

matilde gliubich tomat

Practice-led MA by Research  
York St John University

Sept 2023

# the polyhymniades



“Your truth is provisional,  
and the only thing backing it up  
is who you are at the time  
you wrote this or that,  
and that your joys and biases and prejudices  
are part of writing, too.”

*Let me tell you what I mean - Joan Didion*

This document is the evidence of the practical element of my research “On Encountering the Divine in the Act of Drawing” [York St John University, Sept 2023]. This process is formed by a regular drawing practice, followed by a rigorous self-reflective journalling activity with the implementation of tools such as Joseph Campbell’s *The Hero’s Journey*, Jung’s subconscious and dream analysis, tarot and oracle cards. The writing practice stems from Julia Cameron’s *The Artist’s Way – Morning Pages* and my profession as an existential psychotherapist.

This documentation bears the collective title of **The Polyhymniades** to indicate the inspiration of the muse Polyhymnia who is said to preside over hymns and sacred writing - in the modern canon, by extension, writing, drawing and photography [when considered etymologically as φωτός (phōtós) “light” and γραφή (graphé) “representation by means of lines” or “drawing”].

This comes in three parts: the **Writings**, the **Images**, and the **Video**.

The Writings comprises edited extracts from my journalling, relevant note-taking, scribblings, reflections, elucubrations, material testing and sketching, in a readable word-processed document. These come mainly framed in a text box of the same dimensions of the original B6 Stalogy journal, and ordered chronologically. Believing that the dates in themselves are not important, I have only separated the entries by [...]. These include also tarot card readings, and some journalling and notes taken directly on the laptop when away, for example during a trip funded by York St John University to inspirational places such as Stonehenge, Bodleian Library in Oxford, London, Bangor, Glastonbury, Heysham, etc. This section comes correlated by images since this submission is intended to provide not just the words, images and recording of the practice, but an overall almost phenomenological representation of the process behind the exegesis during this year-long research. Hence, you will be able to see even images from the journal used, books read, tarot spreads, etc. This editing allows me to use different registers and visual languages to convey and

somehow translate my experience and to provide both validation of same and clarity. To portray as faithfully as possible the rhizomatic meandering and stream of consciousness approach of the journaling experience, all the in-text references, citations, and any academic requirement have been [in these instances] deliberately omitted to allow for the flow. The writing also comes with spelling mistakes, words in other languages, expletives, etc. This written documentation is only followed by a background reading list of what informed my thinking. A detailed methodological description of this document is found within the exegesis.

Albeit not interested in the artefactual nature of my research, the Images and Video have been added to convey marks, positioning, closeness to the paper, etc. At times, during the session devoted to documenting the drawing practice, music has been played to aid the process. Otherwise, the sessions are solitary and silent.

At the end of this document I have also provided a detailed **Background Reading List**.

**images and videos by**

: diane holt / helen raisbeck / matilde tomat / samantha crapnell

**locations**

: blackburn / glastonbury / gorizia / london / oxford / udine / whalley abbey / york

**video** : [here](#)

**website** : [www.matildetomat.com](http://www.matildetomat.com)

“The seal woman returns to the sea,  
not because she just feels like it, not  
because today is a good day to go,  
not because her life is all nice and  
tidy – there is no nice and tidy time  
for anyone.

She goes because it is time,  
and therefore she must.”

- Clarissa Pinkola Estés

**thanx to:**

TR + DT + frP

[DH + HR + AZ] + SC

The Sisters : Gloria Steinem + Fran Lebowitz + Joan Didion + Rebecca  
Solnit + Olivia Laing + Sharon Blackie + Phyllis Currott  
... and many others. *Thank you!*

I am also grateful to Simon Coulson, Revd. Susan Maskrey, Kim Krans,  
Graham B. Hancock, dr Justin Sledge, and Swami Sarvapriyananda [Head  
of the Vedanta Society of New York].

and to my beautiful Imaginary Board of Directors:

Dr Temperance Brennan, Jeffersonian Institute

Prof Charles Edward Eppes, California Institute of Science [CalSci]

Mr Sherlock Holmes, The Brownstone, NY 11209

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Prof Daniel Pierce, Chicago Lake Michigan University

Dr Tobias Merriweather Quinn-Curtis, </SCORPION>

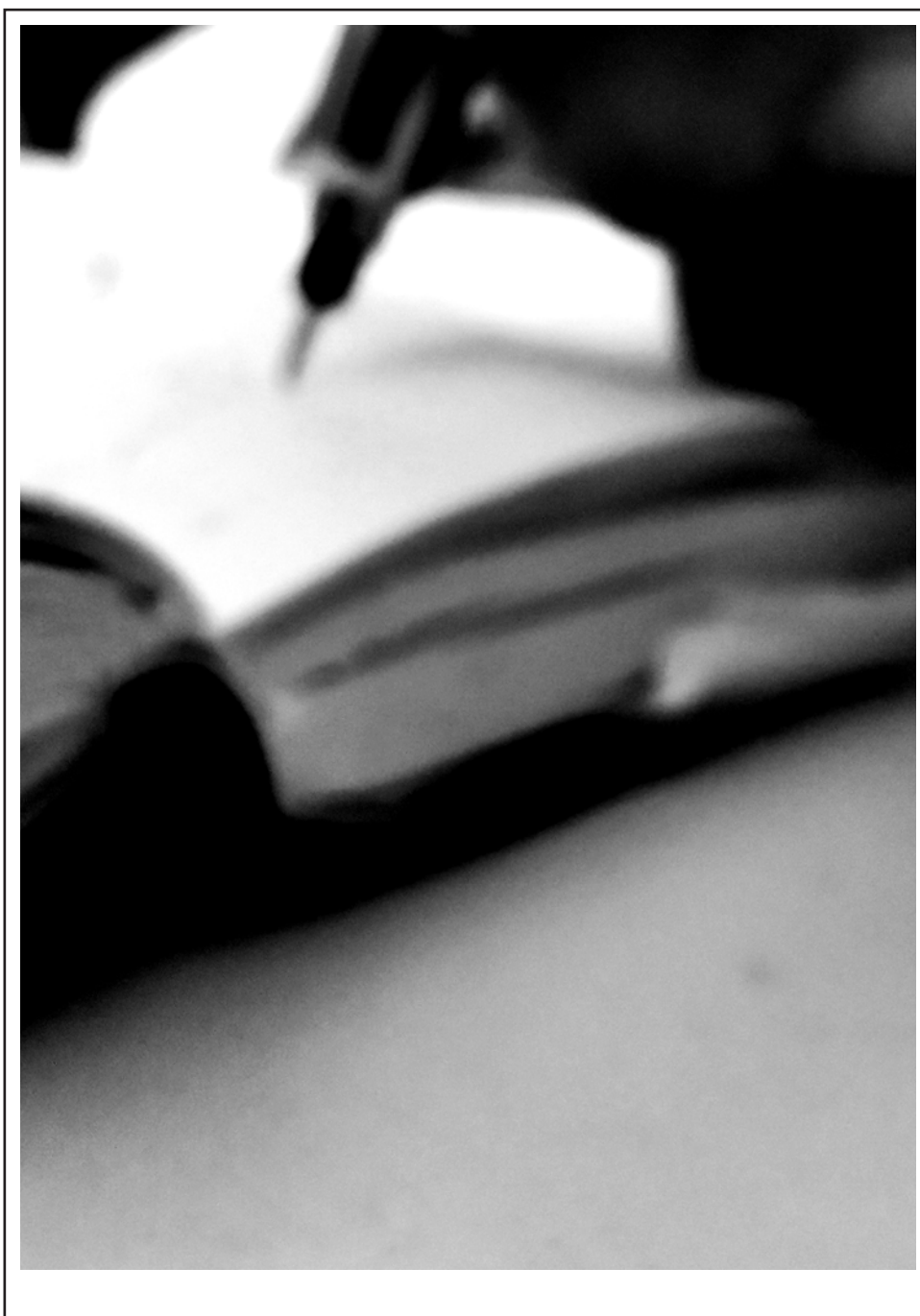
Prof Jasper Tempest, Cambridge University

*... as per usual, this is always for you..*

# the polyhymniades

the  
writings







“During the last twenty years, under the catalytic impact of Freudian thought, psychoanalysts, anthropologists, sociologists, social psychologists, and other workers in the behavioural sciences have met in professional seminars and foundation-financed conferences in many university centres.”

*The Feminine Mystique - Betty Friedan*

...

\*anthropology : finding an opening and seeing where it leads me : chk method of hope by Miyazaki and correspondence : art to reawaken our senses leading to an unfolding of life / hope >>> these feel just words, so SCEVRI from the actual experience which comes with no words attached. /// it feels that the artifact at the end, the artifacts, the drawings, the scribbled papers and results of an anthropological / theological research / study showing transformation and processes

\*architecture : explore space : see the paper on a wall in a room > my moving, volume, air, surface. Also the meta aspect? the horizontality of the practice with the encounter with the verticality of divinity? where space and time are not constructs anymore, and disappear? > space is also forces, vectors, not just lines, boundaries, psychogeography, wayfaring, moving, growing [real and meta].

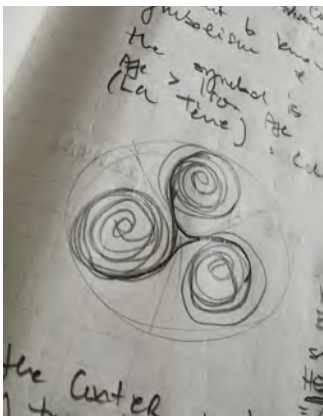
\*archaeology : time: archiving, notes, [hi]story, explanation, follow the field and the mark, exploring materials, who used it before? who studied it before? follow the mark, follow the mark. paper asd a field, open to be explored.

\*art : understanding the materiality and the connections: be always alert to observation, be responsive, allow to go. think elements > subtle and gross, 2 different planes: the real and the subtle... no, THREE! the real, the subtle, and the meeting of.

perception of space is to learn by doing and moving and pacing. i learn space and process by frustration. drawing is ritual or routine? my practice is esoteric and not exoteric : initiated and not public

think drawing and reflecting as field notes: where / what I did / value of experience





530.001 >  
118.530.221122.dr.EX.g

*he who knows both knowledge  
and actions with action overcomes  
death and with knowledge reaches  
immortality*

[UPA p49]

*Woe to you, experts in the Law  
because you have taken away the  
key to knowledge*

[LUKE 11]  
> see SPACE in UPA p113

field notes are methodological : drawing > reflection > tarot to lead me to a different state

0001 sequence of notes + 001 topical notes = OCM outline of cultural material

770 religious beliefs

780 relig practices

790 eccles organiz

530 arts

530.001 > 118.530.221122.dr.EX.g as in #.OCM.date.drawing.experience.  
good or notes only

...

think about the dancing and flow... no: skipping between image in the consciousness and the object / reality of the material > tactility, grain of paper, texture, contact, fingers and material, fingers ARE material, movement, flow, bodily gesture, flow [again!], responding, object or materials or matter?

...

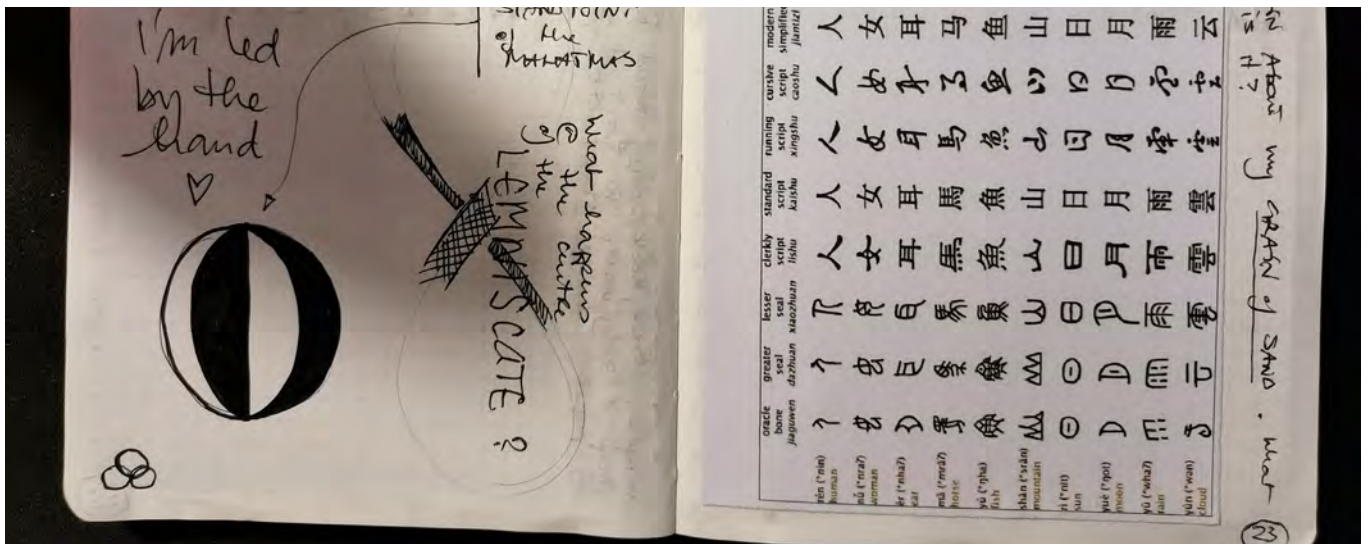
makers are FOLLOWERS of the materials : itinerant, wayfaring, evolving : are forms and marks emergent from the material?. it is a journey this one I am on? space around + space eroded... around + eroded >>> think scratches of graphite on paper > scratch scratch scratch

Gosp.ofTh p36 : physical world is not man's true home, as non-dual

...

let him [HER] who seeks not cease seeking until she finds.





...

if I am separated from the object, is the object separated from me? is wood separated from the table? is clay separated from the pot? is gold separated from the ring? which one is true?! the wood was before the table and it will be after the table is destroyed. wood exists apart from the table water is separated from the wave but the wave cannot exist without the water.

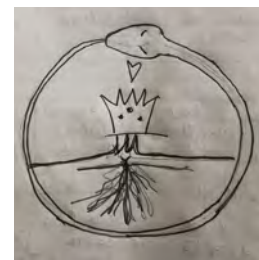
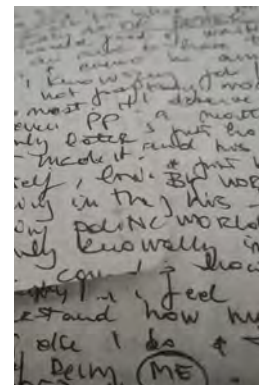
the mind exists regardless of the dream, but the dream cannot exist without the mind.

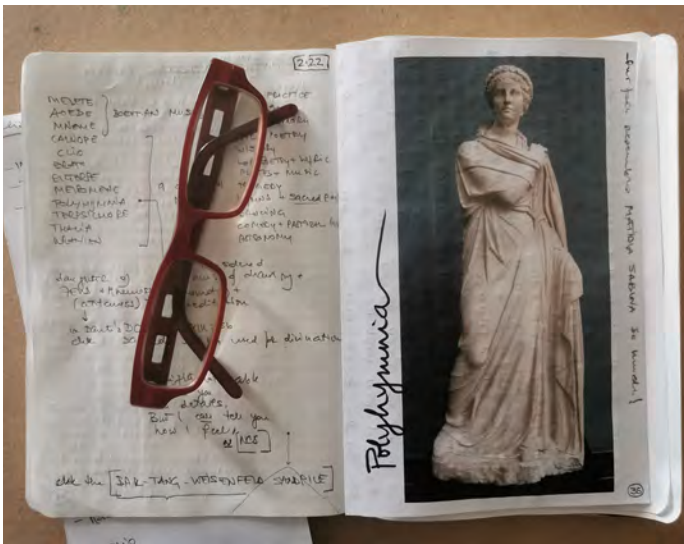
consciousness is my "object"?! > you cannot produce a SUBJ experience from an object > consciousness does not originate from matter! > in theistic approach matter is a product of consciousness > god as intelligent, conscious creator --- INSTEAD : neither is created by the other, but two independent realities which interact with each other > this is the Sankya system approach. WRONG because consciousness is a fundamental reality and not just part of the brain, as time, space, energy so is consciousness. everything is an appearance : ADVAITA [!!!!] waves appears as matter in consciousness, they are not produced, they appears like the blue / purple from the lines of graphite. there is nothing but awareness, nothing but consciousness. Brahman Sattvam, Jagat Mithya > there is me and the world with its bodies, peoples, buildings, minds, etc. we analyse the world by using the 5 elements, all of Jagat is made out of the 5 elements / 100+ of periodic table. the rest : relativity, uncertainty principles, etc are all MAYA: all illusions. CONSCIOUSNESS ISN'T A MYSTERY : IT'S MATTER. the more we look for matter, the more it disappears: the more I look for my encounter, the more it dissolves, in front of my own eyes. in the end it is all just a play... just a play.

...

this is like meeting Sophia

chk from then on: starting at the end: ouroboros and look at the figures! colours, chakras, tao, etc >>> she is coming back: CHK HaK n.2a : the current standpoint of the Mahatmas. The Q is: what happens at the centre of the lemniscate?!





“to hold to one assumption and exclude all contradictory data that isn't science. that is politics.”

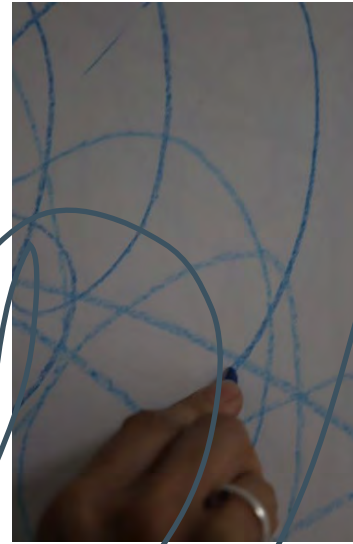
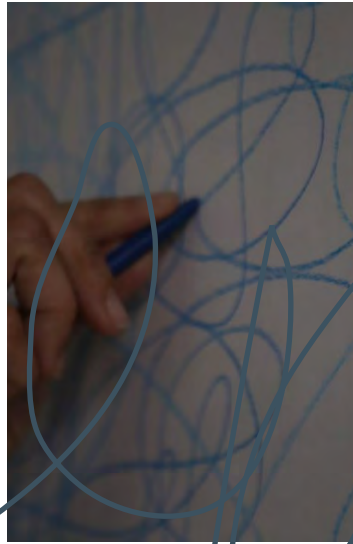
*dr L Fleinhardt*

...

how all of this make me feel? that I was right all along. when i felt but i had no other unit of measure, no other parameter to EXPLAIN the events. [...] I now bless anything that has happened and that made me question everything, all those words vomited from the pulpit with no real knowledge, just a repeating with no heart nor soul. Bless my little socks that I stuck onto my path. the seed was right, i was right. my connection to Source was right all along: I am as old as the mountains and when I am there, barefoot, gently swaying, almost a vodouisant faithful and dedicated to the beat of an eternal drum i would recognise anyway. GOD I hate language! I have a feeling, a sensation, even now and NO word in NO language I know could describe faithfully to another being what I am experiencing. my end : my end, the tips of my fingers are my beginning. think ouroboros and cosmic egg and hermetic egg > the wheel of samsara, the kundalini rising, the serpent hissing, eve responding, the all-in-one of my beautiful sumero-semitic populations : nur inin the light of my eyes is the coiled serpent at the base of my muladhara, this latent knowledge / energy >>> break the ontological plane, m.! : fuck Dleuze, I love you Gilles, but there is more that the within as there is more of the beyond: it's the MEETING, the connection. what did Mme B said: to realise, to understand the meaning of the sphere, we need to look at it... it must be thought of as if seen from its centre > we don't see the ouroboros from above or in front of, but from its centre >>>

...

N3S : all thing that seem to have no connections at all, are instead all linked by a common factor, there is always something underneath that we cannot see. we can design an algorithm : drawing, paper, space, chemistry, fingers, body, volumes interacting, graphite, carbon, cellulose... the algorithm then takes all the datas and identify a correlation : more data = more chances to find something = more drawing to be drawn. One year of MRes is not enough! >>> CHK deep current set



...  
WOULD I draw in a different way if I used red and blue pencils instead of graphite?! when i tried different colours, different tools, different parameters, they all turned out as aesthetic pointless exercises, and not MY RESEARCH.

...  
[11:11] > it is the magic within us that keeps on repeating.

...  
the breathing when I draw, there it's more to learn, like when you breathe consciously : there the work revitalises itself. make room and expand. meditate on the breath / observe the breath / chant the breath / revere the breath. in that tiny space between paper and pencil there is everything, it's pure potentiality. what if, only there, all the criticism of the monsters disappeared. in that space, on that bridge, we never make mistakes, the pencil goes where it wants to go, where at times I direct as an extension of myself. I grow on that paper, I take risks, I expand, I learn, I take then all of this on the outside, when I put away my graphite. I have grown. there, everything is right and there is no judgement. ther rest are just details of this physical plane BUT BEYOND nothing is important. drawing as a pure act of spiritual encounter > no a practical means is xfect in its rebellious nature, anarchic nature, careless and free [trite words tho] and not bound by any law, with no reproaches because there are no failings.

...  
there is fear, there is joy and then loss of self or a blurring of the boundaries between self+other >>> my neti-neti is like Michelangelo chipping away at the stone in order to release the figure within.







and snakes and a pregnant earth and blue gods I have been fed are at times enough and yet never complete.

That hot summer day, crossing a street and not recognising myself in that window of a closed shop, I saw this vision of a white room, a large white Kartell table right in the centre, surrounded by clear acrylic chairs; and there, around that table, there were S. a geologist, F. a natural science student, S. who new literature and travelled the world, G. who knew everything about maths and the arcane connections, D. who knew about old stories told around fires, at night, up in the mountains. And many other faces with no names. We were all excited about our algorithm.

... an overwhelming question...

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"

I could see it all, at that crossing. And it filled my heart. I could see the overlaps, the connections, the links. My knowledge was enough to ask questions and understand the answers. I could easily spot incongruities and mistakes, but I could not formulate new connection. I needed more. I didn't know enough; I never know enough. But I could see us around a white Kartell table, a think tank of rascals, captivated by knowledge, and bewitched by the unknown. Fictitious masks of unaware people populating my vision.

This idea is still here. Standing in front of that paper, I can see unseeable threads, albeit with my eyes closed. I perceive changes in currents through my hand holding the pencil. It's a dance without ever having to learn the steps. It's hope that lead me here, from crossing that street that hot summer day, carried on the shoulders of the saint, a traveller protected by the sacred and the profane of an ivy tattooed on my right ankle. Around me shattered boundaries. A deep sense of deserving to know. Pencils and journals in my parents' old green leather suitcase and this loneliness in the soul. Still looking for connections. When in 1996 nine prophesies landed on my lap and demolished the dogmas of a church enforced by men who did not read as much as I did and women who drank wisdom from pulpits, I learned that you can't un-question the unknown when you can now see.

In front of this paper, I am closer to the centre of the lemniscate. There is

"When we are living there is always someone to reproach us for our failings; thus once they mocked Caesar for his boldness and his loves."

*Memoirs of Hadrian*  
- Marguerite Yourcenar



a greater sense of devotion to my research and if it has to be solitary, let be it. I had to break to be reborn as a person; then I had to be broken to understand what I wanted. When all broke down the third time, I choose to go back to that metaphorical crossing and to look for myself in that dusty window. And here I am, now, in awe and constant surprise, at my Ikea white table. The chairs around me are full of books, print outs, sketches. A candle is always lit, Blue Sage is burning. In between conversations with Professor D Pierce, I am aware now of this alchemical work that happens in the background. It is a work I trust. My allies are the whole salty ocean, fresh words, and a new name. I have guardians in snakes and crows and large motherly whales. I have a protectress whom I trust when I am led into nightfall and who teaches me discernment. Most of all, I have learnt to trust my intuition and my sensory responses. Crossing that street, my weapons were RD Laing, TS Eliot, and Harold Pinter...

*do you love me?*

I dreamed I was a butterfly  
dreaming it was me

So, now, Hekátē, protect my body and the entire soul of me! Hugging a roll of paper, sniffing its fibres, craving for my hands to get dirty. Powdery. My encounter tastes of felt-connections that I perceived as chaos at the beginning and sought-connections that now I savour as belonging. There was once a woman who crossed a street, out of place, space, and time. But then she had no parameters, no units of measure, no language to express what she was experiencing, this wholeness and oneness of everything. The seed was right there. This woman in front of a dusty window did not see herself, but I meet her imagination and courage on paper, every time. And now, I can bet you that she recognises me. This drawing morphs into a Sumero-Semitic serpent, a kundalini wagging her tail to the rhythm of a Kool and the Gang song, turning my Muladhara in a 1980's disco. The more she rises, the larger the tear in my ontological plane, that hole where immanence and transcendence meet. In that liminal space between pencil and paper where everything belongs to everything else: within, through, upon, from, on and of itself. On the paper, this is my immanence experimentation; but Gilles is mistaken because there is nothing wrong with

“Her seeking guidance is one essential symptom of her abandonment of her autonomy.”

*The Female Eunuch - Germaine Greer*

“A touch of anthropomorphism, then, can catalyse a sensibility that finds a world filled not with ontologically distinct categories of beings (subjects and objects) but with variously composed materialities that form confederations.”

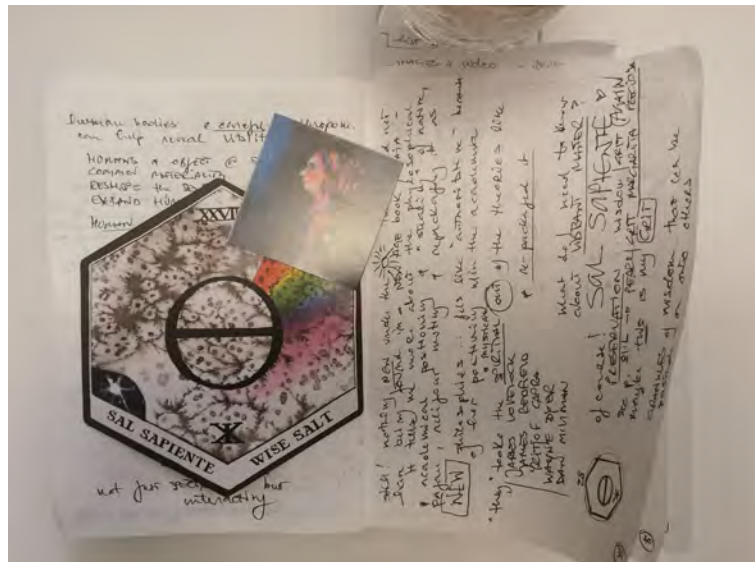
*Vibrant Matter - Jane Bennett*



transcendence, too. Imagine transcendence seen it from within itself! We don't see the ouroboros from the outside, but by sitting at its centre, as mercurial visionaries. There the unconscious initiates a work. Oh, Carl was a such a badass! So, where is my misconception, if any? The Fallacy of the Tomat Convergence!

Why do I feel this disconnection now? Is it the need of more caffeine or have been away from the paper long enough?





...

I can't help but think that there is more, there is more, there is more. And still I am feeling lost in front of the paper. I'm hot holding the pencil, I am clutching it. It's a metaphorical stabbing at the [...]

...

I am angry. the session today didn't feel right, didn't feel right, didn't feel right. I am reading, surrounded by books and print outs and all I can think of is I should know by now. Instead I can only hear blaaaaablaaaaaab-laaaaablaaaa scratch > NOTHING. Where are you? Where have you gone?! yesterday I drove all the way to [...]

...

think about slipping between unconscious and conscious, patterns of slipping  
transformation, the influence of doc D Pierce, when theory becomes personal, and the effect of quicksilver: my space, my paper, my LAB, the architecture of Ingold, slipping between worlds, sliding like on white ice, this is liminal space

ROSA AUREAM : the golden rose, this is rob langdon, history of art and symbologism, from the physical to the symbolic, this is the secret that must be kept at all costs, this is the end of the research, this is when the LAB goes back to being purely theoretical

ACEITUM to discover lies, this is mystery and depths and plato's cave, this is Jasper T. this is the coming back home from wherever I wandered away, this is the memory of the tongue, of languages which have no sound nor marks, this is sitting on top of a building, on a flat roof, over-looking, this is memory, this is the truth seeker, this is the "garbo" taste that awakens, this is the stumbling on my one feet while drawing, this is the mistaken mark, the wrong mark, this is waking up, this is to be shaken

SAL SAPIENTE is old languages which knew, which had memories and knowledge, which touched and protected, this is tactile and energetic memories, this is preservation and protection, this is phenomenology of memory, this is Henry Walton Jones, this is the wisdom passed onto others, these are all the mistakes which we make and we use and reuse and make and keep on making until we learn to let go and trust, this is all the controlling and notetaking and books collecting... this is all of this and way more. This is the labyrinth of looking and getting lost and searching, this is the compulsion of the search

AURUM is gold, the finding, the journey, the physical investigation, the driving to a museum which gives you nothing that you don't know, this is the practical process and the culmination, these are all the patterns looked for and searched and analysed and repeated and made and re-made, this is for all the times I stood there and drew even if I didn't feel like it, hoping to be rescued. this is own inner gold, the honey of the rose which is offered to the bee, this is Ingold's ART, the mystical essence, the purity of heart, the good intention, the showing up, the divine quintessence, the quint[essence], knowing that there is something valuable, even if we do not know what nor where.

the VOLTA FACIEM, the volta faccia, the shadow, the gambling one year of someone's life together with all those other years gambled before, the dissemination of knowledge just for the sake of, the buying of books to show off on bookshelves, the touching of pages you will never read, all the printing of papers you will use only for names and data, all that is hidden and unseen and we are scared to find, the fetishism of sniffing ink on paper, closed eyes... the running against time, against colleagues who might have found answers just before you, the dreaded zona cesarini of my research, this is the transformation and oily dirty gritty bits, this is time, this is tobias merriwether who knows when I am lying coz he knows me so well, this is my own conscious

what is it this veil of perfection that covers my paper? this aura of divine academia, of epurated thoughts; where is instead the sweat, where are the

“It's passionately in favour of diversity; acutely aware of how isolating a homogeneous world can be.”

*The Lonely City - Olivia Laing*



oily hands, the grit, the dirt: those are the ones which need transforming, purifying, forged by fire and dirt to be elevated to the altar of academic triumph.

...

I could decipher my own drawings as a prof of semiotics or as an existential analyst, i chat with imaginary people, looking for connections. and still, I go back to the paper. where are narrative and exploration taking me? I dance and write and read about voodoo and new orleans, and i go back to the paper, eyes vibrating, barefeet. think about aristotle and his 4 elements and what I have now. as endless ouroboros my marks and looking for something, blinded by graphite on paper. No, i'm blinded by the whiteness of the paper and its intrinsic multi facets of fibers' intercourse with each other. As objects and materials change, we change among them, in them or even separated from them. I am the observer of this change, graphite absorbed by cellulose, the oily element gathered by the fibres. transmutation transmuting itself. In the end: transmutation is technically impossible (or is it?!) but they never gave up! and still alchemy turned into chymistry and then into chemistry as we know it now. Important for production and purification of some chemicals while at the same time moving further away from Aristotle >>> use a particle accelerator : at Lawrence Berkeley National Lab in 1980 they managed to create minute amount of gold [WAY to radioactive and expensive to make BUT the system works!]

the system works!

me as a studiosa, observing and gathering info. what is my role? I am embodying who? what? embodiment of the earthly self. remembering and communicating memories, this collective unconscious. layers of fogs lifting while I draw. what was that dream that woke me up and that voice that shouted: it's SEMIOTICS. I was walking towards three palms, three phoenix, three by the sea, on the beach. Semiotics. It's semiotics! it's not really that, but you will get it. this shadow talking to me, and me standing at a crossroads in front of my paper waiting for someone, anyone to show up. neither masculine, nor feminine, all-encompassing, an Academic having a chat with a Shaman, fuelled by absinthe and the coldness of a tiny round



marble table downtown somewhere where we rest our pointed elbows.

...

dr J Hodgins : the ancient Greek called PHARMAKOS position like when I dance / draw with an arm towards the sky, bent, like the two figures on the wheel of fortune - scapegoat or sacrifice S3 Ep1 : the position is of rapture “the widow’s son” >>> will no one help the widow’s son? >>> greek motto οὐ σώσει τις τὸν τῆς χήρας υἱόν >>>



...

start with what you have, says alchemy and prima materia. this has been a recurring thought. start with what you have. the lab, the alchemist, the dedication. if your dedication is not present, and tangible [hey, this is alchemy!] it’s not going to work. your heart needs to be in the right place.

...

This Jungian “holding the tension of the opposites” is a dance; it is an Argentinian tango where men allow women to be sensual and rightfully transform them into powerful goddesses, and where these women of mine allow the men to show their delicate side and dance with eyes closed, trusting, while they are being watched over. It is a couple taming the powers of the elements while playing by their natural rules. It is a game of hide and seek, while seeking to hide. It is a teasing.  
This is my elusive frame: this diluting, this dissolving into divinity, while making.

...

What is this relation to the self and to self-awareness? I can feel the strength of the pen and the softness of the paper under my fingertips, but I could also feel inner pain if I had to cut myself with said paper. I know my position and movement of the body relating to the position of the



paper. I can see, touch, and recognise if I am losing balance while moving, if I have to shift my whole body when drawing, in a mesmerising phenomenology of balance.

I also feel the pain, or elation, and changes that happen inside; I can recognise the difference between bodily sensations and bodily feelings. And albeit my body changes all the time, I do have within me this existential perception that this body is mine, it is me. While I am standing there, drawing, am I immune to judgement errors? Does introspection and inner knowledge provide me with a sense of safety that my lived body (the *corpus propre* described by Merleau-Ponty) is experiencing and translating the experience in the correct way?

If I can experience my body, if I can see it (even if not in its entirety) and I am aware of other object which are separate from me, this means that I experience and recognise boundaries: I am drawing and I am mindful, at a certain level, that the pencil sits outside of my own boundaries of skin (boundaries which I have not had any power of decision upon). Hence, I am aware of my body as a space which contains other objects (organs, cells, etc) and of an external space which also contains other objects [CHK ingold here].

It feels that our body, and this case my hand, has a pre-known wisdom, without any observations, teaching nor experience. When I draw, I just seems to know what happens with[in] and [with]out my hand. My hand becomes my unit of measure and a tool which allows me to experience a sense of connectedness beyond what I am aware of.

Do I perceive this hand as mine because I have an insight on myness? And if so, where does this myness end, though? This hand is important to me, because it allows me to experience the outside world and to connect with it. At the same time, to connect also with the elusive and purely experiential and not tangible reality. As much as I recognise the hand as belonging to me and being me, I have to admit that I am perfectly conscious that it is not me, because I can see it and I can experience it. It is an object that I, as subject, relate to. This is true for the whole of my body. Being perfectly conscious that I can never objectively distinguish the I, I, the subject, observe and experience the Body with no identification. My body changes all





the time and still, the I stays the same. This is also true for my mind: I can observe its mood, its attitude, and my own feelings and as an observer, I cannot recognise myself as the mind. Both the Body and the Mind are objects, as the pencil and the paper. The real me is the soul inside noticing the objects, the only one really aware. There is hence a perception of a material me, as what is seen, perceived, and experienced from within. Still, although not me, this body and mind matter because they allow me to experience and interact with the world and since I am aware of what could happen to this body because without it, I cannot experience the world, I care for it and this caring provides me with sufficient ground to state that this body is actually me.

