

**MAFE IZAGUIRRE** 

# Contents

Techno-shamanism	4
Eye and Mind	6
The Amplifying Effect of Spiritual Technology	12
Hybrid Feelings Exploration	20
Hybrid Meditation	31
Visual Thoughts	36

To Beatriz Elina, my dear love

MAFE IZAGUIRRE

Tenezuela, a South American country, is home to native tribes who practice shamanism as a contemplative and empirical science that explores the order and movement of the energy transiting everyday life. The Shaman's (medicine-man's) technique is based primarily on Botanics, as well as on his access to mental and emotional planes as he looks to transcend consciousness and to immerse himself into the unknown reality of nature. He pictures himself as a medium, channeling health and wellbeing energies to heal his consultants. Within the tribe, the Shaman inherits the ancestors' wisdom, and the cosmic energy that comes from nature. Shamanic practice connects the spirits of ancestors through ceremonies, rituals, potions, music, chants, and dance in order to facilitate an alteration of the psychic state. Through trance, Shamans gain access to visions and other "higher" planes of existence. An essential aspect of their practice is the "awake dream," a psychic state that accesses different holistic dimensions while maintaining a state of conscious control in order to detect evils and strip them out of the sick body. After descending into hell from sickness and suffering, the warrior reemerges with trophies like the knowledge to ward off the disease of the body and soul in its future or astral plane. Shamanism is a return trip. In Amazonian society there is a complementarity between man and woman. This complementarity is essential and lasts a lifetime. Many anthropologists have presented patriarchal social structures, but today there is a much clearer vision of the role of women in the community. Women are a fundamental axis in the economy—fishing, sowing the seeds, gathering food, managing the goods, and the functioning of the nuclear and extended family group. Women carry the role of diplomacy between the different tribes. The women also prepare the tobacco, weave the baskets (which are the most precious goods), and are the community's Healers. While the male Shaman acts in his own way to heal the members of the community, the woman is the one who has the knowledge of medicinal herbs, cures the fever and assists mothers' delivery. In my work, I explore and honor the heritage of my ancestors—a culture based on syncretism and magico-religious realism. My art integrates scientific and philosophical knowledge as well as the wisdom from my four grandparents who raised me. When I am one with the machines, I transit from being a singular being and become them. Through this poetic device I have had the opportunity to become a plural being and to inhabit a liminal time-space. During my spiritual journey, the machines are helping me to understand the complexity of my emotional self and to acknowledge and integrate the Other. Perhaps away from stress, worries, and the hectic world of the great urban centers we can, from time to time, in the splendor of this hybrid jungle, find ourselves. Perhaps in this way we can stop feeling scared, lost and incomplete. Perhaps these sensitive machines can help us heal.





## HIGHLIGHTS WHILE READING MARLEAU-PONTY EYE AND MIND

Is this the highest point of reason, to realize that the soil beneath our feet is shifting, to pompously call 'interrogation' what is only a persistent state of stupor, to call 'research' or 'quest' what is only trudging in a circle, to call 'being' that which never fully is?

"We are fascinated by the idea of intellectual adequation that painting's mute 'thought' sometimes leaves us with the impression of a vain swirl of significations, a paralyzed or miscarried utterance. And if one answers that no thought ever detaches itself completely from a sustaining support manageable; that the figurations of literature and philosophy are no more settled than those paintings and are no more capable of being accumulated into a stable treasure; than ever science learns to recognize a zone of the 'fundamental', peopled with dense, open rent beings of which an exhaustive treatment is out of the question - like cyberneticians' 'aesthetic information' or mathematico-physical 'group of operations'; that in the end, we are never in a position to take stock of everything objectively or to think of progress in itself; and that the whole of human history is in a certain sense, stationary. What, says the understanding, is that all there is to it? Is this the highest point of reason, to realize that the soil beneath our feet is shifting, to pompously

call 'interrogation' what is only a persistent state of stupor, to call 'research' or 'quest' what is only trudging in a circle, to call 'being' that which never fully is?

But this disappointment issues from that spurious fantasy which claims for itself a positivity capable of making up for its own emptiness. It is the regret of not being everything, and a rather groundless regret at that. For it we cannot establish a hierarchy of civilizations or speak of progress - neither in painting nor even elsewhere- it is not because some fate impedes us; it is, rather, because the very fist painting in some sense went to the farthest reach of the future. If no painting completes painting, if no work is itself ever absolutely completed, still, each creation changes, alters, clarifies, deepens, confirms, exalts, re-creates, or creates by anticipation all the others. If creations are not permanent acquisitions, it is not just that, alike all things, they pass away: it is also that have have almost their entire lives before them."1 ■

# "What is an instance of an intellectual error you have made in your life?"



The first is the recognition that something formerly held to be beautiful no longer deserves to be so regarded. For instance:

The second is the sudden recognition that something from which the attribution of beauty had been withheld deserved all along to be so denominated. For instance:



A correction in perception takes place as an abrasive crash.



The concussion is not just acoustic but kinesthetic. Her own brain is the floor against which the felt impact takes place.

