Shaun Gamache

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Born and raised in Calgary I went to art college at The Alberta College Of Art And Design in the late 90's. I had a psychotic break in 2004 and have been trying to make sense of my world ever since. I have learned that to change the world I change myself. In my art I paint automatic paintings that are self portraits, exploring my journey. Exploring the paradoxes of the Real.

Much of my work looks Abstract Expressionist or Action painting with the larger scale works. I work fast. However when they are done I am always looking for the image. In fact there are always multiple images. More than one painting in one. At one time I would rotate the painting and another fully complete objective painting would emerge. Some can see these, others can not.

I apprenticed to the Sweet Medicine Sundance Path www.rosicrucian.org in 2001. I am now in process of downloading my own wheels and have created an oracle. My art continues to delve into mysticism, shamanism and the metaphysical. My website is at www.shaungamache.com.

I see through eyes much of the world does not. My work explores myself, and I share that with the world. It might be egotistical, or it is an exploration of the macrocosm by looking at the microcosm. I must paint and create. It shows me where I am going.

Formlessness

I hear a lot about formlessness. At first I could try to associate it with chaos, yet even that has a form and a pattern to it in the big picture. For me it is a feeling, yet cannot be put into thought that makes sense. Even in the disorientation of feeling like my body is no longer physical with waves of something passing through me, can this even be formlessness as I can sort of put it into words or try to rationalize it? Part of me goes, how could one step into formlessness yet still function here and where would be the purpose. Or is it a state of experience one experiences for a moment, then it is gone, and we return to the human condition with a new perspective. Is it the state of expansion where there is no separation, no security, only expansion. It felt as if the universe existed within me. Yet even this I try to rationalize. Try to understand it. I put myself into a protective bubble so that I can feel that I at least have some kind of boundary to myself as this is known.

To let go of the rational mind, does this mean one must lose touch with this world and everyone in it, only to find another. Yet here we get locked up. There must be some functionality, yet the mind must be able to let go. Is it the edge, a high wire, a free fall, or floating in a void vacuum, or none of the above and outside explanation. I feel like I am just playing with myself trying to find a rational explanation for something that is not rational. Yet my intent is giving away the addiction of the illusion I have been programmed with, I suppose to change my point of reference.

To function without a belief system, only to use what is most appropriate for the moment. I think to myself is it possible to be this fluid. I am constantly going to newer depths of where I am attached. Of where I am not willing to let go of what I think is. Then create the fight, the war against what is to hold onto what is known. Sometimes it is like I am fighting for my very life, for my very sanity. And all it is, is fear. That simple, yet I purposefully try to slit my own throat with it.

Even now, I am creating all this drama around "trying" to understand, yet isn't my understanding I have to let go of with clarity being an enemy here. All I have to do is not take it so personally, yet in the depth of my core that feels like betraying the very fabric of who I think I am. It feels like I am killing myself and nurturing myself at the same time. To have self care in the death, held safe in the hands of God. Even in the knowing of the ruthlessness of nature, yet at the same time, love beyond measure.



Woman's Landscape

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

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Going into art college I was still in my Karma for this life time. The work shown here is from my fourth year. I was exploring a lot from my shadow. I came into this life learning how to choose between the light and the dark, rather than having no opinion either way. I was for experiences, no matter where they came from. I was not out to cause harm to anyone, but I explored some dark subject matter within myself. The vibration of this work is very heavy and uncomfortable to me now.

I was exploring my bi sexuality and the way that I was seen by culture on mass. I wanted to know what masculinity was and there was no venue for it except in the realms of gay art. Feminism was taking over the art world and it seemed that to be a man was not ok. I got that from my mother as well, that men were evil and that patriarchy was responsible for destroying the world. I was searching for a benevolent

patriarchy. A patriarchy where men had open hearts, cared for women in sacred ways and did good in the world. However, whenever I tried to bring this out from within myself my wounding would come out. Because of this many thought I was pretty messed up. So much so, I was coerced to a party once and they took me to an empty room. The boys were going to gang rape me. However, as usual my heart got me out of it. After talking to them for a while, drinking my Sambuca, one of them said that I had to go back to the college. I remember the way they were all smiling at me. Very unnerving. Pissed drunk I agreed and got back to the college and passed out on the couch.

This is the way that a lot of people saw me. Another time a man whom I thought was a buddy took me to his apartment and asked me if I was a player. My Fiancée at the time was a friend of his. I was already starting to see my separate realities in my Nagual world so I thought I was a player in this larger game that was going on in my life. I encountered beings that would talk to me, often taking on the physical persona of someone I knew, but the personality would change. I thought I was a great player in the game that was going on in my life. However he was asking if I was a player in that I was not really in love with my fiancé. Thinking I was cold hearted he came behind me and started choking me. I smiled and sat there calmly without being able to get any air. I was about to pass out when he stopped and sat down. I think that he did not know what to do as I did not put up a struggle. I talked with him for a few more minutes thinking he was part of this larger game then left. Looking back I think he was just trying to protect his friend. The problem was, I often thought completely different things were happening than what was being communicated by the world with everyone else. The collective agreement.



Squash rocket

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Locker Room

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

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Another event that happened to me was when I drove a friend of mine to Edmonton to visit her boyfriend and I decided to go out to see the strip, seeing that they lived on it. I made my way to a bar, not sure the name and went in. I was not clean shaven at the time so I looked a little rough.

While I was in there a couple of native ladies picked me up. After the bar closed they took me to their place. I was talking to the older lady and she started singing to me as we took off each other clothes on the couch. Then she started talking to me how she didn't have aids. I knew then that this was a trick. They meant to cause me harm. Yet I was unafraid for some reason. After much coercing I just sat there and listened. Then she asked me what brought me to Edmonton. I told her that I had brought a friend of mine down from Calgary to see her boyfriend. She saw that I had a good heart. She got up and left.

Then the other native girl came In and stated that no harm would come to me in that house. I then lied down on the floor thinking I would have to stop them from putting a knife into my heart. I was fantasizing with this situation for at least half an hour before they got me up and told me to leave.

This was one of my first sorcery battles. Again my good heart is what got me out of it, and the help of God.



Tug-of-war

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

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As a child I was staying at my mothers, and my father came over to take me to some sports event. My mother had one arm and my father had the other arm, playing tug a war with me. My father won and carried me off on his shoulders.

This brings me to an interesting thing that I've seen in the world. I have talked to many women, and all they talk about are their deadbeat dads. They are the ones that wants nothing to do with their children. They don't want to pay child support, and they don't want to be there for the lives of their children. However what I've seen in my life is quite different. I see women that don't let men see their children. They go to court, get full custody, and don't want the men in the in their children's lives at all. They take the man for everything they're worth, and then try to throw them out like the trash. How are men supposed to be part of their children's lives, if their ex-wives won't even let them be in their lives. This is a great evil in society today I find. Children should have access to both parents.

When I grew up I was with one parent one half the week, and the other parent the other half the week. I was in sports, so my father always tried to make sure I got to my sporting events. Sports is a main part of my father's life. My mother wanted me to get into the arts and more creative things. Well I ended up doing the artistic thing later in life. I still love them both dearly.



Happy Face

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

Shaun Gamache

People often tell me that I was fascinated by the dark side and that is why I had so many problems when I was in my twenties. It Was not the just the dark, I had no discernment. Light, dark, I didn't care as long as I could get my spike off it and no one was hurt in my naive perception of it. I was into the experience itself more than anything else. On the inside I wanted to do good in the world and make a difference. I was interested in sorcery and the experiencing of moments of power. The problem was that dark experiences, or at least experiences with darker energy, kept happening to me because I was here to learn to choose the light. As long as I didn't care where anything came from I was not learning my

lesson. What people saw in me was very different than how I knew myself, plus it usually took a while for people to get to know me. I was not very socially adept.

Joining the Rosicrucian order in 2001 I had much help from what I leaned from them. I asked them for help once when I got in over my head and they told me "you now know what it is to be deceived". I was guilty of the sin of omission. If I do not cast out the opposition, I am helping it. I must discern what I choose to engage in and not just do whatever shows up. This is one of the biggest lessons I have learned in my life.



Baseball

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

Shaun Gamache

I had the nickname big bash Gamache. One year I struck out only three times the whole year. I can't remember how many homeruns I hit that year, however, I was a superstar. I think I was about 15 years old. I practiced almost every night in the basement with my father. We practiced hitting with wifle balls.



Reaching For The Unseen

12 x 12", oil on canvas

1999

Shaun Gamache

I look at my life and it has been hard. I had an attitude of never give up. I joined the Sweet Medicine Sundance Path in 1998. I took Swift Deer's attitude of "sock it to me". I wanted more and more. I couldn't get enough. Swift Deer was my apprentice Guide on the path. I never really could talk to him about the nagual experiences that were going on. It was always superficial ideas that I came up with in my emails to him. None the less, he held a space for me to adventure in the physical and the nagual or spiritual realms of inorganic beings. I came into this life with many gifts. One of them was no fear. As a three year old child my parents took me to the big rock near Okotoks in Alberta and before they knew it I was at the top of it.

One of the great gifts of this life was dearmoring. In the Sweet Medicine Sundance Path they had a ceremony using vibration and pressure points to break up the armoring that surrounded the body. In

doing this I let go of many pain tapes and my body started to function more normally after the psychosis I went through that left me like a zombie. This helped me to step into Dharma.

I was able to be a lead pipe for a Karma releasing sweat lodge, and that night I stepped into Dharma. It was a very powerful experience for me. I Sweat on the outside of the lodge, but was able to hold a space for those in the lodge. I was in my power. That is what much of life was about in those days, standing in my power. I am grateful for those experiences.



Creating Alchemy

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Pretty In Pink

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Waiting For Serenity

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Red Figure

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Speaking To Oneself

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Obelisk

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Separating From Myself

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Sensual Woman

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Something Like Buddha

12 x 12", oil on board

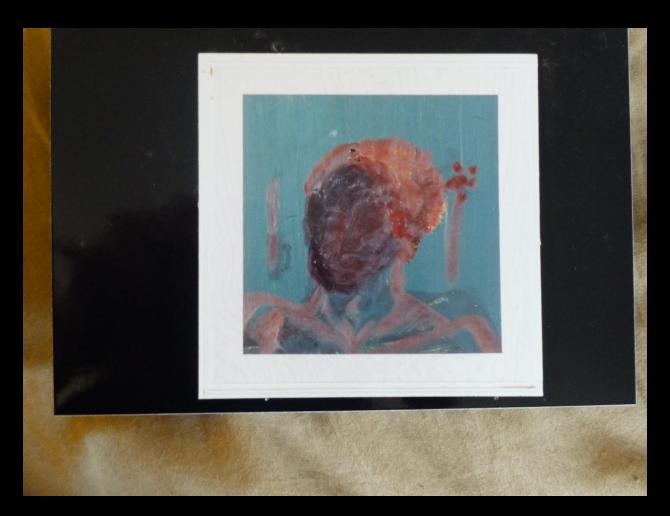
1999



What Is It To Be A Man

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Something About Death

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



I Can See Into The Gold

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



What Makes Me Feminine

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Square

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Eyes That See And Ears That Hear

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Sacred Smoke

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Where I'd Rather Not Be

12 x 12", oil on board

1999



Woman Of The Night

oil on canvas

1999



playing around with Giacometti

oil on canvas

1999



Face Hitting Wall

oil pastel on paper

1999



Kundalini

12 x 12", oil on board

1999

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When I was in art college I dreamed many times of being a woman. I dreamed of the kundalini energy moving up me activating all my chakras and energy centers. To me this kundalini was the snake, I wanted so much to learn of snake medicine. I think this painting is more of an archetype than anything else. Shows what the relationship with my inner woman was like.



