

It was the first cell, the first bacteria in this planet that told us follow the light, because we needed to feed ourselves. From eating the light of the sun that reached the bottom of the oceans, we birthed and began to evolve on the belief that light holds the path to abundance. The primordial separation between light and darkness¹ is the first duality² we had to swallow, however many years ago we are rolling on. Separating unity made up the fundamental oppositions that allowed existence into being. *To be One is to be autonomous, to be powerful, to be God; but to be One is to be an illusion, and so to be involved in a dialectic of apocalypse with the other. Yet to be other is to be multiple, without clear boundary, frayed, insubstantial.*

Past, present, and future are sheer abstractions when not located in space. These limiting and liberating simplifications reduce existence in space to a binary of now and not-now, in an attempt to manage our presence in time. The events in space only become bodily after situated precisely in the tangle of time. *What I do not know about the egg gives me the egg itself*³. I exist here in this body because my grandmother once did. And I exit here, in this city, today, because she no longer does. *The here and now is a prison house*⁴.

If there is an easier way to do this, I would like to be notified. The pending daily pop-up shows up in my screen - memory full - reminiscence uses too much storage. *The memory can be the object of my feeling in both senses*⁵. I am not looking to find where all the things are kept, still I swim endlessly through pools of code to find anchorage for my recollection of them. The digestive process of absorbing your memory gives me the chest and members I need to act human, if there was ever a time I wasn't. *I take the greatest care not to understand it*³.

Mysteries can only meet by mutual giving of comprehensions. One thing does not swallow the other. *The places within a plant cell where the green chlorophyll is located and photosynthesis occurs—the chloroplasts— were once bacteria that lived on their own*⁶. These free-living bacteria formed symbiotic relationships with ancestral host cells in an exchange of energy for protection. When evolution is seen as result of cooperation instead of competition, the hole of the discourse on natural selection

- this accessory is not supported -

crumbles away from the notion that the bigger fittest thing is constantly consuming the smaller weaker thing. In this *garden of microbial delights*⁷, our bodies, too, are just larger conglomerates of bacteria agreeing to work with each other⁸.

A construction made to be an Atlantis-inspired artificial reef⁹ allows the growth and diversification of corals while capitalizing on the offer of eternalizing loved one's ashes into molded cement shells that will then exist forever among the fishes in an underwater memorial.

The pop-up reads: is this taking so long because you are thinking about her, or because you are thinking about shells?

Even knowing you had no deep feelings for the sea, and would only swim with a noodle (or preferably two), and would probably not enjoy the thought of being rooted in algae I save the image of one of those shells as yours. (something about all dead things are the same thing)

- The file you are trying to access is corrupted or unreadable. -

1- Fold in to the epoch of combination: "Let there be light!", fire and ice, yin and yang, and one cracked egg

2- Chief among these troubling dualisms are self/other, mind/body, culture/nature, male/female, civilized/primitive, reality/appearance, whole/part, agent/resource, maker/ made, active/passive, right/wrong, truth/illusion, total/partial, God/man.
- Cyborg Manifesto - Donna Haraway

3- *Could it be that I know about the egg? I almost certainly do. Like this: I exist, therefore I know. What I do not know about the egg is*

4- *We must dream and enact new and better pleasures, other ways of being in the world, and ultimately new worlds... queerness is essentially about the rejection of a here and now and an insistence of potentiality for another world.*
Cruising Utopia: The Then and There of Queer Futurity - José Esteban Muñoz

5- *the feeling is shaped by the contact with the memory, and also involves an orientation towards what is remembered. So i might feel pain when I remember this or that, and in remembering this os that, I might attribute what is remembered as being painful.*
The Cultural Politics of Emotion - Sara Ahmed (p.7)

6- *A cell is thus a partnership, and its overall genome is distributed across all the formerly independent partners and not solely contained in the nucleus.*
Evolution's Rainbow

7- title for Lynn Margulis' illustrated book aimed at younger students about the microcosm

8- Mutualism doesn't necessarily mean perfect equality. Contrary to the myth of balance current scientific discourse stands on, relationships flow on their own contracts of what give-and-take looks like. *To have a shell is an act of giving*³

9- The Neptune Memorial is the largest man-made reef and also a columbarium for those who pay from 13k to 84k dollars for eternal rest underwater. The website ensures that the reef is free and accessible to all visitors, though.

I can only swim to the bottom if the drive takes me. There are limitations when you try to go under cracks on a blue screen. I try to remember the code to access you, but I am blocked out, and you are still nailing my walls from the inside. I look for (ever) shapes in the trembling static and from blueness emerges something that could look like a cloud that could look like anything, but only among the things I have seen in her presence. *An egg against blue*. Remembering an unrealized fantasy is the same as remembering something that really happened 10. These remembrances are constructed through the same abstraction that split one into two waves back into one into

- error - *the one can no longer be the resource for appropriation or incorporation by the other* 11.

