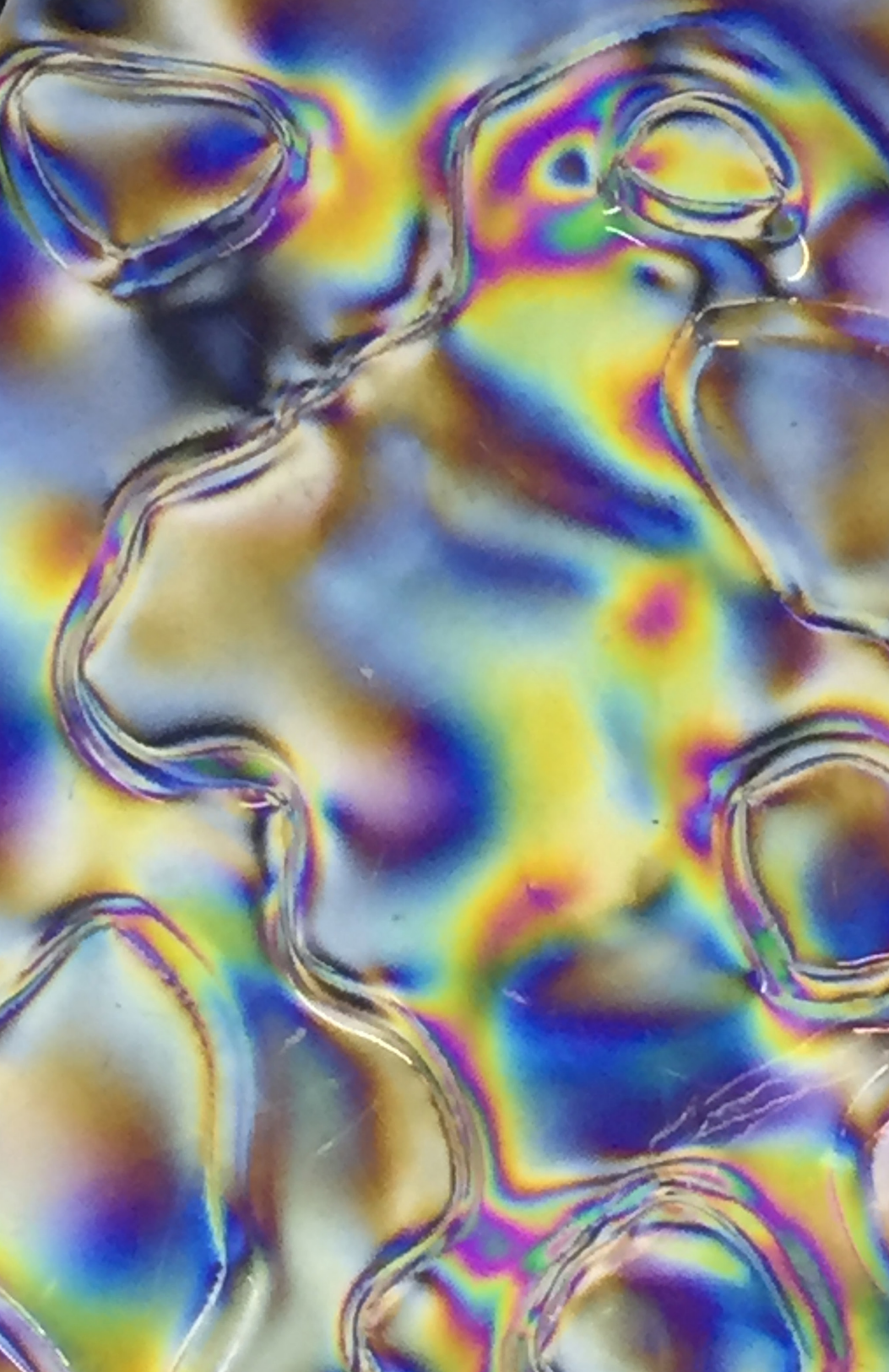


# **CONTACT.**

**COSMIC BACKGROUND  
NOISE EXPLORER**

**François  
Bucher**





*This exhibition reads like a science fiction novel, which, like any, is based on a previous one that exists in the past or in the future. In a plausible future that plucks the strings of the present, or in an imagined past, as every past always is, tangled in the words that we repeat, unaware of their origin, in the language that constantly “speaks us.”*

The exhibition *Contact, Cosmic Background Noise Explorer* exists on a threshold: in the instant and on the poetic coordinates where the waves crash on the beach of Pensacola<sup>1</sup>. In the intersection between the disembodied and the embodied. In the tearing down of the veil of *consensus reality* where we live disoriented; inhabitants of a language where the organ of *contact* is in a state of atrophy.

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I      The beach that Ellie, the heroine of Carl Sagan’s novel *Contact* (1985), envisions—from her childhood imagination—after establishing contact with someone far away through her father’s radio equipment.



*Logos*, 2017  
Neon  
2/5 × 2/5 × 2/5 in

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves



EOS

GOS

Inverted words written on light tubes, and a  
reflection pool.

Intrinsic, immanent order that can only be  
discovered through *self-knowledge*.

*Logos*: what exists in the irreducible event of *vision*.

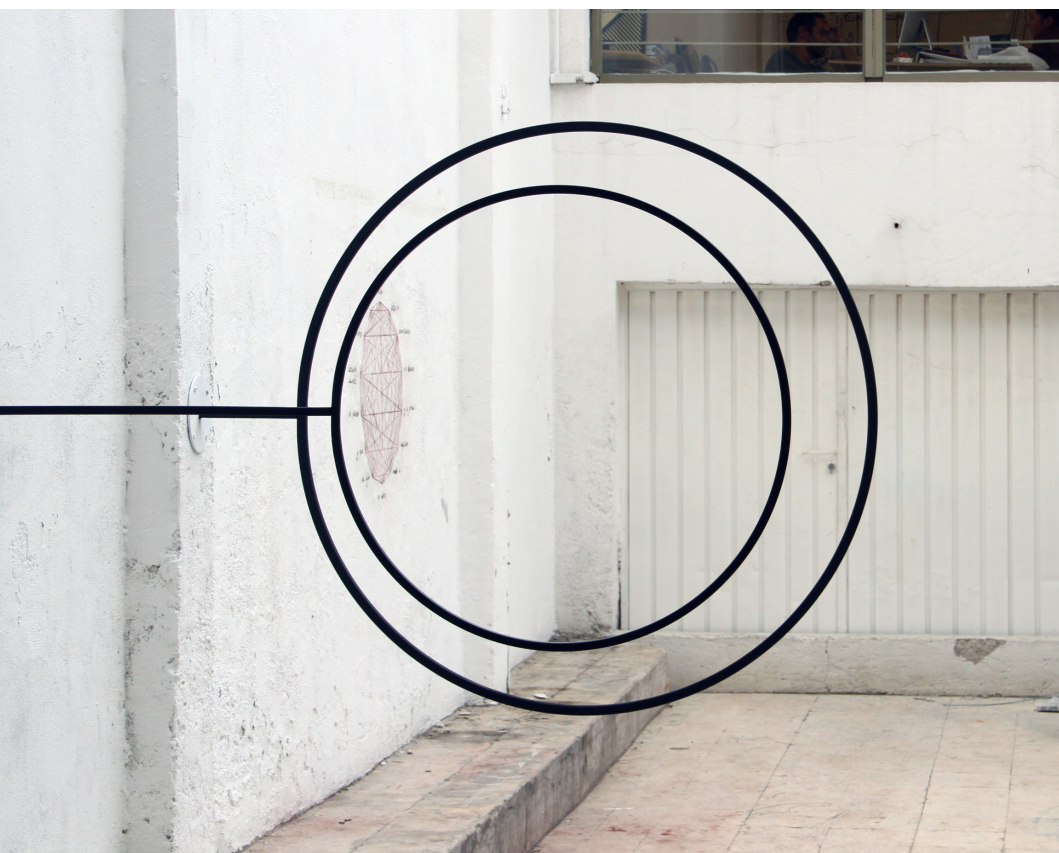
Ineffable order that can only be perceived as  
incorporation; *Logos*, the order of the son/daughter;  
a reflection that *embodies* the Father/Mother matrix;  
consciousness of the everything in the everything.  
Order that can only be read by he/she who has been  
initiated in the greater art of reading *the world as a  
reflection of something that doesn't exist in any space  
whatsoever, other than in its reflection; allegory,  
myth of the cave of the mystic Plato*.

In the novel *Contact*, Ellie establishes *contact*  
with a *consciousness* that needs to dress-up as her  
deceased father for the encounter. Everything in the  
encounter is reflection: the beach, the surrounding  
cosmos, the waves, and the father holding Ellie in  
his arms. Everything is disguise and scenery... and  
behind the curtain, nothing (and everything).



SOLO





*Plausible contact. The universe  
according to José Simón, 2019*  
Two iron rings 150cm and 100cm  
separated by 120cm

Two concentric hoops of exact measures, extracted directly from the story of José Simón, an electrician from Bogotá who heals with his hands<sup>II</sup>. José Simón describes the workings of elemental physics used by a civilization with technology millions of years ahead of ours that is based solely on numbers and proportions. By his account, the humble television and radio mechanic receives instructions for the construction of a portal through which he will “travel.”

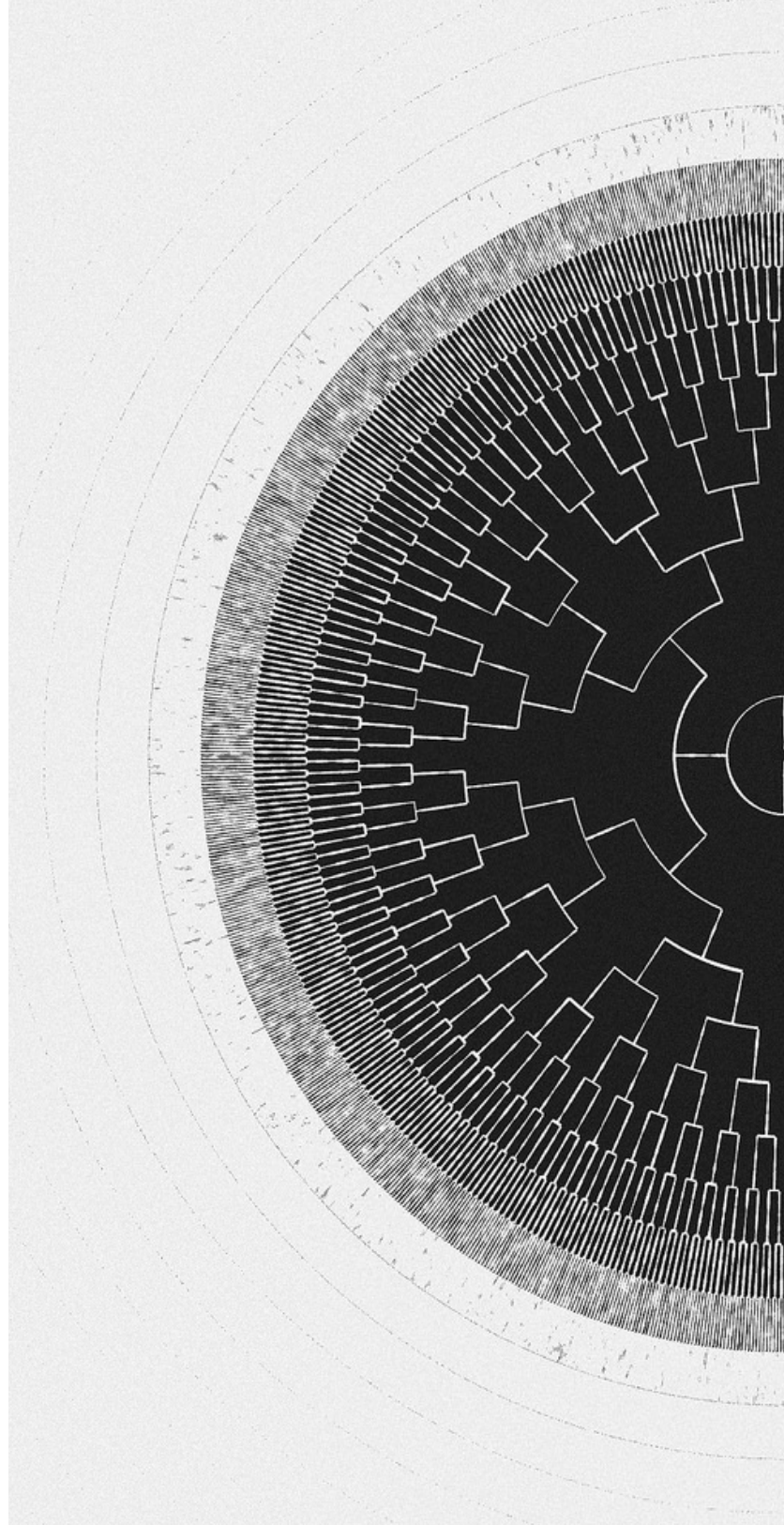
The sculpture plays two games on two different gameboards. On the one hand, it is a portal identical to the one used to disintegrate José Simón and reassemble his molecules beyond

the Earth’s atmosphere, in order to continue his journey through a wormhole to reach the Pleiades. On the other hand, it’s only literature: the sculptural metaphor of an inter-dimensional tunnel.

