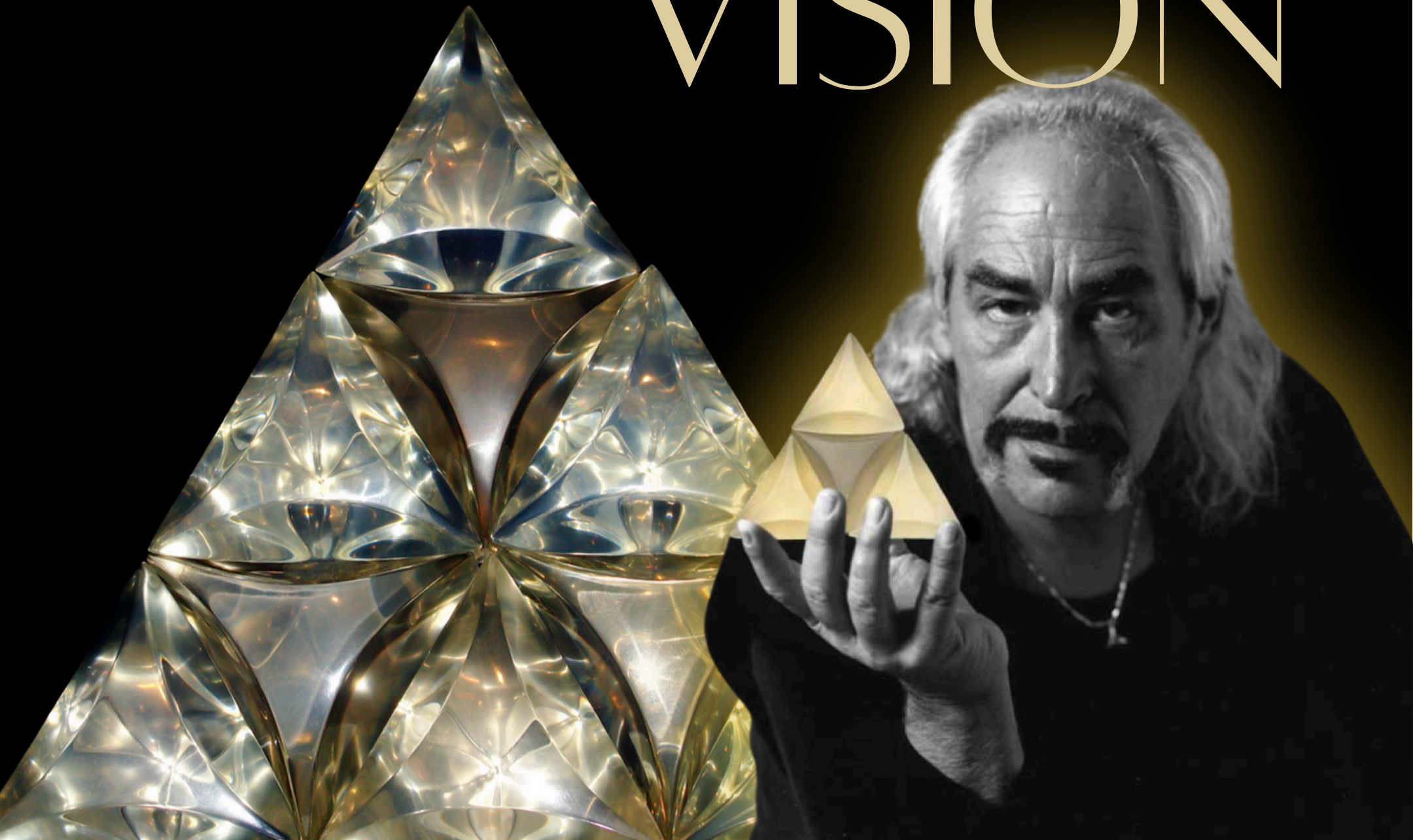


THE GEOMETRY OF LIGHT

MICHAEL R. EVANS

VISION





*In dedication to my wife,
D.N., and all my children.*

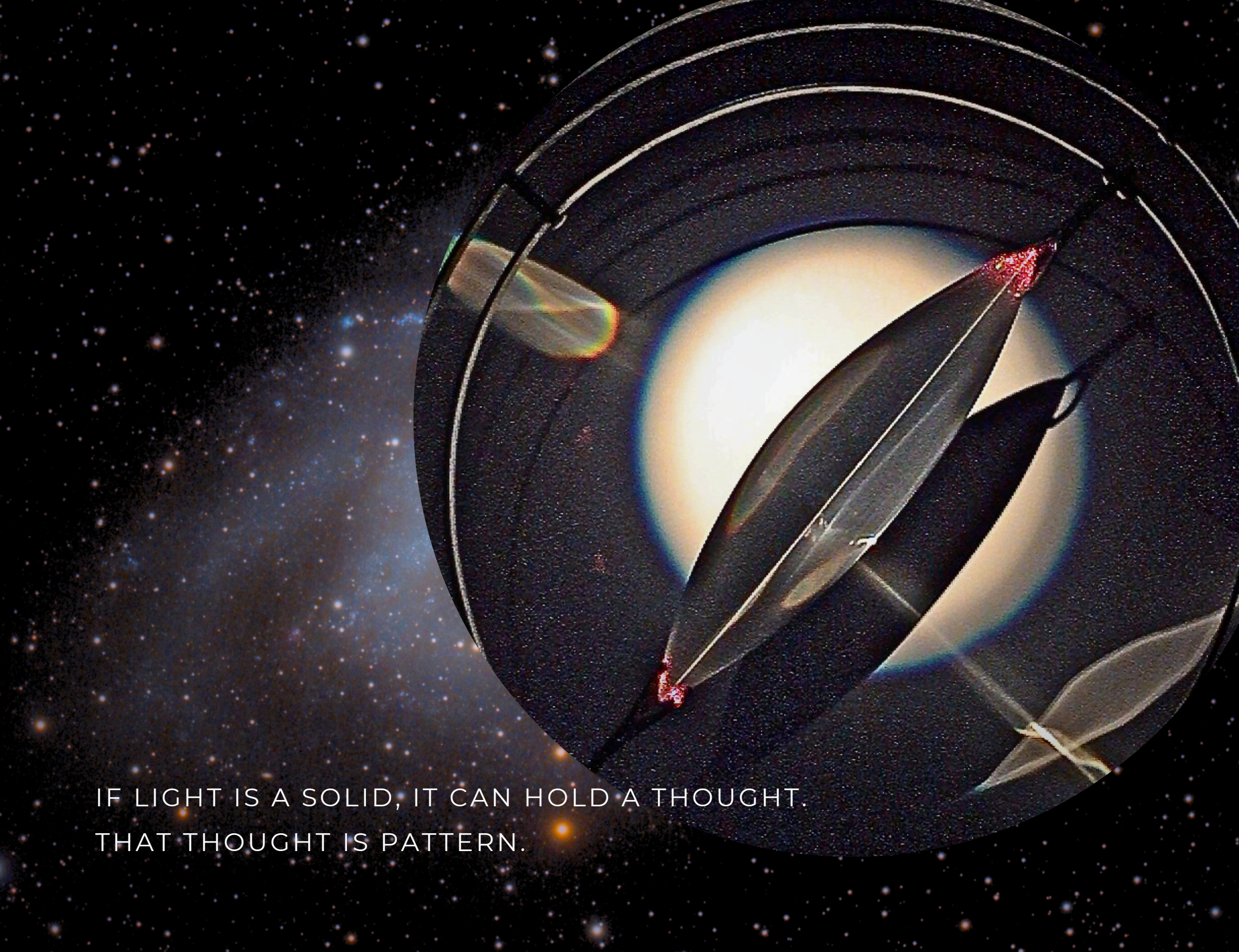
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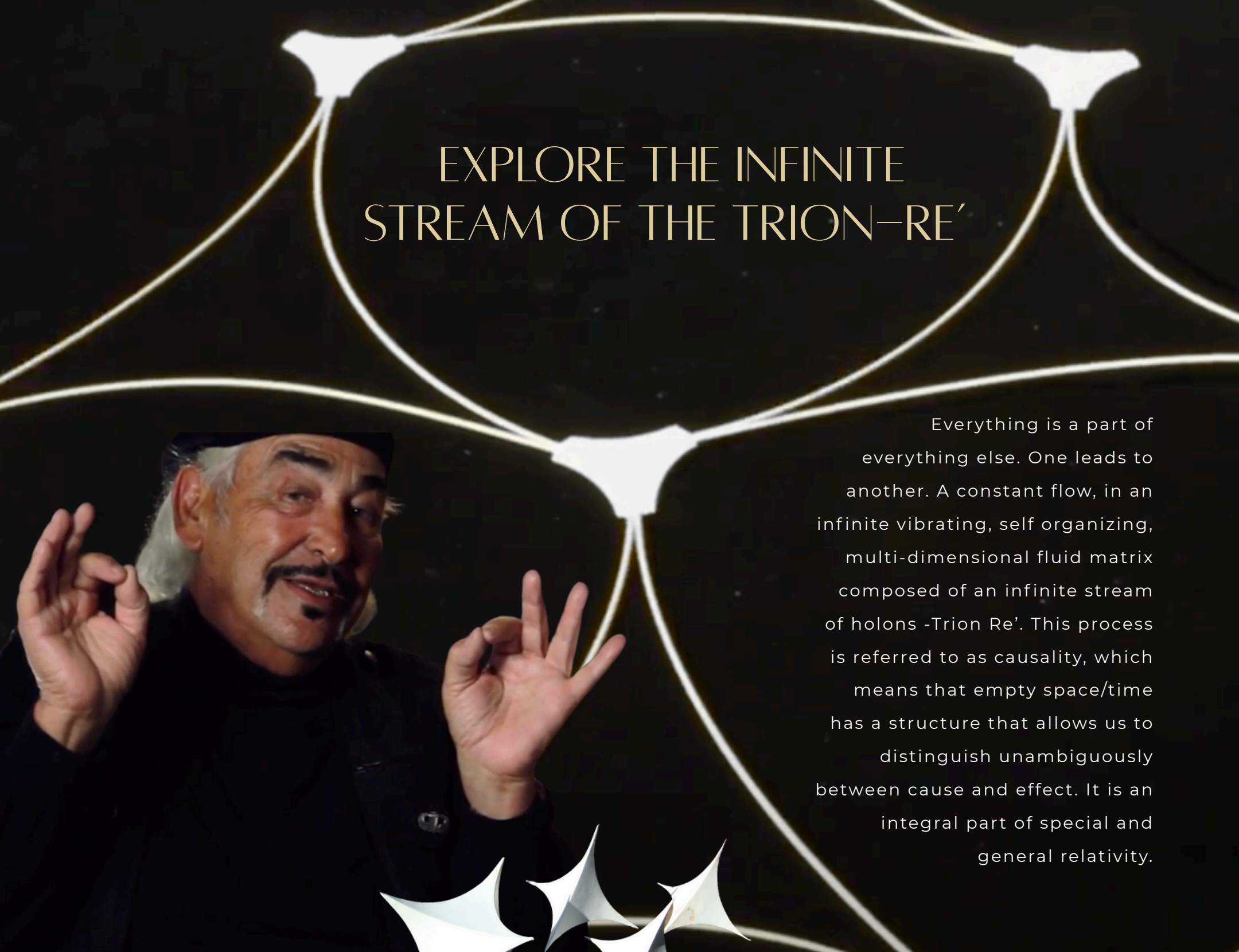
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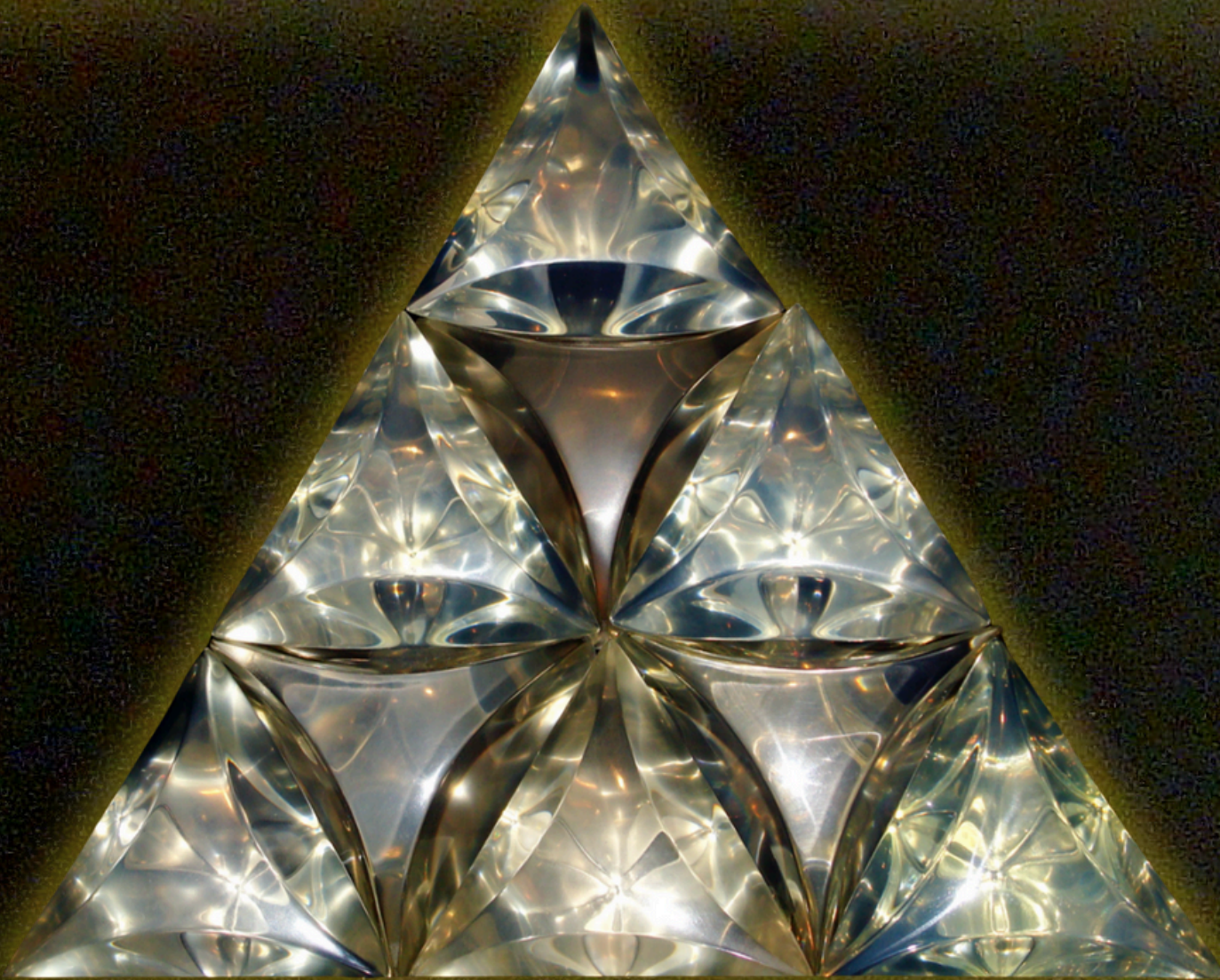
IF LIGHT IS A SOLID, IT CAN HOLD A THOUGHT.
THAT THOUGHT IS PATTERN.



