

SPIRIT+ART





Wet Paint, Sven Davisson, 2006, digital print.

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Cover: (front) The All-Seeing Eye, *Antonio Roybal, egg tempera and oil on hand carved wood, 24 by 12 inches*; Salve Regina, *Antonio Roybal, egg tempera and oil on wood. 24 by 12 inches*; (back) Huang-Ti (The Yellow Emperor), *Nemo, 2006, digital/analog multimedia.*

ASHÉ

JOURNAL OF
EXPERIMENTAL SPIRITUALITY
Summer 2007, Volume VI, Number 2
ISSN 1558-4690 (print)
ISSN 1558-4704 (electronic)

Editor: Sven Davisson

Publisher: Rebel Satori Press

Associate Editors: Diane Chase, Eric K. Lerner, Bobby Shiflett

Friends & Advisors: Nathaniel Bamford, Christopher DeVere, Peter Dubé, Trebor Healey, Mogg Morgan, Ian Phillips, Greg Wharton

Ashé Journal was founded in 2002 by independent religious scholars, spiritual experimenters and investigators of new religious movements. The Journal is published quarterly—issues distributed online in HTML, downloadable PDF and print formats.

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Eternity in Ephemerality: An Enduring Enigma

Patrick Jemmer, Ph.D. and Rachel Jemmer, HND

PART 1: CASSOCK WARS¹

Cycles are such an inherent part of life: birth and death, breath, tides, seasons, moon — these are just a few of the obvious ones. In each of our lives there are also cycles always operating, some physical, some emotional, some psychological, etc. Usually we're in various stages of a whole bunch of cycles at once as far as I can tell. Like maybe being in year five of a ten-year inward growth cycle, while also being in the middle of a monthly menstrual cycle, and on the happiness phase of the happy/unhappy cycle, etc. Everything moves in cycles and the other plants and animals on earth live their lives immersed in the cycles of nature that govern them. But in western society we've become so separated from feeling our place in nature that we seem to have lost touch with the fact that everything flows in cycles. It seems to me pretty easy to make a connection between our separation from so fundamental a fact of nature and the destruction of our environment and the terrible social problems we now confront. How can the planet and the society be in balance when the inhabitants are so far from balance? [1]

¹ "Pope Benedict XVI may not yet have achieved the mass popularity of his Polish predecessor, but his fondness for designer shades and Prada shoes is winning him new fans in the fashion world. The Roman Catholic leader has sparked what are being dubbed 'cassock wars' in the Vatican by dumping the services of the papal robemakers, who have been doing the job since 1792, and adopting a tailor who has only been in business for the past 20 years." *Cassock Wars*: The Independent. 4 November 2005. By John Phillips in Rome.

Our immersion in Time, and the importance of our proper response to its inexorable flow has long been acknowledged, as when the Biblical author of Ecclesiastes 3 reminds us: “{1} For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: {2} a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted ...” [2]. In addition, as we have read above, the progression of time in our mundane environment often leads to patterns which are not linear but rather patterned or repetitive, and that thus “Cycles are such an inherent part of life ... everything flows in cycles” [1]. Of course this fundamental fact of Nature has been recognized as a philosophical principle for thousands of years. Gautama Buddha (563 – 483 BCE) reflected that “The world is like a house that is forever being destroyed and forever being rebuilt” [3], and at around the same time Chuang-tzu (369 – c 286 BCE) sagely and pithily remarked that “Birth is not a beginning; death is not an end” [4]. It is a truism to say that, as a species, we are intrinsically linked to the flow of time and cycles of Nature and we can see that

For example, trees have their own growth cycle in between Heaven and Earth. Humans must have life cycles similar to those of trees. The seasonal changes affect the growth of trees. Trees grow faster in the spring and slower in the fall. The environmental changes also affect the life of trees. Without adequate sunshine, trees grow too slowly. Too much heat, trees will be dried out. Without water, trees cannot grow. Too much water, trees will be uprooted and afloat. Insufficient earth, tree will not grow tall ... The human life cycle is also affected by the same seasonal and environmental changes. The seasonal changes come from the Sun and Moon which are the clock for the calendars. [5]

The remainder of this article provides contemporary religious and artistic metaphors for the transience and mutability inherent in the feeling that “... at my back I always hear / Time’s wingèd chariot hurrying near” [6]; and sets these in the context of the related desire for permanence and continuity in a place where “... yonder all before us lie / Deserts of vast eternity” [6].

SEEDS OF IMMORTALITY

So, let us begin our endless journey with a recent tale in the cycle of death and renewal: the passing of a Pope and the election and coronation of a new Pontiff in 2005 CE: a major world event. In fact, the term “Pope” was once used for all bishops of the Western Roman Church. And although official Roman Catholic histories today cite Popes dating back to St Peter in the first century of the Common Era, the Bishop of Rome was only recognised as having supreme authority over his brother Bishops in about 500 CE, and even this was contested for several centuries [7]. In fact, St Peter himself was actually the second-longest-serving Bishop of Rome (30 – 64 or 67 CE) and the longest was Pius X (1846 – 1878 CE) [8]. In recent times, John Paul I served as Pope for only a very short time: one month, before dying in October 1978 [8]. The next and 264th Pope to be elected was Cardinal Karol Jozef Wojtyla (born on 18 May 1920 in Wadowice Poland). Not only was he comparatively young, at the age of 58; he was the first Slavic Pope; and moreover, the first non-Italian Pope in 455 years, the previous one being Adrian VI, who was briefly pope from 1522 – 1523 CE [8]. Out of a sense of continuity and respect, he chose the same name as his predecessor and became Pope John Paul II. He turned out to be the third longest-serving Pope, reigning from 1978 until 2005, despite health problems with cancer and Parkinson’s disease. Catholic commentator Jonathon Luxmore, who has been based in Warsaw, Poland, since 1988 explains how John Paul II pontificated over huge world-changes: “In the first 10 years his great concern was with communism ... Since then his focus has been more on the ills of Western society and on spreading the message that the collapse of communism shouldn’t necessarily mean the triumph of liberal capitalism “ [9]. However, “All things must pass / All things must pass away” [10]; and “Less than a week after Christians celebrated Easter, as the gentle winds of spring began to swirl through the Northern Hemisphere, the life of Pope John Paul II, the spiritual leader of the world’s billion-plus Roman Catholics, slipped into the ages” [8]. A physician certified his death and the traditional thrice-calling of his birth name by the *Camerlegno* Cardinal Eduardo Martinez Somalo was performed, as any devotee of Dan Brown would surely know [11]. The Papal “Fisherman’s Ring” and Seal were destroyed to mark the worldly passing of the “Bishop of Rome, Vicar of Christ, Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, Primate of Italy, Patriarch of the West, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, Sovereign of Vatican City and Servant of the Servants of God” [12]. At the funeral of Jon Paul II, in St Peter’s Square on Friday 8 April 2005 Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger eulogized

that “Today we bury his remains in the earth as a seed of immortality —our hearts are full of sadness, yet at the same time of joyful hope and profound gratitude” [13]. So we are reminded that “In the midst of life we are in death” [14].

TO THIS TIME AND FOREVER

Of course the death of one Pope leads inevitably to the election of the next, in a holy process where “The ministries receive the charism of the Holy Spirit from the Risen Christ, in uninterrupted succession from the apostles, through the Sacrament of Orders” [15]. And we read of the Papal succession that: “Nor does anyone doubt that the power of forgiving and retaining sins was also given to this same Peter who, in his successors, lives and exercises judgement even to this time and forever” [16]: words spoken by the Pope’s legate at the Council of Ephesus in 431 CE. So, on 19 April 2005 Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger (born 16 April 1927) was elected at the age of 78 by holy conclave and took the Papal name Benedict XVI; this time in a declaration of reconciliation and peace. Like John Paul II, his election broke the longstanding tradition of Italian Popes: moreover he is the first German to take the seat since the eleventh century. Cardinal Ratzinger was renowned for his strict adherence to traditional Catholic dogma and prior to his election as Pope, he was the Vatican’s “Prefect for the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith” (which was previously called the “Sacred Congregation of the Universal Inquisition” with its head as “Chief Inquisitor!” [17]). In its initial incarnation, the job of the “Inquisition” was to “safeguard” church doctrine against “heresy” and “heretics.” More recently, the Congregation’s remit has been described by John Paul II (in the encyclical *Pastor Bonus* of 28 June 1988) as being: “... to promote and safeguard the doctrine on the faith and morals throughout the Catholic world: for this reason everything which in any way touches such matter falls within its competence” [17]. In fact Ratzinger’s views were so strong and so firmly fixed that he was known by the nickname *Panzerkardinal* in reference to the World War II battle tank [18].

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

After his election, the new Pope is formally installed in office at coronation ceremony redolent with tradition and pomp. St Peter’s Basilica is overcrowded with faithful pilgrims and wellwishers as the Pope is carried through on the *Sedia*

Gestatoria to celebrate mass on the altar above the tomb of St Peter [19]. As the procession wends its way through the crowd it is halted three times by the appearance of a barefooted mendicant monk (who himself is of an order which prohibits possessions). Each time the procession stops the monk sets light to a piece of tow, and, as it burns away, the lowly brother admonishes the Pope with the formula: “*Pater sancte: sic transit gloria mundi*” — “Holy Father thus passes the glory of the world” [20]. And so the Pope, in all his majesty, is reminded that in the midst of the pomp and splendour of his crowning, he is but a mortal man, who himself will pass away as will all material things. We are thus reminded of Jesus’ warning in Matthew 6: “{19} Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break in and steal, {20} but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust consumes and where thieves do not break in and steal. {21} For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also” [2]. We see immediately the reminder of transience in the midst of apparent longevity and permanence.

THE EVE OF A REVOLUTION

Another central part of previous coronations, used to be the swearing of the anonomously-authored Papal Oath which has also known as the “Oath Against Modernism” in which the oath-taker vows never to change anything that has been handed down to him, nor to innovate. The oath begins “I vow to change nothing of the received Tradition, and nothing thereof I have found before me guarded by my God-pleasing predecessors, to encroach upon, to alter, or to permit any innovation therein...” [21]. This tradition was started at the coronation of St Agatho on 27 June 678 CE and over 180 newly-elected popes had then gone on to swear it although it is a moot point as to whether some or many of them were fully true to the oath! Interestingly, neither John Paul I, nor John Paul II, nor the current Pope Benedict XVI took the oath. In the case of Benedict XVI this is interesting since despite the *Panzerkardinal’s* supposedly fierce conservatism, the failure to swear is taken as an indication of a secret agenda for growth, change and evolution in the Church. One commentator discusses the situation in the following way:

In little over a week, the evidence is already accumulating that Benedict XVI is bound and determined to outdo his predecessor in Modernism. The latest indication is that his coat of arms violates significant traditional principles of past papal coat of arms. The pope’s coat of arms is important

because this is the way the popes have traditionally told the world what they are about, not so much in words, but in symbols ... First of all, notice the modernistic tone to its style. It is reminiscent of a commercial logo, not the rich heraldic tradition of the papacy. But the most significant statement of the new arms is obvious. What is it missing when you compare it to its predecessor's? Why, the papal tiara, of course, replaced by a mere bishop's mitre! Not only is Benedict-Ratzinger the third post-conciliar pope not to be crowned as pope (or to take the traditional papal oath, so far as we know), but he has even removed its symbolism from his coat of arms. [22]

We would do well to remind ourselves here that “Jesus uses ... [the] story of Lazarus as a way to call us out of our self-imposed tombs. Come out and don't be afraid. Move out of your tombs of death and live! Come to me who am your life! Come to me where besides life there is change, growth, increase, challenge and always something new” [23]. And so do we see the seeds of reconciliation and sown by Jesus, and his message of personal individuation coming to fruition in the Roman Catholic Church, after 2000 years of gestation? And yet the boon for the “modernisers” is a betrayal for the “traditionalists” for maybe we are

... on the eve of a revolution, spiritual and political, as vast and awful as that which took place at the Reformation; and that, beneficial as that revolution will doubtless be to the destinies of mankind in general, it depends upon the wisdom and courage of each nation individually, whether that great deluge shall issue, as the Reformation did, in a fresh outgrowth of European nobleness and strength or usher in, after pitiable confusions and sorrows, a second Byzantine age of stereotyped effeminacy and imbecility. [24]

TO HOLD INFINITY IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

So we are left to ask: what do we learn from this “Parable of the Popes”? I think that, on reflection, we come to the crucial realization that “... change and transience is weaved into the very fabric of our being and with the advent of a secular and

scientific way of thinking, in short, there is nothing between us and nature” [25]. And maybe, with this realization, we could describe ourselves not as finalized, perfected “Human Beings” rather as “Human Becomings”

... which means self-conscious beings—we have the responsibility of this awakened state, and are therefore accountable for everything that happens to us. The challenge ever before us is to deepen our grasp of the meaning and purpose of life ... Every phase of experience here on earth ... allows us to become more aware of the obligations and opportunities of our human status. [4]

And if you follow this advice: “Don’t be content to be simply human beings; try your hand at human *becomings* ...” [26] you will learn to “... see a world in a grain of sand, / And a heaven in a wild flower, / Hold infinity in the palm of your hand, / And eternity in an hour” [27]. In order to overcome this existential terror of the transience of our own nature, the “fear in a handful of dust” [28] we must therefore learn to embrace ephemerality, and live with it, and in, it so that we can then say with joy that “Our world is a world of continual change and therefore continual loss, so how and why does loss matter? What do we fear in ‘losing?’” [25]. One way to answer this question is to move away from the “secular and scientific way of thinking” and indeed from religion itself, and instead resort to the metaphorical language of art in order to celebrate eternity in its minute, transient manifestations: its “ceasless dissolutions” [3] wherein “The majestic sweep of creation, from the birth of worlds, large to infinitesimal, to all the various grades of births within the human consciousness – all are part of the enterprise of continual becoming through trials, growth, struggle, and joy. In this way we can “... preserve a due reverence for the unseen, unmanifest and undiscovered, as well as for that which is waiting to be known, waiting to be loved—within oneself and resonant to that which is deep and hidden in the heart of another” [3]. An artist’s approach to “... the cycles of growth, change, decay and above all the majestic beauty of the silent night, when nothing seems to change and all is absorbed back into the abyss” [3] is described in detail below.

