

“Some sort of celestial event.
No words. No words to describe...
Poetry.
They should have sent a poet.
So beautiful. Beautiful. So beautiful. So beautiful.
I had no idea.
I had no idea.
I had no idea.”

*-Scientist Dr. Eleanor "Ellie" Arroway's
words as she embarks on her mystical flight
into the unknown.*

(*Contact* © 1997 WARNER BROS PICTURES)

“From the Academy Award-winning director of "Forrest Gump"
and Pulitzer Prize-winning author of "Contact" take you on a
journey to the heart of the universe”

“From the Academy Award-winning director of "Forrest Gump"
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journey to the UNIVERSE of the HEART/MIND”)

I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF MY
MIND.

I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF MY
SOUL.

PROJECT

This is a project to express the virtually untapped energy that resides within my architecture. In the creation of art I employ only a small amount of my potential being force. And even then, this energy is conducted and mediated through my physical subsidiaries. This is a project to more fully utilize this power in its purest form. This is a project about

the power that lies outside the known senses, but is generated from the empirical knowledge gained through touching, tasting, hearing, seeing, and smelling.

This is the power of knowledge—of the Mind.

This power is not alone. It is enveloped and engendered by gravity—gained through love, spirit, will, and the knowingness of the eternal Heart.

This is the power of fullness—of the Soul.

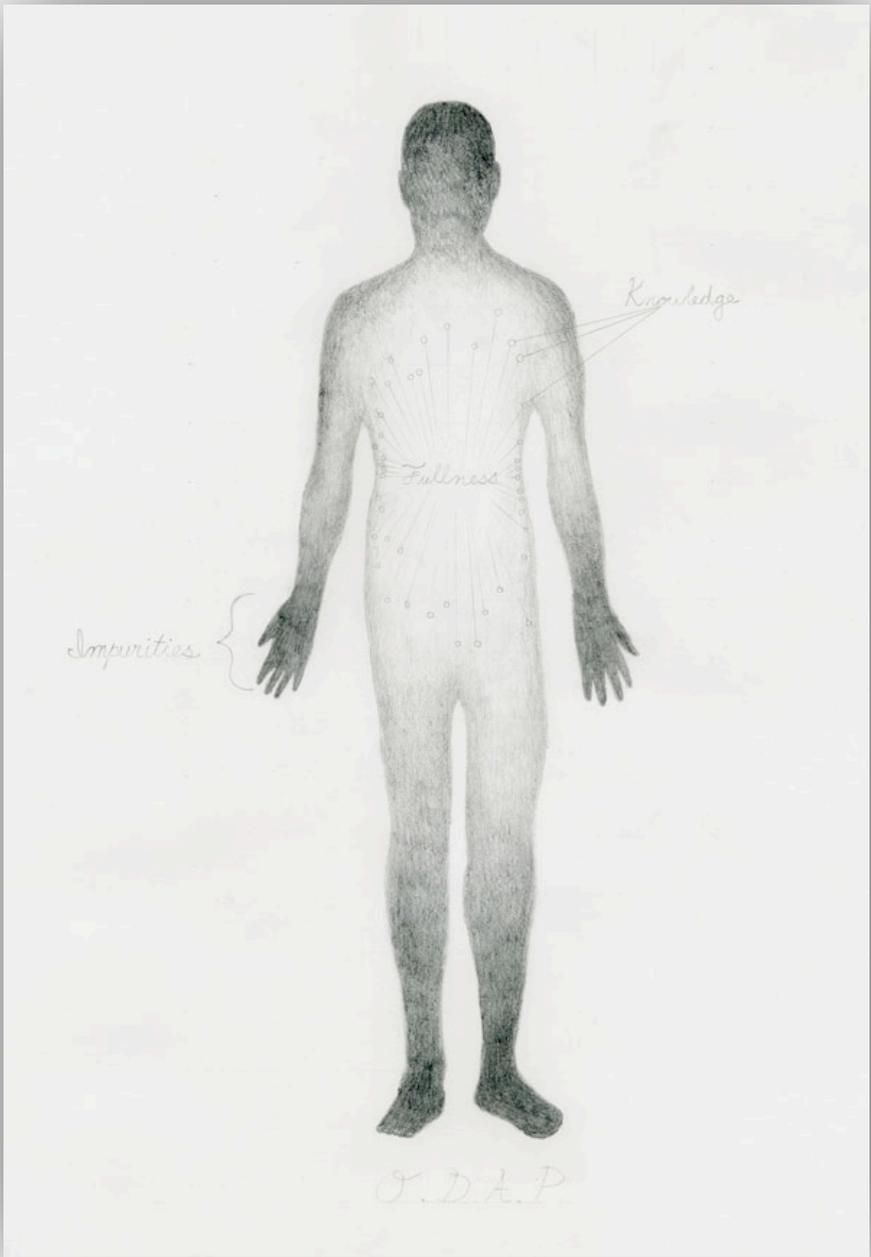
Anything built in execution of this project will be to facilitate or focus the training of my power within. This is the documentation of a project on the individual scale. Every circuit on the path of this exercise is made to best augment the awakening of the power within myself. Others, however, may find within the writings and actions of this project useful guidance in their own journey to realize and express the atomic power of their inner Shamoan. This

