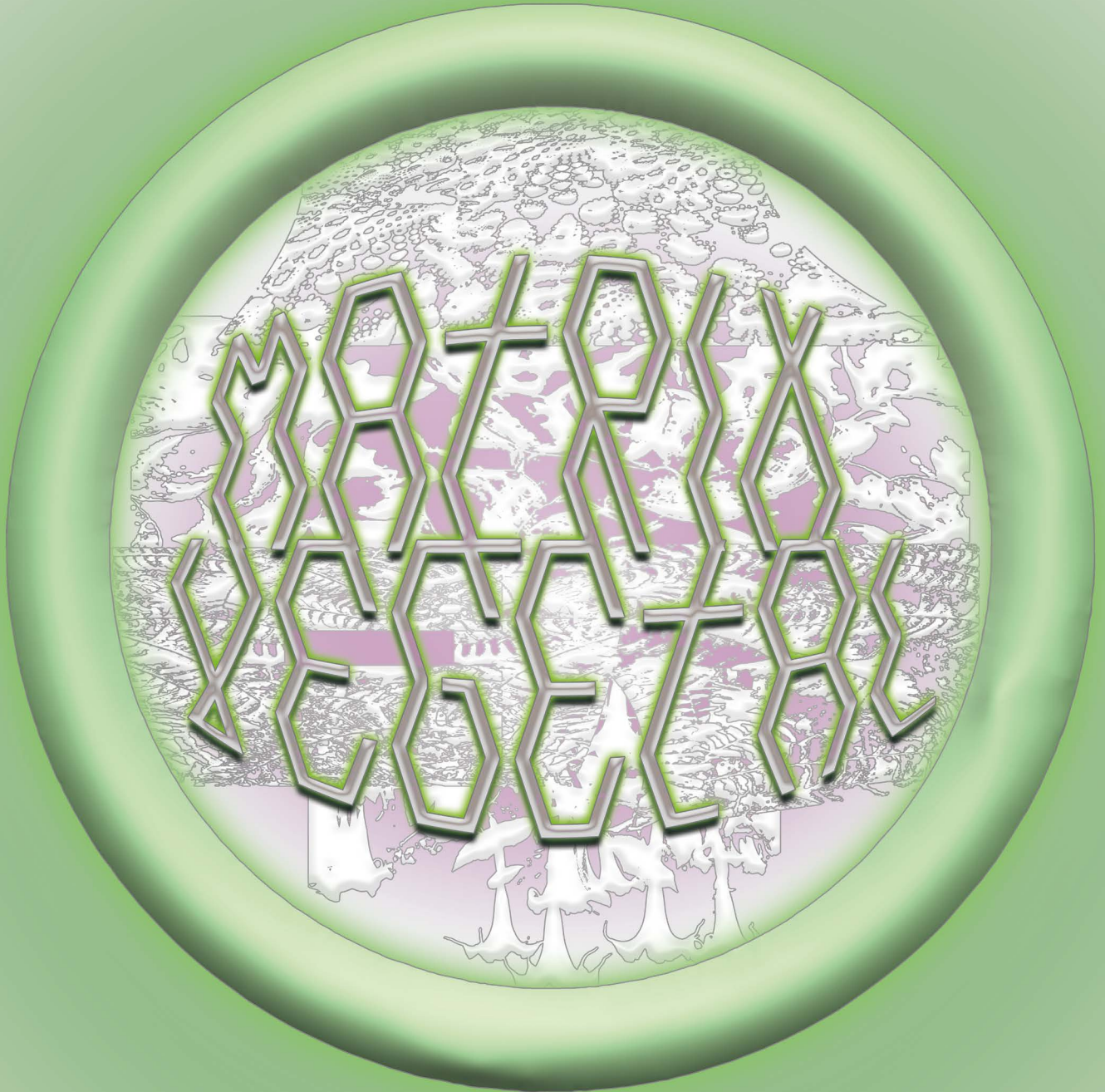


PATRICIA DOMÍNGUEZ

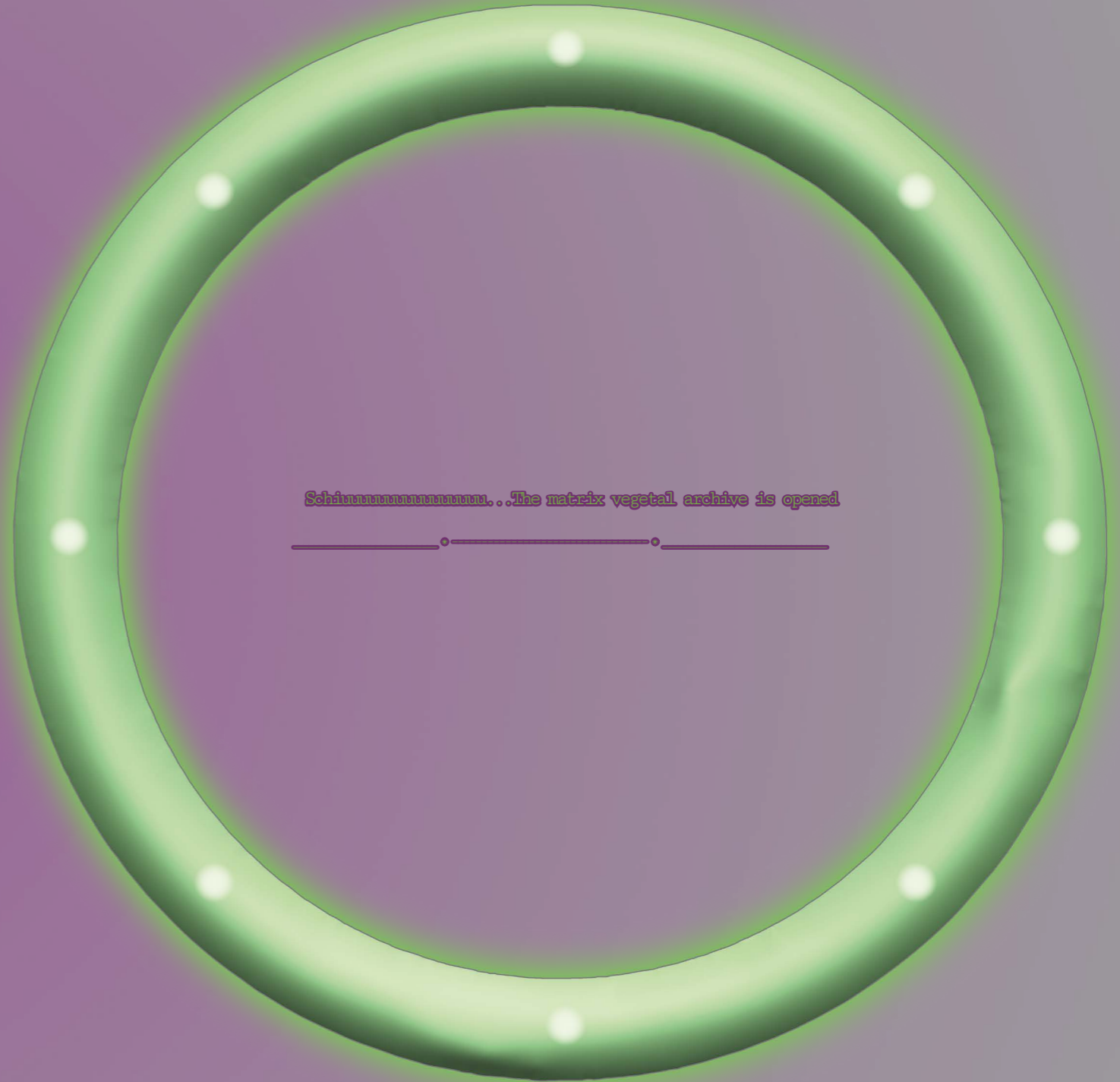


BYASSES OF THE COSMOS

A river with three banks drew itself in the sand: an open triangle. It drew itself again. A circle, this time. It multiplied in three, four, five until it formed an octagonal flower. "Each petal is a portal. Upon passing through, it disappears," vibrated the ether. "Behind it, all spaces are connected: you'll be within one and all at the same time. Scan what you see and save it forever on your interior chip."