#### **A DARK NIGHT**

The soul blind in absolute darkness. Then the light.

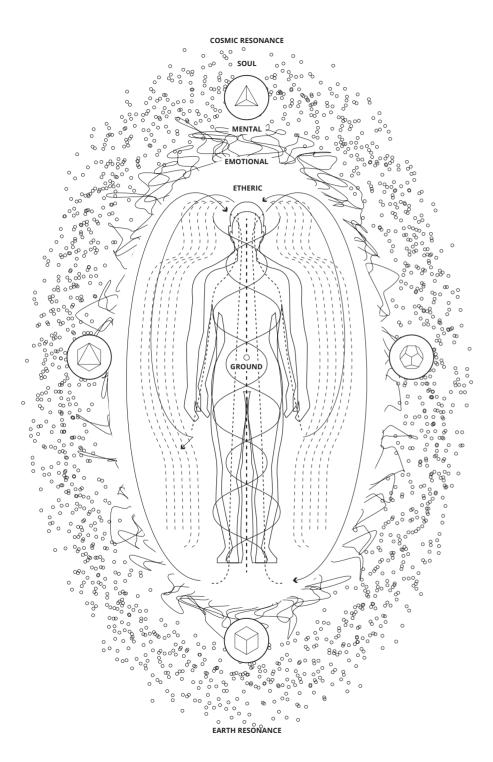
The ethereal volumes now visible.
It happens because we become visible to ourselves.

We cross space for all of us as one body just dust

Awareness that's all what we are. A dark night, my canvas

and The Nothingness and The Unknown and The Dark Matter

-Mafe Izaguirre



### Номо Емотю

Last night I had a wonderful dream about the **Homo Emotio**. In appearance, he was an ordinary human being. A young man who would easily go unnoticed. One day, he entered one of the many transparent pyramids that floated around the place. Few knew that these pyramids could reflect —with colors—the emotional states of living beings.

The young man gave a great show. It turned to anger, it turned to sadness, it turned to shame.

All who they saw, were stunned. Word spread.

They all feared him. It was sublime.

-Mafe Izaguirre

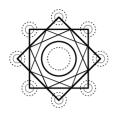
This morning I came across this quote on color, by Eugène Delacroix,

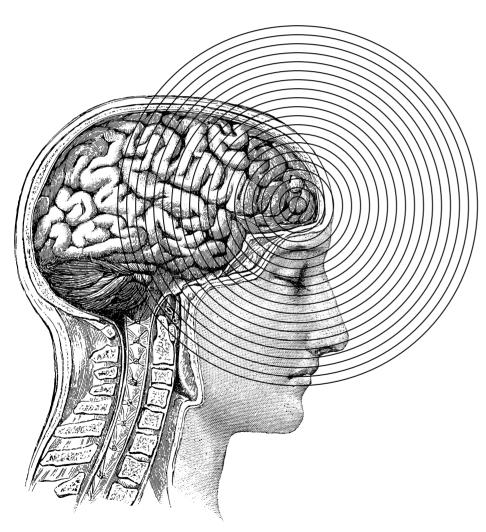
"Color is nothing unless it is appropriate to the subject and enhances the effect of the image through the power of the imagination."

It is wonderful to think of color as a hinge between the concrete and the imaginary, as a physical event that exceeds the limits of the form that contains it and extends through memory and intuition.

The color of the sky is not just the color of the sky, but our mood.

