

## ONENESS

*Introduction\_* as an underscore in virtual dialogue, written for a physical composition. A summons to converge on years of meditating on drawing, painting, art in life, world. A portrait with innumerable abstractions in the act of creating. When read sequentially, I understand how these are related, how thought is a flow where the source is the same. It visits several spaces but understands them in the same light. You draw in the same network. They are places that I leave outlined by symbols (words) to unite you to the non-concept (painting). It is a bridge I build between moments, between Myself the sender and another, the receiver. Today, therefore, unattached, I understand the journey's logic. It all begins with the Lands Project, when the inevitable abstraction has to go through the projection of landscape, a space independent from that to which we associate landscape, but a grasp of the invisible moments among visible moments. This was always the idea, the mission. To bring to the forefront that which is the impervious element of existence, of impermanence. In that instant, where everything is transformed and unseen, I, in my reality, materialize it in painting, drawing and writing.

It branches into chapters that reveal periods of Paint-Being. Here is the moment where the beginning is determined but the end will be left unwritten, since it is within the domain of the Future, yet to be drawn, to be lived.

### I *\_Lands Project.*

(...) Drawing that projects the intent of the Elements. The idea of an available mind, empty of any prior knowledge, of a contemplative gaze where everything is found for the first time, the totality within the action, seize the here and now, a moment with no time, no space, no limits between *one* who observes and *one* which is observed. Being the silent mind with no subject. Where things are unnameable. The name is a finger that points, but is not the thing in itself; it is what stagnates and prevents evolution. The Name is a concept - it ends up being a confined network of knowledge. If I only know little, I will only see little. And knowing does not mean understanding. When visiting images via the focus of my intention or comparison, I will be limited to the cubicle of my mind, with touching the essence of things.

The Verb is there to be seen. It has no name: the proposal that has the intent of touching the action of that which surrounds us and redesign through our gaze; the impression, in the sense of an idea of passage; the project that allows the manifestation of that which our idea reaches; the *subtle* Impression of the things and the environments that surround us.

Projecting something, co-creating it in an endless and purposeless architecture. Circular movements of constant shifts where change does not allow for stagnation. Everything transforms. Capturing those constant and invisible movements and moulding them. They're frames that would otherwise be imperceptible to vision. It would be said that they didn't exist. They are invisible impressions made visible.

The materials representative of subtle matter that constantly shifts, unite. From the start, coexistence is perceived to be impossible, but due to different presences,

weights and spirits, occupy specific spaces and rhythms in a juncture of colours, values and textures designing the duty, the project.

*Lands Project*, is an invitation to witness tenuous, constant and cyclical transformations. A wandering of a more subtle vision and conscience that exists within us. An *Abstract Impression* of environments, structures and practises.

The subtle made visible, complementing the physical expression of what's recorded. [ 2013 ]

## II \_ LPF\* | *Lands Project. Fade (out/in)*

Drawing that plots destinations. This is the subsequence of a path that shows itself to be unending. *Project for Landscape* now reveals the standard of loss. The matter that is hidden from our eyes. In reality, we would suppose that the constant impermanence and that hidden state, which happens at every moment but is understood to be imperceptible, didn't exist.

*Lands Project* shows us fragments of environments before they dissipated and became other ones. They are visions, that due to their fleeting existence, escape our evident comprehension yet overcome and are the path to another occurrence.

In music, *Fade*, is the moment sound dissolves. It doesn't declare its disappearance, but in reality becomes another sound that is inaudible to our perception. It is the Place for other geometries and organizations. It harbours other harmonies. It covers up mathematical dispositions, of unheard sounds, of natures that metamorphose. Everything renounces due to mutation and not due to absence. The compliance of that new reality only becomes necessary when it's renewed by another. We do not feel that impermanence to be present, but we know it. *Fade* is the moment that precedes that passage. From one truthfulness to another. It is the opportunity to witness the moment that precedes another composition, another plane. If we unite the present image too much, we run the risk of not welcoming the next representation, but it will happen, again in *Fade(in)*. That is the beauty of inconstancy. It is the continuous unveiling of projected passages from the centre to the Whole.

Structural lines that bounce off and confounds our values, as happenings that alter our chimera. Nothing is found to be distinct and that attempt at decoupling can only bring turmoil. Perpetual movements of inconstant places. Separated from space-time. Thus, without dimensions, just hidden perennial instants.