The open triangle drew itself once more. A burst of light passed through it and I plunged myself inside.





Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...The matrix vegetal andriye is opened



{ LOOK AT A LEAF AND FOCUS.
AND I SEE ITS GEOMETRIC FACE.

I showed up on the third bank of the imposing Madre de Dios River. The liquid surface reflected the infinite sparkles of the surrounding vegetal universe. Its waters flowed smoothly, without looking back. As I contemplated the jungle reflected on the river, fragments of the reflection began arranging themselves in glistening fractals until they formed a visage. A geometric face inhaled, raised its gaze, and fixed it on me.

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"I'm Amador. General Doctor of the Flora and Fauna of the Universe," He said with an organic and electronic voice.

The green patterns that made up his face became translucent shapes that rose from the water. When his face had completely emerged, he unfolded his metallic body. His doctor's smock was like a robot's: it shimmered. He had many glowing leaves and phosphorescent figures. From his shoulders, two leaves rose upward. The rest of the leaves overlapped like scales down his entire body to his feet. "Maestro, I need to broaden my vision," I asked and he accepted.

He closed his eyes and spoke electronically to my cells. He recited a code, an invisible formula that embedded an ectopic eye into my right scapula. It extended its just-born neurons and connected to my spine, activating it; I knew because I felt the cornea twist on my back. I closed my old eyes and blinked into the new one. Its pupil reflected the world and I could see the visible and the invisible all at once.

"Follow me," Amador said.

We were transported to the second bank of the Madre de Dios. A great mango tree rose from its slope. Wham! Wham! One by one the mangos fell onto the damp language of the Earth. From each mango, a family tree emerged. The ancestors levitated with their fruit bodies.