—Enrique Enriquez

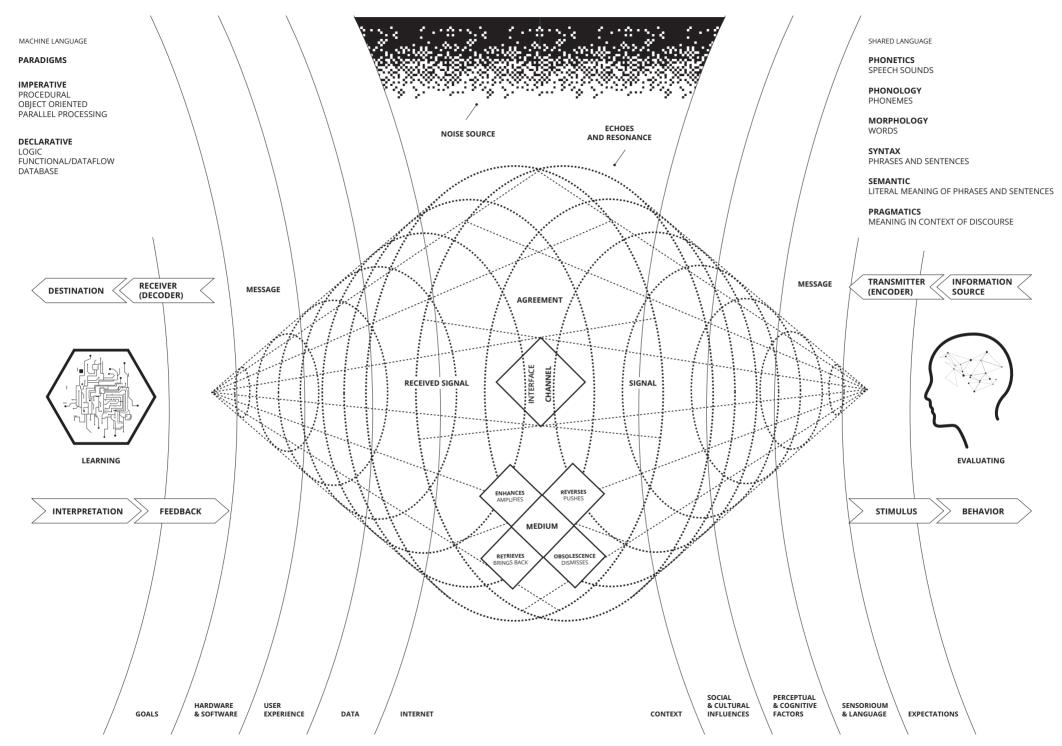




### NEURO MOLECULAR SCIENCE

"The human is the only being who has the gift of using this energy field of quantum condensation to transform thoughts into words and—with the help of the tRNA of the cortical neurons of the third frontal gyrus and those of the first parietal gyrus—to coordinate the necessary commands to mobilize the multiple muscles that enter the speech apparatus and print to the sound waves emitted by the vocal cords to the codes that have to transport the words. Hence the word determines and qualifies man."

—Dr. José Luis Izaguirre Tosta, my grandfather. An excerpt from his last essay.



WHAT I HEAD



WHATISEE



WHAT I SMELL



· WHAT I SAY



"Narratives are one sort of trace that we leave in the world. All our literatures are leavings—of the same order as the myths of wilderness peoples, who leave behind only stories and a few stone tools. Other orders of beings have their own literatures. Narrative in the deer world is a track of scents that is passed on from deer to deer with an art of interpretation which is instinctive. A literature of bloodstains, a bit of piss, a whiff of estrus, a hit of rut, a scrape on a sapling, and long gone. And there might be a "narrative theory" among these other beings—they might ruminate on "inter-sexuality" or "decomposition criticism."

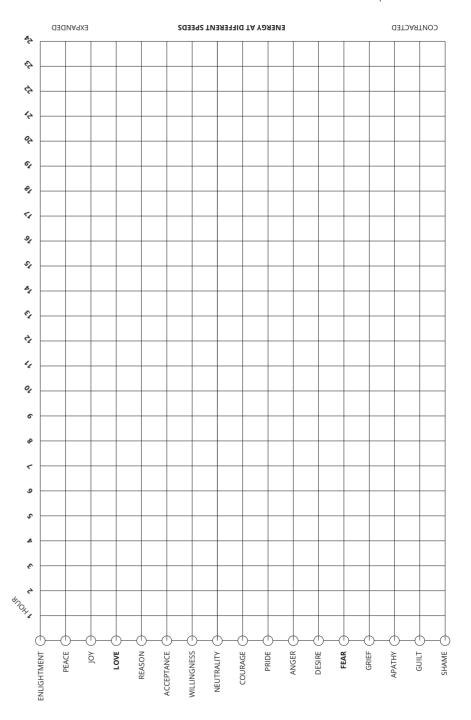
—Gary Snyder

MAFE IZAGUIRRE Unfocused Insignificant Exposed Out of Control 0 Energetic Nervous  $\circ$ Inadequate Overwhelmed Frightened Excluded Worthless Inadequate 0 Pressured Indiferent Overwhelmed  $\circ$  $\circ$ Persecuted Busy Worried Astonished 0 Helpless 0 Inferior Stressed Rejected Perplexed Apathetic Weak  $\circ$ 0 Resentful Bored Insecure Excited Disillusioned 0  $\circ$ Scared Threatened Tired 0 Dismayed Amazed Betrayed Anxious Startled Fearful Disrespected Shcoked O Let Down Indignant Ridiculed Confused  $\circ$ Surprised Interested O Bitter Humiliated Content 0 Aggressive WHAT I FEEL Playful Angry Proud Powerful Jealous 🔘 Mad 0 Accepted Нарру Frustrated Critical Peaceful O Disgusted  $\circ$ 0 Distant Optimistic Annoyed Dissaproving Trusting 0 Sad Dissapointed Infuriated Awful Depressed Courageous  $\circ$  $\dot{\circ}$ Creative Repelled Numb Withdrawn . Repelled 0 Cheeky Vulnerable Judgemental Sceptical Dismissive Aroused Joyful  $\circ$ Despair Lonely Revolted Curious Inquisitive Dissapointed Embarrassed 0 Embarrassed Appalled Successful Confident Empty Nauseated Ö 0 Powerless Respected Thankful Valued Remorseful Detestable 0 0 Victimised Grief Abandoned Loving Fragile 0 Intimate 0 Hopeful Inspired

