, being together — began to reveal an intuition that spread quickly: the need to make art a public, situated, living experience, and to do so on the beach.

18 Donna Haraway, When Species Meet, University of Minnesota Press, 2008, p. 4.

19 Gaston Bachelard, The Poetics of Space, Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1957, p. 143.

20 *Morning Glory* is a site-specific installation created in collaboration with architect Vicente Donoso, selected for the Faena Prize for the Arts and presented at Faena Beach during Miami Art Week 2022. Inspired by the coastal vine of the same name, known for its adaptability, the work proposed a space for meeting and playing on the beach. With wooden platforms evoking its leaves and flowers.

That same summer, we shared a meal at my home-studio with American curator Dan Cameron and Chilean artist Gianfranco Foschino. Dan spoke enthusiastically about a new space taking shape in Chiloé: *La Capilla Azul*[21]. The conversation naturally drifted toward music and cinema, art forms deeply rooted in everyday life: heard on buses, projected in public squares, circulating freely in the streets. Arts that do not need permission to exist because they are born — and shared — in their own medium. That kind of circulation — open, popular, and unmediated — confirmed our intuitions.

Around that time, I also began to dive, and I immersed myself — literally and creatively — in a world of new, strange, floating forms. Another fruitful conversation that summer was with Vicente and Consu, on the terrace of my home-studio. The idea of doing something on the beach had already been spoken aloud and had become a shared conviction. We talked about a large video projection on the sand, an ephemeral open-air cinema, inventing a space that would allow us to be and create in a different way. All of this began to ferment there, in the heat of summer: the conversations, the chance encounters, the long afternoons. It was as if the season itself generated a breeding ground for imagining what did not yet have form.

Days later, I was still mulling over those conversations. I wrote to Vicente on WhatsApp:
"Hey, I kept thinking (so that it remains in a reflective mass): that we should think of this 'thing' as something that can also travel further... Difficult, but not impossible to dream of coasts in other latitudes..."

March, as always, began with an abrupt rhythm. Some of the creative dust suspended in the summer air began to stir; other particles traveled to new places, and some simply found gravity. Vicente and I worked at night — each of us with our daytime obligations — and those late hours are fertile ground for the freest ideas. One night, while working on the design of transportable furniture for another project, we discussed how this "thing," which was already beginning

21 *La Capilla Azul* is an artistic and cultural space located in Chiloé, Chile, co-founded in 2023 by Dan Cameron and Ramón Castillo. It is an intimate venue located in the rural area of Contuy, in the commune of Queilen, where exhibitions combining works by visual artists with local artisans are held. Source: Artishock Magazine

to take shape, could have similar furniture. Vicente laughed and said, “the smooth transition between projects.” Another night, I had made a drawing to explain the idea of this thing to him. On the back wall of my workshop hung a poster of jellyfish. Vicente looked at the drawing, then at the poster, and said, “This looks like a jellyfish.”

This kind of collective creative process is something we practice at Nube. Someone throws an idea into the air. Sometimes no one picks it up, and it stays there—fermenting quietly. But when someone takes it, brings it back to the group with a reference, an image, or a single word, something activates. The game begins. Ideas circulate, contaminate one another, deform and expand: everyone contributes something. The important thing is to enter the flow, to return something, to follow the thread. At Nube, you don’t hear “I don’t understand what this is” as often anymore. It’s about allowing yourself to be affected and trusting the process. Some things float for a while; others settle naturally. Because that’s what it is: a creative and collective unfolding—alive, porous, and always in motion.

Collective creative processes often occur on the margins: in an informal conversation, in an improvised drawing, in a word that someone throws out and keeps resonating. That's why carrying a notebook, taking photos, saving sketches or random phrases can be a way to nurture and accompany the process. It's about building a small archive that allows you to track what happens when several people think together.

Another way to think with others – mentioned earlier – is to apply for a grant or competition. More than just a formality, writing an application can be the perfect excuse to talk, organize intuitions, and refine ideas. Sometimes ideas are born blurry, and it is only by writing them down, reading them aloud, sharing them, and revisiting them that they begin to take shape.

Educational activity: The lives of plankton

The word plankton comes from the Greek planktos, meaning "wandering" or "drifting," and refers to a community of tiny aquatic organisms that float adrift, carried by currents and tides. Although some can swim, their small size or fragility prevents them from resisting the force of the water, leaving their course to the movement of the ocean.

This suspended multitude — visible only under a microscope — forms the base of the marine food pyramid. Through photosynthesis, phytoplankton converts sunlight into organic matter, feeding countless species, from tiny zooplankton to whales. In addition to sustaining marine life, plankton plays an essential role in the planet's balance, contributing to oxygen production and carbon dioxide absorption. In its constant drift, plankton embodies a collective, mobile, and vital form of existence.

