

Laboratory of Coordinates

When the air is homogeneous and almost rigid and the things it surrounds are not intermingled, the landscape is not a state of soul but a coordinate system
Jorge Cuesta

Considering a new project is like walking through an unknown territory, you trace a course on an abstract map in which you configure a network of emotions, images and footprints, but at the same time you sketch possible routes to travel. Perhaps if you walk without a compass, getting carried away by the luminous points of certain beacons, you may be able to correctly align all the outlined points, or perhaps not and only imprints will remain on a more complex map.

The history of cartography is similar to walking through an unknown territory; at each step the lines of the territory through which you travel are laid out, this way an image of the geography traversed and in a certain sense of the time lived is created.

Laboratory of Coordinates is a compilation of places traveled in time and mentally wandered spaces, memories of itineraries toured and recognized, imprints of memories. Possibly it is only a beginning, thus I define it as a laboratory where I try to sort the coordinates of the past and the present.

During this journey, some pieces are imaginary itineraries, paths over cities that the unconscious has created with no pretense but to wander mentally.

In parallel, like bifurcated roads, the exhibition *Cartographies of Mud* shown at the Giménez Lorente Foundation at the Universitat Politècnica de València, is an equidistant route to the exhibition at the Set Espai d'Art gallery. This show could be seen more as a navigation chart, as the idea develops, lines are created, similar to islets, which capture a cartography of the soul. The question would be: Why follow an established course and not get carried away by curiosity from other places? Areas where the ordinary is mud, earth, fire. Why not make clay world maps in the shape of a pot? Idea that transports us to another time, place and process.

Technology embraces us and our mind becomes a configuration of binary elements, in this metamorphosis of space and time is where the mud makes us more aware of who we really are, organic elements that we build in a new cartography as we move through a territory that in itself has already developed its own sketch.

In this project, my intention has been to collect a part of imagined cartography with a more experiential one, to return to phrenology as a map and thus be able to understand my own narrative process.

Because as Herman Melville says in *Moby Dick*, *It is not down on any map; true places never are.*

Xavier Monsalvatje

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pl. miracle del mocadoret, 4
46001 - València

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+34 963 920 024

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info@setespaidart.com
www.setespaidart.com
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