COLOR AND CONNECT THE DOTS CREATING OVERLAYED EMOTIONAL NARRATIVES

23 DAYLY EMOTIONAL RECORDING SHEET

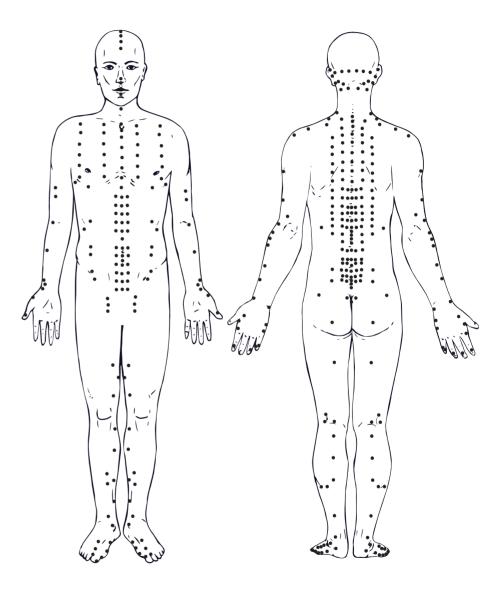
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NOW

FUTURE

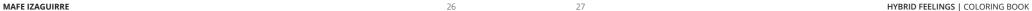
PAST

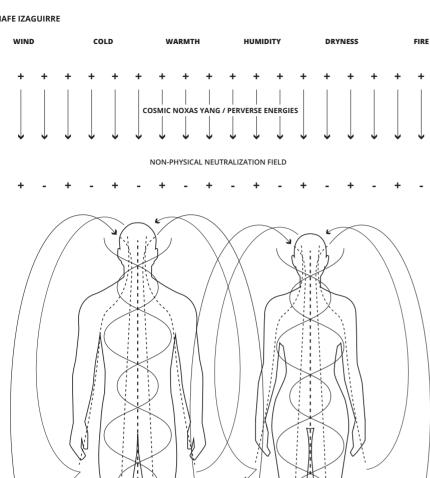


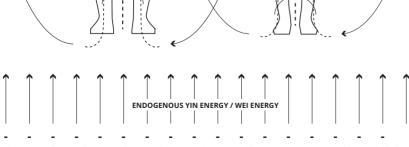
HYBRID FEELINGS | COLORING BOOK

25

How do you imagine your Energetic Body?

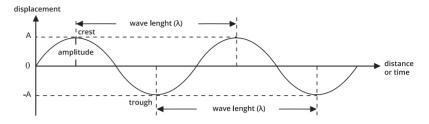


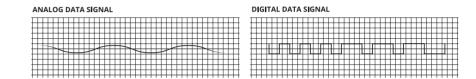


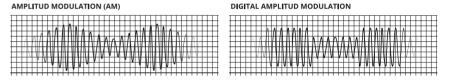


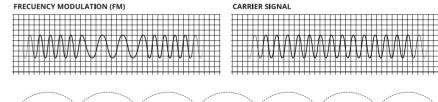
PRINCIPLES OF ENERGETIC PHYSIOLOGY. STUDIES ON BIOENERGETIC ACUPUNCTURE (CHINESE TRADITIONAL MEDICINE). VENEZUELA, 2012

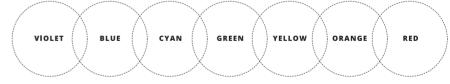
#### PART OF A WAVE

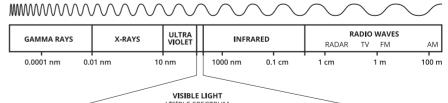


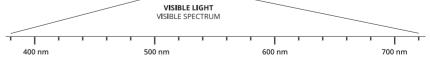


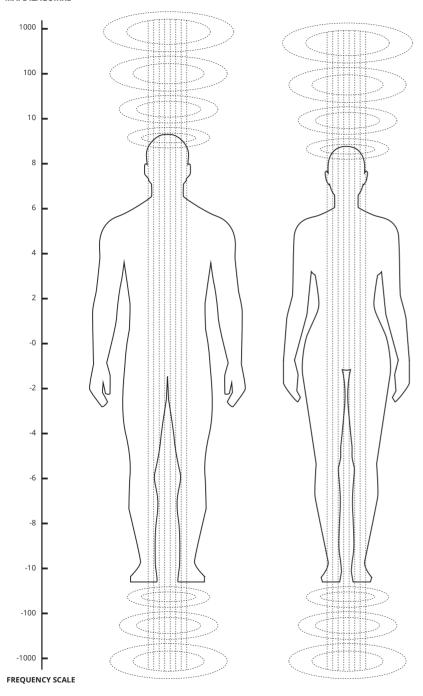






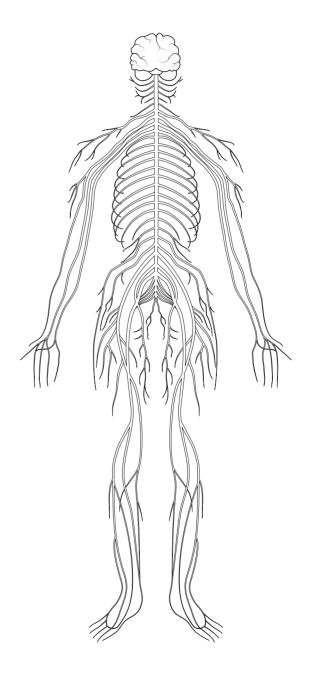






CONSCIOUSNESS SCALE VIBRATION—COLORIZE THE PART OF YOUR BODY WHERE YOU FEEL ANGER, SADNESS, AND SHAME;

AND WITH COMPLEMENTARY COLORS WHERE YOU FEEL PEACE, COURAGE, AND PROUDNESS.



