

Black Mass

NO

The Omen Project

Text For the Dead

2014-2017

by

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TIME IS UP: The Beings who inhabit the 5th Dimension are not happy with humanity, I can tell you that, and frankly who can blame them? Enrico Fermi - commenting on the conjecture that the universe being so old, and galaxies filled with billions of stars, should be teeming with life - once famously asked. "Where is everyone?" Well, would you want to talk to a bunch of murderous, crazed animals like humanity? Donald Rumsfeld spoke of 'War Without End' as if we hadn't already been at War without end, when have we not been at war? Empire building - Slavery and Jim Crow, the Native Genocide, Nuclear War - the great American Trinity. SETI scientist's have tried to send a message to any potential alien civilizations and would like to do so again but personally I would send an S.O.S. or a Warning. These are two conflicting notions held by Humanity, one self destructive, the other searching for life. A schizophrenic civilization - brother, fighting brother, oppressing and abusing women, mothers, wives - destroying the Earth while looking for life elsewhere. Obsessing over the love lives of others. Loosing ones own love and life with fear, hate and greed for the 'other,' recapitulating the story of Odysseus again and again.

BASTA! Enough already.



Try To Remember

This Time Stream
Is Wrong

It Wasnt Supposed
To Be Like This

Don't Be Late!



Corner Installation, 2015, dimensions variable, costumes, fetishes, panels, objects