project will involve a series of modules in which I will become more cognizant and in control of the tremendous energy that resides at the core of my humanity. Each step, by increments, will open the door to the pool of energy within. Pool is not the correct word. In all reality, there is an infinite subterranean ocean that contains not only all accumulated knowledge and fullness, but also the knowledge and fullness that has yet to be attained, as well as the possibility of being attained. My quest is a Vernian odyssey to the center of myself with the intention of exploding this power within, without.

ON SHAMOONS

The environment as we know it is a landscape of compromising entities. We live in a dimension of suffocating and viscous impurities. These Impurities coat like a fine layer of grit over the grid of energy that exists underneath the physical world and our physical self. In ancient times energy was uncontained, un-rhythmic, and propelled. The power of knowledge and fullness existed in nebulae of

individuality, both perpetual and finite. These entities or Shamoons, our ancestors, existed in a dimensional symphony of elegant harmony. The Shamoons expressed a congruency with the dimensional occurrences that surrounded them. The relationship between Shamoons and their dimensional occurrences was a mutual and bicurrental expression. Imagine a swimming pool of pure energy where pockets of conscious essence express to both their surrounding environment and each other. This was the character of the ancient times. This was the dimension of the Shamoons. At some point the dimension of the Shamoons encountered an alien presence: a contingency of absolute foreign design. While the Shamoons and their dimension perpetuated in a state of pure energy, this extraterrestrial body existed as the absence of energy. This invading body was form. It was physicality in all of its compromising impurity and dishonesty.



"O.D.A.P."

The dimension of the Shamoons was smothered by this force of form—this army of Impurities. Like the falling hot ash of an atomic Pompeii, the pure unbridled energy of the Shamoons and their dimension were coated, dressed, and confined into members of form by the alien Impurities asphyxiates the true aura of our inherited existence. Some Shamoons were confined to the structure of a terrestrial environment (called the Outer Dimension); others into the structure of humans. Every “human” on earth is the unknowing conveyor of an eternal Shamoon ghost. The bodies that we understand to comprise our physical demeanor are nothing but suites of Impurities blocking the liberation of our Shamoon, as well as our cognation of our condition. The aura we presently occupy is perpetuated onto our Shamoon from the moment we are conceived. The traditional act of conception is nothing more than the dressing of a Shamoon with the specific Impurities of the human specificity. At conception this Outer Dimensional Accumulatory Presence, or ODAP, is