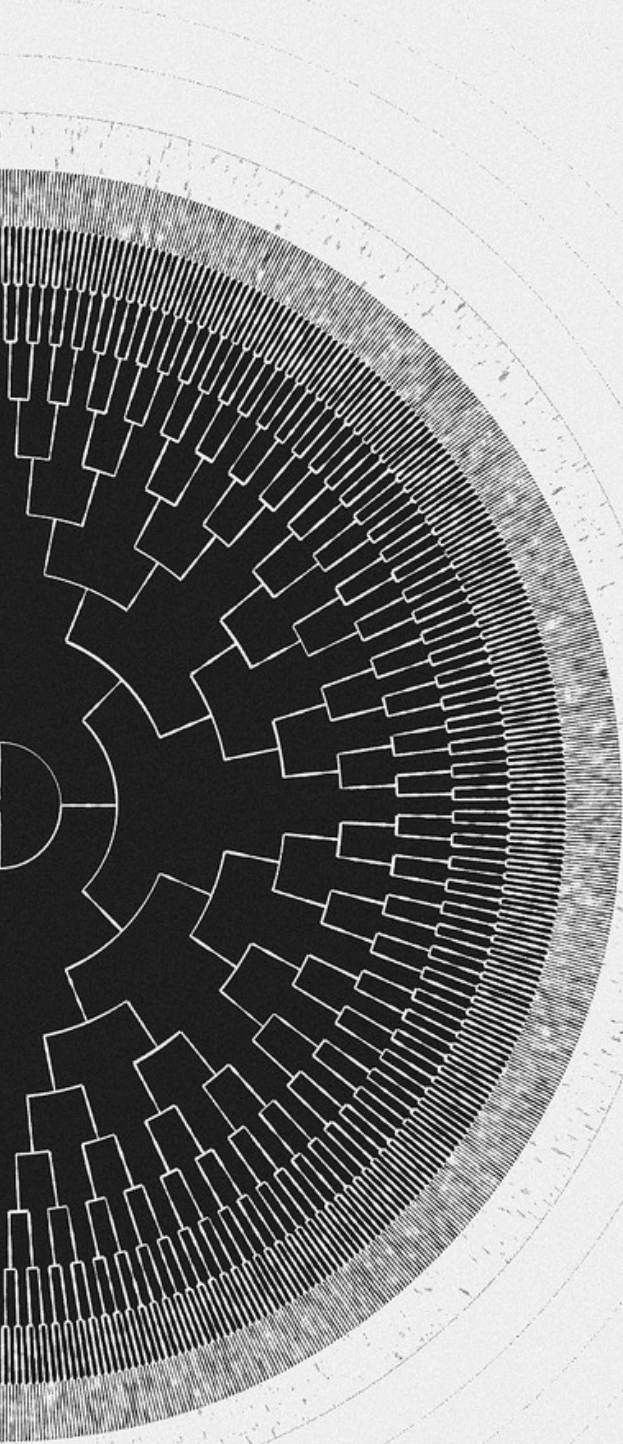
In the novel *Contact*, the Vega civilization sends the blueprints of a structure made of concentric circles so that a single human being, chosen to establish *contact*, can “travel.” Ellie’s journey—as the chosen one—is inexistent from the perspective of observers on Earth. Meanwhile, in the millisecond when she descends through the concentric hoops that move rhythmically, she experiences a journey through a wormhole and then an encounter with an expression of *Cosmic Intelligence*.

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II The video describing his journey is also part of the exhibition.







*Contact. The maloca as an  
inverted radio antenna, 2019*

Iron dome  
300cm diameter x 150cm

The maloca—a ceremonial building of the indigenous peoples of the Amazon—is a holographic cipher of the celestial dome. What takes place within the boundaries of this reflection of the sky is a paradoxical circumscription of the eternal. It is a sort of trace of a time beyond time, and a site for a communion with the beginning of everything. Which is why it is there where origin myths play as infinite narration, through dances, through patterns, through the echoed chant of an invisible order.

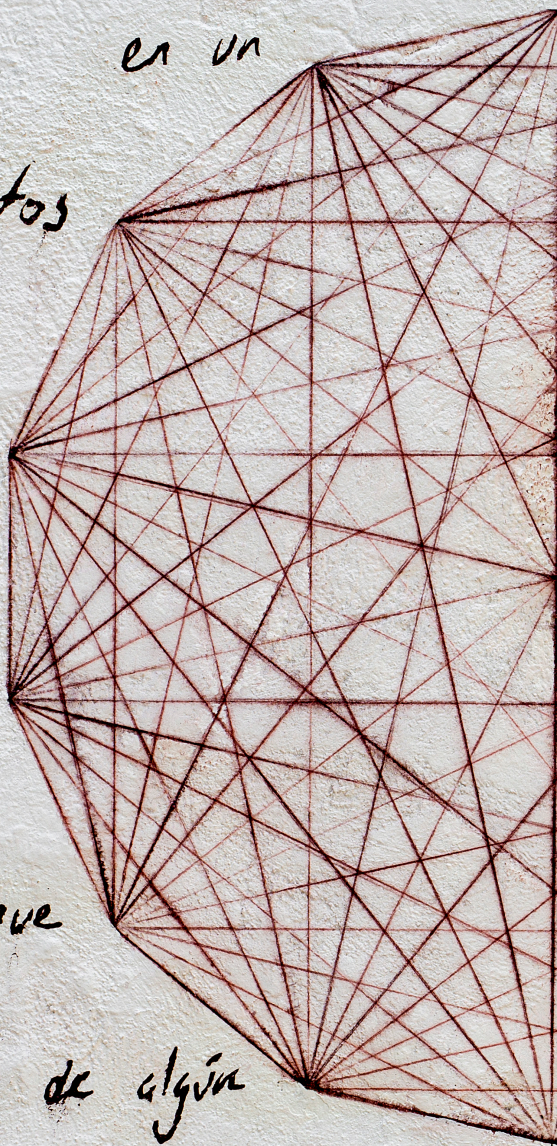
The fractal dome of the sky—as an inverted radio astronomy antenna—emulates a ritual space, one where architecture is not solely a “building enclosing space,” but an abstract structure that opens up the suggestion of the *everything* that fits in any and all of its parts. The building as a hologram, expressing the *calendrical*, performing the dimension of time, opening—like a giant lung—before contracting once more, like a wave that expands from its origin to infinitude. The dome is also a literal expression of the passage between dimensions. It expresses the *ascension* from the second to the third dimension, through the form of a classic fractal that begins from *the one* and goes on an incessant search of *everything*; it expresses, in two words, the inter-dimensional passage.

In the novel *Contact*, Ellie encounters the *Absolute Other* in an unnamed ritual of a return to origin—an encounter with a particular father who embodies the *Universal Father*, in other words the *totemic father*—within a space covered by a celestial dome which Ellie can feel by extending her arm, and yet houses the sea and earth on which she walks.

The site of Ellie's *contact* is a fabled landscape containing the ethos of shamanic cultures that weave the labyrinthine roof of their ceremonial maloca as if it were a reflection of the celestial dome. It is there where the map appears of multidimensional time, one that is irreducible to a constantly vigilant, mechanical-materialistic consciousness. A regime of coherence is established/recognized, a *sphere whose center is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere*.



Pe  
en un  
de laberintos  
laberinto  
reciente  
el pasado  
y que  
de algún



*I thought of a maze of mazes, 2017*  
Rust particles and stencil  
Variable dimensions



nse

laberinto

en un sinuoso

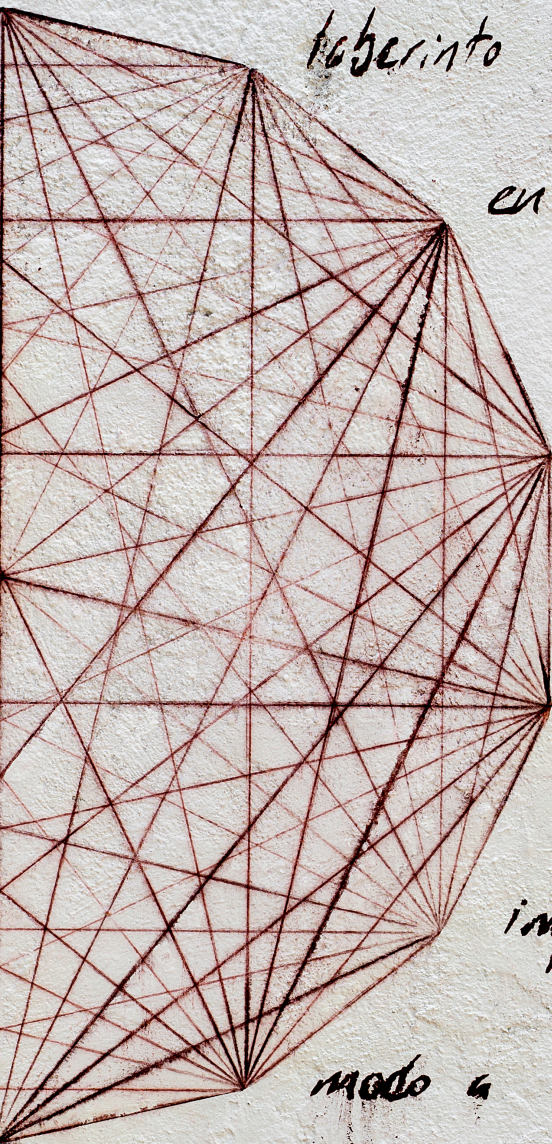
que abarcará

y el porvenir

implicará

modo a

otros



"...I thought of a maze of mazes, of a sinuous, ever growing maze which would take in both past and future and would somehow involve the stars."

A phrase by Jorge Luis Borges (1899-1986) from his short story *The Garden of Forking Paths* (1941), which expresses—as if it were a Russian doll or Matryoshka—the nature of the story's plot, where each event contains the key to another event,  
*ad infinitum.*

Ellie's instant of *contact* reveals that each aspect of her life was/is/will be a programmed reality, set in motion by *Mind*, only to be perceived from the point of view of the final event—beyond the logic of linear time. Everything was in place to fabricate a situation where *contact* would take place. Every word on the parable describing *contact* is linked to all others, and the meaning of each of these words or factors is universal, eternal, and simultaneously singular and anecdotal (embodied/incorporated in the subject, Ellie). Ellie is the human prototype (he/she, the seeker) in the vertical plane; on the other hand, the cosmic temple that becomes the backdrop of the encounter is an archetype (the extemporal scenography for the seeker) in the horizontal plane.



*PI (8888)*, 2019

Stencil with acrylic paint and vinyl  
Variable dimensions

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves





The infinite number Pi fills a wall of the gallery as a backdrop—as if it were *cosmic background noise*. In the second chapter of the José García, Mx Mérida (2017) exhibition, the number 9 was highlighted with photosensitive paint; what stood out most of all was the mysterious sequence of six consecutive 9's within the first 100 digits after the decimal of Pi. This time Pi is examined through the number 8. With an added frame that acts as a window, it isolates the number like an X-ray. The operation is another suggestion on the mystery of Pi, the transcendental number of infinite digits.

Within the plausible science fiction of the novel *Contact*, the number Pi is understood to be a “designed dimensional portal.” Pi contains weak signals that need to be

scrutinized, in order to reveal their encoded meaning, which hides in the very subtle, the very simple, and the very silent. This series of works on the number Pi are focused on the nature of the message that humanity receives from its *Absolute Other* in the novel. The interest here is specifically centered on the multiplicity of levels within the message—in other words, in the “totemic” aspect of the message. The message from the cosmos is multidimensional; a kind of palimpsest; and it is faithful to an eternal law that declares, without ambiguity, that there are successive trials that the seeker must endure. There is always a next level of decoding, in accordance with each level of consciousness. Therefore there is binary code to be found—on a deeper level, or a broader one—hidden in the phenomenon of

polarization; deeper and broader than the one originally perceived<sup>III</sup>.

The connotations of this phenomenon are shown in this exhibition; the implication being that the meaning of the transmission from a site beyond spacetime has infinite veils that are drawn back one by one—like in any school of mystery, and by the mystery’s own logic—rather than by anyone deciding for these to be kept secret. The message encoded in the polarization is an architectural plan for the construction of a prototype: the multidimensional portal that will lead one human to establish *contact*. And as is explained to Ellie, she will do this in representation of all humanity, and

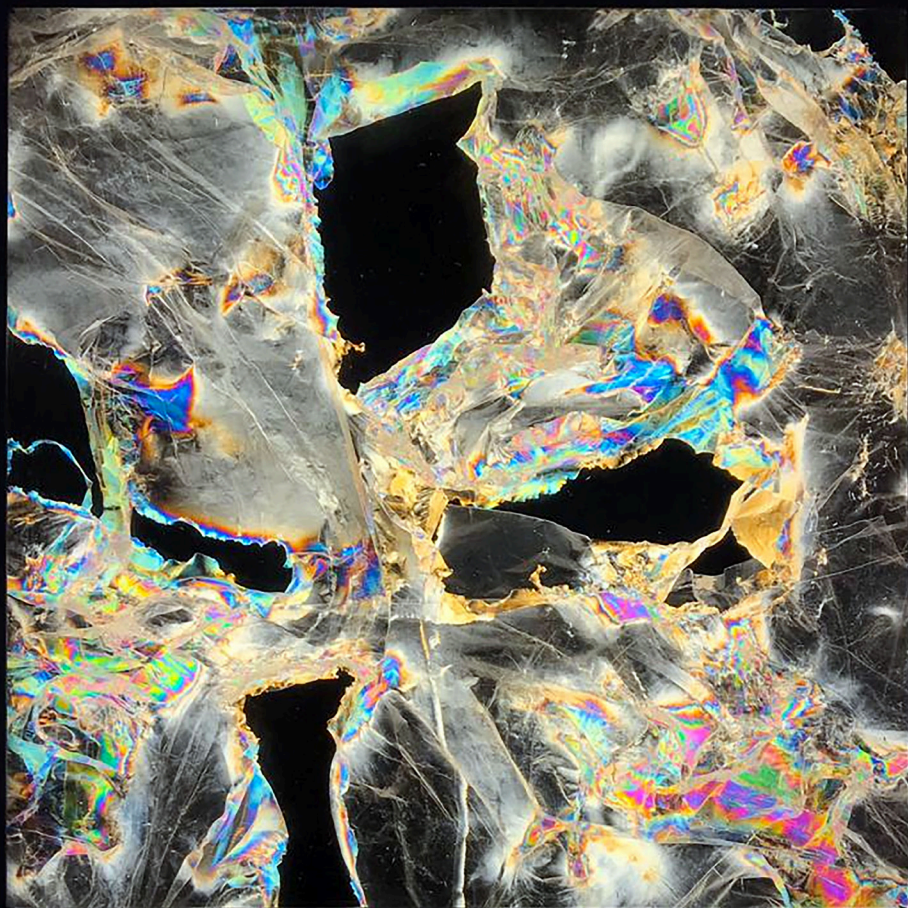
furthermore, it has always been done this way.