But not all plankton are tiny. Jellyfish, for example, belong to the gelatinous zooplankton: large, soft, transparent bodies that also drift along. Although they can propel themselves with gentle contractions of their bells, they spend most of their time floating at the mercy of the sea. Many other species — crabs, fish, mollusks — are also considered plankton in their early stages of life, before settling down or gaining autonomy. Plankton is not just a body shape but a way of being: in transit, in suspension, always in relation to the movement of the world.

What if we imagine this collective as a mobile? "The lives of plankton" is an activity designed for students in grades 3 to 6 that invites them to learn about this drifting collective of organisms fundamental to life on the planet. Through a playful and interpretive exercise, children explore the world of plankton by examining its forms, its transformations, and its ecological role. The proposal combines scientific knowledge, imagination, and drawing to bring other ways of life closer through hands-on experience.

After learning about different planktonic species and their

life cycles through a card game, students represent these life stages using a scraping technique: they draw on a black-painted Tetra Pak surface and then scrape it with a fine point to reveal the shapes underneath. They cut out their drawings and construct a mobile that interprets what they have learned. Inspired by the flotation and drift of plankton, each mobile becomes a small suspended constellation, swaying in the air as if floating in the sea.

By representing planktonic cycles in mobiles, children not only learn about marine biodiversity — they also immerse themselves in a sensitive metaphor for the common: a drifting collective that, without knowing it, keeps the world moving.

This activity is part of the first cycle of educational experiences of the jellyfish tent. The complete version, including teaching suggestions and step-by-step instructions, is available at www.nubelab.cl/recursos

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LAS PISTAS DEL ERIZO DE HONDURA
4
ECHINOPLUTEUS

3. How to inhabit the beach: narratives of place

"More permanent — but less easy to express — his the feeling one has toward a place, because it is our home, the seat of our memories, or the place where we earn our living".[22]

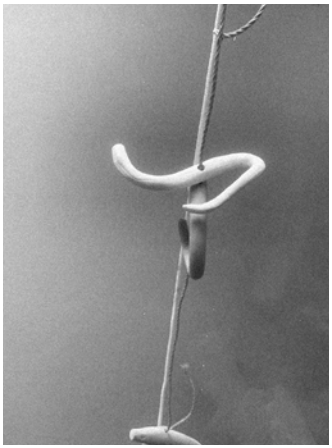
My mother died when I was five and my brother was two. Since then, we spent every summer in Viña del Mar with my grandmother, from the moment we left for vacation until we returned to school. She did her best to take care of us and maintain some order, but only my brother — still so young — followed her routines. I, on the other hand — angry and disappointed with life, perhaps — did whatever I wanted. For a girl of that age, doing what I wanted meant simple things, but with an intense taste of freedom: walking barefoot all day even though the sand burned, climbing the lifeguard chair and jumping from the top, playing "dead," letting the waves do their thing — carrying me out to sea, bringing me back, tossing me around — without me moving a single muscle.

That lack of boundaries — in schedules, in routines, in how the heat, the body, the sand, and the water mixed together — that way of being and feeling the environment is what I recognized years later as the "oceanic feeling": an overwhelming sensation in which the self dissolves into the world, and we recognize ourselves as part of something immense, unknown, and beautiful.

Then came another beach, different from the one of my childhood. Playa Blanca, next to Tongoy, was the beach of my youth. For years, I went there with friends, doing the silly things typical of adolescence. But I also grew up there, accompanied by different people over time: my dad, my grandparents, my partner and father of my children, and now my own children. It was another way of experiencing the territory — through its people. I learned the stories of

22 Yi-Fu Tuan, Topophilia: A Study of Perceptions, Attitudes, and Values of the Environment. Editorial Muselina, 2007, p. 130.

those who live there, I learned their customs, I discovered the handmade tools of those who work at sea. I listened to their sorrows and shared some of their joys, never ceasing to marvel at the calm of the sea, the hypnotic effect of watching the waves break over and over again, and each sunset that seems different from the last. A few years ago, I learned to dive there. The seabed taught me about another beach: another rhythm, another language, another way of looking at things.



Chile has more than 6,400 kilometers of coastline. Of the country's 345 municipalities, 104 are coastal, and about 44% of the population moves to the beaches during the summer[23]. That means that a large part of those of us who live in this territory have been, in one way or another, connected to the coast. Each person has their own story with the beach; mine is just one among millions. But what, then, makes a beach become part of who we are? How can we establish emotional ties that make us feel part of a place and care for it from a deep sense of unity? How do we go from being visitors or users to cohabitants and caretakers?

Geographer Yi-Fu Tuan, in his book Topophilia (1974), proposed this term as a way of naming that emotional bond between people and places. It is, above all, a feeling of attachment that links us to certain places with which, for one reason or another, we identify. This bond involves a series of experiences that mark us emotionally — a complex web of material, historical, and symbolic relationships, culturally intertwined.