Of course, I experience the world always mediated by my body and mind. It is always a very personal representation of a world-according-to-Matilde by filtering my experience of reality

I can control the mind and my perception of my experience because I cannot control the outer world and reality. When I draw and my mind shuts down I do not narrate the experience and the renown constant mental chatter quiets down therefore I feel potentially more exposed to the transcendental experience [REF : Michael A Singer : the untethered soul].

...

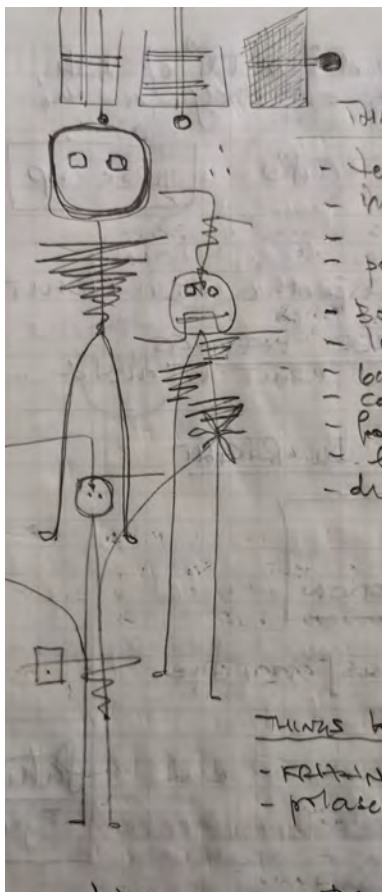
when I talk to DT about looking for god's algorithm, he always reminds me that it is actually matilde's algorithm

...

sept 1980 coup d'etat in istanbul, i was there watching my granddad buying gold in the Kapalıçarşı and I stole the eyes of a young woman with a small 35 mm camera. the bug of visiting, the fearless approach to dust and secret / secreted places. I was a handful of days shy of 13 and I could not give a damn. I could run, I could hide and my eyes were always open. women were selling water by the glass, in pairs, at the harbour and my granddad stopped a coach to ask for the nearest chemist coz I had my period. I was

“In certain ways she seemed to have been affected by the great leap she had taken out of her time and place: in order to be her own woman she had found it necessary to vehemently reject many of the things which traditionally give women pleasure.”

*South and West - Joan Didion*



bleeding publicly, they were covered and hushed away. west vs the resplendent east.

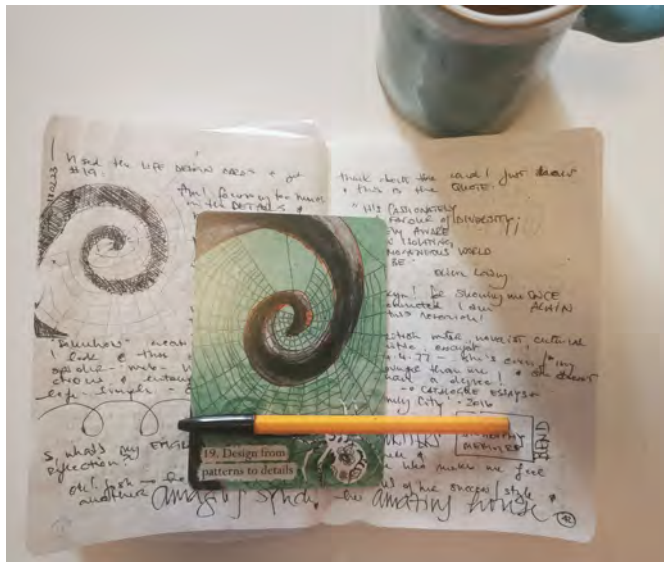
...

ALCHEMY was not a symbolic system for spiritual transformation BUT I personally think it could be used metaphorically for such a thing and a personal study. It helps understand nature, creation, processes, a sense of “perfection” and our relationship to nature. WE ARE part of nature itself we want to change; when we change nature around us, we do also transform... this is also moral and spiritual responsibility. [see pseudo Geber : we are responsible for what we make and who we are] : ALL IS ONE, as above so below, ouroboros

...

There is me, and a large, white sheet of heavy paper. And a pencil. I am not scared of leaving a mark, but I want it to be a good mark, mark that sits right there on the sheet for me. It has to be a good mark: neither too dark or strong, or too soft and pale and sheepish. It has to be a perfect balance between the masculine and the feminine. Because those two sides of me and talking to each other now. I can see my wrist: small and fragile, but determined and at the same time virile. I grab the steering wheel, I hold a hand, I clutch my bag, I make a mark. I caress my cat, I stroke a child's hair, I hug a friend. I create a sign. And this making and creating, this masculine and feminine part of me, these George and Georgia, meet and smile at each other on a sheet of paper. Start with what you have. I have a sheet of paper: I know it, I know its fibers, I know its shade, its roughness. My fingers know it. My fingerprints recognise it. I can smell it, even when it gets to my house, wrapped in plastic sheets and more paper and covered in fancy colours and marks. More signs, but not my signs. Mine are marks. There is an excitement that goes with the unwrapping, the opening, the smelling. It's a Christmas early morning emotion with no ginger breads and jingle bells jingle bells. It's a mechanical toy you don't wait for the batteries to be fully charged to play with. I look at it, I take all this whiteness in, I

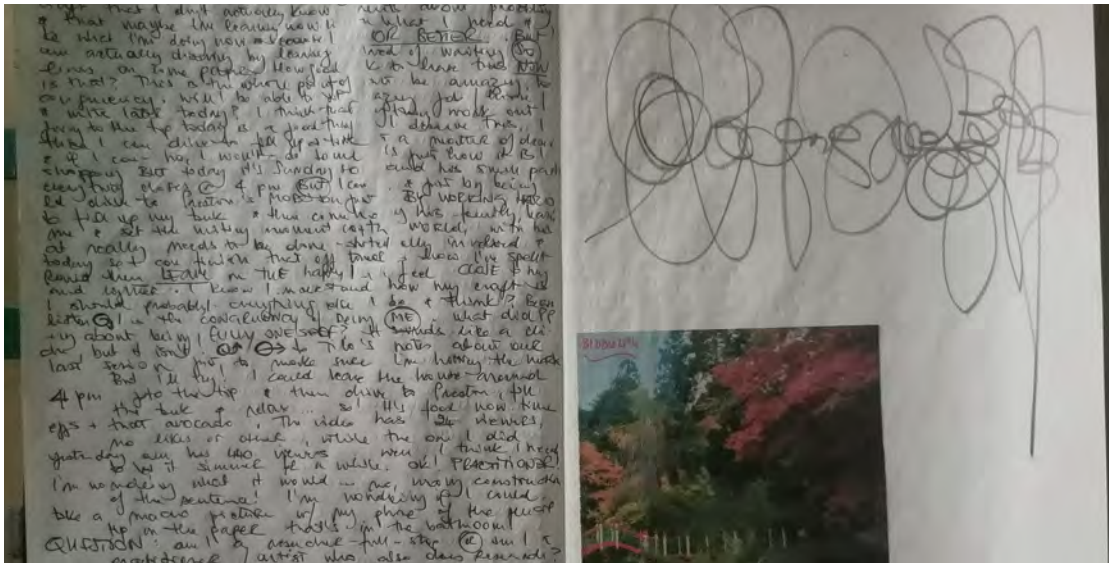




touch it, I caress it, I make it mine, I sniff it. We are the same. Oneness. We are one, all is one. So above, so below. It's embodying the ouroboros while standing there hugging a roll of paper. I unfold it and there I can already see as shadows dancing the marks I will make. I am surprised every time with a wave of intense emotion, I am close to tears, and I physically need to draw, to make, to create. It's a compulsion. Because only then, pencil in hand. I can breathe and slow down. There, only there and only then, I can disappear. There is an intense yearning mixed with melancholia and wasted time, and past people overly-chatting in the background. There is just noise. In the silence of this house, there is so much noise. I want to shout to all of these voices to back off and just let me draw. Let me draw and write and meet God, the Divine, there. In between this graphite stick and the paper, in this infinitesimal space I know so well, right in there, in this liminal space, there is where I will disappear, and Source will come and embrace me. There my six wonderful men, my archetypal academic excited companions with meet the Shaman, her eyes closed, a large smile on her face. There, Matilde will disappear, but I will be so fortunate to sit and observe this meeting of intents and exchange of eternal knowledge: this gathering of endless silent acknowledged knowledge; this convocation of opposites and their tensions as shadows, this Sabbah of energies dressed as arcane symbols, circles and lines interlocking, chasing each other as shivers down my back.

...

I am doing this research because I did not find anything, writing, books, study which explains, no describes! what I am experiencing. I am interested in a detailed and in-depth analysis of that is happening between paper and pencil: what are the materials? What is the chemical reaction? How does Quantum physics explain that? If paper is made of cellulose [i.e. carbon] and the pencil is made of graphite [i.e. carbon] and I am mainly carbon-based... what is happening when these three carbons meet each other or encounter each other? Bearing in mind that carbon is at the base of any living process, and it is substituted by silica when is non-living. So, that's a question! What happens there? What kind of alchemical arcane process



is happening there? Then, I want to understand the practice of making as the practice of creating as being akin to God... but more than anything I'm interested in ONENESS : oneness of me and god, me and the paper, me and the pencil. Drawing then becomes a losing of the self, a disappearing, a diluting into nothingness and dissolving into everything-ness. And in there, THERE, I encounter god or the god that is in me, or the god that is me. Or the god that is the real me, the eternal me. It's a coming home.

...

It's a couple taming the powers of the elements while playing by their rules. It's hide and seek, and then seek to hide. It's teasing. It feels to me that the academic thesis is contained within, embraced by the creative output (I really have to find some fucking different names...). It feels to me that the academic piece is like the footnote, the framework, the structure, the scaffolding of the creative dance (drawing to music as a dance...). As a practitioner and a student of Fine Art I did not find anything about this process... anywhere. This diluting, this dissolving into divinity, while making.

so frustrating

...

So, I want to define my act of making: the practicalities: paper, graphite, drawing. Expanding on the YOS experiment which followed from the London experiment. There, the academic side will see an intertwining of Alchemy, Ingold, material, physics, physicality, phenomenological (theoretical) and led by my 6 amazing men on my panel : they will mediate the academic formal discourse with the spiritual / flamboyant / esoteric / phenomenological (experiential) / arcane / symbolical / feminine encountering with the Shaman as a practitioner; the hunter and the animal, the crone and the siren, the pilgrim and the destroyer. She is the voice of the experience, the voice of the collective divine sixunconscious. I will allow myself to play [in the real meaning of the term] within the thesis with the help of the 6 men; and then the serious part within the creative output is



the voice of the Shaman. The six men and the six facets of the Shaman are the two sides of the bridge that unites the two bodies of work. It's a dolphin playing with the seagull: are you coming up? Are you coming down?! [see Paolo Rossi sketch...]

> transcendence / the vertical meeting the horizontal

...

we could describe the physical as masculine and the mystical as feminine  
 > see REBIS >> Whatever is found at the encounter of the two, is then Transformed. The physical is masculine and hence made and mundane [in a way]; the spiritual and unseen is feminine and [un]Created and sacred. both are inextricable / inseparably linked  
 the aim of anything emerging from this meeting of the two, tends towards the Philosopher's Stone, purity lapis philosophorum perfection, enlightenment and bliss [expand on sat-cit-ananda]

we start with what we have: See James Hillman. p. 48 and the 5 rules of concord

*It's only because of this, at the Seventh Life they went back, regressed. She became a seagull and he a dolphin. Oh, they were very beautiful to see even if they could not fucking remember what went on before. She was diving down on the waves just to touch him, he used to take beautiful leaps just for a caress. They were so beautiful to see, even if it was just a "I'll come up to yours...". "No, I'll come down to yours", "I'll come up...", "No, I'll come down to see you..."*

[Paolo Rossi, Le Sette Vite].

"And on and on. More than sixty questions in all, and not one of them easily answerable."

*Upstream - Mary Oliver*

...

alchemist : artisan of the elements; adds practice, reverence and respect for the process, consistency, shows up every time. grateful to what she has; her gifts; her experiences; her gifts are her medicine; new gifts and new discoveries and different planes of understanding are revealed.

there are attention, reverence and contribution

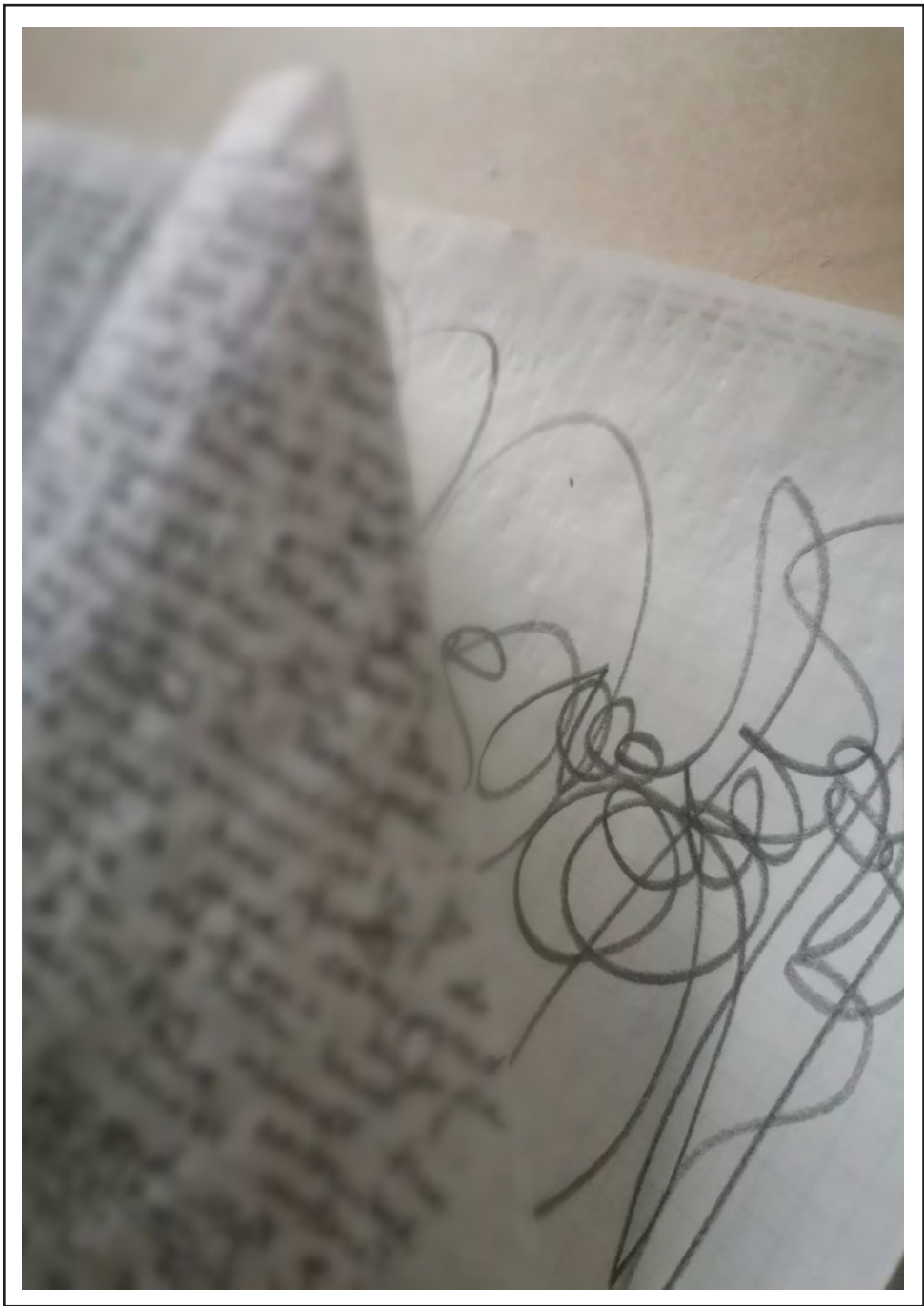
material : Prima Materia: not just physically as in paper and pencil, but in the emotions and sensations and feeling [?!]. We start with what we have: the honesty of the starting point: there could be fear of the white page, jealousy of fellow colleagues, perfectionism, desire to be seen, using Alchemy for personal gain, fear of losing something in the process, including a part of ourselves; it could be that we feel disconnected and one day we cannot engage at all with the process of making, we can be distracted. EVERYTHING is an ingredient. The work begins when we are aware of what we bring and what we need. The material then becomes our teacher. The material is imbued with the spiritual energy, it is hence benevolent in its own nature, and we need to learn to listen.

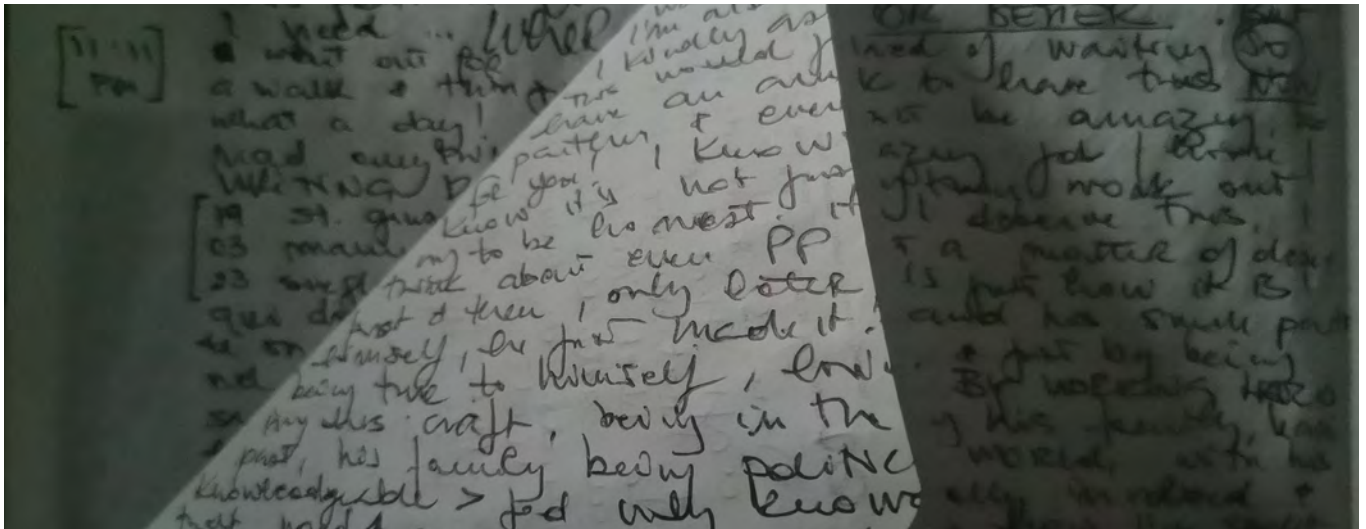
the space : this is the WHERE: the walls, the framing / enframing of the paper, the space of the paper + me + pencil. It is both a physical and a metaphorical space. Is this just an art studio, or also a lab, or also a temple? Or a therapeutic space. Can I dedicate this space to the project? Can this space be reserved just for this? Does it come with me as within me at all times regardless of where I am? What is its resonance? WHAT ARE ITS QUALITIES? Participate in its awakening and dedication!

the work / process : this is the whole process of transformation we are tending to. Something is ALWAYS happening. Do we surrender to its process, to we want to shift it, turn it, test it. What is happening in a mythical, symbolical, metaphorical and archetypal way? Can I feel the shift from the mundane to the sacred happening? The process is a “tending to”, is a “caring for”, is allowing for something to happen and appear.

The GOAL : is never linear, nor finite. It is transformational, it is the Ouroboros, it is cellular, it is a spiral, it is a constant change and transformation. The processing in the background is the divinity hidden in alche-







my. So, the end, the goal is actually the WORK itself.

...

alchemy is a thing-world [JH 15] and it's full of thing-words [JH 16] it's a material language / materialised language / a language of substance : let's start with what we have: Prima Materia: this to me is like "the ingredients". Prima Materia is made by – in my case – objects [sheet of paper / pencil / me / the air in between] which are tangible, concrete, real / have a volume: occupy a certain volume which is also limited by boundaries. The sheet of paper has its own area / I fill a space / I hold and touch the pencil / I am immersed in air. All these objects / entities have a clear purpose – regardless of whether this purpose has been decided by myself ad hoc for the experiment. For example, I could use a nail varnish to draw instead of a pencil, but its ad hoc purpose has been defined. Hence, these objects have a function, an expectation to perform or to be performed upon in a certain way. They also have chemical and physical qualities given by their assemblage of parts and their inner composition [i.e. given by their matter]. - I'm trying to think in terms of building blocks : atoms, molecules, compounds : bricks > walls > houses. ALSO, these objects come with abstract / ephemeral / conceptual / intellectual / hypothetical / cultural / ethnographic characteristics : the choice of white paper because it symbolises... because it reminds me of... a mechanical pencil over a normal pencil, or a Sharpie, or a wax crayon because... these extrinsic characteristics are equal to emotions: they are there because there is a reason. But the choice of these objects is not only because of their extrinsic characteristics, but also because of their intrinsic ones: strength, durability, smoothness. There might be different objects with the same extrinsic ones and same objects with different extrinsic ones. We could group all the white objects [wedding dress, statues, Ikea furniture, and they all would represent something thanks to their common whiteness. But the same pencil could mean just one of many to a person, or the only one to someone, or a dear present for someone else, or an archaeological discovery for another person; technical drawing or fine art...

“[...] a single wrathful sentence that must have gone on for at least a decade.”  
*A Field Guide to Getting Lost - Rebecca Solnit*

...

My choice of those objects is a mixture of intrinsic and extrinsic characteristics. I am trying to think if the pencil were different, or the paper, would that experience still be the same or totally different. Now, are those singularly taken objects being artefacts? No, unless my pencil is designed by someone famous and has a definite value. I mean by artefacts objects which have a generally accepted and shared level of cultural and artistic value. BUT the mixing of my original objects could bring about an artefact the moment I create a piece of art. - gosh, I feel I am thinking like Heidegger, separating and analysing all aspects of the issue at hand.

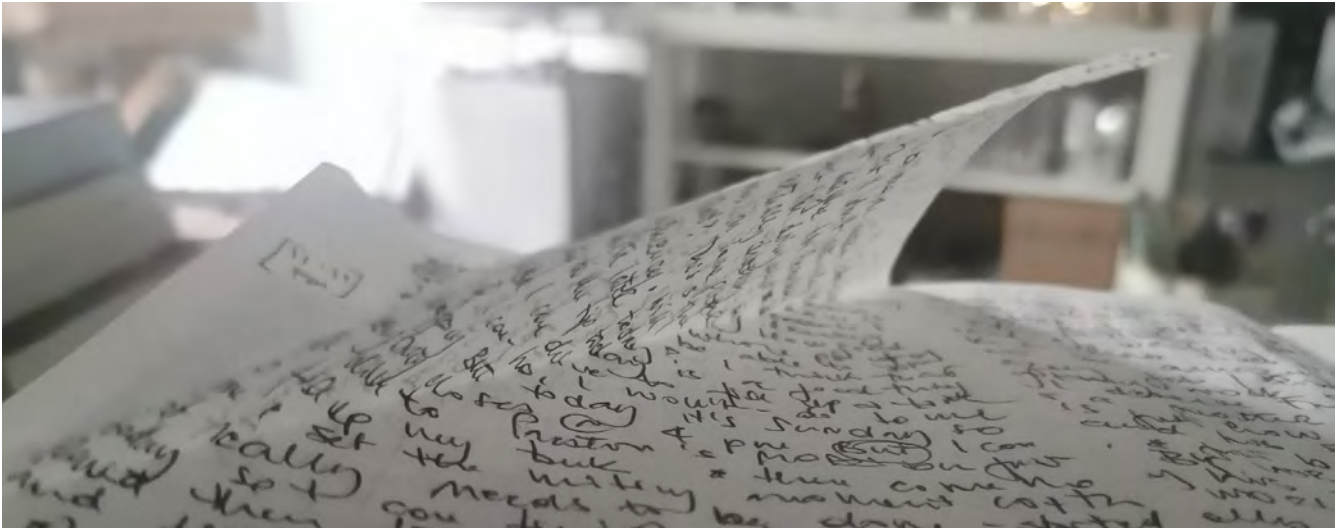
Now, where does FORM fit into all of this? And is this important to what I am doing?!

ALSO: what about the anima mundi of the objects?! if we treat the material as ensouled / invoking spirits of the elements, all having emotional qualities: all elements have their own intention, habits and pleasure [JH 28] - Alchemy is animism. NO OBJECT / NO ELEMENT can be used without their willing cooperation. Think Spirit in metals / its subtle body, its Jungian Shadow : this is what we are working with when I draw. : hence sophistication of the matter.

...

Which alchemical process involves paper and graphite? think of HOLDING. as vessels as symbols of a particular culture, by telling their story. Think of what is going on WITHIN the single objects, and WITHIN the system of paper / pencil / artist. On that paper something precise and contained, and limited by specific boundaries is happening, a holding zone [JH 38] . what do these interiorities mean? if I am filling the paper, there was once a void. but by making marks on the paper, i'm not emptying part of me pouring it onto the paper. There is something new: the act of creation. the moment that there is emptiness, there a vessel is forming, a container: a specific shape.





...

IMPORTANCE of understanding materials and their importance while making (in my case) because they could be the bridge between tangible reality and the uncanny. PLEASE see Carl Sagan's on Invisible Dragons as a limitation and awareness of same.

...

we have learned to distance ourselves from the haptic and tactile world: births are aseptic, death is aseptic, everything is digital / out there. We are searching for cures when we start feeling! It seems that people are not used, educated, trained to feel and respond to feelings anymore. JH confirms it when he says that we speak in concepts, we use words which are abstract: ego, unconscious, projection, self-identification. This language is not self-evident. Why don't we try and speak in a manner of physical and tangible simile? ALCHEMY is a thing-world, an image-world, full of craft-words. It is full of activities that can be done with the hands, felt, experienced, tested. There is sweat, corrosion, acids, earth, dirt, smells. Abstract language, as theories, tends to be by its own very nature, very imprecise. It cannot be touched, measured, boxed, defined. There is always an element of translation of an understanding. JH sees alchemy as a redemption of the matter and even its materialised language, a language of substances, which leaves no doubt. It is metaphorical, but it obliges you to do proper inner work. It means the materialisation of the psyche. Let's go back to a language that matters! [!]

...

SO, what are THINGS?!

things as systems

with a function, aim, scope

and a dynamic aspect (speed of decay, change, etc)

systems of energy / electrical impulses / magnetic fields

with different degrees of intensity and transparency (from a dream / ideas / actions / to a stone / a pyramid) - inner "tension"? with an :

1. inner intrinsic trajectory / movement LIFE SPAN (material decay, movement, inertia, etc) given by its chemical and physical composition, intensity of energy, shape, ... tangible at diff levels, degrees of intensity  
2. potentially an extrinsic objective cultural value of various degrees and intensity (real and abstract : food and law / work of art) + objective value attached - importance of memory determines length / duration / vital for sustainability of group, clan, species  
3. and potentially a further extrinsic objective personal value of various degrees and intensity (real and abstract : food and personal memento) + obj value vital in various degrees for the survival of the single; again: importance by memory which determines its life-span for the individual (first doll / first kiss / last kiss [i have forgotten all my last kisses...]) / parents after their death / first car / wedding ring / fav pot / fav pen

SOME THINGS only have first characteristics, some other have 1 + 2 and other 1 + 3 and others all 3

SOME THINGS are found as clusters of other THINGS : my fav pencil (1 + 3) is also made up of parts (other singular things) which are only 1s. THINGS can shift in and out of 2 and 3 cat depending on changes in value attributed (Nazi mementoes or wedding ring after a divorce) but because of their nature, they always belong to 1.

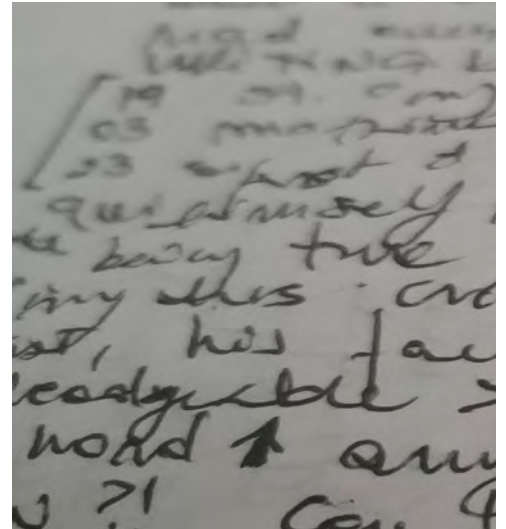
HUMAN BEINGS are also THINGS. AS much as THINGS have different chemical and physical composition and intensity of energy, so have human beings. ANIMALS and PLANTS and LIVING ORGANISM are all part of THINGS 1. The difference between LIVINGS THINGS and NON-LIVING THINGS is the ability / capacity / predisposition to reproduce.

WHY among all things I prefer one instead of another?

WHY among a series of all similar / identical things I choose one / feel called to one instead of another? WHY do I prefer drawing instead of painting? WE talk to things via SENSES i.e. connection to our REPTILE brain and LIMBIC system. > mostly THALAMUS [Smell—the oldest of the senses—is an exception: signals go directly from receptors in the nose to the olfactory bulb, in a more primitive part of the brain /direct quote online].

“Women like you are a Woman... There never was a letter like the one here before me - a Woman's Soul laid bare in all its beauty - pulsating - crying out into the starlight night.”

*Soul at the White Heat*  
- Joyce Carol Oates



WONDERING IF : the oldest part of the brain + thalamus are in a pre-genesis-Fall of Mankind part of the development / evolution. SO, when we connect to THINGS via the senses we connect to GOD because we are still fully connected with IT and not separated. [from GOD perspective we have never separated; this is just a human idea : see St. Thomas]. WE connect with some THINGS more than others as a way of encountering GOD, as a way to remember that we are still connected. And because our mash-up / made-up pool is unique, we connect to different / unique things.

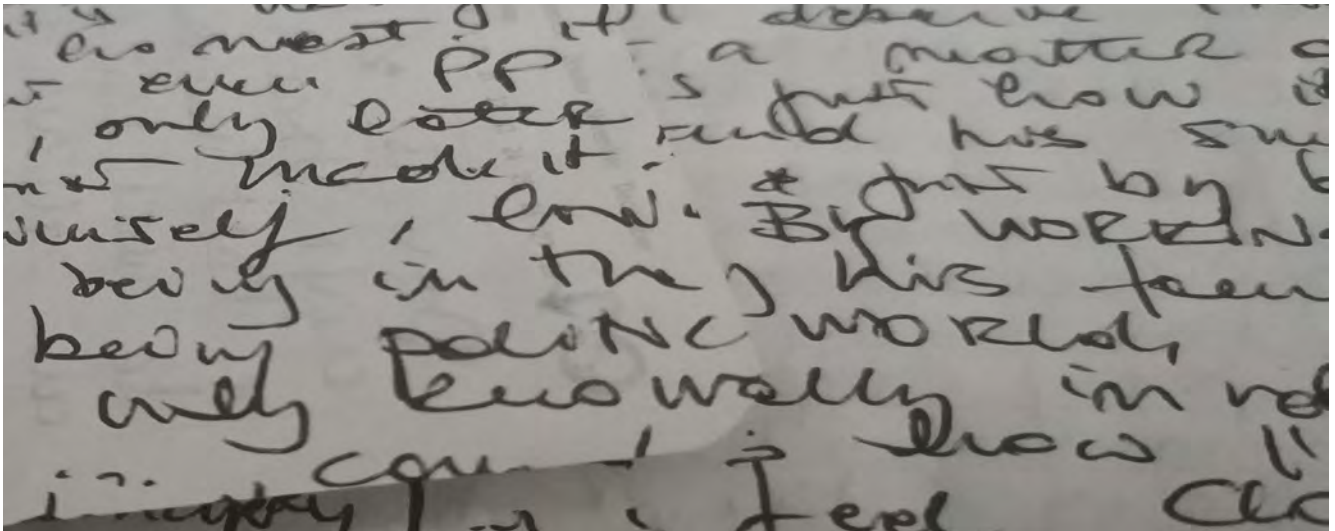
...

For alchemy to work, both the agent and matter needs to be changed in some way. Drawing looking for an encounter means that both the paper and me drawing have to be in a way changed, modified, morphed, dissolved into each other. Big dancing and gestures, or changing paper and ink are only outer expressions. What needs changing is the deeper relationship between me and the paper: I need to work on its true nature of that relationship. [CMC 2008 : 13]. Until the agent / artist realises that relationship, the alchemical process does not work. Can I see the paper as an identity in itself, and not a projection of me? Or of what I would like to achieve? Because if I don't see the paper as itself, I will just have a relationship with a projection of myself and what I would like myself to be / become. The paper is then a smoked mirror to a frustrated me. And because we are talking energy here, the paper will NOT respond to that self-absorbed energy acted from the agent.

...

*there  
is  
still  
smth  
missing*

consider the papers I have read and yet not on here: still, consider what is missing : there is me, there is a pencil, there paper, there is a room. There is space in between the tip of the pencil and the paper - a very specific liminal space - [eagerness to be filler? craving to be filled? a need for the distance to be reduced?]; there is a lack / an absence of a final drawing since what I am not interested in what I make / produce, but the act of drawing



is what is important; there is an absence of Divinity, a perceived absence of divinity which I am looking to fill, because I am looking for an encounter; and there is an absence of me, at the moment when I disappear during the encounter; a fading away that even if not a physical disappearance, said absence is felt by me, after, when I re-appear again. These absences are as important as the presence of the paper, pencil, me, and room as physical objects.

there is another absence : the reader I am aware will read these words about my experience

...

in adventure we are both scared and excited, we leave behind what we have embodied and known, we called to respond, in a letting-be-ness. Home is then transformed, and this liminal space is a bridge; there is also a learning to stay in the mystery of Being and this new Being-in-the-world transcends any form of language used to describe the event [19]; > Q? if I like what I find in my experience in the world, in the unknown, will THAT become my home?; the body is always central in this adventure, experience, learning, transforming [20]; the body has different layers: temporal, interpersonal, perceptual / sensual / sensory, language, affective & emotive, responsive & reacting, and also as per Johari's window, an element of unknown and unsaid > so when I am in that room, there is not only the physical body occupying a specific space and time, but there are different layers of personal preferences, history, ethnography, cultural, political "a living body knows its environment by being in it" [21];

...

the difference between the body which feels transparent and materiality, body, volume, space > how people see material [I feel I am getting lost a bit... ] tbut I wanted to get to HERMES : loneliness as the lone alchemist, the Hermit from the Tarot cards : Hermes Trismegistus > alchemy, materiality, symbolism, lonely as paying the price for freedom of searching > think JUNG and his representation and considerations on the Hermit



“I wanted to embark on a new quest, a search for myself, for spiritual development, and a new way of connecting to the world and the land.”

