

PATTERNS IN TIME: becoming...being..disappearing.

Perhaps ours is a porous world, where time and space overlap
moving from a center, a multidimensional
Plane of immanence
All is one
Life, and death, and depth
Not of transcendence, but an immanent pattern in which we unfold.

The “Plane of immanence” has no outside
All is connected.

A multiplicity of patterns is within
Patterns of place are overlapping and interwoven
Patterns of growth are rhizomatic roots and shoots
Patterns in time are twisting and turning.

All moving at different speeds—

In its containment, we might think of TIME as a prism of
Becoming, Being, Disappearing.

The inevitability of this prism is a rhizomatic cycle of motion—the Mobius Twist.
This spiral moves with space and dimension immanently unfolding an outer field with its
porous nature of centrality.

Only in a world of speculation.
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened...
Other echoes
Inhabit the garden. Shall we follow?
TS Eliot

“If I had a world of my own, everything would be nonsense. Nothing would be what it is,
because everything would be what it isn't. And contrary wise, what is, it wouldn't be. And what
wouldn't be, it would. You see?” Said Alice.

A virtual house cannot be constructed.
It becomes...
An energy that time unfolds inhabits the space within.
~

Our TreeHouse “is not simply within a larger system, but folds from that very system,
functioning and operating consistently upon it, with it and through it, immanently “mapping” its
environment, discovering its own dynamic powers and kinetic relations.”

Gilles Deleuze

Mark Lane tells us " the mind is most alive when questioning "

What We WANT TO CONSTRUCT IS THE SPACE OF THE QUESTION
—THE SPACE BETWEEN VIEWER AND QUEST—
A PLACE WHERE THE MIND AND HEART ARE MOST ALIVE.

Perhaps

when the space of the answer corresponds with the question without being an answer
It might be a way to be inside of the question
Is Time a not-knowing answer--a virtual answer?

The map might be an answer and a question
But WHAT is the question?

Please, tell me which way I should go from here? said Alice.
That depends a good deal on where you want to get to", said the Cat.
"I don't much care where," said Alice..."so long as I get somewhere."
Oh, you're sure to do that, said the Cat,"if only you walk long enough."

Paths we know travel in repetition of the same rhythm.
Not knowing, being the change of direction.

Are we Unfolding a bridge to being?
waxing at the pace of our own willingness to bridge the parallel of things unseen, things
glazed over, things that can't stay under any more. Heightened in a frequency of gradual
illumination or "being cracked layer by layer, until nothing becomes something " —reduced to a
certain point?

And each phase of revolution shall revolve
One turn to another
A regenerative fold
Pouring into itself
Silk spun into lines of flight.
A twist of the mobius , a point of envelopment
From creation surrounding you, to you surrounding creation

Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point,
There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.
I can only say, there we have been: but I cannot say where.
And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.
TS Eliot

A map is always open
to be entered from any point.

"the rhizome is "open and connectable in all of its dimensions; it is detachable reversible,
susceptible to constant modification."
Deleuze?

Time only exists as a pattern—
A moment, a movement

a “metaphysics in which the concept of multiplicity replaces that of substance, event replaces essence and virtuality replaces possibility.” Deleuze

Everything is connected
TIME is all about
Existence
The Existential Experience between the virtual and the invisible—
The moment between the virtual and the porous possibility of the real.

“The mystery lies in this leap, in this passage from One surface to another
And in what the surface becomes, skirted over by the second.”
Deleuze

Can we liberate another surface, another angle
Between
Angles of disappearance
The depth and death of the page and the plane
connected by the spinal hinge

Is it the gesture of opening the door, the arc of the movement of the arm that creates
the space of the question, the quest, the request that brings this moment of energy into being?
Can we create a revolving, evolving doorway in the space between adding a new dimension to
our disappearance?

The movement of time IS the virtual and imaginary 3/D shape of the Möbius,
like the axis of the earth, that continually shifts with each moment in time
following the movement, the analemma of the sun.

The twist moves through a thin space into negative visibility $n-1$
 n =the slightest visibility
 $n-1$ =total invisibility
Light

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always—
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and

All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-(un) folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.