PART 2: CHANGE RETURNS SUCCESS²

ARS LONGA: VITA BREVIS

People have always been fascinated with making art from, and in, Nature: imagine a child fashioning castles from the sand on a beach, only to see them washed away by the tide; or the Star of David ice sculptures exhibited at bar mitzvahs; or the monumental carvings of Mount Rushmore. And we also find that

At the springtime of the year thoughts turn more directly to the beauty of creation and the dynamic force of renewal. In our joyous response to the season, with its symphony of color and sound, we say confidently that there is divinity at the heart of life, working its magic and uniting all beings. It is reassuring to feel this kinship with nature and realize there are universal laws which contribute to the synchrony of all the kingdoms. Of particular importance are the dependable operations of cycles, karma, and rebirth in the course of evolutionary development. [4]

A question always then arises as to the relationship between the creator and that created: what is the nature of the creative process and of the permanence, or otherwise, of the art [29]? The above quote from antiquity “*Ars longa: vita brevis*” — “Life is short: art lives long” (from Seneca’s *De Brevitate Vitae*) offers one response to the material world, suggesting that art alone can defeat time. For Andy Goldsworthy the sculptor (born 1956), however, creating art from, and in, Nature is far more fundamental [30 -- 35]. It is a way of seeing, understanding and renewing our links with the earth, through its transience. In fact he says that “Art for me is a form of nourishment” [36]. In order to understand this, imagine a sculpture not merely as a representation of castle turrets, or Israel, or dead presidents, but somehow rather evoking the very nature of sand, or of ice, or of stone itself. For many years he has been exploring this idea by

² “The time is with the month of winter solstice / When the change is due to come. / Thunder in the other course of heaven. / Things cannot be destroyed once and for all. / Change returns success / Going and coming without error. / Action brings good fortune. / Sunset, sunrise. / A movement is accomplished in six stages / And the seventh brings return. / The seven is the number of the young light / It forms when darkness is increased by one.” Pink Floyd (1967): Piper at the Gates of Dawn: ‘Chapter 24.’

visiting sites around the world, creating “sense-luscious”, “site-specific”, “time-based” sculptures and “land-art” [37], using only materials present in the natural environment of those sites such as stones, twigs, leaves, plant stalks, clay, ice and snow [38 -- 40]. For tools he often uses only his bare hands and found tools, although more recent works like the Moonlit Path and Chalk Stones (Petworth West Sussex, 2002) have also used heavy machinery. He works primarily near his home in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and he has also travelled extensively in Britain, Europe, America, Japan, Australia and the North Pole. He feels he must establish a relationship with a locale before making his art, and when he feels comfortable, says “I’ve shook hands with the place” [41]. For the past two decades, Goldsworthy has created works out of a given landscape by inscribing it with circles, lines and spirals: all based upon elemental forms that we see in nature and that all organic matter is made up of at a molecular level. Goldsworthy has gauged long cracks in the earth bordered by a line of imbricated stones. He has also built up from the earth creating towering arches and cones set in water or on land with modified rocks or cut rectangles of ice. The sculptures so produced are intended to be “in harmony with the environment” and a sense of place does in fact play a large role in the making of his sculpture, such that each site is transformed, however provisionally, with each intervention. The remainder of this essay investigates the ways in which Goldsworthy’s art achieves his intended ends, and compares his methods with those of Hamish Fulton and Richard Long.

MOVEMENT, CHANGE, LIGHT, GROWTH AND DECAY

Just as Goldsworthy’s sculptures are based on elemental forms, they also employ seriality or patterning in their construction. The effect of seriality, of something that extends over time, underlines the temporal, and temporary dimension of his work. Goldsworthy makes use of nature’s seasonal or meteorological changes based on his geographical location [42]. And as climate affects his colour palette, so does it affect his work’s form. Goldsworthy respects the processes of life and death reflected in nature and he describes his philosophy thus:

Movement, change, light, growth and decay are the lifeblood of nature, the energies that I try to tap through my work. I need the shock of touch, the resistance of place, materials and weather, the earth as my source. Nature is in a state of change and that change is the key to understanding. I want my art to

be sensitive and alert to changes in material, season and weather. Each work grows, stays, decays. Process and decay are implicit. Transience in my work reflects what I find in nature. [43]

OFF INTO ANOTHER PLANE

He exploits its vital impermanence: changes in season, weather and terrain. The materials of Goldsworthy's work are in turn affected by change; he employs such transitory elements as leaves, wood, rock, ice, snow, peat and sand [44]. As the sun illuminates the finished sculpture, he notes, "The very thing that brought it to life, will bring about its death" [45]. By necessity, then, the majority of the sculptures must be completed and documented in one day as light and temperature would affect their very materiality, their existence. One example of this would be Goldsworthy's "performance sculptures," when sand, water or earth is tossed into the air, where the resultant photograph becomes the sole record of the work's brief apparition. In this sense, his work can be thought of as both as "ephemeral" or fleeting, and as permanent, in that it alters the organization of the natural landscape. The artist also doesn't think in terms of success or failure. He is preoccupied with the inevitable destruction of his sculptures by elemental forces, as was highlighted in the Midsummer Snowballs (London, Midsummer's Day 2000) where the destruction of the piece was almost the whole point. He seems to prefer works that exist only extremely briefly or whose continued coherence is highly uncertain. Many of his pieces collapse during construction and he often rebuilds them several times before he is able to photograph them in completion. For example, he creates an igloo out of driftwood collected from the beach [44]. When the tide comes in, the wooden structure begins to float and then drift to the sea in a slow swirl. But Goldsworthy is not attached to his art: "It feels as if it's been taken off into another plane, another world ... It doesn't feel at all like destruction" [46]. After he has spent many hours constructing an intricate mobile of twigs and thorns, the wind shifts and the piece collapses. Goldsworthy surveys the wreckage and practices equanimity. He seems to know that sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't. What's important is that the creative process itself has been manifested along with an intimate meeting with "the heart of the place." Nothing is ever lost in the universe. There is always something to be cherished in this kind of environmental art. However while some of his pieces live and die within mere seconds, we can contrast this with works like his ominous, human-sized stone eggs could endure for several thousand years.

MIDSUMMER SNOWBALLS

“Movement”, “growth” and “decay” are linked in his site-specific Snowballs in Summer which was “performed” on Midsummer’s Day, 21 June 2000. Thirteen giant snowballs were fabricated in the Scottish Highlands. These were moved to London, where two were exhibited publicly at the Barbican and Moorgate Underground stations, and others were placed in hidden locations to be discovered by chance. They were left to melt in the heat of the longest day, and as they disappeared they left behind materials that had been packed into them: sheep’s wool, crow feathers, chestnut seeds, ash seeds, Scots pine cones, elderberries, barley, metal, barbed wire, branches, chalk, pebbles and highland cow hair. This melting encapsulates both “decay” and “growth” as the snowballs mutated and changed their form “giving birth” to their hidden inner contents. Some of the materials within the snowballs resonate with their locations: for example the ones which contain Highland cow hair and sheep’s wool will be sited near Smithfield Market, drawing a relationship between the place of the snowballs’ construction – and the oldest meat market in London. Another important factor in the work is the interaction with the public, contrasting the slow three-day melting of the snowballs with the frenetic flow of the surprised commuters confronting the sculptures.

A RIVER OF WIND

Goldsworthy’s attitude to the tension between “permanence” and “change” with reference to “motion” and “time” is beautifully exemplified in his work Stone River. This is a wall-like, river-like, “flowing” sculpture set in about three acres of land to the northeast of the Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Center for Visual Arts. It comprises more than 6000 hand-placed stones, quarried initially for Stanford University buildings. Set in a trough in the earth, the sculpture gives the appearance of an archaeological excavation. Although constructed from thousands of stones and thus seemingly “indestructible” and “permanent” we note that over time, the land around the work will return to its natural state, animals will settle into the site and the elements will weather and eventually consume the work. The stone will then have travelled full circle: returning to the earth in another form. We thus see the element of “metamorphosis” in Goldsworthy’s work, and describes this aspect of his art as follows:

I describe the form as a river and prefer it not to be referred to as a snake. It is not a river either, but in calling it one I hope to touch on the movement associated with a river. A river to me is not bound to water. It is the flow, not the water, that is important - a river of wind, animals, birds, insects, people, seasons, climate, stone, earth, color. . . And yet when I see a snake I am fascinated by its form and movement. . . It is the essence of line, movement, and form. The effortless way in which [it] travels, reveals an acute feeling and understanding of [its] surroundings. The perfect sculpture. Perhaps I do not make snakes in the same way that Brancusi didn't make birds or fish. [36]

TO TOUCH THE ENERGY WITHIN

Also important to the artist is the manipulation and use of “light” and “energy” in the creation of a piece. And since all of Nature is a manifestation of one eternal source we can see that “everything in nature has universal connections” [4]. John Muir in fact, uses falling raindrops as a metaphor: “every drop . . . a silvery newborn star with lake and river, garden and grove, valley and mountain, all that the landscape holds reflected in its crystal depths ... From form to form, beauty to beauty, ever changing, never resting, all are ... singing with the stars the eternal song of creation” [47]. Goldsworthy describes colour as a kind of energy and explains his frequent incorporation of holes into works by saying “the black of a hole is like the flame of a fire ... the black is the earth's flame – its energy” [41]. He has said looking into the black holes of his works often frightens him, and he hopes it elicits the same reaction in the viewer. In creating his pieces, Goldsworthy says, he is playing with, releasing, and touching the energy inside the materials. “I see individual stones as being witnesses to the places they sit” [41], he says.

They are a focus for that place; they are embedded with the memory of that place. They are layered with its history. So when I covered a rock with leaves, it was to touch the autumns that the rock has witnesses. And when I covered the rock with red or yellow, it's not like painting a surface onto the rock; it's to touch the energy within that rock... Looking, touching, material, place and form are all inseparable from the resulting work. It is difficult to say where one stops and another begins. The

energy and space around a material are as important as the energy and space within. The weather – rain, sun, snow, hail, mist, calm – is that external space made visible. When I touch a rock, I am touching and working the space around it. It is not independent of its surroundings, and the way it sits tells how it came to be there. [41]

Moreover, the vibrant colours found in nature are unstable. Like all organic matter they are consumed by time and erosion. Once again we have “change, light, growth and decay.” So we have seen the interdependence of permanence and transience, of motion and standing still. In some ways Goldsworthy is showing us that the only way to appreciate the true nature of things is to watch them change, that there is nothing that is truly fixed. We can contrast this with the instantaneous immutable photographic representation of his works, which are often the only legacy to posterity. Despite the fundamental distinction between the “life-work” and the photograph, Goldsworthy acknowledges the importance of preserving his works in some way: “The photograph does not need to shrivel and fall to the ground for change to be part of purpose. It is an outdoor experience expressed in an indoor place which uses the conventions of that place to keep its meaning clear. It is appropriate to that space as it would be inappropriate to hang a framed photograph from a tree in a wood” [43].

