

Immortality and the Evolution of Consciousness:
Artist of Life

Existence, and the manifold of reality calls for an ever evolving of Life.
From the tiniest of biological forms co-evolving in a being of Harmony,
A fractal'O'kaleidoscope wave-speckled consciousness, blinks.

This is the Mala of Remembrance
A reminder of our ancestral heritage.
Our ancestors wanting the best for us, created plastic.
A substance until recently thought to be a lasting relic of the ages, and still is likely to be.
Transforming the Earth with large mounds and rivers, to speckles across the landscape.
Altering some parts of the ocean unmistakably.
Here we find some brave to take the call and create new land upon such shores.
Life here begins anew; as biosphere is what we be, cycles of life we're about to see/be.

This project began in a nonlinear way, as most great things.
Inspired by a conference to create new festivals.
The notion of giant ships to cruise upon as living festivals of the water element enlivened.
Years passed and the witness to biomimicry became clear.
Nature has all of the answers, and the problem is the solution.
So it is that Reed Richard was wondering Kamilo Beach on the Big Island of Hawai'i.
Gazing upon a shore of refuse pulled in from a Pacific current, creating a rainbow beach.
From here gathered bottle caps worn by the sea (our unconscious) and brought back to shore as an
offering of Love.
Carefully picking up these relics (plastic bottle caps, p.b.c.) Reed collected enough to forge a Mala.
To the Mother, Kali my Dark Mother.
Having burned skulls into the the softened tissue (p.b.c.) and strung them on fishing line to, to reel in
the mantras.
Skulls for all of the species been lost.
Skulls for all the lives been lost.
For we to be called free.

This is a call to Life.

A super-organism.
A new life-form.

Many are remembered for great things done.

In the current co-creative whole being dance of life.
We invite a co-creation, to form of a Vessel of Life.
Here inside the cell-wall of a giant ship (think oil tankers, cargo carriers, cruise ships) ecosystems of
Life contained.
A uniting of species, with communication of the day.
Each offers their gifts as is the natural way.
Here all aspects of life play.

The flag ships, a forested city/siddhi, rainbow camouflage exterior with dance floor deck, and
retractable dome.
DJ/VJ/Stage, with water/air cannons lining the edge of the ship.
An outstanding communications array to sound out our calls protrudes, with viewing deck on top.
Interiors an interlace of jungle/gym living playgrounds connected with the elementals.
Tubes of aquatics float throughout the levels, with fiber-optics bringing sunlight, and full spectrums

run the night, creating cycles of optimal growth.
In between and through all this are quarters for all who need them.
Engineering has its own space as do all the Arts.
This Vessel too will cleanse the waters, the beginning home of life, and emerge as such a vision
whose time has come.

Now this is proselytizing,..

This vision of a new life form, comes with a belief structure.
That being we are the Earth, Gaia.
Each being upon/of her is a tiny piece of her consciousness, mixed with that of the Sun, Galaxy, and
other forms of Massive consciousness.

GalacticGaians.

We recognize all other forms as our self.
We are a breathing biosphere interconnected with all.
We encourage the development of all senses,
and ahimsa.

As a being of Nature we gift (voluntarily) our talents in the Love Light of the World.
Offering an expression
Creating a life of service in gratitude
With Happiness of Heart and Mind.

All of this and more I hold in this simple Mala of Remembrance.

This is a gate key.
A portal way to glean a taste of this design.
Tiny like a seed, it grows.
An elemental playland, where woven trees grow, and we weave ourselves into the forrest.

This one harkens back, a call to us who feel this tune.
The vibrations of life begin to reveal,
from life to death and back again the frequency remains,
it's fundamental tone revealed.

Love

As the harmony of Life.
Where once One is here
there is no
nowhere.

Art.i.Myth
The Mala of Remembrance
2009-present
Reed Richard