Little Man

60 x 40", acrylic on paper

1999



Falling

acrylic on canvas

1999



Pleasant Dream

3 x 4', oil on canvas

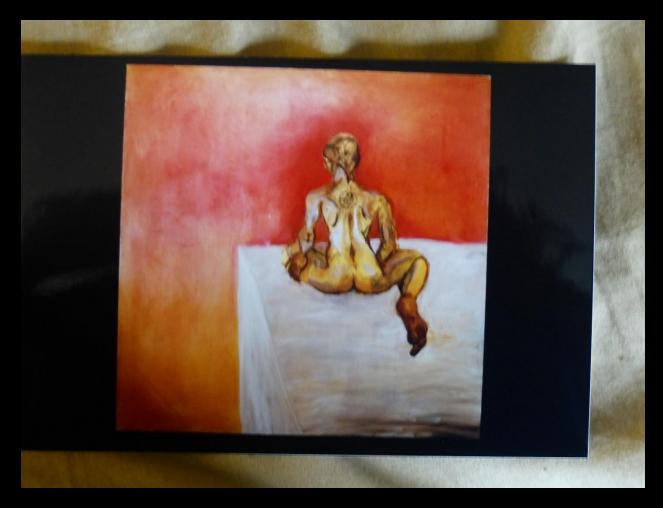
1999



Watching Over My Domain

4' x 4', acrylic on canvas

1999



Into The Abyss I Look

4 x 4 feet, acrylic on canvas

1999



At Peace In Horrific Times

oil on canvas

1999



Enjoying The First Chakra

4 x 4 feet, acrylic on canvas

1999



Popper

acrylic on canvas

1999



Red Mist

oil and sand on stretched canvas

1999



Tormented Balance Of My Masculine and Feminine Sides

oil on stretched canvas

1999



Graffiti

acrylic and oil on stretched canvas

1999



Tree

5 x 5', oil on stretched canvas

1999



Shields One

oil on stretched canvas

1999



Shields Two

acrylic on stretched canvas

1999



Red Storm

oil on board

1999



Visualizing The Sphere

acrylic on canvas

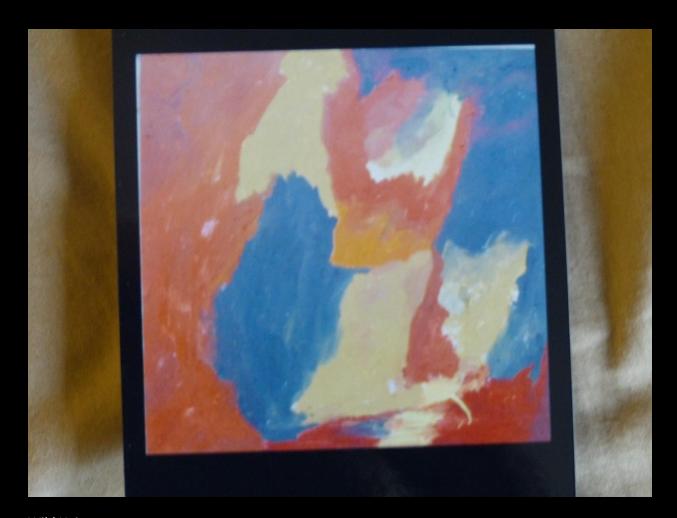
2006



Pink Woman

acrylic on canvas

2006



Wild Hair

acrylic on canvas

2006



Little Gremlin

acrylic on canvas

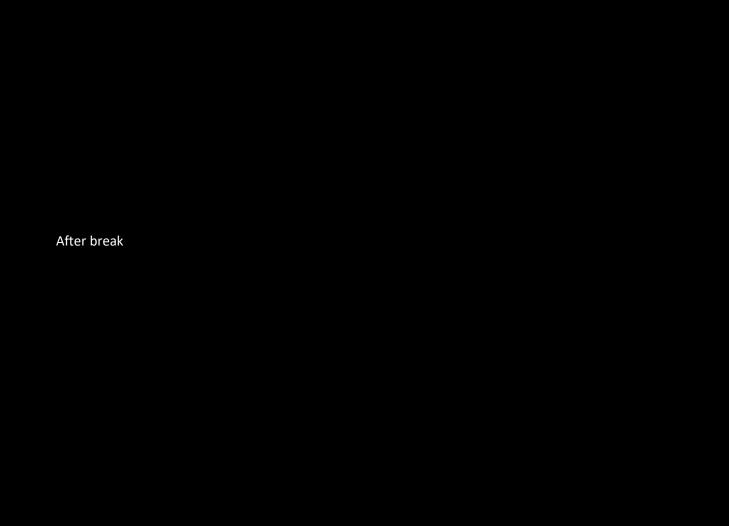
2006



Buffalo

acrylic on canvas

2006





Jesus Walk 40 x 60 ", Charcoal on large Mayfair 2012, Shaun Gamache



 $\underline{\text{In the Domain of Not Thinking}}, \text{charcoal on large mayfair, 40 x 60 " 2012}$

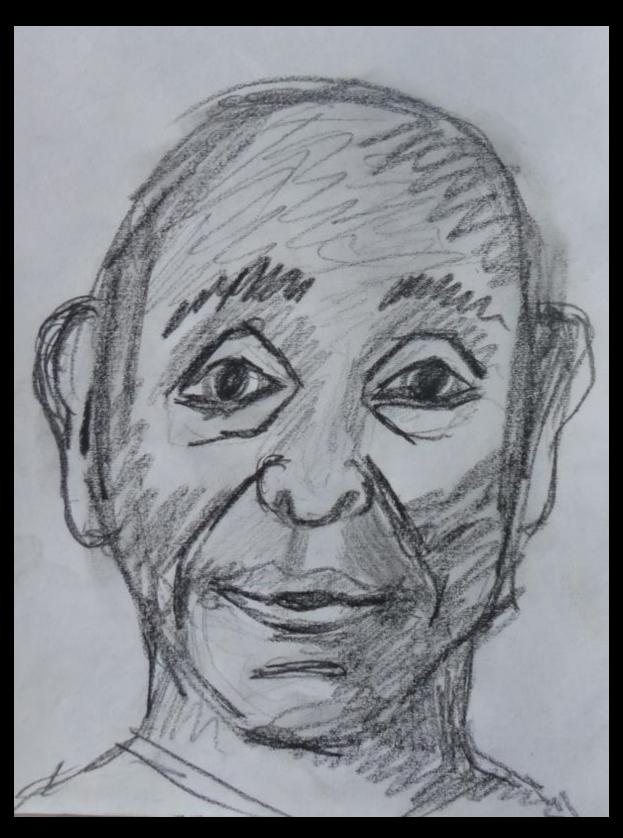
As I move into the life with Christ, I encounter the opposition. It is like the universe is telling me different things about what is real, what's objective, and they are often paradoxes. As I look at myself through this portrait I see a reflection of power. It comes from my old life. Now that has to be translated into meekness. Meekness does not mean weak or pitiful. It is about being obedient to God and being righteous. Funny how I used to think being righteous was a bad thing like being egotistical. Now it is a thing to be desired. It is to do what is right and let the consequences follow.



Mental Unbalance, 5' x 5', Acrylic on canvas 2006

This painting really reflects the scattered state I go into when I am in overwhelm with energy. It is like plugging myself in. For a long time the mental space that I engaged with was chaos. I would conjure the chaos to

make out of it what I intended. Now I must be obedient to the will of the father. I am still doing the same thing in a way as "I am in the father and the father is in me" John 14:11. My will and the will of the Father become one. I feel I am like a symbiotic type of relationship. On a physical level the father and myself are two separate beings. However in the presence of I AM, there is no separation. Everything is one. If one has not experienced that consciousness it is difficult to explain as the Ego wants to remain separate.



Proudly Innocent, 11 x 14", charcoal on paper, 2010

I find that many of my faces are not symmetrical. Often the left side of the face, the receptive side is in torment, pain and imbalance, while the right side of the face is more at peace. I give out to the world my intent of being a healer, of service to a living Christ and an innocence that the world can be good. What I receive is the opposition trying to make my life hell. It isn't all hell of course. I ask not that my weight be lifted from my shoulders, rather that I become strong so that the weight becomes light. Right now it is back pain and dizziness that I feel when I open myself up with Tia Chi. I have faith that as I train I will get strong again.



 $\underline{\text{He Wants A Lover So Bad It Is Killing Him}}, 11 \times 14", \text{charcoal on paper}, 2012$

Simultaneousness is where all things happen at once outside of time. I believe there were masters who could do this in physical form, popping in and out of time. This gives a new look to time travel I guess, except it is outside of time. The way I would explain this to the average person is to think of how they dream. We can dream of the future and the past, as well as the present. Well I believe it is a never ending now moment, but to do this in the dream is easy. All we have to do is think something and boom, there we are. I feel what we are doing is taking these moments that we think about and make them now. So, if we keep holding onto the past, we are making it now so we experience it now. We need to intend what we want to happen now based on what we are thinking or dreaming. Can we take control of it? We can also do this through prayer and Heavenly Father's will. It will help us fix what we do not understand. He is guiding us till we can learn to do it for ourselves. Our will and our Father's will become one.



I Love The World And Everyone In It Including Myself, 40 x 60", Charcoal on large mayfair, 2014

My Life is a going back and forth from the Nagual to the Tonal. From the world of spirit to the temporal world. Having the gift of discerning spirit in this life has made it a challenge to coexist with most of humanity. Many do not understand and are afraid of any dimension of reality other than the third dimension. Ghosts are something to be scared of. Once joining the Deer Tribe in my twenties, talking to the ancestors was common place. What is interesting is that the ones I cannot see I can hear, and the ones I cannot here I can see. Maybe it is a protection mechanism that I developed.

I always wanted to do good in my life, however, I also didn't judge those who wanted to cause harm. I gave them my love as well. Many of my friends at one time were fence sitters and wavered between the light and the dark. They did whatever served them. At the point in my life where I chose to join the Church Of Jesus Christ And Latter Days Saints I had to definitively choose the light and no longer give any energy, time, or attention to those who served the dark. I learned that I was deceived and that those that served the dark, especially those in the Nagual, only intended to cause me harm in the long run. I needed to stand on God's side of the line.



<u>I Can See Into Your Soul</u>, 40 x 60", charcoal on large mayfair, 2014

I look at my life and it has been hard. All the moments, however, when I am in the moment, it is not as hard. At one point I was existing every four seconds. I could always go another four seconds. No matter how bad the panic attack, no matter how bad the allergic reaction, I could always go another four seconds. There was a grace that was brought forth in that diligence. I am still in the moment, yet not every four seconds any more. That mental capacity has been taken away from me. However, I can still be present in the Now. To be in it. To just BE.

To me life is a lot like a dream. I am of service to the Lord when I am in my awake dream and in my asleep dream. Often times I will be aware in a situation, present in it, then after it is over it is gone. Similar to the dreams we have at night that slip away when we wake up. Throughout my life I Have had had different levels of awareness in my sleeping dream. Many of my most aware dreams have been fighting dreams or nightmares. The interesting thing was that I often did not get scared in them. I was able to get into my observer platform and simply observe them. I do this with my life in the awake time as well. Simply observe what I am doing. That is how I was able to be present every four seconds.

