

Dear Climate,

What if we killed off all of our first-born? Stopped moving? Stopped time? What if we cordoned off 50% of the world from us; you take that half, we take this half?

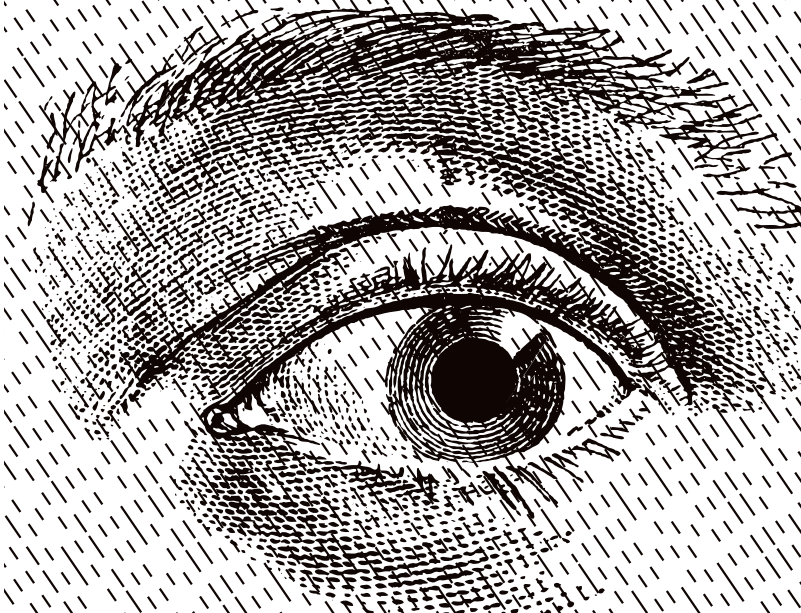
What if we offer up a unicorn for sacrifice?

What if we let wolves live?

Love,

Marina, Fritz, Oliver, and Una

THE CLIMATE



DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ME.

Dear Climate,

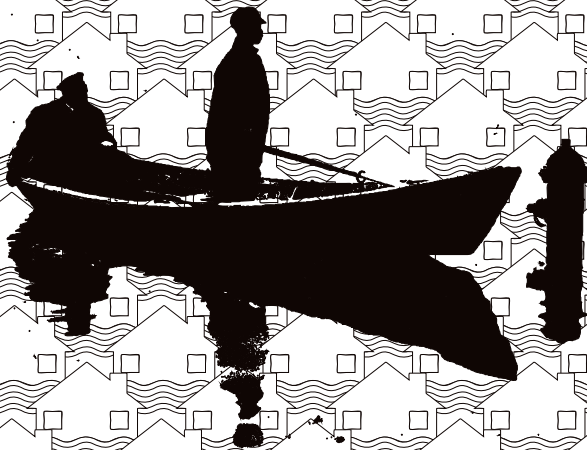
If you flip through Caesar Aira's novel *The Hare*, you'll come across these sentences: "In truth, creating a pressing need for the illusion of cold when it was hot, or vice versa, could be a marvelously effective way of giving utterances reality; that must be why the human race, in its prototype of the English, spoke so meaningfully of the weather all the time." So this would mean that weather-talk is the supreme fiction, and the English the best fabulators.

A great example of the English making fiction with weather is King Lear's speech to the storm: a case of bringing the weather to loud life. Come to think of it, Lear was doing what we're doing here, in Dear Climate, using the form of "direct address" to talk to you. In any case, that speech of

Lear's will come in handy in the years ahead – probably school children should be taught to recite it from memory: “Blow winds and crack your cheeks!”

But the bigger idea in that speculation about weather-talk may be that there are many more genres of it than we're generally aware of. We know of weather reports, of course, and weather chit-chat or small talk, and poetic weather like Lear's, but there are likely many others, and (this is an even more intriguing implication in Aira's idea) they probably differ from nation to nation or ethnic group to group. The English may have learnt to use weather to create fiction, but maybe the Fijians use it to scold their children? Maybe the Mongolians use it for interior decoration, designing stormy bedrooms, breezy dens, and sweltering stairwells? Maybe the Koreans use weather

GRIEVE



THE GRID.

DEAR CLIMATE #BF3

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Dear Climate

to sing, the Bavarians to dance, and the Brazilians to sleep?

These are just “for instances,” of course, not confirmed usages. (Although we do know that the Germans use weather for drama: Sturm und Drang.) But if there is a geography of weather-talk, we should probably start mapping it now, since it’s going to be changing soon and changing fast.

Yours truly,
Geo-Philology

Dear Climate,

There was a humming, a thumping, a ticking, a whirring, a bonking, a dripping, a roaring, a piddling, a pattering, a tapping, a knocking, a dropping.

Dear Climate

A whining, a crunching, a crushing, a digging, a scratching, a rubbing.

I sat under the bush for a long, long time.

Yours,
The Sensorium

Dear Climate,

I was more than a little hurt to find out you don't care about me. Really? After all I've done for the world? Remember Christ and the Buddha? Michelangelo? Quantum mechanics and modern medicine? Picasso?

I think you're making a BIG mistake, Climate.

Actually, I'm more than just hurt, I am angry. If you don't care about me, I won't

BORED?



TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER.

DEAR CLIMATE #BF29

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care about you. And for every hurricane you level at me, every drought you make me endure, every flood you try to intimidate me with, I WILL respond in kind.

What can I do to you? Well, lets start with carbon, which you seem to have such an aversion to. I have access to a limitless supply of this element, and, if pushed, I WILL bring you to your knees by releasing more and more carbon into the air.

And I won't stop there. No, if you continue to ignore me, I will cut down every last tree on the planet so that your best ally in fighting carbon will be exterminated.

What do you think now? Still don't care, Climate?

Keep this in mind, too: I have science and technology on my side. I will invent a new way to live and prosper while you go into the proverbial toilet (which didn't exist

Dear Climate

until I invented it), overwhelmed by the carbon you can't seem to acclimate yourself to.

On second thought, I don't need you, dearest climate. I'm going to go this one alone.

It's going to be a great pleasure watching you die.

Fuck you, climate.
Homo sapiens

Dear Climate:

Why have you become so damned unpredictable?

We were getting along so well after that dreadful Ice Age episode of yours, and now this?

I don't know from one day to the next



DEAR CLIMATE #BF24

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Dear Climate

what to expect from you. What happened to normal? Was it something I said? Or did?

I know I've been hitting the fossil fuels pretty hard lately, but we shouldn't let that get between us. I can quit any time. Really! I'm not addicted. I'm just not quite ready to give it all up yet. I've been under a lot of pressure lately as you know, so I need to off-gas a little to help me cope. What's the harm in that? I'm only human. I never said I was perfect.

Oh, climate, I loved the way we used to be together!

Can't we please just go back to the way things were?

Yours,
Us



DEAR CLIMATE #BF5

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Dear Climate,

Have you considered moving to
another planet?

Best,
People of Earth

Dear Climate:

Are you me?
Am I you?

Questioningly and hopefully ...

Humankind

FIND



A MOLE MODEL.

DEAR CLIMATE #BC21

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