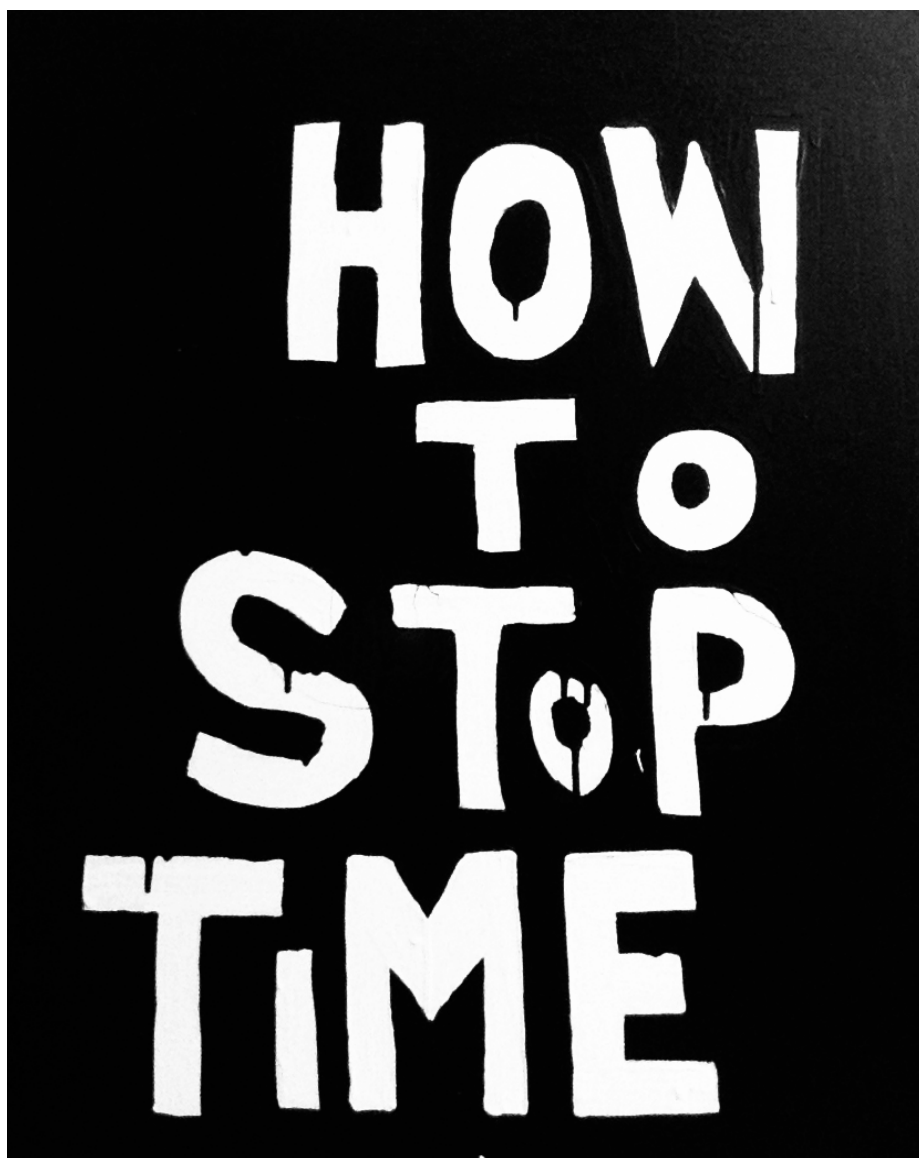


Corner Installation, 2015, dimensions variable, costumes, fetishes, panels, objects

Someewhere
between the Heart
& the Mind
Something
Went Wrong

Space is opening
The stars are spiraling
Sagittarius balancing
Consciousness Creating
But man is blind

On a raft, in the water, on an island, in a cave
Alone
Searching for the beloved
The seeker extends a hand into the darkness
Across the void
In hope of...



How To Stop Time, 2015, acrylic on panel, 30" x 24"

Death is Old

The oldest thing that I can remember

I watched over her body for a week

With a stick and a fire

First a Lion (came for Her)

Then Vultures ringing the sky

So in a pit my hands buried Her

