



*He who is illuminated with the Brightest Light
will cast the Darkest Shadow*

The Veil of the Beyond

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Raymond Salvatore Harmon



Published under the authority of
Ordo Argentum lux Lucis



The following 18 stanzas were written on a trip to New York City in May of 2009. I was there to mount the exhibition of “Dweller at the Threshold” and for the shows opening. The show was a collection of my fantastical spray-paintings and transcendental video pieces.

Upon arriving in NYC I obtained approximately 4 grams of psychedelic mushrooms. I acquired them with the intention of spending an afternoon in contemplation and consideration of the then upcoming events of the Equinox Festival and the overall unfolding of the shape of my life in the coming future.

On Sunday afternoon, the day after the opening I spent the morning and middle part of the day in the beyond state. For various reasons I spent most of that day in the gallery in the installation. Reflecting on both my own work and the shape of the world around me.

In the 4-5 hours of quiet contemplation in that Williamsburg, Brooklyn gallery I recorded these passages. That brief moment of contemplation revealed much that even now I can not find words for, yet these are the koans of an afternoon in Gotham.

Obviam lux Lucis
Raymond Salvatore Harmon



A bit of fabric
hanging in the breeze,

The serpent god
for all to see.

Things that are left unbound, natural things,
tend to inhabit or be inhabited by forces outside
of perceptual reality.

The hanging tapestry being moved by the breeze is exhibiting the force of some subtle and profound level of being as it interacts with our world. It is these very subtle forces that are shaping us as a life form.

Mankind's attempts to come into communication with "the other" fails to see that this illusory perception of "other" is really something we are constantly and inextricably a part of already.

Due to the filter system of our mind man is
unable to be in touch with the forces that are
around and within him constantly.

When under the influence of mind altering substances or techniques a person might see some randomness in their environment as profound. It will be ignored by the mundane world as obvious. In fact what is happening is that the mind, when freed from its mundane confines, is able to sense the beauty of the manifestation of being in the world that surrounds us everyday.

We exist in a constantly shifting soup of electrochemical interdependencies; not just within ourselves physically, but outside of our perceived individualities.

The veil that separates mankind from the beyond is a very thin tissue. We are constantly in touch with the beyond. It is the function of society to harshly define and reinforce this veil in order for mankind to “move forward” in a more “progressive” manner (i.e., survive). But we are always seeking to reconnect with that force that we are already connected to.

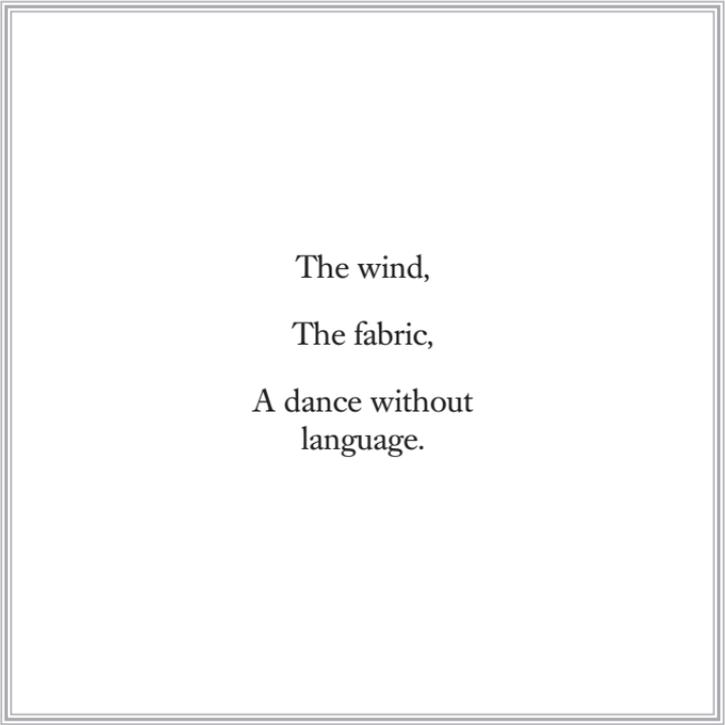
The simplest forms of natural energy flow are the evidence of the manifestation of a much “larger” or more “expansive” entity or level of existence.

In my work I am merely offering a crude rendering of the forces I have experienced in my encounters with the beyond. Though lacking in detail they represent the primal energy that surrounds us everyday.

In order to be “free” we must abandon the idea of “freedom.” We must stop clinging to our social, cultural and political models or “ISMS” and pay attention to the finer things happening around us.

Our complex and sophisticated forms of education, entertainment, and religion keep us from being “free” in a sense far beyond the limitations of language.

A piece of fabric blowing in the wind is free to be possessed by the spirit of the wind. It dances unobserved, moving physically in our world but unnoticed by the seeking eyes of mankind. We look but cannot grasp at the simplicity of this act:



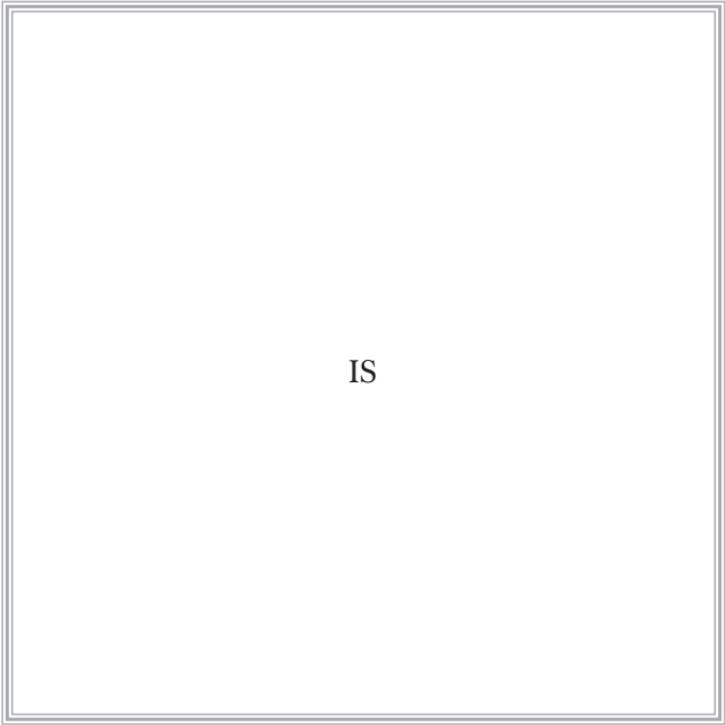
The wind,
The fabric,
A dance without
language.

Modern forms of transcendental discovery often overlook the fact that we are ultimately anchored in the very “beyond” that we are seeking.

To the journeyer we must bring by stopping.
Our travel is not one of distance but of some
other, immeasurable and unquantifiable,
knowing.

Light, and thus illumination, comes to us not when we are “looking for it” but when we let it happen. The alchemical purification of the body gives us a vehicle with which to explore the concept of this “other” or “beyond” state.

It is something we are already a part of everyday,
yet we have to step back, preparing ourselves by
whatever means, to really be able to appreciate
what this experience is.



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*He who is illuminated with the Darkest Shadow
will shine with the Brightest Light*



Obviam lux Lucis