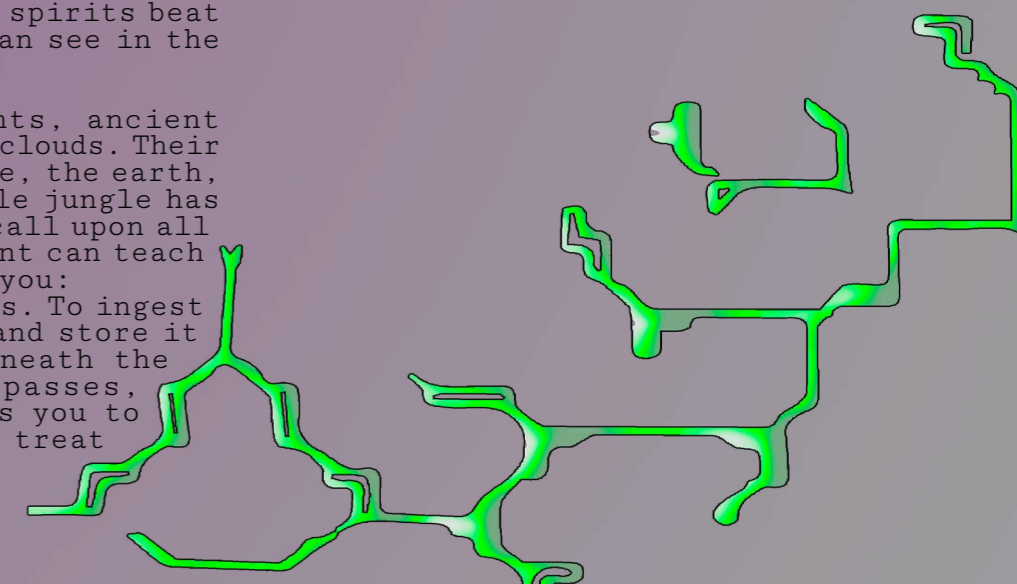
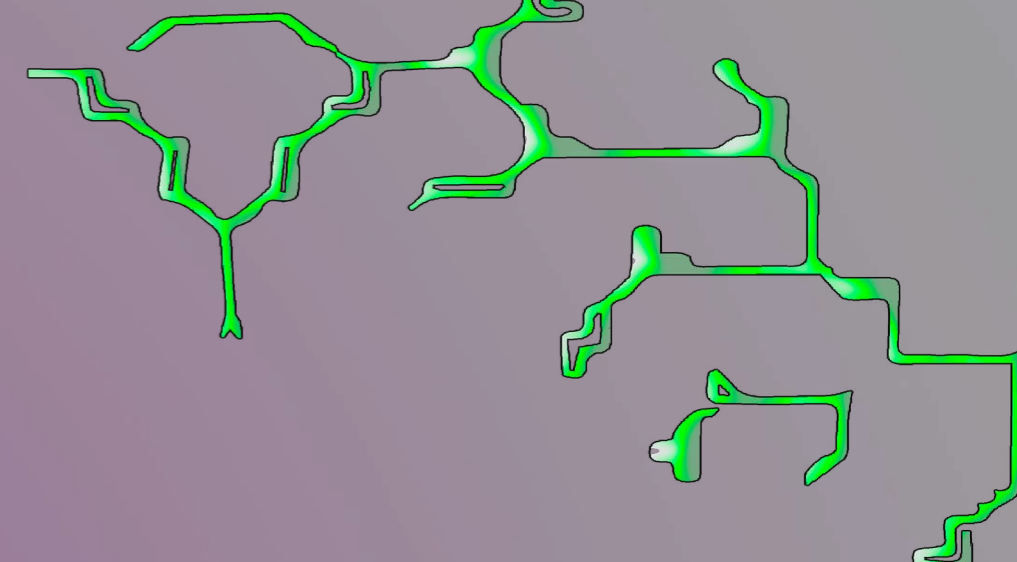
"It's a tree to reconnect to yourself," Amador explained to me. Carrying on, he invoked the Mother of Mangos and greeted her. A beautiful line of etheric mangos appeared.



"Each plant has its mother," he told me while admiring one of the mangos and the fruit beamed with light. "You can always greet the plant by your side. In the jungle, in the city. Introduce yourself, tell it about your ancestors, then ask to know hers. She will call her mother. Once she appears, at some point her mother will call her mother, and so on. All of the mothers will arrive. Her entire lineage will appear before you.

"The Shihuahuaco has his mother, the Enaco has his mother, the Catagua has her mother, the Ayahuasca has her mother, Chakruna has her mother. If you summon a fruit from its genealogy, they will all establish a luminous connection with you. They will protect you. The mothers of the plants always arrive, their spirits beat within the plant that you can see in the physical dimension.

"There exist immense plants, ancient trees that brush the highest clouds. Their mothers are strong. Likewise, the earth, the water, the air: the whole jungle has a mother, as we do. You can call upon all of them. The mother of a plant can teach you its abilities and tell you: I serve to heal this sickness. To ingest me, peel back my bark, dry and store it for a month in spirits beneath the ground. While the month passes, follow a diet that prepares you to receive me. Sing to me and treat me gently.



“Plants love to be drawn and decorated. Who knows what they could ask you! Each one will ask you for what it likes the most.

“The day the plants gave me my doctor’s smock, the whole jungle danced,” continued Amador. “Because the whole jungle dances when someone heals! It’s a medicinal garden! They led me to a stage where thousands of green doctors applauded me with fervor. I climbed up and they completely draped me in emerald, with a beautiful metal crown of diamonds. I told them what I had experienced during my apprenticeship. They responded that the jungle gave me the title of Doctor as a reward for all of those experiences. From that day on, I have followed my diets, always loving the plant, obeying it in everything. I help people in the physical, the spiritual, and the psychological. I accompany them during the healing of their traumas. I aid people-whether they have money or not-without any conditions.