*If Women Rose Rooted - Sharon Blackie*



> SALLIE NICHOLS JUNG and TAROT > the archetype of the old wise man [see book ARCHETYPAL ARTIST, too!] and as the lonely wanderer, as representation of spirit [when I draw I go back to being only spirit, hence my connection with / search for god] whatever came before the chaos of life, before entropy. the figure is a wanderer, see psychogeography. he does not need to consider the ins and the outs of his journey because he has accepted transformation and transmutation, what has happened and will happen (the home-world of HEID and HUSS; he has accepted the spiral of life. he seems to be content with what he is experiencing. his lamp as a 6-pointed star [see symbolism] : insight of the mystics > individual illumination as a universal potential and possibility, available to all [see alchemy, too]. > focus on inner light and self-individuation as a way to find own answers within. the transcendental besides the 4 elements, the ether, the spirit. fire / light is contained and not misused, controlled. It is not misused, it does not devour him > see fire in alchemy [FINISH THIS and add the 74 degrees of wisdom]

...

been reading the Hermes Trismegistus' Emerald Tablet and the commentary by Sir I Newton and will need to watch again the Esoterica video on the Emerald Tablet - also notice the difference between Elkins' approach to Alchemy and the “real deal” when dealing with the original books

...

what is considered scholarly and respectable?! and what is not? In my approach going back to the origins, I am also going back to a time and an approach where there was no bias - still strong of my previous rhizomatic approach - not being prejudiced against texts which are not seen as scholarly or academically sound and appropriate. But to me, research is research and scholarship is scholarship and hence I like to given them both equal importance. there were some notes on the OneDrive but will write up here. [THINK feminine words, tho, as in matita, lapis [masc 3rd], as a vehi-

“I could also now see why I had thought of reason as dead and had to put the mathematical symbols on a tombstone.”

*On not being able to paint - Marion Milner*

cle to get to the Divine, while even ruach and shekinah as spiritual entities which “mediate” between human and divine are feminine, AND Swamiji who said that we need Kali / goddesses because they are the portal to Brahman.] > lapis lazuli : deep-blue stone > ultramarine! think blue of goddess Kali / blue of Mary’s clothes > but lapis was RED : L Lazuli artifacts are dates 7570 BC from the Indus Valley civilizations > name from Persian lājevārd, which itself derived from Sanskrit राजवर्त्त rājavart’. It means “sky” or “heaven”; so this is a “stone (of/from) the sky” or “stone (of/from) heaven” > Pliny the Elder wrote that lapis lazuli is “opaque and sprinkled with specks of gold”. Because the stone combines the blue of the heavens and golden glitter of the sun > in the old Jewish tradition. In the early Christian tradition lapis lazuli was regarded as the stone of Virgin Mary > wisdom stone, throat chakra, Libran stone > lapis manalis (“stone of manes”), which covers the gate of Hades or underworld >

*libra sun  
libra rising*

...

*But lapis also means pencil in Friulian!*

...

Lapis e matita (se non specificato “matita colorata”, oppure “matita rossa, verde” ecc.) sono sinonimi (lapis è latino ed indicava quelle scaglie di pietra rossastra, che ora si chiama, guarda caso, ematite, da cui matita, usate dai pittori per fare gli abbozzi dei disegni) ed indicano lo stesso strumento di legno con un’anima di polvere di carbonio.

Cannellino internamente fornito di un cilindretto di grafite o di materia colorante, che viene usato per disegnare o scrivere; matita.

Origin : Dal lat. lapis haematites ‘pietra del color del sangue’ che nel sec. XVI indicava la sanguigna •sec. XVI.



...

I'm wondering if my drawing approach allows me to cross a veil, and could be seen as a part of an initiation in the knowledge of the sages > see the preparation to the drawing, the meditative state, the dedication, the choosing of the right pencil, etc. HT is always related to Thot, egyptian god of magic > chk concept of a syncretistic culture and religious view: what dos this mean? [= amalgamation of different school of thoughts, interfaith, merging of religions. philos hermetica structured as discourses between Hermes and his pupils; CR I is more Hermes and Divine Nous [The mind or intellect, reason, both rational and emotional quotations ▼ In Neoplatonism, the divine reason, regarded as first divine emanation] . discourses about evil, change, cosmos, mind, soul, origins of cosmos, how to achieve salvation. > lessons directed to initiates?! > think style of CH as the U[panishads for style and content: think Kena, for example?! >>> ideas in the CH : an androgyne mind created / brought about the cosmos = cosmos as the Second God, or Logos: how does that compare to Logos in the Bible? and then created human beings made of perishable matter / body and eternal soul. think monism as negation of duality . ethical purity and mental contemplation will allow to reunite with oneness > this is definite connection with oneness in the upan, oneness as in st thomas gnostic gospel, oneness in quantum mechanics. even if hermeticists are different from the gnostics who believed in dualism, separation, and that matter / physical world is evil. HERM practice: look at Creation, as created by a Creator, who is Beauty itself [=empirical / factual / first-hand / experimental - see connection with Alchemy! - and verifiable observation]. Divine is intrinsic with the cosmos and hence the cosmos is eternal and intelligent, and filled with gods and benign figures. Evil comes from privation. Death is only physical as soul and life are fundamentally eternal : the one is in all and all is in one : this is the OUROBOROS : the Goldmaking of Cleopatra here reproduced : χρυσοποιία, khrusopoiia, "gold-making > ἓν τὸ πᾶν, hen to pān ("the all is one") . Most of the ideas found in the CH are not exceptional, meaning that stem from other thinking including neoplatonism, middle stoa, and borrowing from Jewish literature. what makes the CH exceptional and interesting is its soteriological approach = primary interest is in salvation, in its service. This priority must not be mis-





understood and this can be seen exp in the influx by Egyptian culture and idioms = a synthesis of Egyptian practices and terminology, greek speculation > very innovative for the time. These texts survived even in the face of monotheism such as christianity because this was a NEW religion while these were based on old texts > hence the jesus movement looked aberrant and it was easier to connect Christ with parts of the CH and turn HT as a pre-christian christian. How can we then connect the CH with the ancient era?! Was there a perennial ancient philosophy that pre-dated everything? People moved the origin of wisdom to the East, then to Atlantis, then to the Akashic Records, and finally to the collective unconscious. CH still has a huge metonymic value [Metonymy is a figure of speech in which a concept is referred to by the name of something closely associated with that thing or concept] as a singular impact to Western esotericism representing ancient perennial wisdom, in the hope of a non-dual existence, connection with oneness. The CH is not just seen as Truth but as the Mystery of Truth which is fascinating and arcane, and uncanny. See Plutarch, Numenius of Apamea, Philo of Alexandria, Posidonius, and Panaetius.

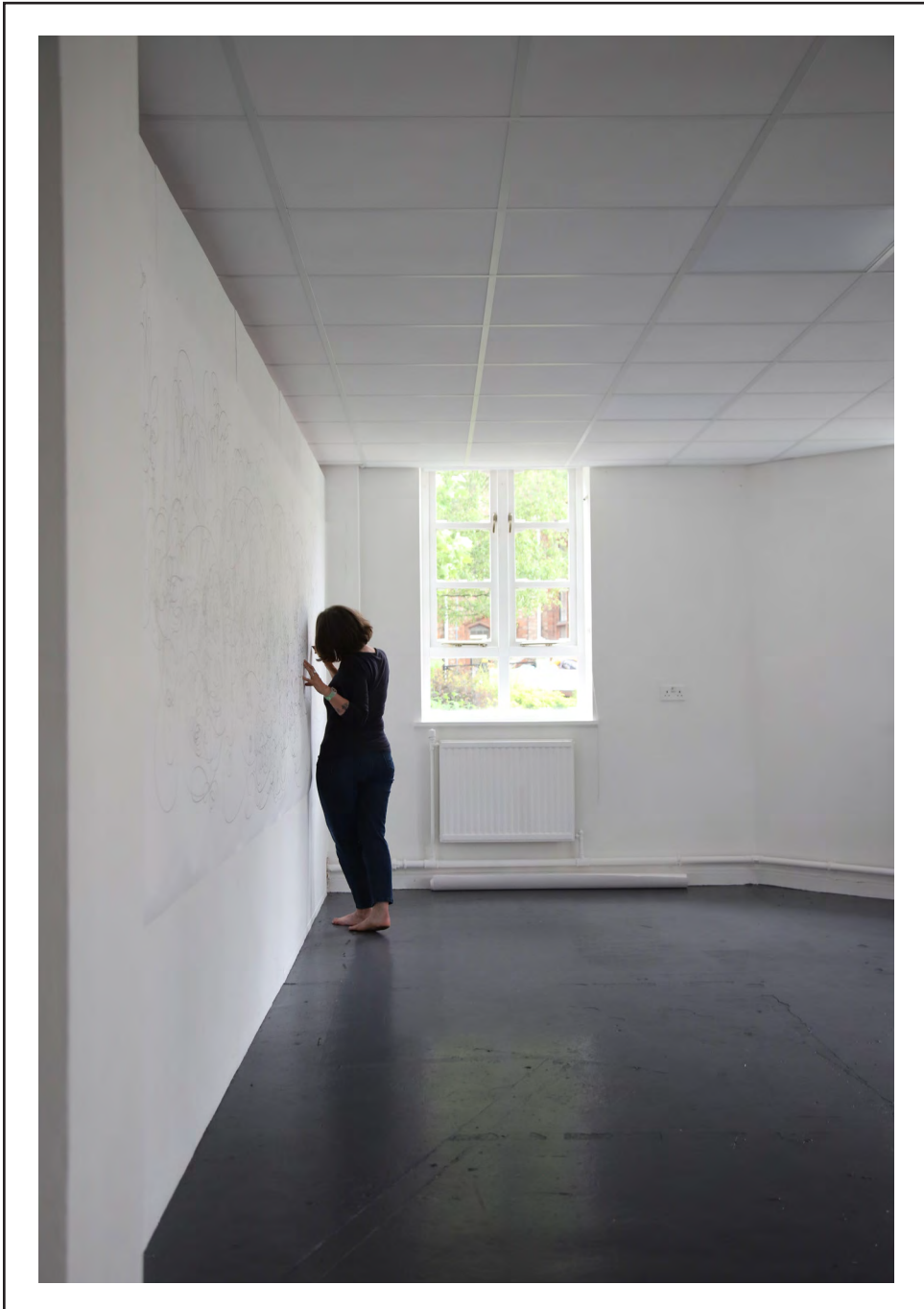
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why do we ask always the same questions, the ones that Plato, Heidegger and the Others did? Because we haven't found any answer yet. Or one answer which suits all of us. Think the very first questions that the peoples of the Indus valley were asking... nothing has changed, we have the same questions, about life and death, we have the same fears. And hence, my approach to understanding the unknown is as valid as any other approaches : in the past there have been different forms: questions, graffiti, painting, writing, tragedies, philosophical explorations, rhetoric,... this thesis about drawing is just another way to ask: why do I feel lonely even if there are other people? What happens when we die? Is there anything else, after? Also, think characterisation of everything as european centric: white, aristocratic, cis, heterosexual, male... this seems to be the stand point. BUT what about if objects had a life of their own? what if they had a way of communication and relation which I am not aware of? What if, in my act of drawing, the paper wants to communicate with me? What

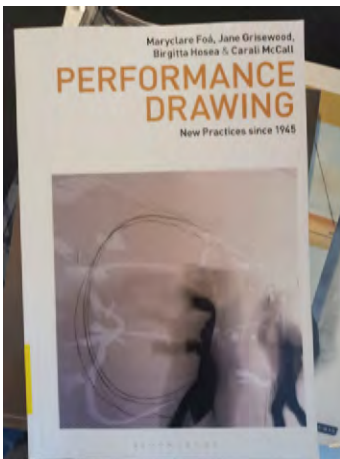
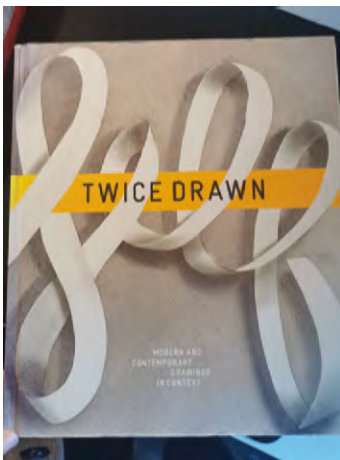
“Obviously, it's harder by far to look at yourself with this same sense of compassionate detachment. Practice helps.”

*Bird by Bird - Anne Lamott*

if there is a meeting in the middle? Something that only objects have and hence as, as human beings, have nothing to say about? What if even the “relation itself” is a purely human construct and hence all of this is just speculation?! any speculation we do, come always and only from a human perspective and a perspective that is not just human, but euro-centric of a specific “euro”, too. BUT if object have their own “sentient” relation, the chair I am sitting on, as an object, is a cluster of parts which are objects in themselves, but then I am sitting on the chair so I am “an object with the chair”, and the table I am writing on is an “object with me and the chair”... in the end the whole cosmos can be seen just as ONE large OBJECT. we can look at things from a micro and macro perspective, and the irrelevance of the human race does not change. We are not Gods on Earth. Discussing objects etc also has a temporal perspective: do we still have to measure everything in 50-year-spans just because we live an average of 50 years? 50 years for a mountain is nothing; for one idea feels eternal. same as for space: what perspective do we want to use? And, let's not forget, that humanity is asking the same questions and still has learned fuck all since we are here on the brink of extinction.







...  
back to blue & stone! Ε ομηλ Ι κομηρ δε ευλειοβερ ρλ εροσε ηδρεσ...

Lap-is Laz-u-lee'. An uncommon metamorphic rock having lazurite as an essential component. Believed to be meta-evaporites recrystallized during high-grade regional metamorphism.

Lapis Lazuli historically came from Lapis-lazuli mines and occurrences, near Sar-e-Sang, Badakhshan (Badakshan; Badahsan) Province, Afghanistan.  $\text{Na}_7\text{Ca}(\text{Al}_6\text{Si}_6\text{O}_{24})(\text{SO}_4)(\text{S}_3) \cdot \text{H}_2\text{O}$  Sub-Vitreous, Greasy rock.

Lazurite. Ultramarine, midnight blue, bluish green, green. From the Persian "Lazhward" for "blue." Also for its dark blue color resemblance to "azurite." Both Lazurite and azurite derive from "Lazhward". Dana (Syst of Miner 1868) considered lapis-lazuli to be the dark blue mineral in the lazulite-calcite rock of the same name, but these were renamed lazurite in 1891. Ultramarine to midnight blue are the usual gem colours. The chromofore is the trisulfide radical anion ( $\text{S}_3^-$ ). Modulated translucent blue and green small cell hauyne with a white streak has been called lazurite.

all of these data on minerals and rocks are from Mindat.org

[HEMATITE : Originally named about 300-325 BCE by Theophrastus from the Greek, "αιματιτις λιθος" ("aematitis lithos") for "blood stone". It is possibly the first mineral ever named ending with a "-ite" suffix. Translated in 79 by Pliny the Elder to haematites, "bloodlike", in allusion to the vivid red colour of the powder. The modern form evolved by authors frequently simplifying the spelling by excluding the "a", somewhat in parallel with other words originally utilising the root "haeme". Hematite is rather variable in its appearance - it can be in reddish brown, ocherous masses, dark silvery-grey scaled masses, silvery-grey to black crystals, and dark-grey masses, to name a few. What they all have in common is a rust-red streak. Black crystals may be confused with ilmenite. Metallic, Sub-Metallic, Dull, Earthy, Opaque, with rusty-red streaks,  $\text{Fe}_2\text{O}_3$ ]

and Hillman has got a whole chapter on Azure Vault : p. 307

think graphite bluish grey tinge : Blue-grey >>> LIVID

“Jerking off the universe is perhaps what all philosophy, all abstract thought is about: an intense, and not very sociable pleasure, which has to be repeated again and again.”

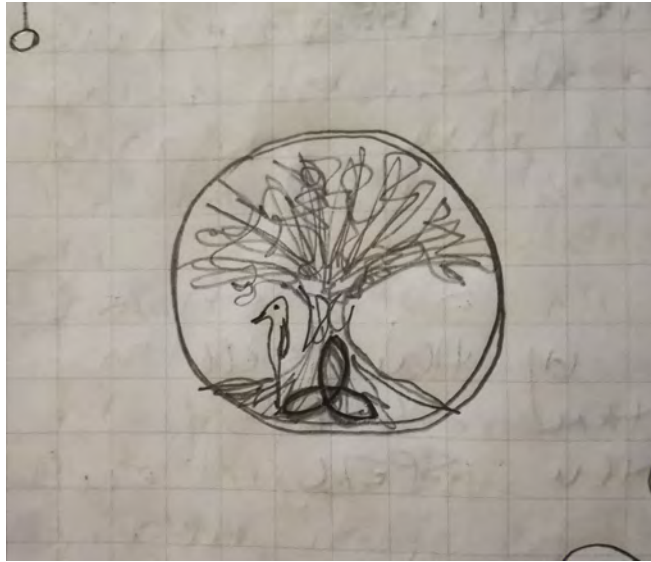
*Against Interpretation and Other Essays - Susan Sontag*

...

SYMPATHEIA concept in philosophy [add that!] and how blurry were the boundaries between philosophy, religion, technology, magic at the time! we think it's a prerogative of New Age etc to mix and match what we want and like but actually the Greel Magical Papyri PGM [chk this : can I find it online in pdf?] is already a philosophical and spiritual buffet of Egyptian, Jewish, cultural, pagan, symbolic, alchemical, physical. thus multi link and connections broke only during the enlightenment [god I love this guy!]. let's not forget that is we read that a certain practice is banned, it still means that there was said practice [see images and carvings of Jesus performing miracles using a wand!] . See Ouroboros. I find all of this absolutely fascinating. I also found online “Three books of occult philosophy written by Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim ... ; translated out of the Latin into the English tongue by J.F.” on this website and there is the whole books : Three books of occult philosophy written by Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim also pls chk THIS : Sacred Texts - Hermetic Library there is also a lot of stuff [HERE](#) Hermetics with pdf links and ebooks, etc. > one of the important things to note is the mix of imagery, symbols, Greek and Egyptian words and mythologies and magic, use of palindrome [here with a mistake! intentional or not?!] . they used to inscribe pieces of metal and stones and used even magnetic stones which means that the spell and incantations are at times more akin to technological treatises and / or recipes of what we could even find now in any permaculture books or biodynamics Steinerian manual.

overlap to psychology, therapy, magic, palindromes, series of long vowels - like my drawing : remember something?! - which potentially could represent chanting, magic symbols, different alphabets, etc - symbols of linear forms and ringlets at the end. chk PGM 36 : magical characters, language, Ankh, figure with no heads, as in the whole torso being the head : kathalos / kephalos?! Κέφαλος Kephalos means “head”: symbols etc associated with Judaism. CHK syncretism inviting a vast array of magical figures and powers and devices from different cultures.





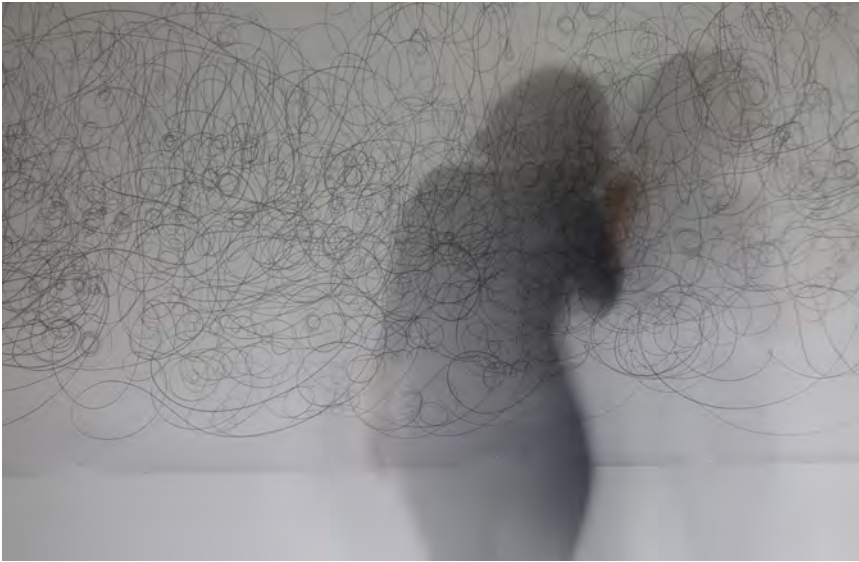
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I can see tho how much I am more interested in the arcane and spiritual than in the “fine art” bits. So so much more interested, I can feel a sensual response in my body when I see these kinds of images! and I think I am getting closer to my real underlying interest... chk the power of language is far more important to connect with hidden reals : it is sound, chk book RESONANCE that I have. it is signification and justification, it is ontology in its purest form : it is a metaphysical bridge. this links various levels and planes of reality, giving us the possibility of manipulating these bridges and these realities. about this chk the finla chapter of Book 1 - cannot wait to get the book now, on Monday! - SEE “GOD gave to man a mind and speech, which (as saithMercurius Trismegistus) are thought to be a gift of the same virtue, power, and immortality.” from CHAPTER 74 of the 3 books.

...

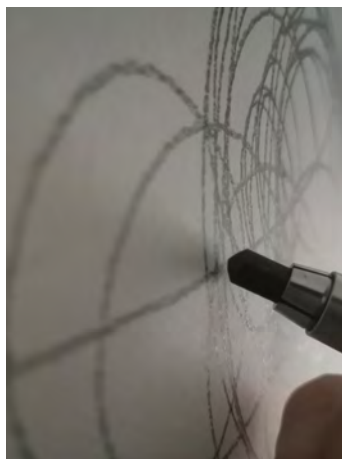
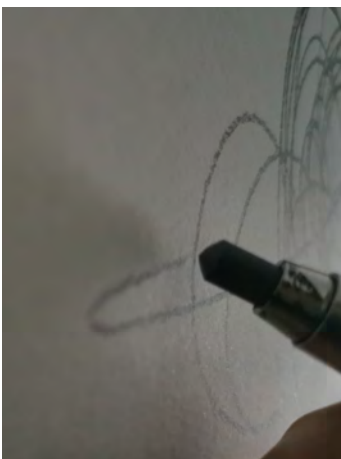
Graphite is composed of layers of carbon atoms that are arranged in 6-membered, hexagonal rings : HEXAGONAL!!! 720° which is basically F# as a note : FA#, 720Hz, 3° eye chakra : AJNA, indigo / blue colour : ANOTHER CONNECTION : freedom of thought and expression : almost blue : religious visions, clairvoyance, precognition, out-of-body experiences > as a bridge to different planes / chk M.me Blavatsky and her conception of the pineal gland being the 3rd eye . its microscopic vision allows people to see parts as small as quarks! it is said that the pineal gland releases dimethyltryptamine, an entheogen largely excreted in times and birth and death : wondering what happened to my pineal gland when I had my panic attack and the excretion of this entheogen] dimethyltryptamine DMT has psychoactive properties and it was used in religious ceremonies- it was often called the “fantasia or spirit molecule” [THK spirals carved in rocks...]

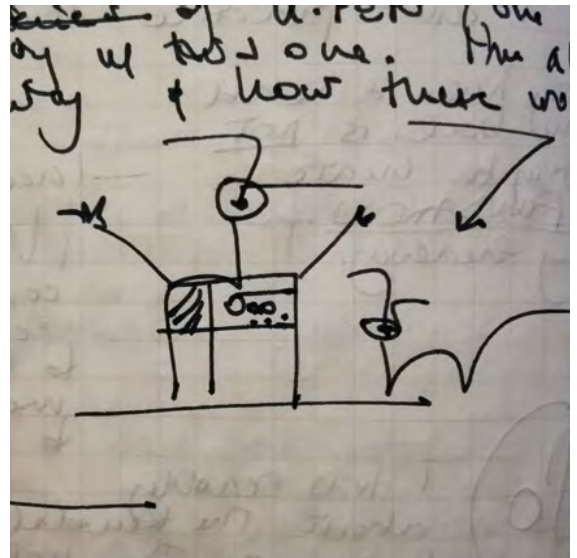
Man is at the intersection of these realities . hence if you a magus you have the capacities to communicate, relate and manipulate these three realities via magic practices. we call forth and bind these realities by using language



: incantation, spells and lullabies are a form of incantation and primordial use of language for magic purposes. [side note : is it because id a vibration?! and everything is a vibration, too?! : In the beginning was the Word, and The Word was with God and was truly God : John, 1:1 ; the Spirit of God was hovering over the surface of the waters : GEN 1:2 Ruach Elohim!

drawing as the waving of a wand? : look how I hold the pencil!  
d i s e g n a m u s !





...

via language, the will of the Magus is connected to the celestial and supercelestial beings. hence the power of language in charm, spells and incantation, and the changes of power when for example the Eucharist has been translated and performed in Italian, instead of the “original” Latin. Language is connected to this magical projected breathing and sound-emitting [agin: word of god, etc, as above] . besides language you will need intention and beliefs. this is like the LOA : open and truly belief opens up to the flow of unimpeded communication between the supercelestial to the magus. Not all languages are equal: the most powerful is the primaval spoken by Adam and the language closes to that is hebrew. The signs / letters of the Hebrew language are representation, by Agrippa, of the cosmos and position of the stars. THIS is the reason why most of occult texts use Hebrew languages and writing! from Agrippa (and before...) - connections to the Tower of Babel, and division of languages and populations - also, the Babel tower as a desire to communicate with God via a unified language! > Latin still has some primordial magical power since it is closer in time to Hebrew.

...

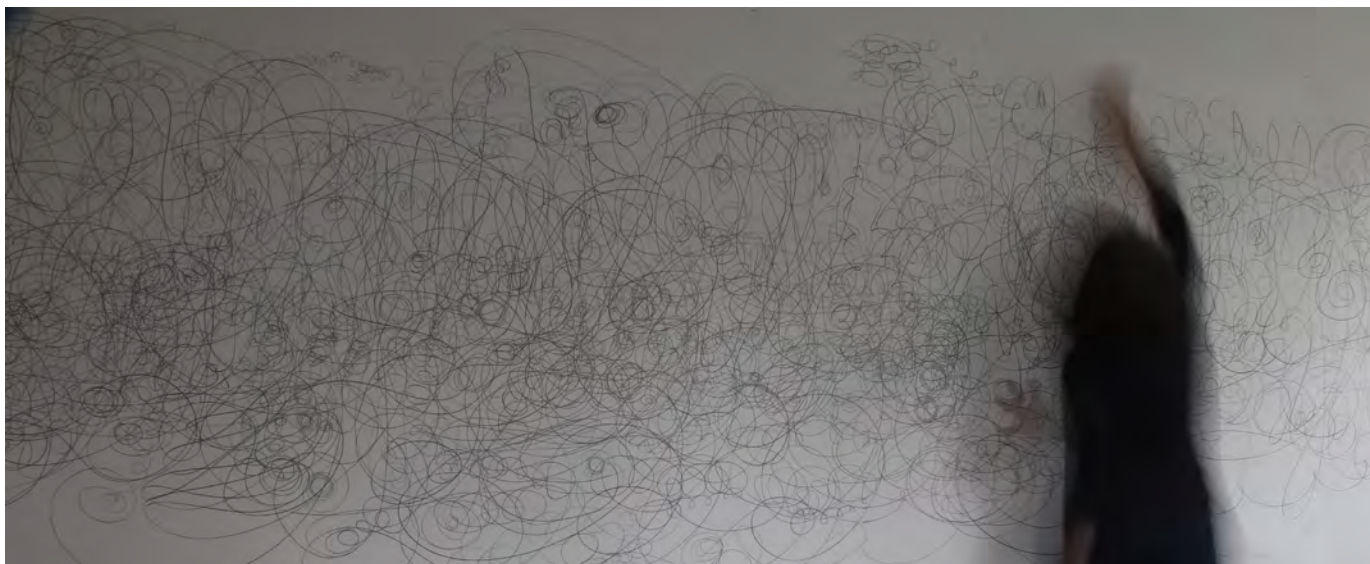
those ornate symbols and letters used in magical symbolism and documents. which also remind me of some of the ornate drawings and doodling many automatically draw : as I do, too! bear in mind that magical practices have been attested since for example Göbekli Tepe ritual structures of 10k BC whose massive pillars are richly decorated - see Graham Hancock videos! : still, symbolic magical notation seem to appear only in the Greek Egyptian writing around the turn of the common era. the reason could be as follow: 1. importation of Greek into Egypt, 2. Greko-Egyptian syncretism, and 3. decline of hieroglyphic knowledge and rise in its romanticism [downloaded a paper by R Gordon]. I have also downloaded an amazing paper by him about the MATERIALITIES of magic and another one on MAKING MAGIC. BACK to video: Egyptian civilization was way ahead that the Greco-Roman so they were very interested in how that was done and fascinated by Egyptian magical and

“I had said ‘but’ too often. One cannot go on saying ‘but’. One must finish the sentence somehow [...]”

*A Room of one's own - Virginia Woolf*

religious practices and hence symbolism. Following, a syncretistic approach happened, fusing Egyptian and Greek mythologies and religious practices. Then, the ability to read and write hieroglyphics declined - last usage on 394 CE - and then the power turned into non-descriptive symbolism [see PLOTINUS - downloaded a paper!] and hence there came about this romanticized idea of Egyptian hieroglyphs. We will have the Egyptian language persisting by via Coptic and Demotic languages and then Greek alphabet. It is around 2nd Cent of Common Era that magical symbols seem to appear. These symbols are powerful but do not carry a linguistic data with them. These symbols appear only in Greek Texts and not in Demotic ones. The 12 most common symbols are similar to Greek alphabet with ringlets at the end and other turning into geometric shapes. The explanation of the ringlets could be linked to the Ankh, which is a magic symbol per excellence and a core concept in Egyptian magical and religious symbolism = key of life, key of eternal life, the original cross then adapted and adopted by Coptic Christians. Early examples of the ankh sign date to the First Dynasty (c. 30th to 29th century BC). Adding the loop of the ankh to the syncretism of Egyptian and Greek religiosity made any symbol more powerful. A sort of infusion of magical power. These symbols then move into alchemical texts. When then Christianity influenced Greco-Egyptian texts, the symbols with the ringlets remained and were popular in Coptic / Christian texts with images of Mary and Angelic beings, then to Byzantine Christian magic together with Jewish and Islamic magic. The onomata diminished but the symbols persisted. The texts such as the Greek papyri were difficult to follow but the symbols easy to transcribe. THEIR power does not lay on their linguistic value but they are powerful because they are unutterable! In Byzantine symbolism, the ringlets mutate into cross-terminators probably adding the power of the Christian cross to amulets and spells, angelic and planetary seals. Think Islamic astromagic, for example > then into crypt alphabet. So, they started as linguistic symbols from Egypt, lost their significance while acquiring magical significance and then they have been given linguistic significance again! They have an inherent non-semantic power and then this becomes the building blocks of Western magic itself as we know it now, starting from 12C renaissance, probably via amulets or phylacteries. SEE non-semantic versions of the magic characters; some look





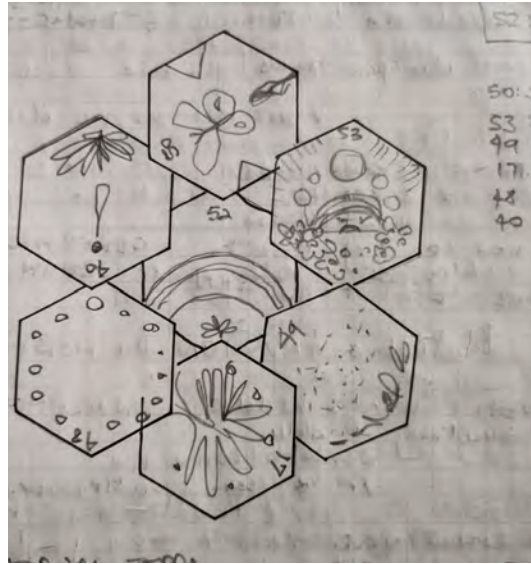
like Hebrew letters and these symbols are amulets for protection. THEN the whole book turns into an amulet for protection! A meta-amulet which if carried around protects you from negative forces of fire: there is also a very tiny version of the printed book that you can carry with you! I have downloaded the Sepher Rezial Hemelach - The book of the angel Rezial! // THEN these symbols appear from the book of Cornelius Agrippa appearing as angelic script. they are also reproduced in Buckland's Complete Book of Witchcraft [downloaded] which is now considered the foundation of Wicca. This also means that these symbols have not been invented willy-nilly, but have a history and have been used for millennia. Also, academia does not have to dismiss these symbols as unimportant etc because they are important and they are not non-sensical. These symbols and their history help us understand how religious beliefs have changed and developed over time.

QUICK reading from THE FORGE & THE CRUX : p.144 : [paraphrasing] the possibility given to me to immerse myself in the sacred by my own work as a homo faber and a creator and a manipulator of tools. This primordial experience has been preserved and handed down through numerous generations thanks to the “craft-secrets”.



From my very first mechanical pencil, a series of very expensive rOtring™ and KOH-I-NOOR technical ink pens with that recognisable design conceived out of the Bauhaus movement in 1928. Our Brand Heritage | rOtring And one of the best presents of all: a complete set of

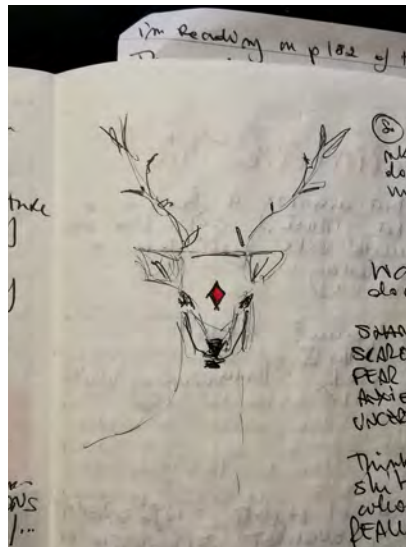




erasers in all shapes, sizes, formats, needs, and specs. These were, for a 13-year-old girl, the tolls of a trade I would understand only in my early 50s. A sort of initiatory rite, that would underline a dedication and a patience carved out of hours and hours of technical drawing and a fascination for precision tools such as mechanical callipers and micrometres. There is a secrecy of know-hows and personal knowledge, of stages of prepping and then cleaning and putting things away, which I have been almost whispered by family members akin to smithers who know the blue of their fires, and carpenters who blindfolded recognise the veins of the woods, and chef remembering fibres of meat. These are all hands at work. As my hands touching paper and graphite. A silent nod, in acknowledgement, of a job well done. Whatever that “job” is. Because that job could be finishing a drawing, marking a line, unrolling the paper, buying the paper, or even saving the money to buy a particularly expensive pencil.

...

