

The map that is being drawn

The map that is being drawn was not your creation, it was a discovery, not of a territory that the map had replaced, as in the contemporary common understanding that mapping expresses the prison house of language. The map that is being drawn is following the contours of consciousness. And to be clear, it is not "your" coming into contact with consciousness, nor is it "your" consciousness coming into contact with its map (or a map). Your act of mapping, and how it instinctively *came to be* in the world, *is in itself the map* to be perceived from a higher or lower floor or plateau, from the perspective of another map that follows from the glitch, the gap, the crack in the first map, ad Infinitum. Each map has, as its point of departure the apparent error of the last map; in the same way that the slight gap in the "map" of the circle that makes its ends miss the point of coincidence is precisely the first iteration in the "map" of the spiral. Every action leads to the setting forth of an immaterial formation akin to a beehive or an ant colony, to their very intrinsic logic. That is exactly how the invisible picture (a picture in Time) is drawn by every-one and no-one, by every-thing and no-thing. A state of consciousness - muted to itself, or blinded to its own inner light - sees a world of binary decisions made by individuals. But the infinite form of the hive lives in any given parentheses of space or time. When the eye of the heart is wide open one can come to ask the real question: Where is Mind? The heart is the organ that can see the map that you are participating in creating despite (or precisely because) of your steering against the direction where ultra cosmic wind is carrying you, regardless of what you do, in truth, or in lie. The heart is non-local and non-binary, it is the wormhole to a theater beyond this theater where the actor is all in one and needs no stage. The Heart has no name, no history, no time, no biography; it is unitary and holographic. It accesses the tiny keyhole that opens the door to the garden of consciousness.