“All of the spirits of the plants are alike because there are women plants, there are men, there are mixed plants, and they are all doctors. You will see that your spirits are covered in a refulgent green. When they show you their geometric faces, focus on them with the powerful eye that they implanted into your back and you will receive the information that you need through images, physical sensations, involuntary movements, and sounds. When you want to know who and how a person is, imagine a leaf on their face: their veils will fall. The plants will show you their true self. They work in a mystical, multiple, and sacred manner.

CEREMONY WITHOUT WI-FI

The first moonless night, I performed a procedure to enter into connection. I took a flourishing bath. I scrubbed my whole body with herb-of-grace to remove all vestiges of the digital world. Then I rubbed a mixture of water, flower essences, rose petals, honey, and bits of plants over my whole body. The energy of these flowers was impregnated in my cells. It was a floral download.

The emails I send, the photos I take, and my thoughts are, since then, accompanied by that blossoming energy. I accepted new information into my being: magnetic, aromatic, and fertile. The cleansings extract energies that repel and leave you energized. The flowers are my allies. I electro-blossomed.

Plant eyes? 2.0

Heart, heart.

Level two.

Open spirit upon a platter of mercury. Combination with the plants: activated. Plant spirit: 3.0
Deliver your ego, donate it to the Earth.

“Your telephone cannot be at the ceremony because it emits rays. Plants also have rays, and they clash,” Amador said sagely before beginning the first connection. I turned it off and said a spontaneous prayer:

**I feel the digital outlets that drain my physical, creative, and spiritual energy. I visualize the line of particles that connect my body to my telephone, to my text messages, to the millions of files waiting to be downloaded, responded to.
How many hidden threads emerge from my body connecting me to other bodies?
What entities do I drink energy from? Who is drinking mine without me realizing it? I shut the channels that allow leakages and contamination.
My cells heighten this plea for protection and impermeability.
I disconnect, I clean!**

While I prayed, I wished for the plants to protect me so that in the future the magnetic waves of the digital world that whiz through the ether don’t penetrate me. A shiver runs through my sensors. A delicate luminous fabric embraced my body from head to toe, then every one of my internal organs. I was ready to enter in connection.

Amador led me to the ceremony space he had on the land near his house beside the river. It was exactly the same as the other structures he had built in the jungle: simple. It was nothing special. Could it be an invisible temple? Between two cushions lying on the wooden floor a beautiful root peeked out. Reading my mind, he said:

"This reality is simple because our temples are not of this dimension." He lit a candle and fiddled with several objects while whispering. "The altars are our bones, the architecture that supports our spiritual being."

With a stone tool, Amador opened the ceremony on the side where the sun rises every morning. Then he turned like a celestial body to his right, to his right, and to his right. At each point, he opened his arms and bent to touch his forehead to the knife he held in his hands. He returned to his original position and touched the earth in thanks. He lightly kissed the knife. Fireflies flew in and hovered above our heads. They lit up in unison, making a luminous curtain. I went inside and said goodbye to what can be touched.

Night, night, night. Darkness. Light from a green candle. More lights appear, multiple lights. Lustrous geometries. They frighten me. But Amador is a flower, a white flower about to bloom!

Trust, I think.

Treasure chests. Reflections of suns. I fly through the curtain of phosphores, or does the curtain fly through me? Light codes of planetary memory. I disintegrate, we fuse. I no longer have a body. My hand, far away, is made of tiny crystals. My eye flies, it flies away! I touch with my thoughts. I feel bad. My thoughts resonate in the ether. All of them! I can't hide them. They enter into dialogue with everything that exists, they receive answers. I can't quiet my mind. I can't control them. All of my thoughts are drawn before me. One by one, they show me their energy. My body reacts with spasms, laughs, exhaustion, convulsions, disinterest. I don't want to think anymore. I think something and it appears. My thoughts occupy space, they feed the air, they leave me without oxygen. I cry. I bite the air to catch my breath.