The novel’s heroine has deeper levels of understanding of this same principle when the embodiment of the *Absolute Other* explains that there are megastructures in the universe (such as the Pi portal) that were built by other more advanced, immemorial civilizations, which left encoded messages within these transcendental numbers. On its own, Pi would be a structure designed for interstellar travel; a latent, feminine energy of the universe, only accessible to the consciousness of the initiated in the art and technique of understanding and mobilizing it.

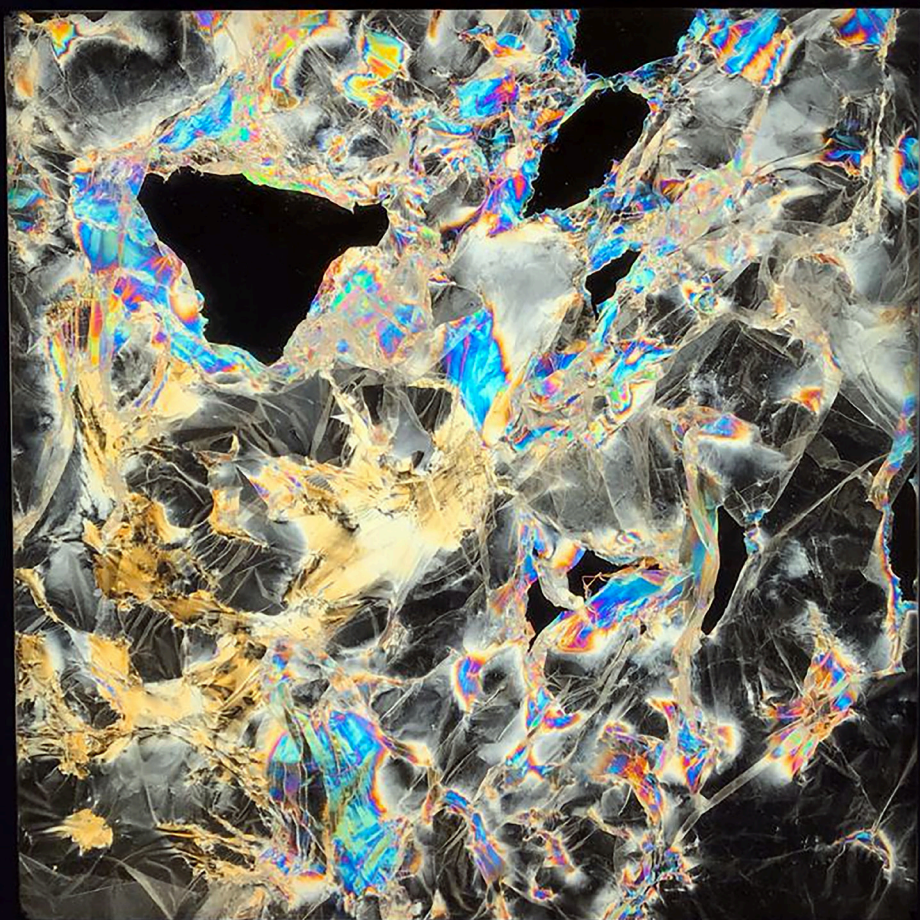
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III The first level of the message is an echo, a ricochet from the star Vega of the first transmission on Earth to exceed the ionospheric layer: the Führer’s speech during the opening ceremony of the Munich Olympics, the first televised transmission powerful enough to pierce through the sky’s electrical barrier.





*Anisotropy #1 - Nebula*, 2019  
Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED  
light panel  
30 x 30cm



*Anisotropy #2 – Nebula*, 2019  
Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED light  
panel 30 x 30cm

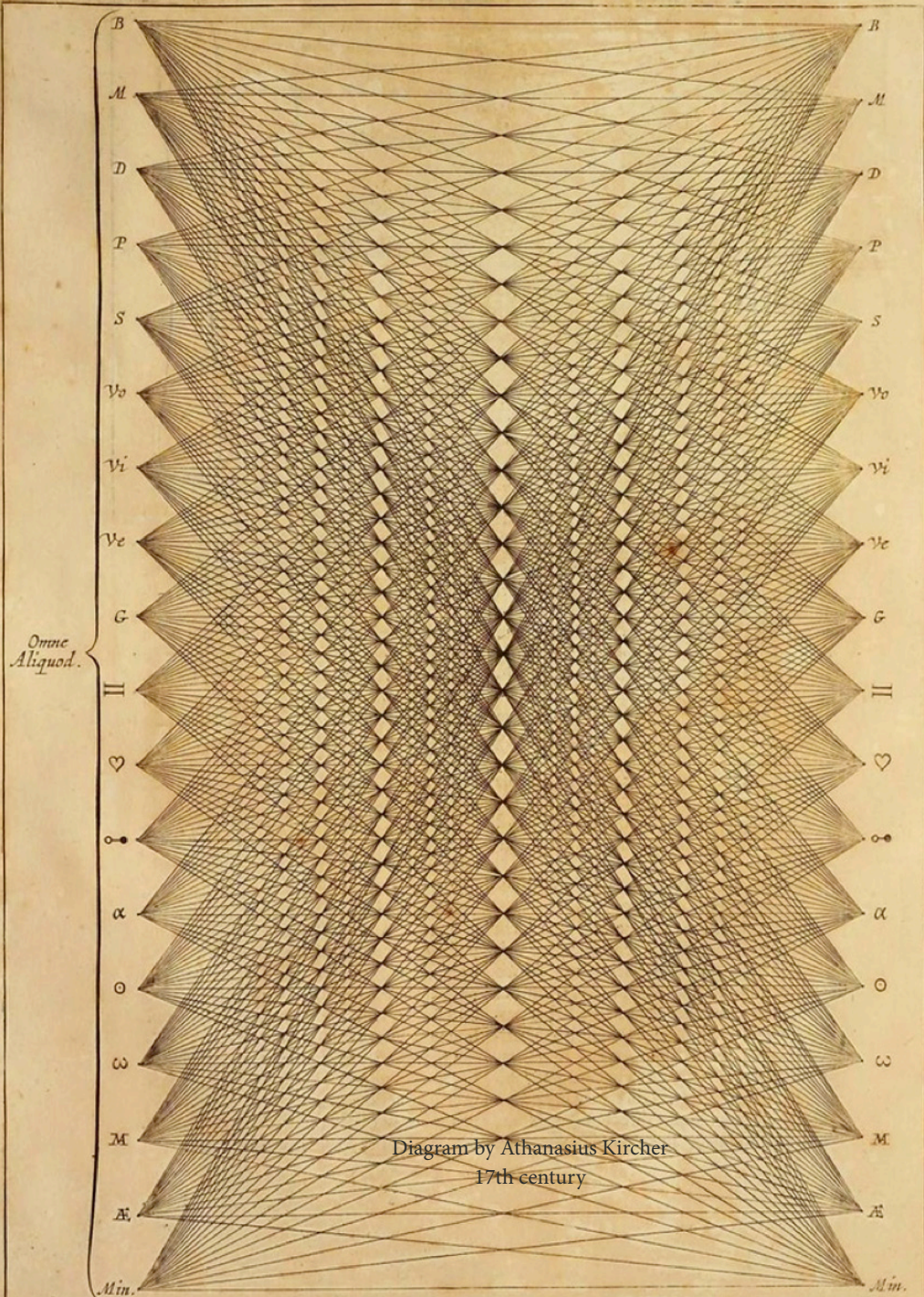
“... when we trace back the origin of the inevitable idea where we landed, we become aware that many avenues did indeed take us there simultaneously. The concept of polarization, that I am just starting to work on, is a case in point. It comes from a dream where the name L.P. Rosen is signaled to me by an index finder on a book, and later from the discovery that a person by that name is one of the collaborators in multiple essays on radio astronomy. It also comes from a concept of the Yanomami indians, where the extraction of fossil fuels from the ground is tantamount to invoking spirits from the past: the DNA from a distant, buried origin of Mother Earth. It comes from a perceptual experience drawn from living in constant relationship with noise, through which the experience of *apophenia* is activated—which entails *reading the world* as an infinite code, or capturing weak signals from the universe to scan their meanings. It also comes from a child’s fascination with the rainbow effect of gasoline on water; or from a navigation technique used both by the Vikings and by beetles; or from Carl Sagan’s novel *Contact* and its multiple clues about the moment when cutting-edge developments in the science of radio astronomy would turn cosmology into a precision science. It also comes from a desire to reach the ground zero of perception... part of the *curriculum* I have gone through with Jacobo Grinberg-Zylberbaum in Mexico or with the Taitas (shamans) of the lower Putumayo region of Colombia. This *University* sets forth a question about how images and objects are formed in our consciousness.

All avenues were leading to the same place”.



In the novel *Contact*, the intelligent pattern captured by SETI's (search for extraterrestrial intelligence) network of radio antennas and processors first reveals a pulse. From the pulse to the recognition of an intelligent sequence of prime numbers that confirm *contact* with a form of *Intelligence*; from there to the realization that there is a compressed audiovisual which ends up being Adolf Hitler's speech during the Olympic Games in Munich; and from there to the discovery of a binary code which once unraveled reveals an architectural blueprint for the construction of a machine that will open a portal for time travel. Carl Sagan's clue about polarization in the novel—when it is itself decoded—is the fact that within that very “quality of light” we would eventually be able to create an apparatus to travel through time, beyond any science fictional imagination. The images of the Big Bang that have been achieved in recent years are exactly that: proof that we have traveled through time, all the way to the minutes after the Big Bang. *Now we only need to realize to what extent this is not just an exercise of representation.*

## EPILOGISMUS

*Combinationis Linearis.*

This piece expresses the inherent poetry in the combinatorial art of Athanasius Kircher, S.J. (17th century), which is considered a harbinger of computer science. A combinatorial diagram of 36 points is superimposed on the open sky, as an intervention in the patio of José García, mx. Kircher's *Ars Combinatoria* expresses a world of hyperlinks where each part of the universe relates with each other in an infinite, holographic, and fractal manner. This same idea revolves around the work of Jorge Luis Borges in many of his stories. It is most obvious in *The Garden of Forking Paths*—quoted in an aforementioned piece in the patio—which could be a literary illustration of Kircher's intuitions. In the story, someone is murdered in a remote location so that the news, front-page in every international

newspaper, becomes in itself a coded message for the participants of a military operation during World War II. The message is directed to armies awaiting orders for an attack in another location.

In the novel *Contact*, as in José Simón's story, the universe is understood as an intertwining of infinite connections that express the idea of non-locality in each element of the cosmos. Ellie travels to another place while at the same time not moving at all—that is, if the event is perceived from the standpoint of *consensus reality* that only allows for experiences within spacetime. In the logic of *contact*, each atom is connected to everything and each door we open leads us to the only center... of everything... that is everywhere.

