

# On Fractal Access Totems

...how a purely natural process could have evolved, from the mud, sand, mists and seas of the primeval planet, the brain that conceived Beethoven's Ninth Symphony...

— Arnold Lunn

The question about what are Fractal Access Totems leads to a room with a thousand and one entry points. That is what this fractal or totemic knowledge that we speak about here entails: there is no one single line that could be described, without this line always being entangled with another one and therefore being something other than a line. The *quality* of this kind of knowledge - the one that I try to express in some way in this film - has to do with *vision*, with an *experience* or an *event* that one is oriented by. This is the fundamental part: it cannot be described solely as the achievement of intellectual activity, nor is it the conclusion of some kind of hypothesis. We can also say that this kind of knowledge is the kind that one doesn't own, it is knowledge that just *takes place*. The body is *attained*, a *non-local* intelligence that is *always already* in the body *plays itself out*; some kind of connection appears, and this connection is not born in the mind of an author, in the terms that modernity would envisage an author - as someone who has a mastery over the text. We speak here about a contingent text, a primeval chant, whose sole purpose or *intentionality* is to be *one more* mirror to a mystery whose layers are infinite... the mystery of Language. It is a reflection of that which cannot be perceived in any other way *other than as reflection*...

In *Fractal Access Totems*, Antonio Velasco Piña makes it very clear that the story of Regina is not his, he just tapped onto something that was already there, and which would have been *downloaded* by another, had it not been him. We are in the vicinity of the Jungian archetype here: the idea is that there is an immaterial unnameable something which has been downloaded in many forms to this three dimensional world in which we live. So there is a pattern there - in this knowledge, in this perspective on knowledge - that makes it always *the same* in essence, co expressed in every dimension *above like below*, in the way that a fractal reproduces its own forms in the minute and in the gigantic. Fractal Access Totems, the concept, means there is order, there is MIND, it means that randomness is not the underlying runway; so yes, this is a taboo to the radical flat lander of modernity, where mind, in small letters is everything there is.

There is one easy way to explain *Fractal Access Totems*: Reality is always a crossbreed between the particular and the timeless, between the now and the always, and the work of art does the job of playing this infinite multi-track in the present tense. It will sound like cacophony to a certain state-of-consciousness, and it will be perceived as a symphony to another. Code is code: ever present, everlasting, self-generating, and infinite, it is up to the receiver to be more or less attuned to its infinite dimensions. Ultimately the receiver is also

code; code that is in dialogue with code (“time is the river that drowns me, but I am the river”). This is equivalent to placing consciousness as the matrix of reality, and the living Universe as its constant channeler: the wider the range of the receiver the more will be received. The more pinpointed, framed, dogmatic, rationalized, narrowed-down, self-centered or flattened, the less will be received. The flower of language opens up as it closes down and vice versa, it closes down as it opens up. Evolution and involution are simultaneous: the language that comes out of the mouth of the Homo Sapiens Sapiens may be one of the most amazing flowers in the garden of consciousness, yet the more it becomes complex, the more it hides itself to itself, darkens the vision of its own colors. Then there is a tree, for example, another entity of the garden, with its mirrored set of fractals -roots to the underground and branches to the heavens - this entity needs nothing more than its majestic form in order to name the unnameable, like the most powerful, condensed, stand-alone verse. Code is code is code, our infinite utterances and their tenuous meanings are forming the same single phrase somewhere in the ether, somewhere in the infinite path to essence; as does the form of that tree, written onto the garden of consciousness. In a fractal consciousness the same is being expressed, always; language is being constantly brought to language, this is what mythical thought - which is fractal and holographic - invests language with: a live relationship with *origin*. The form dresses up in new clothes but the form is the expression of a time that remains, above like below, and yesterday as today.