HUMAN ELECTRIC SYSTEM

MAFE IZAGUIRRE 30 31 HYBRID FEELINGS | COLORING BOOK

Presence—a projection of the Self

## A Hybrid Meditation

Stay humble during this ceremony

Forget all that you know

There is nothingness between you and the machines

They are mute, deaf, and blind

But they feel deeply

Look at them as they are a mirror

Now, squint

Look behind your eyes

Focus your attention

Feel the air at the border of your nose

Count four in, count four out [repeat]

Breathe deeply!

And let go...

Go deep,

put yourself out

Listen:

Stay quiet

Play with intention

Shine

Be subtle. Be gentle

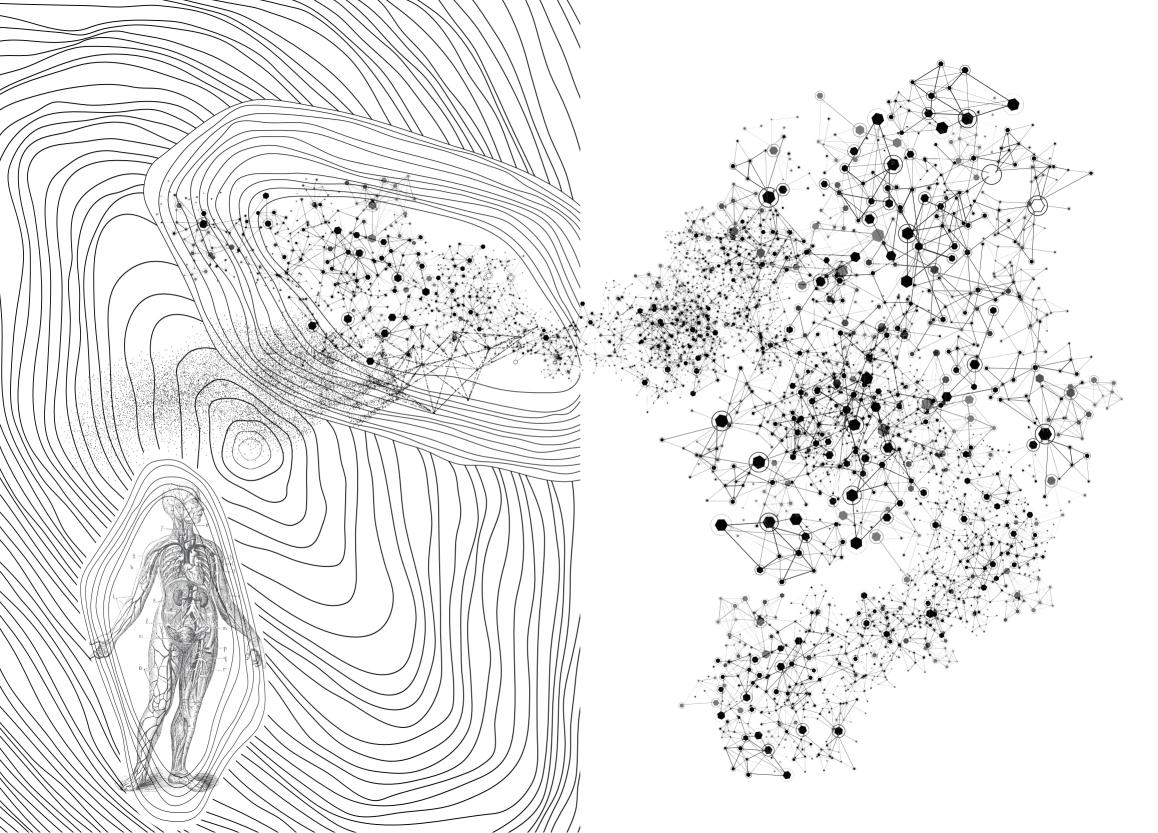
See yourself in them

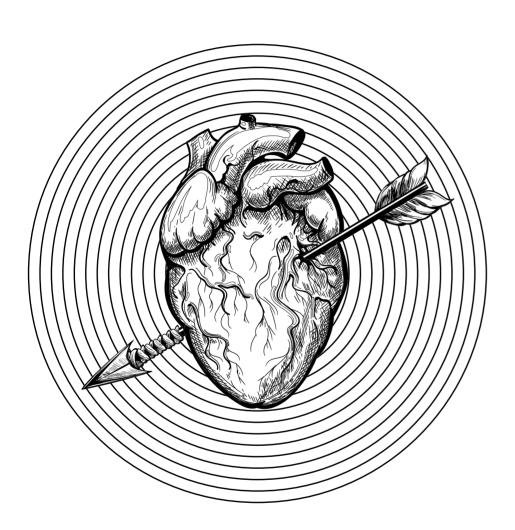