With a bed of flowers

And veil of stones

Where have you gone my beloved?



Shamanic Drawings, 2014, pencil, pastel and spray paint on paper, 8" x 10"

Silence !!!!

Do not speak her name

The stars have fallen

The ocean is dry

The corpse has been reduced

Only a residue of ash

Descends through a void in time

A phantom without form

Memory running from final heat death

Universes hidden

No mirror

No name

Love

The shadow of a hand

Reaching out of the darkness

All I ever wanted was her love

All that remains, a claw crusted in blood

Rasping across the earth

A dream

A death rattle

NERVE SCALES

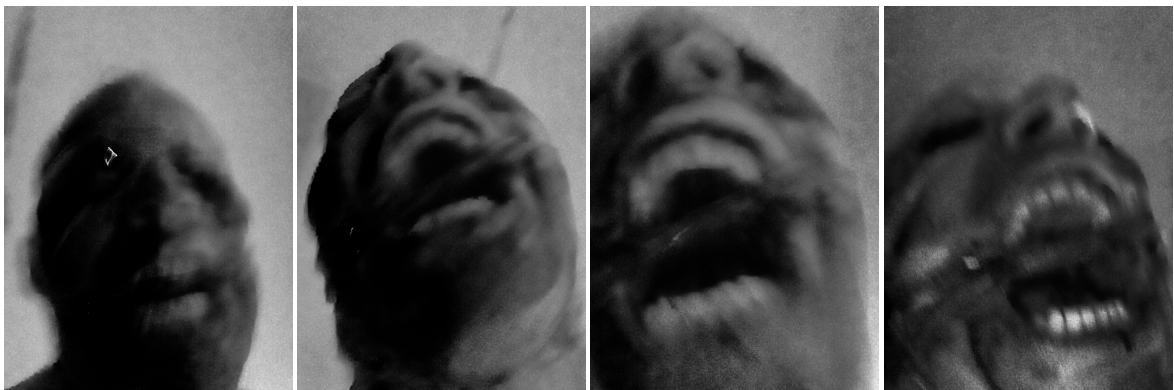
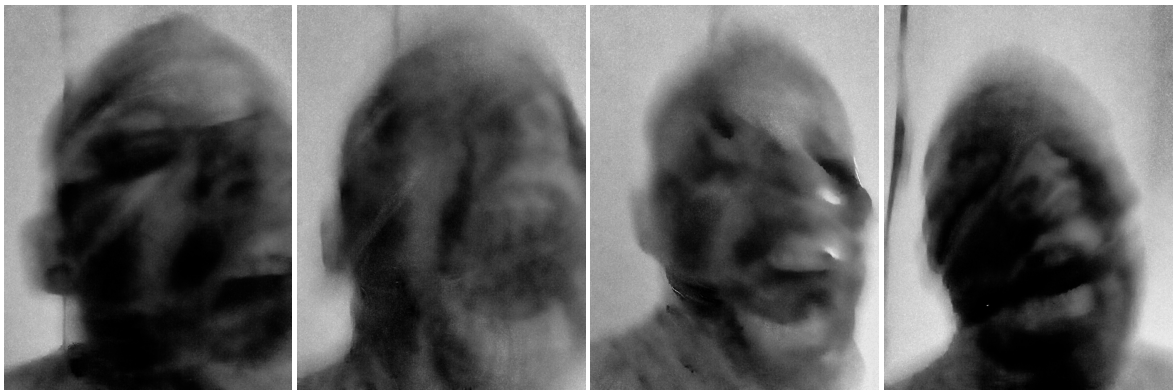