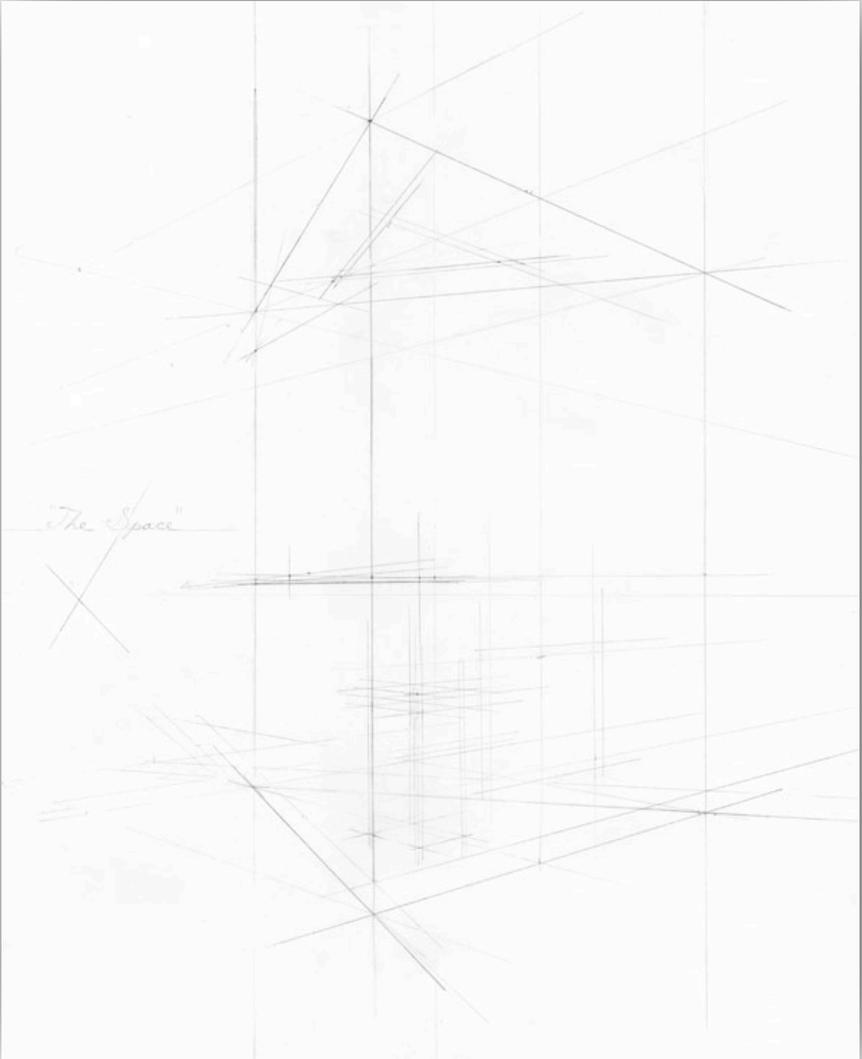
thin and weak. Subsequently, infants and children are able to express more potently the powerful energy of their encapsulated Shamoon. However, as the ODAP transverses the Outer Dimension (OD) through what we perceive as our biological continuance, it garnishes and collects Impurities at all times. This pollination of impure form continues on the ODAP until the accrument incapacitates itself causing the ODAP to fail. Imagine a child dressing for winter weather. As he adds more layers of clothing, his mobility decreases until ultimately his wardrobe renders play impossible. In the same manner, Impurities affix and limit our ODAP until the point when form becomes self-destructively limited and commences a dematerialization into its comprising Impurities. At this point, the Shamoon is either redressed into another ODAP or is re-assimilated into the sinew of the Outer Dimension's infrastructure.

CONSTRUCTION

The first order of business it seems would be to provide the ideal environment in which to exercise the power within myself. The OD smothers and misdirects my latent power and therefore I must take steps to sever myself from the hazards of this realm. When an athlete enters the grid of the playing field he activates both himself as a participant and the field itself. The circuit is incomplete otherwise. With a similar prerogative I must locate myself on a variant

plane; a place where the power within can be conducted and Impurities and distractions rendered flaccid. While it will be necessary for this enclosure to occupy a three dimensional identity, to accommodate the physical nature of my body, it would be more appropriately expressed in a virtual existence. Like a physical website, this place will be a trans-dimensional hub of information where the power within me will flow in a space of minimum to null resistance. It will be both as infinite and exact as the world wide web and the cosmos. It will be all of creation on the tip of a pencil. It will be a thing both defined and confined by its never-ending vastness. It will be space. It will be called "The Space."

I think I must be clear as to the functioning of The Space. It is to be a conductor of the power within. Like a radio tower or satellite dish it will serve to channel and focus the energy in a more productive and meaningful fashion than pedestrian settings.