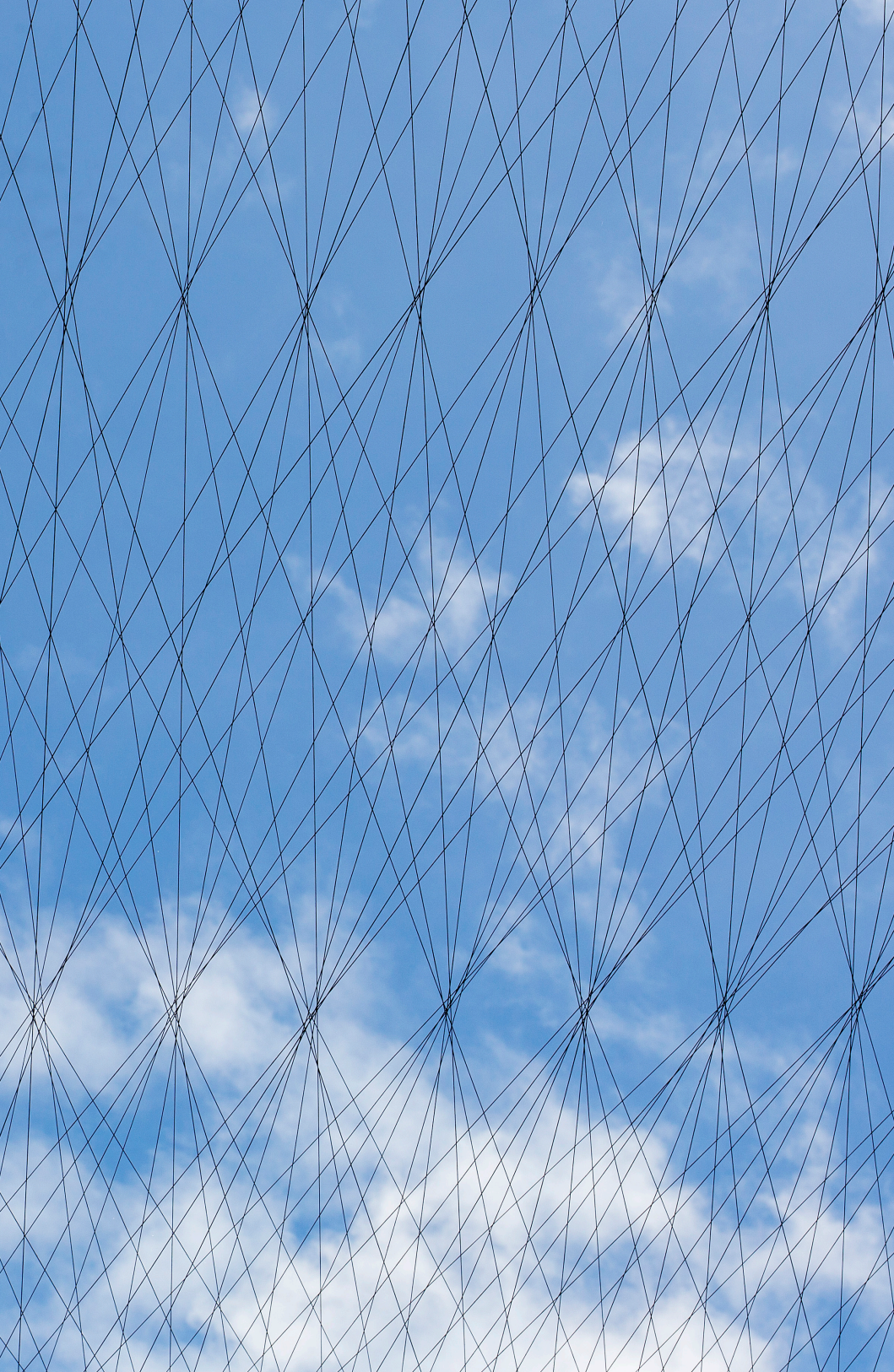




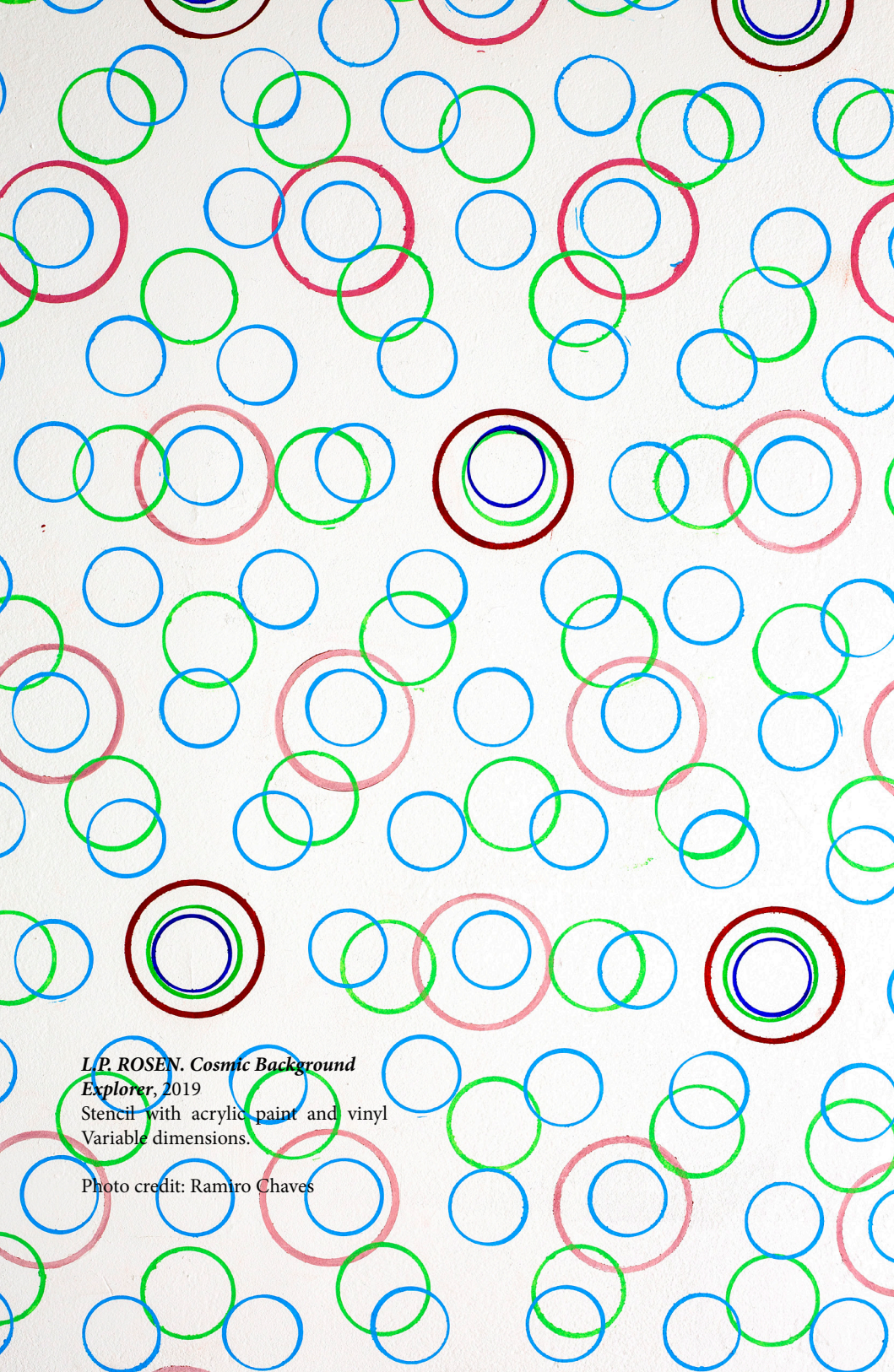
*The order of everything*, 2017-2019  
Black hemp string, guitar tuners and  
iron oxide  
Variable dimensions

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves







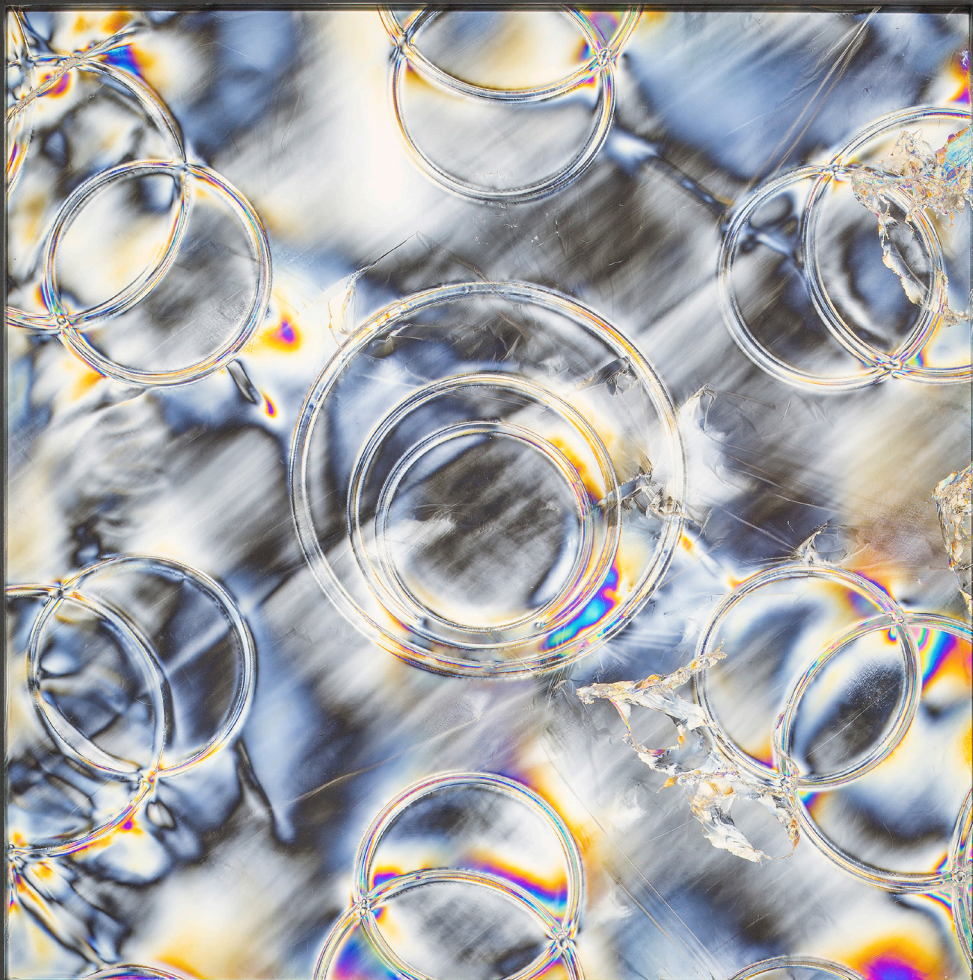


**L.P. ROSEN. *Cosmic Background Explorer*, 2019**

Stencil with acrylic paint and vinyl  
Variable dimensions.

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves





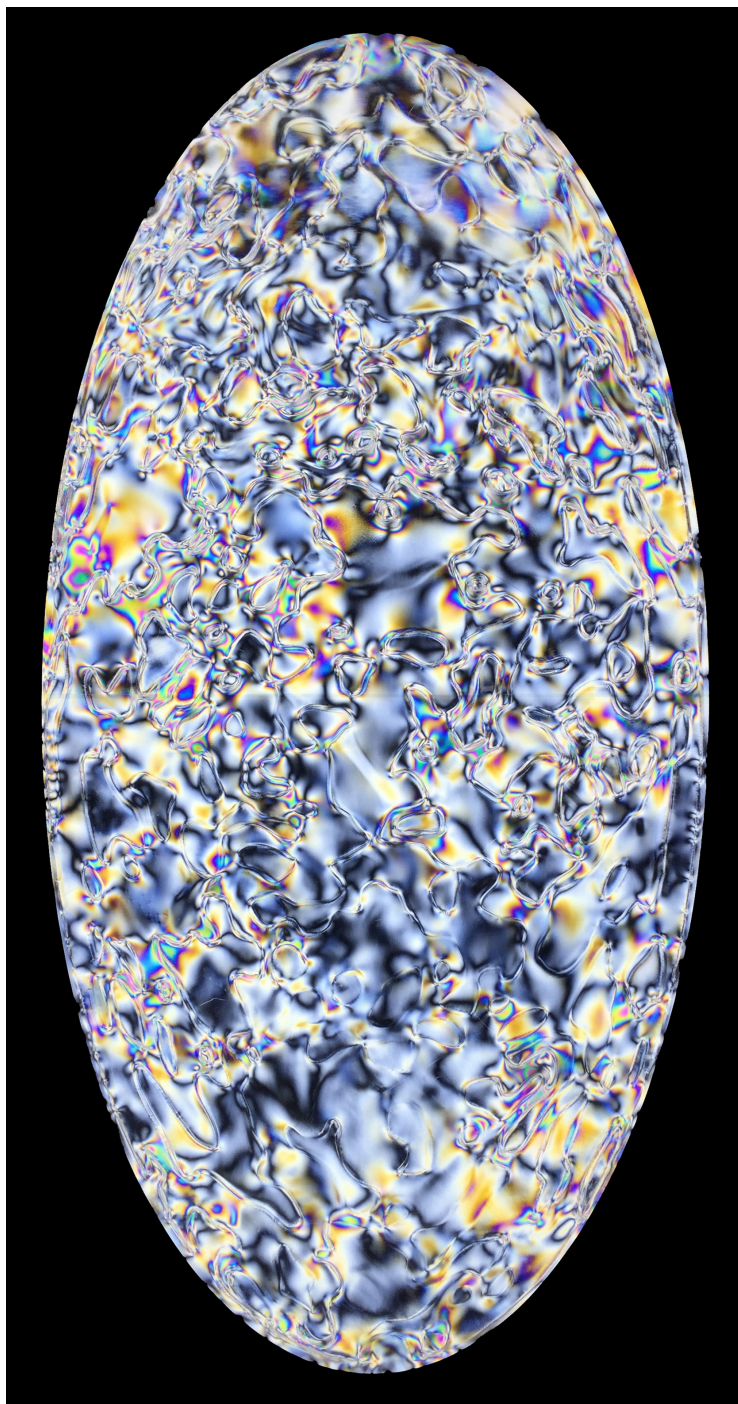
*Anisotropy # 6, L.P. Rosen, 2019*  
Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED light  
panel 60 x 60cm

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves

This is a wall piece made from a scientific image, extracted from an academic journal. The image graphically represents the way in which radio astronomy works, how it reads the phenomenon of anisotropy or polarization in *cosmic background noise* in order to then translate it into an “image of time, from the instants that followed the Big Bang until now.” But in the context of its appearance in the exhibition, the pattern becomes a decorative element, and it turns into background noise, a passive container of its literal and metaphorical meaning.

At the time when *Contact* was written, astronomy was at the edge of an incredible transformation; a mutation of sorts which would have been unthinkable a decade

earlier. From then on, its focus would no longer only be related to observations of light emissions from the last hundreds of millions of years from galaxies like the Milky Way, but it would now also be devoted to measuring comparatively a fuzzy background of radio static, a remnant from the beginning of this universe. The ability to discern the implicit meaning in *cosmic background noise* was one of the greatest breakthroughs in astronomy, which began at the end of the 1960s, and which is now just reaching its point of maturity, with recomposed images of the cosmos in the dimension of time.



*Anisotropy #7 – Big Bang, 2019*

Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED light panel

120 x 60cm

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves



The recomposed images of the cosmos, like the famous horizontal egg that represents the Big Bang, are the transposition of a huge spectrum of microwave lengths to the tiny human visual spectrum—like an ocean of waves in a glass of water. Radio astronomy measures *differences* and then produces an artificial image that didactically shows the *properties of noise*. That was the image we all discovered on the front page of *The New York Times* a few years ago, as the image that proved the *Big Bang theory*. To summarize: that image is a visual representation of something that is none *other than a register of distinctions*. This can be clarified through an analogy with linguistic principles: a person that does not speak French might not perceive sounds between /a/, /oe/, /e/; there is only noise between one vowel and the next; but once they learn the language and are able to mind the distinguishable phonemes between these vowels, the story changes, sense is made out from what was only a gap until then. COBE, the *cosmic*

*background noise explorer*, sees differences between the microwave lengths and represents them for us on a color-coded map.

This is a facsimile of one of the most recognized representations of the Big Bang on thermoformed PET plastic. The image, as previously pointed out, was created from an auscultation of the cosmos by cutting-edge radio astronomy. The main element used to “paint” this image of total time in the universe is none other than anisotropy and/or polarization. The artwork bites its own tail in that it utilizes the very same property of light with which the scientific image was created—polarization. The colors in the artwork are a product of birefringence in the polymer’s points of stress, which is the result of anisotropy/polarization. This is achieved by placing the stressed polymer between perpendicular polarizing filters.