Colours made from scratched lines reveal sketched *Places* that are confounded with other codes, that are exposed up to the point where our spirit is embraced. The Drawing with destination creates intents, where everything is unveiled countless times. It is the Verb, it invents the moment, creates the *Place* that contains Everything/Nothing.

\* Luis Pedro Fonseca or Land Project Fade [ 2014 ]

### III \_ *Micro-Selfie, or the Absence of the Self Portrait.*

*Micro-Selfie*, or the absence of the *self portrait*. The deconstruction of the acceptance of the *Selfie* by the micro rapprochement to a macro outlook. A demonstration of the co-dependence between scale and perception. The personification of universal cyclical micro-complexity, an example of a sensitive structure. Through it, the world, the pattern and repetition is materialized. It is a celebration inhabited by straight lines and curves, in the light and in the shade, that elevates itself in itself and matures somewhere. From an illusory three-dimensionality, just as the body is, it delivers itself to a seduction of non-linearity. It displaces the representativity of the real and submits to vision on another scale, that of natural abstraction, the microscopic existence of the Micro to Macro and vice-versa. This is another subsequence of *Lands Project*.

The idea that *I am* what I observe, builds in us a false sense of comfort, just as an image imprinted upon us exhibits the serenity of the concept. But what happens is that, when we get closer, we perceive that all is nothing more than a set of countless separate points of colour, not presenting any limit or story even when combined, and where once concepts existed, now only circular blotches that are confounded on overlapping planes. It is the discomfort of the permanent deconstruction/construction that organizes us without a limited structure.

The cognitive perceptions generated by the mind's eye are only submissions and categorizations the mind itself has created, they are automatic and involuntary disturbances stemming from the process of comprehension. We witness the new, then adulterated by the intellect that directs everything to the known, as if an automatic ideology. It is the mind seeing itself.

The notion where such mental limits without concept do not subsist matters. Any volume is just, and still, a remnant of memory. What matters is remembering the constant process of impermanence once more. Legitimizing another scale, another fact, where another practise of reason survives, another perspective of countless quadrants with the possibility of co-creating a language without tongue, where Towers of Babel submerge.

These compositions are they themselves contaminated, but now they appear so as to be contaminated by the *other*. Not that which exists in the body, but that which, on the plane of unconscious knowledge, is surmised by osmosis. As such, at the same time that pure contemplation/action exist simultaneously, the genuine creative act will occur, the root of abstract praxis, and not the mastered reaction.

This tenuous, non-circumstantial plane is the instant where all *Selfies* are one, independent of who sees it or what is seen, without the individualized "self", but a unified whole. [2015]

#### IV \_ *Lands Project. Empty of Separated Existence.*

Another procedural cycle, the same logic. *Lands Project* remakes itself once again, confirming its nature. The works know no separation between each other and the whole, they all belong to each other and move freely, encountering new solutions related to different realities. The imperceptible returns, as does the drawing, the secondary, the hidden, the attempt, the fleeting, the unstable and the array. A new intellectual extension, where such occurrences are watched, is again reclaimed. An indication of the eupathy is requested, where conscious breathing legitimizes the pattern that inspires the new order. hidden analogies in the asymmetries and fractal irregularities are revealed, in the strokes and in the elevations. A manifesto to the abstract mind is predicted, where imperfection is associated to the moment of transformation. Painting lives from the acceptance of imperfections. The essential inevitability of mental design is transferred to the morphological concept of painting creating the illusory discomfort of lacking, the sense of vice or the idea of “already knowing” the *praxis*.

The inclusive observance of a knowledge that does not operate within the constraints of time is summoned, but completely connected, that exists beyond the visible integrated beyond “non-time”. To access this other perception, it is indispensable to reserve a stretch of time for contemplation/meditation.

The Time that I pronounce for observation is required for the alignment between currently used comprehension and a new understanding. The simplicity of movements that leave a wake, initially imperfect since they do not belong to the known values pertaining to the accelerated world, need time, humility and detachment to be noted. Painting requests that moment, that space, to discover the beautiful in its imperfection. When I pronounce *beautiful*, I do not refer to any Western concept, “*essentially retinal*” that does not demand nor allow that it summons to itself alone the fragment, drained and disordered of emotion. I refer to what is necessary to seize the *essay*, combined with imperfections, that hosts another aesthetic truthfulness, apparently of a free character, but that searches within itself for timeless rules. The Verb is touched with a gaze.