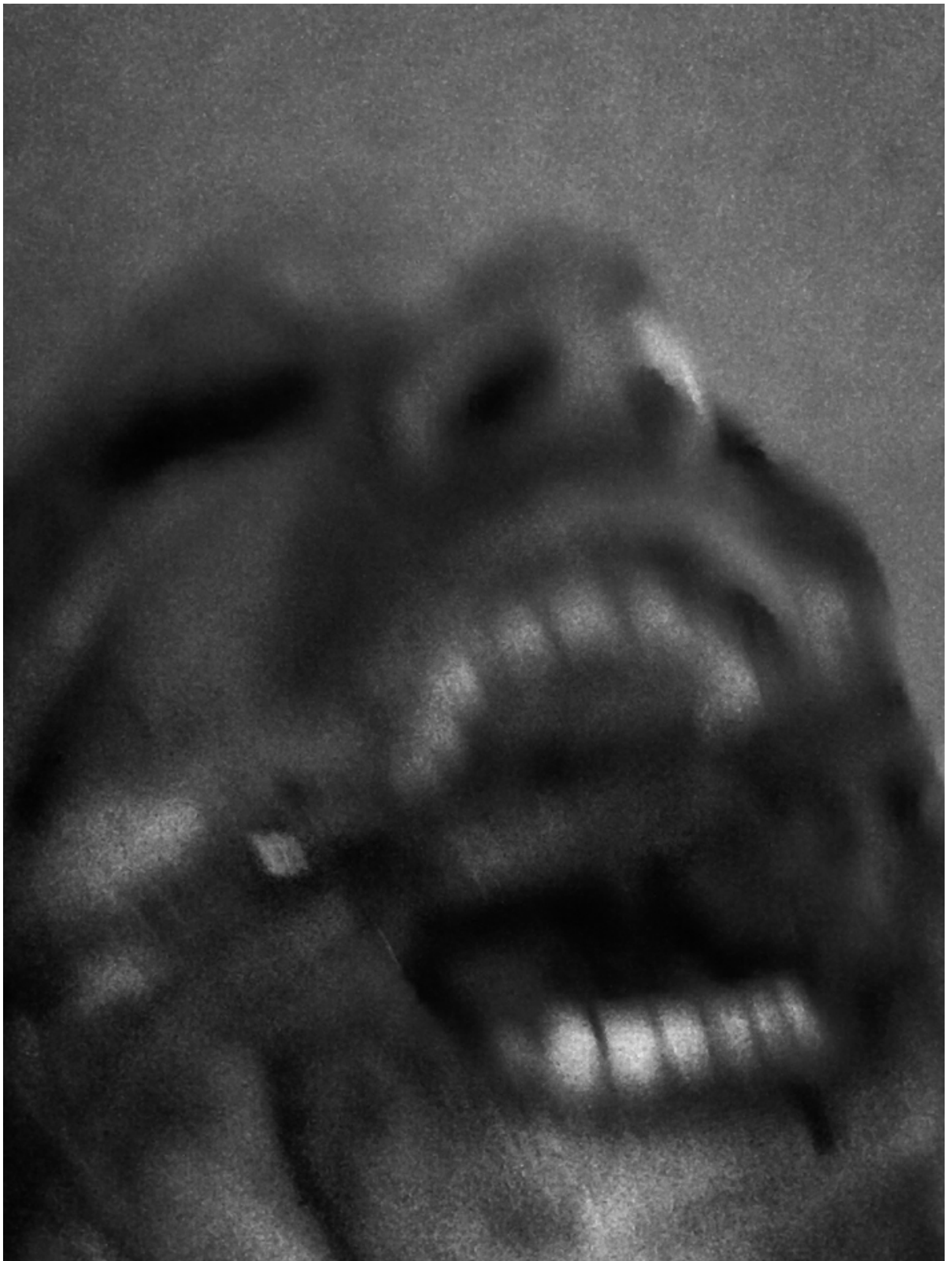
Burning from the inside open the flesh, open up, let go.

