

According to Pliny the Elder's account, representation was originated by the urge of a Corinthian maid to cling to her departing lover by drawing the outline of the cast shadow of his profile. When both the shadow and the body that projected it became absent, the marks on the wall turned into the embodiment of the one who was gone. It was an object of affection.

«The World» is a constellation of objects, minerals, plants, photographs and images that are associated with each other through resemblance. From affection and aversion, these things, as most of the things, could both be themselves and exceed themselves as being metaphors of others. They unfold into each other in relationships of kinship and affection, weaving stories that transcend them. It is a sample of some ways in which meanings are settled in matter, how they reveal themselves, migrate and transfigure. An attempt to understand affective or sensible ways to depict, grasp and give meaning to the world. Meanings that are supported by a scaffolding of allegories.

There was a time when to decipher the world, was necessary to find affinities between things. "To search for the law governing signs is to discover things that are alike. The grammar of beings is an exegesis of these things. And what the language they have to tell us is quite simply what the syntax is that binds them together."<sup>1</sup> Things were defined by their kinship to others, they were within their internal order. The quality of oneness was lost in the possibility of resembling, thus, the chance of being other.

"Resemblance organized the play of symbols, made possible knowledge of things visible and invisible, and controlled the art of representing them. The universe was folded in upon itself: the earth echoing the sky, faces seeing themselves reflected in the stars, and plants holding within their stems the secrets that were of use to man."<sup>2</sup> It was a time when magic and mythology were intrinsic to science and facts were permeated with fantasy.

<sup>1, 2</sup> Michel Foucault,  
*The Order of Things.*

"How many crimes has humanity not committed in the name of Truth! And yet this truth was only ever just a meaning. «

»Many make a hypostasis of meaning. This terrorist operation generally goes under the name of realism. So, when you declare (...), 'I feel the need to express reality, but in terms which are not completely realist,' you show a true sense of meaning."<sup>3</sup>