EXPLORE THE INFINITE STREAM OF THE TRION-RE'

Everything is a part of everything else. One leads to another. A constant flow, in an infinite vibrating, self organizing, multi-dimensional fluid matrix composed of an infinite stream of holons -Trion Re'. This process is referred to as causality, which means that empty space/time has a structure that allows us to distinguish unambiguously between cause and effect. It is an integral part of special and general relativity.

GOAL, FIND THE INFINITE AND ETERNAL "ONE"



WITH OUT BEGINNING WE BEGIN

Long before the written word, the ancient ones understood they were not separate from the universe. Without beginning, everyone saw the umbilical cord attached to each child, woven into an infinite and eternal cycle spun from the comings and goings of the Light. From this awareness, they gave birth to art, agriculture, astronomy—civilization itself. Science and religion had not yet gone their seemingly separate ways.

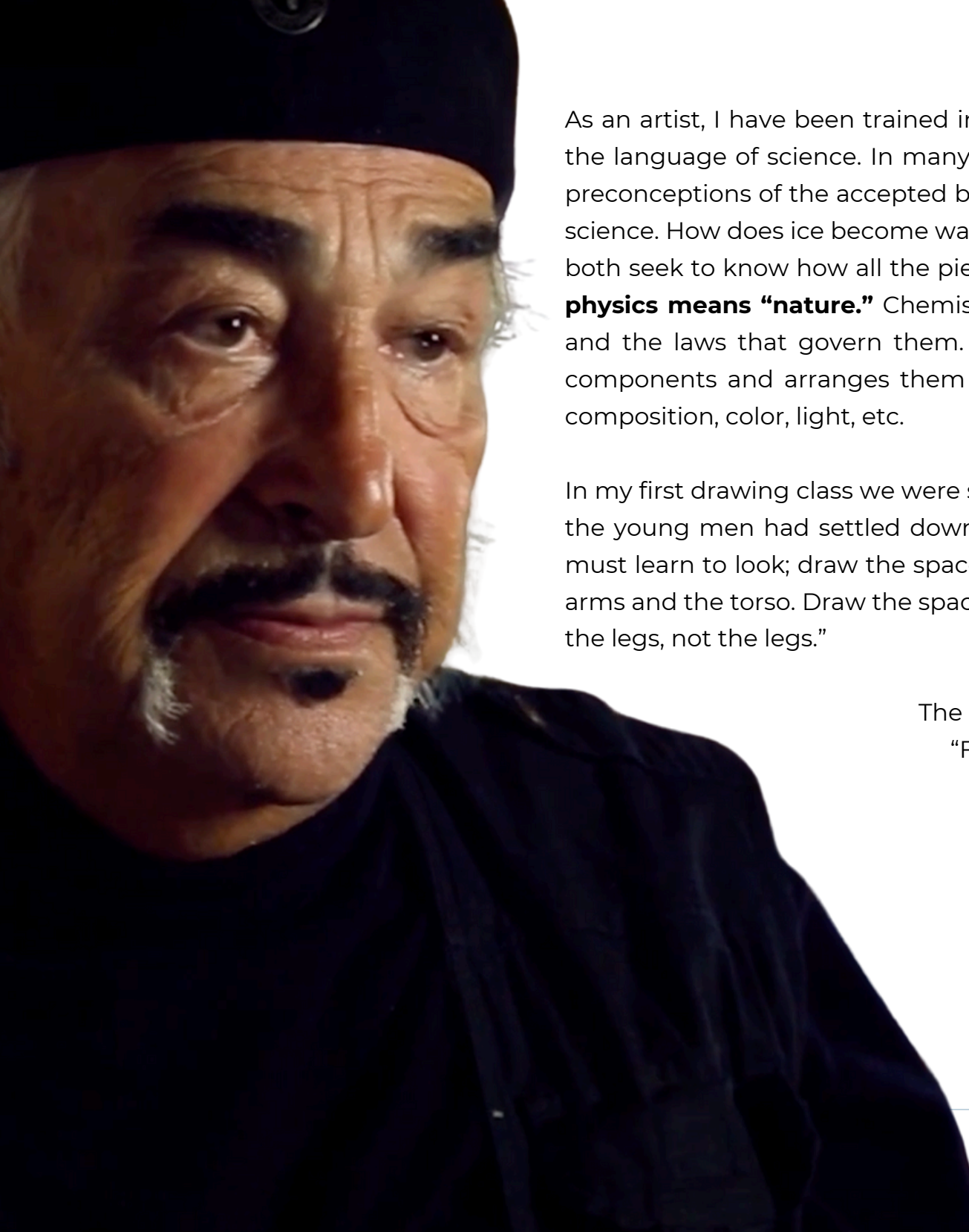
Their mutual goal was to find the infinite and eternal “One.” Nothing exists out of context; everything exists only when surrounded by something else. The observer is within the observed and arrives in an arc of light.

Without beginning, the Law created the universe. Creation has no beginning. Man created the without beginning, the Law brought forth the universe. And creation was, though it had no beginning. Man fashioned the word, and the word was “I.” Thus was born the first dimension.

But “I” stood alone, without reflection—the Infinite One—without separation, without resistance, everywhere at once, almighty.

Then arose the word “I AM.” And “I AM” was the recognition of another, for “I” alone cannot be if “I AM” but one. And so “I AM” became the gateway to the second dimension.

It stretched forth as an arrow upon the path of purpose, dividing the eternal and infinite Light—the first act of creation in this cycle—out of the womb of darkness.



As an artist, I have been trained in the language of spatial relationships, not the language of science. In many ways this has its advantages, for I had no preconceptions of the accepted beliefs or the history of accepted theories in science. How does ice become water, and water steam? Artists and scientists both seek to know how all the pieces of reality fit together. **The Greek word physics means “nature.”** Chemists attempt to identify individual elements and the laws that govern them. The trained artist takes all the individual components and arranges them according to the laws of art: perspective, composition, color, light, etc.

In my first drawing class we were sketching a live model, and after two hours the young men had settled down. The teacher, Michael Jacques, said, “You must learn to look; draw the space between the arms and the torso, not the arms and the torso. Draw the space between the legs, not the legs.”

The noted Italian philosopher Mario Costa said,
“Form gives way to the advantage of stream.
” **The stream is the space between that
defines the form. I thought, Maybe light
is the stream that defines all form?**

ALL THINGS ARE CONNECTED BY THE ONE THING; LIGHT.

There is no life without light. It is the light that brought us to life. Light is infinite, as is this life. Nothing is lost or can be destroyed. All time is one time. Time is a place we visit whenever we choose. The physical connection from the ONE is never broken. Once the vacuum is punctured a new reality must fill the void. It may sound a lot like physics, but it sounds a lot like religion too. All is one and one is all. We experience and accept the responsibility, that the authentic-self is quite magnificent.

Science, religion, philosophy, all ask the same question, "Is there an ultimate, indivisible unit?" A fountainhead of all things; a stream connecting and creating all form, in all places for all time; having enough confidence to assume the responsibility for our own magnificence.

.



Who am I ?

You are the Light !

How did I get here ?

In the arc of Light !

What is my purpose ?

Fill the shadows with your Light !

Who are you ?

I AM the LIGHT !