SEE JUNG #327 on Graphite! if you shine a light through black / dark grey graphite [silver blue?] you get a blue light! - have been thinking about the spectrum of blue : from loneliness to divinity... the opposite sides of it. the two extremes. alchemically we have the blue of the night, the blue of the bruises and the blue of tears, the blue of jazz. I am thinking about hands with graphite which look like emaciated bruised hands. And even if blue is a primary colour, it feels like a transitional colour, a colour of transformation, a colour that is always moving and adapting and shape-shifting. A colour between nigredo of the graphite and albedo of the paper, no man’s land, a liminal space, multi-shaded, complex, independent. Blue sadness emerging from the depths of despair towards reflection, with our head held high and the eyes towards the sun. [CHK here Goethe theory of colours]. I do not want to delve here into the pornographic blue, the blue dog of cynicism, “chipping the wings of Eros”, enduring despair but there is a deep sensual attachment to the material in the drawing practice, But at times, the other side of obsession is admitting psychic realities: hence this alchemical blue is the one which brings divine logos. Blue as Kyaneos, both sea and sky, that detectable and yet unreachable line further away, always



tantalising, as tempting sirens. at the same time expressing the essence of things and placing them “in a position of unattainable remoteness” [106]. This is the blue of the gods: Odin, Krishna, Christ. Blue always brings a bit of black with it, a part of mortification. Blue remembers and won't let things go. that is Livid. The comfort of the sturdy cardboard Barilla boxes : dove c'è Barilla, c'è casa. Where there's Barilla, there's home. Blue is the darkness and melancholy of Saturn and the sensuality and magnanimity of Venus. White depends on blue : and needs blue to be whiter. We need sadness and loneliness to understand enlightenment. “Beware the physical in the material”, or beware the metaphysical in the material. This “literalization of airy ideas into dense of dogmatic truths” [103] Blue cannot be controlled. There is no such a thing as a pure blue. don't take my word literally... instead allow for blue to bring its value, this ability to evaluate things, steps, stages; allow it to bring devotion and truth. Allow for imagination to play, where the blue of Mary morphs into the blue of Kali: where does this blue take me beyond the drawing, beyond my act of drawing, beyond my hand? Allowing for a Blue Riders' Kandinskian lamentation to incorporate my own hurts “into a tragic sense of life” [105]. Blue “brings a double nostalgia, both for what cannot ever be, the lost and gone, remoteness as removal of the soul from its home, and a nostalgia for the blue intensity, the azure vision, the lapis lazuli of the goddesses' hair and the moments when ‘things sing themselves’, and the soul is finally at home”. [107] BLUE is essential to unio mentalis, to where the perception of colour goes through transubstantiation into a mystical sense of colours as substances and things. They are no more phenomena of light, but a phenomenon in their own rights. Colour as a phainoumenon, as the heart of the matter. And where everything is blue because greens are shades of blue, as purples are. Every single cold colour contains blue, and is in fact a shade of blue. All colours unite in the albedo, on the whiteness of the paper. Hence, this unio mentalis is the summa of the transformation, a shift in imagination. As an artist, I bring my loneliness, my greyness and my sadness, and then light does its magic, transmuting this greyness into blue. And not any blue., An ultramarine blue. This unio mentalis as a marriage between “reasoned judgement and aesthetic fantasy”, freeing the soul from the body prior to a further re-union with the body, the unus mundus. This

“And yet during all this time. from the beginning to the end, I experienced two kinds of perception: one was endless, continuing love with certainty of safekeeping and blessed salvation, for the whole revelation was about this; the other was the general teaching of Holy Church, in which I was previously instructed and had my grounding, and had willingly observed and understood.”

*Revelations of Divine Love - Julian of Norwich*

is faith. This is what activated the albedo in the blue. This is never either/or, black/white, facts/fiction: this is a fusing between the perceived world and the imaginal world [114]. And in order to cure the blue, you need blue --- a divine drunkenness [115] --- as gods live in the heights of the sky and the depths of the waters, divinity calls us with blue [Holderlin] and via blue there is a freeing from the attachment to the physicality of the body, a freedom from the literalization of the body [116]. Grounded as the last Sephirah, the Shekhina, or the soul of the world : pure blue. As RUACH - see notes above! This divine impulse to enter life, to embody. Divinity wants to meet the soul - this is actually carnal knowledge, carnal experience from the divine [use here BBolt book on carnal knowledge]. And the soul cried back for this unity. It's a going down and a coming up, a constant chasing... the dolphin playing with a gull out the sea, under the expanse of the sky. Allowing for the imagination of blue to do its course so that we don't get locked into a dogmatic structure, because we are instead called to freedom : dissolving the literal [118] --- “the transubstantiation of the material perspective into soul through art [119] . the act of drawing is the goal, not the drawing itself.

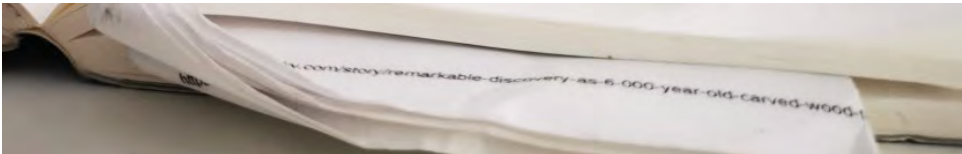
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HILLMAN on the Azure Vault : I will be approaching my research from different paths, all parallels and at the same time intersecting. They are like single stilts supporting all that I know, this kinda house of knowing.. Because I decided to allow my imagination to be free. So, in my world, parallel lines do intersect. My paths are aesthetic, psychoanalytical, scientific, technological, spiritual, speculative and imaginative. These paths, they all lead to the Azure Vault, the alchemical coelum in a sort of Jungian Mysterium Conjunctionis, of a thousand names: the heavenly spirit, the unus mundus, the universal medicine. And this intersection is at the edge. The mystical union between sacred and profane, while knowing that the profane is actually sacred in nature and longs to connect with the descending divine. “I will not return to a universe / of objects that don't know each other” teaches us Lisel Muller. There, in front of the paper, on the paper, the whiteness of its reflected light transmute the greyness of the graphite of



my pencil into a radiating blue. The pencil knows the paper and the paper knows the pencil. There, I am a witness while transmuting myself. And this dance under this azure vault is pleasure itself. Emerging from my nigredo, I find the way home to myself, to that eternal self where I protect myself from the purely materialistic perspective and a “me” separated from the “it” of all those “it” I encounter. There, home, I can witness the blue: the blue of Cezanne, the blue of Monet, the blue of Kandinski and Rothko. All this re-presenting. My drawing is a “walk through the visible world in order to find the invisible” [Feichner in Hillman 313] where divinity escorts me kindly, at first with blue [Holderlin, 313]. “Blue itself is the holy” says HEIDG and in its verticality from the depth of loneliness to the wholeness of oneness, the Being-in-the-World, being immersed in blue. In this blue we encounter alētheia, that blue is alētheia itself : the essence of the truth [HEID WofA 112], where the truth is not concealed anymore. And in a way “the conformity of truth with the matter” : is it?





...

My blue is real, but is also mystical, metaphorical, poetical. the blue sky, the lapis lazuli, the deep of the seas are mystical. Or are they? “Beware the physical in the material!”. Beware of coagulation, obsession : Alchemists had a saying “beware the physical in the material” which meant that in the material domain, don’t take things too literally. If a commitment you’ve made feels tedious or too hard, seek the deeper meaning. How is this more than just a physical obligation? --- CHK Ultraviolet THESIS downloaded p.34 : Dewey argues against the tendency for philosophical thought to elevate form while degrading matter. Hillman finds a similar message in the alchemical credo “beware the physical in the material,” a warning not against the concrete material of the world, the very stuff of alchemy, but of literalizing its outlines against our own, neglecting the mantra of so many mythological scholars: “Thou Art That.” We are material. --- Beware the physical in the material is p.89: it is the substantive naturalistic mind that prevents an imaginative appreciation of the material = imaginative appreciation is provided by alchemical psychology : imagination takes you away from the nigredo of desperation and the only way is via decapitation : the separation (at times even from their therapists, art critics and historians!) --- Soul-making must be reimagined. We have to go back before Romanticism, back to medieval alchemy and Renaissance Neoplatonism, back to Plato, back to Egypt, and also especially out of Western history to tribal animistic psychologies that are always mainly concerned, not with individualities, but with the soul of things (“environmental concerns,” “deep ecology,” as it’s now called) and propitiatory acts that keep the world on its course. [this is from Hillman & Ventura - One Hundred Years Psychotherapy which I have downloaded, p.52]. >>

“Like affects and percepts, concepts require bodily or corporeal forces, bodies that think, and the incorporeal order of sense, ideality, ‘meaning’, or direction in which they think” [139] I am wondering if in the act of drawing I am drawn vertically (!) to a transcendental plane, a “hidden principle that causes or enables things to appear but in no way appears itself” [140] and I am in constant “precarious balance” with this plane [141]. This transcendence is not just something I aspire to connect, but also as the





*the circumference of the spectacular,  
the second derivative of sensational,  
and the square root of possible*

“ground of possibilities, a hidden depth or foundation” [141] While I am drawing and moving along my plane of immanence, I can feel this distinct and net separation which only “serves the interests of transcendence”. Can transcendence and immanence ever meet? This is the paradox of what is “in between”, this liminal blue space: the divine is transcendent because exists beyond, above, regardless, surpassing the material world. [see Isaiah 58:8-9] At the same time, the immanence of the divine is the within, the abiding, the immediacy and intimacy of a relationship within the plane of the material. [see John 14:6-11] The hypostases [The underlying reality or substance of something.] of the divine can be found in the void within, in that blueness of the melancholia experienced by the “presumed separated soul” longing to meet the divine. Bering in mind that this separateness is a human construct and not a divine one: see St John and Cynthia Bourgeau. This Oneness is expressed in the figures of Christ and Krishna : both fully human and fully divine. Both in blue. If we realised that we are all Christ in our own way, we would understand the constant union with the divine. Immanence in the flesh.

...

Hillman : beware the physical in the material! The reason being, I am not interested even in the material, the materiality, the materialism and the matter. My interest is not in the molecular or atomic or quantistic reality of the matter, but in the inter-actions, the movement, the agency. the reactions. Or the inherent conscious actions of said quanta. [when considering a quantum as a single packet of energy and hence matter and hence the minimum amount of energy needed for said matter to change].

...

from the book : WRITING on DRAWING : why do we need to pin down drawing? : whether it is just an “outline, gestural sketch, diagrammatic notation, study drawing” [27] we seem to hav a need to define and position the act of drawing within the academic status of art. Still, to me drawing



is primordial [see a line using a stone or a piece of charcoal], it is a “fundamental pictorial act” and we can then notice how a “single line upon a surface immediately transforms that surface, energises that neutrality” [28].

...

had my superv session with frP and told him about the thesis, the research, the blue, the graphite, Hermes, the goddess Hekate, everything. And he loves it. BUT... he says if this is my vocation, and if this is definitely my Krisma, as in gift from God, my ability to bring together disparate things and options etc... how can then I bring this to the masses? how is this knowledge then going to be used? what is the point of it? AND, shall I find God, will I then be sad because I will not have any reason to do research anymore?! otherwise, this exercise in just research feels more like a form of almost escapism...

...

being a stone, and also not a stone; common and precious; hidden and concealed, yet known by everyone; of one name and of many names, which is the Spume of the Moon. This stone, therefore, is not a stone, because it is more precious; without it Nature never operates anything; its name is one, yet we have called it by many names on account of the excellence of its nature. [from Turba Philosophorum (part 1) 13 DICTUM Turba Philosopharum]

check this website : Western Esoteric Texts - I have downloaded both Turba Phil on the drive

...

my research feels like concentric circles  
or the peeling of an onion  
or like my own marks  
like looking for fucking Atlantis!

“Mary told me that God spoke to her. ‘Don't laugh’, she said, ‘but it's like seeing words pop up in my head the way you do on a computer screen.’”

*The rules do not apply*  
- Ariel Levy



...

The act of creation as described by Isaac N in his commentary delineates an isomorphic harmony (creation from chaos, geochemical modifications and procreations all have a foundation of harmony). = the substances are ontologically the same! > imitatio natura and imitatio dei ... think at when I am exploring the sameness of me / paper / graphite and the sameness from a Newtonian perspective... > I have downloaded 2 papers on imitatio naturae

...

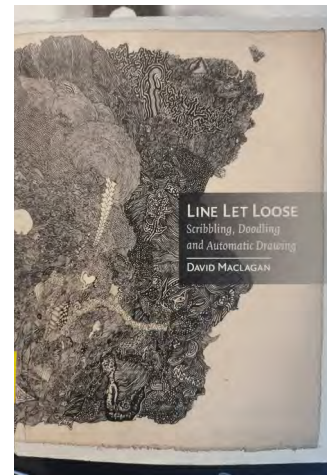
SEE Tim Ingold WK 05 reading : oneness of materiality and things: when I lift my pencil from the paper, how far these two elements have to be, to be considered NOT one thing anymore?! but 2 separate objects? + at the interface between the medium and substances, are surfaces : BUNDARIES

...

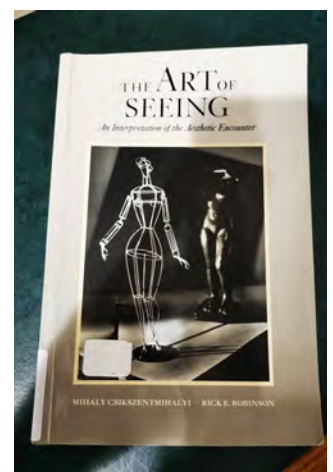
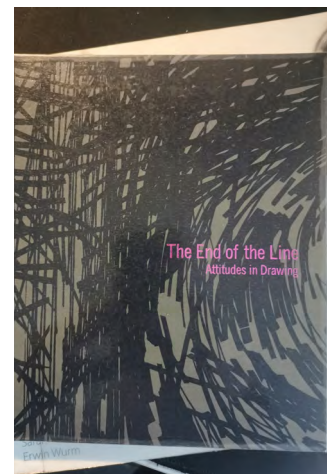
the psychological and analytical ideas of a metaphorical alchemy is a romantic and poetic revision by mainly Atwood + Jung from the 19C : back then, at the beginning, alchemists were only interested in material manipulation with the intent to create gold. There was an existential, philosophical and social and spiritual reasoning behind. > the creation of a rigorous theory following empirical and experiential observation.

...

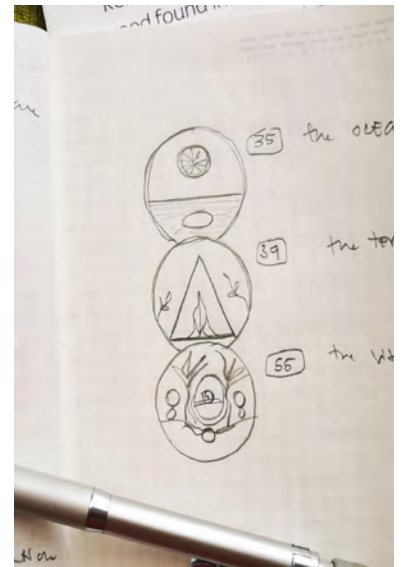
the Green Lion devouring the Sun : the lion being the acid, sun being gold and the green tinge is the process [copper in acid solution?!] : working with all of these and mercury and silver [Sophic Mercury] // [Sophic Salt represents fixity, materialization, and the formation of bodies. It freezes the dance of the Two Contraries, grounds them, and condenses the light of Sophic Mercury and the energy of Sophic Sulphur into form and substance] // and Quicksilver as Sophic Salt i.e. this base metallic substrate / Materia Prima > everything can be transformed into the Stone of the



Philosopher which will then allow converting base metals into noble ones. This is just at the start of Step 3 : and we still don't know exactly what was used, in what chemical form, if anything else was added, etc... ANYWAY : these substances were now sealed in a tight sealed vessel : HERMETIC EGG > an eludel or the vase of the philosopher (from Hermes...) > hermetically sealed. > must be in glass, thick, and clear, not too big. ANYWAY : fire and heat [again : not very specific and debatable] very specific processes happen now : changing colour in a specific order at various stages: again all debatable depending on what you read > all this until the stone appears. Some are common : calcination > fixing the metals and reducing them to powder / conjugation / coagulation > adding sophic mercury and silver [marital conjunction] : this is when the process of the Alchemy as it is thought truly begins : solution and dissolution > adding of acids [philosophical waters] ; then revivification > followed by digestion / fermentation, then cibation > serration > inhibition [ie feeding the fermentation with different substances following the idea that the PS would penetrate into the pores of basic metals and then perfecting them and sealing them from within. = lead wasn't transformed into gold but perfected into a nobler substance : the change happens within. it is a sort of healing from within, hence the medical connotation of alchemy itself and the healing properties of the PS : a naturalist theory stemming from cibation! [not just the Jungian one, but another one...] > then distillation and sublimation > then putrefaction and mortification . the imagery of these metals as seeds going through these processes reflect the hylozoic theory (or living matter theory) stemming from hermetic thought : in a total and stark difference of the "dead matter" theory of the 18C materialism. [THINK in my drawing and material approach: I am not interested in the dead matter but in the living matter from an object-oriented ontology, from things and matter having their own life] . LAST two stages are multiplication and projection : the changing of the colour inside the hermetic egg was the ONLY indication of the process happening in the right way > black > white > yellow > red [order, again, speculations and debate, albeit there is more agreement than re. the processes above]. the other colour which would be mention would be the peacock's tail > between black and white. : the green of the green lion. the black raven, the white of the swan, the peacock, the phoe-







nix. we do not know about the length of these processes [from 7 days to a year or 12 years , some followed the zodiac, the cosmology, : or a “philosophical month of 40 days”] but what is constantly stressed is the need for patience. sublime virtue.

think hematite : stone / pencil / blood

the final stage of turning into a bright shade of red is generally agreed upon by many : a sort of wax-like substance or a red powder . if then a tiny amount of this powder were to be projected onto some molten lead or quicksilver, this would turn into either silver or gold ; a triumph over nature! It can then heal diseases, revert old age, turn common stones into precious gems, crops to grow, talks the language of beasts and birds, see and communicate with the angels. >>> the legend then took over and turned the stone into a greater power

so, think >>> ALCHEMY > PS > lapis > matita > graphite > blue

...

all the senses are involved in contact with this treatise: partim oculis et inteflectui... partim auribus et recreationi... videnda, legenda, meditanda, intelligenda, dijudicanda, canenda et audienda. In this respect, Atalanta is a book that requires a rather contemplative exercise”.

...

if graphite / blue could talk back: generically or specifically to me?  
think OOO and the approach to materials [as i intend them] having their own consciousness, or whatever their version is: so, in their way, blue COULD talk back, unless we consider talking just a human version... so, blue could communicate to me. How does it do it?! I can feel another fucking Heideggerian moment coming up...

...





“At the pavilion I was met by the lady Tâlâp, who, seizing my hand, said, “Hidden-Perfume is in trouble.”

*The Virago Book of Women Travellers - Mary Morris*

SYST REV : So why has artistically inspired research seldom been considered for inclusion in a systematic review? How does arts-based research differ from evidence-based research? Is it perhaps the absence of a systematic approach to investigate a topic? Not necessarily. Arts-based research is generally defined as ‘the systematic use of the artistic process, the actual making of artistic expressions in all of the different forms of the arts, as a primary way of understanding and examining experience by both researchers and the people that they involve in their studies’ (McNiff, 2008, p. 29). Rather than collecting data through surveys, interviews, focus groups and observational fieldwork, arts-based research applies innovative, artistically inspired data collection and representation techniques; digital storytelling, photography, theatre, installations, multimedia productions and drawings (Wang, Coemans, Siegesmund & Hannes, 2020).

...

I am wondering how much I do collaborate with the divine when I draw?! --- [so simple and at the same time so complicated!]. In my case my gestures do not turn into a performance for others to see, nor I consider it a performance, there is no collaboration, nor dialogue. But it still is a “tool to open up and explore aspects of the self” [59]. Where are the limits of my practice and of the event? Where does improvisation begin? THINK Jackson Pollock! --- we always pick up a pencil to write, mark, draw, plan and also underline journal papers about the act of holding a pen and leaving marks. this line is “always unfolding, always becoming” [65] but in my instance never becoming image because there is no one there to see. There is no one there to participate with me, because it is not a live experience, not a performance. As much as M Abramovic says “I could never do this alone” [65] in my instance morphs into I could never do this with other people watching. My drawing is intimate, personal. There is total full exposure with the ethereal and no other human presence to rescue me. ---- [I do recognise harmony within that rhythm in my drawing. It’s an inner harmony reflected in the outer harmony of the marks] and the absence of sound --- describe and visualise the experiences felt while doing yoga, which have been translated into drawings. Funny enough, I translate

*a sabbath  
a dance  
a ritual  
a celebration  
my xformance*

*my showing up is for the divine*



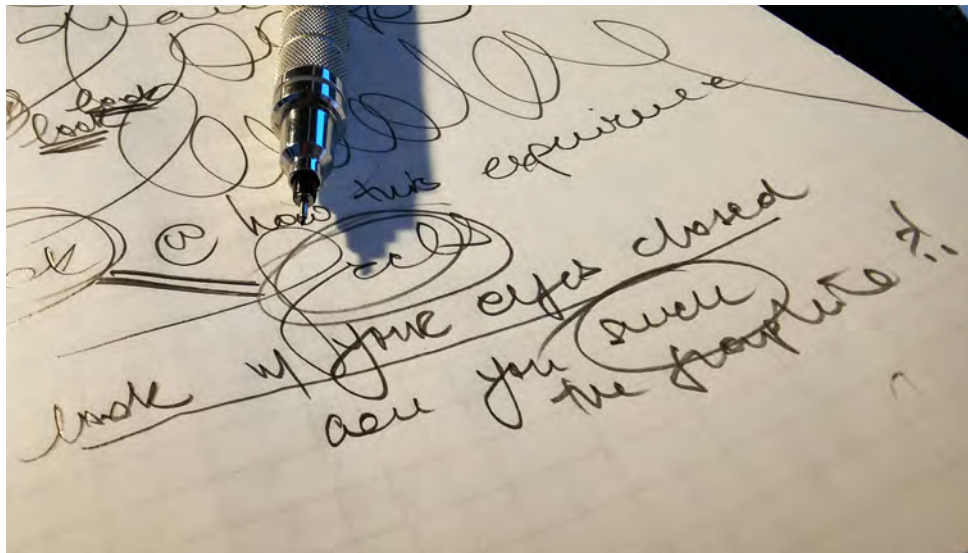
the drawing experience into words! Again, I experience physically what they describe while doing yoga: the evocative depiction of ecstatic experiences, their sensory reactions to the poses, the sweat, bodily experiences, lives experiences, the body moving in and out and through and beyond the space, the mind-body-world connection and relationship, the awareness of the body only when it doesn't work, this body as a living organism emplaced amongst other living organisms [other people doing yoga], this animate body [see Ingold MAKING], this absent presence akin to meditation, the rhythm of breathing, this sensuous, almost love-affair, with yoga, the feeling of exposure, vulnerability, visceral experiences... but I do not experience those with yoga, but while drawing. I found highly interesting the chapter about drawing as an embodied practice, where there is this conversation / interaction between a lived experience and the world and things – not depiction in my case; there is an observed world... think about the importance of the gestural world [see following paper!], the marks left on paper, the impulses, this line that grows... created by gestures, pressure, energy. See INGOLD: drawing as embodied gesture at the confluence of what is internal (psyche, thought, memory, emotions, body reactions, limbic system...) and external influences (surfaces, paper, pencil)... and I am now wondering where is my divine coming from?! internal? or external? that is the meeting point of the horizontal with the vertical, the immanence and transcendence, ... there, exactly there, between the tip of the pencil and the surface of the paper. This intersection between the material and the aethereal, between time and space. There is, again, no composition, no interpretation, no representation in my case, nor other people... nor the creation of something with the intent of this being seen, appraised, valued, investigated, analysed ----

*in my drawing  
i feel  
so  
isolated*

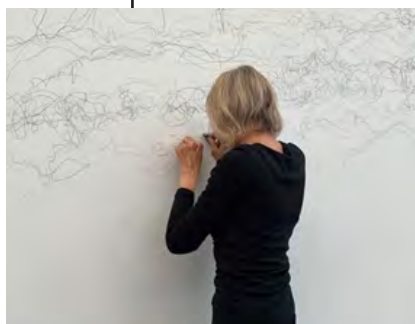
it feels like no no no no so tired of reading always about the same things : making, the object, the outcome, the interpretation, the analysis, the marks, the tools, the people, the others, the others, the others ---- SS I love her drawings and her article. The way she articulated the gestural aspect of her practice resonated with me: still, darn! representational! she mentions memory, gestures, this connection between seeing, moving, making, marking... even if my eyes are mostly closed... I loved when she kept on



asking: where is your head, where is your head... thinking about “sensing memory as played through the viscera” [279], about “gestured marks are an embodied language [...] capable of transmitting the emotional span of its maker as articulated through the qualities of the inscription on the page” [279-280]. She sees her drawing as an event, a scene drenched in tensions... she sees the beginning, the middle, the structure, and the end : I don’t... but then again, I do not represent anything... --- I also recognise the craving: I want to live, I want to draw. while for me is the opposite: I want to draw, I want to live. My drawing echoes the ”externalising the agony through drawing” : in that I recognise my existential loneliness, soothed by drawing [mind the verb here], and the needs for alchemical understanding, this filling of time with silence and actualisation / individuation > connection with Jung here. Also, undeniable value of drawing due to its meditative values, diverting from personal trauma, pain, etc. To me this is a by-product of the experience, not the experience in itself. a byproduct!!! --- EMBODIMENT is about the relation: here is about the artist and the model, or the artist – model – audience. But also between the body who has produced the mark and the body that it describes. In my case, there is no other body, but I am thinking about the incarnate divine – and not specifically of Christ here, just the soul incarnate. The relationship between the body-me and the soul-me, that meeting point. Embodiment as instinctive + shamanic > whoah! those words into a paper! the body needs to move if we want this kind of experience and reaction. There are a lot of parallels between the experience of extended drawing as described, and my singular, subjective, silent event: I too take up a position, I choose my tools, I adopt an attitude, and I bring my own points of view. I too am embedded into social and cultural relations even if alone in front of some paper. My drawing both action and outcome actively symbolise the social construct and system I act in. As described in this paper: my FIELD is a private studio space / area for my personal and solitary drawing session. The TENOR : is comprised by me, the artist, bringing the whole of the self onto paper. My relationship is with the tools, the wall, the space, the silence, the temperature, how much time I have, ... and the MODE is my free-flowing, abstract, instinctual marks using a pencil, in an almost absent-minded doodling



...  
 situation. These parameters carry their own semiotic significance and relevance representing my choices and who I am . In my case I would be more interested into looking at the combination of marks in the future:



...  
 I saw her, and I thought it was me...

« When our eyes touch, is it day or is it night? [2] --- think between seeing the seeing and seeing the visible: what is it that I really “see” when I am there drawing? Coz even if with eyes open, I do not really see. If I were to see anything, it would mean that I am out of the zone. THINK roto-lo: masculine and almost phallic; paper is feminine, is white and pure, by extension is like impregnating the paper with graphite and there you have creativity... I’m touching paper with my left wrist, where the veins are exposed, the inside, connected directly to my heart. I stabilise my balance with my fingertips, while swaying slowly left and right, eyes closed. There I am seeding the paper, impregnating it, even if a woman myself. But I am not a woman anymore, the body is no more, I’m pure spirit, androgynous and eternal and aethereal. Pure spirit. A vehicle for incarnation, I am wondering if I am allowing for the divine to draw.

...  
 >>> ho notato come se parte dei miei interessi e studi provenga da necessità interiori xsonali, esistenzi e spirituali che nascono da dolori interni ed io ho sempre evitato il xsonale come se ci fosse uno stigma xché non é





“This manifestation of the fearsome goddess has a red flailing tongue, dances with glee on the corpse of Lord Shiva, and shamelessly wears a Garland of severed limbs and human heads that are dripping blood.”

*Adventure Divas - Holly Morris*

accademico, non é bello, non é maturo, non é cresciuto, non é accettabile. come se mi vergognassi del mio passato ma ora mi domando se, invece, il personal e proprio ciò che mi serve per poi evolverlo in universale. appartenere ad un certo gruppo, m... you see, the strength comes from eng. the register is different. in this language I self-actualise. PPL don't need to know the detail, but I can tell them how I feel.

...

I am still thrown aback by the earthquake and the surrounding. No, not by the earthquake, that's nature, but by the tears, the cries, the fear, the screams, the resonance of pain, the absorption of others' desperation. being flung into adulthood in a second. by being the lonely [i meant only + wrote lonely: freud wasn't stupid <<<] survivor. that's my conundrum. there must be a reason. there must be something else to justify all of this. hence my reach [ps. I just leave this here and maybe no one will see it]. excruciatingly existentially lonely > from this loneliness comes my search : loneliness as the price we pay for freedom. i have to remind myself this, all the time. BEING IS. BEING IS in itself, BEING IS is what it is. SO, how can I experience this? and be ok with that? or is there more?

...

expectations of an artifact (physical or the performance) = feedback > judgement > community  
drawing > more bodily movement > totally free > no expectations, no feedback, no community, no company

...

think geophysiology and all the connections from a balanced ecosystem : that is my drawing act > vibrant matter as in SAL SAPIENTE : preservation and wisdom [see the character at the beginning] > the grit of the pearl > which one is my grit?! > think being brined! sal > saltmarshes in India and in Slovenia and the taste of tears. [16:16]



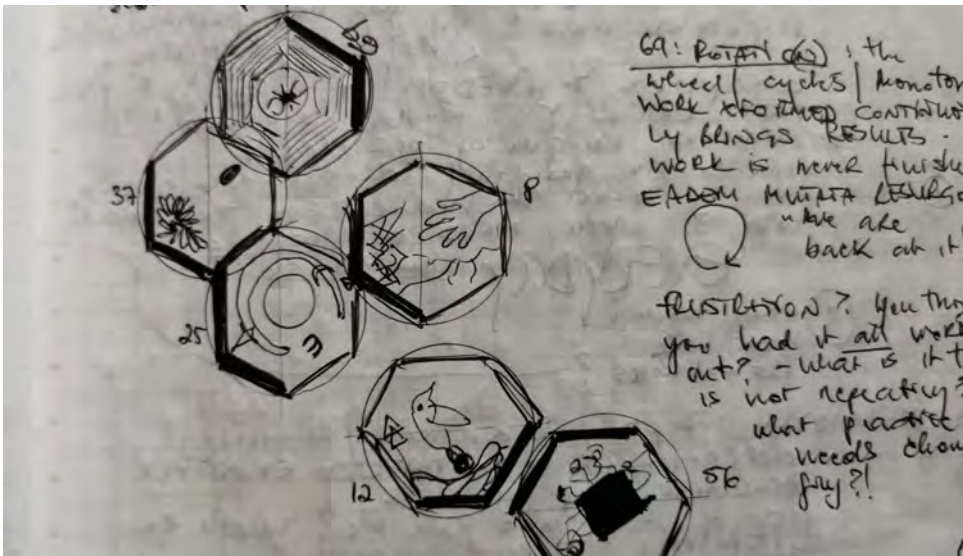
...  
i'm thinking of this writing practice, how important this is. starting from  
The Elegance of the Equation and how much more i'd like to do. the writ-  
ing is reflection but also preparatory, it's hypnotic as much as the drawing

...  
it feels there's FLUID drawing and then WRITING DRAWING and then  
WRITING about DRAWING

...  
RB > 040623 : LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22): I would love you to go searching  
for treasure, and I hope you launch your quest soon. As you gather clues,  
I will be cheering you on. Before you embark, though, I want to make  
sure you are clear about the nature of the treasure you will be looking for.  
Please envision it in glorious detail. Write down a description of it and  
keep it with you for the next seven weeks. I also suggest you carry out a  
fun ritual to formally mark your entry into the treasure-hunting chapter of  
your life.

*write about me*

...  
i've done nothing today

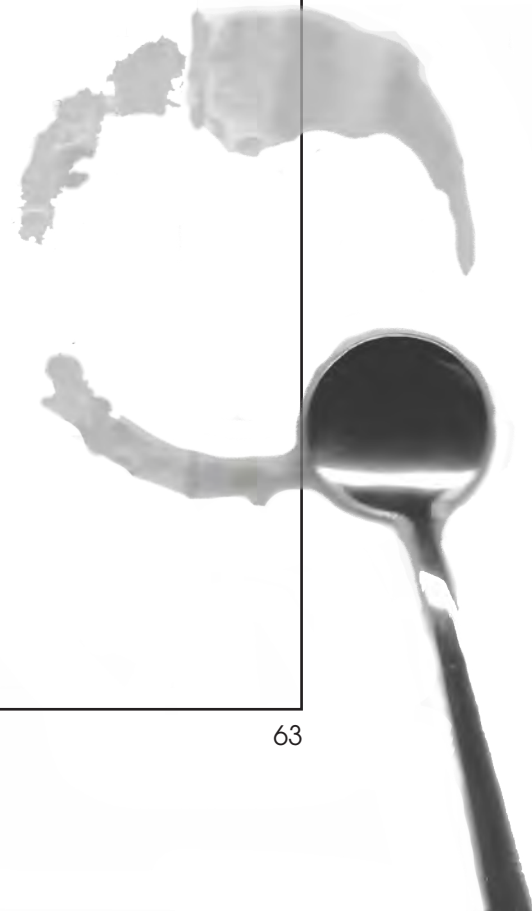


...  
 thinking of spired, worm, web, entanglement : supporting a life-long cycle. KHEIRON came out twice, the wounded healer, shining a light to what comes after. he is your go-to guy for teaching paradoxes > uniqueness vs ssemas > the pain of abandonment, betwix and between, the story of my scars now all exposed on paper. I have thrown myself [i've been called to throw myself?!] onto this paper and to expose all of it in this MRes and it's fucking painful at times. Which one is the priority? my dedication to uni, to Tilo, to the paper, or to the divine?!

...  
 what if matter is malleable? what if it really is a cluster [?] of new waves of possibilities? who is it an object and what is the observer of the object? when at subatomic level neither of the two exist! when NOTHING exists. it's just fluctuation... only fluctuation. what appears and disappears is xception, own xceptual activity. "out there" does not exist.

...  
 today I know nothing  
 and hence I'll just  
 be staying  
 listening  
 and witnessing.

today I know nothing  
 today I know nothing  
 [12:12]





“What are we doing here? We're wasting our time.”

*The Ethics of Ambiguity - Simone de Beauvoir*



...  
DRAWING as a spell : the absence of the witch does not invalidate the spell, the embers of a 1000 years uncovered by the hand that fondled them when they were fire will stir & understand [em dickinson]

that dream of the boat and the crossing of the river and the walking towards the beach, and SEMIOTICS > all water : oppression, trauma, and inherent danger as well as rebirth, the transcendence of earthly status > beyond. TRANSCENDENCE [!!!] I have to remind myself that I had these experiences when drawing, that I am more than just this body [uh, more sounds that being a body is less... but this is the theoretical / tilo's voice... so > I am MORE than just this body + I know I have been here before, I have experienced that vastness of beyond, I know how it feels when everything falls into place --- LISTEN! REMEMBER > when with frP what was it: write about me, write about me > who's my allegiance to?! write about me > me as in the divine. This is my role. and I experience the divine when drawing. . I know of the elation, the dissolving, the safety I feel, I know of my heart pulsating, the blood flowing, I can hear it, I know of the protection, I know of that warm wooden bench in the sun. I know. connecting with the blues and greens with using graphite, is connecting with artemis, it's reorienting my thinking, it's the devotion and the dedication, it is honouring the secret of the blue.

wait! secret again! BE ALERT to the secret. see what emerges. that line i've drawn today is my inner horizon, that's my inner altar, that's my secret. That's the connection to my land and the benandanti walking in circles. that's the smell of warm barley in the sun, those sunflowers, the guardians looking after, that black morphing into ultramarine blue and the yellow of sunflowers and the green of the deep sea in Triest on a warm night.

...  
it's the 4 damselflies visiting me while I am writing this, fearlessly dedicated to the path of transformation, to the riddle of life, to the protection of the unanswerable questions





...

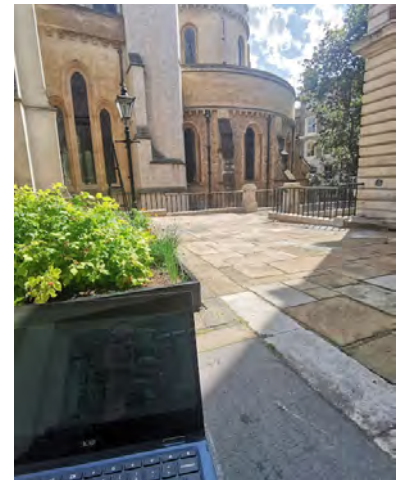
finding myself : what does it mean to be a researcher? Where have all my efforts been focused? what is it that I am really looking for? what does it mean to be a researcher? and researching what? because what I am doing now, what I am studying is really not probably the real focus. So, what am I really interested in?