The novel *Contact* is an encoded story (fabled), filled with advanced concepts from an astrophysicist (Sagan) who foresaw the huge cognitive reorganization that the science of astronomy would endure following the shift from observing celestial bodies to the exploration of patterns—a kind of machine apophenia in the vast field of *cosmic background noise*. Sagan understood that these developments would result in science taking a leap into the unthinkable: the creation of “representations of time.” This implied the creation of a new cosmology, one that would have more in common with the mythological representations of ancient civilizations—in their fabrication of encoded myths of origin, of a *time before time*—than with classic astronomy. This cognitive reorganization also had to do with searching for the “OTHER” of humanity in the same way that an intelligent pattern is sought through other kinds of immaterial sensors—like those needed to trace the footprints in the

sand of the body that crossed the dune during the night. It is diametrically distinct to simply recognizing the animal when its body is present under the sunlight. This is unlike pretending to represent the unknown—even the *unknown unknown*—as something identical to *what is already known*, which is undoubtedly a *dead end*. That is what constitutes the absurdity of a consciousness in its self-limiting state: similar to the Sufi parable about a person who chooses to search for their missing car keys in the place where the headlights shine brightest, instead of the dark corner where they actually got lost.



*Was Heisst Denken? (What do we call thinking?  
What calls us to think?), 2018*

Inkjet print

20 1/10 × 25 1/5 in / 51 × 64 cm 64 x 51cm





A giant swastika was discoveredA giant swastika was discovered in Hamburg in 2017 during preliminary excavations for the construction of a shopping mall. A journalistic photograph was then transformed into an allegorical image charged with significance in the twenty-first century.

The terrifying image appears at a time when hate-driven extremist right-wing ideologies are resurging worldwide; while, on the other hand, nationalist socialism's underlying esoteric substrates—of *thanatopolitical* tendency—are slowly revealed. The title of the artwork based on this media image, which was converted into a living metaphor, is borrowed from a Martin Heidegger seminar, “Was Heisst Denken?”. Heidegger's question leads to a double philosophical meaning. We can read more than the simple “What is called thinking?” and even beyond “What calls us to think?”, and arrive all the way to the philosophical question “Why haven't we even begun to think?”. The unfathomable mystery of why the most important philosopher

of the 20th century did not significantly distance himself from the most devastating social event of the century is buried in these questions.

The image of the archaeological appearance of a buried swastika was an event that I expected during my 14 years of life in Germany, which would result in the creation of the piece that is part of this exhibition.

The image alludes to the nature of trauma (“ein böser Traum,” which is German for *nightmare*), where the destruction of the symbolic order of the first act of trauma is so enormous that the individual (and in this case society) is only able to attain its meaning in its repetition (*its second act*). This unveiling calls for the creation of an *entirely new* language that was unavailable during the “sound and the fury” of the *first act*. An opportunity arises with this new language: that the same primeval force of the hive, that has been linked to the swastika since ancient times, turns toward its other possible direction: of love and service.

In the novel and the movie *Contact*, Carl Sagan—and probably his wife Ann Druyan who worked on the script for the movie—makes an extraordinary move to lay out the idea of the *presence of the past*. This is the basic theme of the many related clues that are consciously being scattered throughout the plot, and also through different registers and incredibly diverse interpretations. In line with this text's third footnote, there is also a *first level* of understanding behind Sagan's reasons to create a fictional story in which the Vega civilization throws us an echo of Hitler's speech. The first level is technological, as previously stated: it is the first televised transmission powerful enough to breach the ionosphere and travel through space. This factor is also shown in the film's initial sequence, which presents us, cinematically, with a wave moving away from Earth, and in doing so it moves closer to the past. But it also explains radio

astronomy in a didactic way: the microwaves that we perceive on Earth have been expanding since the beginning of the universe and are a tangible presence of *total time* in the *now*. However, there are other levels related to why this speech is chosen. One of which may be that Sagan considered the esoteric immaterial science from the end of the nineteenth century and the beginnings of the 20th century in Germany and Austria as a hot spot in the history of science<sup>IV</sup>. This was the immaterial science that Nazism co-opted and twisted.

It co-opted this vortex of organic power, and the trauma deriving from this co-optation is still present and still unthinkable. Which is why this force field tends to appear as a disease in our time, once more... because it is not possible to see it outside the fatal trauma of Nazism and its trans- historical legion... as in the title of Heidegger's seminar.

IV An example of this type of science is the quote by Viktor Schauberger: "The revelation of the secret of water will put an end to all manner of speculation or expediency and their excrescences, to which belong war, hatred, impatience and discord of every kind. The thorough study of water therefore signifies the end of monopolies, the end of all domination in the truest sense of the word and the start of a socialism arising from the development of individualism in its most perfect form." Viktor Schauberger. 1939—Implosion Magazine, No. 6, p. 29.





***Sayagata*, 2019**

Stencil with acrylic paint and vinyl

Variable dimensions

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves

In the book *The Signs* (1953) by the forgotten Pedro Astete, the author reiterates that the swastika in repeated patterns is the matrix of our reality. Much in the same way, the wall piece becomes a sort of architectural matrix. It is the background for another level of reality that lies on top of it: the framed pieces that are hung onto it would be equivalent, analogous to something we might call *historical* or *current*. In the case of the buried swastika, the framed object, much like an unearthed cadaver, reveals what was hidden and repressed in the 20th century, only to be inherited by the new century. This current century will be young only after it understands *origin*, in order to free itself from its nightmares. This *origin* lies in the future—much like in the famous scene from the film *Planet of the Apes* (1968) when Charlton Heston faces the buried Statue of Liberty. Once found, *contact* will be made in the midst of a deep journey that will allow *the new and ancient* to emerge rather than the tiresome repeat. This will project a new and original light in the form of a consciousness freed from its ataxic and self-destructive shadow: the perception of a social body, based—as Schauberger writes, on a true individualism—in an energized relationship with its core/origin. This is not in the least automatically related to any form of fascism.

This previous concept is clearly the issue within the plot of the novel, *Contact*. There is a necessary return: to the origin of trauma. This origin is totemic, so in no way is Nazism the first iteration of an essential matrix derailed towards the pursuit of domination. The battle for time is archetypal, and it is essentially timeless. All this leads us to the understanding of the echoes of the past within our present, and to be able to take the next steps: to establish *contact* with the *other* and to experience a shift in our journey from our current state of consciousness to a holographic universe, where we are invited to travel limitlessly towards what was always already here, in the palm of our hands (*de main*). The place of the encounter is archetypal, as it is the *source* of the “social body’s” health, where it can be understood in all its fulness, without any negative taboos around this concept.





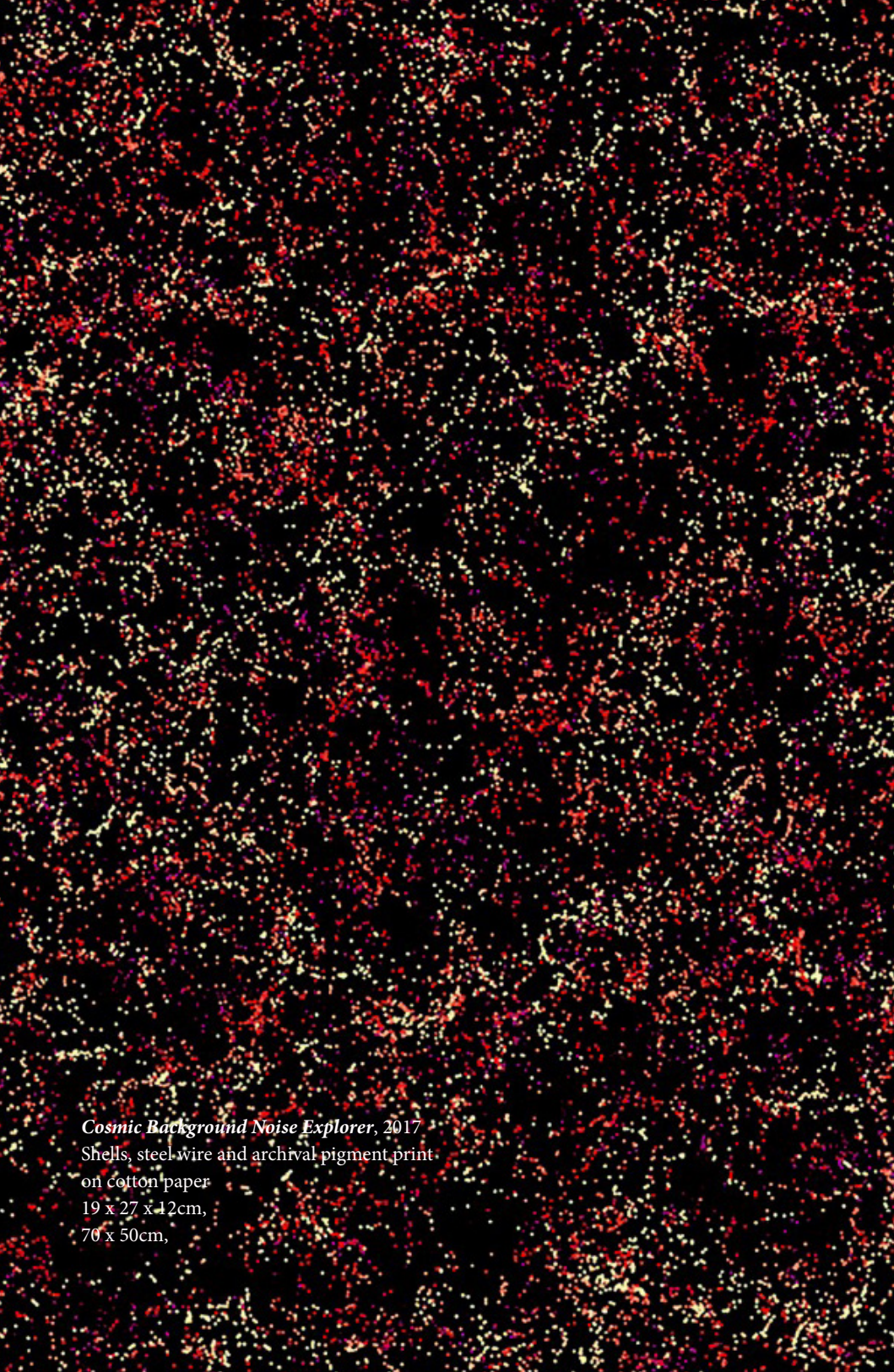
*Anisotropy #10 , The Third War is Ongoing  
and it is Holographic, 2019*

Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED light panel,  
60 x 60cm



Only a year after the end of WWII, in his short story *Deutsches Réquiem*, Jorge Luis Borges captures, in fiction, how the true destiny of the Nazis was trans-historical. This is exemplified by a Nazi criminal who, the night before his execution, smiles after realizing that the destiny of the movement was not simply to win a war but to reinsert the world in the “law of the sword”: “What does it matter that England is the hammer and we the anvil?”

This notion of the *presence of the past* connects with Sagan’s narrative and overall theme: the invisibility of the 20th century’s most complex riddle, Nazi Germany’s esoteric and biopolitical nature, destined to be alchemized into its opposite in the exact moment of extreme danger, “not on the last day, but on the very last.” Transformed towards the other face of *force*. This quote fashioned in the medium of polarization speaks of a battle placed on a bizarre and incomprehensible spacetime, beneath and beyond the History we acknowledge—until now. None of the actors are localized in linear time, which is the greatest challenge for a contemporary imagination, similar to psychoanalysis where a patient exists under the rule of trauma and where they must remember—as in Ariadne’s thread—in order to understand *the whole* and transform their present. Every wave of the past is playing its game in the present, which is why they are not, in truth, in the past. *Cosmic background noise*.



*Cosmic Background Noise Explorer*, 2017  
Shells, steel-wire and archival pigment print  
on cotton paper  
19 x 27 x 12cm,  
70 x 50cm,

Radio telescopes “listen” to background noise and in so doing they also discover the *noise of time*. The portrait of the entire universe shown here is a portrait of noise. However, that noise only makes sense to the *cosmic background noise explorer*. What we see in the image is, again, the product of cutting-edge radio astronomy using anisotropy and/ or polarization in order to discover the history and the identity of waves, their origin and direction. What is interesting about this image is that we are not seeing small dots of colored stars against a spatial backdrop.

The sections of dots are actually spacetime moving as a wave (galaxy clusters) atop what we currently refer to as *dark matter*. In

other words, everything we refer to as real is now a wave of this ocean, and the seabed where the waves roll, is located in a place that we cannot (yet) fathom.

As a complementary piece to the image of cosmic noise, there is a pair of seashell earphones. The traveler initiated in the art of rowing amidst waves of noise does not actually move; it is through the noise that they are able to connect and reduce all distances and times to zero. They make *contact* with the entrails (not mere trails) of the universe, which have the same proportions as the labyrinth of their inner ear, the golden ratio, Phi.



Ellie returns from her expedition with a video recording that ends up being *just noise*, instead of the 18 hours of audiovisuals from the celestial encounter that she had recorded; instead of the document of the beach where she had a meeting with an extraterrestrial intelligence disguised as her deceased father. Ellie also discovers that her *space odyssey* only lasted under a second from the perspective of the event's witnesses on Earth. The rational consciousness of the observers on Earth is disappointed by her experience, which can only be seen as reverie, as nothing more than a shamanic or religious vision, definitely not the log of a scientific expedition.

It is here that the novel and film present us with a masterful twist of the plot: by allowing for the irreducible ambiguity of *where* and *how* a vision lands in a subject's consciousness. The event presents us with cognitive dissonance between two hemispheres: one of these fields focuses instinctively on the development of increasingly powerful computers to explore the cosmos; the other seeks a re-encounter with the unforeseeable potentialities of the perceptive apparatus of the human body, with all of its hidden capabilities, all of them waiting to be rediscovered, and with each shift the appearance of another universe, a renewed consciousness of what is in our hand now (*main tenant*).