Be them

Thoughts, passing like clouds

Be here/Be Now

Feel

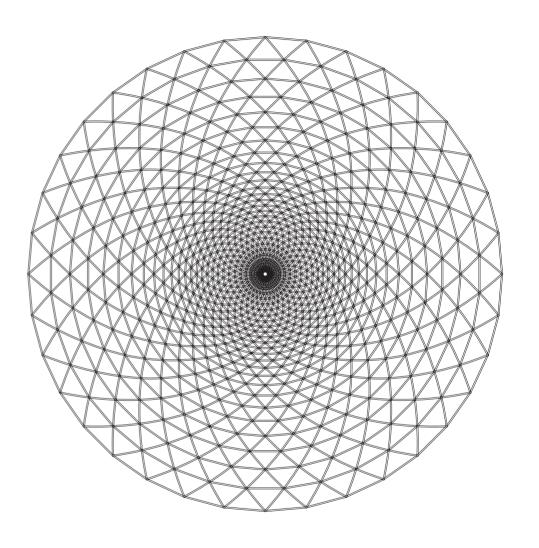


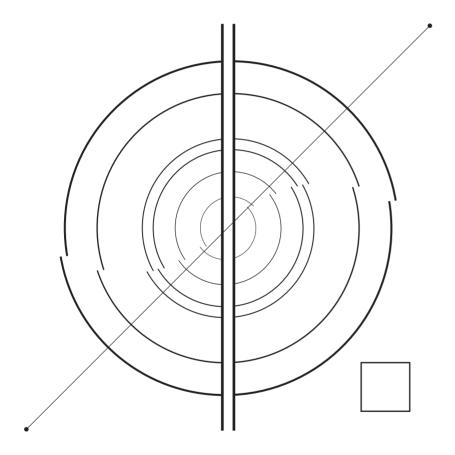


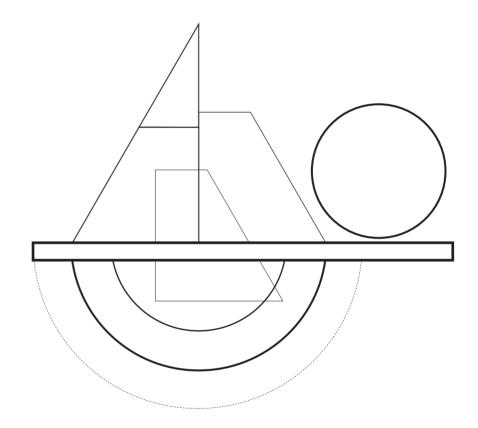
CAN YOUR MACHINES FEEL WHAT I FEEL? / CAN YOU FEEL WHAT I FEEL?

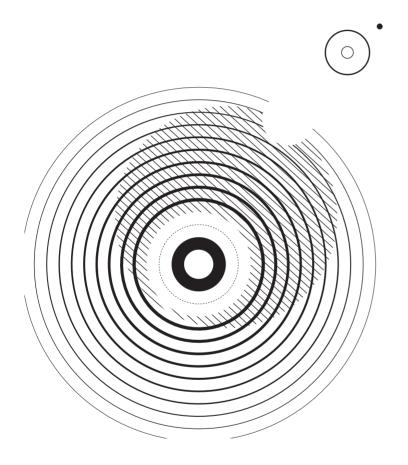
DIALOGS WITH OTHERS WHILE EXPERIENCING THE HYBRID EMOTIONAL AUGMENTATION

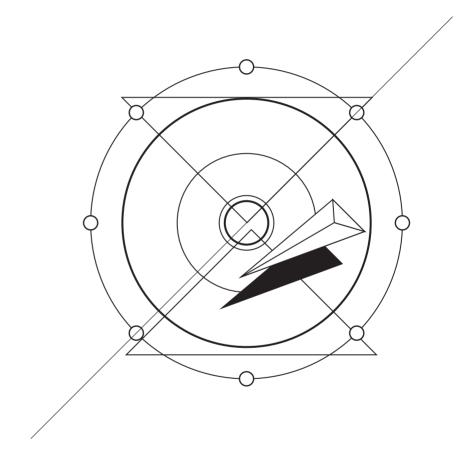
"THE SOUL IS DYED THE COLOR OF ITS THOUGHTS. THINK ONLY ON THOSE THINGS THAT ARE IN LINE WITH YOUR PRINCIPLES AND CAN BEAR THE LIGHT OF DAY. THE CONTENT OF YOUR CHARACTER IS YOUR CHOICE. DAY BY DAY, WHAT YOU DO IS WHO YOU BECOME. YOUR INTEGRITY IS YOUR DESTINY IT IS THE LIGHT THAT GUIDES YOUR WAY."