EARLY 70



There are no Straight Line

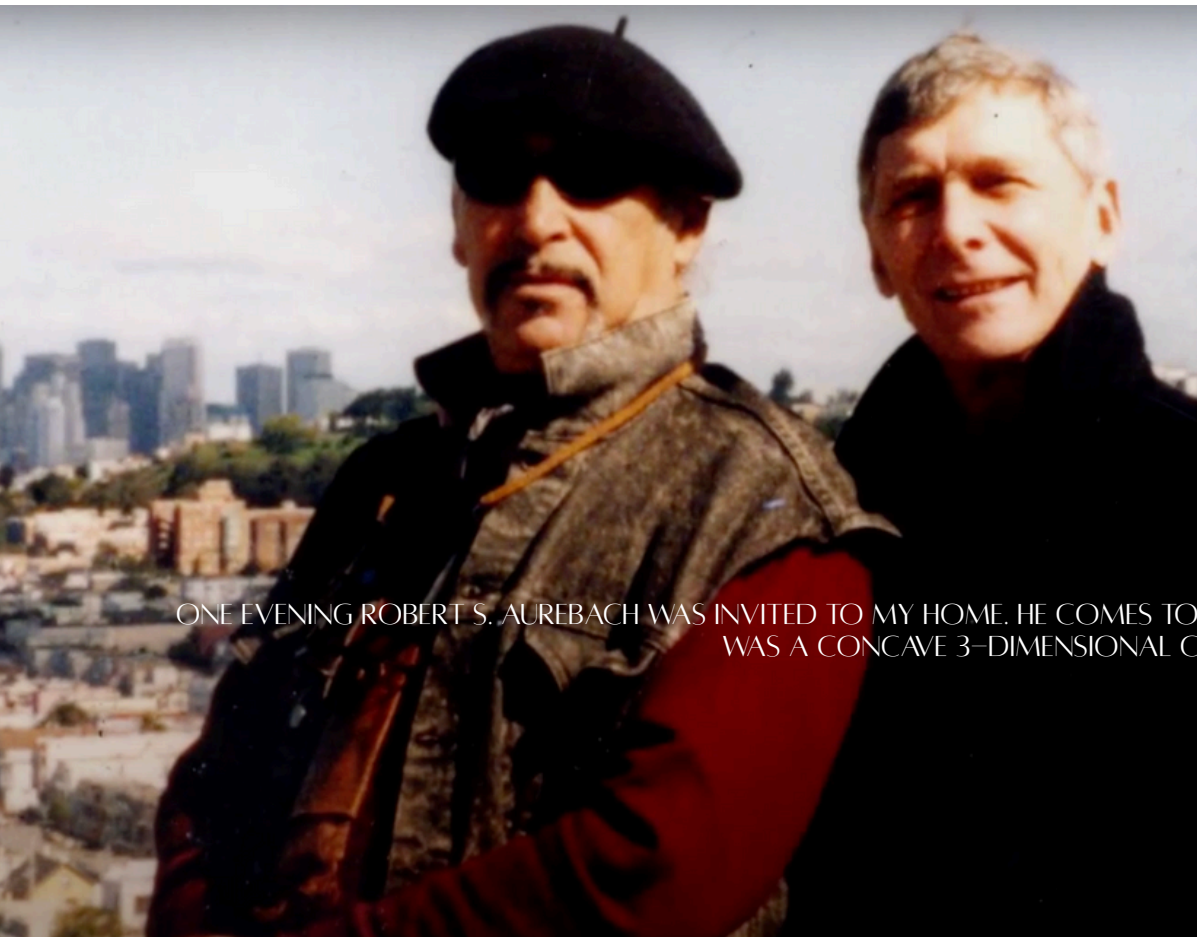


It was in the early '70s that I began what was to become my life's passion: the study of the structure of light. It all started when I opened a hot dog stand called The Three Dog Night. It was located on the Near North Side of Chicago, on Diversey Avenue near Lake Michigan. Now, anyone will tell you there are many great things about Chicago, but all will agree—Chicago is famous for its hot dogs. We take them seriously.

I lived in the suburbs, and most of my real estate business was there as well; so having another business in the city made for some serious commuting. The solution was to get an apartment in the city and split my time between them all.

I liked to paint cityscapes and was in the Old Town Art Show. I have painted since I was 14 years old. When I was 12, I received a scholarship to the Art Institute's gifted art student program. The city was humming with creative and beautiful people, and I was having a lot of fun having fun.

FROM HERE TO THERE



ONE EVENING ROBERT S. AUREBACH WAS INVITED TO MY HOME. HE COMES TO MY
WAS A CONCAVE 3-DIMENSIONAL CURV



USE WITH A LARGE PAPER SCULPTURE 36" ACROSS; IT
TRIANGLE.

Robert Auerbach, was a graphic designer who studied at the famous Bauhaus, which had moved from Germany after World War II to the Chicago campus of the Illinois Institute of Technology. In 1954, Buckminster Fuller was giving a lecture in design. He told his students to look for the "universal intersection." He told the class that if it could be found it would be the only connector one would ever need to construct any structure. A note of interest: Fuller never did find the universal intersection.



Auerbach told us how he came upon this structure. Soon after Fuller's lecture, Bob built a sculpture made out of balloons—blown up, tied together, and filled with plaster of Paris pushed into the openings between and around the balloons. It hung from the ceiling until, one day, the string holding it broke and the sculpture fell, shattering into a myriad of curved shapes, resembling something almost prehistoric. It revealed the space between the balloons—what was once negative was now positive. Many years later, after building these structures, they reminded me of the ancient bones of fairies and angels—very fine indeed.

ART OF PACKING

The evening Robert S. Aurebach came to my home. He comes to my house with a large paper sculpture 36" across; it was a concave 3-dimensional curved triangle.

This single event was the catalyst that led to the events that followed. Auerbach was trained in package design. The art of packaging is making a two-dimensional sheet of material transform into a three-dimensional container that is unique but will still function for what it is intended to contain. Seeing all these arcs coming together and going apart, and connecting back together again, he got out his compass and started drawing circles.

The key in packaging is knowing where to cut, where to score and where to fold. Auerbach went further with his compass, drawing circles (The Flower of Life) until there were two arcs going to each point of the spherical triangle. He cut along the outside arc and scored the inside arc and then bent the shape on the score. The flat two-dimensional, spherical triangle was becoming three-dimensional

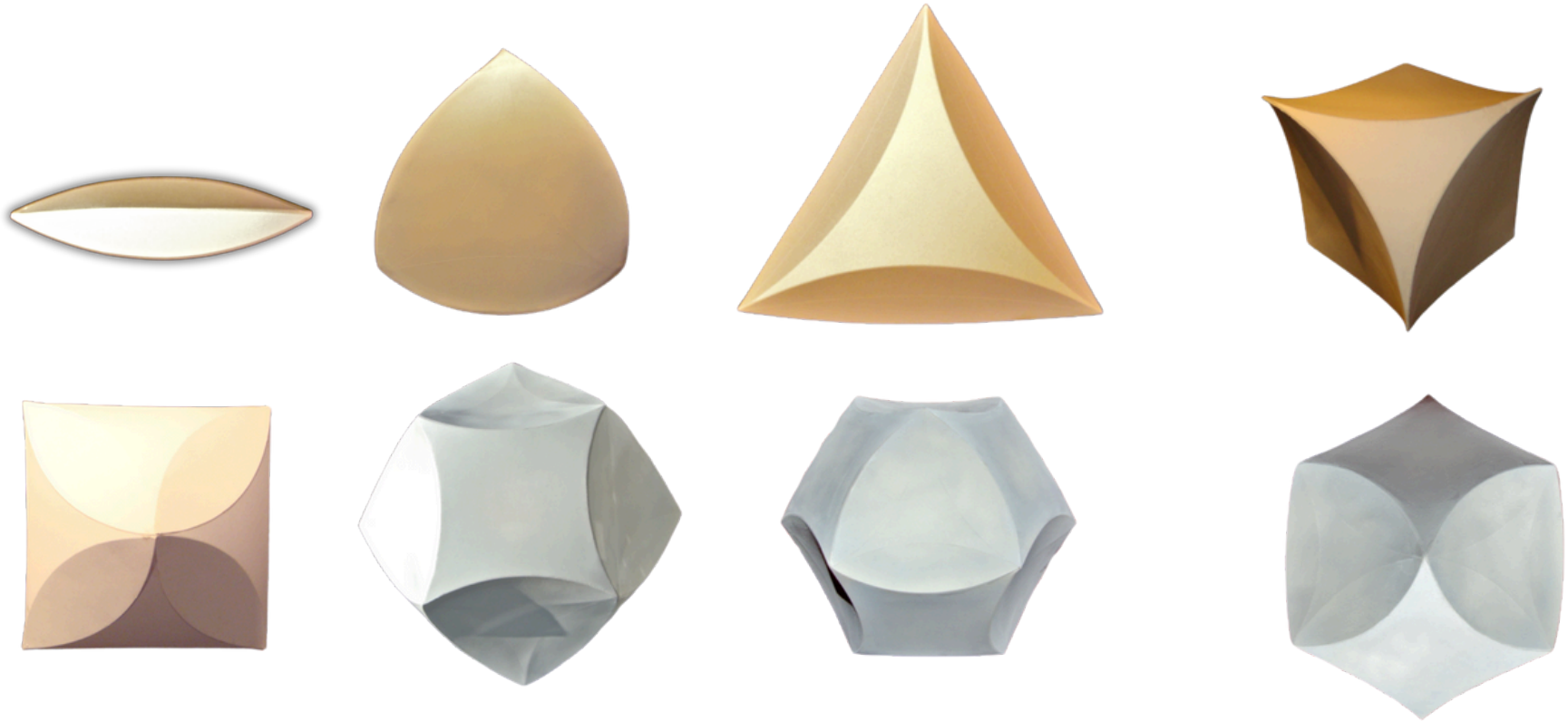


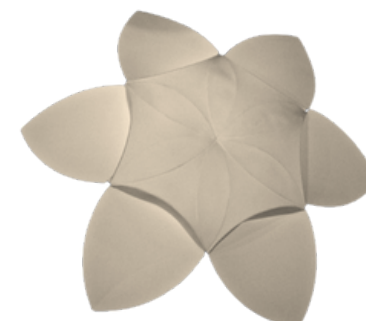
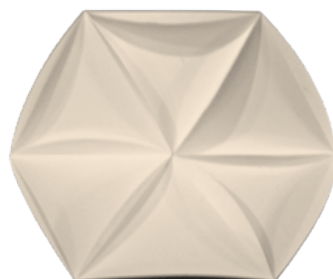
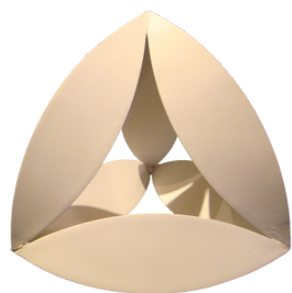
He duplicated the process, making a series of what I call "flat clusters." When combined, they form an endless combination of polygons, including Plato's regular Platonic solids, with one exception----no straight lines.

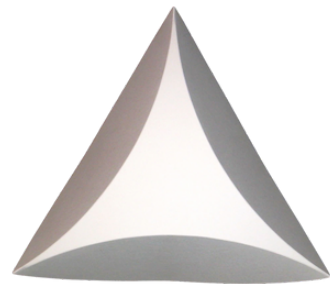
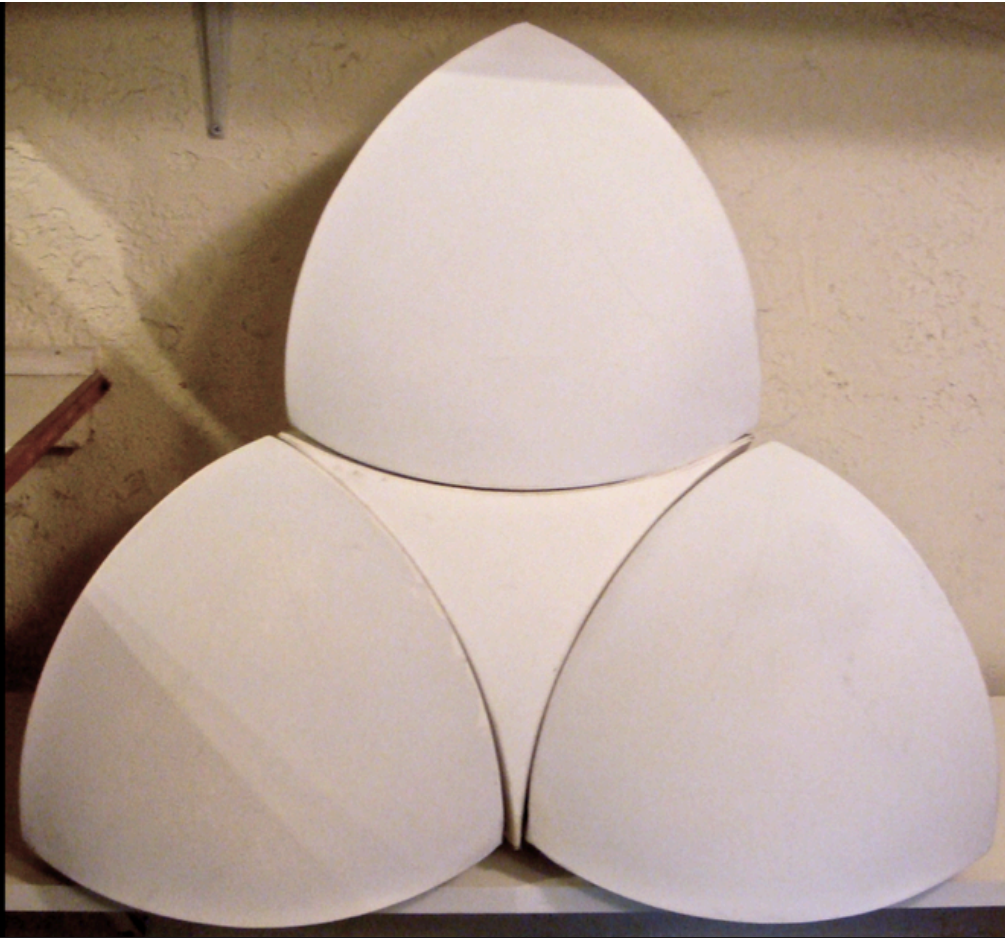
REGULAR SOLIDS IN CURVED SPACE