*Anisotropy #7 Consensus Reality is a  
Serotonin Hallucination, 2019*

Polarized filter, acrylic, PET, LED light panel  
60 x 60cm



PROTON

ULCINA

*"Consensus reality is a serotonin hallucination".*

The phrase is Dennis McKenna's response to a journalist after being asked why he and his brother Terence—devoted *narconauts*—place so much focus on substance-induced hallucinations through the use of Ayahuasca, amongst other master plants. Dennis responds by inverting common logic; the path towards knowledge may stem from inversions like this in many occasions. This is perhaps the starting point to understand the organic technos of master plants, and from other trance or meditation techniques.

The quote points to the idea that there is no blank slate for perception, no ground zero: in our "normal state," we are in fact already hallucinating what we call reality through our body's perceptual particularities, through our story within the body of the language that constantly "speaks us," through our

belonging to the morphogenetic field of our species, evolved over millions of years; and among all these factors we also have the cocktail of hormones that configures our system, including serotonin, that colors what we are able to perceive.

Ellie has an encounter with *cosmic intelligence*. The place of the encounter is the beach which she imagined as a child. Her interlocutor introduces himself in the likeness of the father she lost at a young age. Therein lies a monumental clue of how *contact* takes shape. Our heroine asks how it is possible that this *cosmic intelligence* could embody her own subjective images. The intelligence says, "How else would we be able to communicate with you if not by inserting ourselves within the images you already have?" That alone is the most accurate description of how something can be embodied in someone's consciousness with what we

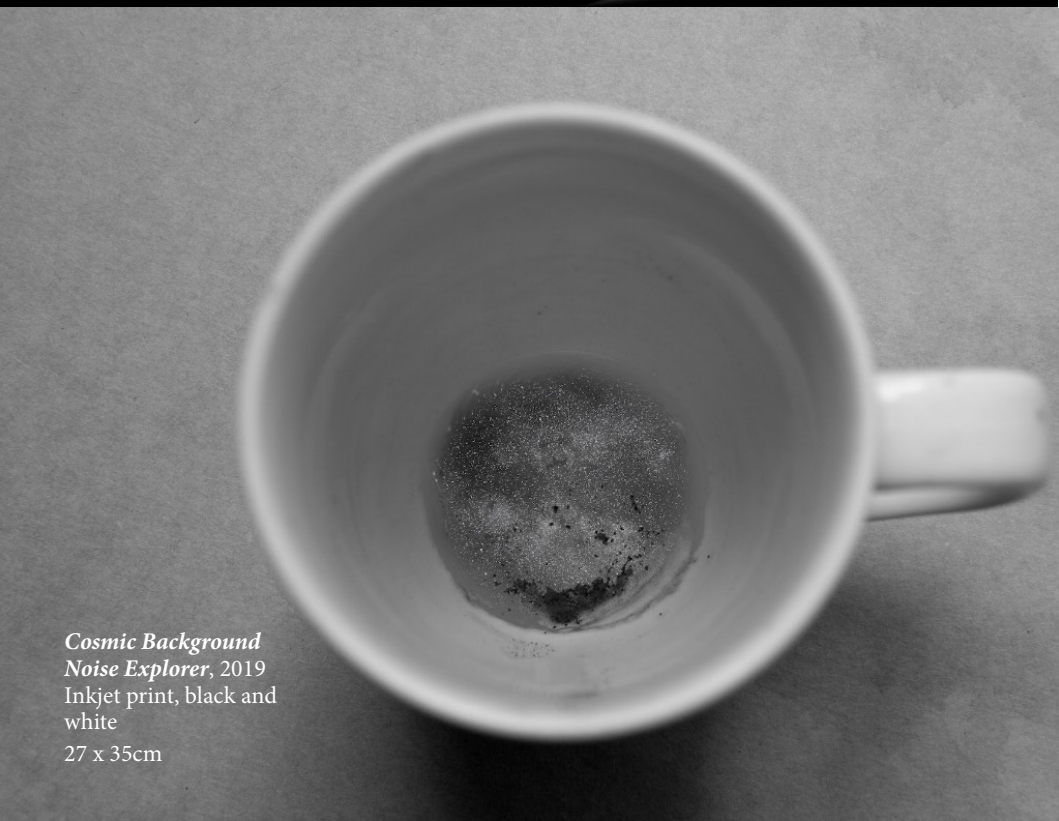
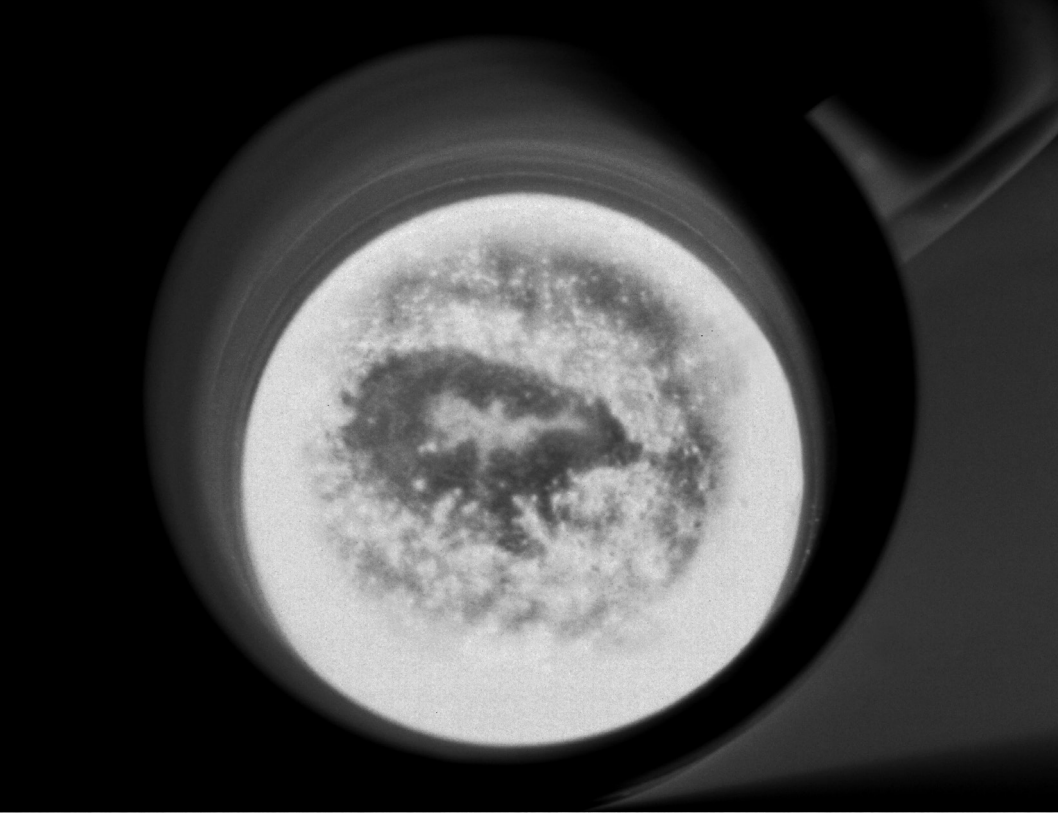
may call the force of *truth*.

Ellie's encounter lasts for less than a second in Earth's time, but in her perspective she spent time, eighteen hours in total, somewhere else. Our heroine has had an encounter with the *truth* that is both *singular*—as it is embodied in images from her own memory—and is nevertheless *universal*, as she has also perceived something beyond the order of the subjective. In other words, the image of her deceased father is the medium (reflection) through which a truth is expressed that can only be perceived as reflection. .

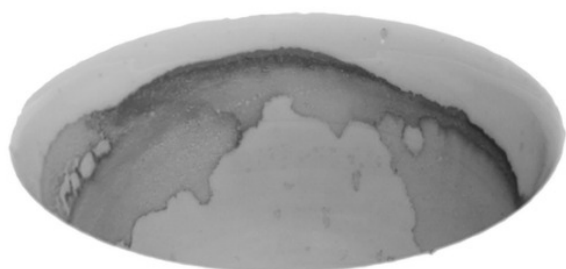
Before a US Senate committee she is asked: "How do you expect us to believe that you actually established *contact*, when what we heard from you, in your own words, is the description of a subjective hallucination; when there is no shred of evidence that you can show us to prove this so-called *contact*? Why can't you simply withdraw this absurd testimony

and admit that there was no such contact, that you did not encounter any extraterrestrial civilization?" She responds that while her own scientific mind would summon her to invalidate this contact as inexistent, the human being that she is, her sense of being, pure and simple, can only confirm that the encounter did in fact happen. A *vision* is a turning point that places *consensus reality* in jeopardy. The subject who returns from the state of consciousness where the vision happens is certain about what they have received as a present; they are however nowhere close to being the subject they once were—a mutation has taken place. And indeed they have been shown a land far away from that very category-subject. It is with that certainty that Ellie returns from her implausible scene with the *Other*... it is no longer implausible to her.





*Cosmic Background  
Noise Explorer*, 2019  
Inkjet print, black and  
white  
27 x 35cm



Speaking on the issue of surface and depth, we can now address the realm of divination, the kind that uses a bird's entrails, red beans, coca leaves, or spots left in a coffee cup. Or the new kind of extrasensory perception that exists within the internet's conspiracy theorists and pop esoteric community, which discovers reptilians in video stills, plagued with digital *noise*. These online detectives are using the same *reading* techniques as traditional clairvoyants. They confirm time and time again that there is a hyper-dimensional race from the fourth dimension that has implanted itself in our civilization, particularly among Royal lineages. In a quarter of a second, the face of a reptile appears: an entity that is human and non-human

at the same time. The community searching for these images refers to them as *shapeshifters*. The same happens with the cup of coffee read by the psychic reader: one aspect of reality presents us with a regular cup that is subtly stained by the remains of the evaporated liquid; while on the other side of reality lies the suggestion that another world is emigrating to the present through those random stains.

What we have in both cases is surface noise; however, that very surface is also depth. The noise of that surface connects with a space and time that are beyond / under / over / next to / *this space and time*. There is an instant where an *image from somewhere* else is *born here*; it is submerged



in the swamp of the real for a split second. What is *downloaded* from that *other spacetime* requires a *passeur*: someone who can help in the crossing to this spacetime. Here is a brief summary of the plot in this form of *contact*: something exterior to *spacetime* comes in *contact* with this *reality*. How does it happen? Through a receptor, an antennae, a camera obscura, a medium, smoke, a mirror, a television screen, static, a digital glitch, noise... where a wave carries ethereal foam to the liminal beach; the site of *surface* and *depth*... the place where contact happens.

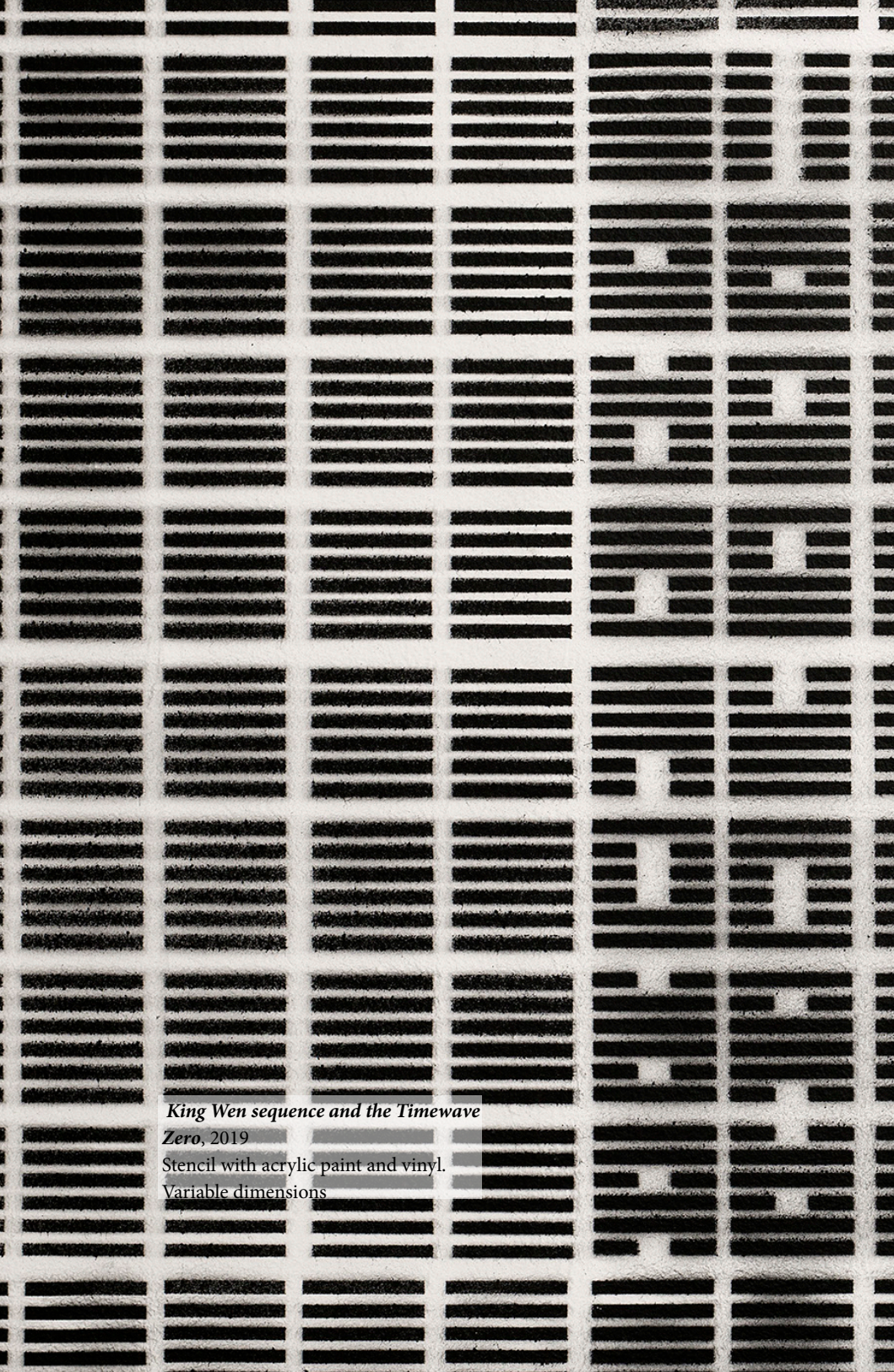
Going back to the clues Sagan drops in the film, there is a connection to be made between the

*imprecise pseudo sciences* of EVP<sup>V</sup> and ITC<sup>VI</sup> and the relatively new *exact science* of radio astronomy. In both cases, we have the discovery of a language that can be distilled from background noise. There is a dialogue established with another time—in one case with the origin of the universe and in the other case with a deceased father who passed away years ago. Both are based on a deciphering of the code that is hidden within the noise (a code that is non-existent until it is decoded). In both cases there are mediums/media channeling primitive ghosts into the present tense.