It is often said that "you have to know how to read the atmosphere," but this reading does not occur only with the eyes, nor is it limited to visible data. Reading a place involves activating a sensitive and curious approach that allows us to perceive what is not said — what is smelled, heard, remembered, imagined. It is a living reading, in constant transformation, constructed in layers.

Inhabiting a territory is not simply being in it, but recognizing that it precedes us and will survive us. Each place has a

23 The Association of Market and Public Opinion Researchers of Chile (AIM). (2025). Study reveals that 44% of Chileans will go to the beach this summer.
Retrieved from: https://aimchile.cl/estudio-revela-que-el-44-de-los-chilenos-ira-a-la-playa-este-verano/


Puesta de Sol

memory, a rhythm, a network of meanings that is not unique or fixed, but multiple and dynamic. Recognizing this is the first step toward coexisting with respect.

Today, the call to cohabit the beach in a more profound and respectful way is becoming urgent. Intense storm surges, rising sea levels, and pollution are transforming Chile's coastline into critical areas where the effects of climate change and human action converge. Coastal communities, which depend on the sea for their livelihood, are seeing their resources deteriorate, while marine ecosystems face irreversible losses.

The crisis challenges the way we view and relate to these territories. The beach we know today — as a place of leisure, rest, and connection — is a relatively recent invention: it was only in the 18th century that it ceased to be seen as an inhospitable space and became a place of physical and emotional well-being. It was a cultural change.

If that was possible then, what kind of transformation can we imagine today? How can we ensure that caring for the land is not an exception or an external mandate, but a natural consequence of coexisting with awareness and affection? Perhaps the answer lies precisely in learning to read in layers, and allowing places, little by little, to transform us as well.

To develop an emotional bond with a place, it is not enough to know it: you have to let yourself be affected by it, activating stimuli that provoke meaningful experiences. Some activators are sensory and generate immediate pleasure: letting yourself be affected by the wind, the sound of the sea, the textures of the environment, the primary pleasures of childhood. We can also activate the experience through drifting: taking the time to wander aimlessly, cultivating an attitude of curiosity and openness. Other triggers come from surprising knowledge: an unexpected question, a piece of information that reorders our perception.
Our relationship with a place is built over time, with layers that sediment pieces of ourselves alongside stimuli from the environment. Then, caring for the environment does not feel like a duty, but a natural way of caring for ourselves as well.

Educational activity: I have seen

Las Cruces is a coastal town located in the commune of El Tabo, Valparaíso Region. In pre-Columbian times, the territory was inhabited by the Bato, Llolleo, and Aconcagua cultures, and — as noted by visual artist and *cruzólogo* Luis Merino Zamorano[24] — until the 16th century, these lands were ruled by the Huachunde people. Scattered archaeological remains of all these cultures have been preserved, such as shell middens — remains of shells, bones, and fishing tools that reveal a life deeply connected to the sea — and *tacitas* stones — rocky surfaces with shallow circular concavities that were presumably used for grinding. The name these inhabitants gave to the place is unknown. In fact, the origin of the name "Las Cruces" is not entirely clear. One of the most widespread versions suggests that it refers to the crosses installed in front of the sea to commemorate a shipwreck. Although there are no historical records to confirm this, this version has endured in local oral tradition.

The development of Las Cruces as a seaside resort began in the late 19th century. During this period, wealthy families from Santiago began to build their summer homes, influenced at the time by the new European custom of vacationing by the sea. This phenomenon gave rise to other resorts in the central region, such as Cartagena. One of the most representative areas of this process was the El Vaticano neighborhood, made up of stately homes from the early 20th century, many of which still stand today as a testament to a unique architectural heritage.

Las Cruces has also been a place of cultural resonance. Key figures in Chilean culture lived and vacationed here, such as the painter Juan Francisco González, the writer Baldomero Lillo, Gustavo Frías, the group Los Diez — made up of artists, architects, and writers who marked the cultural scene in the early 20th century — the anti-poet Nicanor Parra, and the poet Carmen Berenguer, who made this town their home in the last years of their lives.

Beyond its historical and cultural significance, Las Cruces stands out for its ecological importance. It is surrounded by beaches — Playa Chica, Playa Grande, Las Salinas — a dune field, El Peral Lagoon, declared a Nature Sanctuary;

24 Luis Merino Zamorano, Las Cruces. Barrio El Vaticano, architectural heritage. RIL Editores, 2007.

and the Punta El Lacho viewpoint — where the Pontifical Catholic University's Coastal Marine Research Station (ECIM UC) is located — making it a strategic enclave for marine biodiversity conservation, scientific research, and environmental education.