VARIABLES OF TRANSIENCE, PERMANENCE, VISIBILITY OR RECOGNITION

Richard Long (born 1945) can be compared and contrasted as an artist with Goldsworthy [48,49]. By 1967, Long was using walking as an art form to experiment with the idea of impermanence, a theme that would inform his work throughout his career. To create his art, Long walks hundreds of miles for days, even weeks at a time, through uncultivated areas of land: the countryside of England, Ireland, and Scotland; the mountains of Nepal and Japan; the plains of Africa, Mexico, and Bolivia. While travelling, Long sets specific tasks for himself, such as traversing an absolutely straight line for a predetermined distance, following the side of a river wherever it may lead, or picking up and then dropping stones at certain intervals along the way. While on these trips, the artist interacts with the landscape by creating modest sculptures from indigenous materials, in the manner of Goldsworthy, thus attesting to his presence in the land. His signature motifs are circles or lines, rubbed into the ground by repeated footprints or composed of

assembled stones, driftwood, or seaweed. These are eventually dissolved by the wind, the rain, and rising tides, thus negating human dominance over nature. As with Goldsworthy, photographs remain the only evidence of his organic sculptures after erosion has run its course [50]. Once again we have “change, light, growth and decay.” Unlike other artists such as Walter De Maria, Michael Heizer and Robert Smithson, who have manipulated the landscape to create “Earthworks” [51,52,53], Long does not significantly alter the terrain by digging, burrowing, sculpting, or constructing. He simply adjusts nature’s placement of rocks and wood to subtly demarcate geometric shapes. The only records of the journeys are captioned large-scale photographs, maps, and lists of descriptive terms, which are exhibited as individual works [54]. Long differs from Goldsworthy in that he sometimes translates his deeply personal experiences in the wilderness into sculptures and mud drawings that are created for exhibition spaces and private collections after the event. And again in contrast to Goldsworthy, the sculptures are not representations of nature but rather aesthetic documents of Long’s engagement with the land and poetic evocations of the beauty and grandeur of the earth. Such is the case with Red Slate Circle, which consists of 474 stones from a New York State quarry. When it is installed in the Guggenheim’s rotunda, the monumental ring echoes the building’s unique spiral while conjuring images of vast canyons, still lakes, and stone pathways leading into the distance. So whereas Goldsworthy is a true “artist of ephemerality,” Long could be said to create “art from ephemerality.” As Long himself says:

“Over the years these sculptures have explored some of the variables of transience, permanence, visibility or recognition. A sculpture may be moved, dispersed, carried. Stones can be used as markers of time or distance, or exist as parts of a huge, yet anonymous, sculpture. On a mountain walk a sculpture could be made above the clouds, perhaps in a remote region, bringing an imaginative freedom about how, or where, art can be made in the world. [55]

SPIRITUAL JOURNEYS

We can contrast the former artists with Hamish Fulton (born 1946) [56 -- 57]. In 1973, having walked 1,022 miles in 47 days from Duncansby Head (near John O’Groats) to Lands End, Fulton decided to “only make art resulting from the

experience of individual walks” [58]. Now, all Fulton’s art takes the form of his reportage of “spiritual journeys” in a particular meaningful landscape. So, once again, it is crucial for Fulton to engage with, and experience, nature, on its own terms. He says: “Nature is the source of my art and the art is a form of passive protest against the dominance of urban life. I’m curious about the wilderness not the metropolis” [59]. He has stated “If I do not walk, I cannot make a work of art” [58] and has summarized his philosophy simply, as: “no walk, no work” [58]. In the past twenty years, he has covered more than 12,000 miles on five continents. Although only Fulton experiences the walk itself, he creates “objects” from texts and photographs generated during the journey. Fulton does not consider himself a photographer but during a walk, he does take a few, very specific, photographs, to convey the essence of his journey. Notes recorded in a journal help to provide a commentary. The photographs and text he exhibits in galleries and museums form the “objects,” intended to bring his own experience within nature to viewers of his art, and both the photograph and the text are equally important. Thus, each object is based directly on a specific journey. While the text could stand by itself (Fulton has created “objects” that are made up of words alone), a photograph would not be adequate independently. However, in contrast to Goldsworthy and Long, Fulton makes no attempt to influence the environment through which he moves on his journeys. He does not create any works using materials, no matter how ephemeral. Rather, he creates “art” by acting as a “reporter” of his “active” experience in nature in the “static” medium of photograph and text. The viewer is left to engage and interpret the implications of the “spiritual journey” for him- or herself. For example, one journey in June 1989 involved seven days walking and seven days camping Hokkaido, the northernmost island of Japan. At some point during his journey, he saw a full moon. Another aspect of the walk was touching 100 rocks along the way. These photographs show the fifty-third, fifty-fourth, and sixtieth rocks that he touched. The “meaning” of the objects is left to the viewer.

OMNIA MUTANTUR, NIHIL INTERIT

In conclusion, then, we find that we have been meditating on, and attempting to answer, the question:

With so much time and energy devoted to fighting the life and death cycle that leads us inevitably to grow older and show signs of age and inevitably to die, do we devote enough energy to just living? To

actually appreciating the gift of life? Somehow we need to get back to understanding our place in the cycles of the universe. To remember that we are part of the spinning planets, the movements of the moon, the circle around the sun, of breathing in and out and living and dying. [1]

Having chosen art as a metaphor for human life, we have seen that “Movement, change, light, growth and decay are the lifeblood of nature” as explored through Goldsworthy’s sculptures. These ideas, coupled with that of “seriality” and the flow of time and energy naturally illustrate the “ephemerality” at the heart of his work, and fundamental to the human condition. We can contrast this with the work of Long who travels through nature and interacts with the landscape by creating modest organic sculptures from indigenous materials, which, over time, are eroded away. Long, however, acknowledges that his experiences are transitory and records them for use after his journeys are complete. This interaction and recording illustrates that we can and must have an impact on our environment, and reminds us that each of us leaves an imprint on the world, whatever its duration. A further contrast is provided by Fulton whose art takes the form of his reportage on his “spiritual journeys” in a particular meaningful landscape. So, once again, it is crucial for Fulton to engage with, and experience, Nature, on its own terms. Although only Fulton experiences the walk itself, he creates “objects” from texts and photographs generated during the journey; one step further removed from Long, and even more so from Goldsworthy. Maybe we could therefore see these artists as the embodiment of those who have learned that “...though we cannot make our sun / Stand still, yet we will make him run” [6]. And so, if we truly acknowledge the thread of ephemerality running through eternity, we can join all three in the serene refrain of the Firefly [60]:

Take my love, take my land
Take me where I cannot stand
I don’t care, I’m still free
You can’t take the sky from me
Take me out to the black
Tell them I ain’t comin’ back

Burn the land and boil the sea
You can't take the sky from me
There's no place I can be
Since I found Serenity
But you can't take the sky from me...

And of course all this has been well understood since ancient times as evidenced by Cellarius' observation in *Harmonia Macrocosmica*: "*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis*" – "times change and we change with them." And yet we can contrast this with Ovid's proverb from *Metamorphoses XV*: "*Omnia mutantur, nihil interit*" – "Everything changes, but nothing perishes." Time, change, growth, decay, life and death, are all linked inextricably in the wonderful and intricate web of Nature. And even in the lifecycle of the Roman Catholic Church we are reminded that "Death be not proud, though some have called thee / Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so" [61]. This is what artists such as Goldsworthy, Long and Fulton explore and illustrate in their work: that, through embracing change and the subsequent renewal, "... death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die" [61]. And when we understand and accept that there are eternal immutable laws of nature we can affirm that

With knowledge of these laws we need not fear death, nor allow ourselves to believe we will remain in one state forever after we die, for all life is a steady pulse beat of change and growth, involving an unbroken continuity of action, inner and outer. Nothing is ever dead in the sense of total cessation of existence, even though on the surface it may appear to be. The transition from winter to the vibrant season of spring illustrates this truth. [4]

We can maybe best encapsulate the enigma of these ephemeral threads tied together in an "eternal golden braid" [62 -- 63] in the words of Shakespeare's Ariel:

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
The Tempest: Act I, scene ii [64].

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Antonio Roybal

Antonio Roybal (born October 1, 1976) is an American fine-art painter and sculptor from Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Antonio is the son of David and Aggie Roybal, born in the city of “Holy Faith”, but raised partially in Southern California. He lived in San Diego during the earliest years of his childhood. He has three sisters. One of his sisters is also a painter and two of his sisters are completely deaf. His Northern New Mexican ancestry can be traced back eleven generations. His Great-Great Grandfather lived with the San Ildefonso Pueblo Indians. They are Ancestors to the Anasazis and once occupied the land where the Nuclear Bomb was developed.



His father is a mathematician and computer scientist who has worked on many top secret weapons projects at laboratories including White Sands Missile Range and Los Alamos National Laboratory. At age 14, Roybal briefly considered The Priesthood and traveled to Portugal on a Religious pilgrimage with Robert J. Fox (one of the top 100 Catholics of the 20th century).

Roybal studied fine art at The Colorado Institute of Art but is mostly self-taught. He apprenticed with French artist Jean-Claude Gaugy and studied Art with Austrian artist Ernst Fuchs at his Villa in the South of France. His debut show was in Payerbach, Austria in 2000. He showed his art for the first time at The Oldest House in the United States in Santa Fe. He currently lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico and has a studio in Santa Fe.

Roybal's work is inspired by Northern Renaissance Art and early Mannerism. His influences are numerous, including Jan Van Eyck, El Greco, and Hieronymus Bosch. Contemporary influences include Ernst Fuchs, Remedios Varo and Mark Ryden. Roybal's painting technique is modeled after Jan Van Eyck and his followers. His work has gained greater prominence beginning in 2002 with the distinguished honor of being named one of the top 100 contemporary Hispanic artists by The National Hispanic Cultural Center. In 2006, he participated in a group show titled "Life and Liberty After 9-11" at The Las Cruces Museum of Art. Stylistically his work mixes religion, metaphysics, modern symbols such as toys and televisions with elongated stylized figures straight from the Renaissance. Subject matter is influenced by Carl Jung's work on archetypes and esoteric traditions including alchemy and metaphysics.



Aqua Vitae, egg tempera and oil on wood, 20 by 25 inches.



Christ Blessing, *egg tempera and oil on wood, 10 by 8 inches.*



Love Gun, egg tempera and oil on canvas, 8 by 6 inches.



The Hands That Built America, egg tempera and oil on canvas, 36 by 48 inches.



Conscience, egg tempera and oil on wood, 7 by 5 inches.



Benedictus Christus Sanguis, egg tempera and oil on hand carved wood, 9.5 by 6 inches.



The Alchemist, egg tempera and oil on wood, 12 by 12 inches.



Judas, egg tempera and oil on wood, 10 by 8 inches.



The Blessing, *egg tempera, gold and oil on wood, 36½ x 15½ inches.*



The Wailing Wall, egg tempera and oil on canvas, 10 x 8 inches

I am committed to creating and supporting art that inspires, empowers, and encourages personal transformation.

For too long mankind has devoted its creative impulses towards decoration, distraction, and personal distinction. Our ancient ancestors created art as shamanic tools for personal and tribal protection, and for many other empowering purposes. Their art was functional, not merely ornamental.

From reinterpreting ancient symbols to spreading the technique of ambidextrous art, my goal is to awaken this current of transformational art in others. I intend to show people that they are more powerful than they have been led to believe, and that art done in a ritual context has the potential for their personal growth, creative fulfillment and healing.

I am originally from Miami, Florida - a mixing of languages, cultures and expression always seemed very natural to me. My mother was deeply interested in mysticism and new age thinking and I was also exposed to a variety of shamans, healers and ministers from an early age. As an adult, I would learn my paternal grandmother of Native American ancestry was deeply inspired by the tarot, divination and hermeticism.

In high school, my family took on a Japanese exchange student which led to several of my trips abroad and becoming student president of my school's /Center for International Studies/. Determined to begin a life of public service in diplomacy after college - I triple majored in Politics, Religion and East Asian Studies, completing all three in under four years. Afterwards, I worked for close to two years in DC at a variety of non-profits - becoming deeply jaded

and realizing that peace was simply not a priority in DC - I moved to Boulder, Colorado where friends were engaged in an experimental hip hop project.

For the first time, I started to relax my mind and learned to quiet its constant chatter. Through an epiphany in “no-mind mediation” I began to create art work in an egoless state - symbols and figures from my religious studies began to appear in my work and take on new meaning in my life. Strangely, at the same time everywhere I went, people mistook me for someone else they already knew, leading me to believe I must look like anyone or no one. That combined with the egoless meditations made the name Nemo, or Latin for “no one”, stick.

After only a year as a budding artist; my mother was diagnosed with Acute Myelogenous Leukemia, right after graduating from Unity Church’s metaphysical ministerial school. While caring for her I began to explore ancient and tribal art as it functioned to protect, empower and heal. As I took care of my dying mother, my girlfriend at the time became pregnant. On May 14, 2001 my son, Bodhi, was born as my mother helped in the delivery - then on the morning on Sept. 11, 2001 my mother passed away peacefully. It was a profound time for me to witness life and death in such a profound and personal way.

After finding frustration at selling art locally in my new home of Eugene, OR, I began to focus entirely on the internet. By 2006 my art and graphic designs appeared in books, magazines, clothing and a variety of media in the US, Canada, UK, Japan, South Korea, Australia and throughout Europe. I now sell my own art and that of almost 30 other artists through my online store at www.nemo.org.

I continue to explore the field of “functional art” integrating veves, sigils, fetishes and anything else necessary for the work to perform its function. In the future I plan on detailing my magickal experiments and methodology in booklets and manifestos. I continue to accept commissions of magickal works of art and I hope to work with others to inspire and empower their own practices.