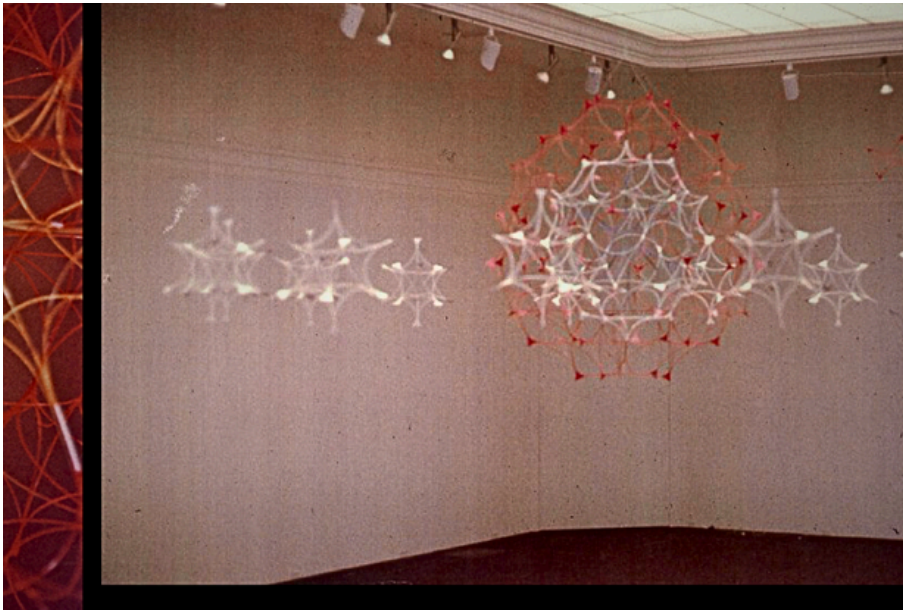
He went further with his investigations by applying these principles to six more shapes: a square (four sides); a pentacle (five sides); a hexagon (six sides); a heptagon (seven sides); an octagon (eight sides); and a nonagon (nine sides).

All of these shapes have a common element of attachments, the cusps that have formed by having two curved lines converge at the edge points of these seven shapes.







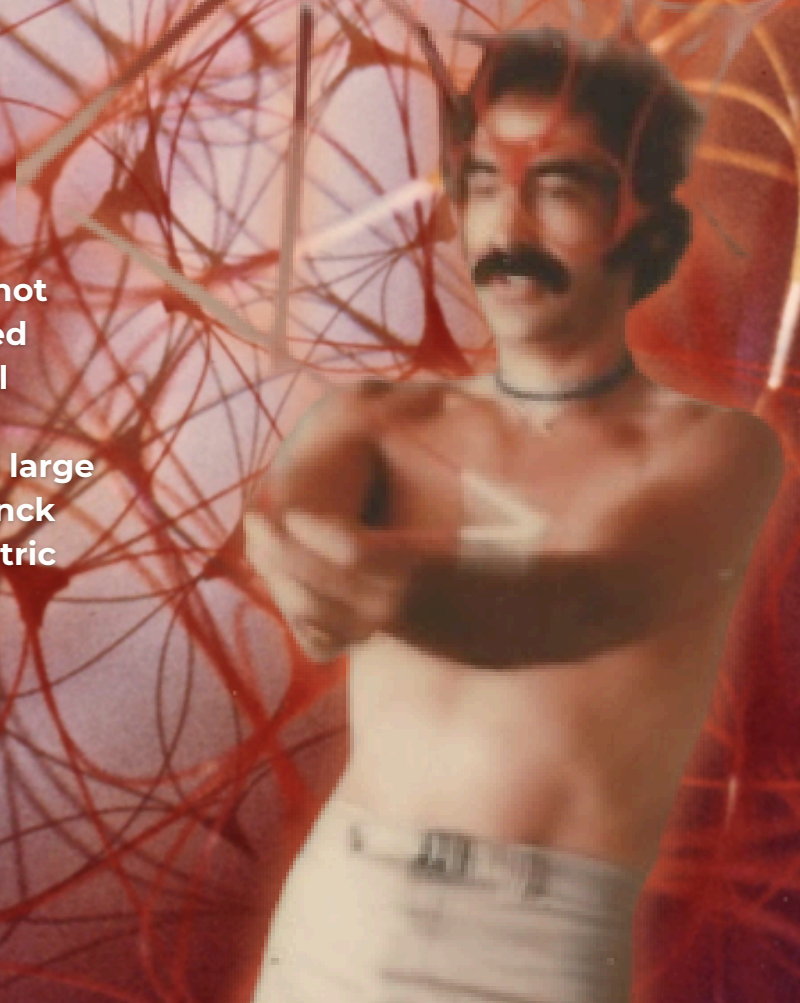


LAGUNA ART MUSEM-1976

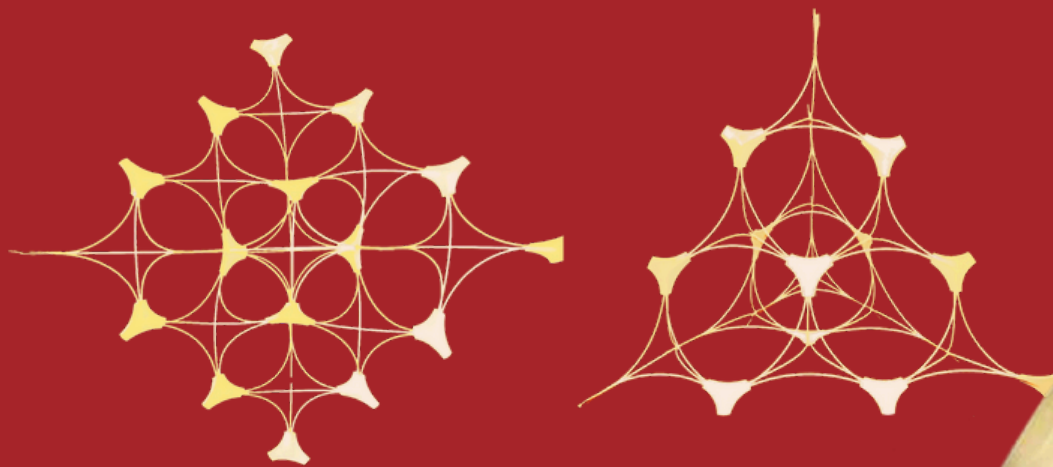
I had my Super Eight camera out (video had not yet been invented) and I filmed my artist friend taking the structure, putting gobs of oil paint on one of the sides, and then proceeding to rock the cluster against my white walls in a clockwise motion. When he took the cluster away from the wall, it left a curved triangular spiral that appeared to go on forever.

Micky Ball

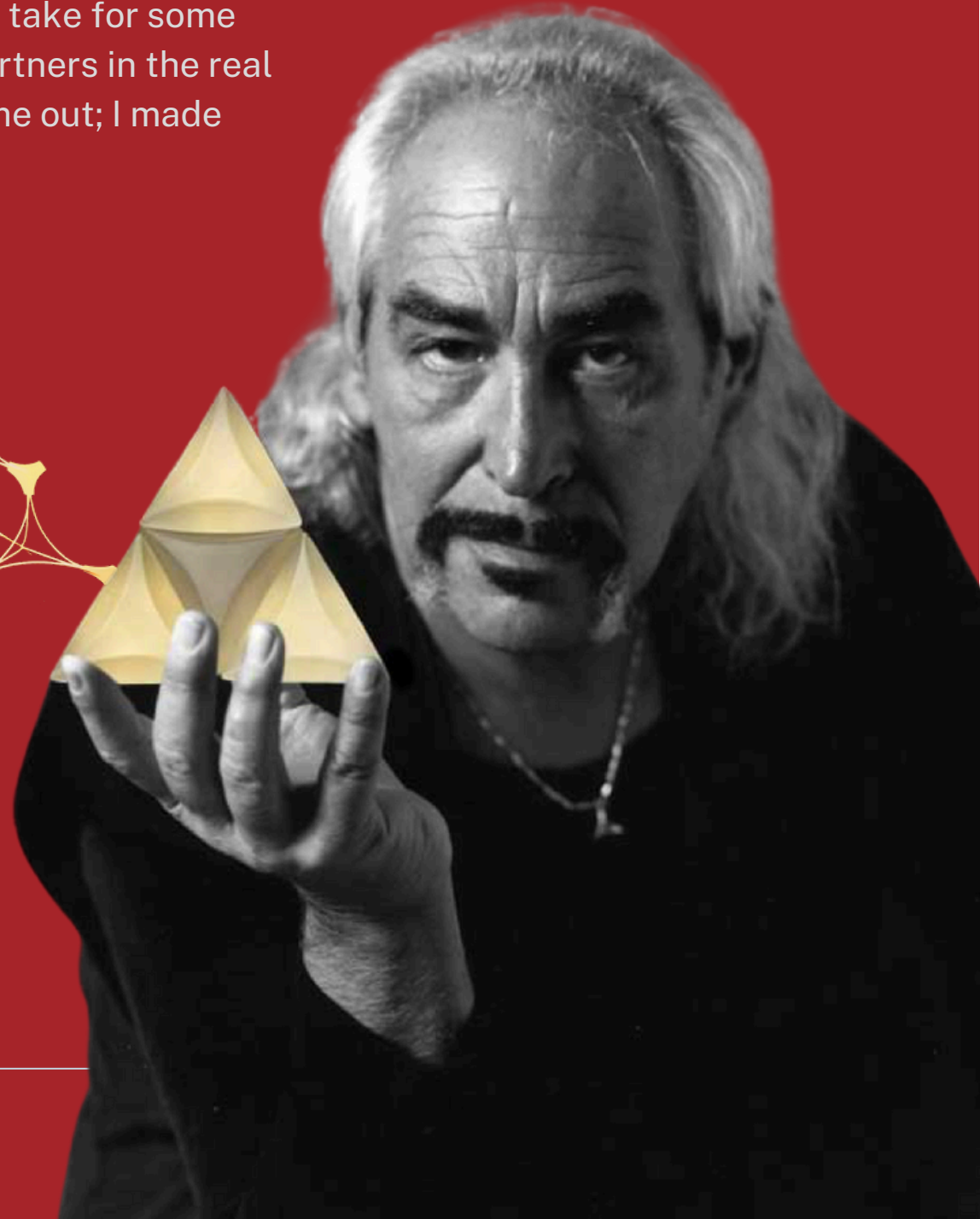
Space/time is not empty it is filled with a material substance, consisting of a large number of Planck length volumetric structures



It was at that moment I immediately decided that if I was ever looking for a sign of what path I should take for some reason this was it. I immediately told my partners in the real estate business that I wanted them to buy me out; I made them offers they could not refuse.



I was discovering every day were new spaces, and a more perfect way to put things together, no cut-offs, everything merged in arcs.



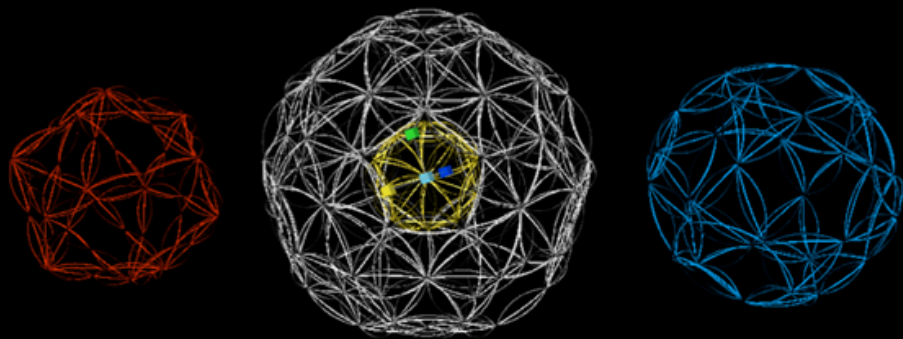
Together, we began investigating ways we could capitalize on the information. He had only a few meticulously hand-cut pieces of the system—not enough to go very far in making many structures, but enough to start the patent process and begin the development of prototypes. In 1972, I was granted mechanical patents in the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, Japan, and Italy for a new construction kit.