There is still something misplaced out there I can't seem to find called objective reality. If illusion is subjective perception, and reality is objective truth, but our perceptions of reality are shaped by our subjective truths, then both things end up entangled as a mutually constitutive mess of mutable forces (physical and psychical) that make up manifested life. They do not exist in isolation but in generative in-tension. Reality and illusion, I mean. Or physical and psychical forces. And what creates them.

Being impossible to understand it, I know that understanding it could only be in error: Unable to establish a secure connection

The only uneaten son of Cronos, hidden (in Crete) from his father's raged intestines was cared for by this goat 12, or water-nymph called Amalthea. At some point, Zeus detached the horn of the goat who may or may not have been the nymph, giving it the power of providing unending nourishment in the form that its holder desired. I used to go to school with the goats, and on the weekends we could smell their shit all the way from your house.

This mythical abundance from the horn is helplessly perpetuated by the capitalist structure when it counts on blind belief in a supply of resources that could be milked and exploited endlessly. The figuration of prosperity also serves for "spirituality" in its slick holding of light as wealth 13.

However, any idea of a perpetual source of stuff will viciously ignore the inequitable nature of the systems that are at power in material life.

- Critical system error-

The obsession with abundance creates a perpetual cycle of dissatisfaction that benefits the standing structure when keeping people separated from themselves. There is no Horn of Plenty but a toxic mentality that leaves the fault for any lowness solely on the individuals limiting beliefs and inaptitude to vibrate-on-a-higher-frequency.

All I understand is a broken egg.

When we only look for food in light, we indomitably deny the darkness of the womb that created all living shapes on earth. *If you turn away from the poison, you turn away from the nourishment* 14. The trapped caterpillar eats its way out of the plastic bag 15.

-Absorção do inimigo sacro- 16.

I had my meal in a labyrinth like the bowl for a dog that really should eat slower. I can trace the egg back and forth many times except it always splits. There is no separation of heart and head when you really think with your gut. *The places within a cell where our food is broken down and converted into energy were also once bacteria existing independently* 6. I have no doubt there is spirit in us too. But I am still looking for those cracks.

10- *imagination and memory are but one thing,*
-Thomas Hobbes - Leviathan

11 - *The relationships for forming wholes from parts, including those of polarity and hierarchical domination, are at issue in the cyborg world.* - Cyborg Manifesto
- Donna Haraway

12 - Read as fertility gods, as vertical walkers, as horny givers, as the devil, as a blind spinner, as enchanted guards, as yoga buddies

13 - I pose the goat as a floating signifier on a search for abundance that justifies overconsumption and hovers the goat's meaning appropriately closer to the satanic image of "evil". The current of new age spiritualism stands hard on a law-of-attraction understanding of where plenitude comes from, as if the only thing standing between your current reality and abundance is yourself. This search is then, of course, individual, since another person's shortcomings would be only consequential of some karmic soul-contract.

14 - *Given that human breast milk now contains literal poisons, from paint thinners to dry cleaning fluid to toilet deodorizers to rocket fuel to DDT to flame retardants, there is literally no escape. Toxicity is now a question of degree, of acceptable parts per unit. Infants don't get to choose - they take what they can get, in their scramble to stay alive.*
The Argonauts - Maggie Nelson

15 - Wax moth larvae evolved to break down polyethylene through a symbiotic relationship between the caterpillars and bacteria living in their gut. The bacteria can digest plastic without the caterpillars, but they are most successful when working together.

16 - Oswald de Andrade - Manifesto Antropofago

Shit is a more onerous theological problem than is evil 17. The whole light-as-wealth thing also disconnects us from the inherent messiness of living in a body. You swallow the world but don't want to see how it comes out. As if not looking it in the eye would make it not real.

It is *not* real, unless...

Flush 18.

It gets rejected on behalf of some other ideal thing. As if someone else would take care of it. As if we weren't supposed to take care of someone else's. As if it is not our duty to take care of ours 19. As if the mass that navigates our inside colonies doesn't get ejected right back into the same network that feeds us.

The father of time 20 is overthrown by the desire for the new, for a digested alien birthed from the guttural communities inhabiting his insides. Antropofagia proposes a cultural cannibalism that assimilates the influence of its enemies in a mindful digestive process that disempowers the foreign while embracing it into whole new identities. *Out of the eater came something to eat* 21.

The violent nature 22 (or the abstraction of violence?) on mythical tales involving digestion conceals the tenderness and vulnerability of those processes that defy the separation between self and other. This deeply intimate act of connection from outside in and inside out is our shared reality. To deny it is to live the most unreal of illusions. I want to exist closer to it, but I still find too much comfort in living somewhere that is inhospitable to hairy spiders.