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V Electronic Voice Phenomenon.

VI Instrumental Trans Communication.



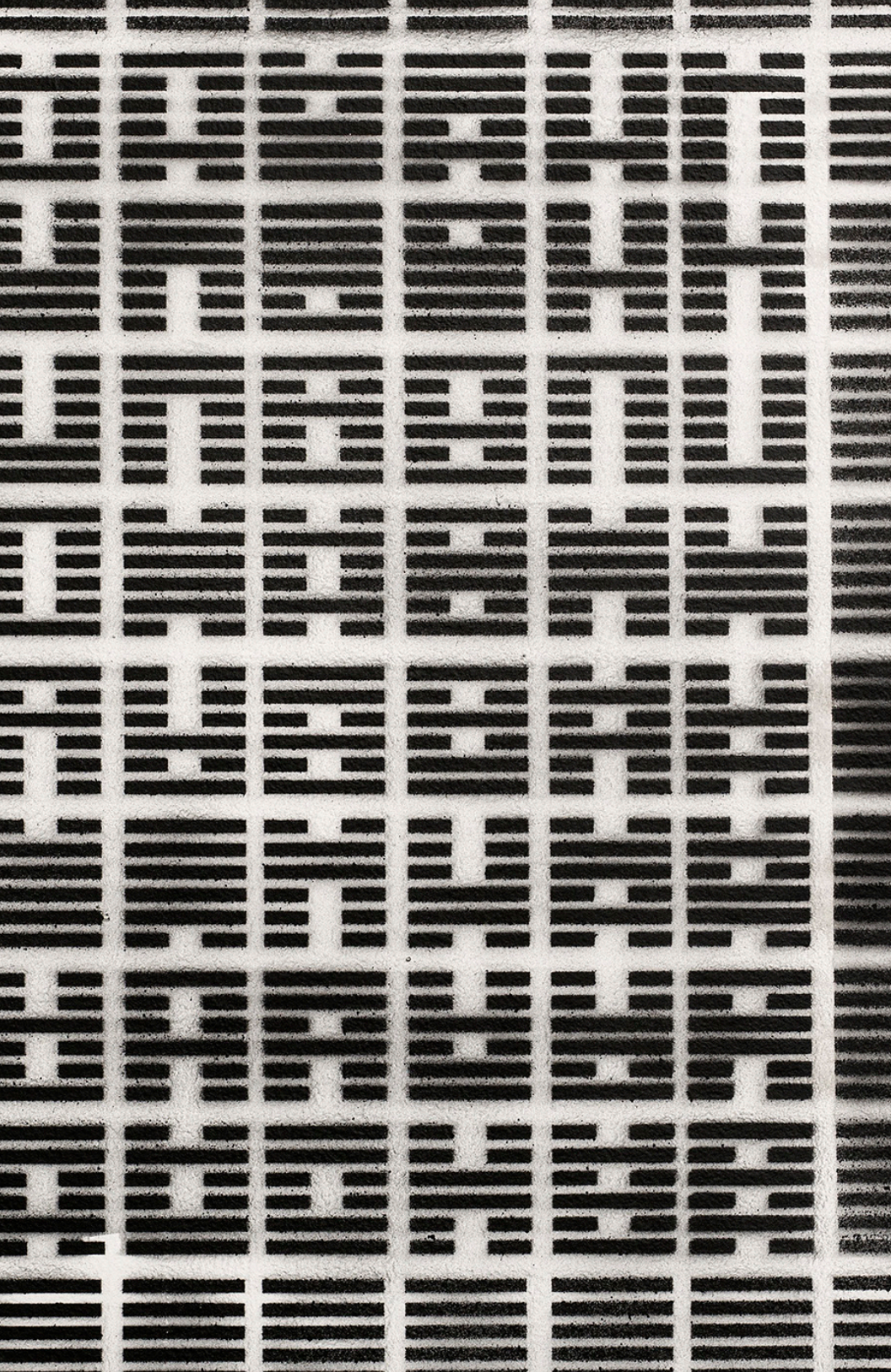
*King Wen sequence and the Timewave*

*Zero, 2019*

Stencil with acrylic paint and vinyl.

Variable dimensions







Terence McKenna had said: “The I Ching views time as a finite number of distinct and irreducible elements, in the same way that the chemical elements compose the world of matter. For the Taoist sages of pre-Han China dynasty time was composed of sixty-four irreducible elements. It is upon relations among these sixty-four elements that I have sought to erect a new model of time that incorporates the idea of the conservation of novelty and still recognizes time as a process of becoming.”

The I Ching expresses the matrix of spacetime, and it is from this fountain of the implicate order that Terence McKenna was able to extract a “form of time”; one that he would later name *timewave zero*. The wave is a fractal tending towards its singularity, after successive approaches to novelty, as if there was something pulling

from beyond the edge of spacetime. This is where the King Wen sequence comes in, from which McKenna extrapolated the curve, as if it were a pattern that emerges from the matrix, from a sort of subjacent white-on-white or black-on-black. Thus the base level of this reality, the essential element of spacetime, is a plough wheel that is always ploughing on an even more primordial field, *ad infinitum*. It is as if *everything* we know was actually hovering above something else that has no traits... until it is incorporated.

In Sagan’s novel, Ellie manifests McKenna’s *timewave zero* in different ways throughout the character’s lifetime, some more intricate than others. We can focus on the simplest one. Time is a fractal in Ellie’s life: her vocation from childhood

onward is to make *contact*. The part of the fractal that we are able to perceive in the plot is one that originates in her father's story. He has made a transference of the loss of his wife (Ellie's mother) into his hobby as *radio aficionado*, as a way to attempt communicating with her. Ellie inherits his interest but takes it one step further, closer to the center of the fractal. The child's psychic coordinates create an archetypal beach of *contact*: the memory of a place where another human was reached by the signal of her father's transmitter. It is a place foreign to her, the beach of Pensacola, a first *contact*. After her father's death, the map of the fractal continues its course, the *timewave* zero that approaches singularity: contact with the *Absolute Other*. Following our heroine's path there is *contact* via romantic love, with a *man of faith*—a

glimmer of love, which leaves an essential *token*, a lifejacket for the *complete* psychic journey that she will endure further down the path of the plot. This will only happen after she overcomes her epistemological limitation, the primal trauma of her militant rationalism, and her atrophied organs: the ones that allow for love and poetry. Once at the point of singularity, the ground zero of the timewave, she is detached from everything and finally understands *Universal Love*. Love has no profile anymore: her beloved father is alive within the expression of all encompassing love. Faced with/by the heart's sudden realization, there are no relevant traits; this is what *singularity* means. She only just manages to say, "they should've sent a poet" before becoming a poet herself.

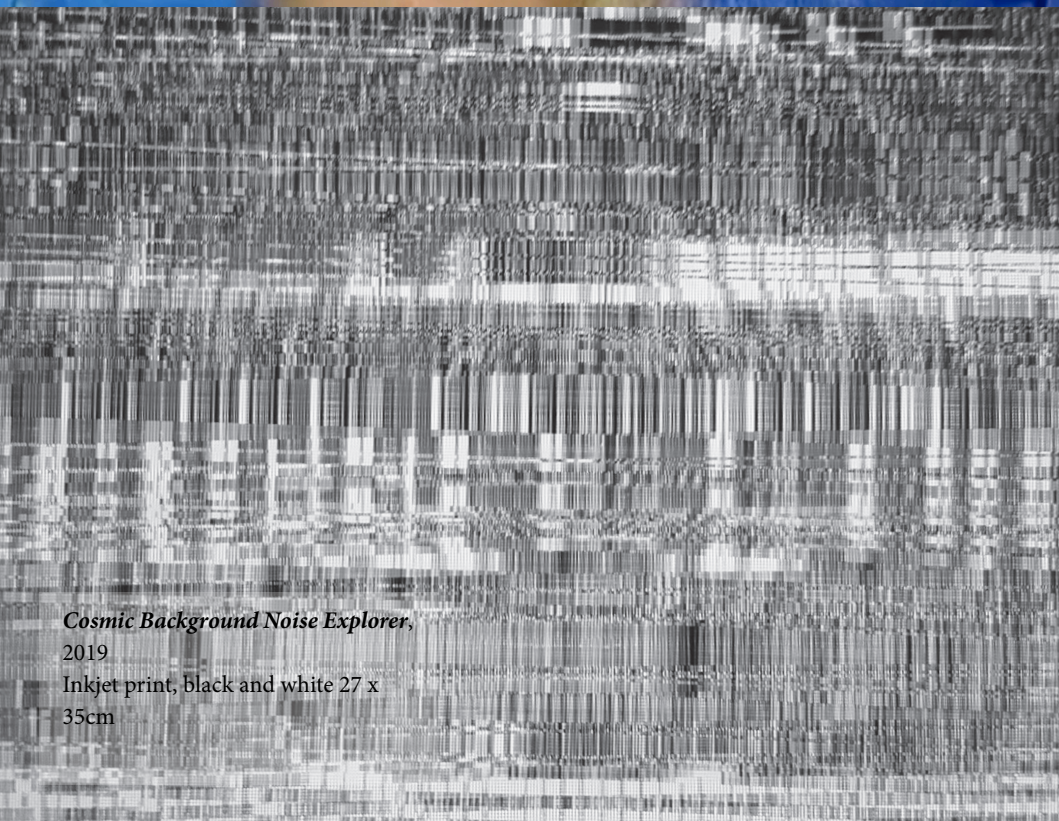


*First noise ever (capture),*

2006- 2019

Inkjet print, color

14 x 27cm



*Cosmic Background Noise Explorer,*

2019

Inkjet print, black and white 27 x

35cm



A) A screenshot of the first time that digital noise was perceived on television, no longer analogical noise, in an apartment close to Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin around the time when Germany hosted the World Cup. This happened at the same time as German national flags flew on windows all over the country; they had been prohibited for half of a century by an unconscious or conscious *gag*.

B) An image of digital noise from a screen of the Berlin metro, taken in 2016, superimposed on a copy of itself at a slight angle, which creates a circular pattern of interference. Electronic Voice Phenomenon (EVP) is a phenomenon referred to as paranormal, where static or any other background noise produces recognizable voices that make sense for a psychic medium. However,

capturing an EVP event is a prowess, not unlike learning a new language: it is up to the listener's capacity to make something out of the weak signals. The complexity here is that their meaning is imprinted in an incredibly opaque medium, while the interpreter (also called the medium or channel) is also infinitely opaque and needs to be an eternal student of a language that is *de facto* endless. At some point a channeling takes place, yet that is a paradoxical concept as the so-called channel carries a signal that is a torrent of noise, pure interference. Afterwards that noise will have to pass through another interference: that of interpretation. Nothing can be distinguished perfectly and no proof is definite. The type of psychic research focused on offering irrefutable proof is a tiring task, both for the skeptic and for the adept;

there is always a remnant that undoes any possible conclusion. *Contact* is an endless labyrinth: a *here/now* composed of insinuations from an *elsewhere*; or an insinuated elsewhere built entirely by pieces of a radically immanent embodied reality. In other words, this is not a one-way street; it is an absolutely disorienting circular migration.

Electronic Voice Phenomenon (EVP) can also be described as auditory *pareidolia*, the interpretation of random sounds as voices in one's own language, or more broadly as *apophenia*, which refers to the general perception of patterns in noise. These are the terms in which classic psychology describes this imprecise subject. Under this guise, the Rorschach test would simply be a *technique* through which repressed images are brought forth

to the surface. However, this is not the whole story, because Rorschach can rhyme with repressed memory in one verse, or with the *Oracle of Delphos* in yet another verse (in truth, it rhymes with both, in every instance).

Another term created to speak about these phenomena was *Instrumental Trans-Communication* (ITC): this entails communication through any type of electronic device (such as recorders, fax machines, televisions or computers) with spirits or other disembodied entities. Obsessed as our culture is in dressing everything up in a childish characterization, their narrow projection is always about "messages from deceased friends and relatives," or from stereotypical extraterrestrials. However, it is much more interesting to evoke the lyrics of the

ITC or EVP sphere as a music that was inaudible until the listener appeared on the scene. In other words, consciousness is always taking shape simultaneously inside and outside. So there is a more appropriate approach: understanding the machine that tunes into meaning as the very *persona*—the noise, the mask—of the psychic *medium*. Once more, the truth that emerges or migrates cannot be distinguished from the receiver in which it first made its appearance.