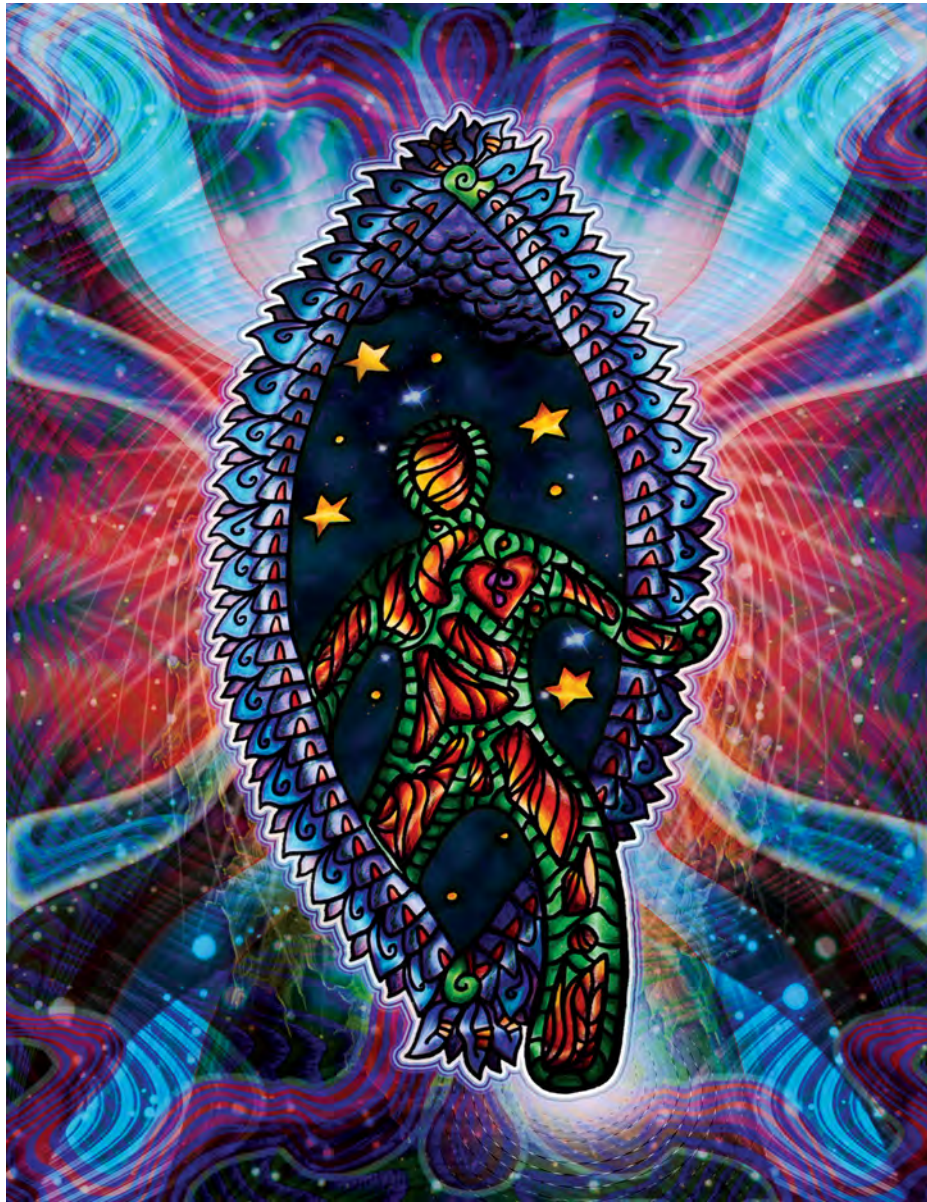
BOKO ARTS

One day in 2000, I decided to use my left hand to draw instead of my right. Then I said; “what’s stopping me from using both hands at once..? Only the belief that I can’t.” Since then, I’ve been experimenting with ambidextrous art as a method of harmonizing both halves of the brain and quieting the chattering ego. When I discovered that Haitian

Vodou sorcerers are called Boko (or Bokor), meaning “he who uses both hands” - I chose that name to refer to my art and philosophy of unity among duality. Since 2003 I've painted ambidextrously on stage at concerts and festivals, painting two canvases with both hands simultaneously in a single set - including at the base of Japan's Mt. Fuji in April 2005.



Wishing Well, 2005, acrylic/mixed media on wood, 48 by 24 inches. A astral portal meant to be an interface for drawing one's wishes from the potential realms and for banishing unnecessary energies.



Papa Legba, 2005, *digital/Analog Multimedia*. An homage and beacon to the Lwa of the Cross-Roads. Papa Legba is often called to initiate communication with other Lwa.



Huang-Ti (The Yellow Emperor), 2006, digital/analog multimedia. A symbolic portrait of the legendary Yellow Emperor of China; the founder of Traditional Chinese Medicine. Created for Elfintome's.



Inner Alchemy, 2006, digital multimedia. Originally created for the book cover to "Inner Alchemy" by Taylor Ellwood. The piece depicts the balanced conjunction of male and female drawing energy down from the heavens to manifest it on earth. My brother and his fiancée were the models and the geometric figure behind their form is a Metatron cube.



Masa Interface, 2005, multimedia painted Veve, 18 by 18 inches. Magickally charged painting embedded with keyboard to facilitate communication; the Masa are Lwa focused on communicating between dominions.

Currently resides at the office of Disinfo.com.



Love Spell, 2003, acrylic Veve on wood. Intentional call to Erzulie to find a partner. Less than a week after it was complete the woman who was to become my wife contacted me from France saying she felt a need to connect after seeing my art in a Paris museum.



Gede Chillun, 2002, oilstick on wood, 18 by 36 inches. *Meditation of the Lwa of death seen as a child. Painted after my mother's death on Sept. 11, 2001 as a method of interacting with and healing my relationship with death.*



Hand of Fatima, 2000 (*analog*)/2003 (*digital background*), *digital multimedia*. Ancient symbol of solar protection and ward against the evil eye. This piece was originally made to protect my hospitalized mother from the unpleasant energies of those entering her room.

Ben Baldwin

I am a 28 year old self taught, freelance artist and illustrator currently living in Brighton in the UK. I have created art for private individuals, night clubs, magazines and have produced a number of book covers for several different publishers. I work with traditional media such as oil paint, ink and pencils but over the last few years I've mainly been using photography and digital art programmes, although I often still incorporate hand drawn elements into these images.

My aim, with the pieces of art that I create, is to show a certain different level of awareness or consciousness than that of everyday reality and normality. In the modern world we are continually bombarded (via advertising, MTV etc) by fleeting images that try and pretend they are important and meaningful but are in fact hollow and have no meaning whatsoever. So, apart from wanting my pictures to be aesthetically pleasing in terms of colour and composition etc I also try to aspire to creating images that have some deeper emotional resonance and symbolic meaning and that will capture and stimulate the viewers imagination. I try to create room for there to be a sense of ambiguity or even mystery that will give the viewer a feeling of there being more to the picture and thus encouraging their own imagination to take over. There is often a fairly large degree of chance involved in my pictures with various compositions and techniques discovered whilst playing around. Most of my images are a combination of intent of the overall idea and meaning combined with the pure chance which allows the subconsciousness to reveal itself and take control. I find that using digital photography and Photoshop is as suited to this form of creativity as the more traditional automatic drawing techniques with which I also experiment.

I suppose I have, at times, a fairly pantheistic view of the world. I try to show this in my art by giving the sense that the various animating natural forces can be visualised as being entwined with human consciousness and that humanity is not separate from nature, but that both are imbued with soul and spirit. Art is all about the communication between the artist and the world and at some level all art, no matter what it is, is a magical process, it is a way of manifesting entities and ideas from the hidden depths of consciousness into the realm of everyday awareness. I find myself inspired and intrigued by organic and chthonic images and ideas, and by an interest in the occult. Although inspiration can be found everywhere I think a lot of my images have come from experiences of altered states of consciousness, whether these are a result of dreams (the most primeval form of all aesthetic activity), hallucinogenic drugs, or just idle free association of thoughts and ideas. I think that there is no limit to the Imagination and a lot of my art is about my journey exploring and mapping this inner world.

Artist's website: www.benbaldwin.co.uk



Wytch, 2006, *photography & photoshop.*



Awakening, 2005, photography & photoshop.



Spring, 2005, *photography & photoshop.*



Winter, 2006, *photography & photoshop.*



Everything is as flesh, 2004, *photography & photoshop.*



The Sea Priestess, 2007, *photography & photoshop.*



Inanna, 2004, photography & photoshop.



Liminal Space, 2005, *photography & photoshop.*

Joyce Ellen Weinstein

The works of Joyce Ellen Weinstein are concerned with the understanding of human relationships, beginning with ourselves and extending outward to include family, community, ethnicity, and nationality. Although at first glance the works of Joyce Ellen Weinstein appear disparate, after closer examination one can find her inspiration in the personal and emotional, as well as the interaction developed through self, family, and community—all of which are parts making up the whole of her unified body of work. Her works do not sentimentalize, but speak of the human measure and human condition. The works of Joyce Ellen Weinstein ask the universal question: “who am I and where am I going?”

Artist website: www.joycellenweinstein.com



Blind Leading the Blind With One Figure, 2006, *silk screen, linoleum block print, limited edition, hand pulled, 19 by 25 inches.*



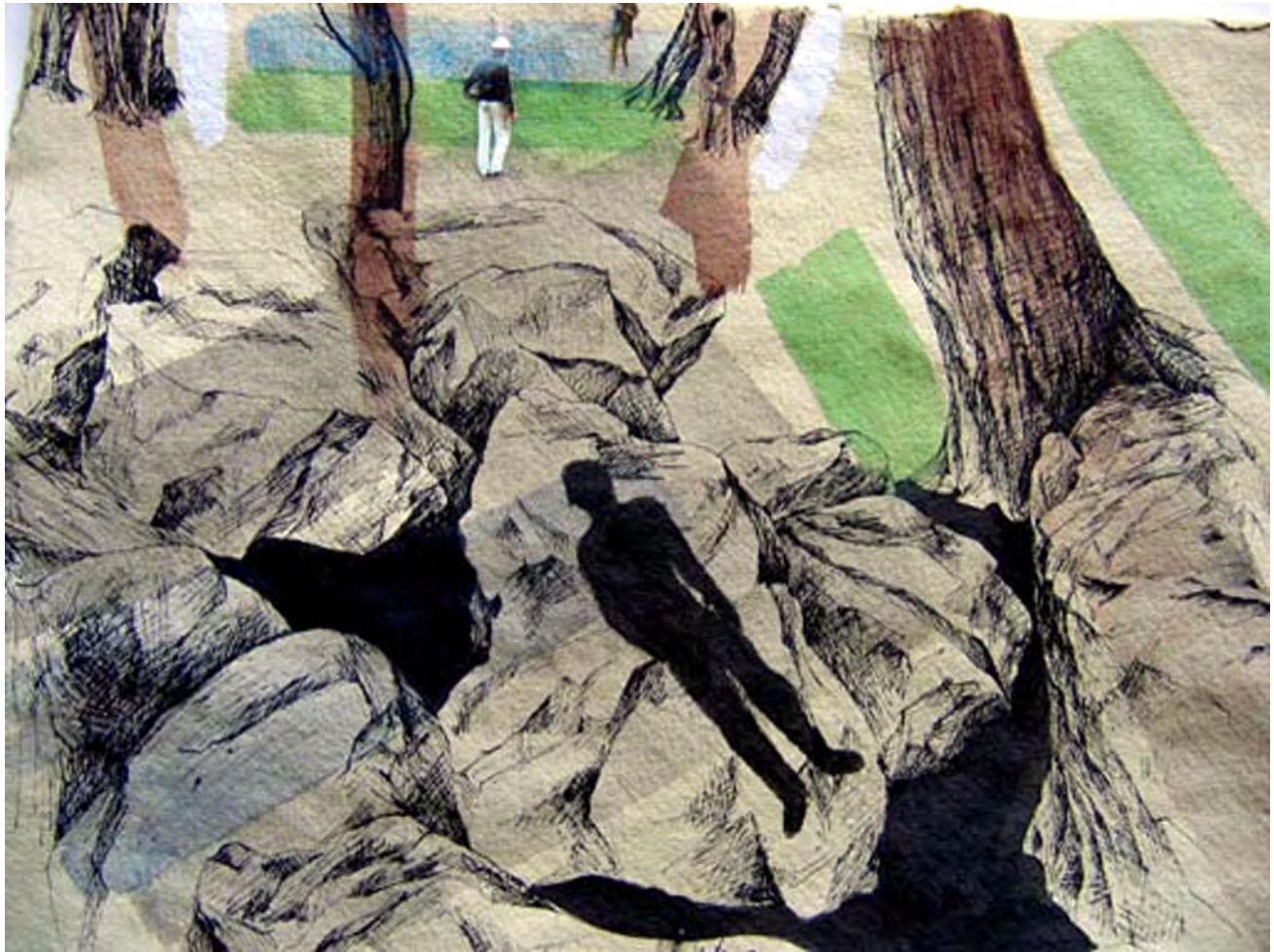
*Blind Leading the Blind With Two Figures, 2006, silk screen, linoleum block print,
limited edition, hand pulled, 19 by 25 inches.*



Blind Leading the Blind with Red, 2006, gouache on paper, 22 by 30 inches.



Red Girl With Blue Freeze, 2007, *silk screen, linoleum block print, hand colored, 8 by 9 inches.*



Shadow Man I, 2006, *mixed media on paper, 16 by 11 inches.*



Shadow Man II, 2006, mixed media on paper, 8 ½ by 12 inches.