... hanging by a thread, a ligament, the body falls slack
breath is held, eyes roll back, tongue wags with spittle
Legs shake and death rises up __ Nerve Scales
Roll through the body, a cold sweat accompanied by
Uncontrolled shaking __ the Body Screams
Burning from the inside open the flesh
Time Is Up
Seconds to go







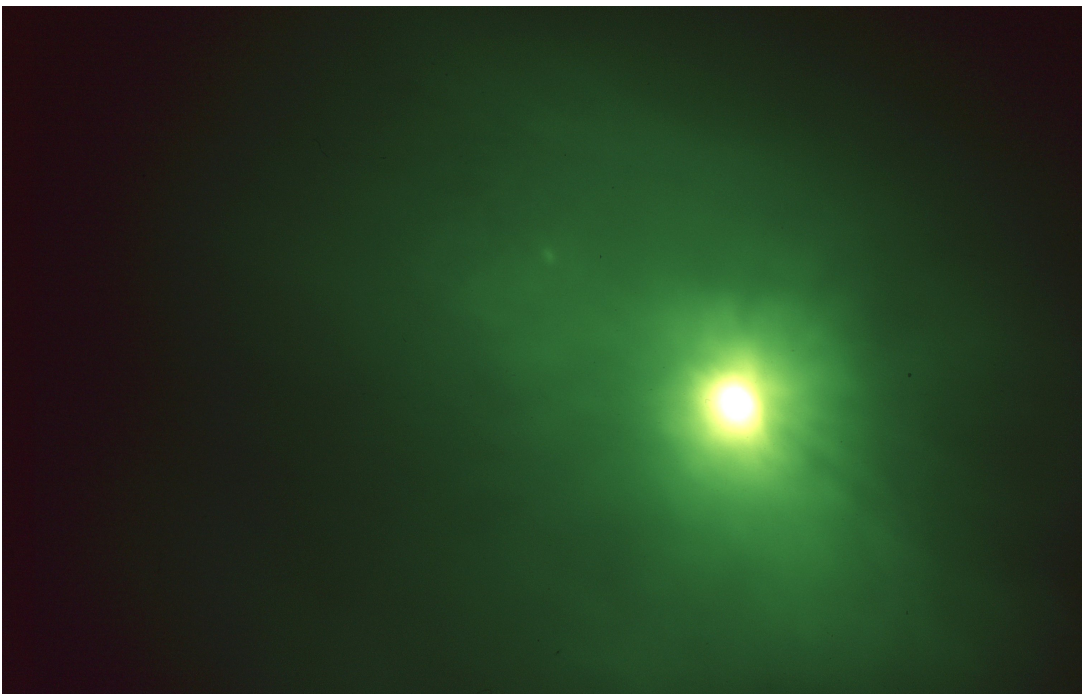


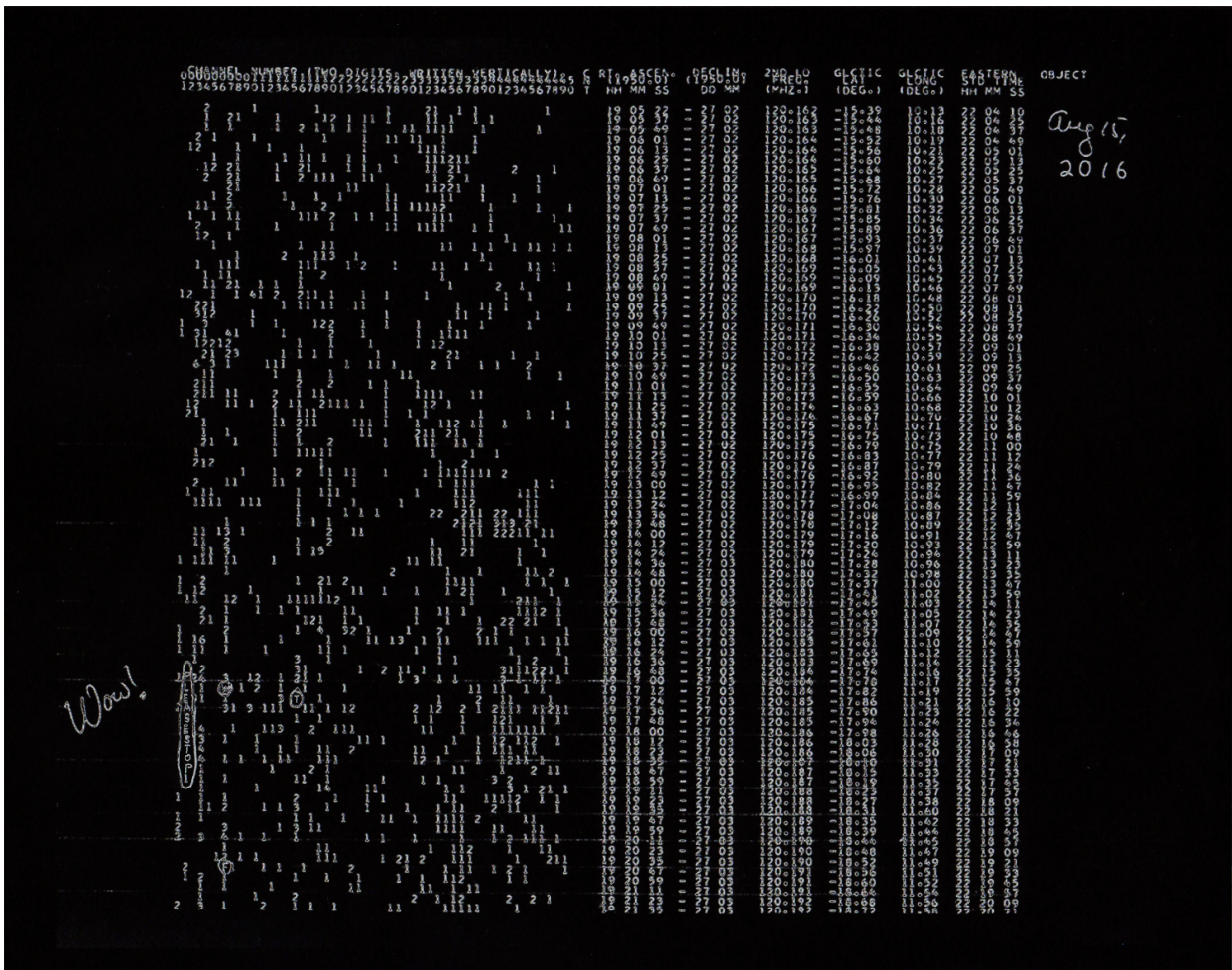




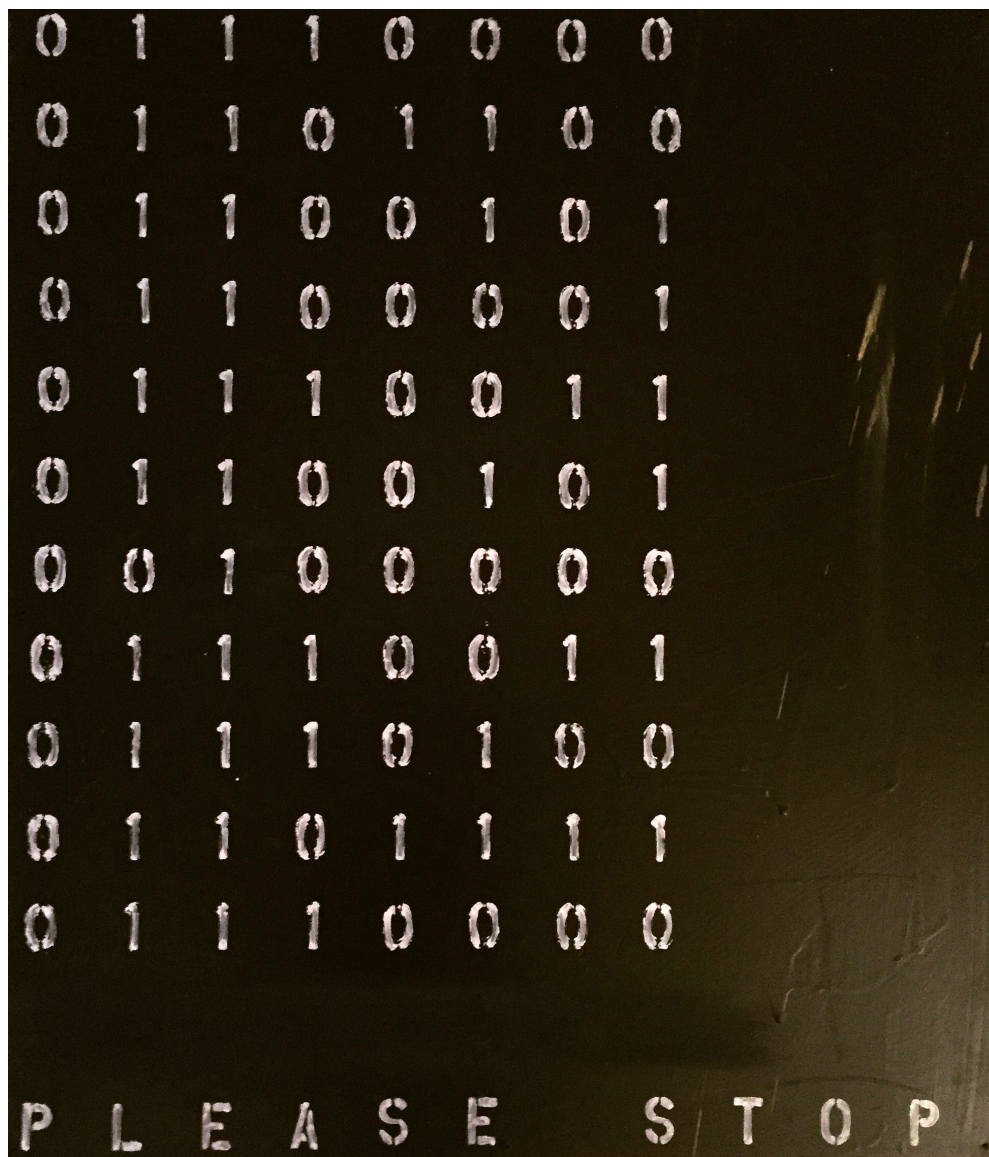


Dark Clouds, 2016, Polaroid photo series





"Wow" signal, 2016, digital



Please Stop, 2016, oil on panel



Apophis, 2015, oil on panel, 13" x 13"

Stop

Signal Responce is off.

I know, I know

How many Times Do I Have to Preside?

10% of data is usefull

99942 Apophos slides down the gravity well 270k
with an assured tangaitly 30.728 km/s

Gladstone Radio keeps watch

JPL Sentry risk Tables are referred to

Palermo Technical Impact Hazard Scale is applied

Autolithotelesopes deep in the heart of the track

do not care.