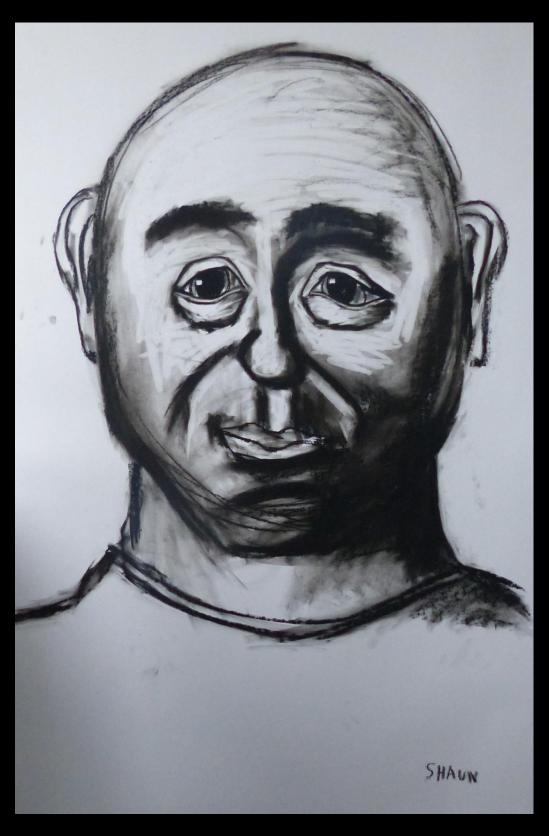


The Church Of Jesus Christ And Latter Day Saints Has Made Me The Man I Am 40 x 60", charcoal on large mayfair, 2014

It was said to me once to build a kingdom in my mind. One that I would build visualization upon visualization. A place that I could come back to over and over. A mansion would be my palace. Lands would be my sanctuary. Then there would be those in the world of spirit that could come there to visit me. I could ask for dream teachers that were on God's side of the line. I would ask for those in the light. The ones that stood for the Good. All sorts of beings could visit me there. I would make it in layers so that it could function on multiple dimensional layers. It is a little bit of heaven. There would be a water fall. I could walk into the pool and cleanse myself under the purifying waters. The waters would help wash away the harshness of life and the tests and trials that I was going through as I had asked for so much. I had asked to become enlightened. At one time I asked to be a Rainbow Light Warrior, one of the 144 000. After my baptism in 2012 I wanted to do what Christ did. Now I am not sure where I stand. I am still figuring out what I need to do now. Now, I am assembling a solid foundation in my world.



I remember years back in my late teens hearing about the Halls of Amenti. I would walk into a corridor with many candles along the sides, going up on shelves, each layer higher than the other. Then with a movement of my mind I would light all the candles. At the end of the corridor was a room with many beings sitting cross legged. I would sit with them. There would be a crystal on the stage, one in front of each teacher. They would be speaking a lesson out loud and in telepathic language. Here I could ask any question that I wanted. It was here in my pre Earth life that I was getting instructions on coming down here. I loved it that I could go here in meditation. I would have countless conversations with the instructors. From this place I could ask for blessings of my life. Mind you, we can ask for blessings any time. We don't have to go to a special place. However sometimes it has a special personal meaning to do things in this way. Ceremony means a great deal to me.



If I Know You I Can Be You, 40 x 60", charcoal on large mayfair, 2014

When I was young, around ten, I think I was doing a meditation with my mother. We liked to do a lot of that. Spirit told me to put my two middle fingers on my eyes and apply pressure. I did it till it just started to hurt a little. At first there was white static like what you see on a tv, the white noise. Then I started to travel. I saw a hole that opened up into the underworld. I went down. I found myself going down a cavern with hundreds of skeletons lining both sides as I traveled. Then I ended up in a cavern where I went down deeper. I eventually came down to do ledge at the foot of a cave. A giant red bull came out that snorted fire out of its nostrils.

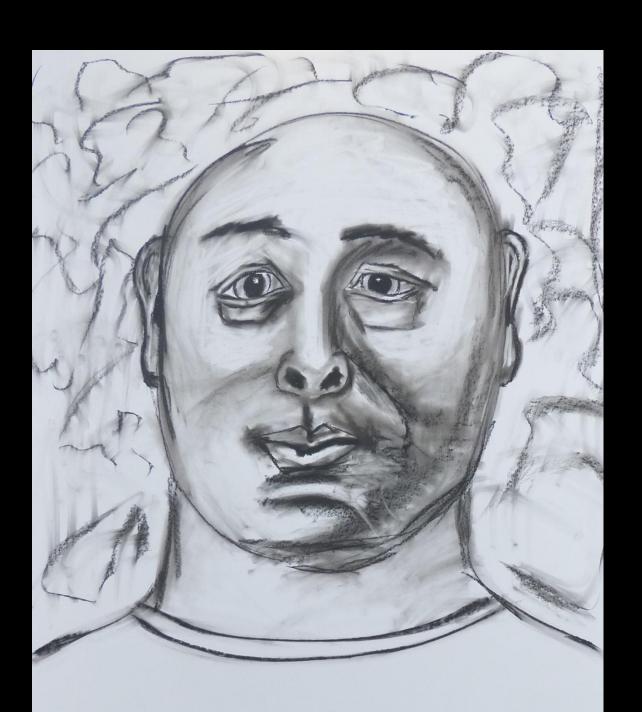
That is all I can remember of the experience. However, it has stuck with me for most of my life.



I Can See The Light

A recurring nightmare I had when I was a child was a room that filled up with water. I could see my family driving away outside, leaving me. When I tried to go into the Living room of the house there was a Dream imposter with red eyes. He was surrounded by gremlins and all sorts of creatures on the dark side. Then I went back into my room and the water would fill up. Then I would wake up from the dream into another dream. There I was in the hallway where I could only move in slow motion. That would last a few moments, then I would wake up scared. One of my first encounters with dream imposters.

Later in life I went back in time and banished the dream imposter out of my dreams. Another thing I have always remembered. It had to do with the divorce of my parents. Feeling like there was no way out.



Simplicity can be a way to cope. It can be a way to be. There are those who live lives in simplicity and they teach us a different way of being in the world. It isn't about our university degrees or fancy jobs we have, instead a different way of existing. We can get overtired with the complexities of the mind. Learn from the simple ones that for the most part, just enjoy life and love everyone. We are all trying to get to this place in our hearts.



I was driving out to Bragg Creek with on one of my friends. We had been driving up a road by the ski hill about twenty minutes when suddenly there was a huge flash of white light and we found ourselves back where we had had started, except this time we were going in the opposite direction. I knew I was in for a moment with power.

I turned into a cul-de-sac that hadn't been developed yet. My friend and I walked up to the top of a small hill that was surrounded by forest. Then the whole area lit up. To the left of me was Christ on the cross. To the right of me was a thunderbird that kept looking back and forth with it's head. It stood about fifty feet tall and was made of light. In front of me was a gate that started to become more and more physical as we stood there. We had made a circle around ourselves to stand in. On top of the trees were two monks that were writing in a book. Recording angels I think.

As the gate became more present, my friend and I could hear an animal coming closer. We could hear the footprints in the snow. My friend was ready to attack and fight. I thought It was just the most amazing thing I had

ever seen. As the animal got closer my friend ran to the car. I stood out there for a couple more minutes, watching what was happening. I didn't go through the gate because I had never gone through one before. I didn't know where it went, or if I could even get back after if I went through it. My apprentice guide at the time, Swift Deer, said that if I had gone through it I would have taken on the wolf as a spirit guide. We both thought it was a wolf that was coming closer.

At the time I got scared myself and went to the car to join my friend. As I turned on the lights of the car everything was gone and the forest returned to it's natural self. We then drove home.

This was one of my first encounters with Christ.



There was a time when I had panic attacks every night and often ended up in the hospital. I would call my father, as just having someone on the other end of the line meant the world to me. It would feel as if I was having a heart attack. However every time I went to the hospital everything physically was fine. No medical problems.

I would still have all kinds of symptoms. Chest pains, different parts of my body hurting. Sometimes I had Cathartic discharges of energy where my whole body would shake just from the energy going through me. It was interesting when my legs would stop working for a short time.

One thing I learned was focus. I developed an incredible focus of intent and the ability to hold it for extended periods of time. I needed it just to hold my space while I was going through these intense experiences. It wasn't just the physical presence, it was also the mental space that I had to hold. If I didn't hold it I would have gone into a frenzy for sure. Panic attacks are great for developing mental discipline and holding the one point.

The one point is our center of gravity. It is located about three fingure widths below the belly button. When we are able to lock it in, it is amazing the things we are able to do. A great place to learn how to do that is AKIDO. We can learn without making mistakes when it is mastered. Sensei used to say that if I got on the mat properly and got off the mat properly and extended ki, everything in the middle would be perfect.

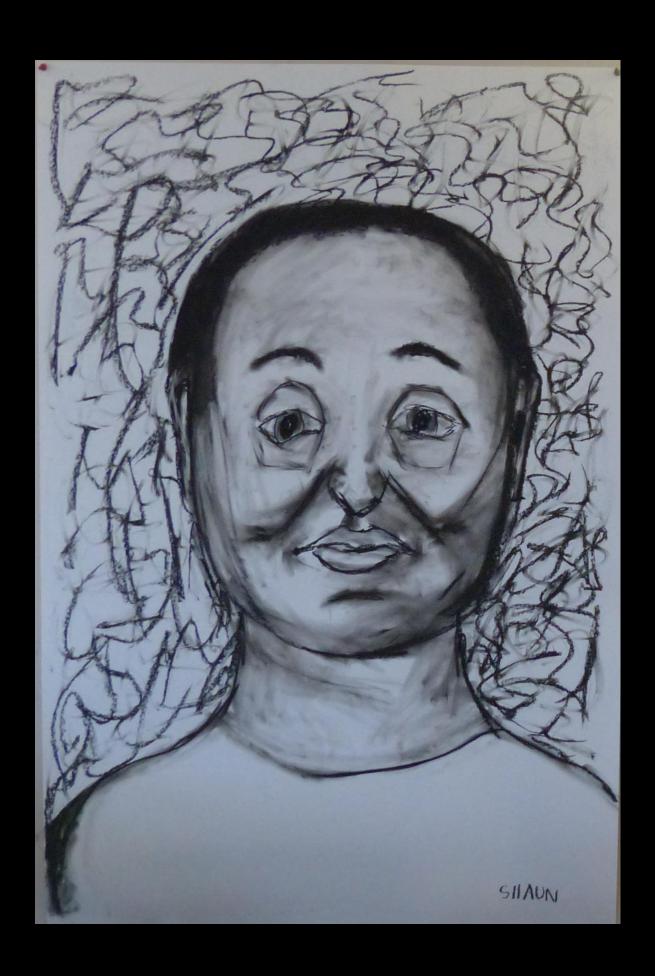
It also allows for emotional stability in a chaotic storm. I learned to expand into things instead of allowing them to overtake me like a tidal wave. 1) Extend Ki, 2) weight underside, 3) One point as big as the universe, 4) One point as small as one point. If you are doing one you are doing all four.



As a kid I was good at sports. I trained hard and did well. I played Soccer, Squash, competitive Gymnastics, Hockey, Baseball and Rugby. I also liked climbing indoors on the climbing wall.

At fifteen I had scouts looking at me for baseball. I struck out three times the whole year with many home runs. My father practiced with me and my brother almost every night throwing wiffle balls at me to hit in the basement. That year I hit a grand slam home run in the finals as my team was chanting Big Bash Gamache. It was the game winner in the 9th inning. We were down by 2 with 2 out.

In Big League, I think I was 18, my Schizophrenia started to kick in and I lost my ability to play ball. That was the end of my professional sports career. After that I went to art college. In my karma I attracted many friends that were interested in criminal and destructive activities. One of my issues in this life was that I did not choose between light and dark, good and evil. I held a non-judgmental space for all of life. To resolve my karma in this life I had to learn to choose the good. To allow the dark to do what it wants is a sin of omission.