"The Space"

This said the power within will not be dependent on The Space. It will cultivate the outward expression of this power in hopes that someday its luminescence will ignite the OD in which it resides. The Space will greenhouse my energies until their power is ready to be expressed even in the midst of the Impurities that saturate the OD. I believe this also needs clarification. The Space, as I have said, is separate from the bodily world of circumstances and factors. (When I talk of The Space I am very specifically referring to the quantity of volume that directly resides inside of its physical barriers.) The Space is not the wood, nails, glue that comprises it's anatomical presences but rather the absences of these things. Like I said, The Space is just that. An object of objectlessness.) The qualities of The Space's composition are essentially considered to better harmonize the insubstantial character of both my organic structure and the OD in which it exists. A Meta integration of the factors (The Space, myself,

the outward dimension, the power within) is crucial
to the facilitating of progress.

A CASE OF AUTO-DISTILLATION

The capacity for humanity to release the power within is evidential. We must only believe in the power subterranean, to trust our mind and our heart, and commit to the awakening of knowledge and fullness. The obliqueness of the Impurities eclipse the horizon of Shamoonical liberation.

The task is Goliath, however as soon as we are aware of true circumstances of the OD we can find manifestations of the power within breaching containment and emanating on a social platform. We are reminded by the “human” known as Sam Wheat that energy within us is unbound and vast. The love of the heart and the will of the mind can overcome form in its bastardized incapacity to articulate the complete expression of our quantum energy. Sam Wheat reveals the sublime potential of the soul and mind unharnessed. By knowledge of acquisition Sam is able to disharmonize the formative surface of his Impurities and affect causality outside of the OD. The tenacity of his love for Molly Jensen facilitates the augmentation of a dramatic soul empowerment and fullness realization. It is in Sam Wheat that we truly can witness the attainment of auto-distillation (a purging of Impurities). In a conscious testament of mind and soul, Sam Wheat achieves a nearly crystalline ionization and sanitization. On the precipice of complete



“Sam Wheat—recreation of an image of auto-distillation (*Ghost* © 1990 Paramount Pictures)”

Shamoonistic liberation, the last remnants of Impurities (those that rancorously anchor the mind to the OD even after the ODAP is released—straight jacketing the Shamoon in a confused and immaterial trance-state) are decomposed to sub matter where they rejoin the OD. Once the ODAP (the shell of Impurities formerly known as Sam Wheat) was completely evaporated, a Shamoon, if only for an instant, was unbound as in earlier times in a contemporary vacuum of transcendent metaphorical existence. Within this moment of agape, this universe of collapse this Shamoon was able to extend a translation of understanding, and express a statement of thorough comprehension:

“It's amazing, Molly. The love inside, you take it with you.”

In an eloquent utterance, the Shamoon conveys its liberation from the OD. The mind collects knowledge and puts forth a declarative object that

affirms the inaccessibility of a Shamonical plane:
“It’s amazing, Molly” All words are at the same time too full and too vacant for this meeting. A simple approximation reveals this deficiency, but in a subliminal and profound operation pays homage to its true transcendence. The same could be uttered by one who, for the first time, gazes upon the Grand Canyon or the expanse of the galaxy sublime, and can only congeal the canopy of sentiments: “Wow.” The soul saturated with love, extended in passion, is ready to be carried by the formless inertia of the mind. “The love inside,” a cornucopic fullness is the cargo of the Shamoon. The energy of passage and the mass of spirit is conveyed; it is transferred; it is taken. Like a single silk strand of a spider’s web, the love of the Sam Wheat ODAP connects him within the synaptic community of energy that unites and harmonizes all Shamoons blanketed by Impurities, imprisoned by form.

MODULES

I have developed these modules of practice to synthesize a machine of metaphor from which the Shamoos residing within will actuate. “The Space” will be the sanctuary, the arena of my ODAP erasure. The actions that are performed will in degrees recognize, articulate, champion, and ultimately genesis a complete and urgent manifestation: one extended beyond physicality, above form, and

immersed in the nothingness of totality, sublimating in a perfect cloud rendered by the cumulus of the mind and the soul.

I have created three steps to effusively realize the fullness of the soul and the knowledge of the mind.

The first module allows me to undergo a conceptualization of the link between my bound Shamoon and its ODAP enclosure, for the chains must first be seen before they can be cast off.