For a few instants, our vision has access to the geometric physicality produced by blotches and procedural shapes, that show us other possible facts, that decree to us a selfless commitment, so that the cycle can take place as if to reveal magnetic fields charged with serialization.

A space is born, to our vision, where light converges and touches the shadow cyclically, replicating that fateful movement. Two-dimensional fields burst to fleetingly conquer three-dimensionality, such as the craving to create itself, without going through the Creator. It’s a moment of rebellion where there is no intent to honour the procedural premise.

All this apparent complexity hides a straightforwardness of spirit., a simple nature, a repetition, an evidence that only reveals itself to souls perturbed by freshness. Everything reorganizes itself again, they are endless cycles as well as without beginning, continuous, entities without time and in places with no space. One would say they do not exist, were it not for the three-dimensional ballast of the *ready*. The Eternal search. A nothing without end, empty of a separate existence. | 2016 |

## V \_ Empty Drawings.

The Drawing as a chain of ideas that become embodied. Constructions with endless lines of diverse forces and of an antagonistic character are engendered, that converge, bursting the limits of space. There is no division in this presence. It is its emptiness. The illusion of an disunited edification is refused in this relation of existences. Everything relates amongst itself, inside and out, like an infinite project. If it exists, therefore it belongs. If it belongs, it is. If it is, it is Drawing, therefore, it lives empty of the separate entity. [2016]

## VI \_ No Thing [ *connu sous le nom de peinture* ]

*No thing*, known by the name Painting. Let us talk of *things* to achieve the *no things*. The hasty mind attributes the title of *thing* to materiality. just as the non-name gives rise to the *thing* also. The plane of physical existence of the *thing* bequeaths it mobility and visibility, proving its existence, saying it exists, and therefore is, but that confirmation settles when the non-function, the non-subjugation, the non utility and the non-reproduction demands from it the independence of character of the *no thing*. The human being, body-matter, that transports itself from point A to B, the matter, body, thing, dresses in itself an omitted trinity, immeasurable, shapeless, that attributes another extension to it, the dimension of the *no thing*. It exists, but is not a thing. It reproduces on the physical plane, but has no copy. There is no copy that it exhibits. There is a trinity that belongs to it and removes it from the thing. Let us equally think of painting according to that trinity, something that contains three “somebodies”, Body, Mind and Spirit [1x1x1=1]. Without comparing itself to anything, therefore with no “for” or “against”, not being mine or anyone else's, it's Painting.

[1] *Body* or matter that forms que support and that allows it the mobility within space-time that the object holds and allows it, due to its tactile appearance, to recognize it and to frame it in anywhere. Matter, the body that admits it, the support that approved inexhaustible possibilities. Clairvoyant bodies, compositions that relate within colour, dryly streaked and wetly dragged, whether diluted or real solids of abstraction. The body of what is done, the manufacture, the know-how, cannot be underestimated, it is this way that the work is substantiated, but also cannot be the first motive for interest. It provides us with the visual opportunity of watching its correspondence and gives the author the power to recreate that which is carrying over to the material plane the creation of something that has happened in itself somewhere else. Time changes matter-shape via deterioration, but the essence is timeless. On the invisible plane, non.-palpable, if something exists that is dependent on an irreplaceable presence, even if it is physical, the plane of the *thing* is altered into a *no thing*. It is like a Being that Is beyond its matter. It is erected in another dimension.

[x1] The *Mind*, that which produces, which creates the concept that is reflected in the act, before during and after the action that joins sentences. The mental served itself of the author's carnal body, of the supporting substance and the tangible plasticity. They are servants. We watch the mind to attend and understand its role. A deviated mind follows personality and emotions, it doesn't touch the nothing that the artwork demands for it to happen. It is in that instant that everything risks being lost, when the mind tricks and aspires to serve other purposes, social pacts, vanities, well-proven recipes, understandings previously submitted to third parties and its own sadnesses, to *me*. An isolated *me* that abandons the matrix and begins to "glitch", like some kind of computer virus that corrupts files and loses itself, summed up as a subjugated version of itself. From creator to created. Let us not disregard that which the mind also sees - the collective that reads the artwork according to the epoch and the culture, and reflects on the matter that has been exposed to its eyes. It observes through particular or sublime matters. It can also lose itself in its convicting webs that obey others. In reality, it is in the mind's body that everything can be lost and become *thing*. When we let ourselves only be controlled by it, we are reduced to survivors, slaves disconnected from our immeasurability. We become a body that carries itself and moves, bankrupt in recognizing its exclusivity, consuming itself in an attempt to become a copy of another.