In the beginning, there were never enough parts to build more complex structures. There were dies to be made, materials to be selected, and manufacturers to be found that could heat-seal the plastics we had decided to use. And most important of all—what was the product we were going to make? We had a new system of construction, but a system in itself is not patentable. It has to be a specific thing. We knew it could build domes, but it could build bridges too. It could be applied in the fields of physics, chemistry, biology, architecture, and mathematics.

If, in fact, what I was discovering every day were new spaces and a more perfect way to put things together—with no cutoffs and everything merged in arcs—its impact on industry and society would be immense. I spent a great amount of time contacting large corporations, educational institutions, and government agencies, including NASA.

**No one seemed interested in what this system could do. “Not invented here”
(NIH) seemed to be the biggest hurdle.**

It was at this time we decided to make a children’s toy called Space Clusters, a building kit. The reason was simple: children do not have preconceived notions about straight or curved lines. They know instinctively that curves are natural and everywhere, and they have nothing to protect by accepting new information. It was a new kind of Tinker Toy.



clusters within clusters

In an astronomy book, I came across a definition of the universe that struck me. I'll paraphrase: "These clusters seem to be made of smaller clusters of objects, and on and on." It was this definition that best described what my invention did. It occupied space and would synergistically cluster with other clusters of objects, reflecting the self-similar structure of the cosmos itself.

Once we had the product, I decided to make the Museum of Modern Art my first call. I made an appointment with Marna Toma, who was in charge of selecting suitable products for the museum bookstore and catalogue. Marna had an extensive art background and was always searching for items with genuine artistic merit—not just trendy or popular products.

I wasn't in her office for more than five minutes before she placed an order for 10,000 kits. Just like that, I was in business.

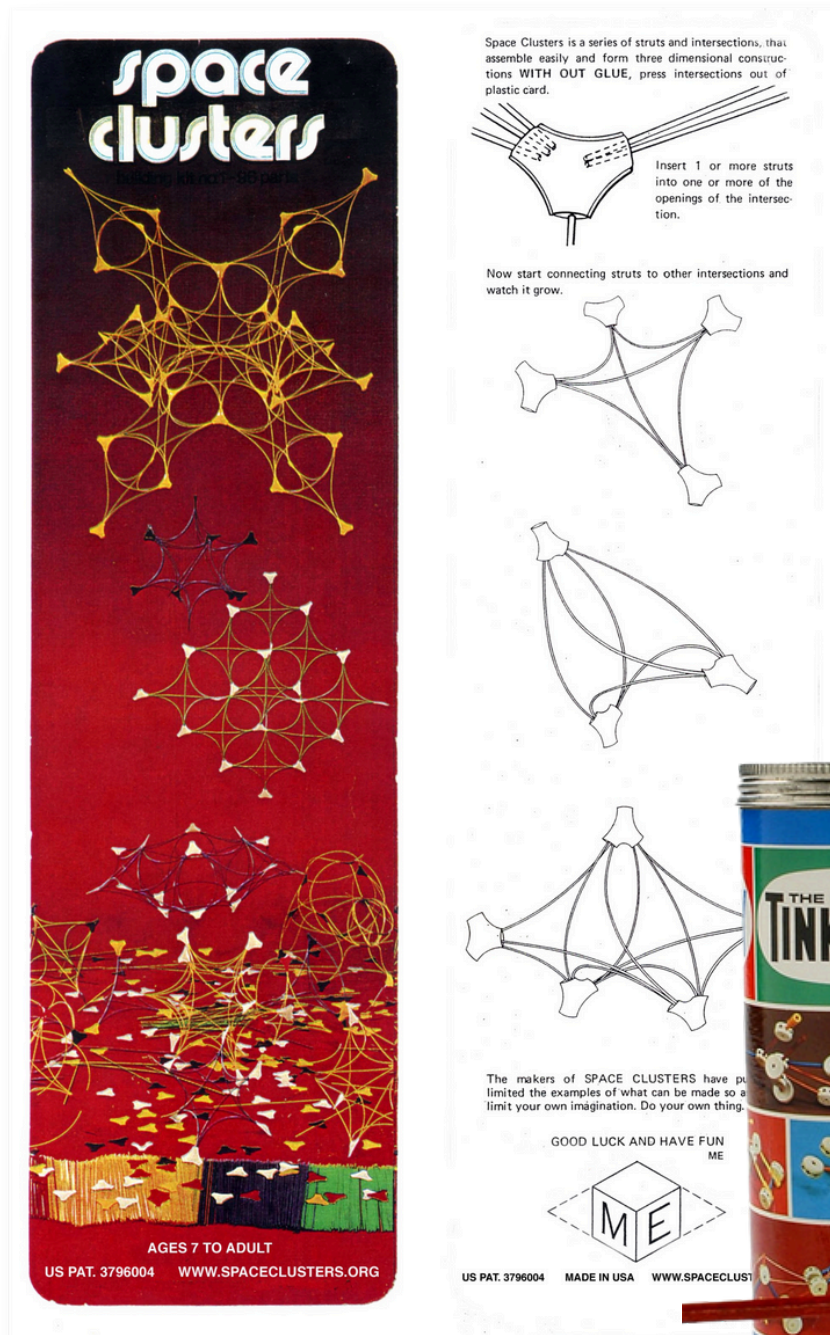
TOY SHOW IN N.Y.

We went to the Toy Show in New York, and soon after we received an order from MOMA. We had a booth set up with all these amazing structures hanging in space. I remember Dr. Edmund of the famous catalog Edmund Scientific coming up to our booth and asking the names of the geometric structures—he had never seen them described before.

This became a constant challenge: coming up with names for structures that were being described and built. I felt like Adam, having to name all the animals.

the challenge





It was at this time we decided to make a children's toy called Space Clusters, a building kit. The reason was simple: children do not have preconceived notions about straight or curved lines. They know instinctively that curves are natural and everywhere, and they have nothing to protect by accepting new information. **It was a new kind of Tinker Toy.**



A black and white photograph of a person in a space suit, seen from the chest up, holding a large, intricate net structure made of many thin lines. The net is held high above the person's head, creating a complex web of lines against a light background. The person's helmet has a circular visor and some equipment on the sides.

SPACE CLUSTER

In a short time Space Clusters were in every major museum and planetarium in the country. Space Clusters were also the top selling toy in every major department store in America. **Its first year out, we outsold every other toy including “Etch-A-Sketch” and “LEGO”.** It had artistic merit; and was a viable commercial product, as well.

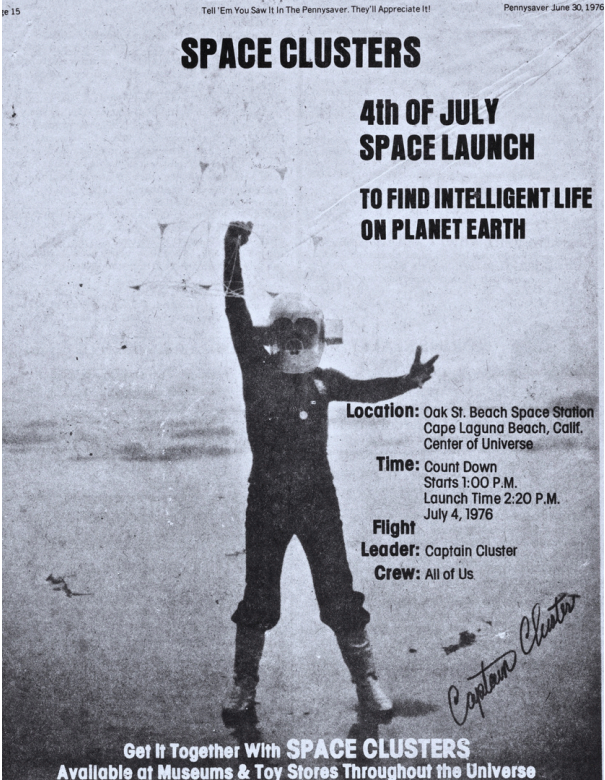
Space Launch

pe 15 Tell 'Em You Saw It In The Pennysaver. They'll Appreciate It! Pennysaver June 30, 1976

SPACE CLUSTERS

**4th OF JULY
SPACE LAUNCH**

**TO FIND INTELLIGENT LIFE
ON PLANET EARTH**

A smaller version of the main image, showing a person in a space suit holding a net structure. The person is standing on a beach, and the net is held high above their head. The background is a light, sandy beach with some distant structures.

Location: Oak St. Beach Space Station
Cape Laguna Beach, Calif.
Center of Universe

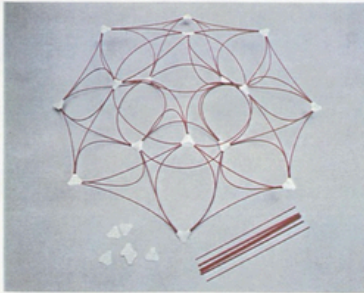
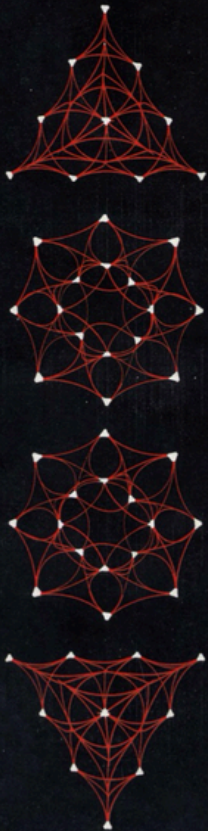
Time: Count Down
Starts 1:00 P.M.
Launch Time 2:20 P.M.
July 4, 1976

**Flight
Leader:** Captain Cluster
Crew: All of Us

Captain Cluster

Get It Together With **SPACE CLUSTERS**
Available at Museums & Toy Stores Throughout the Universe

Special Package For
The Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.



Space Clusters

designed by Michael Evans

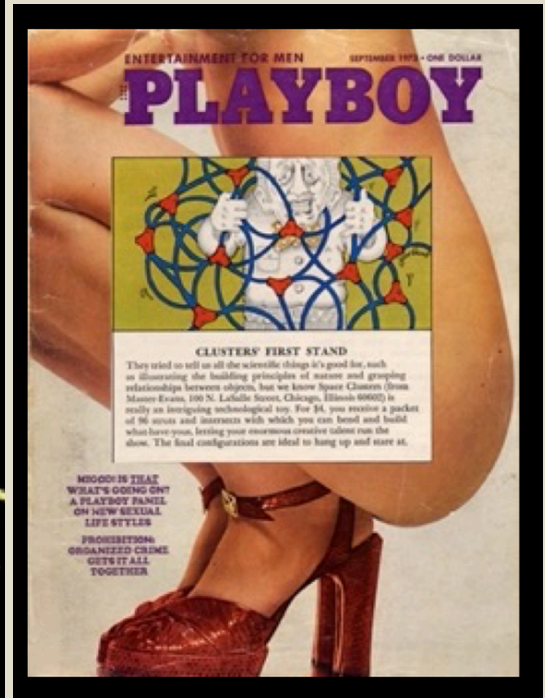
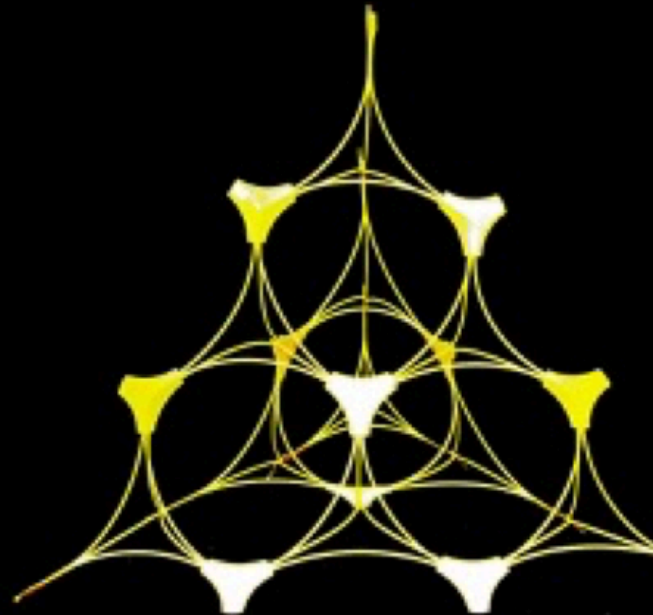
An interesting building toy that has been produced in a special edition for The Museum of Modern Art. It consists of a series of struts and supporting intersections that assemble easily to form three-dimensional constructions. Made from plastic, the set consists of 96 pieces: \$4 (members \$3)