LOGOS

Logos, 2016



Installation view



Logos, 2016



Know thyself, 2016

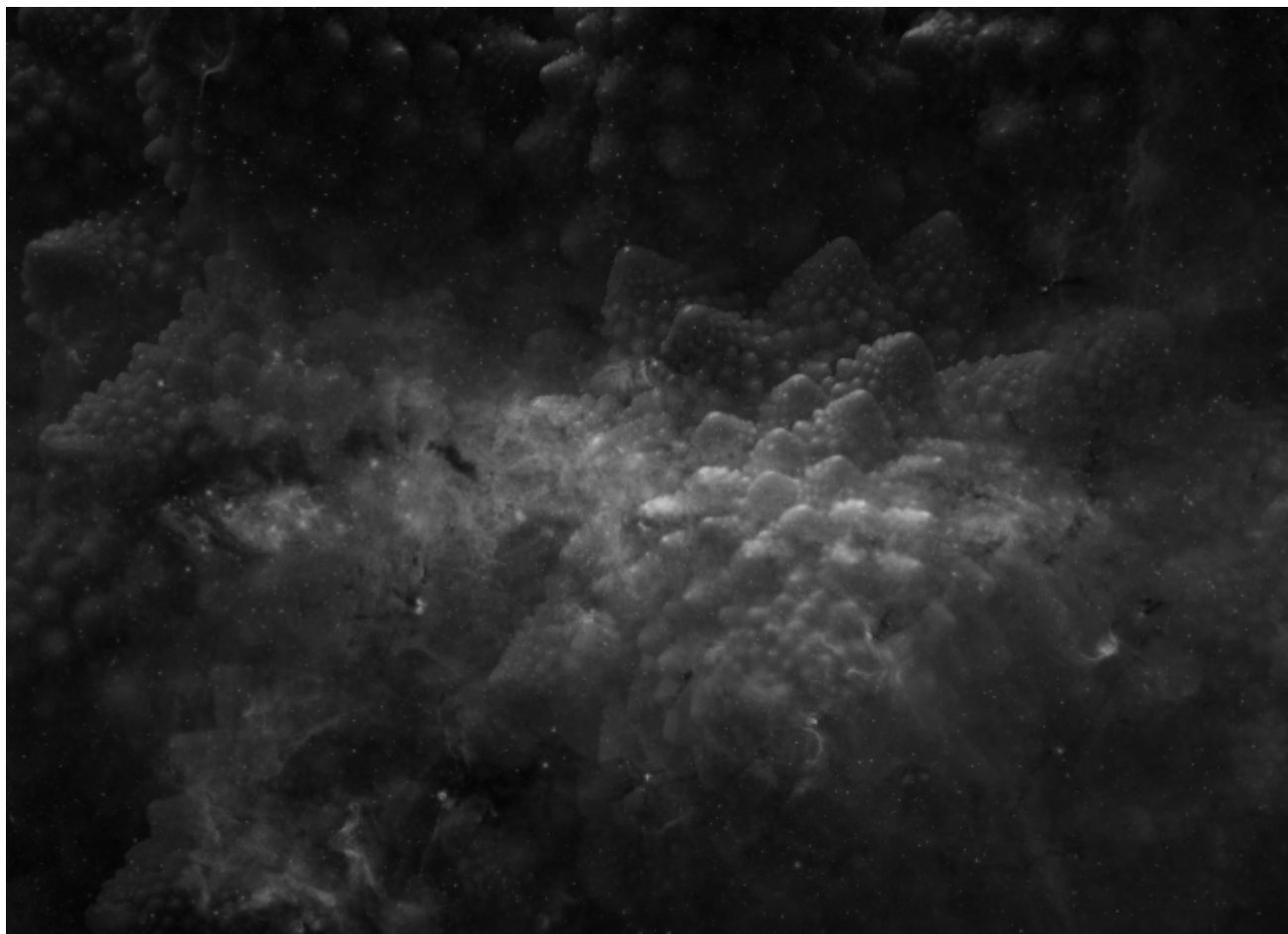


Campo Stella, 2016