The beach of Las Cruces, like so many others on Chile's central coast, embodies multiple layers of meaning: historical and cultural, but also memories and affections that make up a complex history, woven by those who live there day after day and also by those who come just for the summer. "I have seen" is an activity aimed at students in grades 7 through 8 that invites them to look at places as sediments of shared experiences and memories. Through a visual and narrative exercise based on collage, students explore their environment by composing with local testimonies, images, and drawings. The proposal combines interpretation and imagination to activate a more affective and complex understanding of the territory.

Using a bank of stories and portraits of Las Cruces residents — neighbors who share their memories of the place — students, working in pairs, select fragments of the stories to begin superimposing layers. Using the decoupage technique — with photographs of the place, thin papers, drawings, and words — they visually reinterpret these stories, adding their own impressions, readings, and gestures. In the last layer, each pair inscribes itself in the image, leaving a mark that inscribes its presence in this new story. In this exercise of listening, interpretation, and creation, the territory is revealed as a web of shared memories, affections, and bonds. I Have Seen thus proposes a way of reading places from their visible, invisible, and cumulative layers, where we are all part of this collective story.

This activity will be part of the second cycle of educational experiences of the jellyfish tent. It is currently under development and will soon be available at www.nubelab.cl/recursos

4. Tapestry of relationships: material histories and circular economies

"Life did not take over the world by combat, but by networking".[25]

What really matters in life — I have come to understand over time — is knowing that I am part of a tapestry of relationships. A fabric that intertwines places with time, people with landscapes, living and non-living beings, thoughts and conversations. In that tapestry, the self is not the center, but just another knot, sustained by its connection to all the others. Once I experienced that sense of unity — profound and without hierarchies — I understood the limitations of instrumental rationality. Instead, I began to look for more sensitive and collective ways of life.

It was in art, gardening, reading, meditation, and being with others that I found resources to sustain that inner image. Practices that helped me not only to understand it, but to embody it, to make it visible in everyday life. I learned to dive in search of the oceanic feeling I had once read about in Freud, and I found suspended, floating, interdependent ways of life. With a group of friends, we installed a fog collector to observe the movement of the coastal fog: water that transforms into clouds and floats, spreading its moisture over the hills. I then remembered what Darwin said about earthworms: invisible beings that work tirelessly for the life of the earth. And I began to practice their forms with clay. I planted and harvested potatoes on the island of Chiloé, with the desire to touch their roots and follow the movements that botanist Stefano Mancuso called the "mind-fingers" of the plant kingdom. Every gesture, every practice, was a way of weaving, of continuing to weave my tapestry.

Perhaps all this is nothing more than the echo of an ancient idea. The Roman poet Lucretius claimed that everything in the universe is composed of the same fundamental

25 Margulis, L., & Sagan, D. (1987). Microcosmos: Four Billion Years of Microbial Evolution. [Quoted from "Life did not take over the world through combat, but through the creation of networks."] Atlas of the Future. Retrieved from https://atlasofthefuture.org/es/science-friction-lessons-in-the-art-of-coexistence/

substance. If we follow that vision, the difference between a stone and a person, between a fishing net and a tent, is nothing more than a taxonomic question. Everything exists within the same field of living forces, in constant transformation. We are part of a great organism in a permanent process of regeneration.

Every so often, these abstract — and ruminative — thoughts encounter a concrete material story. An object, a sequence of processes, a technical gesture: something that reveals itself to me and allows me to understand that vital connection more deeply. One such story is that of the fabric of *the jellyfish tent.*

A few years ago, three American surfers — David Stover, Ben Kneppers, and Kevin Ahearn — imagined a way to transform an environmental problem into an opportunity for regeneration. During their travels along the Chilean coast, they encountered a recurring image: fishing nets abandoned at sea, turned into floating garbage and a silent threat to marine life. "For generations, old fishing nets have been thrown overboard at the end of their useful life. Today, these nets account for about 10% of marine plastics by volume globally. But it turns out they can be reused in many ways," they later pointed out[26].

This is how NetPlus® was born, a fabric made from recycled fishing nets. In 2013, they founded Bureo, a company that began operations in Talcahuano, in collaboration with artisanal fishing communities. The process consists of establishing local partnerships to collect discarded nets, which are then sorted, cleaned, and shredded into recycled plastic pellets. These pellets are then spun into a high-performance fabric, now used in the manufacture of multiple products. Bureo currently operates in eight countries, and NetPlus® has become a raw material recognized for its traceability, strength, and low impact.

I learned about this story in bits and pieces. First the material, then the process, and then the human network behind it. As I understood more, I wanted more for this to be the material used to cover the tent. And the idea that materials are not neutral — or simply at the service of our

26 Patagonia, Net Positiva: a network for change on the coasts of South America. Retrieved from: https://www.patagonia.com/es/stories/net-positiva/story-88629.html

purposes — took on more meaning: they carry meaning, and that meaning transforms form.