Playing Cards

by Bruce Blackburn

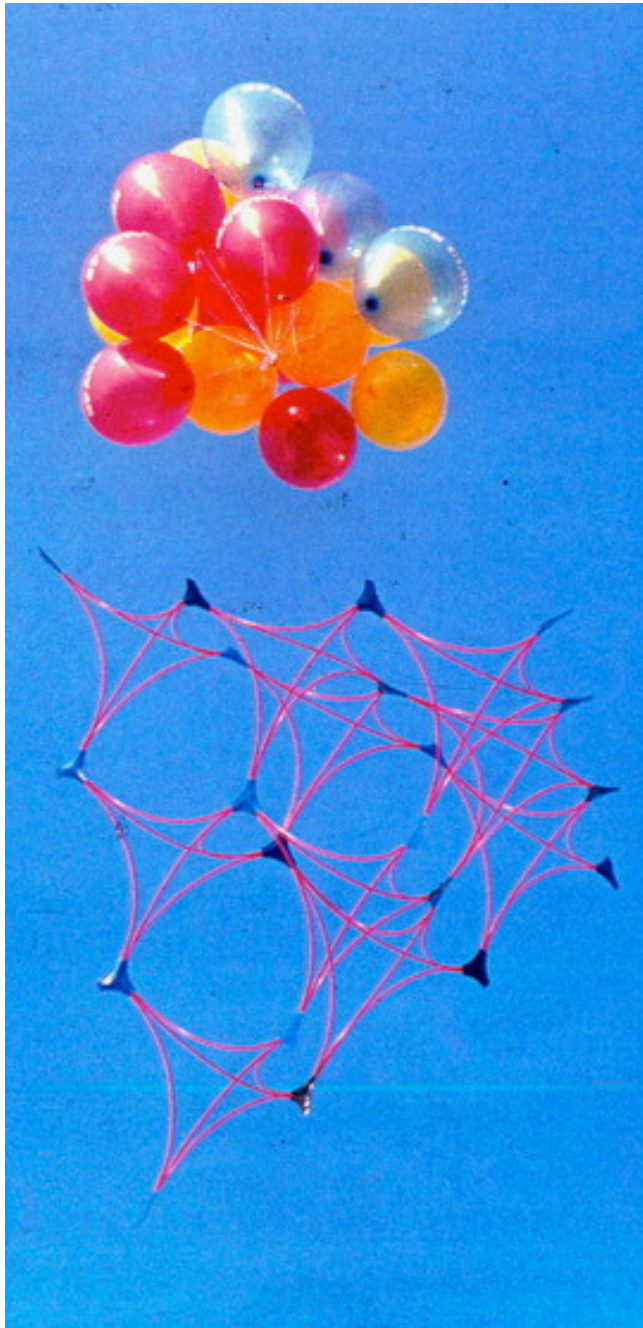
In a departure from the traditional design of playing cards, this graphically stunning deck has a completely new look. The cards are protected by a Cell-U-Tone finish and are the standard size, 2 1/4 x 3 1/2 inches. Comes in attractive gift box: \$5 (members \$3.75)

24



There was something about its simplicity and form that appealed to the refined eye of the art world and the world of children's play as well. Even "Playboy Magazine" wrote about it in its September, 1972 issue.

"THE CLUSTERS FIRST STAND"



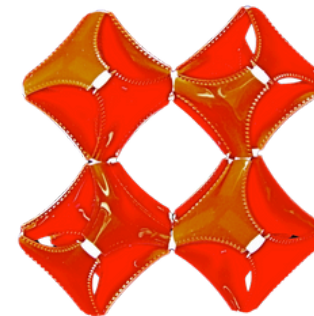
It was a serpentine path that led me, in 1970, to patenting a construction toy named Space Clusters. I had already patented a knee brace in 1968, which I sold to Jung Products, a subsidiary of Wilson Sporting Goods, so I was familiar with the patent process and had the resources to see it through.

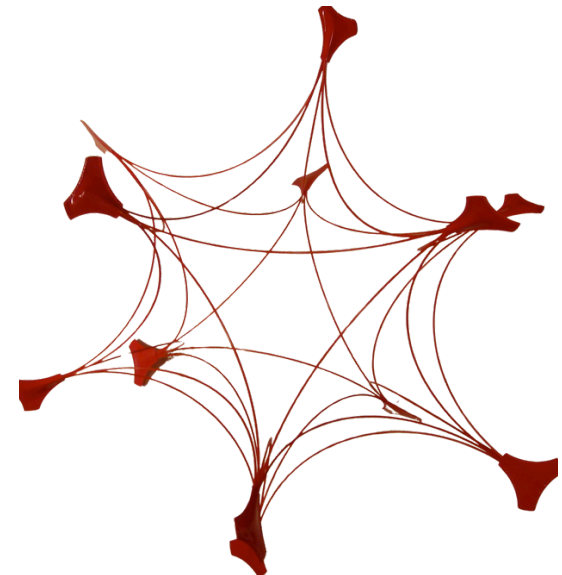
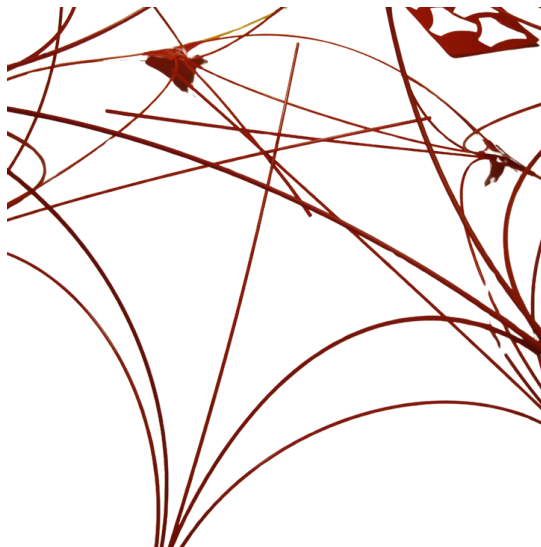
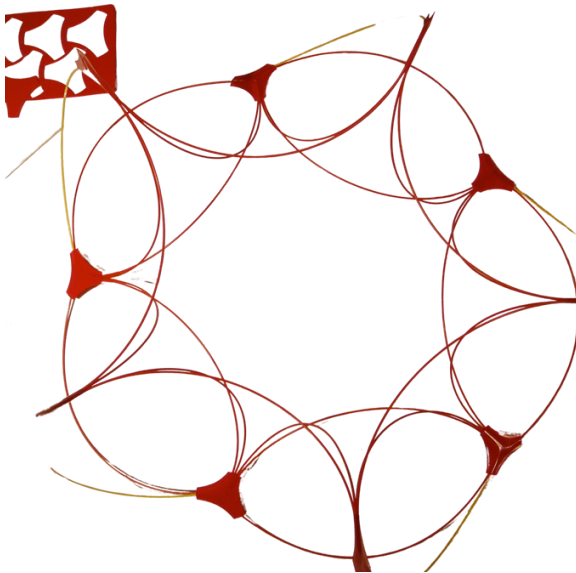
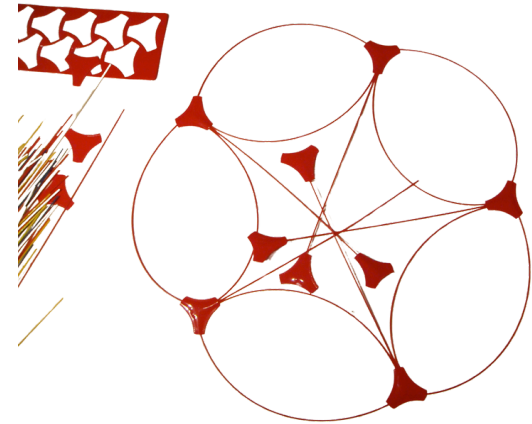
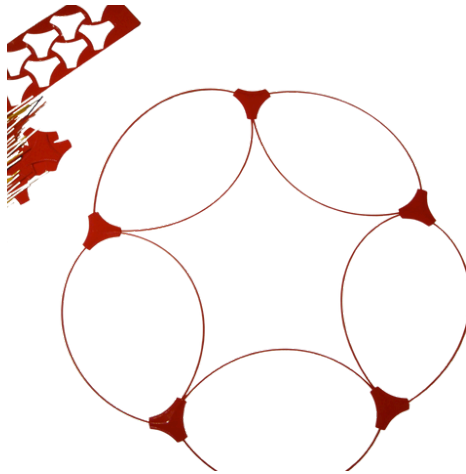
Space Clusters were similar to Tinker Toys, but with two major differences: they used flexible plastic rods, and more than one rod could be inserted into the ends of a plastic triangular intersection. And most importantly—everything you built was curved.

No straight lines!

It was through playing with this toy for the past forty years that I became what some might call a “fringe theorist.” Whatever I know about the structure of the universe has come from playing with a toy that had only one instruction: Insert one or more rods into the intersection. Good luck and have fun! It couldn’t be simpler than that—the power of play.

*fringe
theorist*





In working with the 'Space Cluster,' I began to notice something remarkable. As I built these structures, they did not remain inert—they revealed an energy of their own. It was as though the geometry itself wished to employ a field, not unlike the pull of gravity, or the radiant pressure of light. The form became more than form; it became a presence with its own field of influence.



BUCKY BALL 1991

Buckminster Fuller

I started by duplicating Fuller's method of forming fives and sixes to make the outside skin, and then tried to move towards the center. This method was hopeless. It was too confusing, too many options. The structure had no integrity.

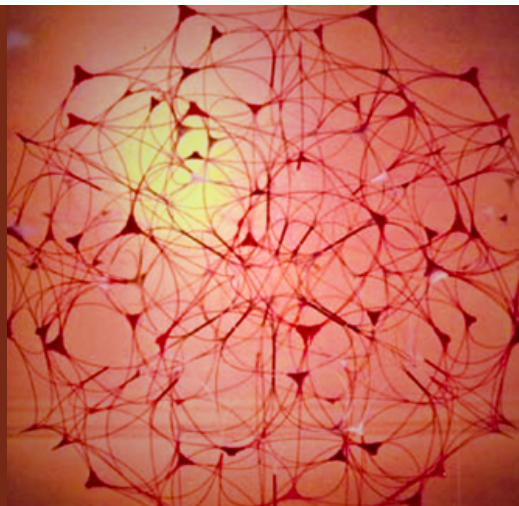
I was using the flexible rods that came with the kit and I finally I decided to go back to basics and build tetrahedrons and continue to combine them until they evolved to another shape entirely. I kept looking for hexagonal and pentacle shapes as I continued adding tetrahedrons. These were telltale landmarks that I was beginning to describe a sphere. The room I was working in was quite small and the structure was almost six feet in diameter. As I continued to build, the structure continued to evolve; cubes were beginning to form, seemingly by themselves, then octahedrons.

Buckminster Fuller defined the Bucky Ball, Fig.10, which describes the surface of the sphere; but what is the geometry of the space between the surface and the core.. What is the convergent geometry that is required to form a self organizing matrix that would form all the regular geometric solids in the process of exponential growth emergence to a sphere with all the interior space described?