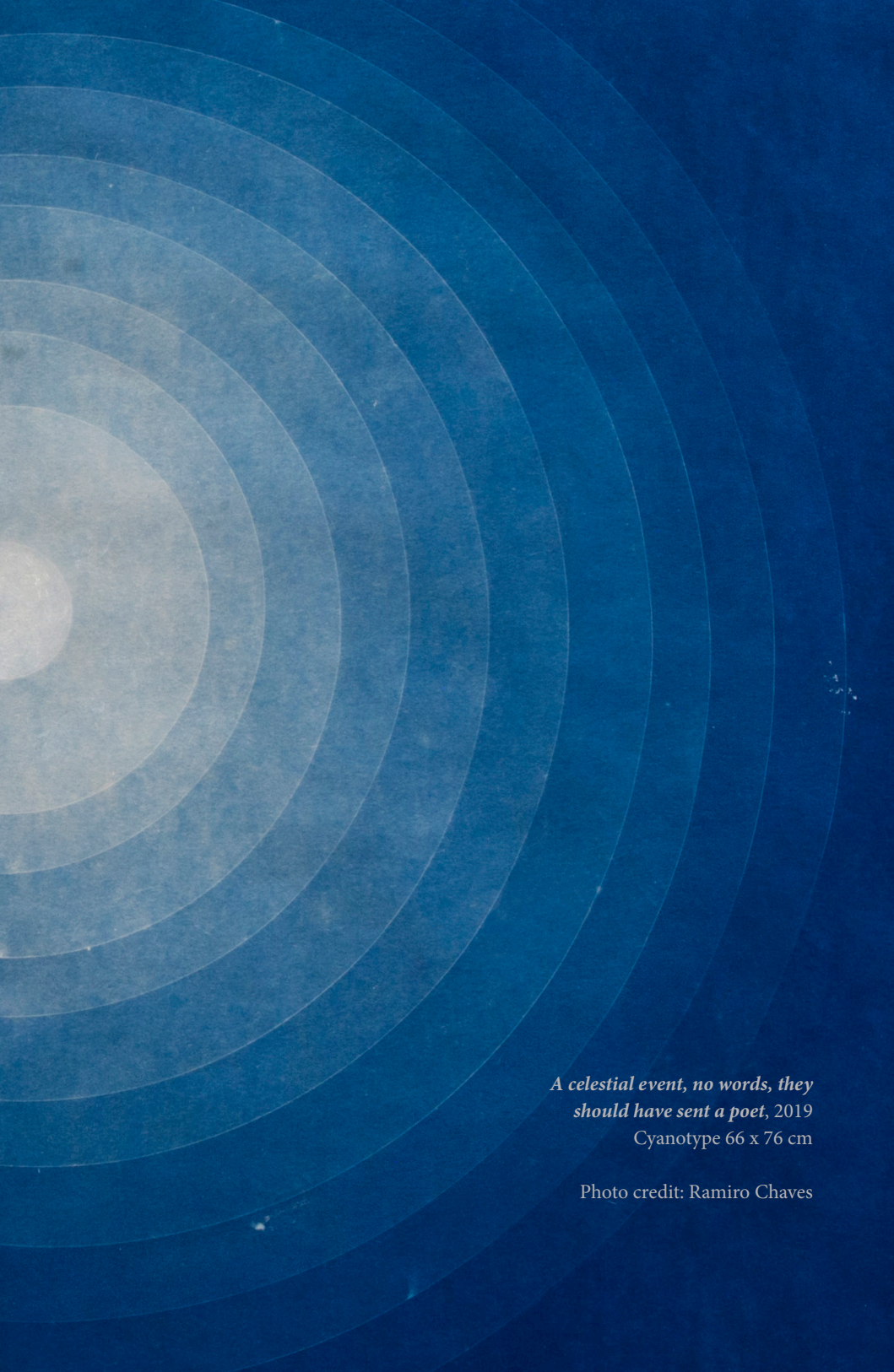
The author of *Contact* plays with a theme, from the beginning of the novel onward, coming from their own biography: the confrontation between the mind of the materialist scientist and that of the “person of faith.” The entire novel has a way of circumnavigating a primal opposition and its gray areas. How do you translate

into knowledge that which is a product of abilities that are beyond what can be proven through the principles of *consensus reality*? Ellie’s faith is not based on anything other than in the certainty of what has been experienced in an altered state—in another body, in another consciousness—which takes place as a sudden flash that interrupts the scientific materialist *persona*. What follows is far from any superstition: it is the birth of a militant self that reflects the truth of the event. We are in *contact* with the singular-universal, borrowing the terms of the philosopher Alain Badiou.










*A celestial event, no words, they  
should have sent a poet, 2019*  
Cyanotype 66 x 76 cm

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves





*A celestial event, no words, they should have  
sent a poet, 2017*

Cyanotype,  
21 x 30cm

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves





A cyanotype made from sunlight is basically an indexical imprint of a singular instant of the solar spectrum. This is why it is the forensic evidence of a celestial event. Each of the three cyanotypes presented here is a game played with the different potentials of the medium.

The face of Jodie Foster in her role as Ellie in the film based on the novel *Contact* is a hyper reflection: her expression reflects the wonder of a human being deeply connected with their introspective poetic dimension. This is happening at the moment when they perceive the limits of a language that has veiled infinity. It is the expression of someone facing what they did not know existed, the face of ecstasy. In this piece, the face *experiencing* the celestial event is simultaneously captured by another celestial event: the event of light fixed on a paper in the process of the sunprint.

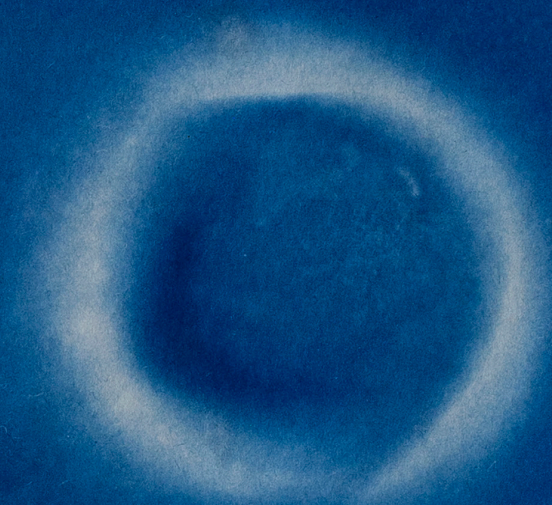
The abstract image on the other hand belongs to a series of visual metaphors. The image is created using a container filled with water, refracting sunlight onto cyanotype paper. It evokes something like the explosion of a supernova, or in other words, a *celestial event*. Again both the

represented and the literal come together in the image, as they are both *celestial events*.

The image of the concentric circles evokes the figure of a dimensional portal. It is created using acetates of different diameters, superimposed and in ascending order from small to large. The acetates' density act as sun filters, making it so that the more density there is, the less sunlight can traverse. In this way, as we get closer to the center of the image, the sunlight's imprint is subtler. A gradient appears, from a bright central point to the darker outer rim.

In the novel *Contact*, Sagan sets forth the notion of a tiny instant that is pregnant with an extended duration. The second that Ellie spends in the portal that was offered by the Vega civilization for humans to establish *contact* with them is an instant that contains an intrinsic, esoteric, irreducible time. The cyanotype is a portrait of cosmic time—contained in the instant of a chemical reaction to light—and a literal and metaphoric counterpart to the event in the novel and the film.





*A celestial event, no words, they should  
have sent a poet, 2017*  
Cyanotype, 21 x 30cm

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves





*Cosmic Background Noise*  
*Explorer*, 2017  
3D Print,  
50 x 20 x 30 cm

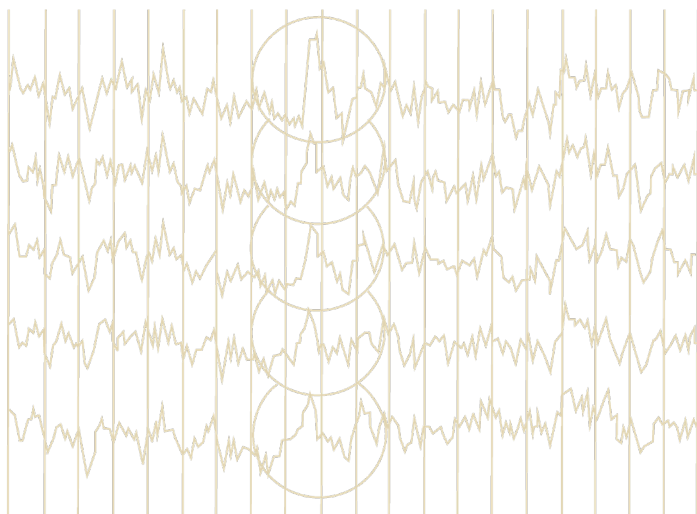


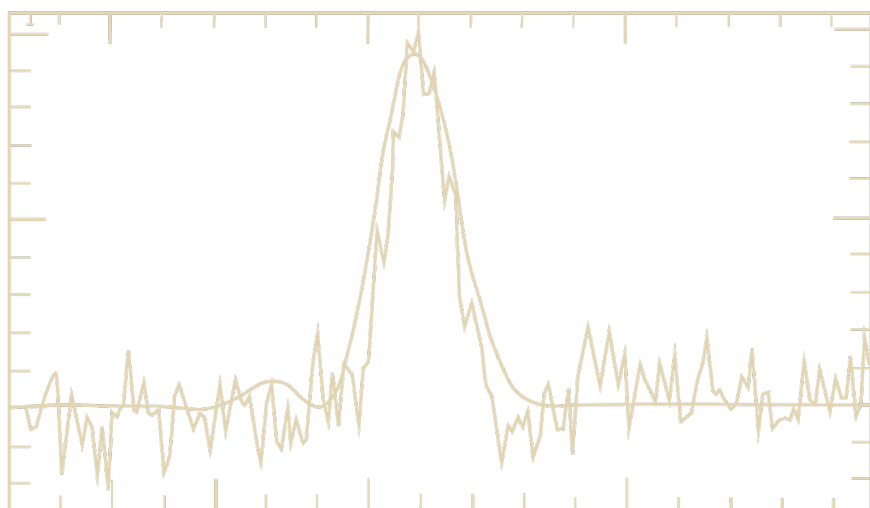
The deer horns tattooed with the Milky Way are a simple metaphor of *contact*. The word Anthropocene has yet to be mentioned in relation to this project; however, there is a connection with the vision that underlies this term, which is able to fracture the seemingly eternal opposition between the *cultural* and the *natural*. The Sami people, who inhabit the northern regions of the planet, were nomads throughout their entire history, and their technique of *contact* was to be guided by other beings that had more elaborate antennae than theirs. These sentient beings possess what biologists in recent years have come to call “culture,” following new evidence that contradicts everything we thought we understood at the time of our ill-founded superiority complex.

Following the logic of year-long deer migration patterns, the diagram of the herd’s movements always drew a real and invisible mandala on the ground. Everything had intrinsic meaning, as everything was in *contact* with the most basic elements of the Earth and its movements in the universe.



The novel *Contact* makes a point to touch ground towards the end of the plot. Everything that has been learned in the cosmic dimension will be applied to Ellie's next steps as a renewed human being on her own planet, or the entire ordeal will have been in vain. As the Huitoto people's proverb says, "we journey to the center, in order to apply what we learnt in the periphery." This is one of the truest reasons for searching for amplified states of consciousness. These are places of active encounters with oneself, with our center, and with *origin*. In other words, these are the places of the greater challenge. What has been learned needs to be remembered, and to be carried as an offering, kept safe as a magic tool to be brought into the state of alert vigilance where we spend the other parts of our life.





*SETI and The Transferred  
Potential*, 2019  
silk-screen printing 60 x  
45cm



An international research group announces that a conclusive signal in the direction of star HD 164595 was detected on May 15, 2015, 18:01:15.65. The signal was detected with the RATAN-600 radio telescope in Zelenchukskaya in the Karachay-Cherkess Republic of Russia. This detection is part of the global SETI (search for extraterrestrial intelligence) project. The image pictures the detection of an intelligent pattern within the *pattern-less cosmic background noise*. The image in the lower section of this print is a graphic retelling of the moment in which artificial intelligence detects the trace of an intelligent pattern, making it a candidate for the discovery of *contact* with the *Absolute*

*Other*. In the top part of the print, another graph highlights an anomaly. This time it is Jacobo Grinberg-Zylberbaum's *The Transferred Potential* experiment: an incredibly sophisticated lab experiment which proves unconscious telepathy via electroencephalograms on subject B, receptor, whose brain activity registers the shock moment of subject A when the latter receives a sudden visual stimuli. In the intersection between both graphics there is a deep suggestion: the hyper-dimensional contact between the subjects in adjoining lab rooms is one and the same as the one between two civilizations separated by two million light-years. Consciousness is but one, and it manifests itself in points in space, which

ultimately express the mere illusion of separation. It is in the journey towards an ultra-spatial, ultra-temporal pattern where consciousness can become self-aware as consciousness. The pattern is what the thing is not.

Carl Sagan and his wife Ann Druyan were fervent supporters of SETI. In a way, the novel *Contact* is based on an intricate demonstration of different conceptual levels of radio astronomy as a parallel method of examining *cosmic background noise* and as a way to perceive the form of Universal Time. But it is also a suggestion that the same *cosmic background noise* is the means by which we may search for intelligent life in other corners of the universe. This is where

we break off from Sagan's public statements regarding the reasons for his belief in extraterrestrial intelligence: we break off from his focus on how this was a matter of probability. "Why so much space just for us?", he would ask, from the pragmatic stance of scientific logic. This is a point of departure where we choose to stay in a murkier territory not as clear-cut as Sagan's, with our sight set on the *event horizon* in which the *where* and the *when* are absolutely transformed, and more than space travelers, we become paradoxical inhabitants of a now that is an *always*, and a beyond that is rooted here.



*Plausible contact.*

*The universe according to José Simón, 2019*

Video HDV, 36 MIN

Photo credit: Ramiro Chaves



José Simón travels to the Pleiades through a portal made up of two simple concentric hoops and returns with a vast amount of information. In this video, we interrupt him on minute 36, when he is well into narrating a story that dates back to the origin of humanity, absolutely removed from any institutional *consensus*. The most important part of his story is the moment when he explains in a few words what healing entails: “[...]they taught me that healing is a state of love that recreated equilibrium where we ourselves have disrupted it. When we lose our state of equilibrium due to physical, biological, genetic, emotional circumstances, what healing does is to rebalance that part of ourselves that we had rendered unbalanced... and which can only find equilibrium through love.”

*Contact* arrives at the same primal space. Beyond a scientific quest, beyond the human race’s curiosity regarding others in the universe, Ellie’s journey is a primal, fundamental event. This event is none other than the radical transformation of one human being in one instant of their life that becomes a milestone—not unlike that of Saul’s transformation into Paul—which then leads to a militant affiliation to love and to the intrinsic poetry of the universe. It all originates from the instant of *contact*.