In the end, that's how it turned out. Fishing nets turned into fabric would dress a tent, which would be set up in a coastal village as a shelter for sharing knowledge, stories, and conversations. The creators of Bureo never imagined that their fabric would end up in an artistic tent. The fishermen, perhaps, also never imagined that the nets they handle every day could be transformed into a T-shirt, a jacket, or a jockey. We, the artists, had not foreseen any of this either. But once we knew, we gave it poetic meaning. And we worked with an architect, builders, scientists from ECIM, and the community of Las Cruces to give that materiality a new life with new meanings.

As Jane Bennett says in Vibrant Matter (2022): "A vital materiality can never really be 'discarded,' for it continues its course even as discarded or unwanted merchandise" (p. 40). This story is also the trace of that course. The trace of a material that, while remaining a net, became a tent. And that, perhaps, tomorrow, will become something else. So, what if we think of matter not as something that is exhausted, but as part of a continuous cycle of transformations?

Those of us who work in art know that moment well. We have seen it many times: when clay yields to high temperatures, when an idea takes shape on paper, when light alters an image. That gesture — subtle but decisive — deserves attention. It is linked to a form of sensitive observation. Observing the changes in matter stimulates the imagination, as does the knowledge that infiltrates us as we work. In the workshop, everything around us — what we read, what we remember, what we talk about — seeps in, mixes together, transforms into practice, and allows us to question matter in different ways, play with it, imagine it differently. It is never the same because neither are we: we learn more, feel differently, project other forms.

This intersection between imagination, knowledge, and sensitivity trains us to see the extraordinary in the ordinary. Creatively transforming what we already have not only

activates organic cycles of renewal, but also develops skills of observation, manual manufacturing, responsible consumption, and enjoyment of the intangible, such as imagination and creative processes. And finally, by recognizing the vitality of what surrounds us — materials, objects, landscapes, waste — we can rethink the value we assign to things. Not as something fixed, defined by its price or functionality, but in its capacity to continue relating, mutating, and generating meaning in each new form it takes. That value in motion is what sustains a true circular economy: one that recognizes in each transformation a continuity, not an end.

Like artists, vital materialists — as Jane Bennett calls them — "will try to linger in those moments when they feel fascinated by objects, considering them as signs of the material vitality that these objects share with them." That transformative potential, that surprising sense of "homogeneity with the outside," can lead us to treat other-than-humans — animals, plants, the Earth, even artifacts and commodities — more carefully, strategically, and ecologically (p. 57).

The educational activity for this lesson has not yet been finalized. But it will soon complete the cycle of activities available at www.nubelab.cl/recursos

We suggest making the processes of transformation more visible than praising the finished product, as a way of valuing materials, objects, and elements in their different stages of life, and extending their usefulness beyond what is apparent. This can be addressed through tools that make processes and relationships visible and communicable, such as data visualization or storytelling, which reveal the multiple networks and cycles that things go through. Exposing the changes that materials undergo—a fruit that rots, paper in the sun—can activate a sensitivity to what is in constant transformation.

And from a design perspective, it is key to think about objects from their origin so that they can be taken apart, transformed, and put back into circulation.

From the Other Shore, Which Is Not So Different

Celeste Kroeger Campodónico

Halfway through this Beach Diary, Paula tells us that one of the collective creative processes they have identified at Nube begins with the launch of an idea. This idea floats in the air, is shaped by other people, and sometimes "settles," just like the larvae of various marine invertebrates. She also tells us that it is increasingly rare for someone on her team to be afraid of a new idea and say, "I don't understand what this is," because the fun is in playing with confidence, in letting that first spark transform as many times as necessary until it resonates — or simply doesn't.

Both ways of doing things make more and more sense to me.

From where I stand — on the fringes of science and education — the arts are often seen as something strange, very valuable but difficult to understand, from another world "to which we do not belong and which we do not understand." Multiverses that run parallel and rarely intersect in a non-instrumental way, one at the service of the other.

Who knows if through stumbles, coincidences, or more active searches, over time I have found myself involved in more and more projects that mix disciplines: marine sciences and arts, education and design, communications and conservation. The beginning of each of these new adventures occurs, above all, through the intersection with a person — or a group of people — with whom, without fully understanding our ideas, we connect and allow ourselves to let the next steps unfold, trusting in each other's actions and feelings, leaving room for improvisation and for adjusting the load along the way. For their part, the journey and its outcomes have also always been driven by enthusiastic people moved by curiosity, affection, and the enjoyment of doing. Although this almost always involves working unusual hours, you learn to stretch time.