I leap out of myself into other beings. Temples of lights emerge. Altars where plant offerings are made. I am tired, my eyes close, but I want to see. I sense that I will be taught, a new knowledge. I yawn again and again until I fall asleep.

"You're tired, tired," they tell me while I dream.

"I can't handle all this information!" I reply.

I tumble onto the cushion.

I wake up again between thousands of unknown

colors. Fascinating. They sound. The colors

sound. I place my legs into a lagoon and

move them to the rhythm of the sounds.

I stir up the mud at the bottom, the

particles settle and once more the water

becomes crystalline. The bubble of water

fades with the committee's voice, which

has decided that I can advance to the

second level:

"Come on in, miss," I hear over

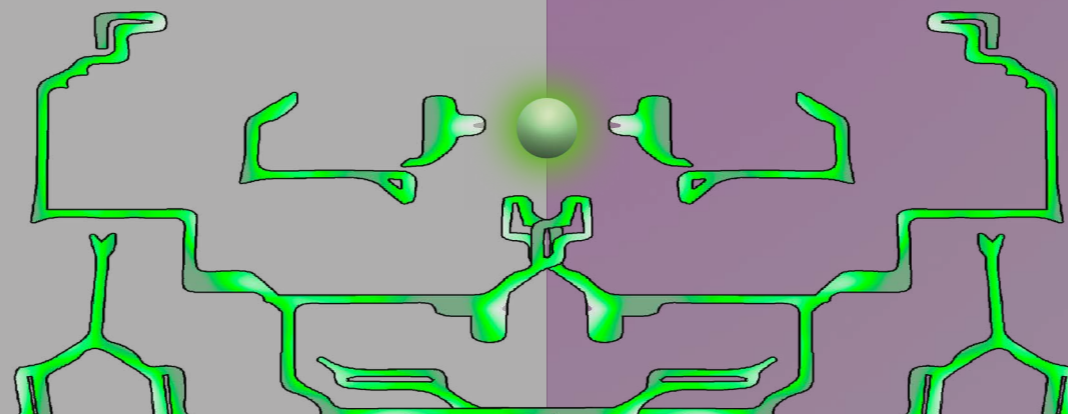
a loudspeaker.

I combine the versions of me and find myself before the plants in my garden. I feel them. I am one with them, I know their thoughts, I am their scent. I fly to the Horse-Chestnut, which grows in the entrance to my house, and embrace it.

"Always dress in green. That way you'll pull the plant's energy toward you." It suggests. I then turn to the big Kapok tree, who also addresses me:

"I would like for you to decorate me, to hang colorful objects from my branches, they attract birds. During the life that you will build beside me in this house, I will transform you into a bird."

I appear in front of the ferns at the south wall. I admire their geometry and their perfect fractals. I shiver mathematically while their symmetrical shapes merge with their luminous double from the invisible world. It produces a glitch when they come into contact.



ENTITIES THAT KNOW HOW TO READ THE AIR

We drink the plant tears that float above Gaia, we read them. We invoke the already disintegrated planetary memories. We melt.

The morning I said goodbye to Amador was filled with silence and gratitude. I knew he was reading my thoughts. He looked at me and shot me a mental message.

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An enigmatic drawing appeared on the ground. It was a plant portal. Without thinking twice, I entered.

White flashes, opalescent lights, nervous bursts. I am in the house of air. Symbols fly all around, leaving trails of sound. Everything that dies enters the air. In it resides all books, all that is said, all that is felt. House of air, house of air, everything is intact, nothing is lost. Nurturing air. I invoked a memory, it floated by like a cloud. I remembered everything. I find my interior chip. It is all there! It's golden and spinning right in front of me. It calms me down.