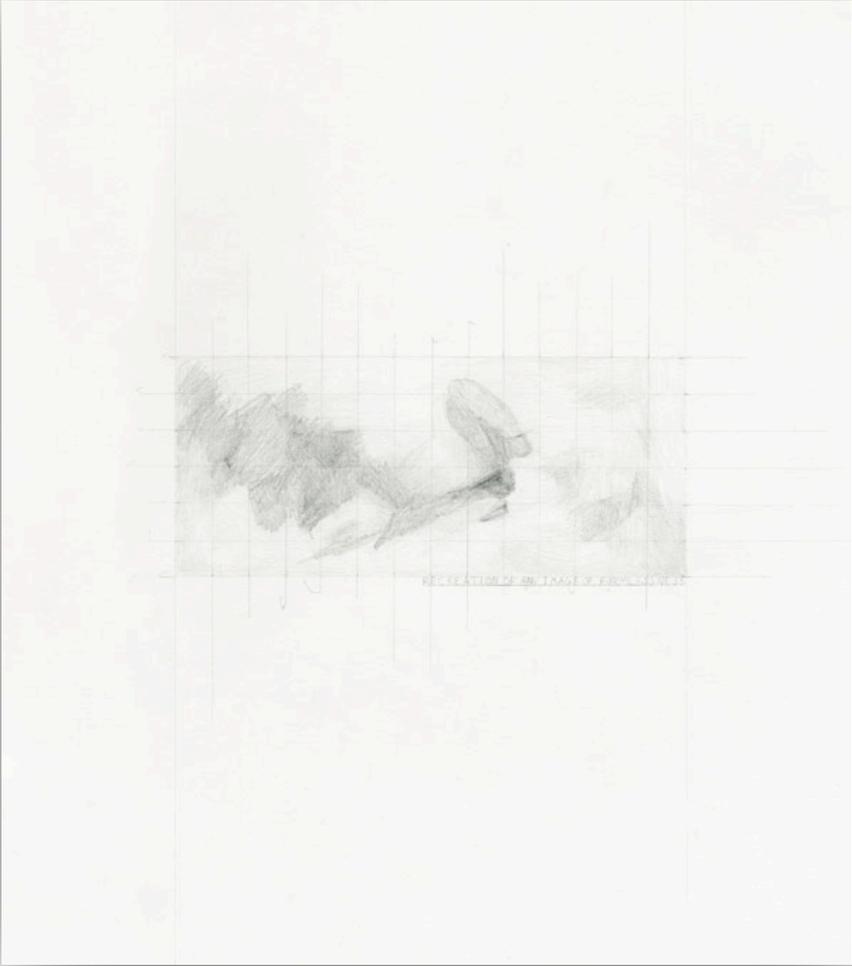
The next step involves the undertaking to shift the dependency of agency from that of the physical to that of the space between the physical. Once an understanding of a chromatic negative is empowered, a general transference can occur.

Finally, once the navigation of a meta-exportation has been completed the disbandment of form and the inoculation of truth can erupt.

MODULE I

First, we must actualize an image of formlessness. We must get in contact with our Shamoons. Reifying the strand between the impure form and the crystalline void is the first step in severing this linkage and embarking on an existence of light, hope, love, and celebration. To do this I must become aware of the manacles that bind but also connect. The ODAP and its occupation of a Shamoonsitic territory

provides the only linkage that we are able to access while residents in the Outer Dimension. It is through this chain that we must garner our understanding of our condition and begin the distillation of consciousness. Therefore the first exercise is rather simple. It is to generate an image of nothing. The image is the residue of form and a close comrade of the mind and the soul. To create an image is to transcribe the allegory of the internal atmosphere and through this action forge a peripheral intermediary. Begin by creating parameters within which the action will be articulated. After you have defined the dimensions of your image begin expressing the inner void. It might help to consider the frame of your image as a window onto which you are viewing the condensation of your humanity. Remember you are not expressing the view from the window but the space that extends beyond the sill, through the landscape, and on through the infinity of your being.



“Recreation of an drawing of an image of formlessness”

All of this is to be understood and felt.

The close. The far. The near. The middle. The spectrum. Do not draw the map. Draw all the maps at once.

Once your image has been created take the time to meditate on the consequences of your vision. Keep this image actively kinetic in your waking self. I take pause both within and without The Space for my image. The more this projection, this ideology, seeps into your core, the stronger and more viable your connection with your inner Shamoan will become.