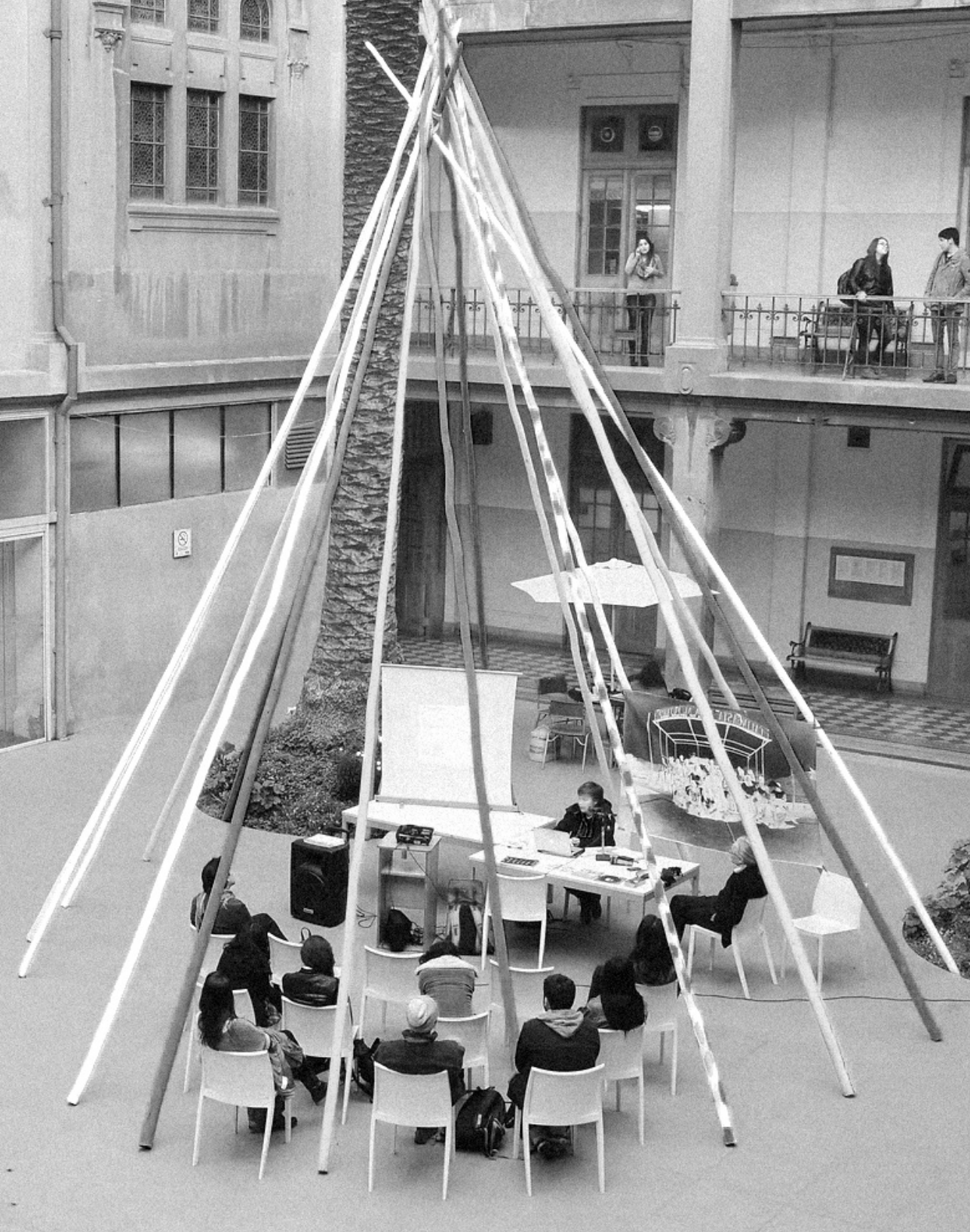
The jellyfish tent was no exception — or perhaps it was, in the sense that everything was even more intense. The space created was larger and sought continuity. I search

my phone, and the first conversation with Paula is from 2022. She wrote to me on WhatsApp to arrange a letter of support for an application; she needed to obtain "permission to do an activity on the beach." A proto-jellyfish was already lurking. Time passed, and in April 2024 we met in person in Antofagasta, during the Puerto de Ideas Festival. She had a huge fog catcher with flying desert water marks, and I had a semi-deep reef crocheted by more than 100 women from the central region. Now that I think about it, perhaps that was the first connection between what each of us was doing.

In the winter of 2024, things picked up speed. I met the Nube team, and the Municipality of El Tabo and the UC's Futuro School Library joined in. Emails flew back and forth, chats began to fill with videos, links, photos, and thoughts to mull over, and a few face-to-face meetings took place to plan the big day: the day the huge vaporous jellyfish dawned — along with us — on the small beach of the town where I have lived for several years now. It was chaotic, and it felt like home, once again with a vibrant and creative team. We made mistakes, we laughed, and we found solutions.