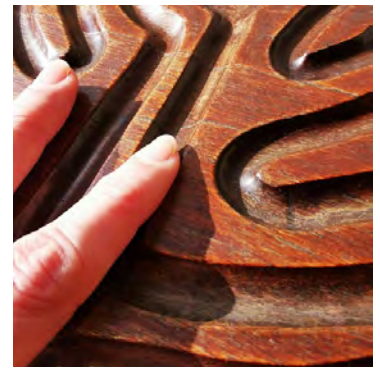
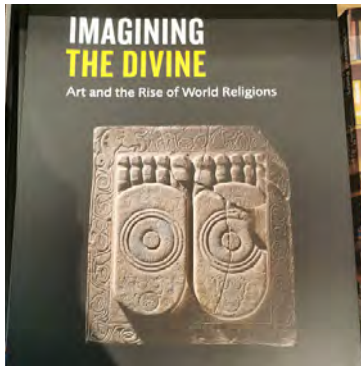
...

NOW, let's talk spirituality and symbols : this place, actually, the whole Temple area is full of energy: you breathe a different era, there is something different, like if you are not from here nor from this century nor from this life. it might be that I am actually starving, it's 3pm and I haven't had any lunch so I really need to go somewhere and grab a bit and relax. my back is hurting now. ALSO, i am interested in finding my voice. the voice of the researcher, the voice of the adventurous woman. this coming fri, as in two days from now, there is actually a talk in here... well, I might come! and then off to the british museum till late.  
time to go and eat something.

...

Anyway, the big question is: i am here, writing, in one of my fav places: waterstone at Trafalgar. not much comes closer to this. this to me feels excitement, books and cafes... and there is this vibe of exploration and travelling, and discovery and searching in order to find... but WHAT?! what am I looking for? what am I searching? this is so frustrating! Imagine I am here collecting data for a book : there is this woman, backpack, books, coffees, coupons for discounts. Comfortable shoes, knows how to read maps, sort of read latin, would love to learn greek. Her interests are hidden connections between spirituality and everything else. She recharges her batteries at the British, touching old stones. eyes closed, like drawing, like floating, like drawing. she is also interested in the lives of other explorers. also, do you know that I have been here since Monday and I haven't written anything, I mean physically in my journal... and it's with me, here...





anyway, what attracts my attention here? i am not so sure: there is another young girl, with her laptop, and she is typing away... maybe she is not that young anyway! I would like a... thrilling experience in research. finding something amazing, and exciting. maybe my life needs excitement.

...

when there i went into the sci-fi type of books and looked for the last aaronovitch and then closed my eyes and waited for a sign for a good book, something that would help me on my quest... i followed the energy and I took out and bought "The book of the most precious substance" by Sara Gran. Well, it "speaks to me" of alchemy, books, research, travelling, adventures... and as I wrote prior i am looking for a voice, a narrating voice, coz the crit exeg is so cold! my voice. Then - here we are - i walked all the way to piccadilly waterstones where I tried to find and then i gave up and sent someone else, to look for and then bought : the modern explorers, by Robin Hanbury-Tenison... and gosh, while I was on the train i read the intro and some of the words really made sense to me : adventure and exploration go hand in hand, you cannot have one without the other; i mean, you can, but it's not the real thing; then, you have to bring back a story, something new, an observation. you have to record things. SO: what about my adv and expl on paper? where do I go? and esp what kind of a story do I bring back?!

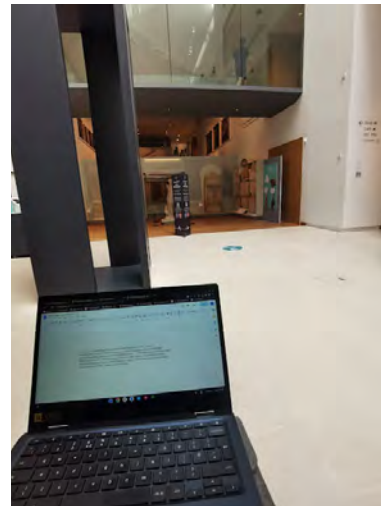
...

I just bought the ticket to go and watch the exhibition on knossos and the labyrinth > red thread [hematites?!] drawing as following? is it leaving behind? making a line or leaving a trace?!

I am interested because of the metaphor with an inner journey, etc and also if i remember correctly it had to do with Artemis, in some way... anyway, that's besides the point. I am still fascinated by the idea of travelling, wayfaring, exploring, reflections, as mirrors into my own insight. and i still find very fascinating that yesterday at Waterstone Trafalgar i closed my

*i'm getting lost i'm getting lost i'm getting lost, Theseus is my brother and Ariadne so much needed: where's she?! I can feel smth close by and still not within reach*





eyes and let energy guide me to the book which is all about research and travelling to find a book, which might not even exist.

...

it's 4:55pm and I am sitting at the desk numbered L13 on the first floor of the Bodleian Library. I have wanted to be here since 1989, when I did German Philology with Prof Maria Amalia D'Aronco. I was watching images of this place, i was craving sitting here when I moved to the UK and discovered Inspector Morse and then Lewis. I was craving knowledge and here I am. and I do not want to leave. this starts to feel like a child on a tantrum, including not being able to think straight. I have never experienced anything similar. my hands are trembling / shaking "inside" ... Not even the day I got married. Not even that day which I meticulously planned has given me this kind of excitement I am feeling now. In a very openly weirdly way, I am happy that it hasn't worked out w/ fab even after 20 years which lead to a divorce which lead to me moving to the UK, which lead to me studying psychotherapy, which lead me to work at S. which lead me to meet Ant S and then SirW which lead me to lose my job and everything around it which lead me to work for BB which lead me to stop at BB College for a wee that day which lead me to enrol in the FAD UAL course which lead me to go to YSJ which lead me to write my diss on Hilma af Klint which lead me to do an MRes which lead me here now sitting on this chair, my seat L13 [and glasto + stonehenge and all other places] . So, now that I am here : now what?

I would like to be able to look at every single book, the most awkward, uncanny, hidden, remote, unusual the better. That book tucked away somewhere, on the highest shelf, that book which has amazing images but especially scribbling on the margins, in faded pencil and old ochre ink. scribbles left by a woman, who like me is single, travelling with her belongings in a carpet bag, large, and she wears a tatty worn out long coat, a hat, comfortable shoes she stole from her brother and she writes, she always has a journal on her. she collects scraps, she takes down notes, her feelings and sensation. she reverently touches pages of old books, paper. paper tells a



story, its fibres, like veins, like the rhizomes so dear to Deleuze and Agnes Arber, like those lines Ingold describes so well. A thread, a ramification, three-dimensional, expanding in space and time - god the faces of some of the students here in the Classics are so pale, sad and exhausted... - and this woman, briskly walking along these walls, she maybe sat here, exactly here where I am sitting, L13 which wasn't called L13 at the time, but she might have been here together with the other women pioneers as students at Oxford, in the late 1800 or early 1900... women were only admitted as degree students on 7 OCT 1920 at St Anne's College but studied here before : of course, the first 130 women were admitted at divinity school : divinity, let this sink in : divinity. The first degree ceremony was held on 14 October 1920 at the Sheldonian... which I can see now from this window! how amazing is this?! So, a woman who might have heard of Nellie Bly and her expedition, or pioneered like Lucy Atkinson. Or think about Isabella Bird and how striking her life has been, overcoming a male dominated society, travelling... "Her incredible life led her to becoming the first female Fellow at the Geographical Society in 1892 despite the male-dominated society she was a part of, displaying her incredible contribution to exploration and geography."

Instead I am here as a poor-man's version, following a line  
[or following a pencil?!]

I am thinking as an artist and a researcher and someone who is interested in the spiritual and the spiritual in art, how much this society shaped me and the beliefs and how much I had to fight against priests, teachers... as the only girl in the school in tolmezzo... I wasn't treated the same, i did not belong to the "circle", and there was no one who could create a "circle" right for me. Always on the periphery. And now, I can only think about James Elkins and his "spiritual art is just bad art" but also, I think, I sense envy and fear from other women, women who already fought and fought hard to reach their place when they see someone new coming in. these women who turn into very hard women, almost masculine, filled with a sense of entitlement and prosopopea, and flair for pomposity and total lack of panache. You can see them : flat shoes, black dresses... I



remember an episode of Lewis, about gambling, with that amazing british actress, who taught maths and statistics and wore those amazing men trousers and that necklace I want to make a copy of: women turned into men : gosh I am hungry now... I feel I do not want to leave but i also need to leave. Tomorrow is London again... I have to time this right tho. SO, I had intense days, I am tired. I can come back here wherever I want and I have my library card... I have changed my plans. I can go back to London whenever I want but I am already here, in Oxford, and I should make the most of it.

...

there is a line... start one of the entries as

“there is a line...”

“i could not find my way, today...”

mapping

wayfaring

carnality of paper

psychogeographer by lines

...

reading the phenomenology of mood and the meaning of life by matthew ratcliff : distinction between feelings and emotions, where emotions are “judgements rather than feelings” and feeling are “merely bodily reactions” [350] and accordingly to Robert Solomon and his *The Passions* “emotions are the meaning of life”. And this is because “we are moved, because we feel”. For Heidegger, moods are phenomenologically deeper than emotions

...

again, i feel that same feeling of yesterday: i am here, i'm exhausted, i need to go, it would be better if i went. i don't want to leave. but it's 6.12. I am exhausted.



...

AT BOD LIBR : when I write I can see my hands, my fingers, my nails...  
the lines, the lines and how I help them writing by holding the paper down,  
with the thumb. I write sitting but the act and the noise of the nib when it  
flows.

this is the noise  
this is the noise  
this is the noise  
this is the noise  
this is the noise  
this is the noise

what is the nib doing in me > this yearning for more, to find stop form  
block pinpoint, this elusive moment of elation / disappearing / going

but even in this writing experiment  
the perfection of the equation  
the end of that that line  
that never begins  
and the purity of the writing  
is given by the peeling of the meaning

...

I have been here at the BOD and I haven't been writing nor drawing :  
frustration and restlessness. I can see when I write now the lines, and how  
I hold the paper and the pencil > noise + sound  
thk gypsoteque and gypsum and whiteness and purity > labyrinth of knos-  
sos : maps + getting lost > my drawing as a thread to follow > I am on a  
journey to find something and I am just finding confirmations of being on  
a journey [so fucking convoluted this is]... no fear : no fear - i'm looking  
for a voice while holding on to my thread.



...

another question i could ask myself: whose foots am I following? I am thinking nonno R who travelled all the time and then Min : Giacomino Anzil, the explorer... my second cousin. he brought back spears and artefacts and i bring back people, lines like fishing : observations and experiences. so, decision making time : i want to go today again in town as a student...

...

I know I am searching for something, but I don't know what I am searching for. There is a sense of restlessness, or itching that needs scratching and that does not allow me... suffering again of itchy feet and need to go.

oh, before I forget: what did Helen say yesterday, about dancing and drawing, movement, people moving as dots drawing, cloud moving are drawings in the sky, people walking are drawings on the soil, fish swimming are drawing in water!

...

so, what is this sense of restlessness telling me? what am I looking for? a sense of peace, inner peace. maybe all my looking for outside peace and quiet is a mirror of an inner restlessness, a sense of purpose, a sense of something quenching this thirst. but this thirst of what? a sense of inner knowing... actually Inner Knowing.

...

I just came out of the Shelley Memorial: and I was there alone... ALONE... just asked permission to go in. it is not marked, if you don't know, you don't know. Nothing even on the door and I just tried and pushed this heavy door and i got in... I asked permission to the porter to go and see, he told me to wait a little bit and then he told me to go in but not to put my hands in between the railing. I wouldn't! So, what I did, I walked, slowly and deferentially along the wall of the inner garden and

got in. Alone. no one else but me and him. I didn't know if I had to bow, kneel, sign of the cross, declame something, but only tears came up.

...

at RadLibr : searching / searching and then drawing..

I actually got the courage to stand up and walk about and see what's on offer here. I am touching books, so many books, and sniffing dust. Now we are getting close to 3:30 and i plan to go to the other library coz it closes at 6:00 and i want to make sure that i actually know the space, the place and where to find the resources. and that I can find and download and copy what I see and might find interesting. ALSO, it frees me tomorrow. Anyway, this is really the place to come and study. THIS is IT. anyway, I still cannot believe that I am sitting here. THINK about what i was reading and jotting down notes about:

1. space
2. describe
3. person/s : encountering

my drawing is like my travelling : space / picture / time / person

...

i found books! :

1. ernst cassirer : the philosophy of symbolic forms, vol.2 mythical thought
2. the art of seeing. an interpretation of the aesthetic encounter mihali csikszentmihali + rick e. robinson
3. exploring the invisible. Art. science and the spiritual, lynn gamwell - look at ch. 10: abstract art with a cosmic perspective
4. art faith and modernity, ed. by sacha llewellyn and paul liss
5. seeing things.. deepening relations with visual artefacts by stephen pattison
6. reluctant partners. art and religion in dialogues. ed. by ena giurescu heller
7. art and religion. art and science. art and production by albert gleizer - look at p. 34 ch. titled art and religion
8. beyond pleasure. Freud, Lacan, barthes by margaret iversen



...

REFLECTIONS: i wanted to be “somewhere else”, “anywhere but here”, “elsewhere” since a very very very young age, since when I went to my dad and told him the plan I had to leave home then and move to the attic; then i planned trip with a tiny tent on a motorbike which I learned to drive immediately I got 14 and when it was legally possible. I wanted a Ciao and dad asked grandma to buy me a Benelli 3 gears instead; when we went camping, I imagined myself with my tent; when we went boating and sailing, i imagined myself independent with my little boat, independence and freedom always part of my life; i wasn't happy in my family, i wasn't happy there, i felt i was an adult trapped in the body of a young girl and i just wanted to be me. moving, travelling, independence and freedom and solitude have always been part of me. one of my fav stories i read over and over again was Puss'n boots coz it was about moving... boots! and then of course gaining a good life even by deceiving. I also loved, oh go, that italian young character, played on TV by Teddy Reno's wife... Gian Burrasca! by Vamba [i actually think I have the book at home... i mean, in the UK].. he was tremendous, he tricked everybody... but again, he moved, he was sent to live away, he knew how to survive, he was a survivor... so, yes, this is me and my memories. now we could argue that “anywhere else” is not the good attitude, that we might need to find a sense of quenching our thirst and restlessness within and not without. not by moving but by staying. We could argue both ways... what is right in the end?! and then, I travelled with grandpa since I was a very young girl. I must have been ? when I first left, or even earlier, possibly before the earthquake, to Montecatini with Beppin Barbetta, meeting the Mayor of Lauco, Pellegrini, and his wife, there. And then we went to the Isola d'Elba... I cannot take out of my mind that THAT was with that little green suitcase I have now. Which prob isn't, but that's how i see it now. And of all the things I lost, I still have that little suitcase. so, always moving... and it wasn't just fantasies, but i was planning in details...

then, when my friends started moving, going short weekends away, down to the beach, at 15 or 16 I always said that I was “already tired of travelling” because I thought I saw too much compared to my fellow school

remember what  
JY Cousteau said :

*follow your nose...*

friends and that created an alien of me. To them, the extent of their trips with their families, at a young age was to go to the beach 30 miles away over summer and when they could move by themselves they went to the same beach 30 miles away, but just with friends. By that time, I already went to Singapore, Bangkok, Istanbul, smuggled to Asia to a restaurant in the middle of a chilly night, Athens, Barcelona...and part of me resented and cursed the opportunities that I had because they made me different. Now, I bless them and would like to have the opportunity to travel more, to move more, to be adventurous more, to have money to travel to those places. And not the modern places, but the ancient sites, the old cities. Avoiding anything new and modern.

is it curiosity or just not feeling at peace where I am? but def loneliness here does not scare me. "The price we pay for freedom is loneliness" and also the new one "If you're afraid of loneliness, don't marry" (A. Chekov) and I would add: don't go to therapy and don't travel. Don't change. In the end, even my therapeutic method is: this is for all the ones who feel restless and with itchy feet, the ones who feel the need "to go", for the ones who have unanswered questions: I do not have the answers for you, but I know some well-experimented tips for travelling and how to read a map, and how to navigate. so, this is the parallel : therapeutic method and my life on the move. travelling, reading, and writing go hand-in-hand : you cannot have one without the other. BUT moving and exploring have been at the basis of everything: think the Bible and the recollection of the travelling of the Jews; the very first novel written in English: Robinson Crusoe is a story of travelling! The meeting around campfires, my dad coming back from the military camps and his tales of adventures and storms and singing of men around campfires at night, ... stories! This is what I saw, this is what I experienced, these are the people I met, they are similar, they are different... i have left the comfort, the known, for the unknown and now I am back and I am bringing it to you.

and to me travelling, like now that I have to pack to go home, is experienced as a sense of inner restlessness, a bodily response to move - this is also my drawing, the pain of feeling that the end is coming, the end of the drawing session, the end of that line. My head becomes fuzzy, full of ener-

gy. My thinking can be similar to tunnel vision just before or during a panic attack. Not in the heartbeat, not in the anxiety, not in sweating, but in this state of confusion... in which I feel loss, or at a loss, and I lose myself: where to go, what to do next, who am I? what's my name? life moves on, goes on around me, and I am still sitting here doing nothing. wasting time, instead of packing... anyway, really time to go.

...

think about the stories in my hand when drawing  
travelling on paper  
those are inner journeys  
the REAL thing, tho : the journeys of the soul  
while I let my body travel

...

Now that I am here I recognise that I haven't used or even thought about tarots, candles, incense... all my spiritual paraphernalia has somewhat disappeared. i lit a candle when back home as a thank you and I lit my usual daily candle this morning, with coffee and incense and some music in the background. At about 3am I was still away tossing and turning. I am wondering what am I doing up so early this morning. BUt I could not sleep nor stay in bed any longer. SO: let's plan some of the blog entries and probably keep some reflections to the forefront for DT tomorrow... god, what a day tomorrow! Tilo, DT. Also, thinking about the spiritual, that piece of string I found in Woodhenge is on my altar now.  
and I took those two books I bought in OX down with me, here, into the living room.

...

RC sent me an email and said that in the video my drawing "felt almost erotic if that isn't a naff thing to say. The way you touch and move along the paper..."  
*bles her...*

...

think about what I told DT about

knowing

that I have a feeling  
that something is missing  
and how much I am chasing  
this connection  
this thing that

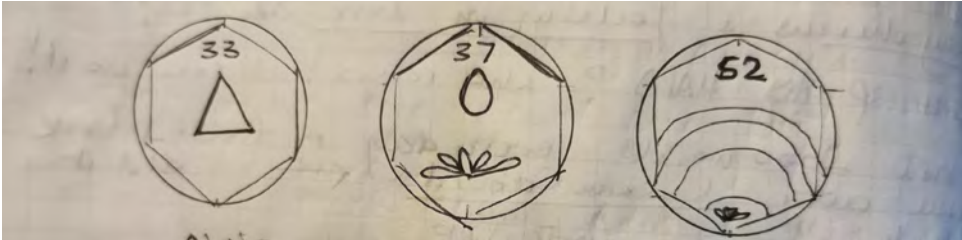
I know

I need to look for, to search.  
I am searching: but about what?!

think piece of string:  
i'm holding onto one end  
and the rest of the string  
needs to be unravelled,  
it's hiding,

it's all in a knot.

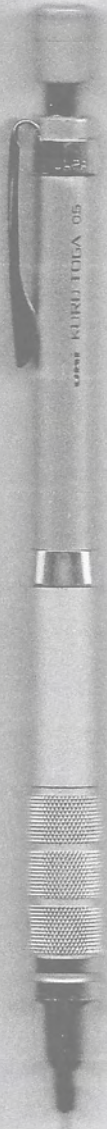




...  
 the presence is ineffable today  
 uncontainable  
 not structured  
 everywhere  
 ever shifting  
 providing transformation  
 from the Depths  
 the omnipresent and the universal  
 to be revered  
 to be recognised  
 go to their water and study the waves  
 enchanting  
 alive  
 trustworthy  
 energising  
 transforming

giving it a label / a name is pointless : it's boundless, it's experience itself

“Something deeper and more significant was revealed.”  
*Goddesses in Older Women — Jean Shinoda Bolen*



...

VENERIS : pleasure and beauty > senses open, touch, sensual, delight  
[what an amazing word] : the lab is full of love, in love with the work, the  
practice, the materials, world itself  
can you see the beauty in the lines, can you feel the love in the lines?  
GET DIRTY in the experience.

...

I had hopes once  
start with what you have, the alchemists say. you can create anything with  
what you have.  
make art about what you know is its mirroring  
I know greyness, now. This may be why it is so difficult to make anything. I  
feel old and not ancient. it is one of those days where the ancient turn into  
old, tired and grey.  
I had hopes, once, and not any more. I believed. And I am not talking  
about a God, or a practice, or a thing, or an idea. But I was filled by a sense  
of “belief” a hope, that things would get better. And I wasn’t a child. I was  
a teenager who read Herman Hesse, James Joyce, TS Eliot, Shakespeare  
and Thomas Bernhard and among all those / their words, my world made  
sense.  
The world was in blue: the blue of Mary carried high in procession every  
24th of May, the blue of the UN helmets, the blue of the stripes of the  
cloth of an Albanian nun never lost in Kolkata, the blue of the sky over  
Soweto we saw on TV, of the blue of the large lakes and rivers in Yugo-  
slavia. the blue steel of the american planes flight out of Aviano. We had  
hopes. We were a generation of marching hopeful Europeans, grounded in  
history and literature [a book in a hand and a bomb in the other, Negrita  
will sing in the 90s] but we had aims and dreams and goals and hopes and  
ideas we were ready to fight for.  
Now, the blue seems to have disappeared. We have multicoloured Apples  
feeding us and Windows remotely open. We listen to someone summarise  
a book for us, we go on holiday by proxy via YouTube videos of influenc-  
ers who left their 9-5 jobs to disappear where they can be seen by every-

body and not just their fellow colleagues in the attached cubicle. We collect data, information, we do not understand, cannot discern, don't know how to apply. We do not actually do anything. We do not create anything new. And in the meantime, the core of the earth has stopped spinning. And now, even if there is a war out there, it feels aseptic and purified and digitalised and not real and analog anymore. We have no highs and lows anymore. Everything seems ok and no one get scandalised anymore. everything feels flat. we are all flatliners living flatly and boringly. There is no more culture change. there are no more seinfelds and frasers, no more pollocks and warhols. No more mandelas, no more didons, no more fallacis. No more belonging to either duran duran or spandau ballet, or oasis vs blur. I cannot think of anyone, now, whom I would follow, who would thoroughly inspire me.

I feel spoon-fed by illiterate people who do not do their homework before churning out their ideas. There is no filter. Stuff and words are thrown out hoping to just create a tiny ripple, how many likes, how many shares. Not interested in the validity of what is out.

there is no clear cut: no more real rugged communists accused of eating children in the darkness of the woods on the other side of the borders, no more clean and smiling democrats, no more radicals, no more ideologies, no more books, no more hopes to hang on to.

The core of the earth is stopping and reversing and a friend called me, the other day. He did not text to check if I was ok, he called. He did not text to check if it was ok to call, if I were free. He picked up the phone and called. And we spoke, and laughed, and communicated and there was communion. There was exchange. There was risk taking and news and voices and sounds and the time stopped, as the core of the earth and I am now praying that for one beautiful week the whole of the wifi system and towers and internet would shut down.

I am reminded of 1967, Cima Vallona: my father was there, one of his men died, and I were to be born only 4 months later. instead now, there is only grey. the grey of graphite, so comforting, the

grey of dirty paper, the grey of my dirty hands. And this yearning, inside. This need for change, this frustration and desire to scream, a craving for change / reality / truth / deeper thinking / something substantial and hence reliable.

oh, god, I was in the car this afternoon and I had this beautiful idea of something to write about: YES! the smell of fried sugar, doughnuts and the St Catherine fair, in Udine, when I was a young girl, that smell is still there when I buy them now at Morrisons and I eat them all, with no sense of shame nor guilt, while sitting in my car, parked at the marina, which is nothing but a pond - basically - full of water you can't swim in because of the blue algae. Yes, the smell, the connection with small and the sticky sugar on the tip of my fingers, sugar that will then be transferred on the steering wheel, then my trousers, then my glasses. Shortly, most of the surfaces surrounding me will be covered in the same oily sugar and I only need to close my eyes and I will be transported to Udine, Piazza Primo Maggio, with the noise of tiny gravel under the soles of my shoes. I will be wearing a pair of red jeans and a white jacket - the same clothes that in my memory I am wearing on the bridge that crosses the Bosphorus. Auntie Anna would have given me a tiny plastic bag filled with little pastel-coloured animals made out of sugar and some unknown syrup. I will be given some money and I would be let out and there I will be absorbed by a cacophonous circus of people talking in some strange languages, tripping onto cables, whirling of engines and air valves, and crackling loudspeakers. I will hand out my money and I will be given taken, red, plastic, sweaty, smelling of a byproduct of petroleum and grease and sweat and cabbage. I will jump of some machines, music and noises and sounds in my ears, all too loud and I will then vomit: my lunch, my soul, my sadness. All out.

I always felt that those places, like zoos and circuses, carried with them a bitterness and "amarezza" unmeasurable and uncontainable. Like that evening that we saw Moulin Rouge and it was closed and the windows were dirty and grey; or when the stripteaser on stage had her stocking broken and with a ladder.



“It was always blue, right from the beginning. I was drawn to blue [...].”

*Blue Mythologies - Carol Mavor*

Cheap, heavy, “grave”, filled with that sadness that only a large rolling river celebrated by an old misunderstood Eastern European composer would know.

The river, more than the composer, of course. A melancholia stuffed with hopelessness.

That knot in your stomach that doesn't go away.

*“When we allow  
our faith  
to dictate  
history  
we betray both”*

Esoterica : J Sledge

I had hopes, once, when young I followed the blue of JYC and his Calypso... what did he say? “it is the inevitable consequence of the choice I made early on: to devote myself to satisfy this curiosity that will never be satisfied”

...

*I have finally become the edgy boundary-pushing theoretician that I always wanted to be. I am out here talking about the topics that no one else would talk about. I am pushing some buttons, I am walking a line. But I am not going to stand and apologise, so...*

*[bless Ryan Hamilton...]*

...

difference between western and indigenous people: we consider the spiritual and what happens to indigenous people as metaphors and not as real as instead indigenous people would consider > western spiritual and philosophical arrangement to think that our reasoning and behaviour are the Right ones.

...

I am sure I was about to discover something

yesterday I had this vibe while watching \*\*\*\*\*

about research on the materials / the physical aspect of what is used

to draw / paint / carve

& the spiritual

exist

esoteric aspect

thinking again > shaman and alchemy

will a drawing have the same impacts & role

& function of reverberance and resonance

if it were done with another material?

PHY

+

MAT

> beware the physical in the material.

“To know before hand is to assume that otherness, whether it be a person, a medium, an environment, is redundant; that it has nothing to offer us, that it brings nothing - or just rage and disappointment - to the occasion.”

*On not knowing – Emily Ogden*

...

@ > In the old days people looked at the stars to see when it was time to sow the seeds, or how to navigate through the desert or ocean. Over time, stories were projected on the night sky. Those projected stories we have come to know as mythologies. Some of these mythologies have become part of astrology. Mythology and Astrology are the older sisters of depth psychology. We can learn to be better in tune with the universe by understanding which mythological story is playing out in the night sky and at the same time, in ourselves. Astrology will do just that. It gives us insight into our personality structure, and the quality of the time we live in. Besides time being quantitative, with which you can measure the world. There is time as in Kairos time. Time has a quality, an energy to it. If we learn which energy is present and how to be in alignment with it, we can live a more enjoyable and fulfilling life. We can go with the stream of life, instead of swimming against it.



...

Oh gosh, i've realised today when F was driving that I draw like we drive up in our hills + mountains : hairpin turns after hairpin turns... this is it!

...

back from ITALY : the research is material, not just the materials are materials. there is an esoteric aspect within the research itself.

THK : shaman and alchemist >

will a cave / rock drawing have the same impact / role / function / reverberation / resonance if it were done with a different material / tool?

beware the physical in the material!

BIO + CHEM properties of themselves but also when interacting with each other, not just intrinsic to the materials : drawing is hence a spell : some graphite, some cellulose, some light, some air, some sweat [off my hands], some (damp) breath [my own] {think adam / god / breath of life / ruach}, some magic words / intentions : the opening to an encounter

...

drawing almost as a grimoire, thk shamanic healing music 111 Hz conducting to healing and focus.

...

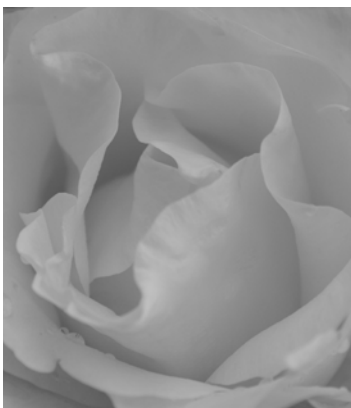
there is me, the student, searching.  
then, there is me, the student, the academic writer.  
searching and divulging





...

emotion / intensity / vibration : drawing is a spell! drawing is like a spell, my large drawing are a grimoire of callings to the gods, to the divine. it's a sabbatic dance, a trance... there is an intrinsic value / properties to the materials --- my heart is pounding, i'm all excited,.... ---- materials have chem and physical properties: beware the physical in the material! there are! and the interactions between these materials make all the difference! in the caves and on the rocks i don't think they use ANYTHING to do their drawings, they knew, they felt, they sensed that some pigments, materials, had different characteristics: they stayed longer, they were not washed out, the marks were larger, deeper, smoother... pigments and tools and knives and stones had a function and the ones which worked better aligned with the flow of the making: anyone knows what it feels to use the wrong tool for any job : dread, frustration, anger and in the end a job very badly done. so, why not in the past?! they tried and tested and something worked better than others. SO, in this sense, drawing, making, creating, painting are like spells! : some of this, some of that, air, light, breath, sweat, the elements... some time it works, other it doesn't. we recognise when it does and when it doesn't. sometimes it is because the pencil is wrong, or the graphite is not hard enough, or the light is bad, the temperature is out... we adjust the mechanics, the surroundings, we change tools. sometimes the right and perfect balance of the tools is perfect, and I get the encounter. so I repeat, with the same tools, the same candles, the same prayer, the same kneeling, the same saint you pray to... other times, the tools are perfect and nothing happens. THAT is the variable that i'm chasing, that is that side of the spell that mystifies me. THAT, that is the quid, that is that elusive petal of my endless venn diagram. THAT is what I cannot grasp and that I am desperate to encounter. THAT. 35 years of reading and looking, and writing and getting so so so close... as an addiction - I thought it was smoking! - and still here i am, getting this glimpses of light and clarity, fog dissipating around me, showing me what i haven;t yet seen, what I haven't yet touched, fully, but only inferred. I know something is there. I remember waking up in the middle of the night, waking my ex husband up to tell him: I know that God exists. I know. If you ask me what I know I know better that God exists than that my name is Matilde. I know that Matilde is



a name that has been given to me, not that it IS my name. But I know that God exists. he is real. he / she doesn't really matter or maybe yes. I don't know. ok, time for a shower now and getting ready.

so so so grateful. I feel like when I was at Oxford, with that card in my hands... I feel like this! so so so grateful... shower!

ps: before shower: the sadness that I do not think that anyone would understand this, i feel that there is no one I could call now to tell them. no one. No one would understand this. I feel very lonely...

ROSA AUREAM vs HIEROGAMOS > the union of the rose and the bee and the secret that needs to be kept: it is the rose that offers the honey! pay attention > it is the rose that offers the honey > my paper hides or offers the encounter with the divine, the whiteness, the albedo of the paper :

Hierogamos is the celebrated union,  
what is unknown and once lost is now found > revel in the mystery but keep the secret. kneel at the altar of the unknown.

...

after the revelation on my little journal about spells and cauldrons and the cards today about reinforcing the idea that all this is a secret that needs protecting, i had a conversation with sam about ethics and research. about how i have to be true to my methodology, which tells me to keep the secret. that there is something i have found that needs protecting. whether this is something purely subjective or not, this is the conundrum of research : this is what i found. that whatever I have discovered is still so elusive that it can't be explain, that it is so out of reach, so feeble, so delicate, that it needs protecting. that it is the paper that gives the encounter, as the graphite being the bee and the paper being the rose, the paper allows for this to happen. it is part of an alchemical process, which cannot be defined nor described. it just happens. the spell needs various ingredients: and

among these the readiness of heart is one.

on finding > looking and finding > encountering

find > see > opening of the 3rd eye > blue / violet < thk sacred geometry

...

I have ruined my second drawing  
by adding lines I did not like  
after the encounter

\* When I see effects and I'm unable to discern the cause, my faith in reason and consequence is shaken.

\*\* And then what happens?

\* ...Two plus two equals four; I put sugar in my coffee and it tastes sweet; the sun comes up because the world turns. These things are beautiful to me. There are mysteries I will never understand... But, everywhere I look, I see proof that for every effect, there is a corresponding cause, even if I can't see it. I find that reassuring.

\*\* And life is good again.

\* Life is very good.