I moved through the air to its center. There was a greenish chip spinning by itself. It contained the codes of the vegetal universe. I moved towards it and we started spinning quickly until we merged together. My spirit linked with that of the plants forever.

The figure of the river with three banks was traced in the air, I recognize it. I take off my clothing and dive into the river to cross it. When I passed through the reflections of the jungle on its waters, my telephone vibrated with pleasure. I knew that the rays of my cell phone were in love with the vegetal rays.

Dark beings hauled me onto their boats, anacondas nipped at me, rapids dragged me down, trying to drown me, I could hardly breathe. The dark energies of the jungle were attacking me! I cried out in fear. Where did my tears fall from? They seemed to come from the edge of my nose and flowed as if my nostril was a mountain.

An image of the Virgin of the Mystic Roses appeared in my hand. Amador had suggested that I recite the Hail Mary if I entered into those dark spaces. "Hail Mary, full of..." I started to pray and a beam of light opened in the darkness of my visions. Flash! A burst of white light illuminated the entire space! The darkness ceased. The monsters raised their hands and paws to the sky, surrendering to the words I invoked.

Boommm! It darkened once more. I resumed my prayer, but couldn't even remember a single sentence. Had I forgotten? With great effort, I managed to articulate: "Santa María, mother of God." Flash! The whole space went white again. Resplendent virgins came to my protection (one taught me: "When you feel a lot of negative energy, tie a knot. Tie it with

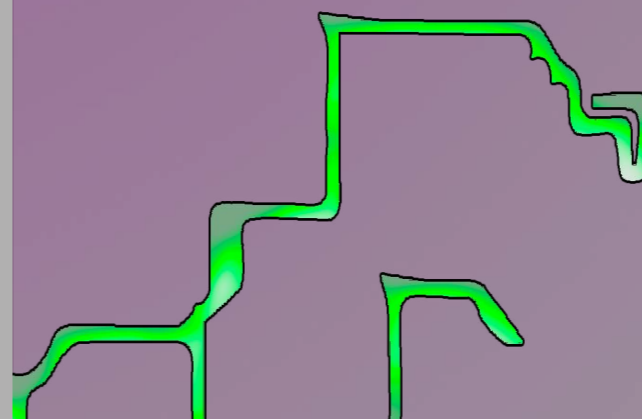
whatever you have at hand to trap the dark energy and deliver it to the earth." I thanked her).

I caught my breath. I inhaled deeply. I stretched out my legs and left the geometric position that I was in so that the information spiraled-slowly and gently-into my body, drawing lines that rose, also spiraling, from the soles of my feet to the sky.

Singing, we transport the fundamental particles with the Icarized songs. We move them, thinking. They generate mutations in reality. For that, the code formed by our invisible ideas is modified. In ceremony, whistles, thoughts, and prayers move visions. Inner sounds form new connections. "They are the key to moving negative or positive charges," Amador explains from his cushion.

The sun caressed us with its warm rays. From the place of ceremony, we saw the silhouette of a group of leaping dolphins that left a bright wake behind them. They were synchronized and seemed to be leaving us a message on the water. We fixed our gaze in their wakes and deciphered their symbols sign by sign:

**The breath is our tool.
The altar, our bones.
The yearnings, our routes.**



1. **Amador Aniceto Gatica** is a *curandero* who lives in the La Cachuela community in Puerto Maldonado on the banks of the River of the Madre de Dios. His grandfather was from the community of Bello Horizonte and lived on the banks of the Rio Negro. When he was young, he worked as a taxi driver in Lima. The day his father died in his arms, the gift of shamanism leaped from his body into Amador's through his hands. Together with the gift, he inherited the shaman's kit that his father and grandfather—both traditional doctors of the jungle—used before him. Back then, Amador had no interest in that world, but, night after night, he began to have dreams and to receive messages. The plants spoke to him, reminding him of his lineage:

“Take off that shirt, undo that tie, return to the emerald jungle. Learn to heal. We will show you.”