Throughout the process, I thought a lot about how the arts and sciences are not so different. From both sides, we observe the world, interpret it, have questions, and ways to answer those questions. We draw, write, organize ideas in our heads, try to put them on paper, and then share them — whether in works, publications, interventions in public spaces, writings, or other formats. And although there are elements in common, there are also distinctive elements. It is in this diversity that richness lies, permeating projects shared between disciplines. Knowledge is added, and we push each other's horizons.

The jellyfish tent is a meeting place that teaches not through discourse, but through experience. It thus produces moments and lessons that are meaningful, contextualized, and probably more lasting, as they are appropriated by those who live them.



As I write this — with the large white-orange-translucent jellyfish in the sand in mind — I also think of *El Aula Transparente* (The Transparent Classroom), a work by Peter Kroeger Claussen, my father, installed in the courtyards of the main building of the Catholic University of Valparaíso in 2014. At that time, with a little more skepticism than I have now, I was already trying to embrace interdisciplinary approaches, even though I often struggled to understand the purpose of some actions in the art world. The influence of having recently completed my studies in marine biology was stronger.

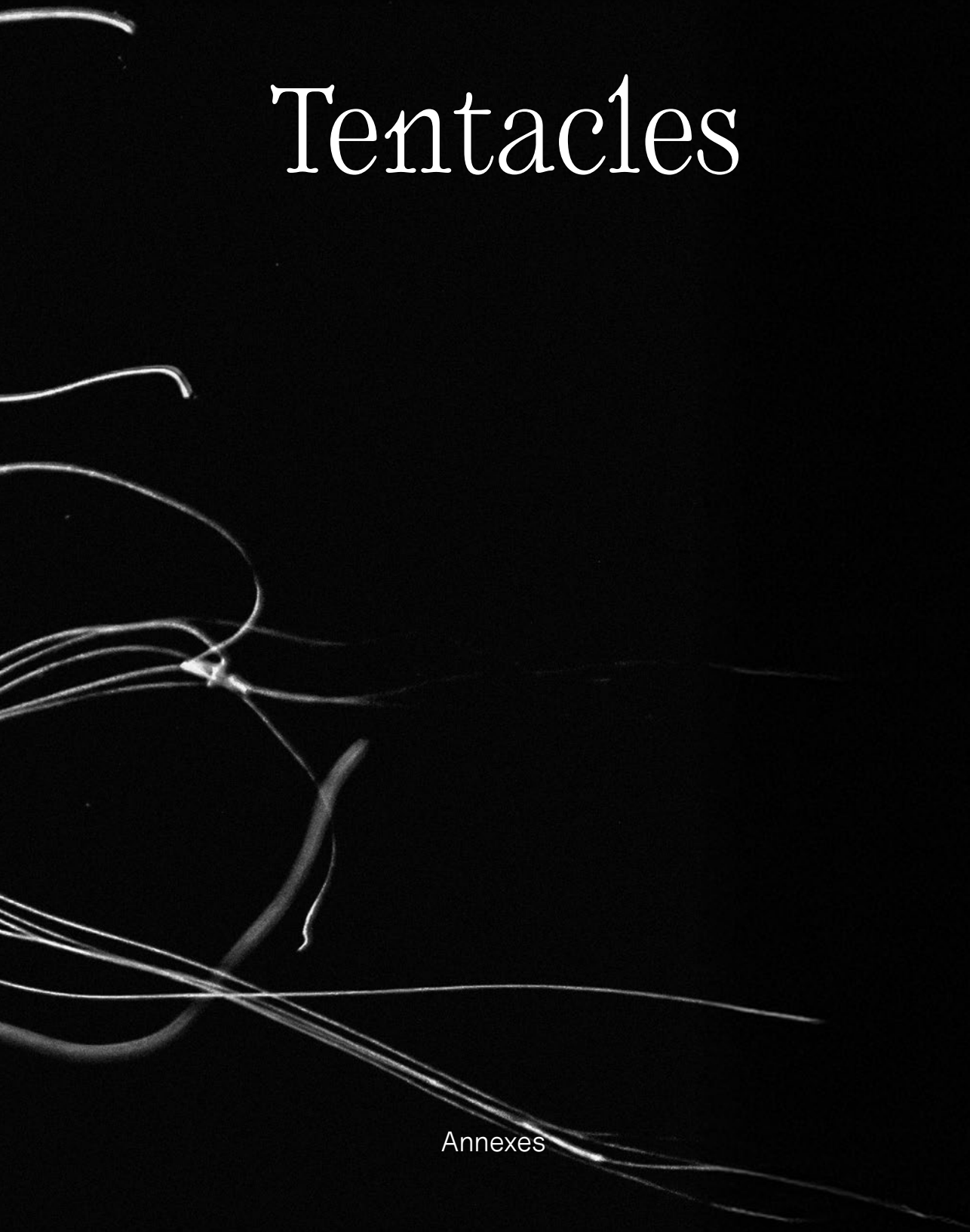
It turns out that *El Aula Transparente* was also a meeting place — a space for talks, conversations, screenings, and exhibitions — and one that visually broke with what is traditionally understood as an educational environment: walls, tables, chairs, blackboard. It created a place and a time that encouraged free exchange. The work consisted of about twenty long wooden sticks of different colors, arranged vertically and diagonally, crossing at the top like a conical tent. Although it sought to be open to different expressions and approaches to artistic thought — without, as in La carpa de la medusa, explicitly adding the dimension of scientific thought — it was still a space one could enter and leave freely at any time, and one that sought to foster meaningful encounters.