Shadow Man III, 2006, *mixed media on paper*, 8 ½ by 12 inches.



Shadow Man IV, 2006, *mixed media on paper*, 8 ½ by 12 inches.



Shadow Man VI, 2006, *mixed media on paper*, 8 ½ by 12 inches.

NEVER GIVING UP ON YOUR DREAMS

Since my early childhood years, I loved to create Futuristic cities and spacecraft out of kitchen utensils Forks, Spoons and Knives. But during my teenage years my parents separated, so my Mom with her children in tow made the transition to Brentwood, Long, Island N.Y. As a teenager in a new community I quickly lost interest in these imaginative endeavours and had more of a willingness to interact with other teens. My first encounter with another teen happened while waiting for the school bus on the corner of my block. It being my first day of school, I was obviously nervous and full of anxiety, not knowing what to expect. Another boy approached that same bus stop, as we both stood side by side not saying a word to each other he suddenly turned toward me and started to wrestle me to the ground. A few minutes later the school bus came; we then both got up he introduced himself and said his name is Ruben I said my name is Darrell. We then shook hands boarded the bus. I later found out that Ruben was a big Bruce Lee fan and this attack was only to test out some new *kung fu* moves.

This initial encounter and friendship would lead to the very person responsible for encouraging my artistic expression on paper. As Ruben and my friendship grew he started to introduce me to his family and other friends in the neighbourhood, including his soon to be girlfriend Lilly Sanchez. Ruben, Lilly and I became best friends. Lilly had two brothers Micheal and Alex who sometime hung out with us but for the most part it was just us three going to the movies, restaurants or just simply hanging out together. On most occasions I would visit Ruben at his parents home where I was always welcomed. The Diaz family being Puerto Rican had many fine traditions. One tradition in particular

is when you come to there home the parents insist you stay for dinner, it's their way of showing they like and appreciate you. Quite often I had dinner at Ruben's parents home and when we went to visit Lilly we would have to eat again. Ruben and I quickly decided if we already ate at his home, it was then best to avoid Lilly's parents home until late in the evening.

Although I spent a lot of time at Ruben and Lilly's home respectively, no one wanted to visit with me. Ruben stopped by once but did not stay long, he never said why but I believe it had something to do with Mom's menacing demeanour and body language. In my mom's home, life was not always pleasant for me, my sister Lisa or brother Kyle. One reason being Mom remarried a man my siblings despised—a big belly, bearded, sloppy dressed man with a receding hairline. He was a handyman of sorts, a jack-of-all-trades but master of none. As for my Dad, he was neat, thin, and an Avionics Technician for Pan Am. I tried to get along with John for my mom's sake, but my siblings would not budge. When we kids became unruly mom, a big believer in super natural forces, ran down to the store and purchased three red candles. Then wrote our names on a separate piece of paper placing each name under the candles and lighting them. Mom claimed we would get better, but we only got worst. My younger brother Kyle and older sister Lisa fought each other on a daily basis. I would often find myself in the middle trying to promote peace and harmony and they would almost always be annoyed with my interference and would plot to attack me.

At home I felt like the only person going through an ordeal, but that was not the case. Ruben also had his share of problems: one being his younger brother Eddie who was the apple of Ruben's father's eye. Eddie was very good in school and had plans to join the navy. It was obvious he was his father's pride and joy but Ruben on the other hand could never do anything right. Ruben's mother was more sympathetic and loving towards Ruben, but I felt that Ruben very much wanted his father's approval. Lilly also had her share of problems, her father did not approve of her relationship with Ruben, which was a constant bother for Lilly. This might help to explain why we found comfort in each other's company.

Then on one rainy afternoon with nothing to do Lilly made the suggestion that we all, including her brothers Micheal and Alex, go to her Mom's home. When we arrived we all sat around Lilly parents' dining room table. Lilly then made another suggestion that we should draw some pictures; everyone agreed so she went to her bedroom and got a stack of paper and pens and placed them in the middle of the dining room table. Each person took a sheet of paper and a pen and started to draw. The pictures ranged from stick figures to little obscenities as each person finished there artwork they

started to leave the table, one by one until I was the only one left. Still working on my second image, when I was done Lilly quickly picked up my pictures to show them first to her sister and brother in law they started to make comparisons to artist like Picasso, Van Gogh, Matisse, names I never heard of, then she showed them to her mother who did not speak English so she only commented in Spanish. Everyone seemed so excited and impressed with what I had done. That day I decided to keep drawing artworks on paper. That same year Ruben and I joined The National Guard under the buddy system. But Ruben had some medical Issues and could not complete the training.

After returning home from two weeks of Army National Guard duty full of excitement and anticipation to study my past drawings in preparation to create new artworks, I went to the basement where I always created my art expecting to find them readily available, instead it ended in a frantic search to no avail. I broke out in a cold sweat only thinking the worst that my artworks were thrown away; I quickly decided that no one could be that cruel. I then asked Mom what happened to my pictures. Mom stated Unemotionally the drawings cluttered her basement so she throw them out. My worst nightmare had been realized, I could not believe it, I was devastated. Thoughts rushed though my head of going to the landfill, and trying to make a desperate attempt at search and rescue, but the reality was they were gone forever. After such a massive loss I decided to go away by joining the Regular Army.

After finishing basic and technical training, I arrived in Germany in the spring of 1988 along with many other young new recruits. We were all sent to a relocation center at Frankfurt Rhein Main Airbase. At the end of each day, many Tour Buses lined the parking lot of the center the names of Male and Female Soldiers from a list were read out loud, they were then loaded onto waiting buses and taken to Military Bases throughout Germany. This relocation process normally took three days to complete, but, by the third day, I and two other soldiers were still there. No more buses lined up in the Parking Lot, no more names being read off a list, only the deafening silence of Myself, two Recruits, and Staff who would not speak to newbees. I started to think that maybe a mistake was made that maybe I missed my name during roll call, then suddenly I was told by one Staff Member to pack my Bags, I would be leaving tonight, that my new Military Assignment would be in the city of Frankfurt, at that moment a calming effect came over me I did not know this City or the Country for that matter, but I Somehow felt at home here, by late in the evening a Mini Bus came to pick me up I arrived at the 109th Military Police Company, and at first glance I was pleasantly surprised to see the building and surroundings were unlike traditional military Barracks it was very modern with a cohabitant environment. I was taken to my room, where I meet my roommate who was just picking up a few items he introduced himself and

stated he lives with his Girlfriend but I'm welcomed to use anything in the room, which consisted of TV, Stereo and a Refrigerator full of Beer. That same evening I meet some more fellow soldiers including, my direct line supervisor who was congenial in temperament.

My job as a Communication Specialist was from Monday thru Friday with most weekends off, during my free times soldiers would offer to introduce me to Downtown Frankfurt, where I had my first taste of German beer. I spent most weekends in Frankfurt, Sachsenhausen drinking and partying the whole night. That life Style of decadence, put my art and creative ambition on hold and eventually forgotten. But in the spring of 1991 while in my barracks room recovering from another weekend of partying, I decided to cleanup a little I started by going through a few boxes, that contained letters and pictures from back home, I started with the first box reading old letters and reminiscing on old Photographs. As I got to the bottom of the Box, I stumbled across ten Pictures of artwork images, that I photographed during my ambitious attempt at becoming a Visual Artist. At that moment I remembered how creative I was and how easy it was to create, and the amount of pleasure and satisfaction it brought. I immediately picked up a pen and paper and made a futile attempt at trying to make something creative, each and every image was the same Scribble, Scribal! Creativity no longer came easily it was lost, I then decided to spend most weekends practicing drawing, with many failed attempts I started to see imagery three weeks later, at that moment I vowed never to abandon my art again. I left the military in April of 1992 and presently work and reside with my family in Frankfurt, Germany where I continue to strive as an artist.



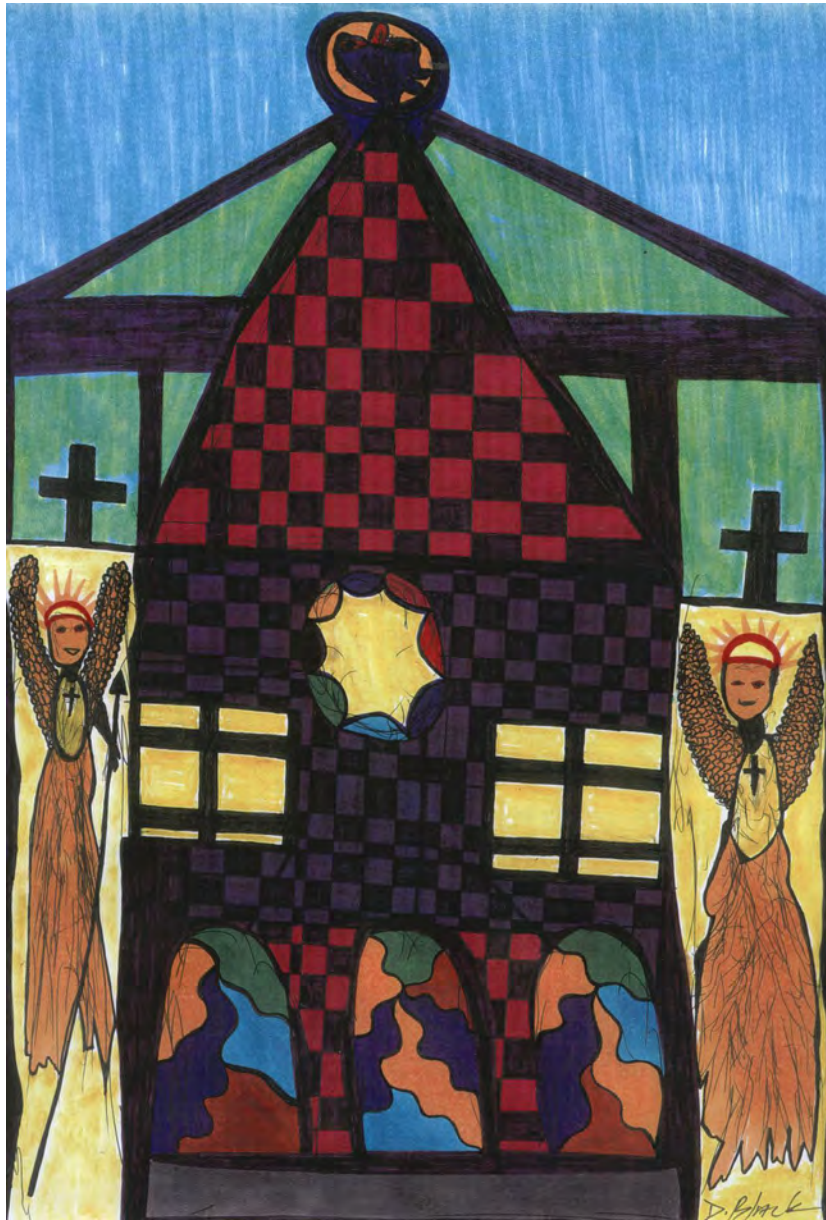
Archeological Dig.



Heart of the Saviour.



Church of Multiculturalism.



The Gate Keepers.



The Guardian of the Crypt.



The Prophecy.

Meta portals

Tantra Bensko

“Vision” creates an empty space for us to become that inside, as it comes to us, and fills our spaces, and we are the spaces it fills.

It draws down and up through the self which loses hold on the stories of ourselves, our linear chronology, and feels the stirring strongly in the selves above that, seeing beyond that.

The combination of the energies coming downward and going upward, seen in Tantra Yoga as the Shiva and the Shakti, but really, better off with no labels, merge yet don’t merge.

They create a lucid beingness. This is a meta portal.

The combination of the energies coming downward and going upward, seen in Tantra Yoga as the Shiva and the Shakti, but really, better off with no labels, merge yet don’t merge.

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“Selves” can be seen, like any of these, in whatever way you like, and all of them, and all of them changing, all of them non-labeled. These are only poetic whispers to weave through.

“Selves” creates the coming downward and going upward as also female and male sides such as the Ida and Pingala astral pathways in Tantra, along the spine, the male and female aspects of the self which must be balanced for the Kundalini to rise correctly through the spine to the Androgyne self beyond gender.

Be both your female and male sides, your parasympathetic and sympathetic nervous systems. And as Shakti, look up from downwards and as Shiva, look down from upwards.

The more we breathe heavily, upwards, our eyes upwards, lifting the pelvic floor upwards, curling the tongue upwards, and bring our awareness from the individual self in this limited, restricted fiction, to the higher Self, which comes down as well to share with us. We become almost winglike.