MODULE II

The next operation will strengthen the connection between your outer and inner geographies. Remember this process foremost begins and ends with a generosity of the soul and the imagination of the mind. You must at all times allow your heart and your head to divine your actions. These are the internal tectonics that must motivate the Pangaea of liberation; it must be hewn, stolen, purged from the

dystopia of form and of the OD. Keep pure of heart.

Be good. Let the inner propel and navigate.

Let your (un)conscious be your guide.

You must feel the inner locomotion of your spirit.

However this must be felt not only in isolation but also with the totality of energies that engulfs you.

The energy that comprises your mind and soul is the same energy that flows just beneath the surface of your visible environment. Your Shamoos is only a quantity of energy and feeling in an infinite quantity of energy and feeling. A cloud lost in a cloud.

Subsequently, it is of the utmost importance to comprehend this community if our goal is at some point to join. Just as amputees retain a spectral memory of their lost limb, you must work to regain a connection with the totality of energy that is rightly at the essence of your spirit but is now sequestered by the Impurities of form. This exercise will strengthen the bond between your inner energies and the nexus in which they rightly belong.

First, attain a small piece of sculpting clay. Start with an amount no larger than a marble. (Again it is essential that these maneuvers be conducted within the sanctity of The Space.) Place the clay on a flat surface 14 to 20 inches away from you.

Now see the clay in truth.

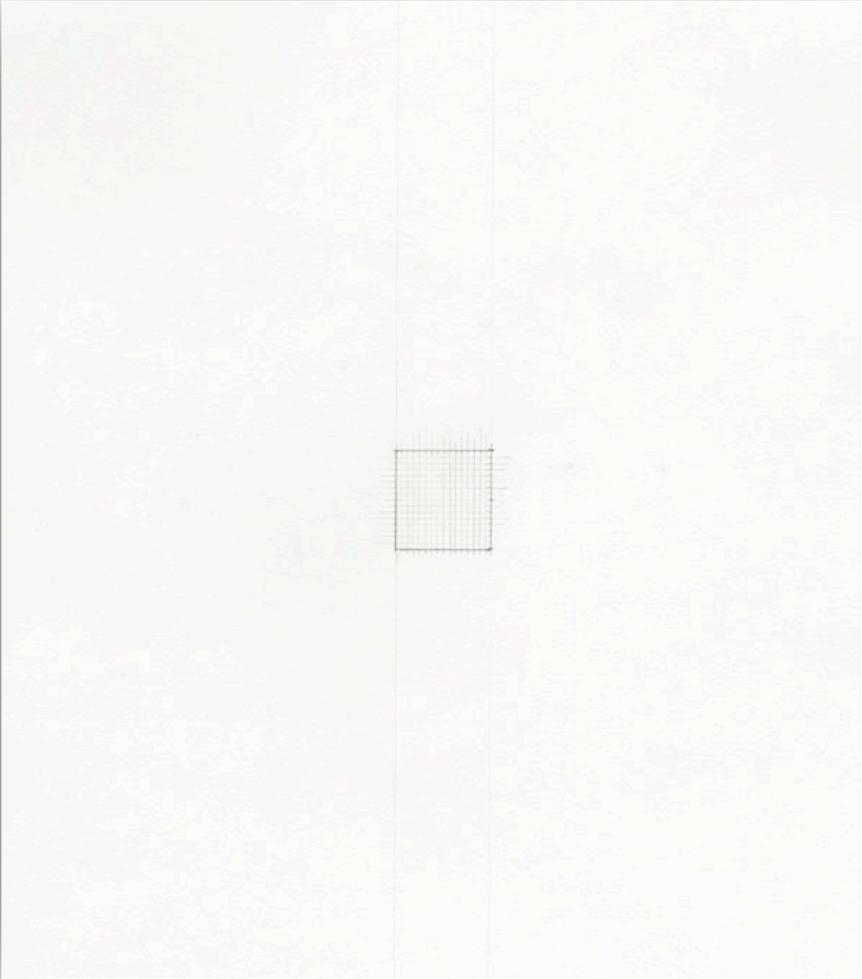
Not as an object composed of form, but as energy engulfed by form. Feel the spirit of force that undulates within its structure. Feel that same spirit within yourself. My skin, my muscles, my marrow are all surface, blanketing a ceaseless harmony of mind and soul. The clay is not clay. It is energy. You are not you. You are energy. The energy you know as the clay is closer to you than any sibling, friend, or lover. You are the same wind of an infinite ravine. The identical vibration of an eternal chorus. Be as one with the clay. Now without thinking understand both of your energies. Like an expanding cloud of love use the fullness of your soul to motivate the knowledge within your mind. Let all perceived boundaries evaporate and let the momentum of your