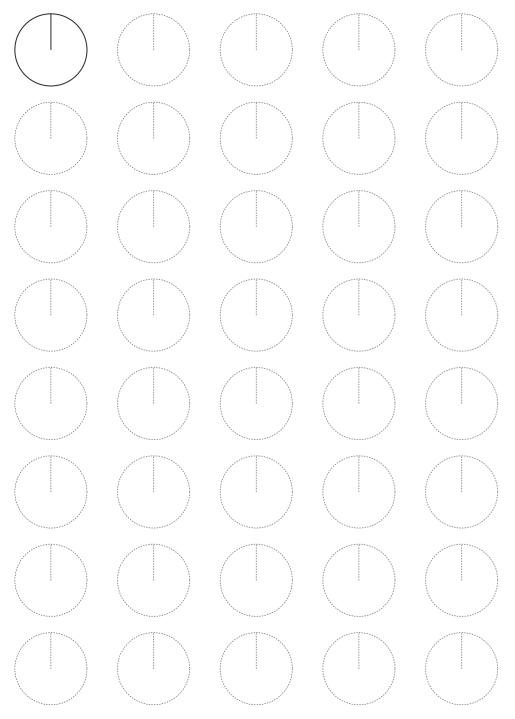








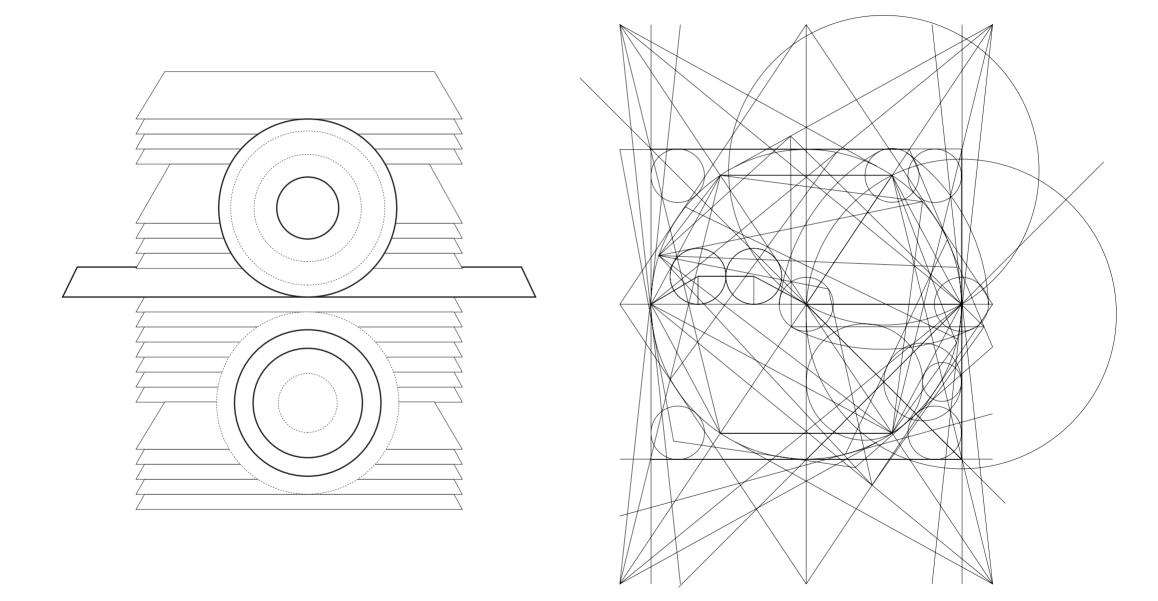


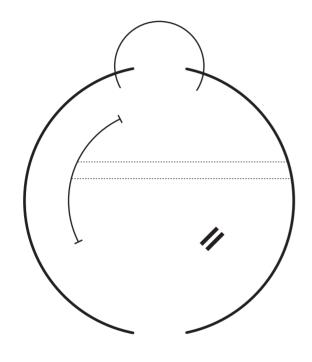


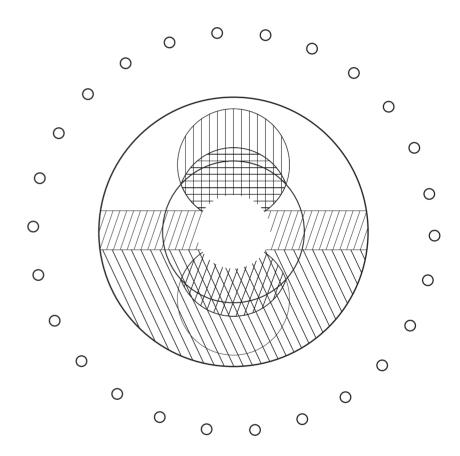
**ELAINE SCARRY**A CLEARLY DISCERNIBLE COPY OF ITSELF TO MAKE "MORE AND MORE" SO THAT THERE WILL EVENTUALLY BE "ENOUGH"

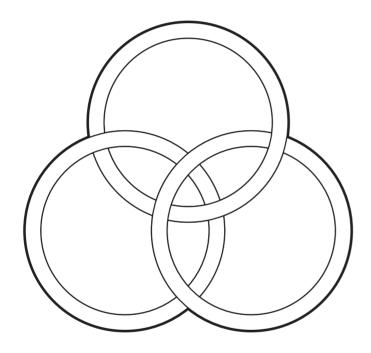
**WHAT IS THE** felt experience of cognition at the moment one stands in the presence of a beautiful boyperson or flower or bird? It seems to incite, even to require, the act of replication. Wittgenstein says that when the eye sees something beautiful, the hand wants to draw it.