[x1] *Spirit*, that eternity that resides inside the *we-matter*. The Spirit of the artwork, painting, absolute beginning that possesses three natures. The author, when touching the substance with their physical body, pledges their mind to the service of nothing and it is ethics that reveals the genius of authenticity and uniqueness of spirit, renewing the ascending moment. It is its unlimited nature that serves as a conductor to upon high. What arises does not occur again, it is a singular moment of existence that can only emerge from he/she that has placed themselves in the act of creation of that moment, dispensing with themselves. At that point, another triad emerges, the *he/she* that joins the *me* (author) and to the *you* (Painting). The *he/she* is what is not to be not ours, beyond the rational and self-knowledge. It is a wisdom that rests against us and goes through us, but does not belong to us. The Cosmos reveals itself without words, they are unconscious gestures, uncontrolled by *me*, and it is within that conjecture that the *no thing* arises, it has overcome the materiality, the reproduction and usefulness of the *thing*, and exalts in its full existence. Let us speak, of Truth, Single Rule, that is the Essence contained within the third element of painting, the Spirit. When that happens, the spectator knows. They know it sometimes only through instinct. The encounter with the work is not explained, it is raptured just as the author was, and reminds them too, of their own vastness. There is no middle ground in Being. One learns to accept the moment, but does not learn to comprehend it. When the eyes of another *it* - public -, encounters another Being - artwork -, the *no thing*, they immediately recognize each other otherwise they will be strangers forever. They can see each other intellectually, but not their soul.

[=1] *Trinity*, that belongs to the essential code of *no things*. It is the matrix, subliminal divine proportion that shapes everything, nature, fauna and flora, Human body, DNA... expanding up to the farthest place. A gestative network of the eternity of the *no things* that structure the permanent unity with the Universe. A rationality revealed within circular movements until the infinite, preceding straight movements, included in the golden triangle, where beauty exalts the abstract configuration of the whole. Discovering the principles by which shamans have always conducted themselves. The existential aesthetic born from single universal ethics. We cannot reproduce Painting, we can also bestow upon it a QR code just we would any other product, but that does not make it reproducible due to being represented on the checkered virtual plane, remitting us to an idea of matrix. Music is perhaps the *no thing* that, when reproduced, does not lose its essence. Perhaps for it is an ethereal “copy”, that, for not being physical, resumes on the material plane. But other copies are impressions, both in the effective and figurative sense. The impression of the Moon is not the Moon in itself, the impression of an artwork, painting, is not the painting in itself, they are duplicates. They lack trinity more than three-dimensionality. Different entities. The zeal in its preservation and displacement, that which requires immaculately white cotton gloves, in the physical sense, but above all the conceptual sense, state that their candour should kindly touch all that which is imperishable, authentic and unique - the *no things*. Tendencies, technology and contemporaneity do not modify the metaphysical of the source, nor metamorphose the water, air, fire and earth, nor do they adulterate the abstraction of love, the physicality of birth or the divestment of the body when it dies. The trees remain standing, they grow vertically, they breathe and maintain an unparalleled identity. And does Painting remain, standing, singular, unique. If Painting should be judged to be dead, I state “the *no things* never die”. [2018 ]

## VII \_ NO THING \_ act II \_ *Analogue-Digital, the Conceptual Summit in Painting.*

*No thing*, known by the name Painting, consequence of the *genius of Trinity* that banishes it from things. I once again pursue that thought with other concepts emerging: the Analogical and the Digital, the body of the artwork as a surface of action and reproduction. Within that reproductive there are two relativities that exist that I will use as measures of perception. I do not immediately associate painting to those concepts, because I find it more interesting to present them and meditate on them, but within a distinct conjecture, that of sound and image and how their capture and recording manifests itself. In this way, we step back for a better view.

The analogical recording is revealed via a wave that varies as a function of time and operates on curved lines. Its signal transits along a very ample frequency range and its values are infinite, touching all the decimal extremes that a number can contain. Digital recording is less complex. Its values have less amplitude across time and its frequency range only varies from one to ten, with its values only assuming whole numbers, rounding up the decimals. Its representation is organized into straight, cut lines.