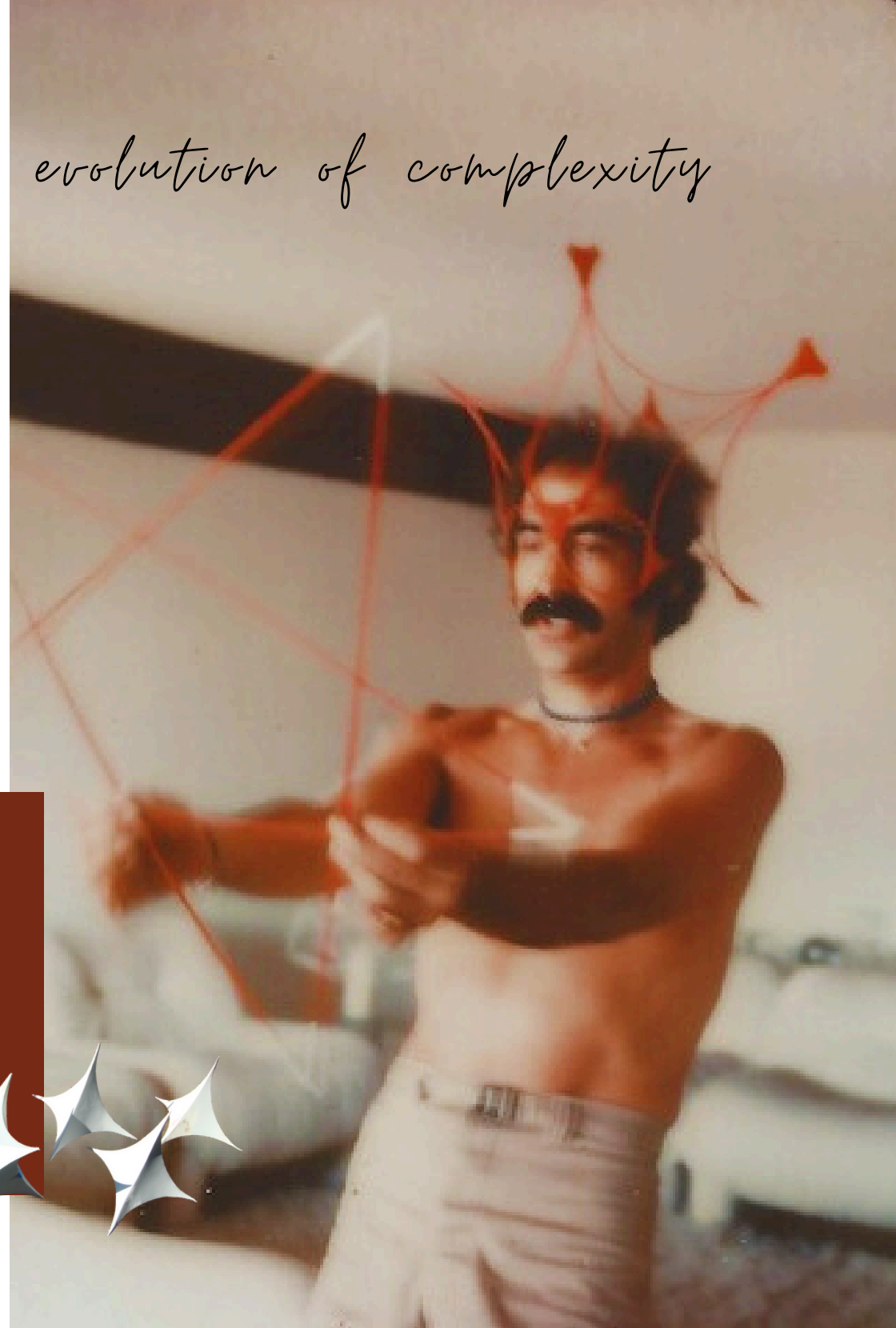
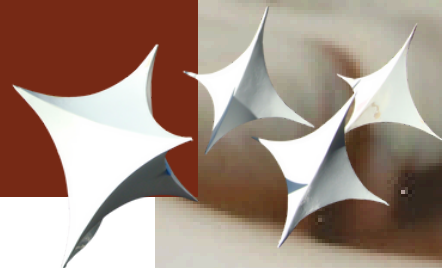
"Micky Ball" A simple evolution of complexity

I must remind you that I was only combining tetrahedrons, but in the space between, other polygons were forming on their own. Relationships were becoming self-evident. Form is not out of context; it is created by the space that surrounds it. I tried to step far enough away to see the entire structure, and then it happened: I saw a pentagon, then a hexagon, and then another and another.

I did it. I had built a perfectly symmetrical sphere all the way to the core. I felt what it must have been like for Columbus when he discovered a new space. I was elated—I had discovered a new space!



"MICKY BALL"





I built this structure three more times—once again in Chicago, once for a one-man show at the Laguna Beach Museum of Art, and once I launched into space on July 4, 1976, attached to one hundred balloons.

I liked to say I had my own space program—to search for intelligent life on planet Earth.



THE SPACE CLUSTERS THEORY

The Space Clusters Theory attempts to unify the Theory of Relativity, Quantum String Theory, and universal spirituality.

It is based on four simple principles:

- No straight lines.
- From the One comes the many.
- The evolution of an individual, indivisible, infinitesimal “Re’-Mass” of light.
- **There are no stop signs in curved space.**

Not only is it a regular solid, it is the basic building block of the universe. If, in fact, light is a regular solid, then it must occupy space and act as a container. It is my contention that within every individual ray of light exists life itself. Light is the conduit of all things living and material. It is the path and matrix of creation that we must follow to understand how life and matter form throughout the universe.

It is this process that we will investigate. According to astrophysics, astrochemistry, and cosmology, to find the essence of things we must return to radiation as the *causa finalis*—the final cause—of matter and energy.

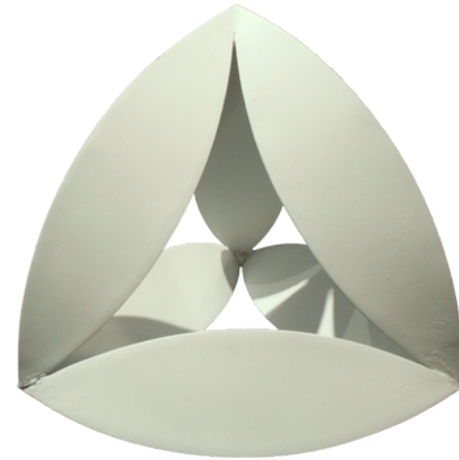


Straight lines are inventions of our
brains. It is only It is only when we explore the
world of no straight lines that the space
between becomes visible.

SPACES ARE PLACES

*Spaces are places
that leave fine traces
on lines of time
before there were rhymes.*

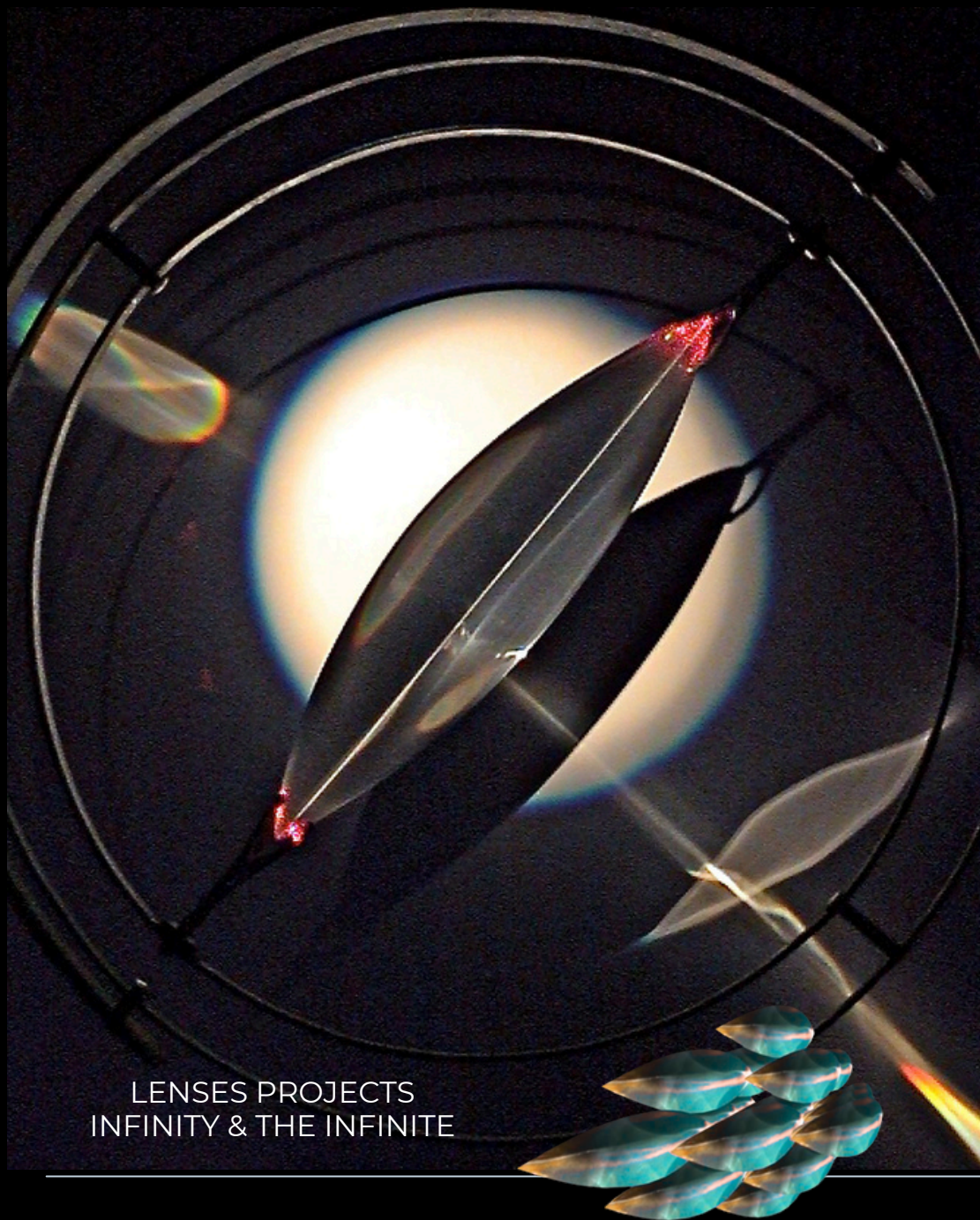
*Around round circles
on spheres of mind,
whirling in space,
turning in time.
Through streams of beams
of light do pass—
 $E = mc^2$, the energy mass.*



The artist Delacroix once speculated, *"It would be worthy to investigate whether straight lines only exist in our brains."*

Plato searched for hidden forms in nature, but remained in flat land. He didn't see the curves.

Even the great Leonardo became preoccupied with pure but straight geometric designs.



LENSES PROJECTS
INFINITY & THE INFINITE

THE GREAT CREATOR THE TRION-RE'



The Trion-Re' is the great creator. When we begin building structures that follow the form and geometry of light, we find Trions surrounding every combination of solids. They lace along the perimeters and weave into the inner spaces, forming a lattice superstructure that unfolds through its own built-in evolution.

There is an indisputable relationship here, a necessity for the forming of each of the five regular solids described by Plato. They do not stand alone but are born through a synergistic bond with other fundamental forms. The Trion-Re' reveals that creation is not isolated, but woven — form arising only through relationship, geometry expressing the unity of all things.

THE 6TH REGULAR SOLID

FOR EXAMPLE:

It takes six Trions to make one Tetron (a tetrahedron). It takes four Tetrons to make one Octatron, and in between the four Tetrons and the one Octatron you will find twelve Trions. Trions surround everything. This process continues until all the regular solids are formed.

When this synergy reaches its first complete evolution, the form that will be created is a sphere—not an empty sphere, but one described in perfect symmetry all the way to the core—an Icosatron. We will go into further detail later on.