The night he returned to the banks of the Madre de Dios, he entered its waters and modified the path of his destiny. His companion, Rosa, followed him. Both care for land where a huge mango tree sprouts from the center.

On the hillside where the imposing river shines, Amador and Rosa prepared a room for me. I waited for them there every evening, to enter into the teachings that opened me up to the spiritual world. Beneath the mango tree and beside the glistening river, Amador spent a month telling me what the plants showed him after he crossed his own threshold.

Amador does not only heal people. He is a General Physician of the Flora and Fauna of the Universe. He can cure animals, he can cure birds, he can sow plants, he can give life to a plant: “You must never lose that degree. You must respect the plants, love them, adore them, sow them. When will they take your degree away? Well, when you do something wrong: you break your diet, you take ayahuasca one day and get drunk the next, or if you're eating barbeque, taking drugs. What mother could be happy with you then? She will be furious, she will be bitter. The plant can take away what I have learned. I no longer know anything! When you want to heal someone, you cannot even sing. You do not know how to sing, you have already forgotten everything you know. That is why you can never lose the degree you have, take it with you until your last day of life.

The entire video interview that we conducted with Amador Aniceto in 2021 in Madre de Dios can be seen in Studio Vegetalista's interview series.

2. The book **Las tres mitades de Ino Moxo** by the Peruvian writer César Calvo accompanied me those nights in Madre de Dios. The sorcerers of the Amazon possess an ancient ability: reading the air, a way of accessing the eternal library of knowledge. The house of air shelters the essence of life, where nothing dies once it enters its ether.

Patricia Domínguez (CL)
Matrix Vegetal (2021/22)

Commissioned by Screencity Biennial, with the support of Galería Patricia Ready and Cecilia Brunson Projects.

Matrix Vegetal combines experimental ethnobotany, South American quantum thinking, dream fiction, and organic connection technologies to broaden perception and better understand the workings of the plant and spiritual universe. From botanical science fiction, the video installation proposes a restoration of communication between the human and the more-than-human, representing visions, teachings, and routes delivered by the plant universe and offering a poetic perspective of contemporary existence, intricately intertwined with the earth.

The video installation emerges as an artistic interpretation of the experience of Patricia Domínguez, who was apprenticed to Amador Aniceto, a *curandero* living in Madre de Dios, Peru. Amador has been condecorated by the plants as “General Physician of the Flora and Fauna of the Universe” for his sacred, multiple, and mystical vision of the plant universe.

Under his guidance, the artist activated an intimate process of connection with living knowledge. To do so, she set out to achieve a temporary detachment from the digital matrix, activating instead an alliance with the vegetal matrix. In this way, she established a link with the language that goes beyond the human, connecting with the planetary memory.

Matrix vegetal [2021-2022] video 4K, 21:12 min.

Video written, directed and edited by Patricia Domínguez.

Cinematography and camera direction by Emilia Martín.

Analogue photography Emilia Martín.

Music by Futuro Fósil.

Postproduction by Thomas Woodroffe.

VFX effects by Thomas Woodroffe and Simón Jarpa.

Cast includes Claudia Blin and Pedrito the parrot.

Microscope images by Ce Pams and Patricia Domínguez, Laboratorio Fernán Federici.

Sound design Patricia Domínguez with additional sound effects by Ce Pams.

Direct sound by Ce Pams.

Light artifact creation by Taller Dínamo.

Filmed in Madre de Dios, Perú and Santiago de Chile 2021.

Text written by Patricia Domínguez, 2021/23 for the exhibition Matrix Vegetal at Galería Patricia Ready, November 202, Santiago de Chile.

Text edited by Claudia Blin, **editorially assisted by** Antonia Taulis and corrected by Ada Romero.

Designed by Bate.work.

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Disclaimer This is a text of fiction and ecological delirium.

This booklet was produced for the exhibition Guilty Pleasure, Mineral Treasure, running from 16 August - 11 October 2024 at Künstlerhaus Dortmund.