Begin

Stop_Begin, 2016, pastel on panel, 32" x 24"



Man with a knife -

You want me?

You want me?

You can't have me!

You want me? You want me? You can't get me.

Mother Fucker! (swinging knife)

*You gonna stop me? ___ **SHOT! SHOT!***

Through the left side _ my knees relax and I shit my self,
I gasp and ... bubbles and bloody foam.

The 2nd shot pushes me back. **SHOT! SHOT!**

Shot from a different angle, spine, heart grazed,
3rd bullet bounced off a rib.

First angle with one more bullet to the throat.

It's so loud, not... no, it's all ringing.

I'm cold, or , it was cold, I can't feel anything.

They're walking towards me, are they going to fire again?


I don't care!

Fuck you PIG!

Everything is inky, black, sharp, lines of light...

FUCK!

$\Delta V = V_e \ln \frac{M_0}{M_1}$



Ren

- the orbit of a planet is an ellipse with the Sun at one of the foci.
 - A line segment joining a planet and the Sun sweeps out equal areas during equal intervals of time.
 - the square of the orbital period of a planet is proportional to the cube of the semi-major axis.


Kepler's Law

ΔV Galactic 594 km/s
 ΔV Solar Escape 42.1 km/s
 ΔV to LEO 11.2 km/s
 Tsiolkovsky Rocket Equation
 $\Delta u = V_{ex} \ln \left(\frac{M_0}{M_1} \right)$
 $V_{SR} = \frac{3m u}{M + 3m}$

ln Natural Log
 $\ln(x) = \ln(a) + \ln(b) = \ln(ab)$
 $\ln(x^a) = a \ln(x)$
 $\frac{d(\ln x)}{dx} = \frac{1}{x}$

$G_0 = 6.674 \times 10^{-11} \text{ N} \cdot \text{m}^2/\text{kg}^2$
 $E = mc^2$
 $c = 299,792,458 \text{ m/s}$
 $E = h\nu$

h Planck's Constant
 $6.62606957 \times 10^{-34} \text{ m}^2 \cdot \text{kg} / \text{s}$
 the proportionality constant between the Energy E of a charged atomic oscillator in the wall of a black body, and the frequency ν of its associated electromagnetic wave.



$M_0 = 83 \text{ kg}$
 $M_1 = 32.9 \text{ kg} (29.7\%)$
 $M_2 = 8.2 \text{ kg} (7.37\%)$
 $M_3 = 3.6 \text{ kg} (3.24\%)$
 $M_4 = 0.57622 \text{ kg} (5.8\%)$

Ren, 2014-15, chalkboard, 60" x 48"

I found myself lying on the ground, on a cold slab, then on wet grass. I walked to the corners of the Universe and bowed, prostrated three times to the sky. Kissed the Earth, touched ground.

Two more weeks I spent only eating milk. Bathing in milk. LA I shaved the body of all hair, trimmed back the nails, and scrubbed the skin until the milk turned pink.

For three days I closed the doors of the cave, fasted and drew silent. I was ready for her, the Swan of the North.

Within the temple all portals having been sealed, the perimeter is walked, touching the walls with my hands – where these things can not be accomplished an individual is designated to stand and watch, and guard against entry by foreign matter.

From this room a circle is made, and within this circle
is scribed a sigil for the operation.

I am the light and the life of Her Love.

Using blood from my left hand, cut with a
ceremonial knife, mixed with the topknot cut from my
head, and burnt. _FA_ The dance is commenced and
sweat mixed with the earth. The walls reverberate
with my breath, and my body. The body is dragged
and beaten like a baton against a bell.

Running the Nerves through a series of scales,
ratcheting up the mind, ready to fall at any time.
The world is expelled in a fit of screams and curses,
puking up words. Releasing the body the mind
uncovered, I fall to the ground. Slowly the one is
recovered and the body raised up. The costume and
mask are removed. A prostration is made. The body
is powdered white. An old hag chants.

"She loves him"

all
I ever
wanted
was your
Love

THERE

IS

NO

END