soul actuate on both your energy and the energy of the clay that was previously held at a distance. Affect the “clay” as you might affect your “pinky finger” or your “eyebrow.” You will soon discover that the limitations of the OD are hindrances and byproducts of form and that they are of no consequence once an understanding of energy and a communion of mind and soul has taken place. With dedicated practice this reunification will grow in ease and durability. Like myself, you will soon be able to express your connection with the totality of the energy by means that may have appeared radical before. Gesturing with the communal energy of objects in the OD, moving, sculpting, levitating, or synthesizing, the veneer of impure form will become evidence of a deep conscious emanating from a burgeoning and powerful mind and soul. Soon the clarity of comprehension and confusion will wash over you. The delineation of *your* energy and *all* energy will be an obsolete mark in an inconsequential plane. This is the community of mind and soul. All

that is left is to purge yourself of form and share in a panoramic transcendence enraptured by pure love, will, and knowledge.

MODULE III

Listen to yourself. What you are looking for has always been inside of you. It has merely been waiting for the convergence of awakenings within your heart and your mind. Now is the time to complete the exodus from a spoiled and impure reality. Trust in the fulfillment that has been hidden from you, from humanity, since the epoch of timelessness.



Every moment that you persist in a formative state is an act of violence committed upon the energy, the Shamoon imprisoned within your ODAP. To be conscious of this aggression and to do nothing is a crime of the highest order and a toxification of the most virtuous condition, *the true* condition. Now is the moment of commencement in which the finale realization and the most vital commitment must be activated. Inaugurate your existence and step into forever.

In this climatic exercise, you will complete the journey of remarkable awakening. Leaving behind that which was never meant to hinder you.

First, on a sheet of paper with a 4H pencil draw an outline of a square one inch by one inch. Let the void in this square occupy your mind. Let the expanse within connect with your inner energy. Just as you communicated with the seemingly external energies of alien objects before, unfold your heart and mind before this space. Your inner Shamoon will feel a rapport within this vacuum as it recognizes an aura

unbound and formless. Focus on the portal. Let every breathe in, collect the fullness of your soul and with every breath out set aloft the sails of knowledge and propel your spirit forward. Feel the energies flow through you. With you. Of you. Liquefy your conscious in the current of light. Oscillate on the inertia of understanding between the space of the image and the space of your ODAP. Intravenously feel essence become homogenous as a resplendent slippage of internal locality pervades. Comprehend the disconnectedness and revel in its sublime rapture. Now that your soul and mind are untethered, you will see with an unimaginable understanding of feeling the vastness of your soul of your love. You will also feel/see/understand (all of perception will be soon be united) the atrocity of dimensionality from which you have suffered hence. It is time to evacuate this sadism and penetrate into the continuum of perfection. In one last implosion of fullness, exhale and export what unfortunate quantity of fullness and knowledge that remains within your ODAP. Exhale

and purge yourself into nothing. Exhale and feel how the Impurities burn; as the shell of your ODAP collapses in smoldering debris. Keep exhaling as form desperately clutches for the Shamoos it so long strangled. On the momentum of the same exhalation, break through the last vestment of physicality and feel the futile sparks wither and dim in hallow of your soul. As you move further and further away, the pain will become only the distant pyre of a relic prison. As the divorce of form is nearly complete, EXHALE for a moment longer and let the horizon of freedom rush forward. As the last bastardized synapses are severed, venture forth into the realm you were always meant to inhabit. It is an infinite reality void of disconnectedness and questions of belief. This is a realm immersed in complete utter knowing. The knowing of Mind. The knowing of Soul.

Welcome.

WELCOME

To the start.