I jumped out of an airplane in a brotherhood excursion in my early twenties. I had no fear at that point. I jumped tandem from 10 000 feet. We dropped 3000 feet and I pulled the cord. The parachute only opened half way. It was folded over. My instructor told me we might need to roll when we hit the ground. I was oblivious to how hard we actually would have hit the ground. He kept playing with the parachute cords as we fell. At 1000 feet the parachute popped open and was fully extended. He let me grab the reins. As we got close to the ground it started to move very fast. He told me when to pull the cords and flair the chute and we had a feather light landing. I believe I was simply not meant to die that day. Thank you God.



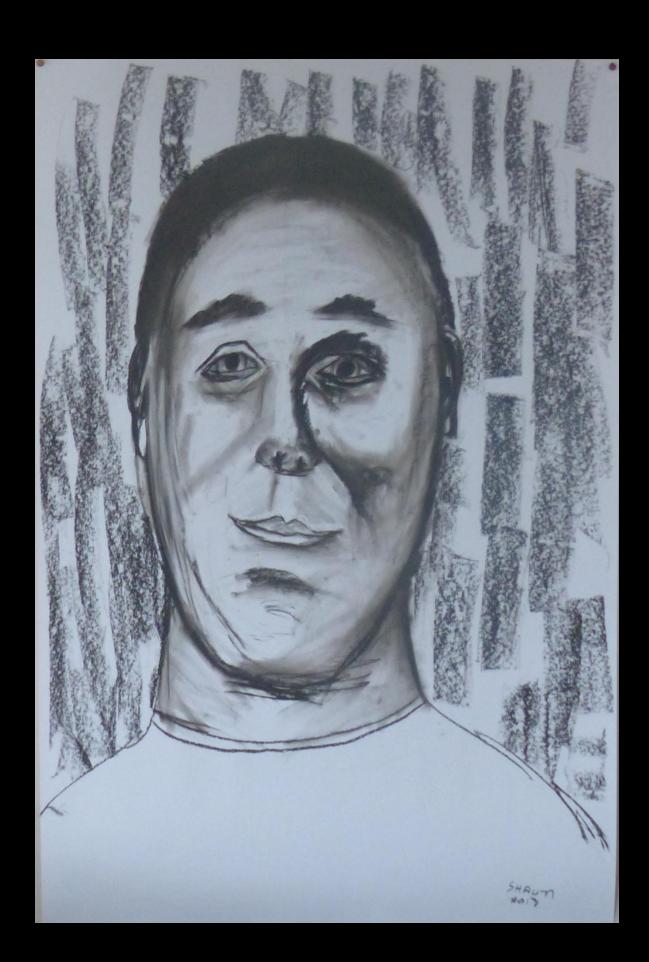










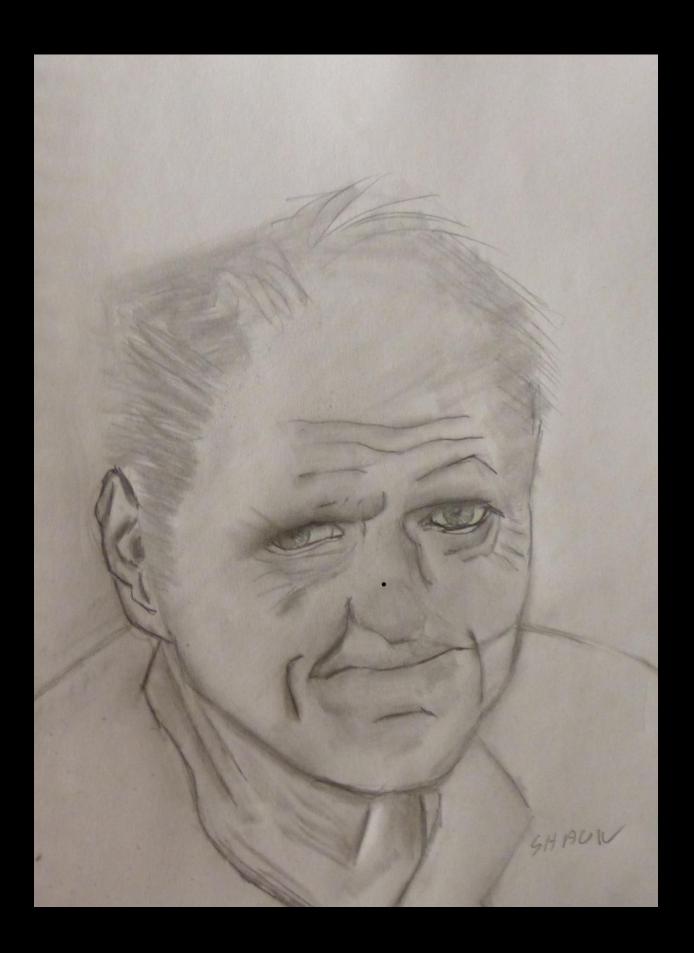








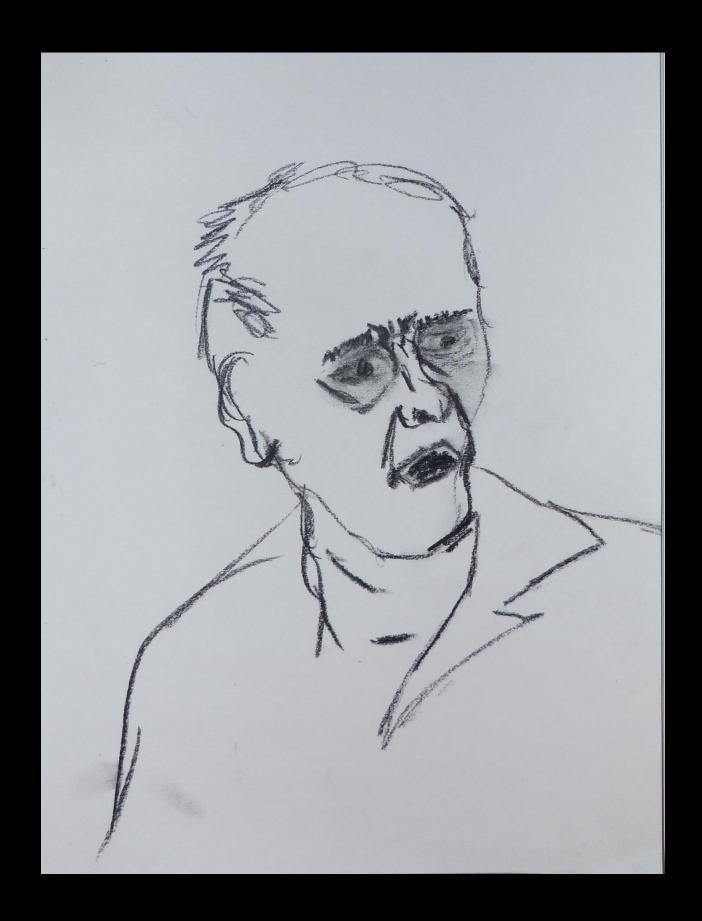






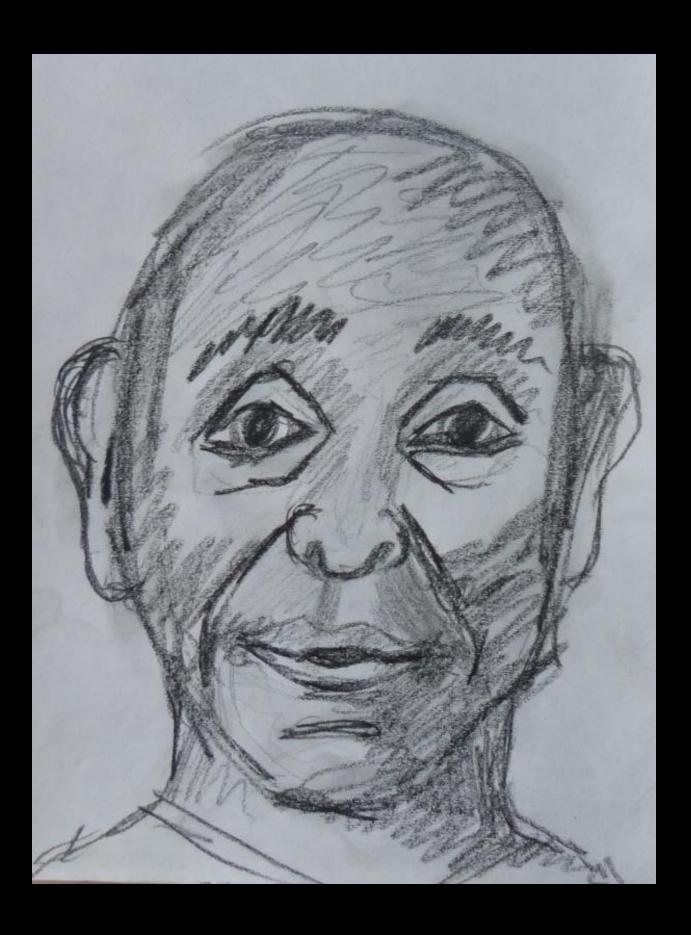
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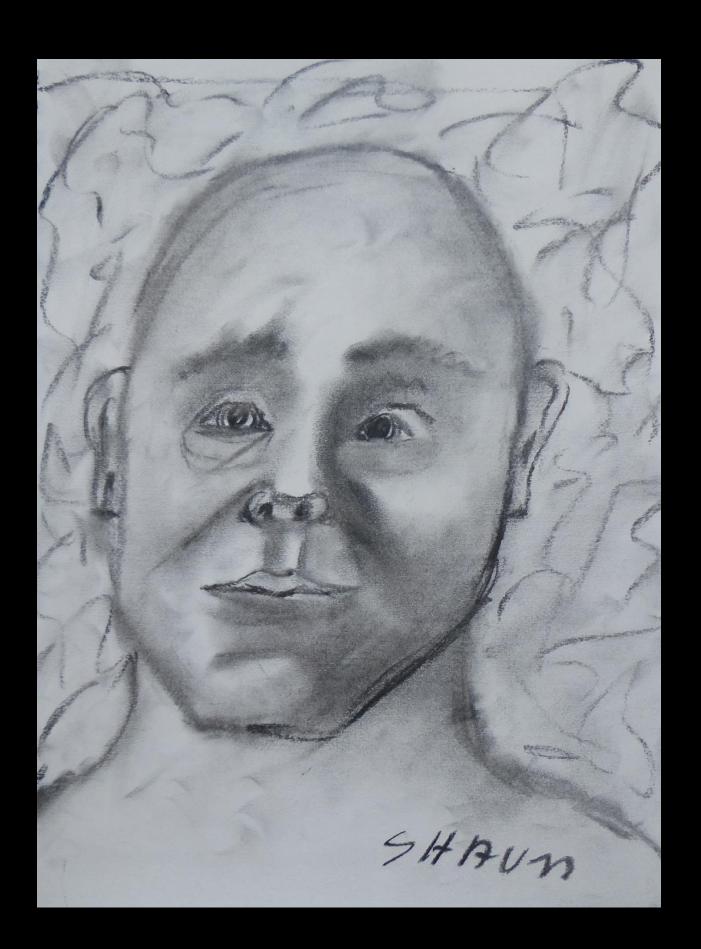