The image of the Virgin of Guadalupe is an upgrade of the Aztec feminine deity Tonaztin; and then Regina - the character from that novel that the video is based upon - is, in her turn the 1968 upgrade of Guadalupe. Time is therefore collapsed and all civilizational vicissitudes become like a surface texture to a vast stillness that is always there, a code that awaits its decoder. This decoder is not solving an enigma (not teaching a fly to come out of a bottle), but *phenotyping*, or *creating a new offline version* again of that which is pure potentiality, infinite code. An imprint is what is left, a version of the white on white coherence, that has no expression (or that has *every* expression), and which can nevertheless still be expressed miraculously through that which sets it all again in motion, the vital thrust, human e-motion.

So the vision, the one that drives the book on which the video is based, is not by any means springing from anyone’s own concoction. The Regina of the book is not the Historical Regina from Helena Poniatowska’s accounts of the massacre at Tlatelolco, and the video is not an account of the book either: in each fractal event an experience is channeled to the present tense, and it carries all the code of its forerunners. Even if the vision that brings about Regina might be a resampling of the events lived by Antonio Velasco in 1968, it cannot be reduced to the anecdotal, it is suspended above it or buried underneath it. Regina is, after all, a LIVE text, acting on the world, and Antonio, will earnestly tell you that he is the witness of this live text, this cosmic archetype that landed in Me Xhi Co; landed in his mind and in his hands. I can say exactly the same: I was drawn into the vortex of that fractal by something other than the banal question “what shall I do now?”.

In the same way that Alain Badiou speaks about Paul, and the *foundation of Universalism* we talk here about an event that sets forth a Universal truth to which the receiver is faithful, and which is not available to be dissected by any form of rational discourse, nor challenged by any traditional dogma. Truth is always a crossbreed, it incarnates in the most contingent present tense, bearing the marks of an eternal origin.

From the modern perspective the matter is settled, Regina is a fiction, a figment of Antonio's imagination; from another level of consciousness, the novel expresses a Universal truth, it is active, an action, whose matrix is unknowable. It is clear that in this dimension, which isn't flat, but rather totemic, the hierarchy of knowledge tumbles, one doesn't know *how* one comes to know, and that which one knows doesn't have a form other than its reflection. The author is a reflective surface, his words and his images produce reflections on the real.

Let's say that a symbol flashes in front of us, a metaphor is present in the room, the body experiences it, but it is not a symbol nor a metaphor whose origin can be traced in any way by the subject who experiences. The metaphor doesn't come solely from his or her imagination. This live metaphor is what one might call a *singularity*, a real chemical reaction of meaning, where elements of lived life get turned around, reorganized into something absolutely new, as far as the perceiver is concerned. A singularity is not just a synthesis or a compound of previous images, it is a Universal big bang in someone's consciousness. Man, the maker of symbols doesn't account for this, man as the *symbolic being* does: a being that is always already an expression of the constant generative code of the Universe, the creative evolution that we are inside of. It is not *mind* that has come up with its own image, it is MIND that has been revealed in the image. This slight change of perspective opens the gate to the garden whose secret password is *nothing and no one*, a furtherance of the creative impulse that doesn't belong to anyone... and is always at play. This is where the fractal totemic code is expressed: it is the language of language.

The knowledge that comes from this kind of vision is evidently not laid out neatly in time space. That which you see is not bound in any way, it also non-existent to a problem-solving level of consciousness. This part is crucial. It always needs to be bridged; the formless is brought through the act of magic to the word or the image. For the *proper* modern mind, again this *vision* means nothing, it is the heart of modernity's darkness.

Why use the moving image to express this, what is particular to film? One can say following many others who have suggested it, that cinema and poetry are essentially silence: they are nowhere to be found but in the instant when they are *played out*, in the moment of their reception, they skid between rhythm and meaning, they are entangled with breathing, with the way the body moves. They are like human e-motion. E-motion is analogical to the apparatus that *runs the film*, so that what is otherwise mute speaks. Like the perfume in Allah Djin's lamp, cinema takes over the room when the lamp is uncorked, and it can sleep

forever in the darkness when it isn't stirring the emotion of a live being.