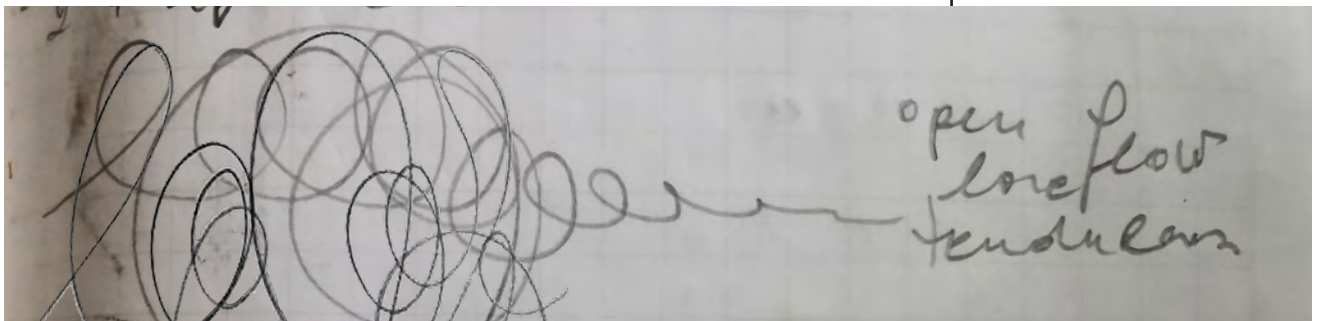
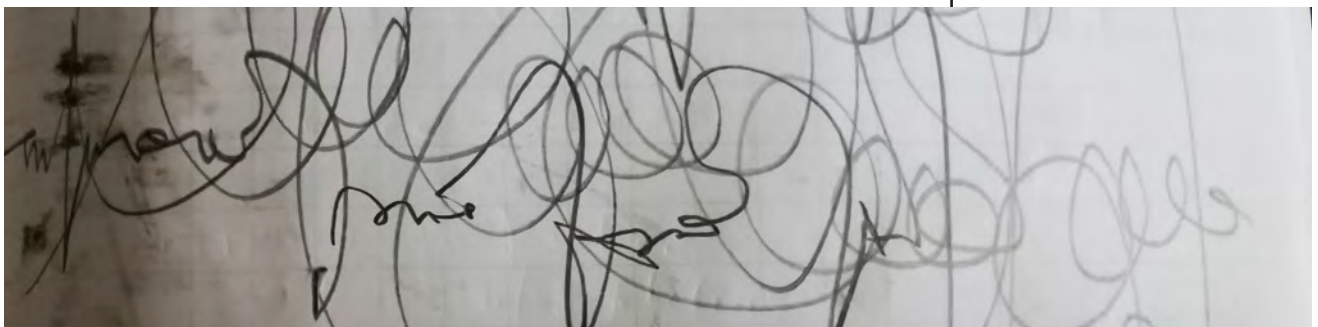
...

today is VENERIS : the pleasure + beauty, touch, sensual delight > enchantment > that softness of that [ch] : drawing as an all-out love affair  
~ lab is full of love and sensuality, and touching, gentle scratching, embodying > can YOU see the beauty in the lines, can YOU feel the love in the lines? within / among / in between?  
do it for the experience ONLY > get dirty

two diff marks

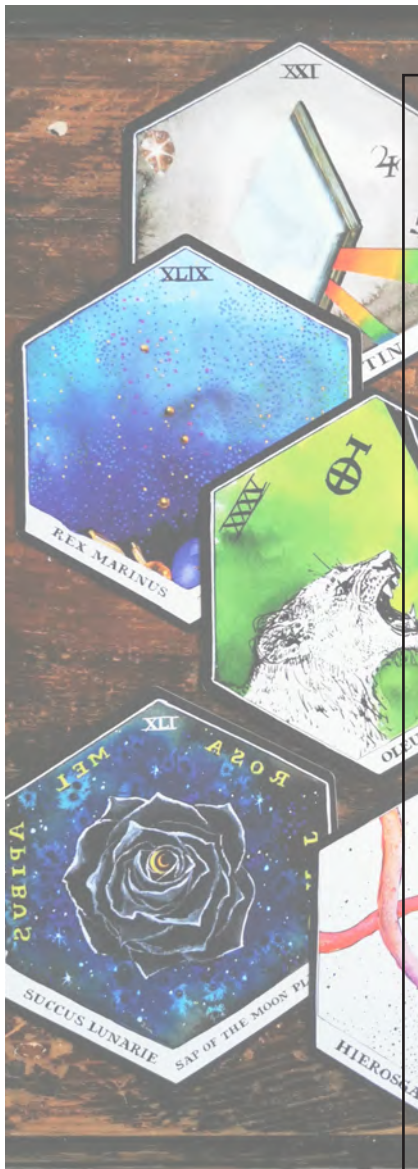
two diff emotions

two diff approaches > open / flow / love / tenderness



...

I have something (so-much) to say  
i need to say  
> ONE WAY CONVERSATION



53-8

JHN 23.07.23      readyly about the SECRET  
 I asked to be kept      for

21: STANNUM  
 49: REX MARINUS  
 33: ALBUM VITAE  
 41: SUCCUS LUNARIE  
 60: HIEROSOLYMA  
 18: AESTHESIS

22  
 ↓  
 8

STANNUM / HN: again! myathabile - NO ISP-  
 fragile extend cover  
 you have skin now has made to  
 at the end pressure  
 ↓ due normal's  
 SLOWER  
 CLOUDS

≡ ♀ ♂ [XXI]



...

asked about the secret > esp after sam's conv + my ethic conundrum  
21 stannum again! > malleable, noisy, fragile, expand, cover > you have  
taken now too much to withstand > pressure > chk warhol's silver clouds  
: is it that what I got is it too much to keep? asked about the SECRET,  
remember that in the reading.

49 rex marinus > the drawned king : EGO collapse is required phase in al-  
chemy: what is more important?! the dissolving of who we thought we are  
into becoming who we are supposed to be : think Rebecca : priority grace :  
water as benevolence and sovereignty to prevent tyranny

35 oleum vitrioli > purification : old resentment will lash out : emotional  
turmoil < necessary for growth. thk water before and oil now. and the  
green lion eating the sun? the consuming or the consumed? change is the  
only constant. so breathe and wait. vitriol = sulphuric acid [natrum sulphu-  
ricum is my go-to constitutional remedy!] green as hydrated iron sulphate \_  
heptahydrate > chk dioscorides, pliny the elder, galen, alchemy in zosimus  
of panopolis in "phisica mystica" : laden papyrus and pseudo-geber : vitri-  
ol > vetro > glass to see things clearly

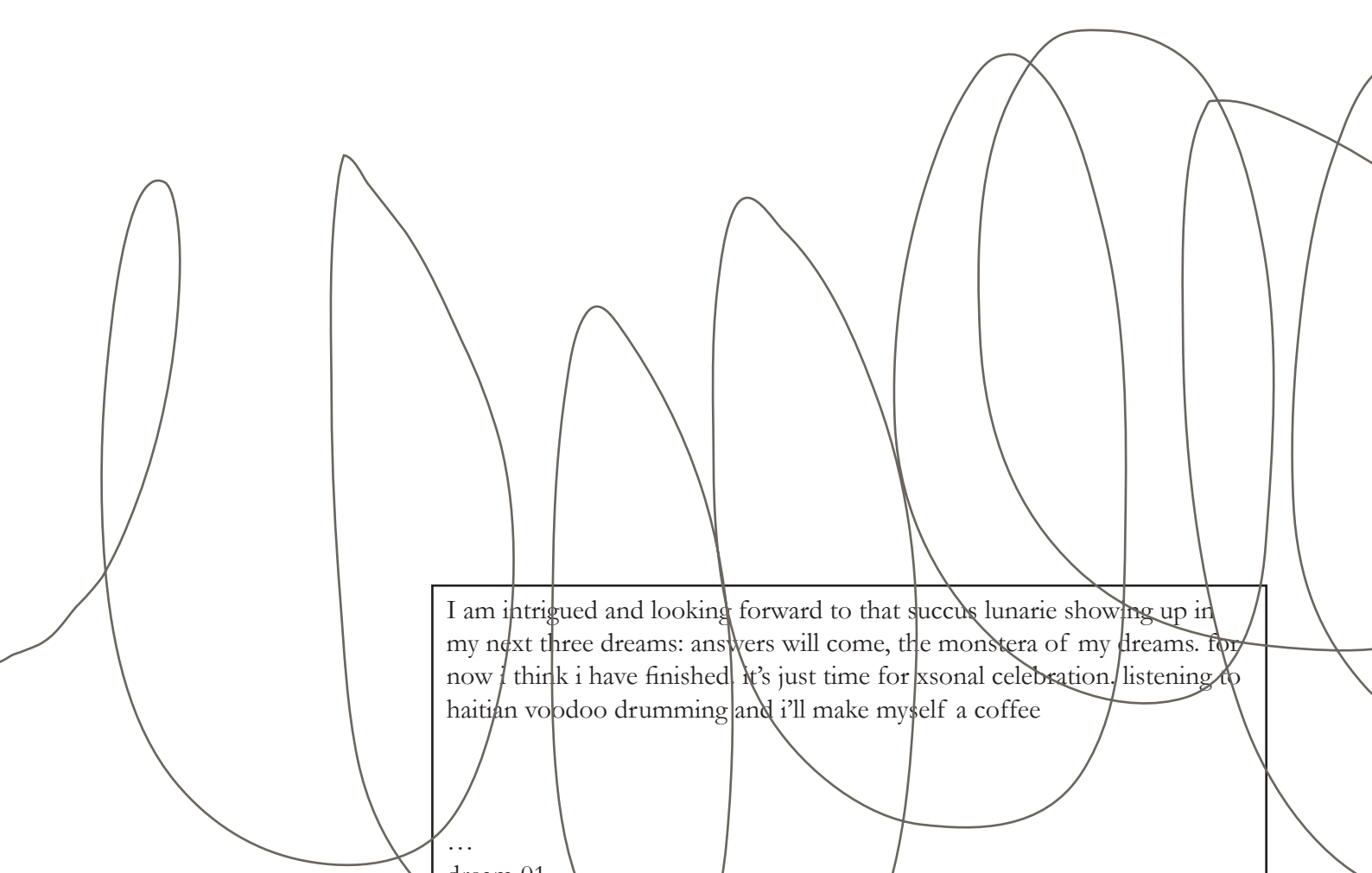
41 here it is succus lunarie : sap of the moon plant . my plants transpire!  
sacred weather of the unconscious > born of water + plant + moonlight :  
see my monstera this morning! wellspring of unconscious > it is all about  
dreams : answers will come surfacing from the depth :: no internet / no  
opinions = rest + restore + awaken >>> this is destiny + imagination =  
mythical moment : so > ask and invite and ponder on the divine feminine :  
dreams are the mother tongue of humanity

60 heirosamos : alchemical wedding : rituals and celebrations ~ what was  
once lost is now found > levity + lightness + let go /// I have come this  
far to revel in the miracles : this is a RADICAL ACT OF PRESENCE : no  
rules / no books / no dictat / no academia

18 aestis : the apple / fulness : to be embodied: physicality of the work =  
electrified : ripening and rhythm : so celebrate, gather, connect + recall a  
summer memory [summer will end too, tho...]

SO this is to be a decision : protection of the secret where I am not at  
the centre, not important. not more important than the secret : death of  
the ego. death of my "research ego". i choose to be the fierce protector.





I am intrigued and looking forward to that succus lunarie showing up in my next three dreams: answers will come, the monstera of my dreams. for now i think i have finished. it's just time for xsonal celebration, listening to haitian voodoo drumming and i'll make myself a coffee

...

dream 01

i was in a house / nk's house?! and she wanted to chant and I decided to chant gongyo with her even if I thought it would bring me again bad luck but then I thought : it's the buddhanature in chanting. I chasnt from me to me, nothing to do with people or groups. it's rhythm and music, focus on the ritual of the chant, the rhythm, the vibration. the inner buddhahood is all that matter [i need to tell this to JP]. then i went "downstairs" to look for my booklet to chant and there was a vetrinetta, a old wooden and glass display cabinet with my books, my books, jewels and money I forgot I put away : money in envelopes, from all over the world, some I did not even recognise, but coming from the family : there were then a lot of people in the house, me in their 30s (!) and they all chanted, stayed, discussed different religions: the house was all in a pinkish / warm okra glow thinking about the succus lunarie that's all about unconscious and dreams and the secret hidden : multiple faiths, NMRK chanting / inner boddhahood / rhythm and chanting / money and books / saved and put away and rediscovered : answers will surface from the depths : when I woke up I felt rich / prosperous / inner abundance : glass display = body > jewels are within : multiple countries and multiple faiths : in the end i do not think i chanted, i was on the fringe observing. : vetrina = display : under glass, books and jewels : connect with inner self: human body: riches are on display and still hidden



...

dream 02

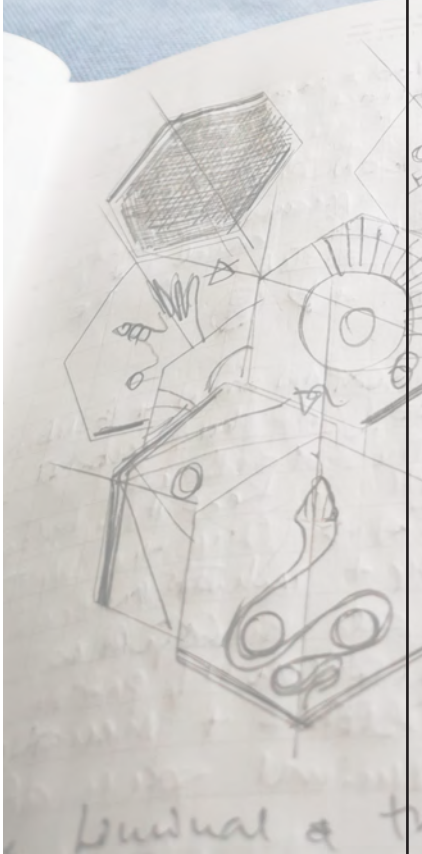
in the beginning i saw a large wooden face / faces like in an ethnographic museum, totem, large, like at the Pitt Riv! : and then there was a kid outside of my house who climbed on the outside of my bedroom window / first floor / wearing a green helmet and then I heard a tunk and he fell and he wasn't hurt and his parent came into my bedroom to tell me that it wasn't my fault: my bedroom: small, bunk bed, all white, me at the top : almost a bunker / train sleep thigh space. it had nothing to do with me: kids are ok, parents are ok, i'm not responsible : again succus lunarie for the second night in a raw : these affirmative dreams are actually the real me / real me > subconscious

...

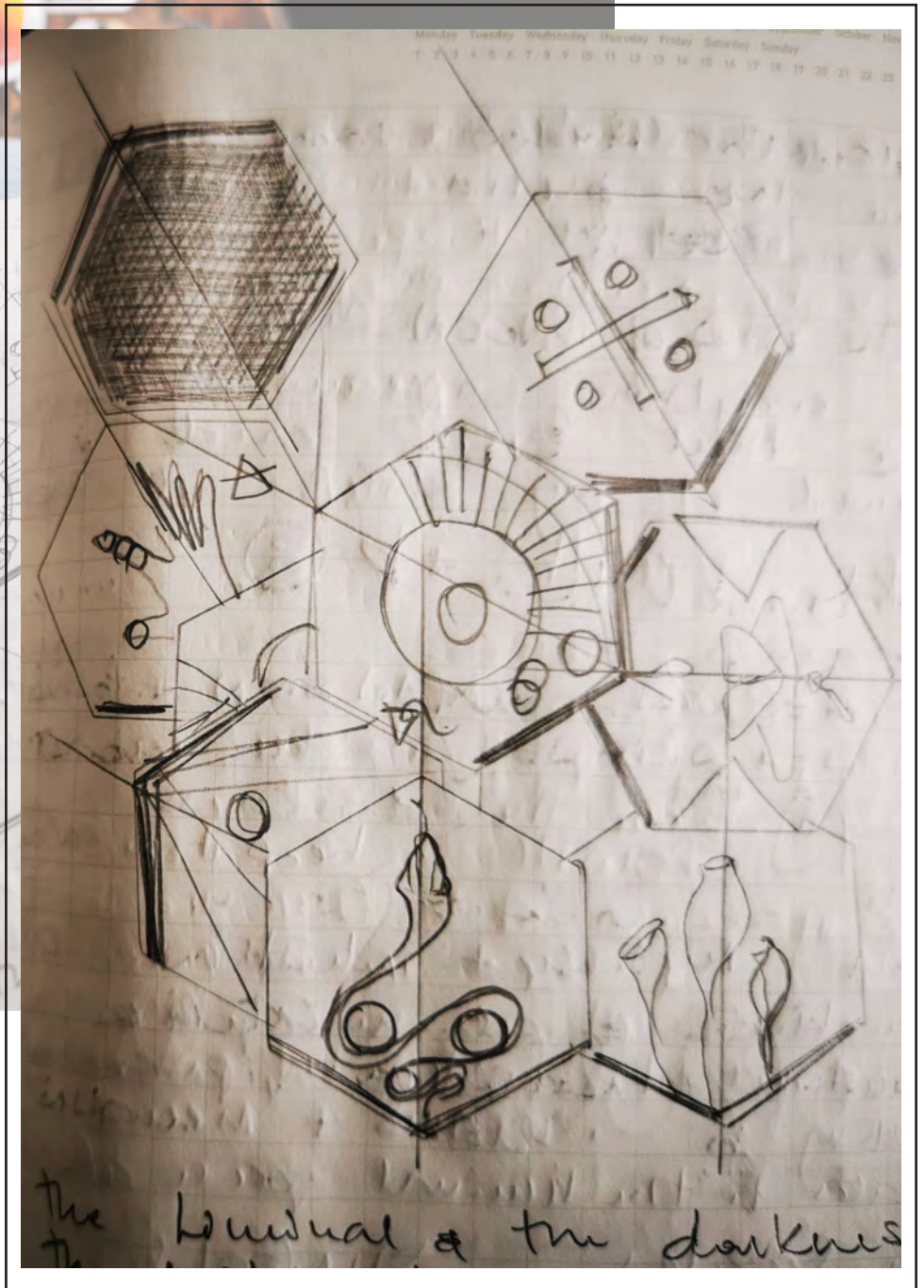
dream 03

of course: succus lunarie three nights! : I was at the chorley / charnock skatepark and there was a massive house there, like the large ones in Styria / square, farms, old schools and my sis and her boyfriend (!) decided to move in the house and I decided the whole changing, moving, planning, painting, deciding of the whole space because there was an area that I wanted as a studio > my studio, my space. the house was large, dusty, empty, echoey, i just wanted that studio space, decided, planned, kitchen, dining, studio > STUDIO. and I could feel [but it might not have been true] that I was taking over but i felt i wasn't bothered coz I wanted that space.

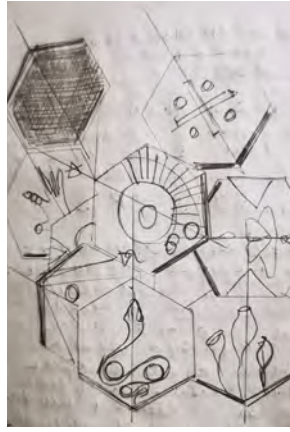
learned from the three dreams: believe in tarot: succus lunarie: three dreams, three consecutive nights > inner treasure / money / riches from different countries / totem - large faces / kid outside of the bedroom : fallen and done nothing. my hidden bunk bed, inner buddhanature : not responsible for what happens outside, not my fault, not my issue / large house, i'm designing and planning inner space regardless of others



Unusual & t



the Unusual & the darkness



...

asked for some explanation of the three dreams re. the original Q re the secret : [chk image]

42 the liminal and the darkness, the depth of nothingness where everything is birthed : eternal spaciousness, destiny shifted, drawn to darkness , sit + breathe + surrender, from there everything is born. contemplation : THK drawing on white paper and covering it all w/ marks till it becomes black > the Q was all about the dreams and the secret : the void of the unconscious, where everything appears as answers : look at the sister card and my dream w/ my sister + the AZURE VAULT!

6 luppiter > expansion and possibilities + fortune [display cabine] emerging from the darkness : growth. keep it in balance!

2 luna : mystery and intuition and emotions, mother of all mysteries, constant change and transition, process of letting go : dreams + memories, the gates of the liminal space are now OPEN : moon speaks in symbols : be patient in deciphering!

54 the azure vault : see jung + hillman and alchemy!!! the blue temple : the celestial realm : study BLUE. the alchemical imagination, new depths, new possibilities : pineal gland and inner eye opens > study blue itself, m. sky, ocean, peacock, enzo's feather, study the mood, the tone, the rhythm of blue : cloak in a sapphire robe > chk blue paintings! moon + azure vault together = the unlikely is the most likely WHAAAAAAT?! - i coils top the reading now!

9 magnus opum : devotion + vocation : when will I get there? the accumulation of moment, like my lines: one infinitesimal mathematical dot at the time > no completion > iamtherightplace : together with gold : psychic shift had now occurred WHAAAAAAT?! AGAIN?! celebrate!

50 sorrow mystica : sacred ally is present : no gender, no time : who is / has been and still is your secret ally?! they are beyond time and the first intuition is the right one [RRRRRRRRRRRR]

34 acetum : memory, distillation, preservation / fermentation : what is the sour note? what is from the past the needs dealing w/? do not let it overwhelm you!

15 iosis : reddening : life force and kundalini, look at it rising!, look at the position of that card! full expression of the work, everything is alive, think



of voodoo drumming I am listening while dealing the cards! shadows are now acknowledged : moreover : LAB + ALCHEMIST + WORK = ALL is ONE. this is embodiment and reaching of the heart : chk the redwheelbarrow by wcwilliams

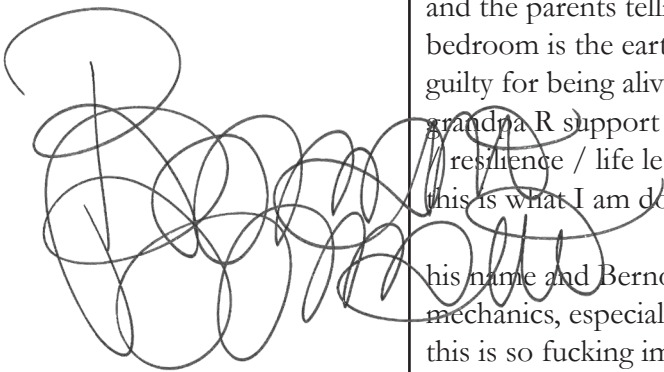
26 aurum : the summa card, the one i felt was binding all others together : illumination / splendour / culmination / the philosopher gold / the divine quintessence / the ethereal stone STONE : mystical essence of the alchemist : whatever I have at heart is warm + precious + marvellous + rare : it is NOT the material [nothing gold can stay rob frost] : cherish whatever is soft + radiant, warm + bright > what is my own gold?" that will rise! the original Q was about the SECRET I found which gave me the succus lunarie and the 3 dreams and now this amazing reading

SO from the unconscious + liminal space + jupiter : help and luck + moon and symbols and the Azure Vault + blue : w/ the focus on time and one day at the time + the help of a mystical sis and the memory of the past : energy rises and takes me to my inner gold / or my inner gold / buddhanature appears.

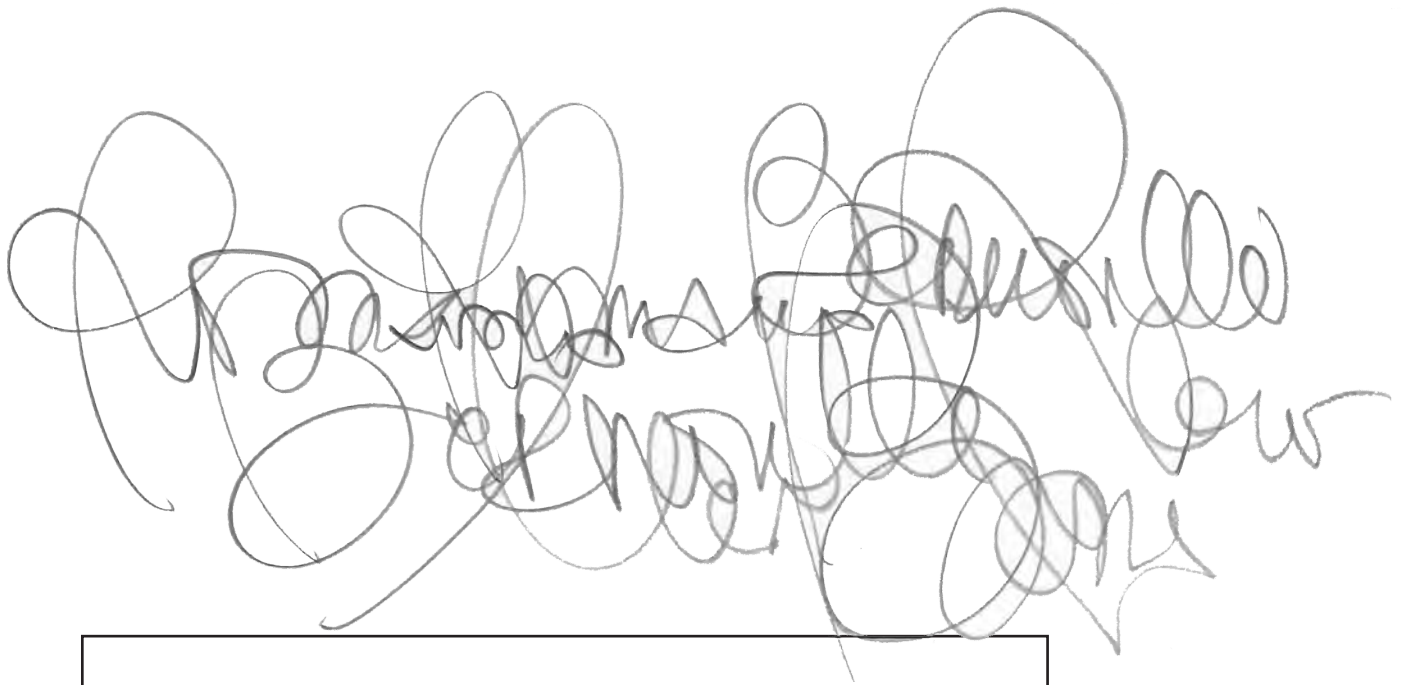
I cannot help but thinking about the kid falling and the parents telling me that it is not my fault while I was hiding in my bedroom is the earthquake : it is not my fault and I shouldn't be feeling guilty for being alive. the mystical support cannot help but thinking about grandpa R support / silence / help / travelling / reading / independence / resilience / life lessons and how much I "write" his name while I draw : this is what I am doing!

his name and Bernoulli... Of course! > applications of mathematics to mechanics, especially fluid mechanics > this is my FLUID DRAWING : this is so fucking important I need to go for a walk...

kundalini rising as the lemniscate and the loops of skateboarding : the inner secret is within me





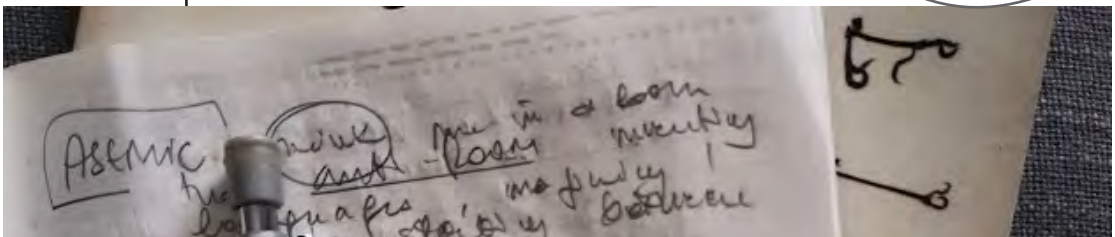
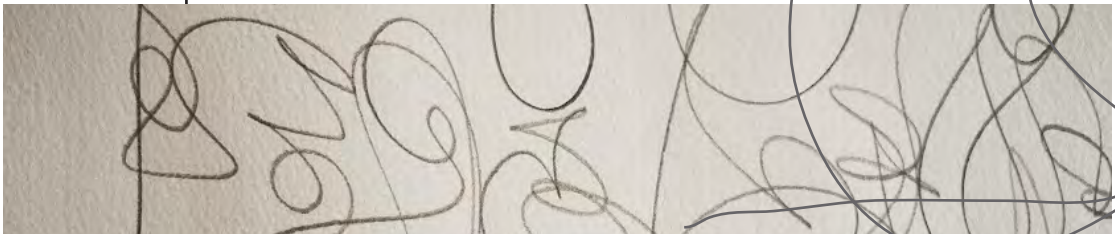
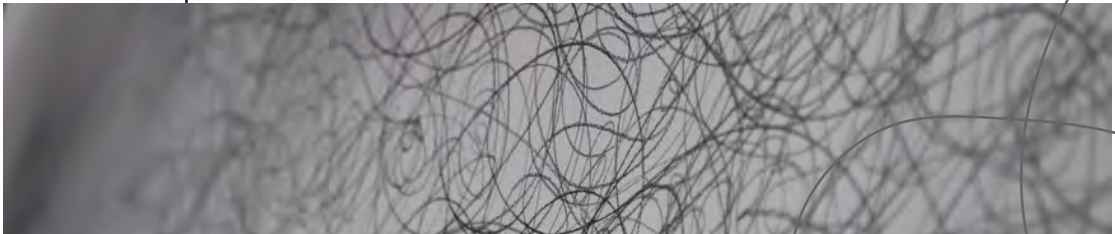


...

IMP think difference in two drawing ways : day one large circles reminding me of Barthes / Leeman : things turn, repeat / spiralling / whirlwind / repeat / circling / again and again / again > THK what DH said when she took pics > I go, move return go away return, more looking, there was something there and I move away and then I come back till I FOUND! and there I have the experience, there was something there! circling and circling like when writing granddad name romano romano romano and bernouilli name over and over again : INTENSE day

the following day : I started with writing : writing as in asemic writing, the marks, the energy, the intensity, the forcefulness, the concentration, the significance was completely different : it felt I needed to explain, to write, to apply logic to the experience of the previous day : the marks remind me now of an earthquake graph : seismic activity graph but “meaning something” : a seismograph in language : THK also WB and graphology?! maybe : the gesture and the bodily experience of writing > echoes of a gestural component. BUT then > IMPORTANT, so FUCKING IMPORTANT > my drawing/writing is a transcript of “something else” that goes on within me > my thoughts, my ideas, my thinking process... no! my “processing-process” > when someone looks at my drawing once they are finished they see a synthesis of what went on, a synthesis of all the process, experience, books I read, chats I had with DT, TR, SC, HR... and alone while driving > the artefact is the synthesis. and the viewer / preserver of the experience “walks backward” but they will never be able to get the whole thing... this is why I am not interested in the artefact, but in the process and I don't think ppl are focused / interested enough in the process : the process is addictive, as in both addicting and as in ADDING to the previous mark / thought / idea / “enucleation” / movement > a process that moves forward.

THK process: circles making [fluid drawing = only encounter?!] > ase-  
mic marks making [drawing writing = making sense and applying logic]  
> journalling > editing and typing > someone else reading + looking at  
(images+video)



THK personal process : I was very young and I was sitting in this an-  
te-room, sitting on an old steamer travel trunk we had [filled with old linen  
and altar cloths from the earthquake my dad collected] > anyway, it was  
very dark and I would spend HOURS alone sitting on this trunk and pre-  
tending I was talking / interpreting / translating between two male adults  
and I was making up languages with a hint of prop french and german. I  
made up words, sentences, grammar [always being fascinated by grammar /  
syntax / symbols / arcane / spy languages and codes. with my dad's work!]  
> I always thought that LANGUAGES would have been my future so I

this union between the eternal and the mortal  
as that rabbi said the other night at sabbat  
: this is just love

: at לאַרְשִׁי עַמֶּשׂ

[shema Israel

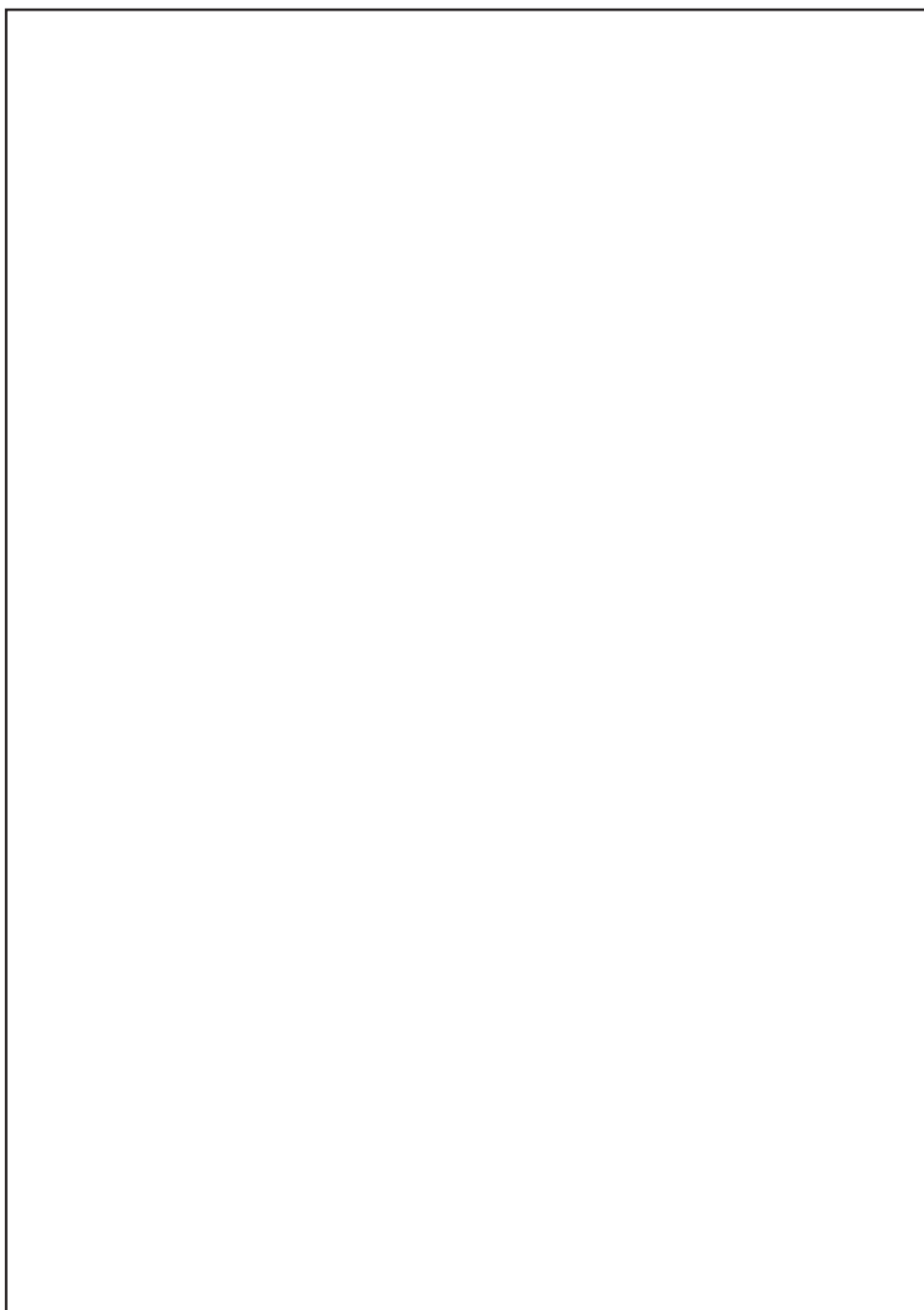
: דַּחָא הוּדְי וּבְנֵיהֶלְא הוּדְי לְאַרְשִׁי עַמֶּשׂ ]

studied languages, fascinated by glottology and philology and semiotics. when that did not work, I thought that MAPS was the way to go because of the types of signs I was making > so maps, symbols, arcane images and codes, arcane languages / tarot / pictograms / semitic populations / akkadian language / ideograms / maps / moving / discovering [my head is on fire now!] / psychogeography made sense / incorporating symbols from maths and physics and any science which uses symbols and pictograms and ideograms >>> BUT then now I can see how asemic writing makes SOME sense in the description of that I do > SO I am adding an extra layer, no an extra bit of my puzzle that will take me somewhere!

{{{ flipping heck, this is Rebecca's story!}}}

when schenger talks about illegible scribbling as being similar to asemic writing: I don't think so because the INTENTION is different /// then he OF COURSE IT HAS TO BE quotes JJ and his AMAZING Finnegans Wake > writing as transcription os something else!!! >>> also I do not think that marking represent a process but are a mark or show the process, indicate the presence of the process but do not represent it. represent to me indicates mainly depict or portray so I would avoid to use that term when indicating simply "to mean" or "to show".

what is the mental process that goes through the writing / drawing? when I do fluid drawing i feel at peace, i feel the encounter, i feel i am in another place, in full transcendence. when i do drawing writing i am more aware of an internal split: there is an awareness of something else, a compulsion to write [who's the guy who says that if we could not write we would die?! Flusser?! Yes! I could not live without writing. There is an intense feeling / embodiment / addiction / sensation / haptic... I am just throwing words that make no sense just for the sake of writing something until something resonate with what I feel > you see, it is always finding a language, for me, finding a voice, finding a system to communicate because what I experience cannot be fully communicated to anyone. and even to me is elusive and then it goes and when I read back I do not feel fully what I am experiencing now. when i do the writing drawing it feels who ever / whatever is around me does not get what I mean and there is a sense of frustration but also excitement because i am getting closer to whatever it is that I am looking for which I know is out there...