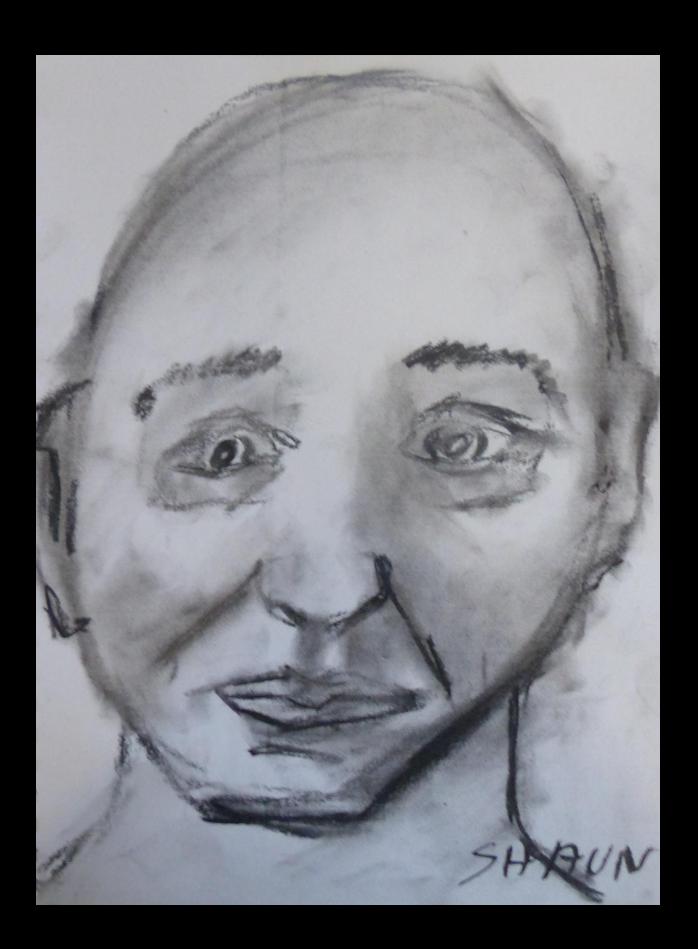




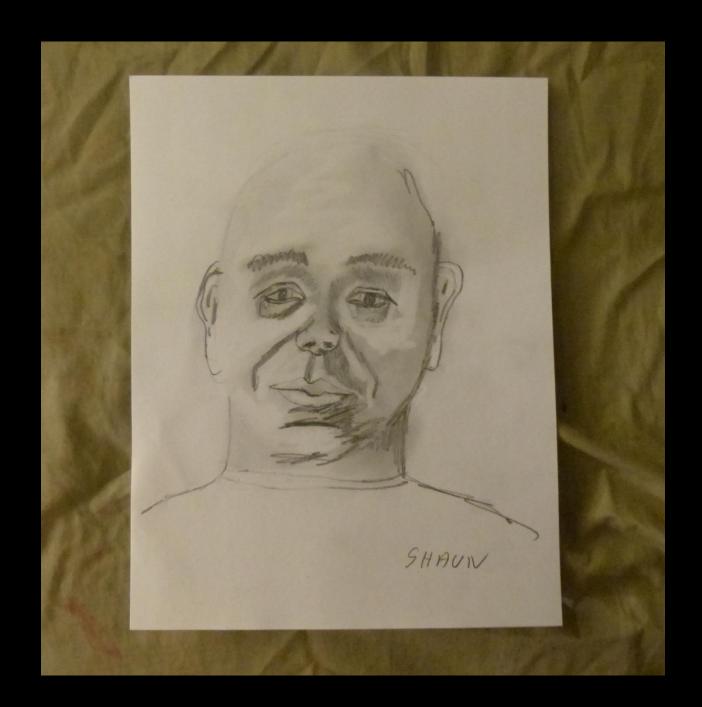


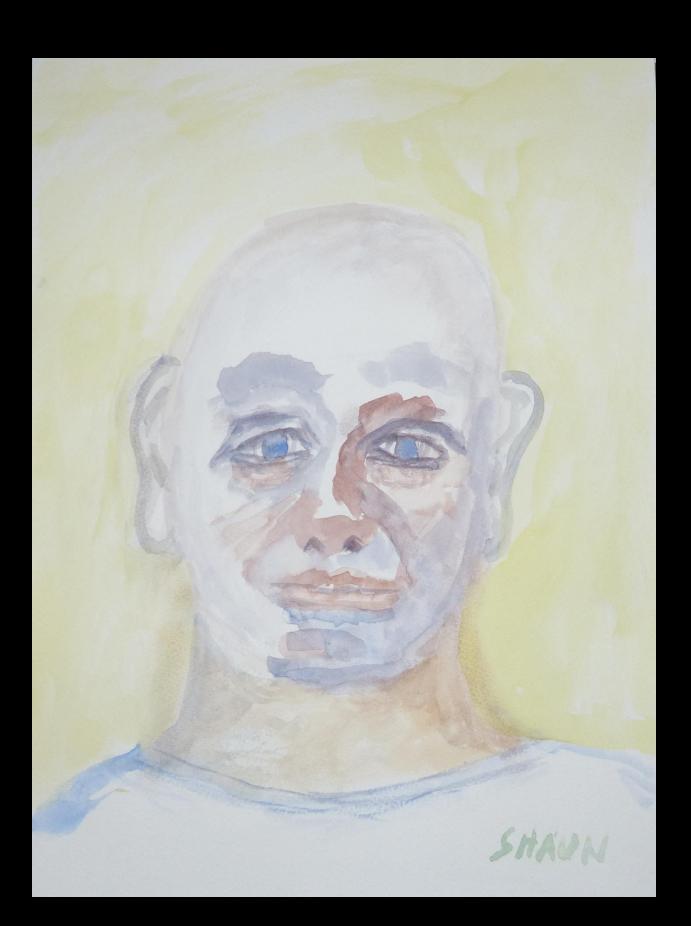






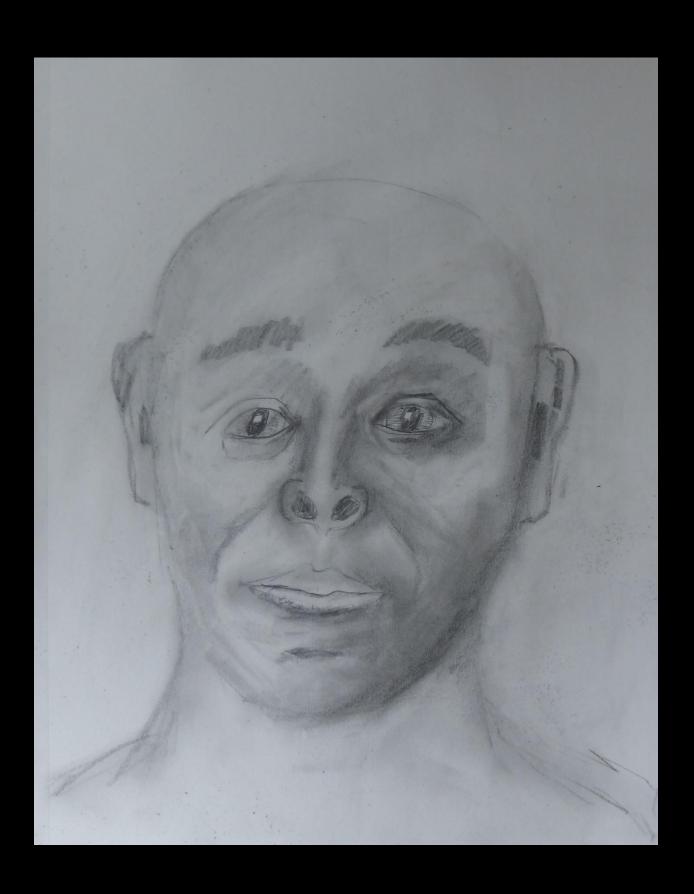






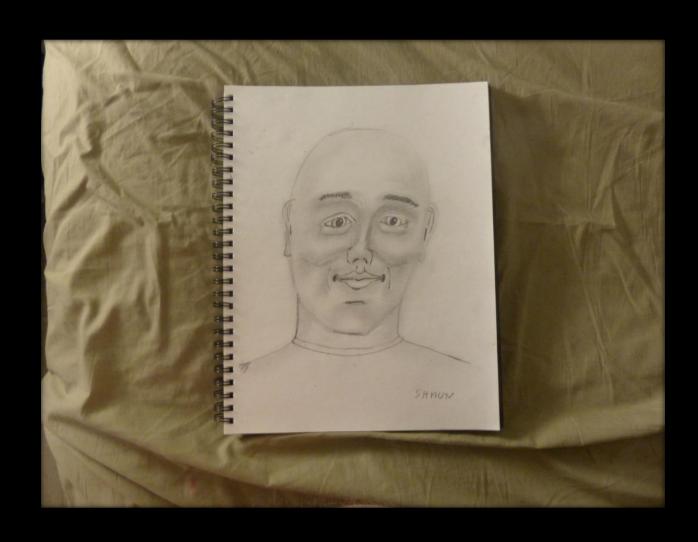






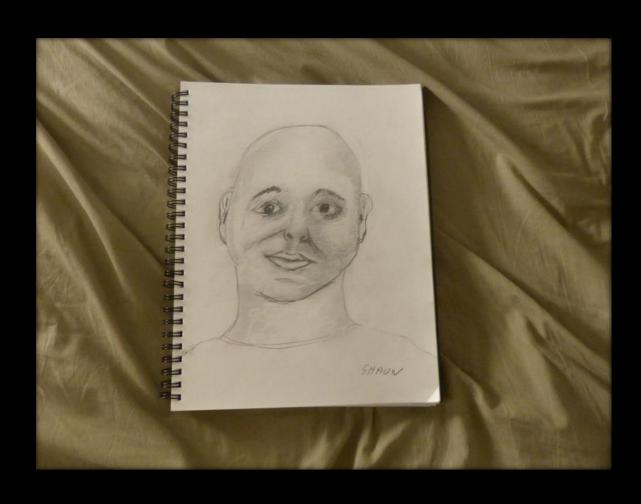


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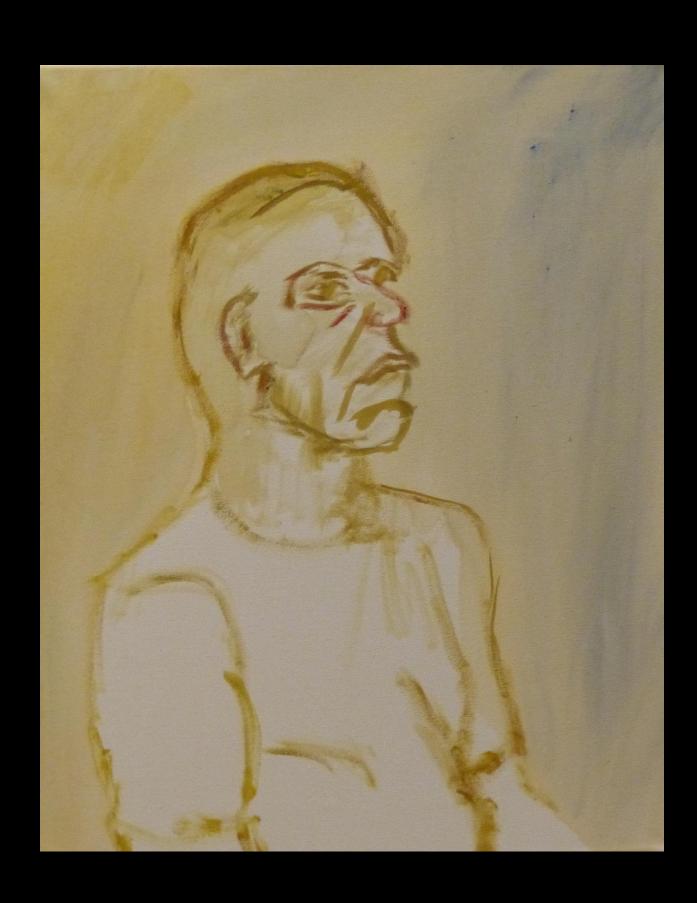