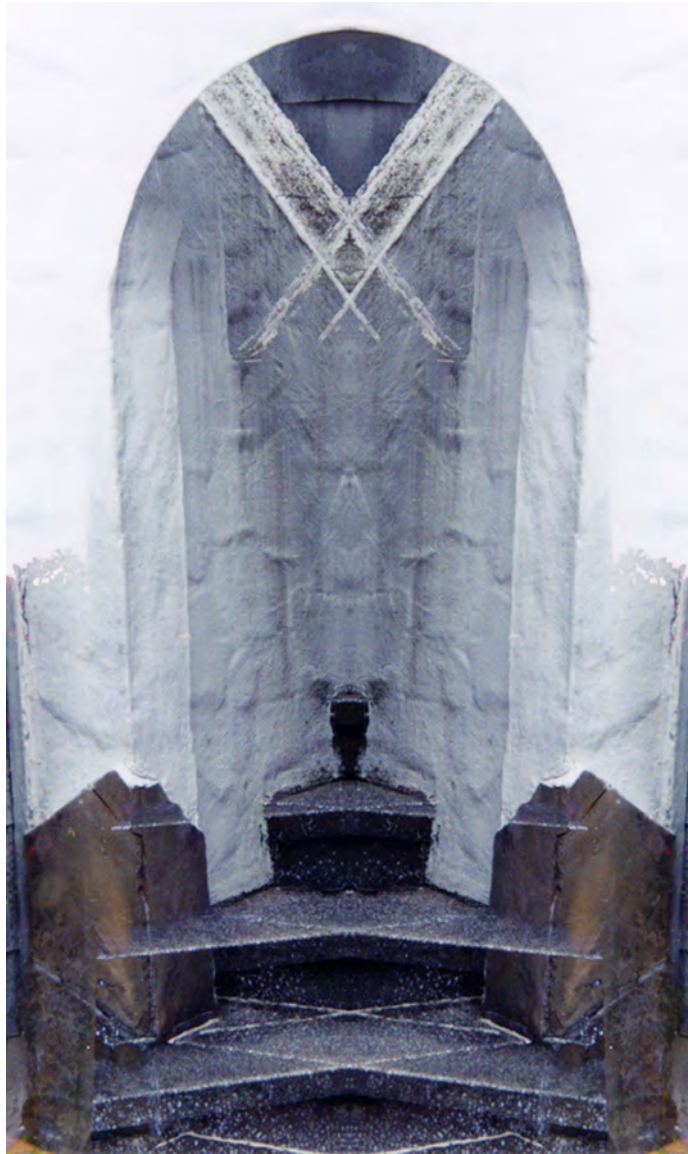
The lifting of the eyes, which also squeezes the muscles of the scalp, allows you to then play with the various movements of the head. Breathe upwards and lift, and look in all directions conceptually. Feel the changes in the skull and eyes. Move where you feel you are coming from to the back of the head and look towards the front as a screen.

Try different directions of eyes, looking widely as possible in both directions for a panoramic view. Keep holding the tongue and the pelvis and keep breathing in a way that adds excitement, rouses you, makes you feel you can fly upwards.

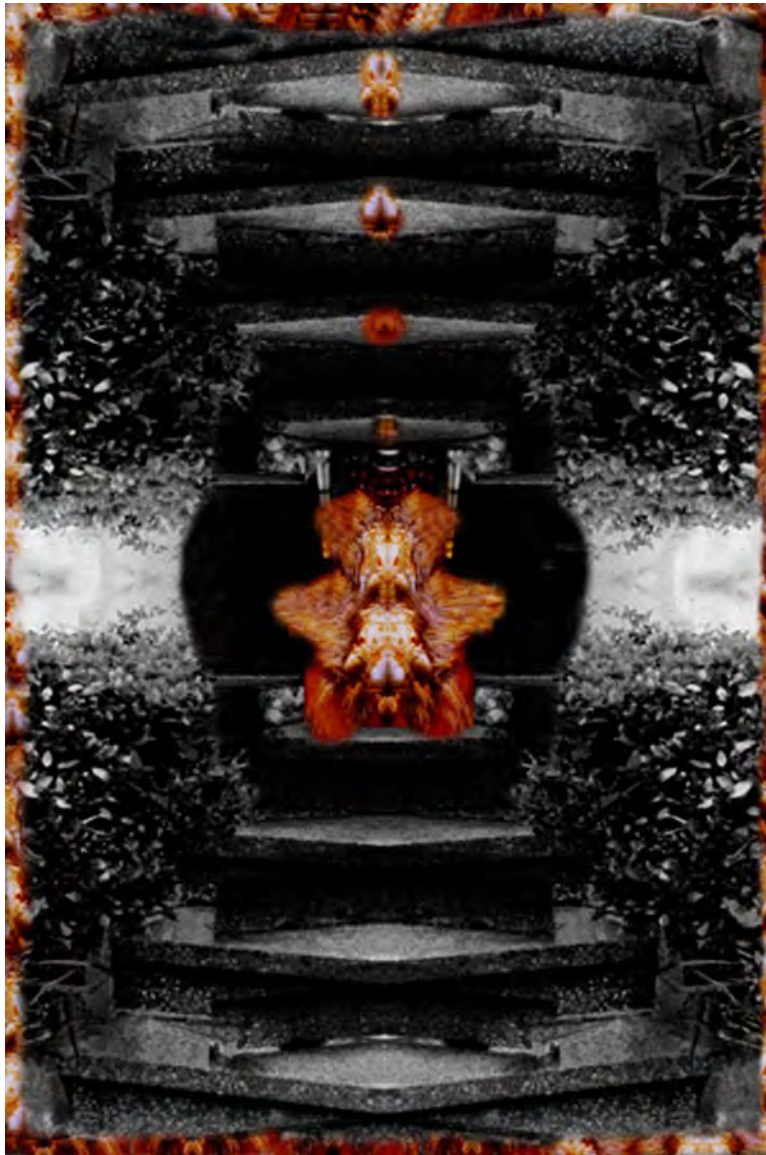
This is a meta portal.

“Love” is a meta portal.

My art travels through Spain in a solo show called "Reality Burn!" and I have shown my art many places Internationally such as London, New York, Luxembourg, Vancouver, and San Francisco. My publications are also International, with features in many magazines such as The Times Journal of Photography in India, The Pedestal, Logascene in Italy. My art has been on covers such as Raven's Quarterly, 2River View, MKzine, and more, and I have recently been featured as both artist and writer in Mannequin Envy, Southern Hum, and Global Inner Visions. My newest art publication is the print magazine, Other. I was judge for both painting and photography awards for BTDesign Awards, out of Italy. I am the Art Director of Mad Hatters Review. I live in San Francisco. These images are to be in a book called Metaportals. I am also a Tantra Yoga teacher, www.freewebs.com/lucidbody, and a writer, www.freewebs.com/tantrabensko.



Vision.



Planes of Existence.



To the Core.



Love.



Descent of Esoterica Divinica.



Tantra Bensko.

The Art of Janice Lincoln—Whispers in the Cave: Divine Darkness

Mary McNichols, Ph.D.

“I create art not in response to other contemporary art and its theories but in response to something beyond and something deeper.” –Janice Lincoln

In pre-World War I Germany, Franz Marc painted an apocalyptic vision entitled, *The Fate of the Animals*. In this prophetic painting, the delicate spiritual realm which Marc had described as “the inner mystical construction of the universe” has been violently torn apart, its balance destroyed by the forces of materialism. Within a few short years, the new spiritual order to which he, Wassily Kandinsky and the other artists of der Blaue Reiter had aspired and in which they were to be “artist priests” was annihilated by the “war to end all wars.”

The quest for spiritual balance has been an unending one in human culture; humanity, it would seem, has a very short memory. As such, the portrayal of myriad forms of spirituality has been an enduring one in the history of art. Artists as diverse as prehistoric cave painters seeking divine intervention for a successful hunt, Christian Renaissance masters praising the triune God through their art, and contemporary creators whose only faith is agnosticism have sought an imagery which would somehow suggest wholeness and heal the rift which separates the human soul from the eternal. As that of der Blaue Reiter and of countless other artists whose muse has driven them to seek the divine, the work of Janice Lincoln compels us to reestablish our center and, in doing so, to reconnect with the Creator. Lincoln states, “I create art not in response to other contemporary art and its theories, but in response to something beyond and something deeper.”

Lincoln's most recent series, *Whispers in the Cave: Divine Darkness*, consists of eight major mixed media pieces, constructed of collaged papers, found objects, canvas and acrylic. Narrative, the work reflects her ongoing interest in cosmology, Jungian archetypes, quantum physics, sacred sites and the goddess. Lincoln's term, "Divine Darkness," reflects the overarching theme of the series: the reestablishment of balance through the reconnection of this world with the underworld as source of divine energy and rebirth.

The first in the series, *Whispers in the Cave*, (2005. Mixed media, found objects, acrylic; support 99 ½ x 7," canvas 89 ½ x 42." Collection of the Artist) introduces the viewer to the theme of the cave, or passage grave, which is the access point to the underworld. Fabricated from canvas treated as hides—cut, sewn and strung from a wooden support—the work suggests the wall of a cave on which are painted archaic cosmological symbols. Circles, equated with eggs and seeds,

suggest new life as well as new ways of viewing self; zigzag lines simultaneously represent energy, water and the act of giving birth; a snake,

sloughing off its skin, symbolizes rebirth as well as ancient wisdom; concentric curvilinear lines manifest the energy fields of quantum physics through which all physical systems interact. Surrounded by these forms, a reclining woman listens, passively, as the snake tells her of the power of the earth and of the female. A figure, reminiscent of an ancient Cycladic fertility goddess, is placed in her belly, poised for emergence from the birth canal.

Cave: Rising Life Force (2005. Mixed media, found objects, acrylic; support 103 x 7," canvas 83 ½ x 48." Collection of the Artist) is the second painting of the series. While *Whispers in the Cave* portrays the female protagonist passively listening to the snake's secret, the second work manifests a woman in the process of spiritual transformation as she struggles to be born from the cave. Standing with arms raised and breasts filled with milk, the figure emerges into the upper world where she is greeted by light, rivers and totemic birds' heads. The artist has suggested her own role as both



Open Way of Primal Unity, 2005, mixed media, found objects, acrylic; support 91 by 7 inches, canvas 67 ½ by 44 ½ inches. Collection of the Artist.

midwife and healer in this process with the painted image of her hand, suggestive of the “signature” hands of ancient prehistoric cave painters.

The third painting of the series, *Open Way of Primal Unity* (2005. Mixed media, found objects, acrylic; support 91 x 7,” canvas 67 ½ x 44 ½.” Collection of the Artist) is a visual metaphor for the axis mundi (axis of the world), the vertical conduit unifying this world and the world of the spiritual, which often appears at ancient sacred sites. An image of a ladder, placed in the center of the composition, invites the viewer to ascend to the heavens where s/he is greeted by a painted image of the sun, suggesting life, as well as a spiral form symbolizing the Godhead which connects all cultures. Simultaneously, the viewer is encouraged to descend the ladder to the underworld, to perceive images of bones, symbolic not of death, but, in the Mexican tradition, of spiritual rebirth. Various spiral forms—shells and a birth control pill container—as well as superimposed netting, suggest the energy of the life force while a river of blood connects the male and female figures. As they often do in tribal African cultures, the images of birds which metamorphose into stars on the support of Lincoln’s painting, function as intermediaries between the earth and the heavens.

Soul Becoming (2005. Mixed media, acrylic ink, 79 x 44.” Collection of the Artist) is a two-sided hanging scroll, directly inspired, as are the remaining paintings in the series, by the artist’s visit to the Neolithic sacred site of Gavrinis, a passage grave located off the coast of Brittany. On side one of the piece, Lincoln has reinterpreted the site’s orthostates—stones manifesting concentric arcs piled in vertical columns—in a form suggesting both the life-giving vulva and a place of centering. But the wall of this “cave” also suggests a membrane through which spirit animals enter from the other world. A circular form is painted on the other side of the work,



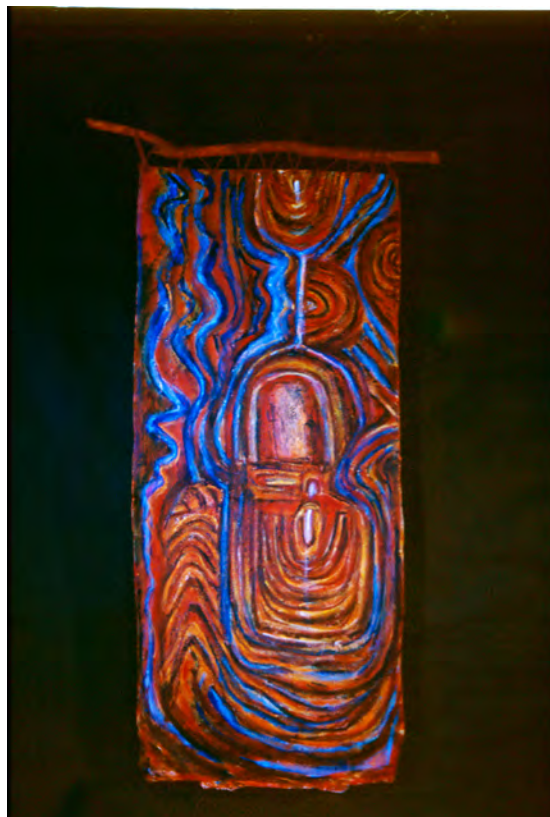
Soul Becoming, 2005, mixed media, acrylic ink, 79 by 44 inches. Collection of the Artist.

which is entitled *Soul Becoming: Source of Life*, in a manner reminiscent of the Chinese Ch’an (Zen) masters. Jungian symbol for the ultimate wholeness of life and the unity of humanity with nature, the circular form may also enter the cave through the membrane. *Soul Becoming: Source of Life* functions as a mandala through which the viewer may reestablish contact with the divine life and energy of the Creator.