Shipibo neural, 2016

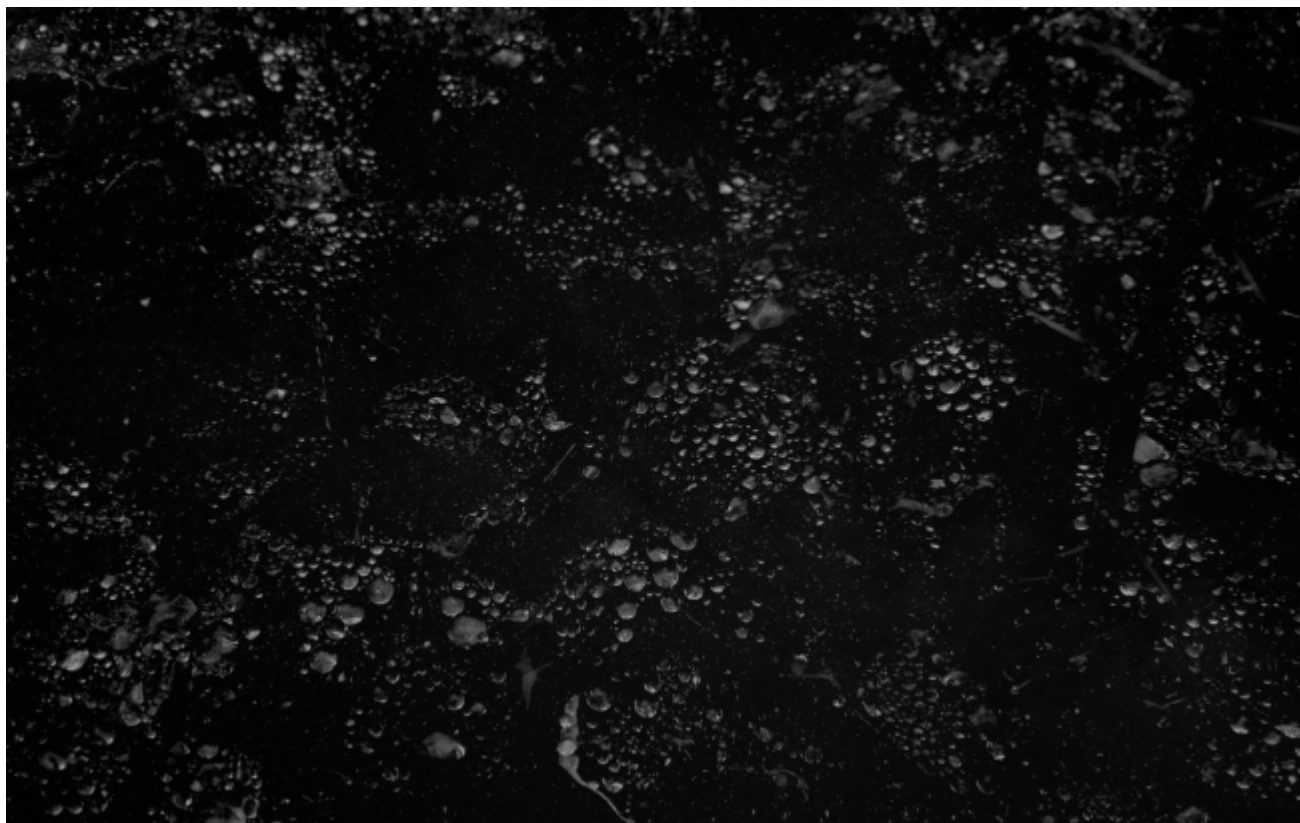




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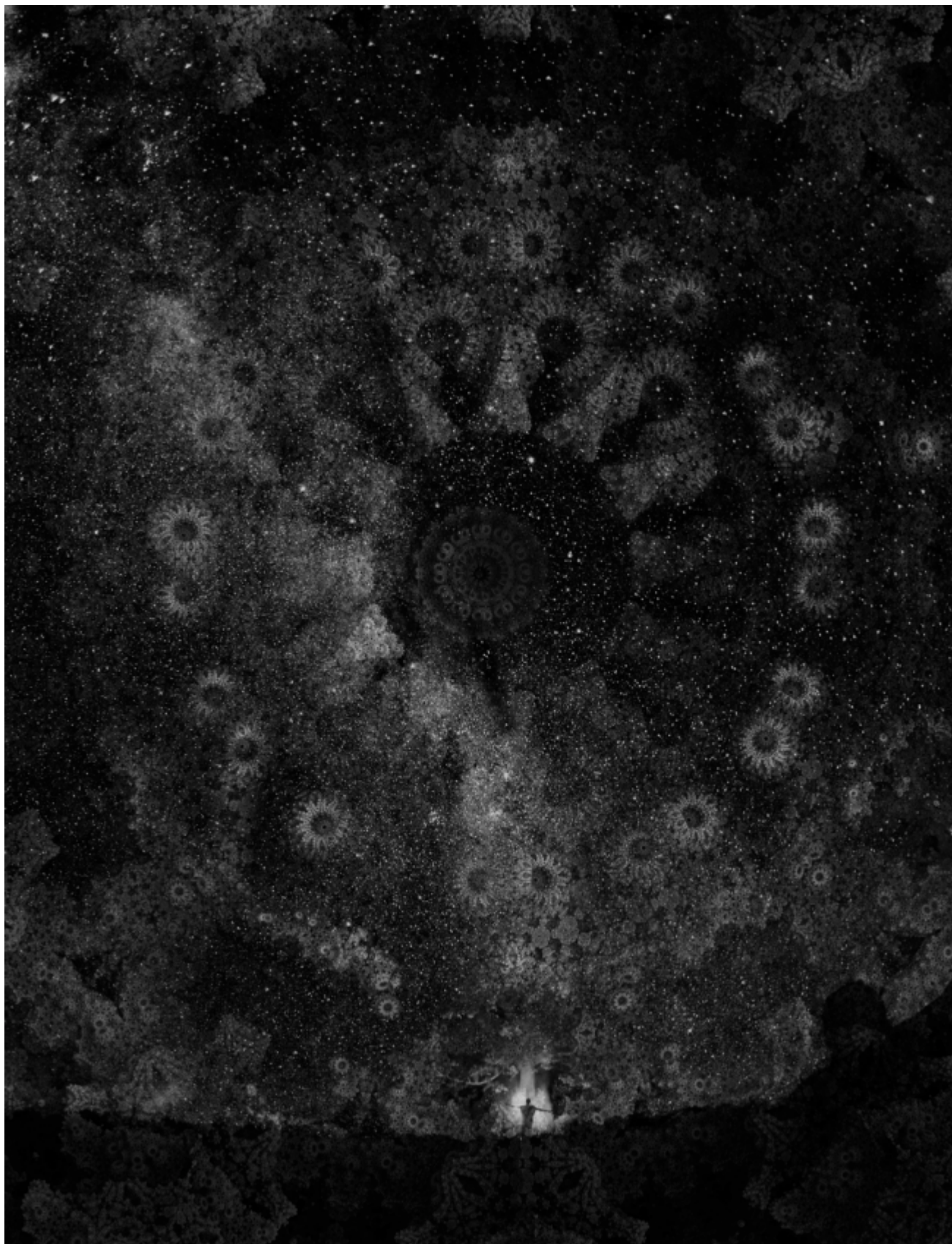