Vulnerability opens the space for change. Developing a more tender relationship with our bodies is *being receptive to the teachings of our shadows. It is fermenting ourselves, mourning illusions, composting our shit* 23. I ask for a code but you give me a quote. I ask you to understand what I mean, but you can't, so instead I ask the screen to house my ghosts for a last trial - *to once more abstract—the body and transcend its limitations, we need to make room for other realities* 24. The mutual swallowing of affection amplifies the space for conceiving these other realities separate from the scarcity of individualism. The only abundant thing is recreation.

What is it to join with another [], to somehow create the negative spaces that can actually hold something that can then be given? What is it to hold still enough in the string figure game so that the pattern can be taken up, and altered, and passed on 23? You are not something in the past. *The egg lives like a fugitive because its always ahead of its time.* 3. The ghost in the machine shows me a glitchy egg, in constant splitting unity.

17 - *Either/or: either man was created in God's image - and God has intestines! - or God lacks intestines and man is not like Him. The Unbearable Lightness of Being - Milan Kundera*

18 - As if it was like other things (only real when looked at). But shit is an undeniable constant - unless we all become utterly constipated.

19 - *But because just being here matters, because / the things of this world, these passing things, / seem to need us, to put themselves in our care / somehow. Us, the most passing of all. Duno Elegies - Rainer Maria Rilke*

20 - *Cyborgs are not reverent; they do not re-member the cosmos. They are wary of holism, but needy for connection* - they seem to have a natural feel for united front politics, but without the vanguard party. The main trouble with cyborgs, of course, is that they are the illegitimate offspring of militarism and patriarchal capitalism, not to mention state socialism. But illegitimate offspring are often exceedingly unfaithful to their origins. *Their fathers, after all, are inessential. Cyborg Manifesto - Donna Haraway*

21 - Judges 14:14
About bees making hives on the carcass of the dead lion.

22 - *I am jack's raging bile duct*

23- *[Radical tenderness] it is looking in the mirror and confronting what is not beautiful without turning the gaze. It is to embrace oneself as both cute and pathetic. It is being courageously vulnerable. It is decentering, disarming, decluttering, discerning, deflattering. It is discovering a whole bus of people inside oneself.*
- "An Invitation to Radical Tenderness", by Dani d'Emilia and Vanessa Andreotti registers thoughts expressed by the collective "Gesturing Towards Decolonial Futures" and is part of the broader artistic-pedagogic collaboration "Engaged dis-identifications"

24- *[[in an sf game]]*
Donna Haraway's lecture on SF: String Figures, Multispecies Muddles, Staying with the Trouble

The egg is constantly hatching because it is constantly looking for connection.

In my practice I aim to investigate the processes of invisible life and the spaces of in-between nature and culture, reality and illusion, past and future, high and low, personal and universal. Most specially, I am drawn to tales of cosmogonies through symbiosis, the eating, digesting, hatching, and devouring. These themes manifest in an attempt to blur boundaries between painting, sculpture, video and writing, with the intention of accessing floating or sunken environments made of both digital and physical mediums, threading the path to liminal spaces cluttered with memories and illusion, also reflecting on the role that language plays in these constructions.

Deep oceanic life poses as an actual living signifier of mystery and invisibility, and then as an important source of visual reference in my material practice. The interactions happening with non-human species and organisms are great examples of collaborative life and teach us a great deal on relationships, with interactions that drive us away from the hyperindividualism that has alarmingly permeated societal relationships as a whole. In counterpoint, these invisible interactions may reserve the secret to sustainable evolution and a community life that has space for care and snail-like slowness.

I attempt to translate fluidity into solid pieces usually made of wire, thread, beading, paper mache, paintings and clay. Many times, my flow consists on building seemingly disconnected pieces, until a larger creature starts being suggested by those components. I find that during this process of building something from (seemingly) nothing, my structures are slowly strengthened by each tie and knot I use to merge pieces. In that way, my making doesn't start with solid basis'. Rather, it solidifies with each link made.

An octopus can suffer from brain damage if it bites on more than it can chew, owing to its esophagus passing through the middle hole of its donut shape brain. In parallel with the idea of Antropofagia, a term used by Brazilian modernists to illustrate the process of cultural cannibalism, I reflect on the cognitive complexity of those real and specially, symbolic digestive processes. It all finally ties into the borders of my my pool of personal experience with relationships, realities, and mysteries, counting deeply on poetry as a relevant tool for world-building and for honoring memories.

How to imagine an ancient future while keeping grounded awareness of the current moment?
I strive to use my craft to create a language conveying feelings and energies that need a bigger realm to exist. Love and creation is the only thing that is truly abundant.