In the fifth painting of the series, *Gateway: Birth Place* (2005. Mixed media, acrylic, ink, 46 x 72.” Collection of the Artist) Lincoln revisits the images of snake and bird in a painted environment also inspired by Gavrinis. A two-sided hanging scroll, side two of the painting, entitled *Gateway: Birth Place; Dragon, Moon and Water*, offers the viewer another mandala-like image through which s/he may approach spiritual balance.

As the two previous paintings, the two-sided hanging scroll, *Light Inseminating Earth*, (2005. Mixed media, acrylic, ink, 36 x 75.” Collection of the Artist) is directly inspired by the artist’s visit to the sacred site of Gavrinis. In addition to the stylized orthostates, simultaneously suggesting, as they do in the other paintings, both a place of centering and the life-giving vulva, Lincoln has included images of fish and snakes. The two snakes in the center of the work symbolize healing as well as rebirth. The fish, reminiscent of the Christian symbolism through which Jesus suggested that the apostles be “fishers of men,” also allude to the creative force of the subconscious mind as portrayed in the imagery of Paul Klee. The second side of this painting, entitled *Light Inseminating Earth: Eternal Circle*, incorporates the ancient symbolism of the earth as a square, and the sky as a circle.

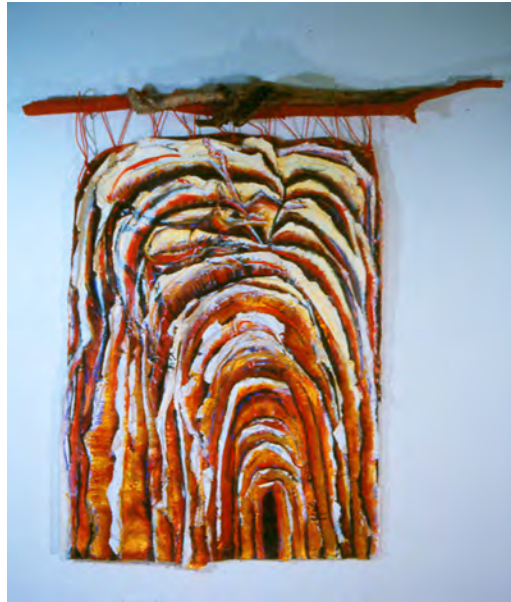
Birth of Five Earths (2005. Mixed media, acrylic, ink, 34 x 78.” Collection of the Artist) and *Neolithic Gateway: Gavrinis* (2005. Mixed media, acrylic, 47 x 48.” Collection of the Artist) are the last works of this collection. A



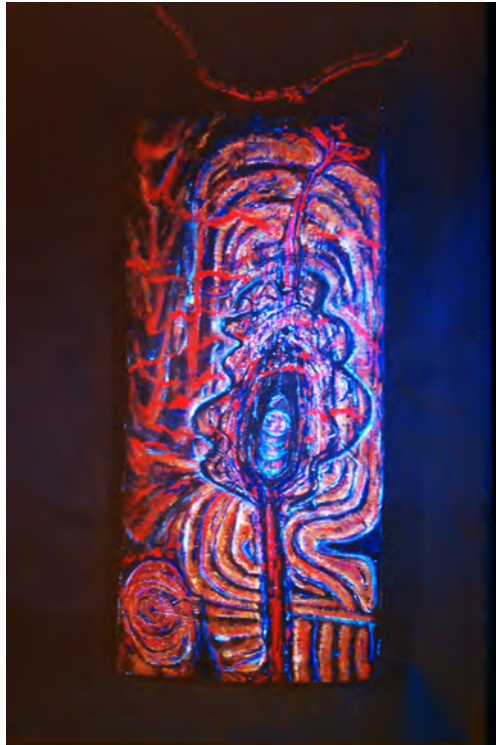
Gateway: Birth Place, 2005, mixed media, acrylic, ink, 46 by 72 inches. Collection of the Artist.

juxtaposition of vibrant reds and blues on the first side of the hanging scroll, *Birth of Five Earths*, creates a pulsating tangle of forms, suggestive of the energy fields of quantum physics, while, in the center of the painting, a chrysalis-like form seems ready to burst into new life. The imagery of emerging life is continued in black and white on the second side of this piece, entitled *Birth of Five Earths: White Source*, a stark contrast to the vibrant colors of the first side. *Neolithic Gateway: Gavrinis*, a work in which the artist's interpretation of the orthostates of the ancient site recalls the majesty of the paintings of the Chinese Northern Sung Monumental Landscape Academy, completes the series.

As the artists of der Blaue Reiter, whose art proselytized a return to the spiritual realm, Janice Lincoln reminds contemporary humanity of the urgent need to reconnect with the divine. Lincoln's series, *Whispers in the Cave: Divine Darkness*, offers the viewer a visual mythology through which s/he may approach wholeness.



Neolithic Gateway: Gavrinis, 2005, mixed media, acrylic, 47 by 48 inches. Collection of the Artist.



Birth of Five Earths, 2005, *mixed media, acrylic, ink*, 34 by 78 inches.

Collection of the Artist.



Light Inseminating Earth, 2005, mixed media, acrylic, ink, 36 by 75 inches.

Collection of the Artist.



Light Inseminating Earth, 2005, *mixed media, acrylic, ink*, 36 by 75 inches.

Collection of the Artist.

Visions of God

A.R. Teest

A.R. Teest is a pseudonym I use as a symbol of my art attempting to explore beyond my limited self and personality, into the part of me that is unchanging and unlimited. I am a religious extremist, art being my religion (simply being that the process of art is something I have the utmost devotion to). Creating is a way for us to become closer to the feeling of fulfillment, and all “ordinary” people are artists to me, because we are all constantly creating, even if just at a basic level, to try and add to the fulfillment of our lives.

My main intentions in creating art are:

1.) To go beyond the limits of everyday reality

“The only way to discover the limits of the possible is to go beyond them into the impossible.”

–Arthur C. Clarke

My main series of artwork, *Homo perfectus*, in which I have also written a story to go along with in the book *The Perfect World Tour*, attempts to go beyond the imperfect existence we are in and create the “impossible” world of total harmonious perfection.

2.) Experimentation and exploration of ideas

“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.” –T. S. Eliot

In *Visions of God*: the graphic novel, this was my foremost intention, to simply experiment with and explore the idea of God, and express what I came up with. *Visions of God* details a mythical god’s sad, humorous, angry and frightening journey to Heaven/enlightenment.

3.) Self discovery and expression

“The creative process, so far as we are able to follow it at all, consists in the unconscious activation of an archetypal image and elaborating and shaping the image into the finished work. By giving it shape, the artist translates it into the language of the present and so makes it possible for us to find our way back to the deepest springs of life.” –Carl Jung

The art process is also a way of getting to know and understand my feelings, desires and unknown realms inside me. Sometimes I may have an intentional desire or like/dislike I feel inspired to create a response to, while other times I do automatic/spontaneous creations and then step back later to see what my subconscious has revealed.

4.) Joy

“Happiness is not something ready made. It comes from your own actions.”
–Dalai Lama

I believe everything we do in life is to fill in the feeling of being unfulfilled and incomplete, and when we fill in this gap (whether or not it is only a temporary filling or even an illusionary filling), that is the feeling of happiness and joy. Art is my main filler.

5.) Precipitate change

“It may be hard for an egg to turn into a bird: it would be a jolly sight harder for it to learn to fly while remaining an egg. We are like eggs at present. And you cannot go on indefinitely being just an ordinary, decent egg. We must be hatched or go bad.” –C. S. Lewis

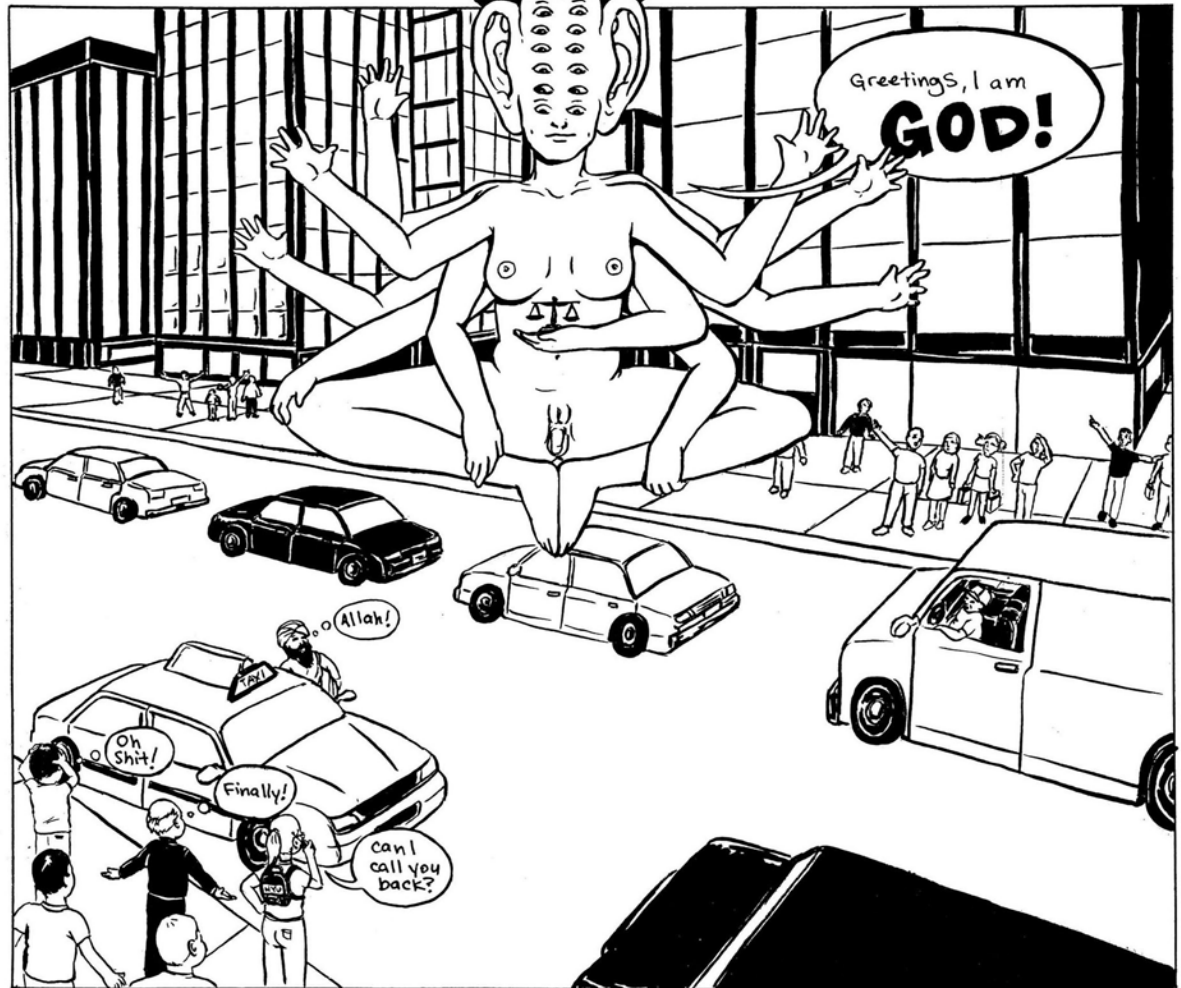
I hope that others will also find a connection with my work and it will enhance their lives and perspectives in some way.

Medium and Style

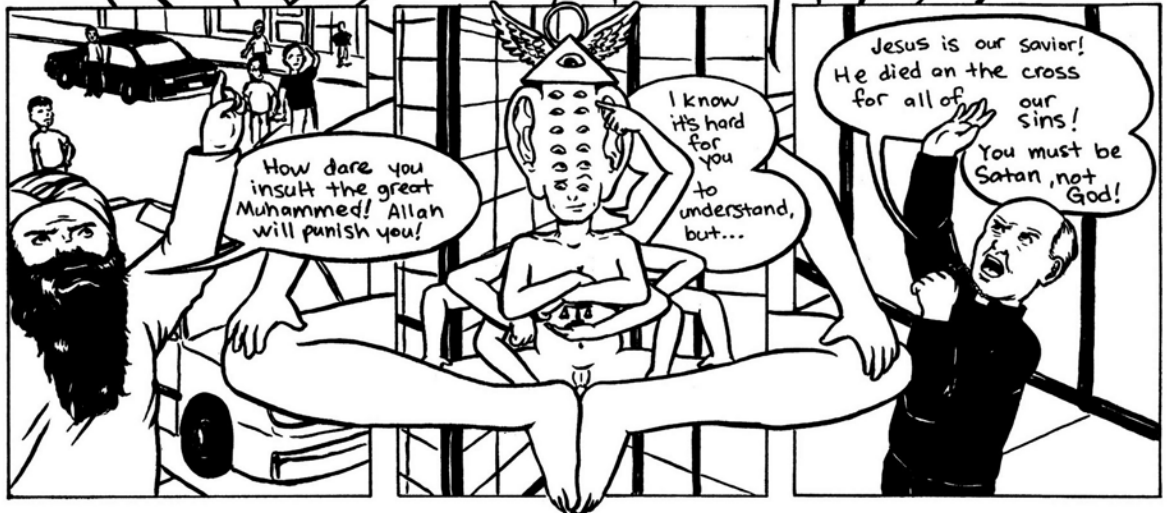
My methods of creating art in terms of formal qualities are really nothing unique. I use whatever medium I feel most comfortable with and can manifest whatever inspiration I may have most effectively. The vision and concept are what I tend to focus on. My aim when in the process of creating my art is to express my thoughts and concepts I have with the least amount of restrictions. I try to be unselfconscious and also unyielding to the world and the rules and ideas set before me.