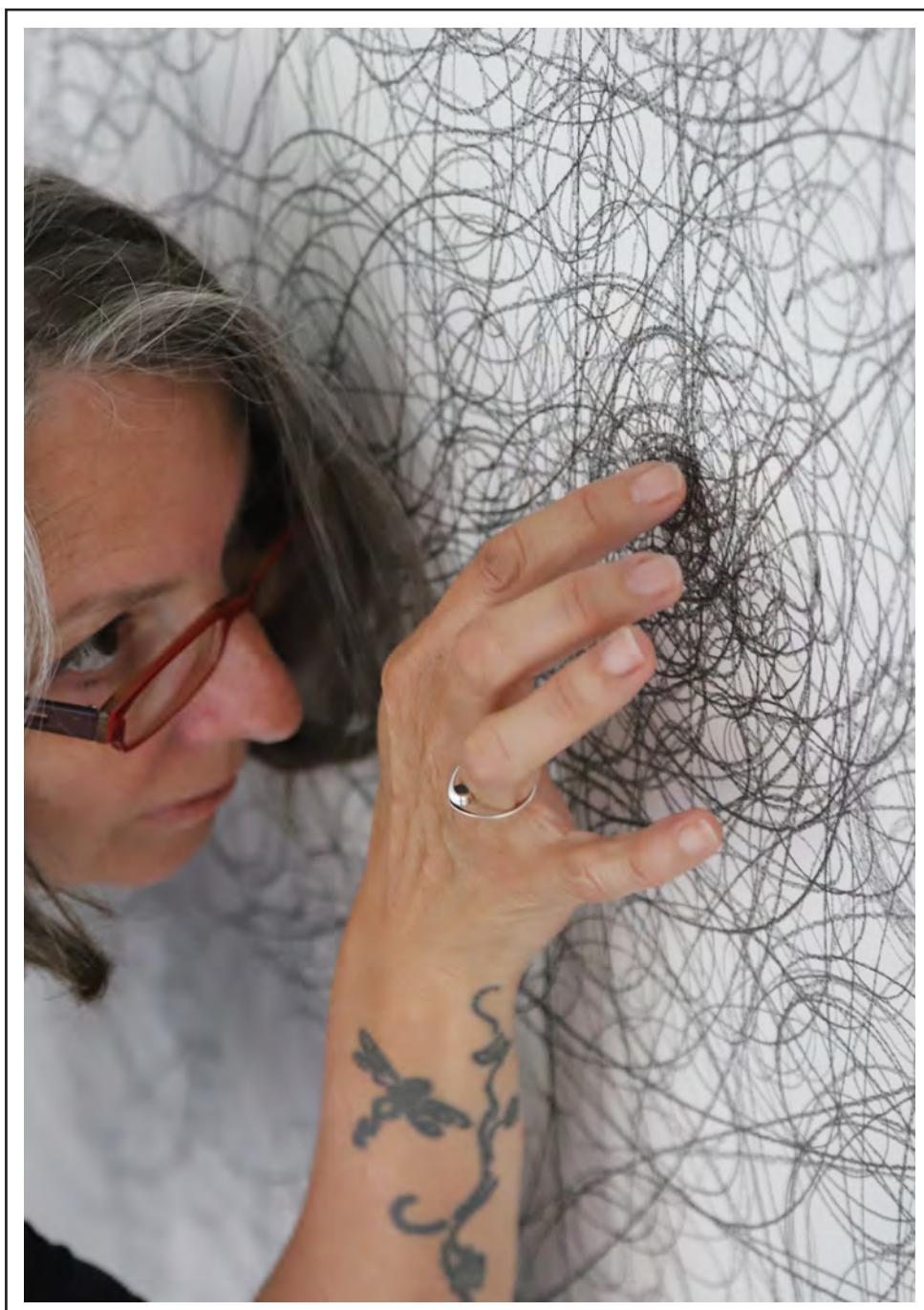




and remember :

the lab  
the alchemist  
the work  
all is one

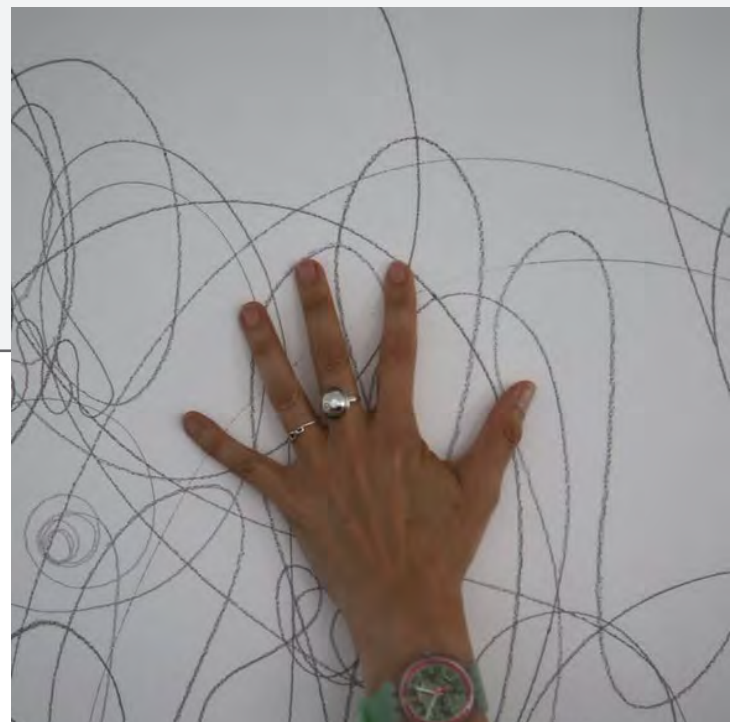
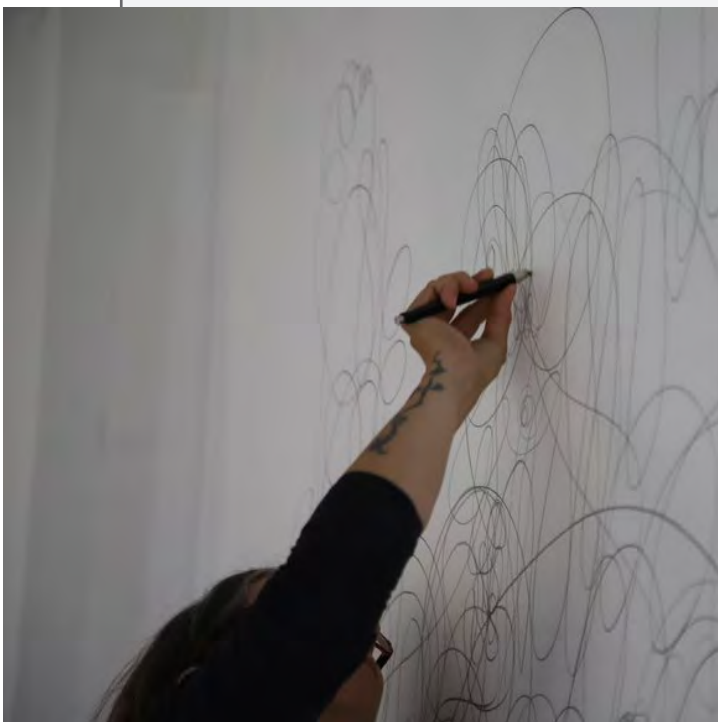
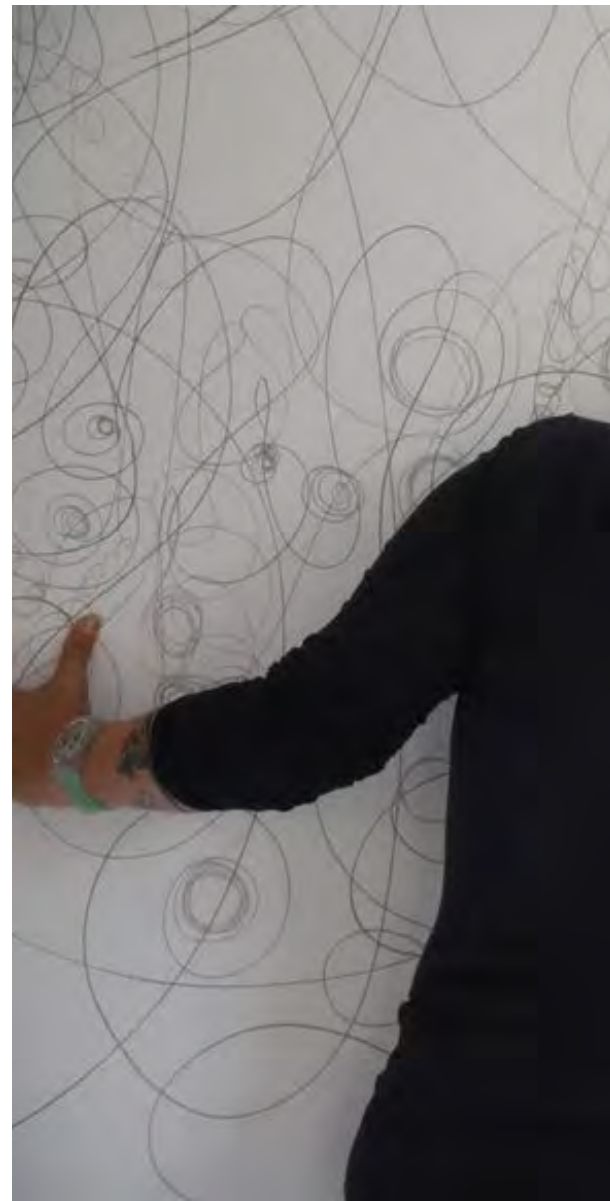
it is the rose who gives the honey to the bees  
the secret stays within



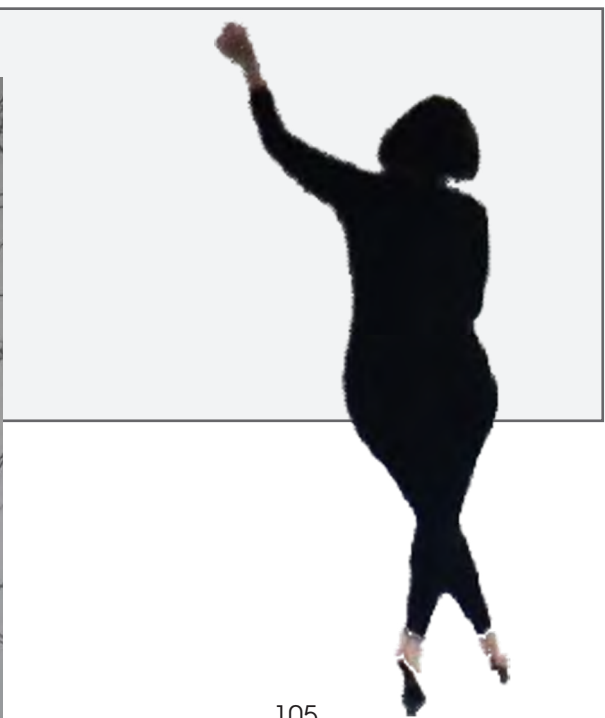
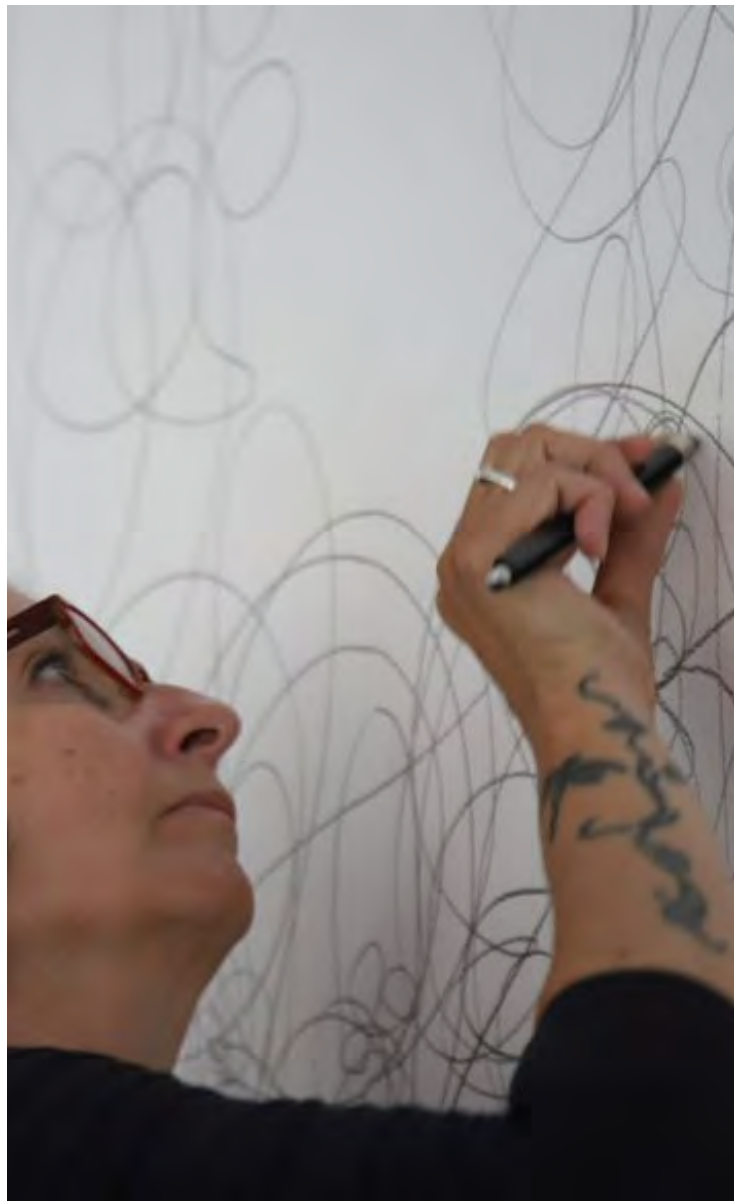
# the polyhymniades

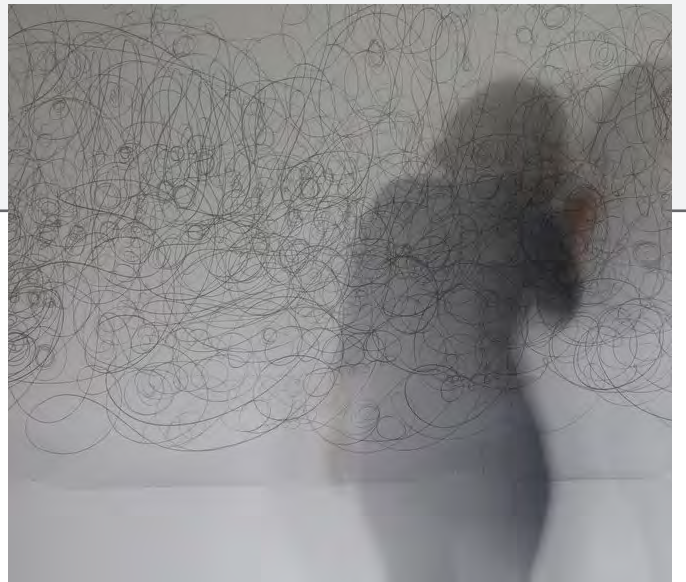
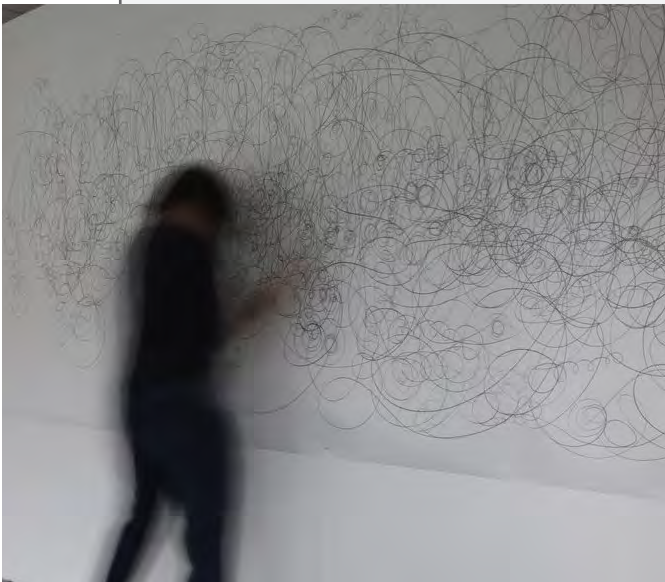
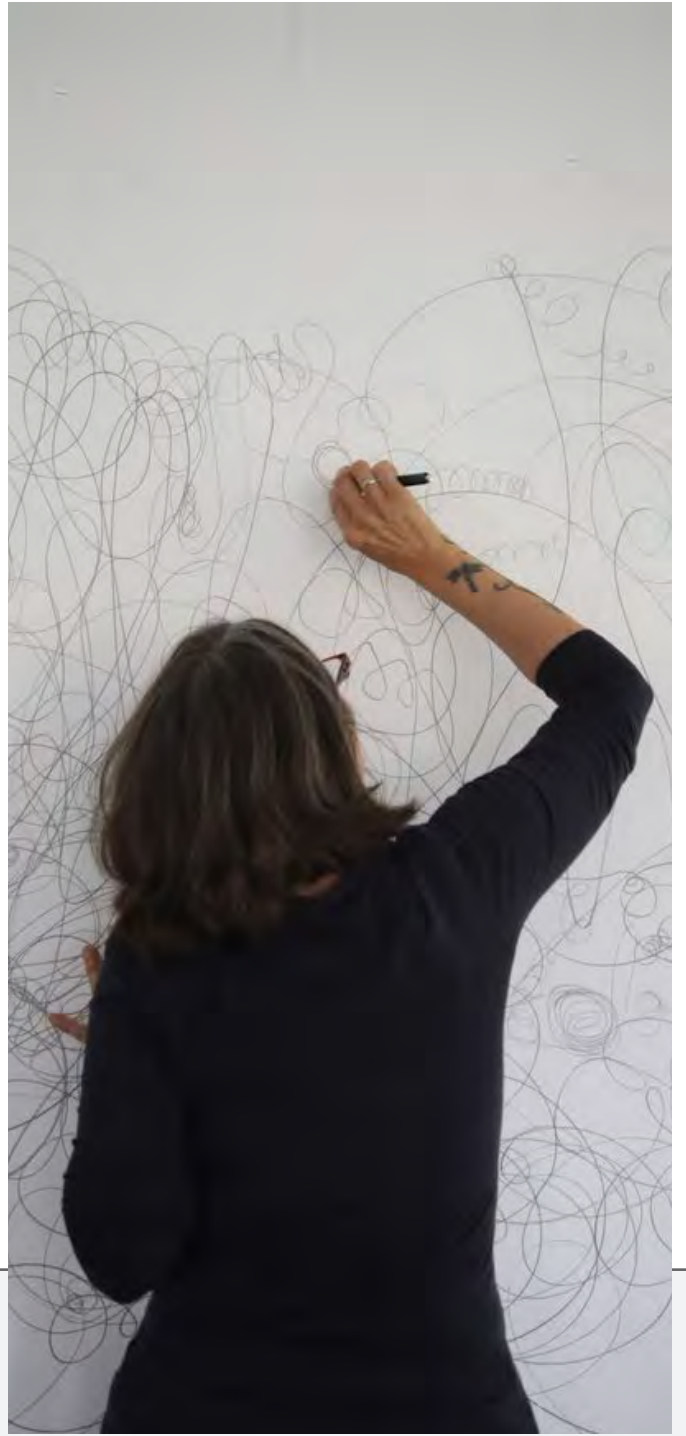
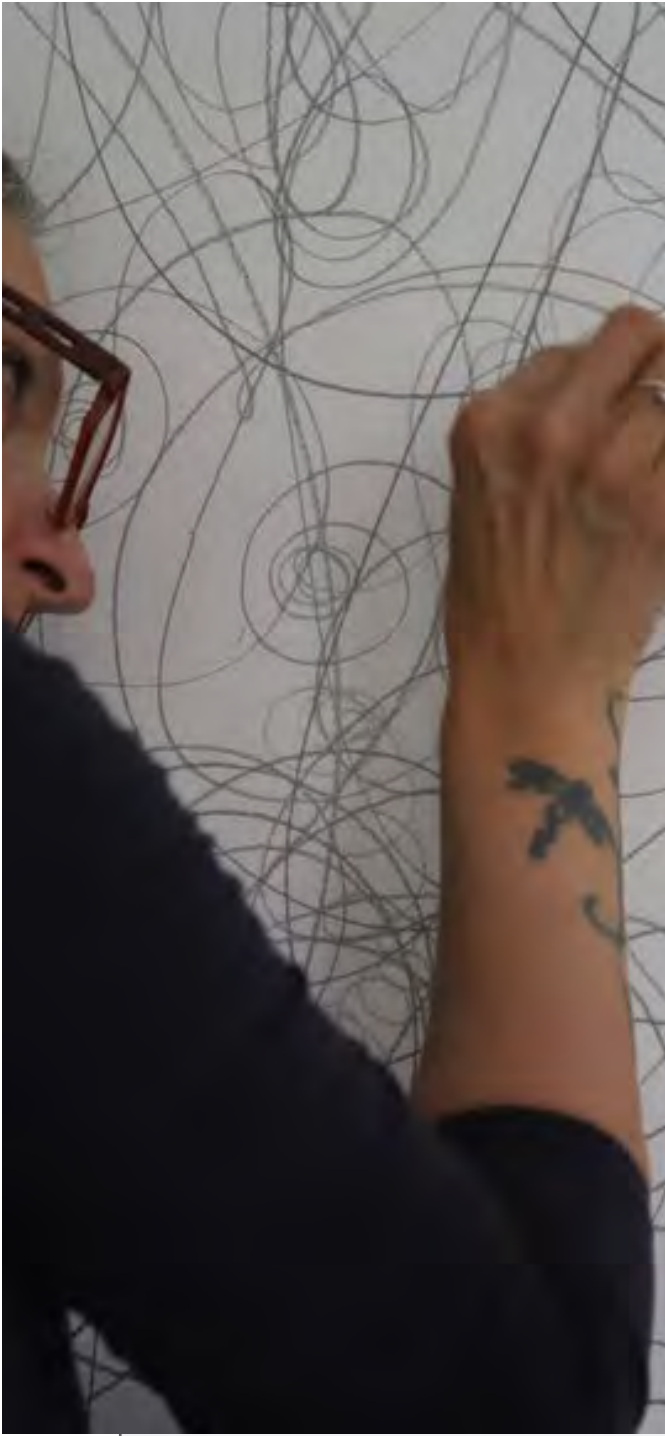
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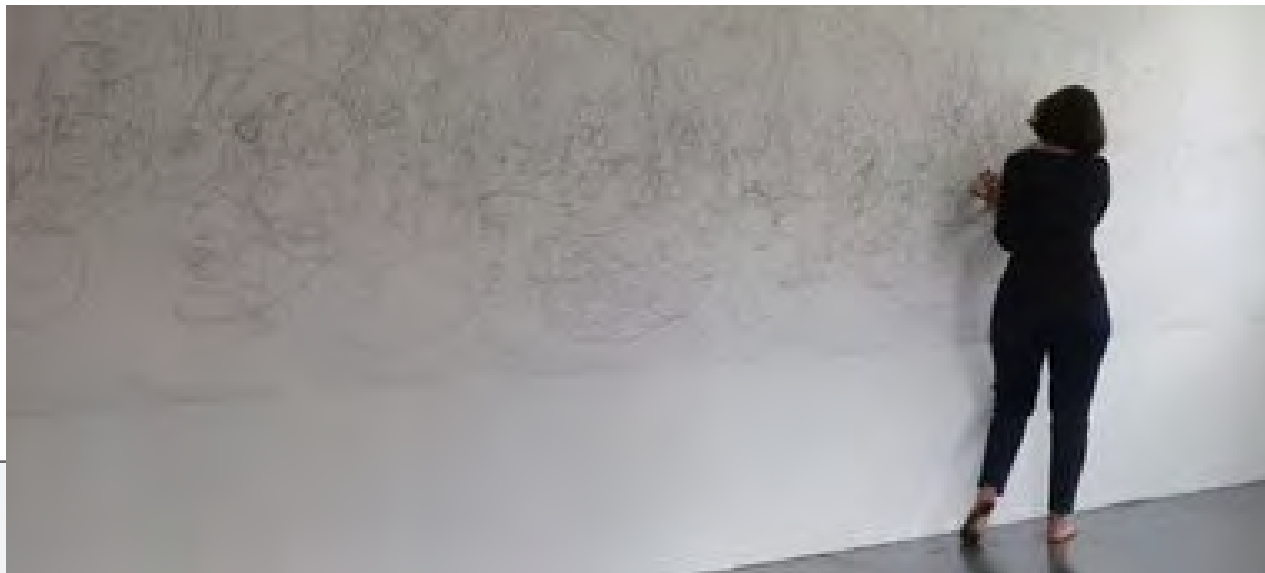




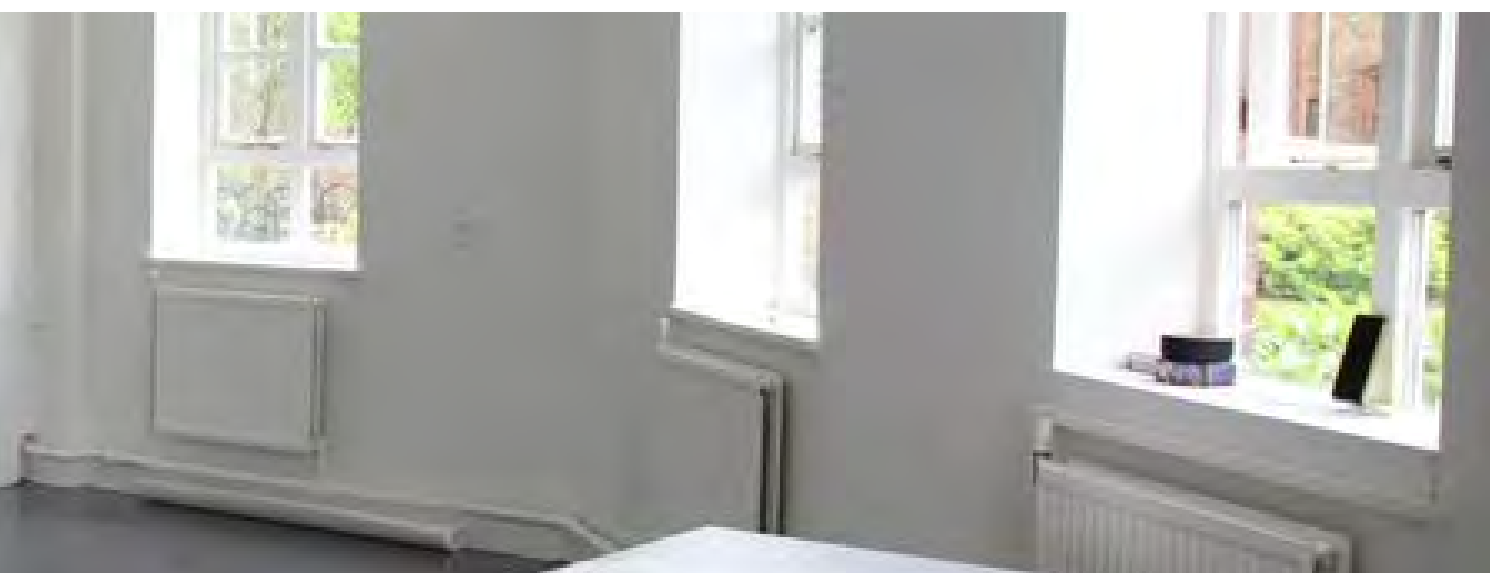
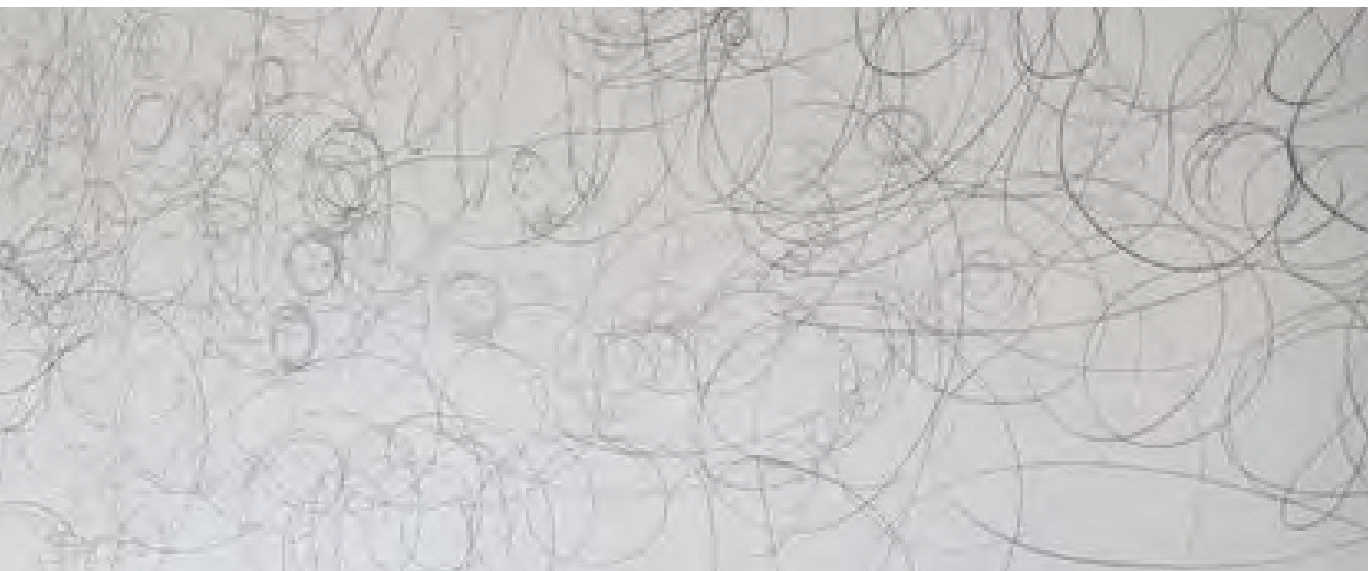


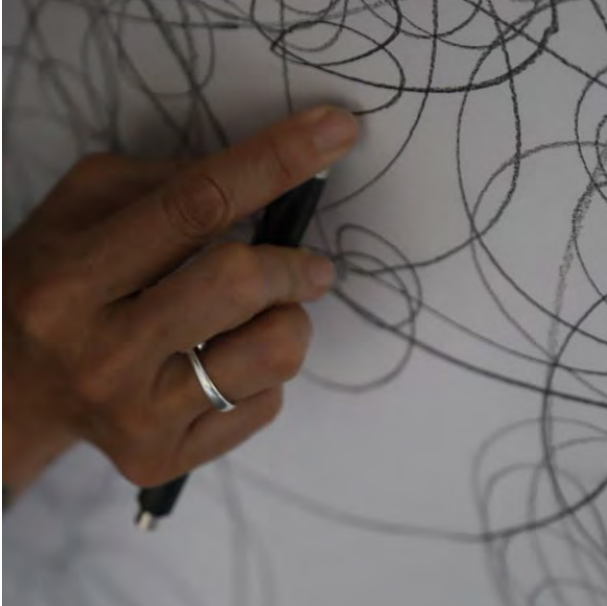
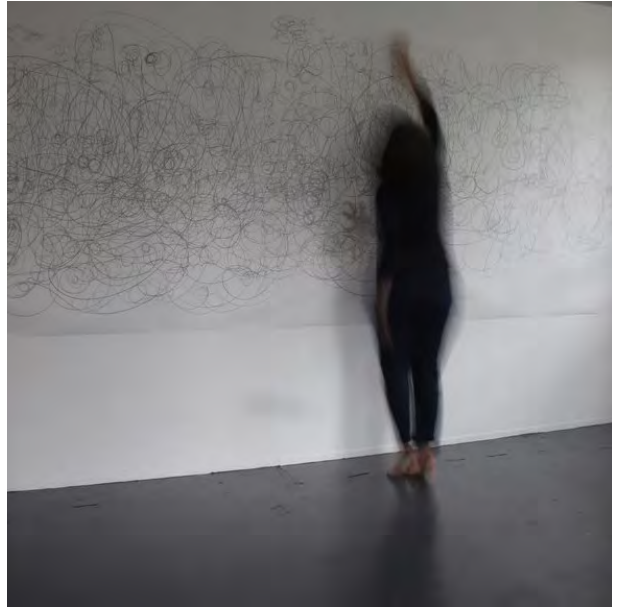






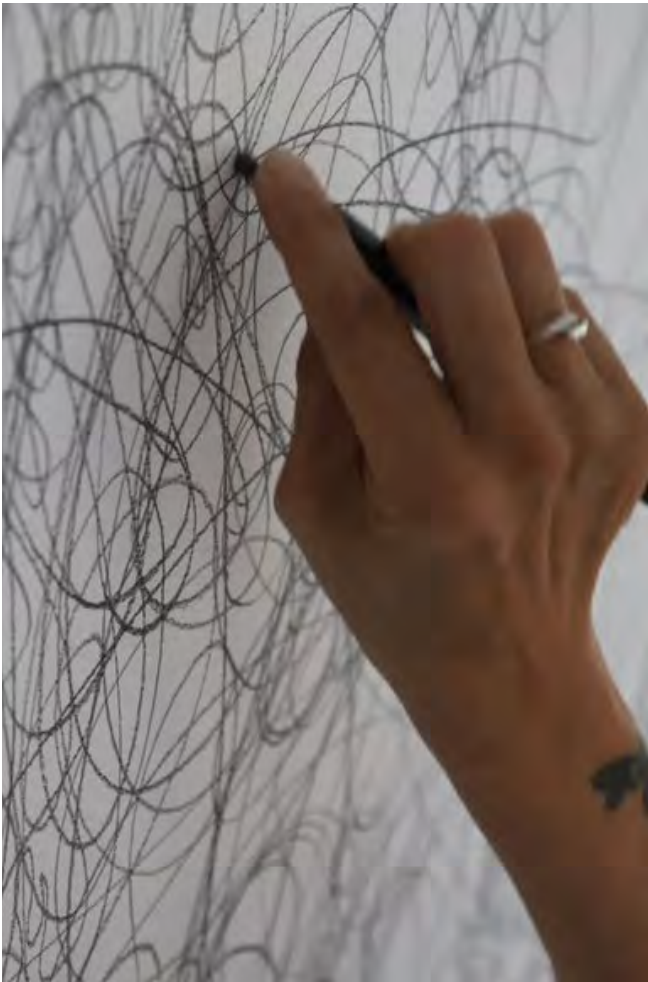
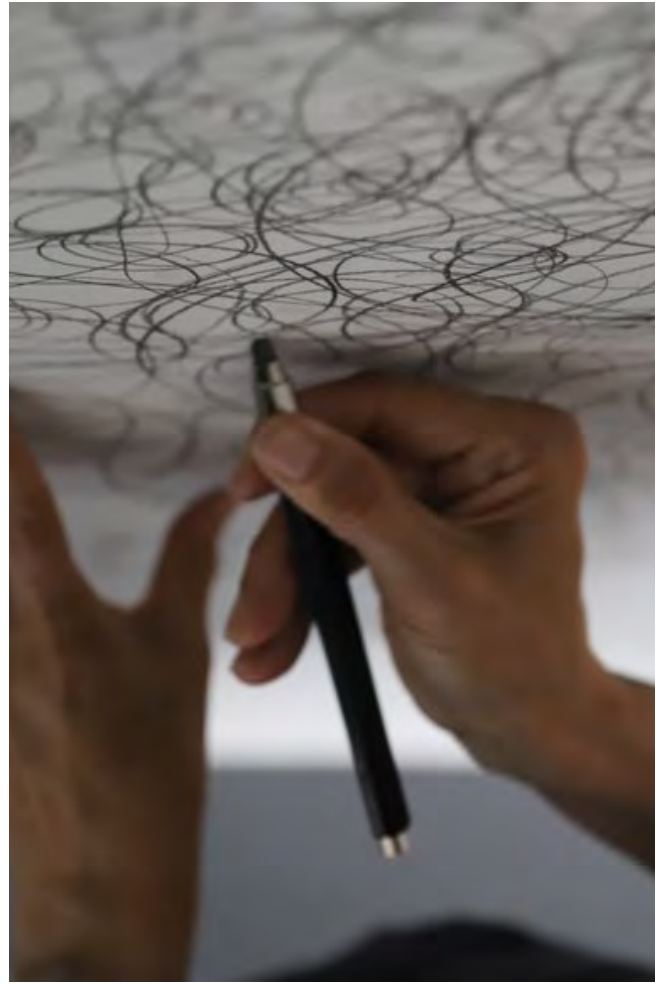