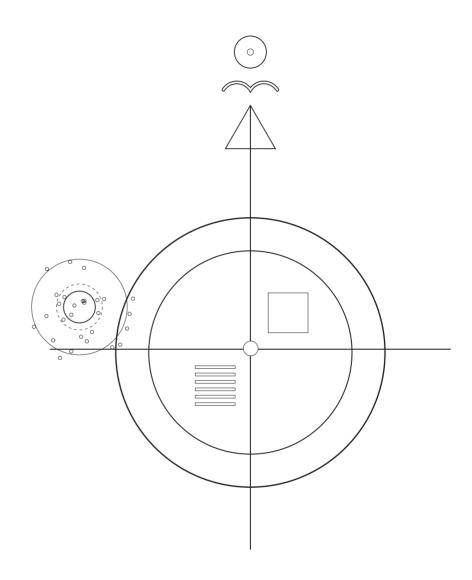
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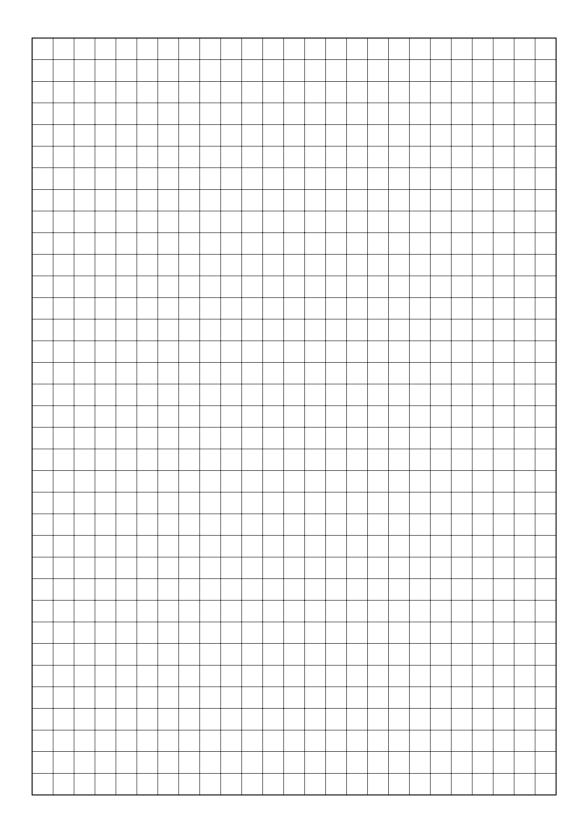


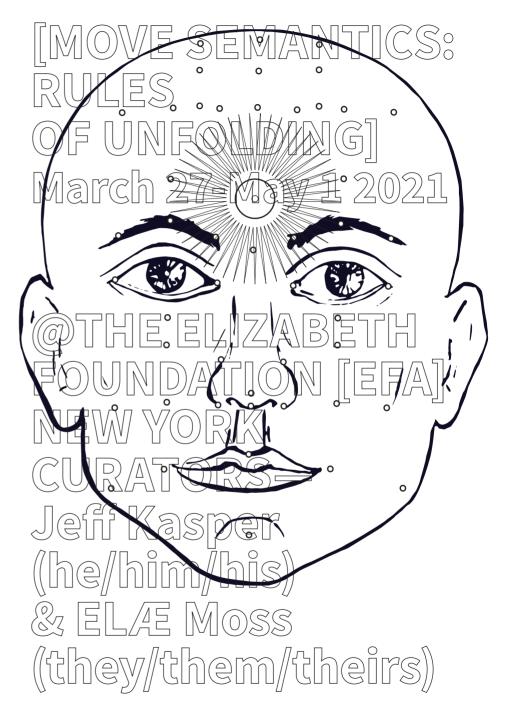


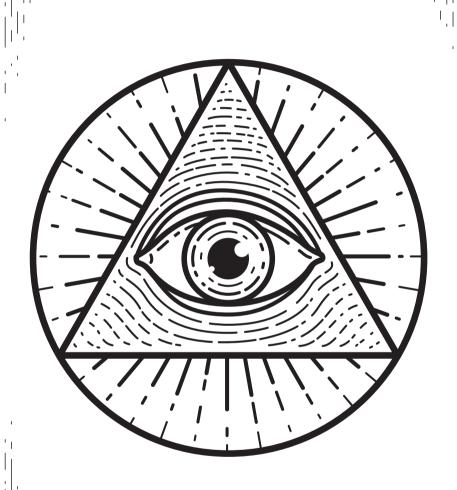












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