Suddenly, it seems to me that those of us who work in science, the arts, and education share a common purpose: to sustain wonder. I still believe that the relevance of making art a public, situated, living experience — and in this case on the beach — also applies to marine science.


BANDERAS
PLAYA CUENTA CON SALVAVIDAS Y MEDIDAS DE SEGURIDAD
HORARIO DE VIGILANCIA: 10:00 A 20:00 HRS.
Trabajamos por la seguridad de todos


Bresler

Tentacles



Annexes

Glossary

Carolina Castro Jorquera

1. Art–Science, intertwining forms of knowledge:

Both art and science are creative processes that involve human beings and nature. To think scientifically or artistically is to engage our intuitive perception of the world. When they come together, each affects the other, giving rise to particular ways of doing—thinking. Science and art may seem like different paths, yet both are often forms of divergence from a preexisting reality—the emergence of new ways of understanding and of making worlds. When art and science intersect, hybrid modes of doing—thinking arise, enriching both aesthetic experience and knowledge. Together, they open up possibilities for reimagining the world from sensitive, critical, and innovative perspectives.

2. Popular beach knowledge:

Popular beach knowledge consists of knowledge and practices passed down through generations that are related to coastal living, customs, ways of being, and ways of seeing the beach as a natural, social, and cultural place. It can include simple things such as how to enter the sea from the sand, how to ride the waves, and even fishing techniques, shellfish gathering, knowledge of tides and currents, as well as cultural traditions and rituals associated with the sea. This knowledge reflects an intimate relationship between coastal communities and their environment, promoting a close understanding of nature. It shapes cultural identity and contributes to the preservation of marine ecosystems.

3. Science Fiction, dreams, and other forms of consciousness:

Science fiction explores alternative realities and possible futures, using scientific and technological elements as a backdrop. It is often intertwined with dreams and other forms of consciousness, raising questions about the nature of reality, perception, and identity. These narratives invite reflection on the potential of the imagination. Through metaphors and symbolism, science fiction, the exploration of dreams, and other forms of consciousness offer a space to explore the unknown and expand our understanding of human beings and their symbiosis with other forms of life.

4. Drawing as a way of thinking:

Drawing reveals itself as a tentacular tool, capable of connecting ideas and processes in a fluid way. As lines are traced on paper, the mind expands, exploring multiple directions at once. Each drawing becomes a node that brings together thoughts, feelings, and experiences, creating a rich and complex network. This process of doing—thinking allows ideas to emerge organically, where the visual and the conceptual intertwine. In this way, the act of drawing not only documents but also generates new understandings, transforming thought into a living, dynamic, and rhizomatic experience.

5. Ancestrality of a jellyfish:

The ancestrality of a jellyfish refers to its evolution and its existence on Earth for millions of years. These creatures, belonging to the phylum Cnidaria, are considered among the most primitive organisms on the planet. Their biological characteristics and capacity for adaptation have remained relatively unchanged, making them witnesses to evolutionary history. Jellyfish represent a link to the past, revealing the resilience of life in the oceans and their importance within today's marine ecosystems. Viewing the world from the perspective of a jellyfish challenges familiar notions of time and invites us to reflect on our brief—yet impactful—footprint within planetary diversity.

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Beach Diary

Beach Diary: Chronicles of a Travelling Jellyfish is a collection that seeks to share the creative processes and lessons learned around La Carpa de la Medusa (The Jellyfish Tent), a fictional space that travels and sets up on different beaches.

This first volume, When Art Meets Science and Education, covers the journey from the first sketches of the idea to its realisation on Playa Chica beach in Las Cruces. The story is presented through fragments, sketches, and educational exercises, recognising that every creative process is always alive, changing, and incomplete. The layout, with wide white margins, also invites readers to add comments and new ideas.

With each installation in new coastal locations, the jellyfish tent will continue to generate stories and lessons that will be incorporated into these journals. Thus, this collection seeks to become a source of collective knowledge, created together with the communities that inhabit the beaches, and to contribute to the appreciation and care of life on the coast.

EDICIONES NUBE