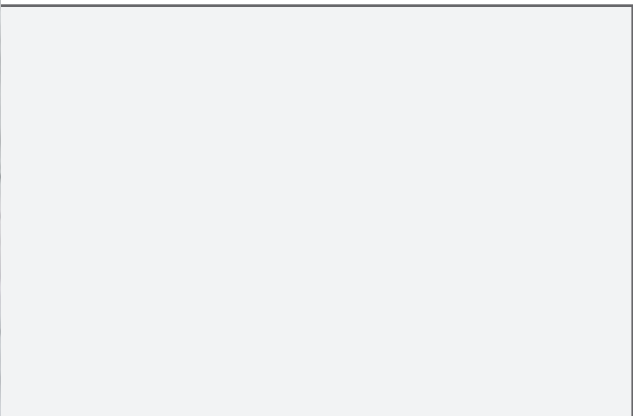
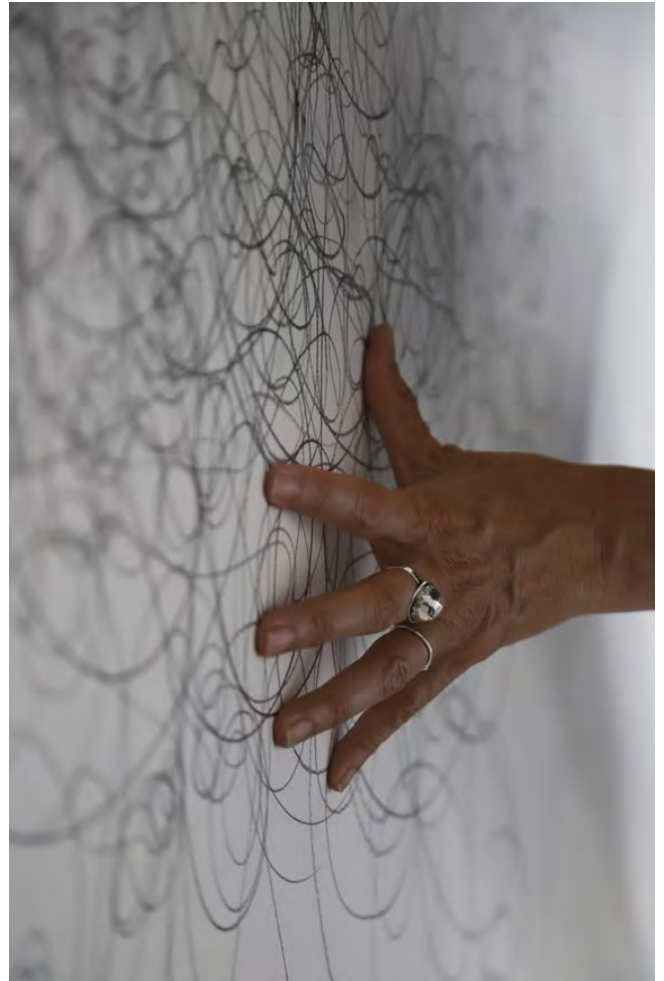


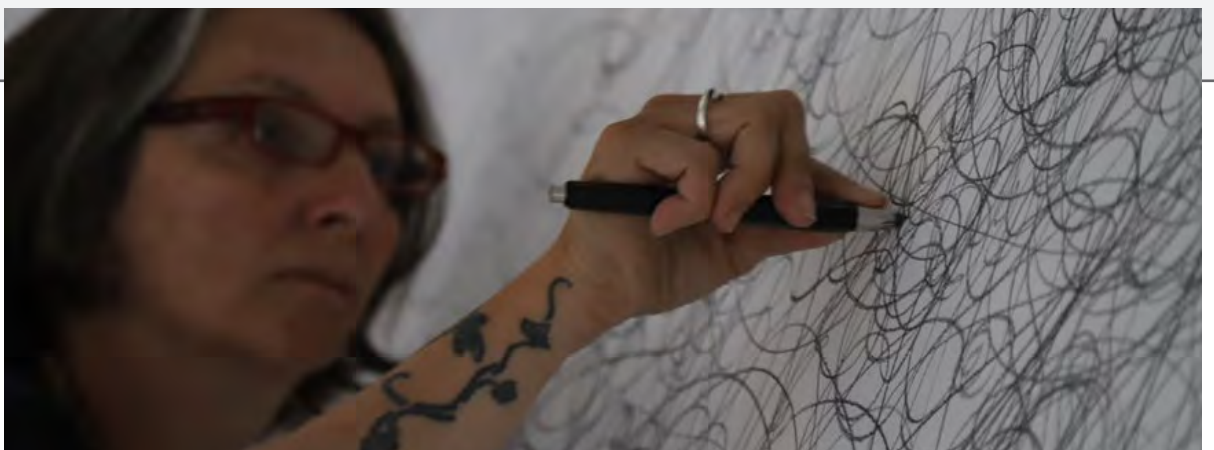
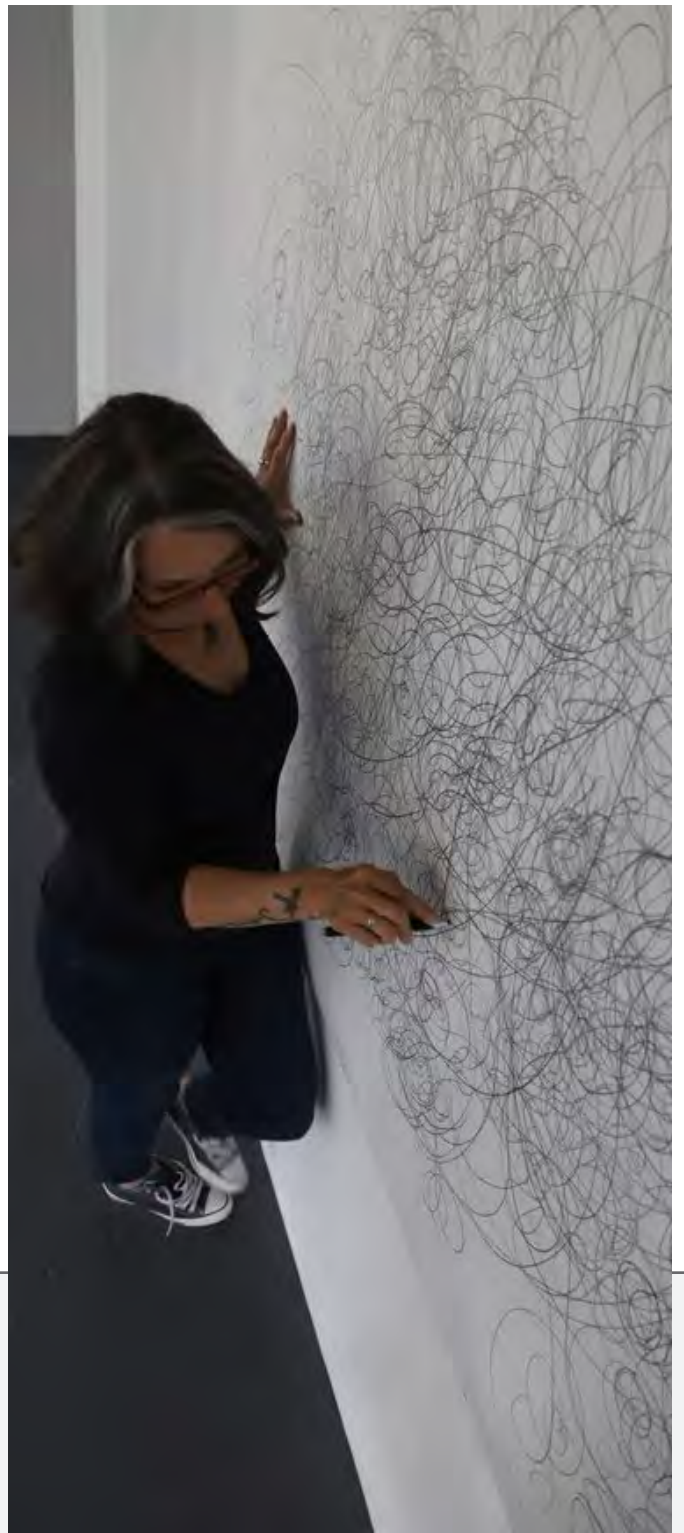




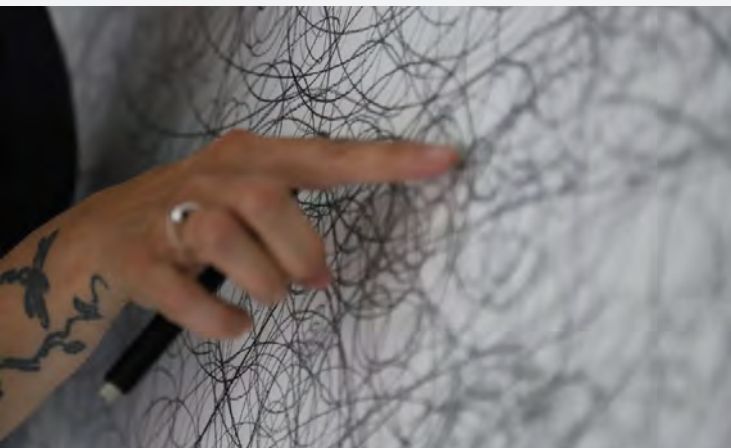












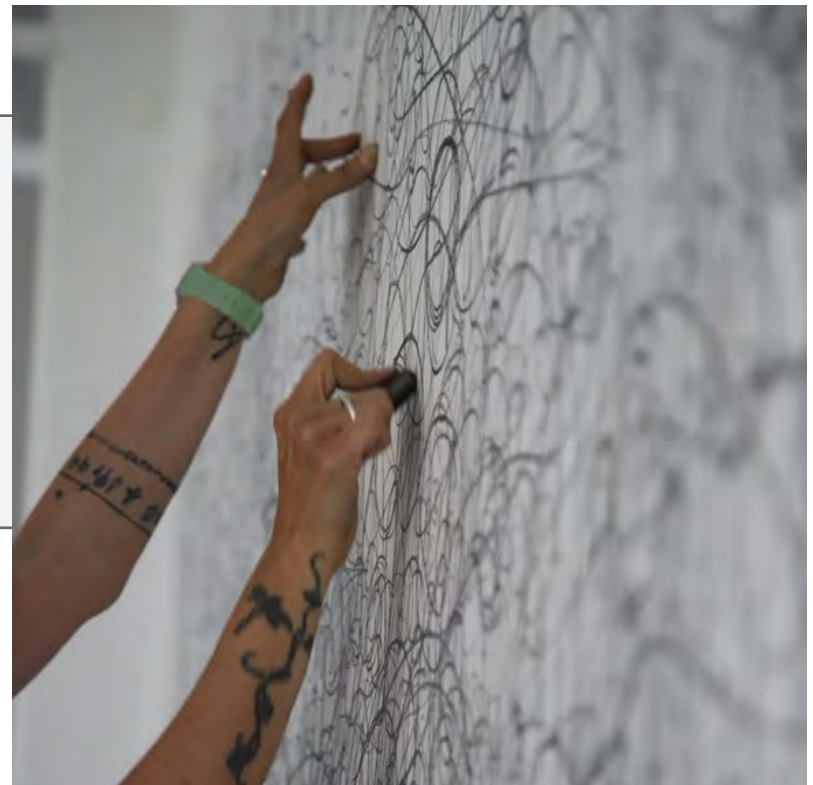


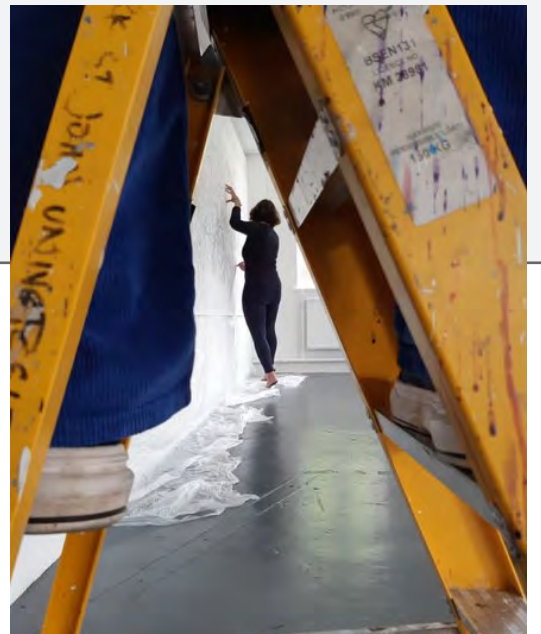
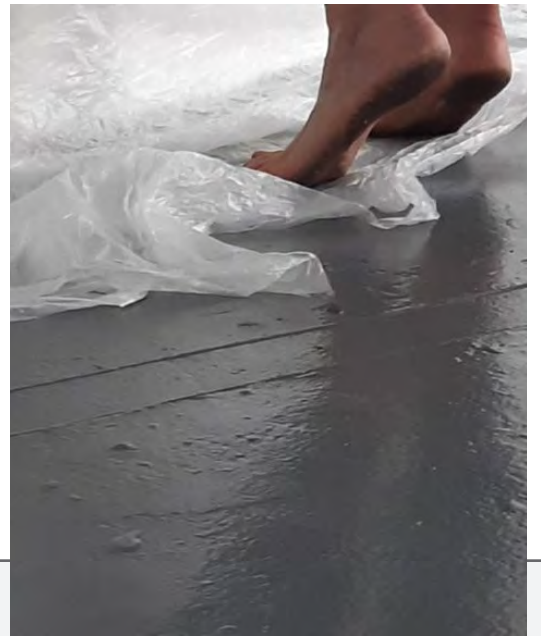
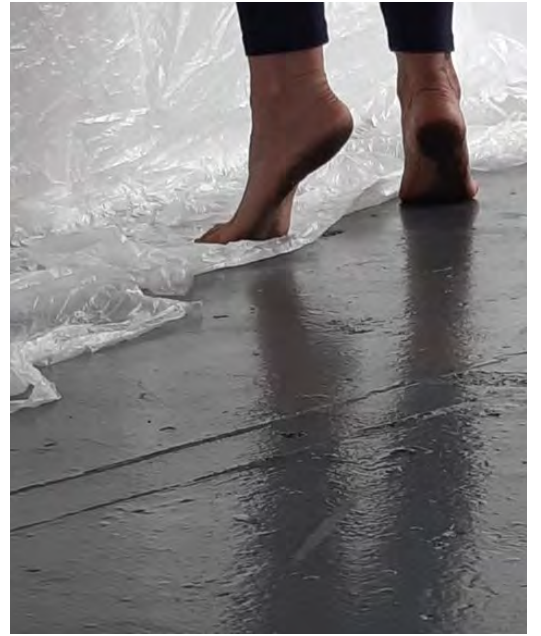
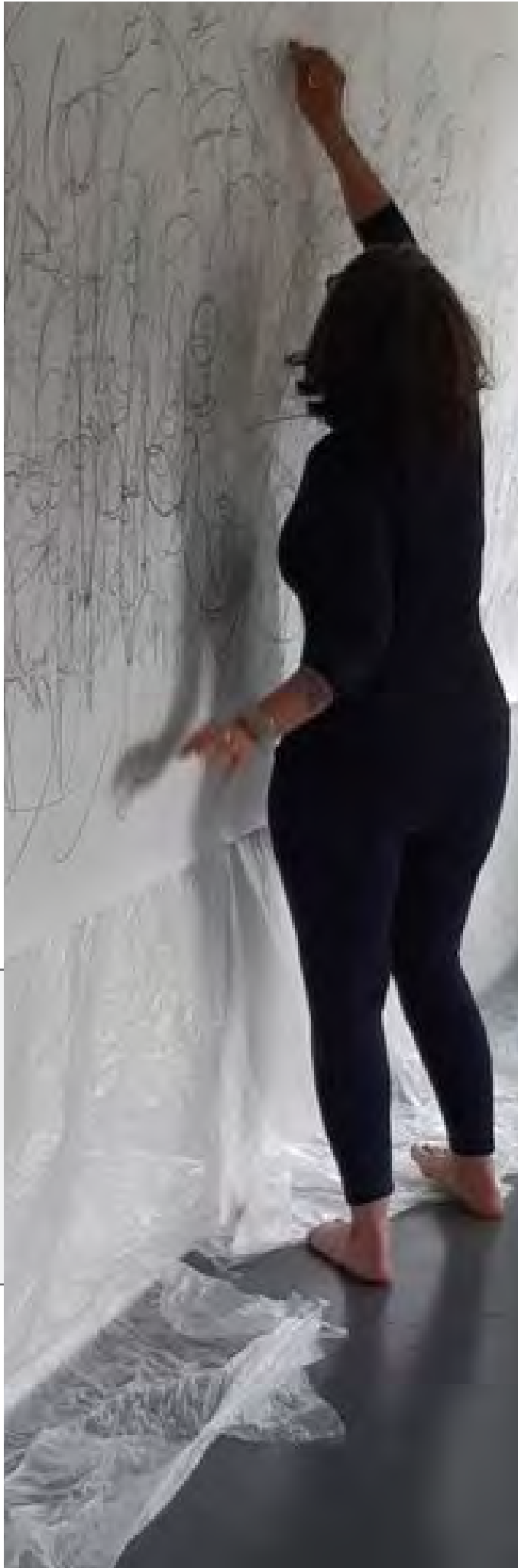






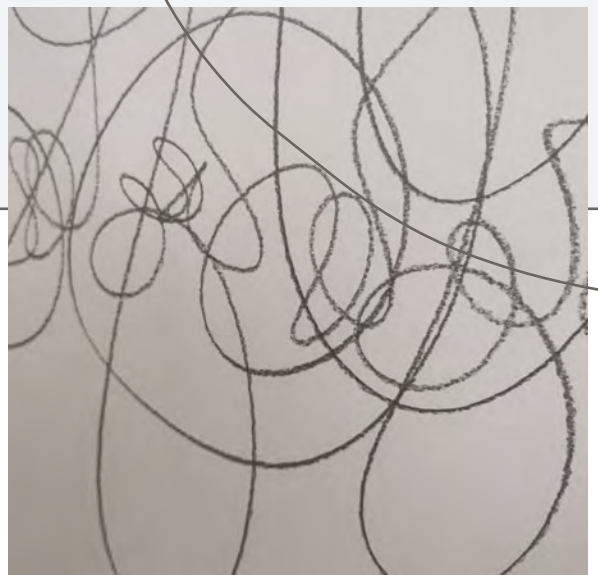
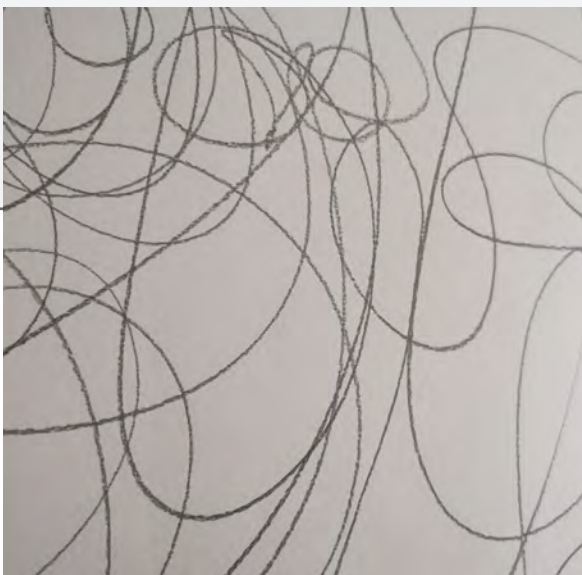
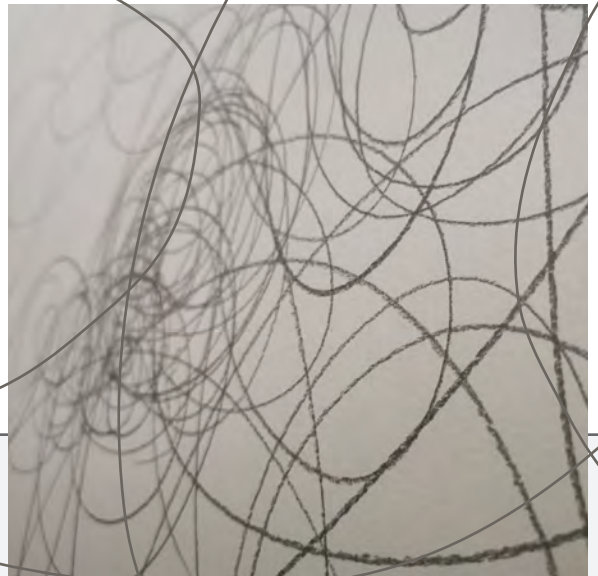
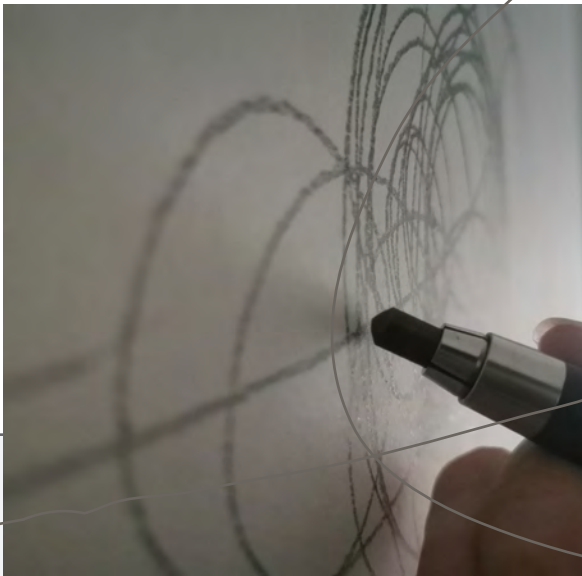
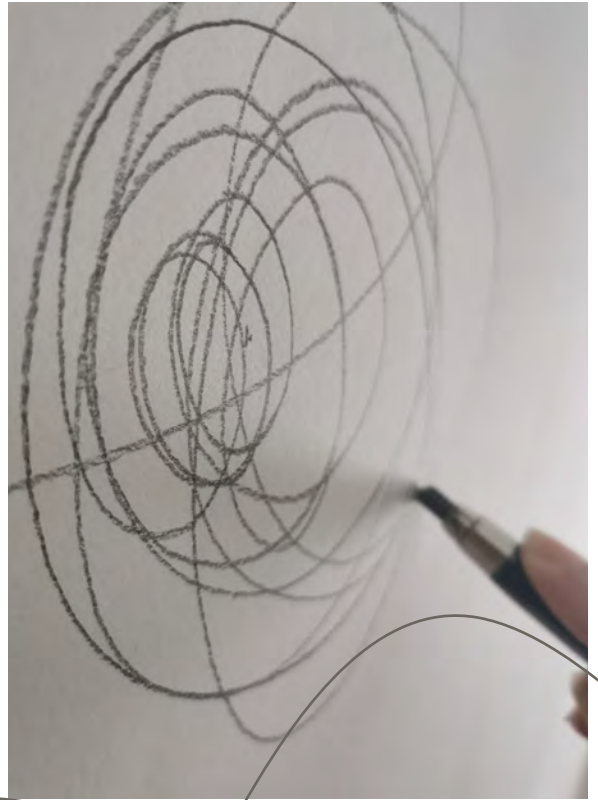


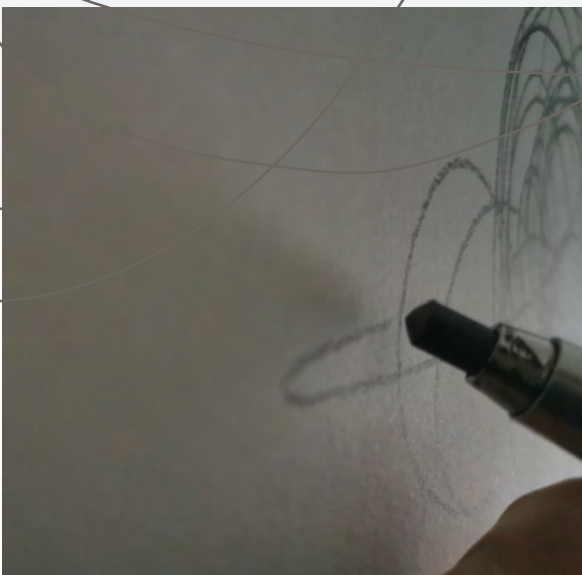
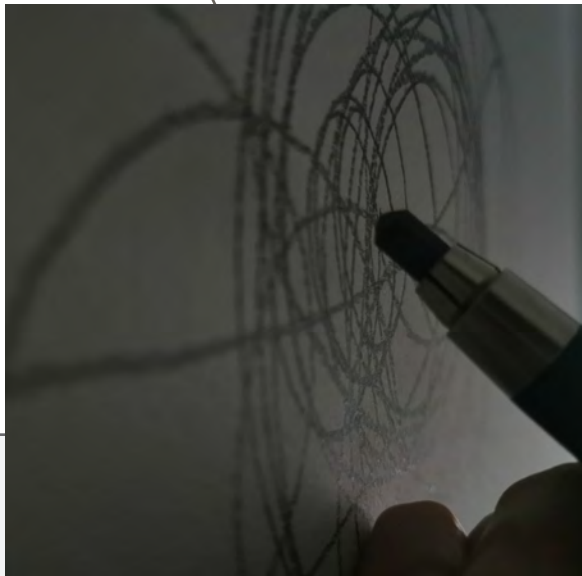
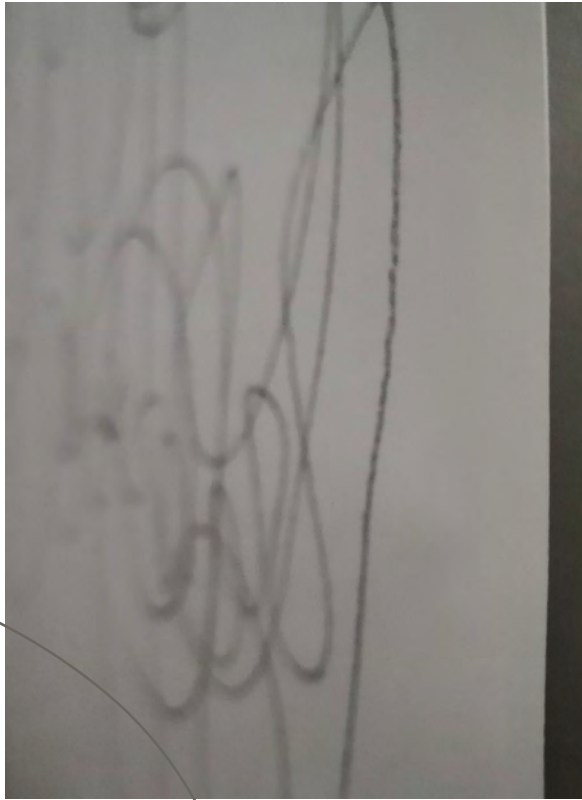
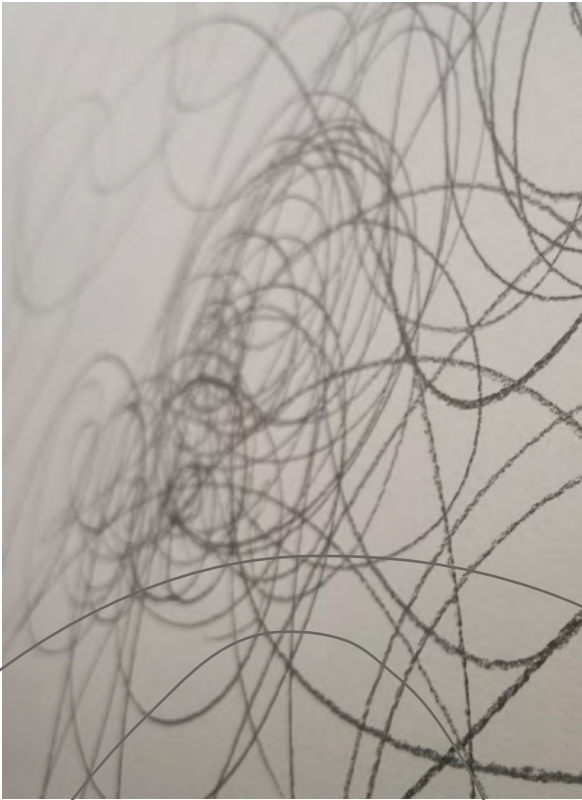














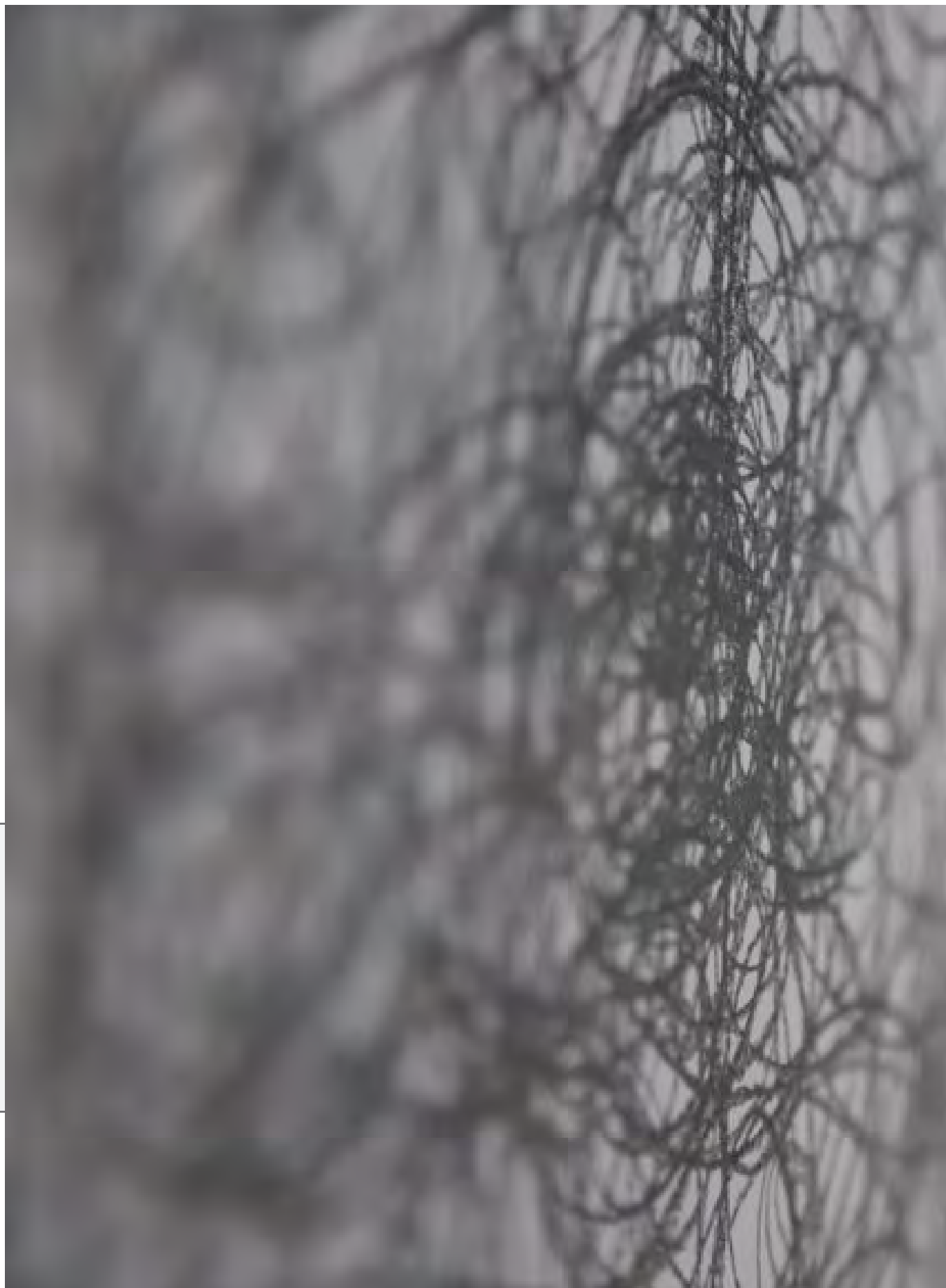


Figure 1





# the polyhymniades

## the background reading

*A Trip to Infinity* (2022) Directed by Jonathan Halperin and Drew Takahashi. Available at: <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt21929356/>.

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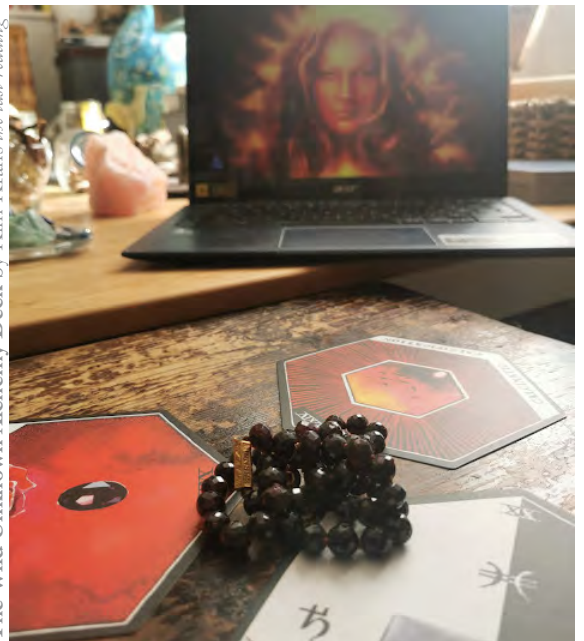
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The Wild Unknown Alchemy Deck by Kim Krans the last reading



On this day, celebrating Mabon, when both the Sun (in Libra) and the Moon (in Capricorn) reflect my birth chart I am visited by 7 ravens in my dream, with their steel black, so graphite-like, talons embedding in my back and shoulder blades. We all become one: Hekate, Morrigan, Odin: we all are just One. The cards, on this incredible day, remind me to go back to the Blood : to the pulse. On the very last page of this journal which I started for this MRes, everything seems to be falling into place. I have been le[a]d here > to remember the body: I am alive. This Phoenix, from that dream of the three palm trees, is rising. I do not feel invisible for the first time since 2005. [pencil's] Lead will keep me grounded and it can only take me back to the beginning : from humble lead to beautiful warm gold. Last page, the ending, a new beginning. IT IS THE ROSE... it was always the rose!  
 submission def before the Moon changes into Aq