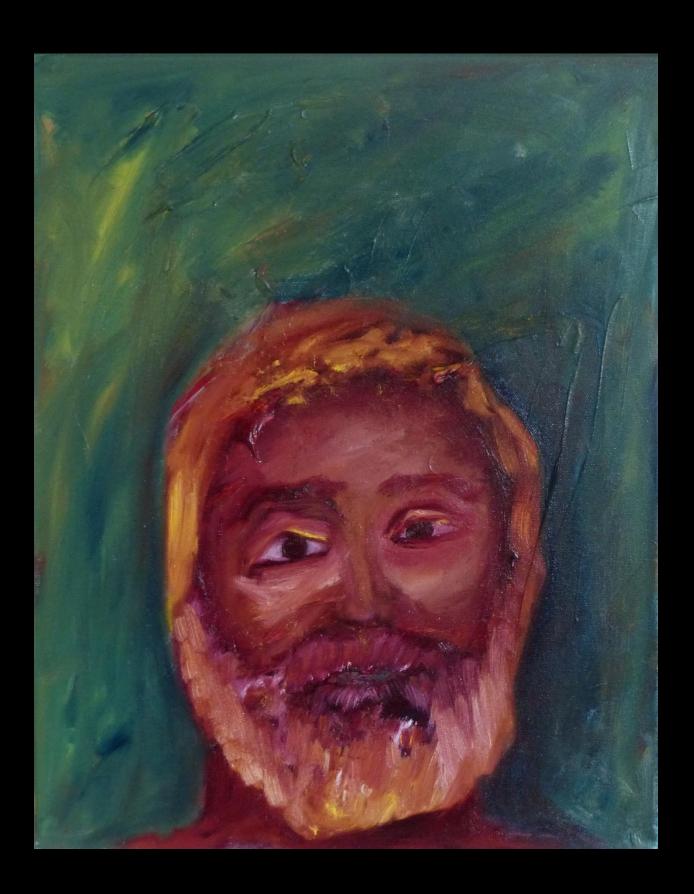




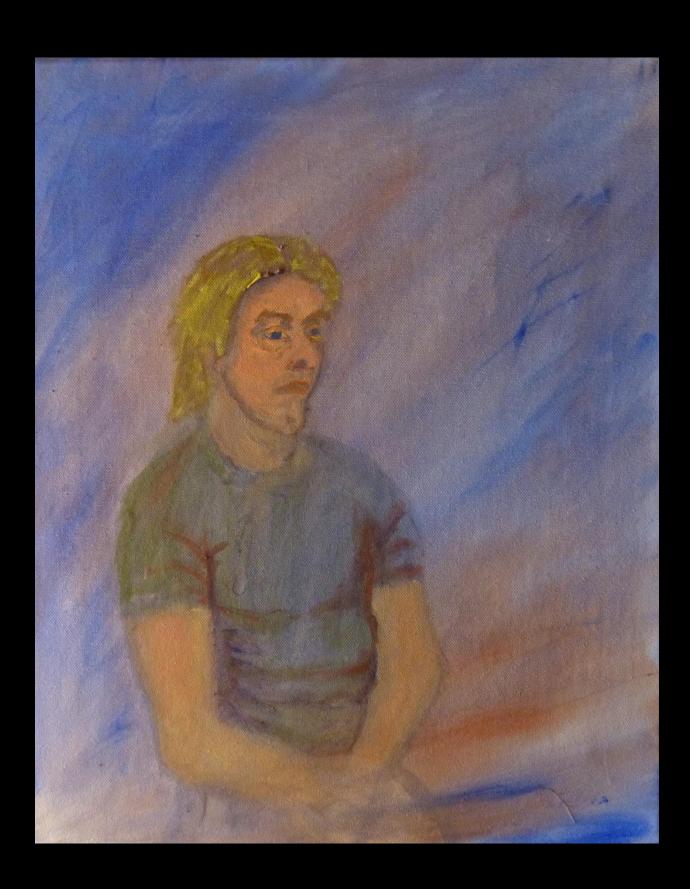


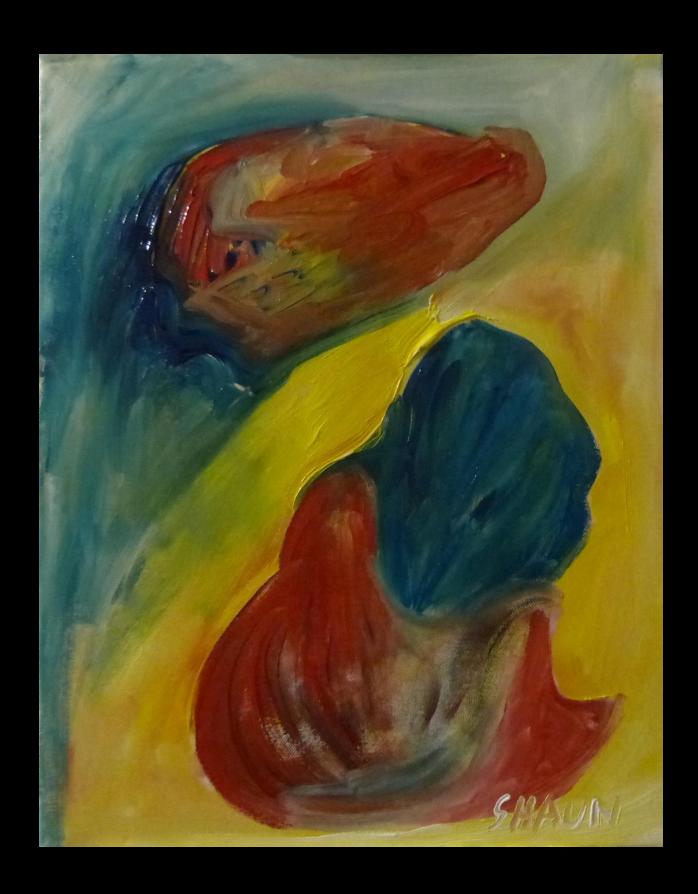




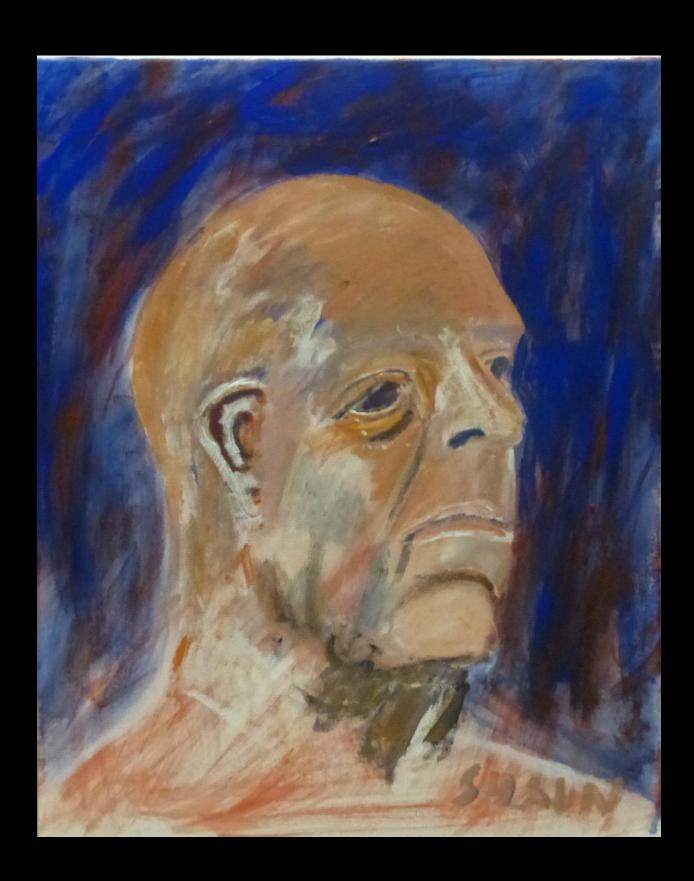






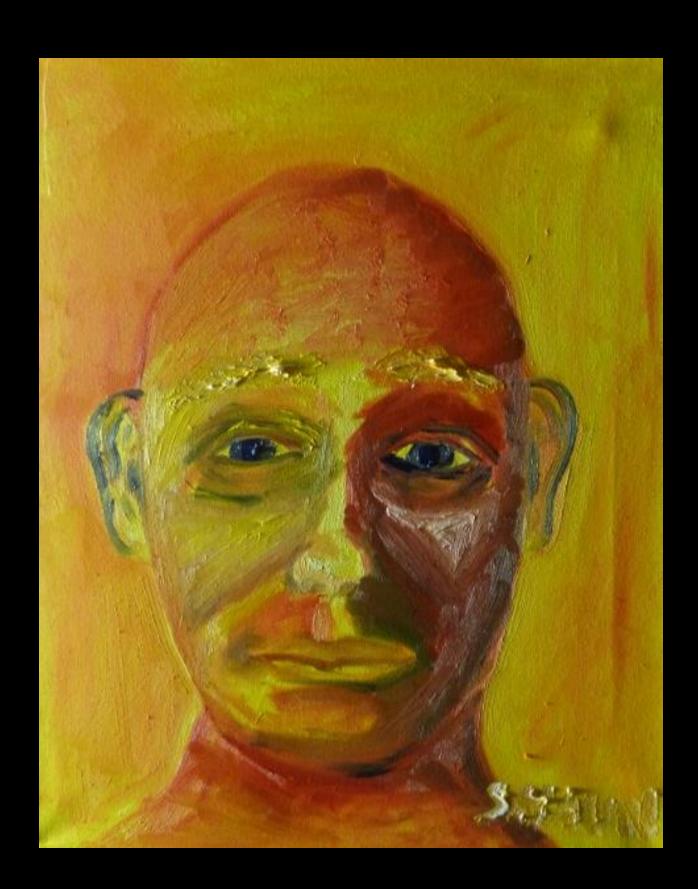




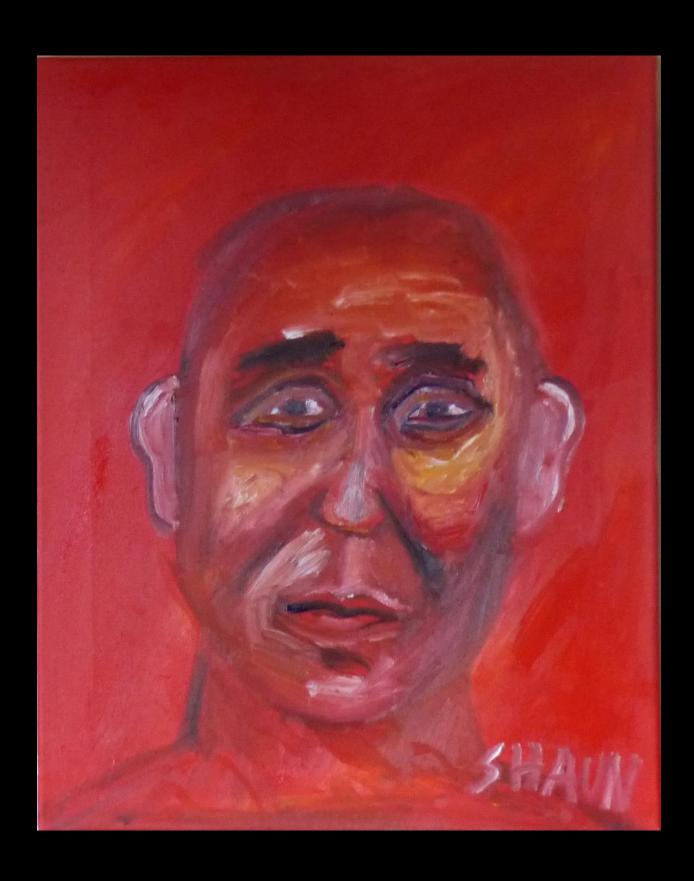


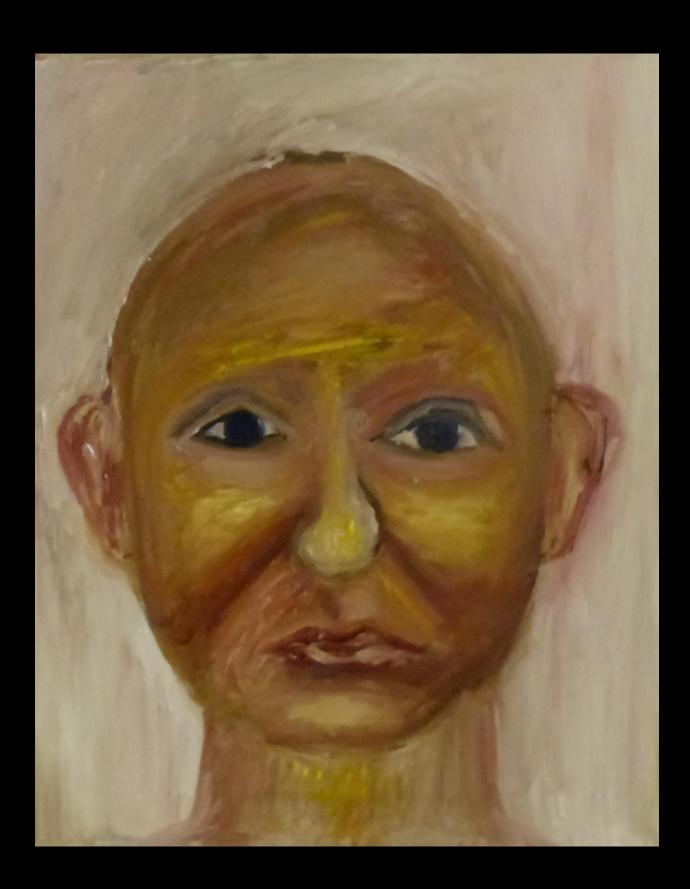


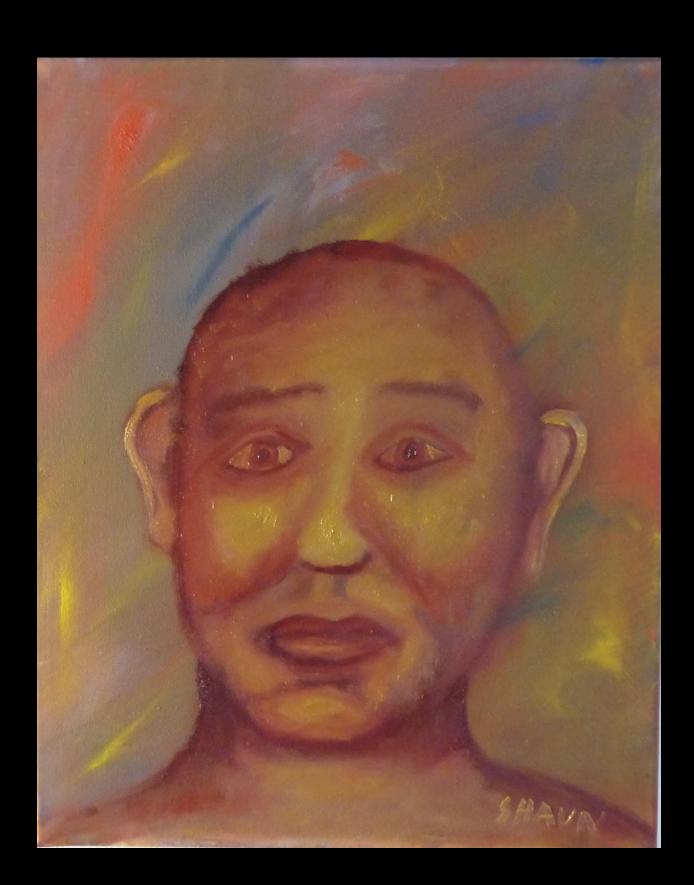


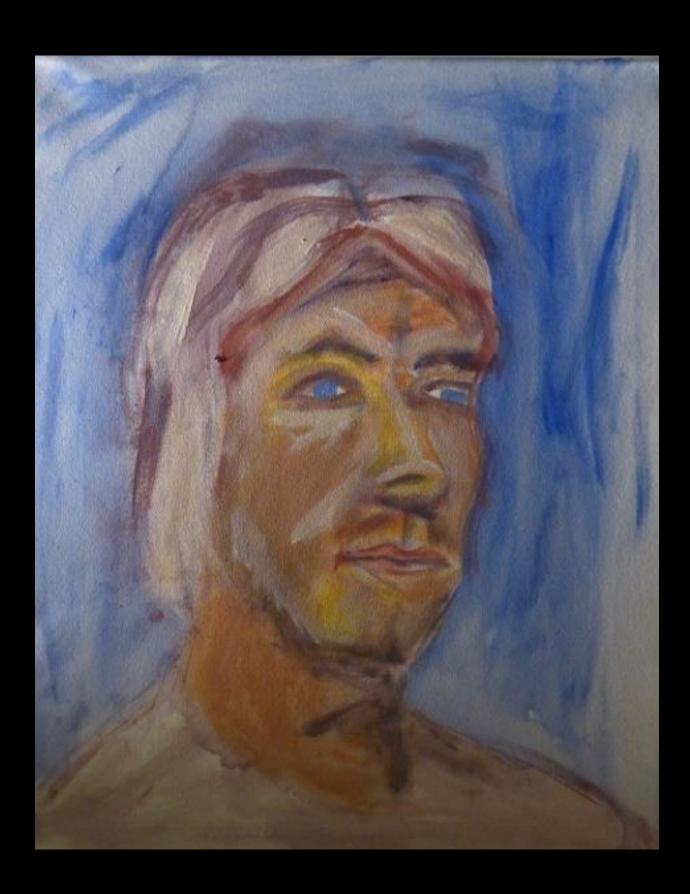


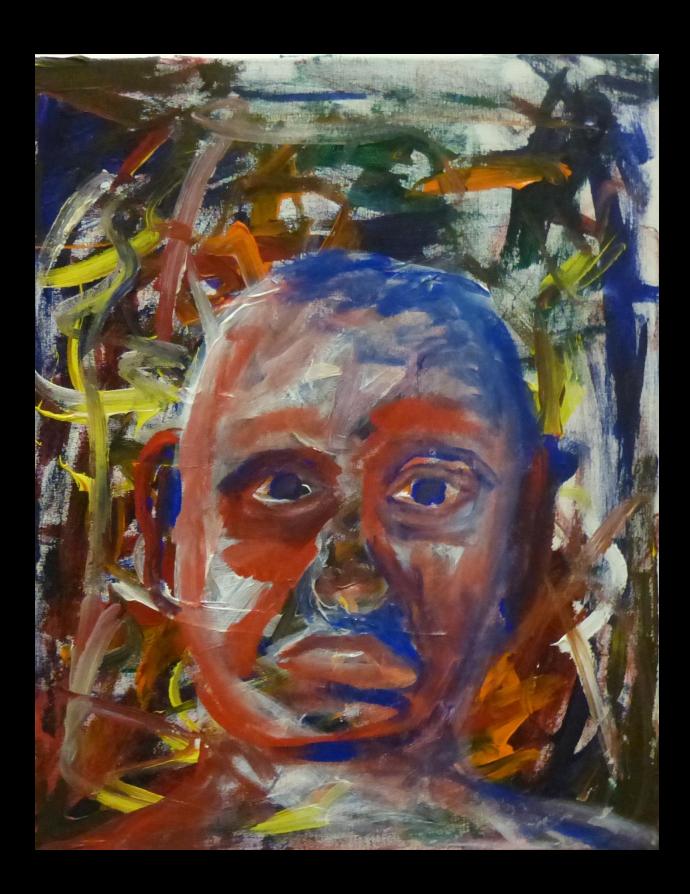


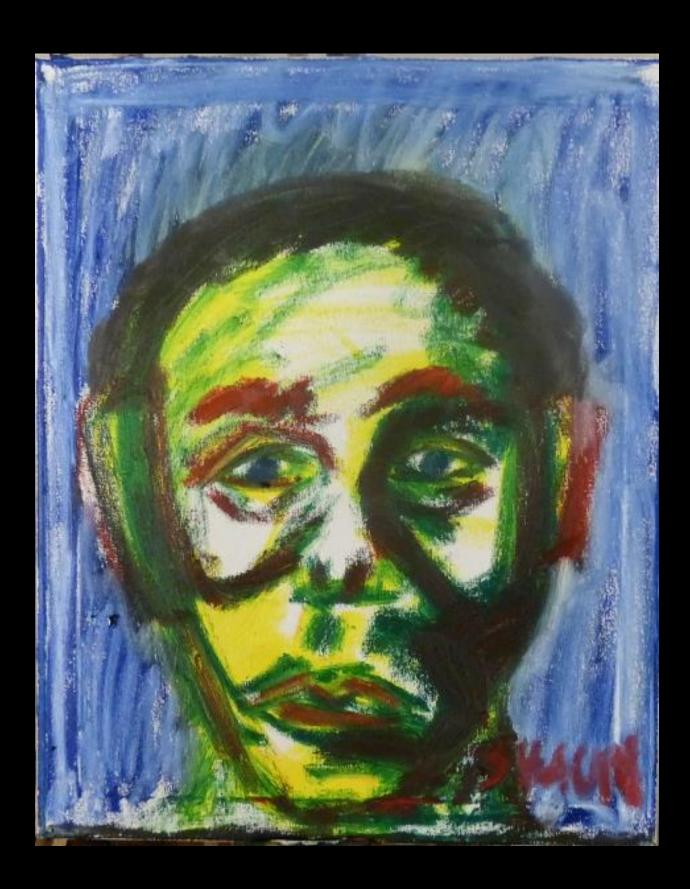


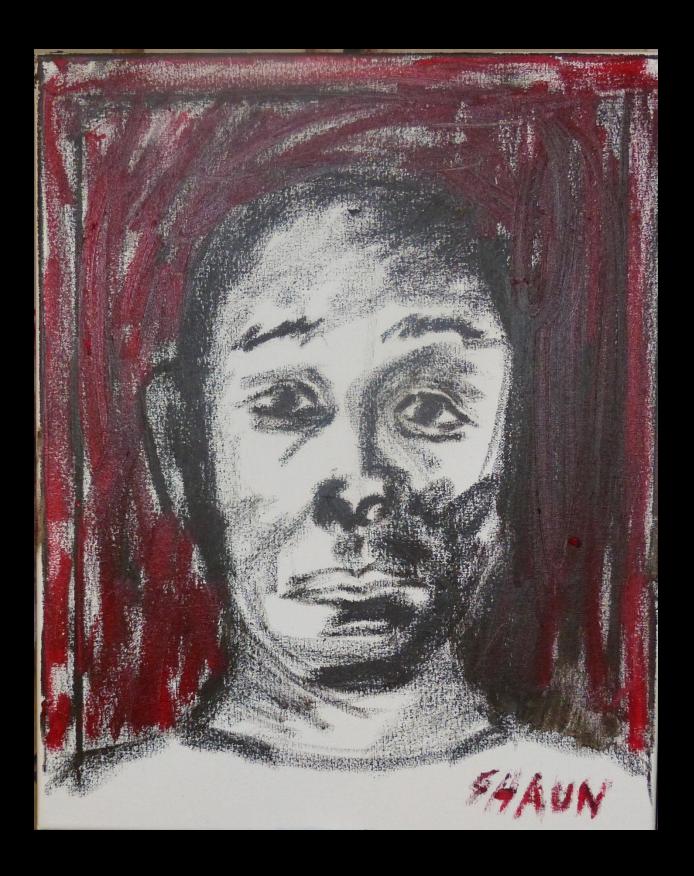