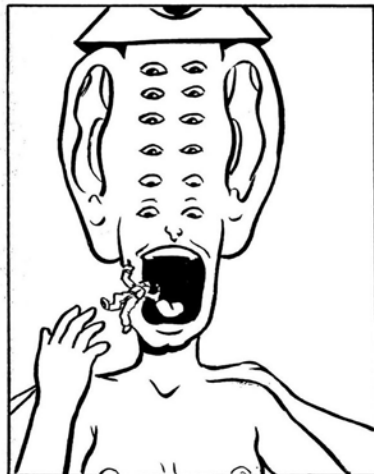
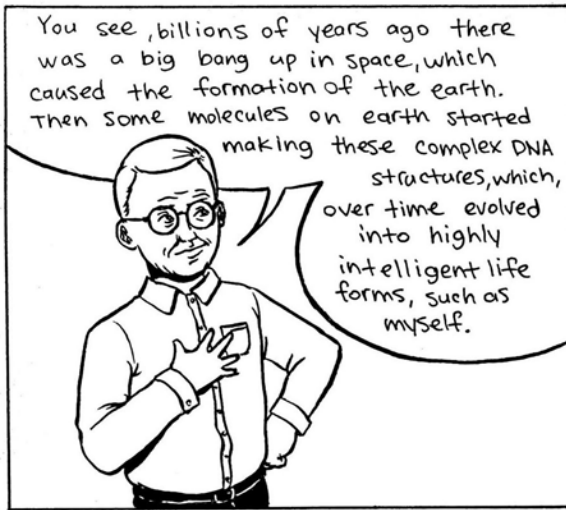
Artist Website: www.homoperfectus.net

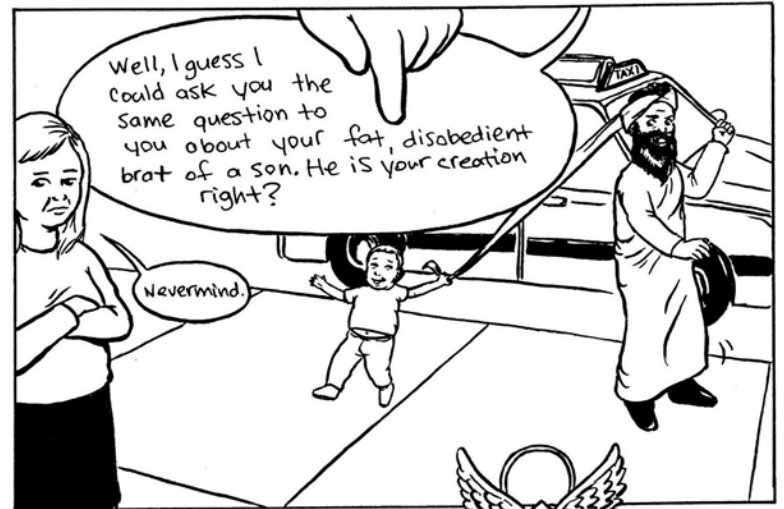
Excerpt from *Visions of God...*

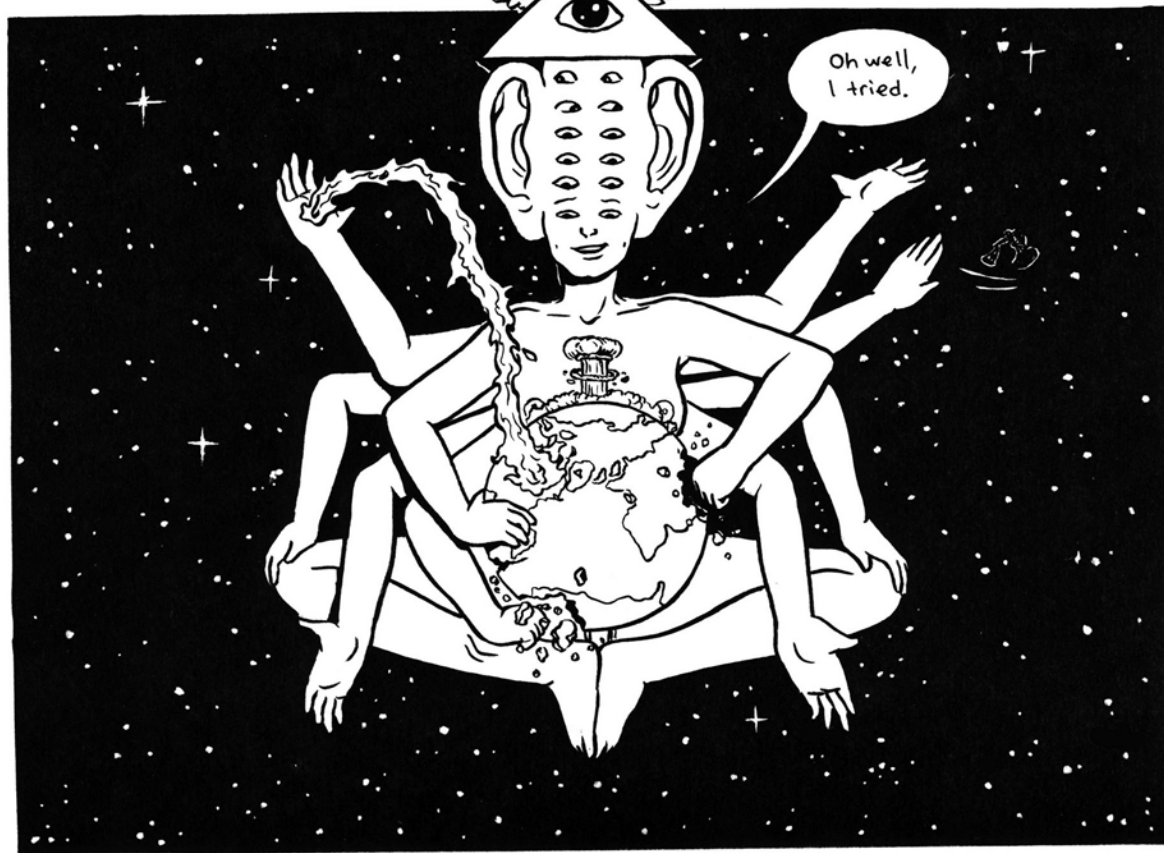
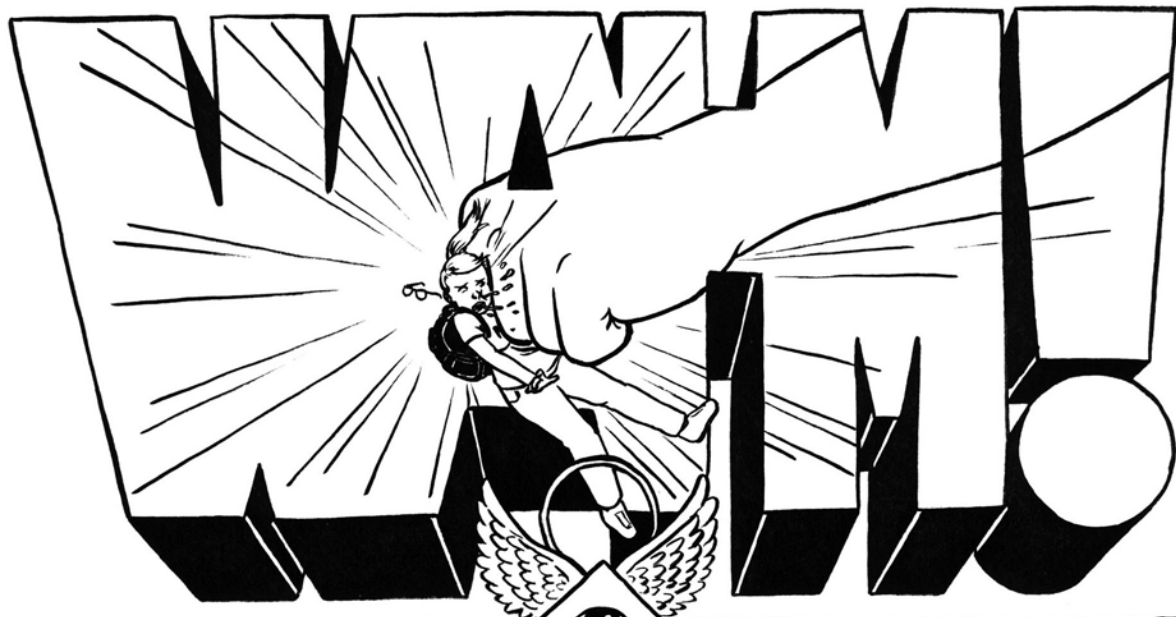












In Memorium: Rabbi Sherwin T. Wine

Rabbi Sherwin T. Wine, founder of Humanistic Judaism, was killed in a car crash on July 21, 2007, while vacationing in Morocco. He was 79. Wine and his life partner Richard McMains were returning from dinner Saturday evening in Essaouira when their taxi was hit by another driver. Rabbi Wine and the taxi driver were killed instantly. Mr. McMains survived the collision and was hospitalized in stable condition.

As the founder of Humanistic Judaism, Rabbi Wine laid out the intellectual foundations of this bold Jewish alternative, creating many of its celebrations, rituals, and educational materials. Sherwin Wine was born in Detroit on January 25, 1928. He was a graduate of the University of Michigan (A.B., A.M.) and Hebrew Union College. In 1963, he founded the Birmingham Temple in suburban Detroit.

Dubbed the “Rebel Rabbi,” Sherwin Wine created a sensation back in 1965 when *Time* magazine wrote about the young maverick **atheist** rabbi and his fledgling congregation. In 1969 Rabbi Wine established the Society for Humanistic Judaism, the worldwide voice for Humanistic Judaism. The Movement was denounced by Jewish leaders as a fleeting, 1960s wild-child craze. In the next two decades, however, Rabbi Wine helped to found several other related organizations including the International Federation of Secular Humanistic Jews and the International Institute for Secular Humanistic Judaism in North America—the rabbinic seminary and academic arm of the Movement, for which he was currently serving as provost and dean in North America. Rabbi Wine was instrumental in organizing the



Leadership Conference of Secular and Humanistic Jews, the Center for New Thinking, the North American Committee for Humanism, the Humanist Institute, and the Conference of Liberal Religion.

In 2003, Rabbi Wine was named Humanist of the Year by the American Humanist Association, joining such notables as Stephen Jay Gould, Betty Friedan, Carl Sagan, Richard Dawkins, Barbara Ehrenreich, and Margaret Sanger, among others.

Rabbi Wine is the author of *Humanistic Judaism, Judaism Beyond God, Celebration* and *Staying Sane in a Crazy World*. He was a principal contributor to *Judaism in a Secular Age: An Anthology of Secular Humanistic Jewish Thought*. In 2003 the International Institute for Secular Humanistic Judaism published the biographical tribute, *A Life of Courage*, in which Rabbi Wine contributed a reflective essay on choosing a life of dignity, a life of courage.

“Rabbi Wine was a visionary who created a Jewish home for so many of us who would have been lost to Judaism. He taught us that human dignity is the highest moral value. We will live our lives reflecting that value to honor his memory,” said Rabbi Miriam S. Jerris, Community Development Director, Society for Humanistic Judaism and President of the Association of Humanistic Rabbis.

“As a tribute to Rabbi Wine and his memory, we will further commit ourselves to the values and philosophy of Humanistic Judaism. Rabbi Wine was a brilliant mentor, a dynamic guide, and a true friend to countless people around the world. The Movement is his legacy,” said M. Bonnie Cousens, Executive Director, Society for Humanistic Judaism.

“Rabbi Wine died doing what he loved—traveling. He left us at the height of his power. He deserved more time. We will remember him as an optimistic, maverick genius and a lover of life,” said Rabbi Tamara Koltun, Birmingham Temple.

“The loss of Sherwin Wine is a terrible blow to the Movement of Secular Humanistic Judaism and to American Judaism. Rabbi Wine always promised a natural immortality. He lives on in the lives he touched, the rabbis and leaders he trained, the communities he inspired, and the ideas and institutions he created. We who knew him and loved him will miss him terribly, and we are that much more grateful for what he gave us,” said Rabbi Adam Chalom, Associate Dean of the International Institute for Secular Humanistic Judaism and rabbi of Kol Hadash Humanistic Congregation, Highland Park, Illinois.



Frontcover: *The All Seeing Eye and Salve Regina* by Antonio Roybal
Backcover: *Huang-Ti* by Nemo