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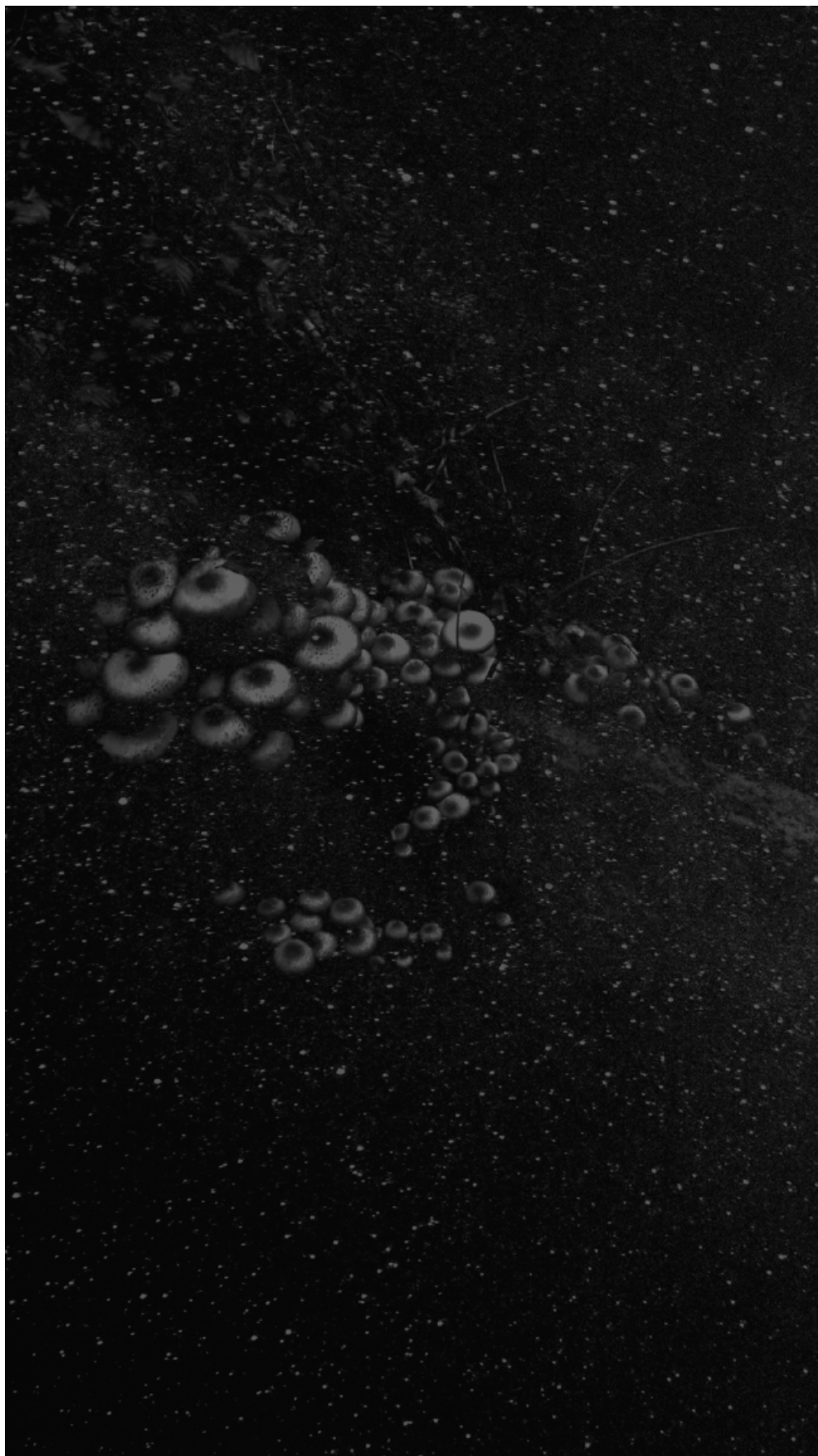
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