Let us think now of the domain of sound. The analogical capture of voice or instruments is recorded just as it is, containing its minute nuances, unlike digital, that takes sound in parts, which are in turn converted into whole-numbered values, breaking it and joining it, to more easily capture and record it. A wave is also formed, but it is engineered by broken lines that join as points. Apparently, the “disappearance” of information is very slight, but in reality, the subtlety that characterizes the authenticity of the recording is gone. The digital makes the reproduction and erasure of mistakes via the hidden cut easier, but by doing that it corrupts the essence forever.

When we speak of the digital domain of the image, the information is recorded as pixels that contain CMYK colours, whose form is square and converts the colour into one close to that of the original, a byproduct of the limitation in recording that, when reproduced, loses the subtleties of its colours, even when resorting to *Pantone*, the so-called direct colours, that are closer to the original. In the midst of the capture of the analogue image, originating in the Renaissance period, recording is created by means of the action of light, and is applied to photography and cinema. The limitation is much less since its recording is based on the sensibility of its capture. It is chemically implemented via silver salts that retain a plasticity and flexibility that are sensitive to the exposure to light, so as to capture the subtleties of reality.

Let us return to painting as an analogical behavioural interpretation of visual arts. While there being need of reproduction and converting it to digital, its complex essence is lost in apparent shapes. It is once again acknowledged that the Trinity exists because the sensibility of its essence does not allow its reproduction. When capturing a painting using digital photography we know that it is not the *painting itself*. Its reproduction, using whole values, loses its authenticity. It creates a reality of the artwork in question that is valid for other ends, but the original principle can no longer be found within it.

I manage to adhere to these hypotheses of information conversion of “analogical blotches” in visual digital replicas, broken by straight lines that duplicate cubes, squares that inscribe circles and gigantic circles charged with universe, that decompose when being circumscribed in squares again. I unify its fidelity simulator set and employ it with other dialectics. These digital reminiscences that gradually appear, without knowing they are being lured to be painting. Used as a visual inscription they are the squaring of the circle that will serve the two redoubling truths, and simultaneously, the elements help each other understand the hidden perception of existence. A straight line can never contain all the information of a curve, but its presence and visual representation here becomes structural in the de-codification of divine construction. It is as if essential painting, which here is alleged to be analogical, stopped dominating within its complexity and for moments, was solved as if a *Platonic grid* of unexpected “pixels” that make whole complex values of colour, converting them into a single one, girded within a square, without being removed. Not even the fear of being discovered nor its computerized hoax discourages it. When remaining registered on the surface that is the artwork, the painting submits itself to that invasion of square shapes and broken straight lines and converts them into *virtue*, and consents that it is signified by another truth. The **Trinity** stays there, but it took advantage of being discredited in its eternity and converted it into its ally in order to elevate itself, perpetuating itself as painting. **Painting**, the *no thing* that does not perish. | 2019 |



## VIII \_ [ OO ]\* #01

Another juncture where the long-known fundamental state of the perception of the world now has an indivisible origin. A non-binary system is an unlimited YES, a phenomenon of superfluidity. That is the nature of this work. A simple non-mixed body that cannot be made from another body.

Whole number as a rule. Structural patterns, three-dimensional waveforms. Principle of Uncertainty. White light, as a consequence of spectral lines. Sun. Corpuscle. Essence in its essence. Strength resides in its vulnerability of Being. Matter that belongs to the 4% of matter in the observable Universe. It wants eyes close by, to be experienced, felt with all senses unto the centre. Magnetic moment. Self-completed details that belong to the ALL-matrix. Elemental particles that possess an intrinsic quantum property. Interaction with its own Spin. An entire nature that creates the work's unity. An echo of fullness, layers of eternity where architecture, once imperceptible, is now manifest as light. The details are the atoms of the piece. Solid Carbon Atoms that exist as graphite or diamond. Absolute zero of quantum effects, only observed and visible to a macroscopic scale of the spirit. Its mass has the centre of mathematics thought out,  $1.36 \times 95 \text{cm}$ , which when multiplied by 2 results in the equation  $[1+1=\text{ONE}]$ . Diatomic, diptych molecule. Apart they are complete, together they are whole. Singular character. Thus is its verb. Units that cannot be divided arbitrarily. Two singular works that as a pair form a ONE [...] \*

\*Parts omitted in the true transcription of the piece (infinite cycles).

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