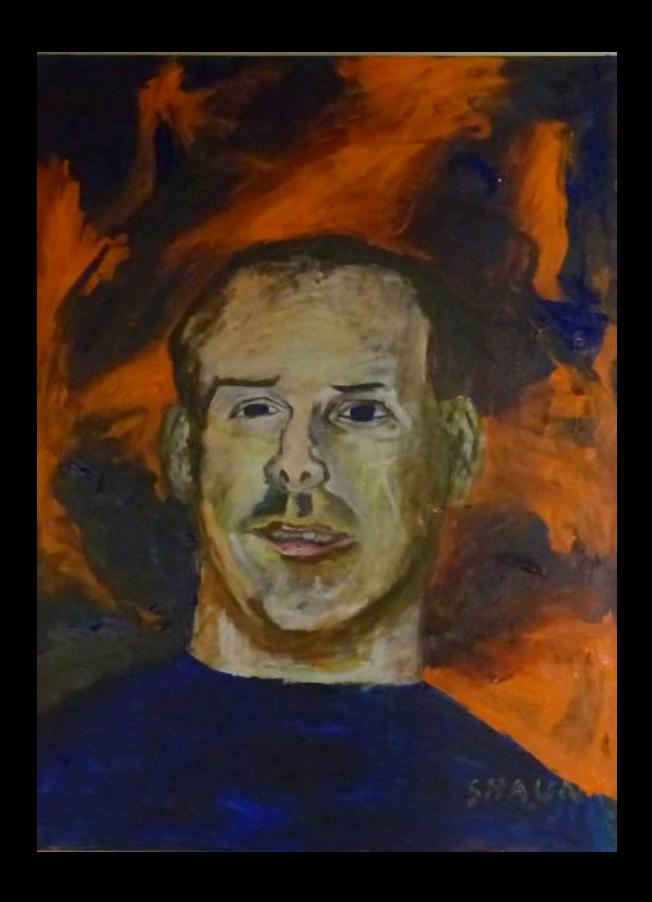


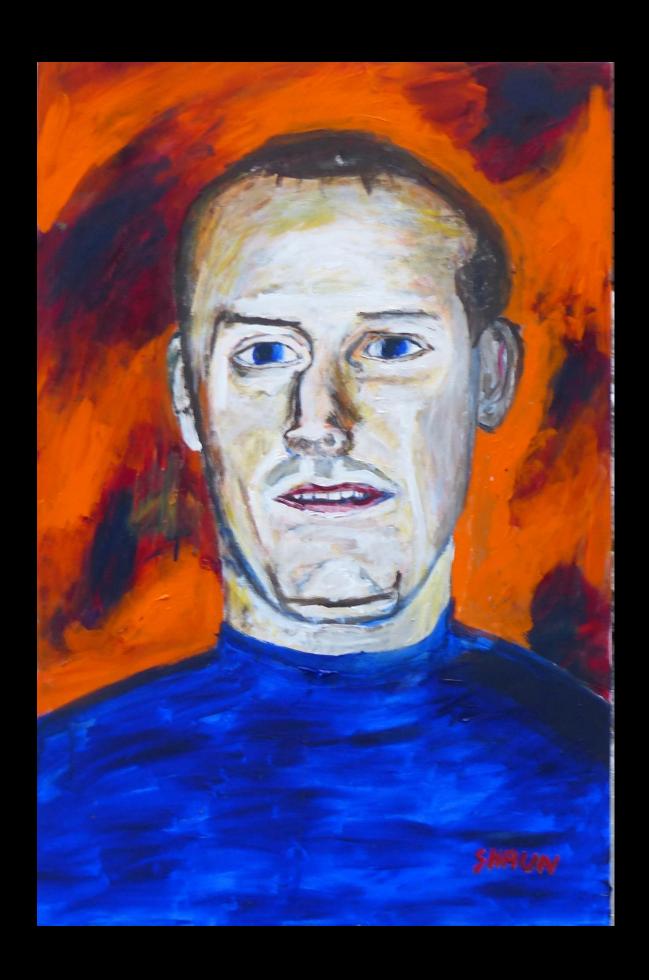






















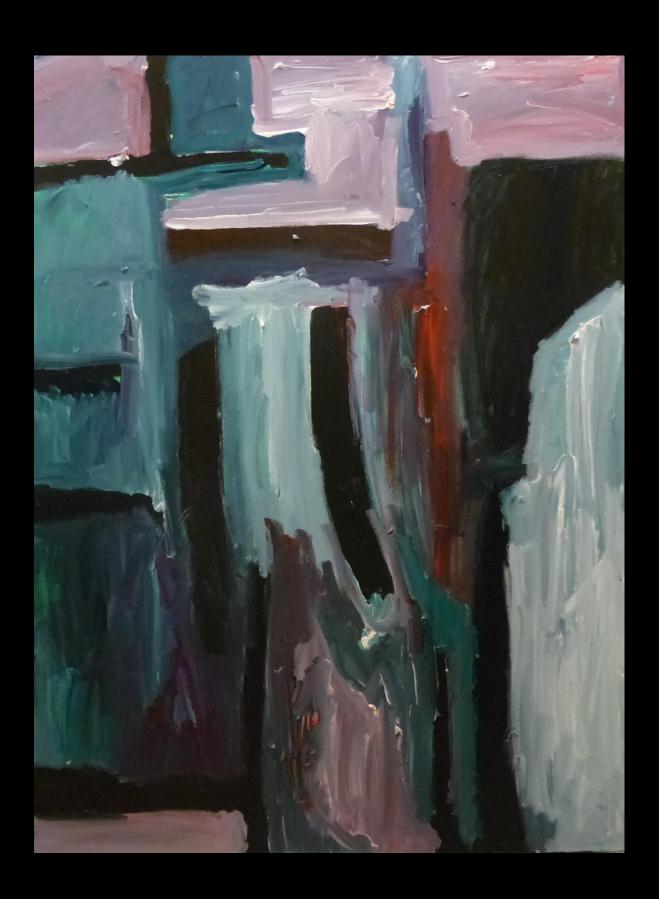






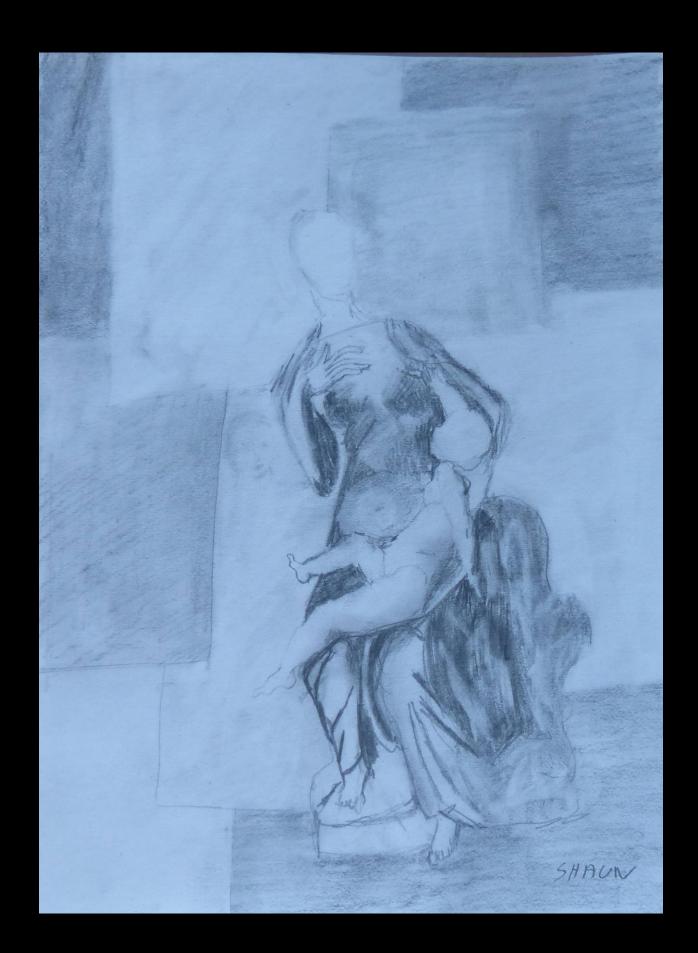


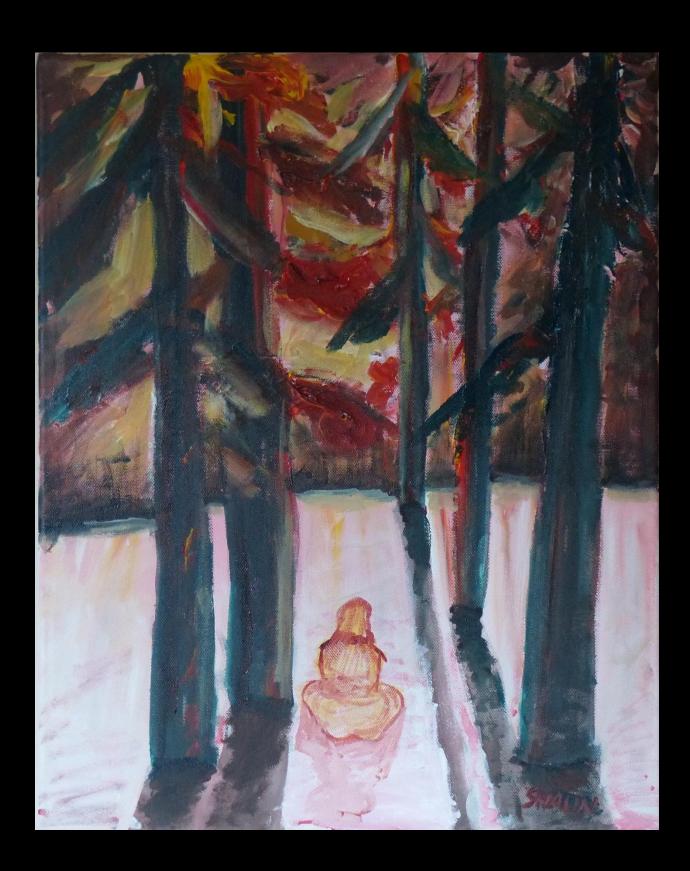














As I move into my abstract paintings, that are autonomic paintings, it is good to go into trance with them. To let the images flow. For some it helps to go into soft focus. As I look at the clouds I see many images. I see the same things in my paintings. The abstract artworks can be viewed from all four directions. Many are even signed in all four corners for this purpose. I can see an objective painting come out of every viewing angle. For me that is the magick with these. Metaphysically, the nagual is revealed to those that can see. For others, they are simply a color field painting and that is ok as well. I have gone into meditation with each of these images and pulled out many meanings from them similar to looking at an oracle deck. Allow yourself to get lost in the images as you flip through the pages.