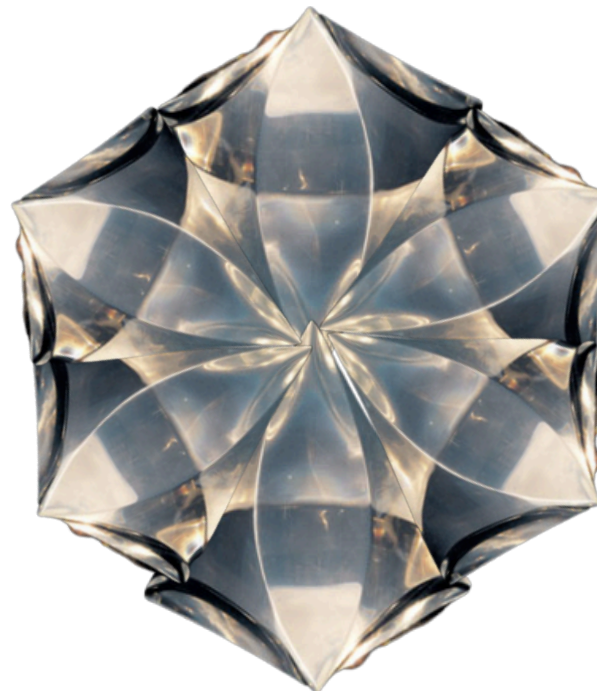
VECTOR EQUALIBRIUM



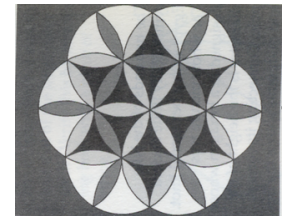
"TRION-RE"



TETRON



6 TRIONS TO MAKE ONE TETRON.(TETRAHEDRON).





THE GEOMETRY OF LIGHT

The Trion-Re' is a fundamental structural unit of 3D space, on the basis of which a new geometry of 3D space can be built—namely, a 3D space in which no straight lines exist. To account for the curvature of space, this modification shifts the rules for a Platonic solid, making the Trion-Re' the sixth such regular solid and a unique structure of space-time. Traditionally, there are five Platonic solids with congruent angles and equal, flat faces. However, **we must modify the rule and include curved surfaces.** In doing so, a new solid emerges—more rudimentary than the tetrahedron. Henceforth called the Trion-Re', this new solid is described as follows: 2 vertices, 3 elastic edges, 3 equal faces, an inside and an outside, and spin ability. The Trion-Re' can even be used to generate new versions of the other five Platonic solids.



How in the world did I become a published theorist in science, even if only on the fringe? My only qualification is my distance from the trees. No preconceptions. No bias. Nothing to relearn. I never took chemistry or physics in high school and barely passed a math class in 16 years of education. The best grade I ever got in math was a C — and that was in geometry.

In the end, what might look like a weakness turned out to be my strength. Because I was not trained to see the world only through formulas or theories, I could look at space with fresh eyes. I followed form, pattern, and intuition rather than rules. That freedom allowed me to imagine the Trion-Re' not as an abstraction, but as a living geometry woven into the fabric of light and life itself.

It is important to examine the view of basic structure that has come down to us through the ages and has long been the cornerstone of our understanding. The best known of these descriptions are Plato's five regular solids. Plato believed that the smallest regular polyhedron was the tetrahedron. I believe it is, instead, the Trion-Re'.

The Trion-Re' is introduced here as the
sixth regular solid.



It is often said that the tetrahedron is the only three-dimensional shape whose corners are equidistant from one another—other than the sphere—and that the universe does not allow any volume to exist with fewer than four faces and four corners. Yet the Trion-Re' challenges this assumption. It possesses only three faces and two corners, yet the distance between those two corners is equal.

The reason the Trion-Re' seems invisible is that it is not an isolated solid—it is the **space between all matter**. It exists as the connective tissue of form, the unseen framework upon which other shapes are built. When we isolate an individual form, we sever its bond with the network of forms that surround it. In nature, nothing exists out of context; everything **is connected**.

PLATONIC SOLIDS

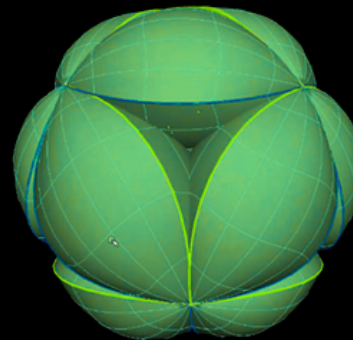
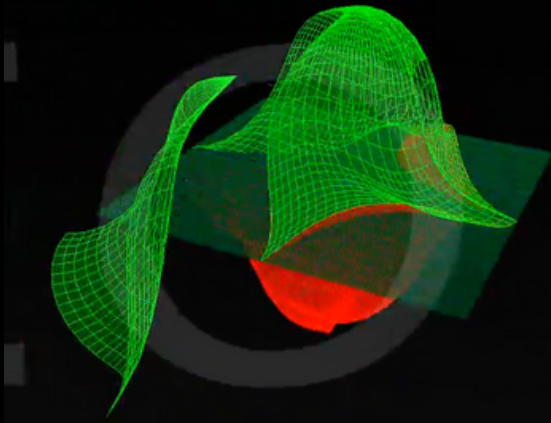
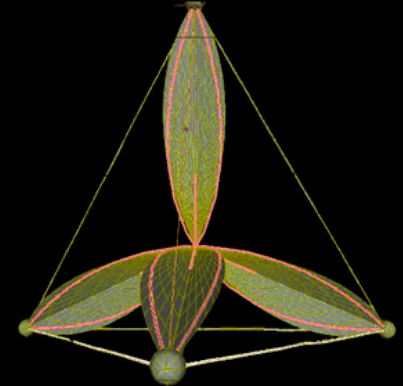
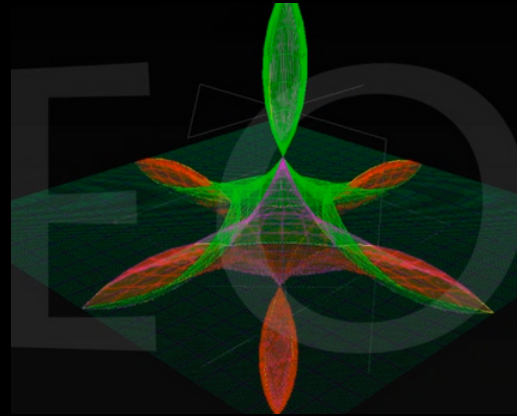
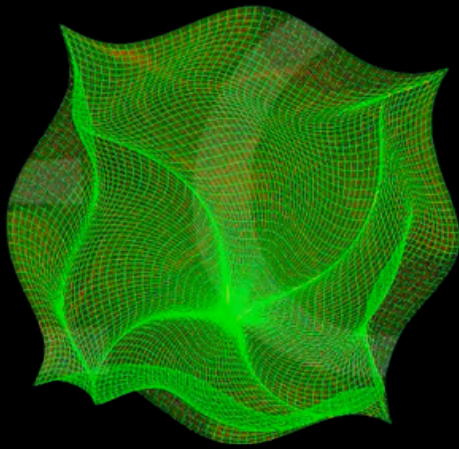
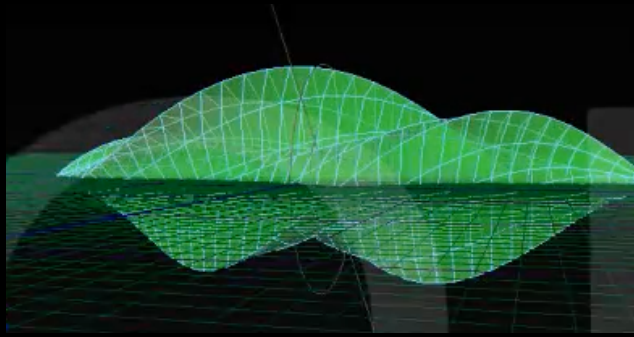


Plato's definition of the 5 regular solids is as follows:

- All sides and angles must be equal.
- It must completely enclose space.
- It must have an inside and an outside.
- It must possess the ability to spin (vertices as points in space).
- It must have edges.
- When placed within a sphere, all corners must touch the sphere.
- The sides must be flat (planar).

The five regular Platonic solids are:

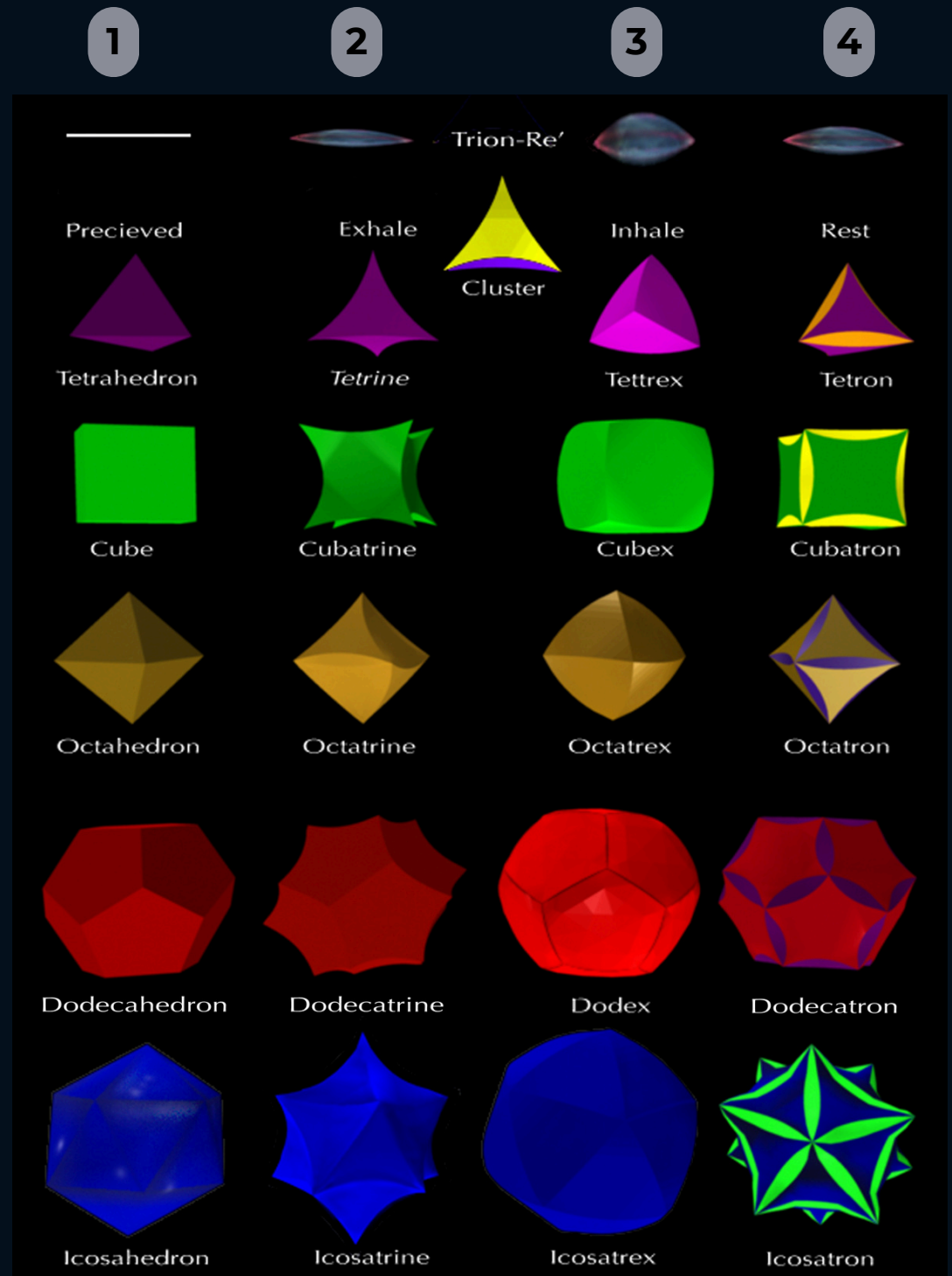
- **Tetrahedron** – 4 equilateral triangular faces
- **Hexahedron (Cube)** – 6 equal square faces
- **Octahedron** – 8 equal triangular faces
- **Dodecahedron** – 12 equal pentagonal faces
- **Icosahedron** – 20 equal triangular faces



Visioned here is
 the morphing of a
 dynamic Trion-Re'
 and tetrahedron.

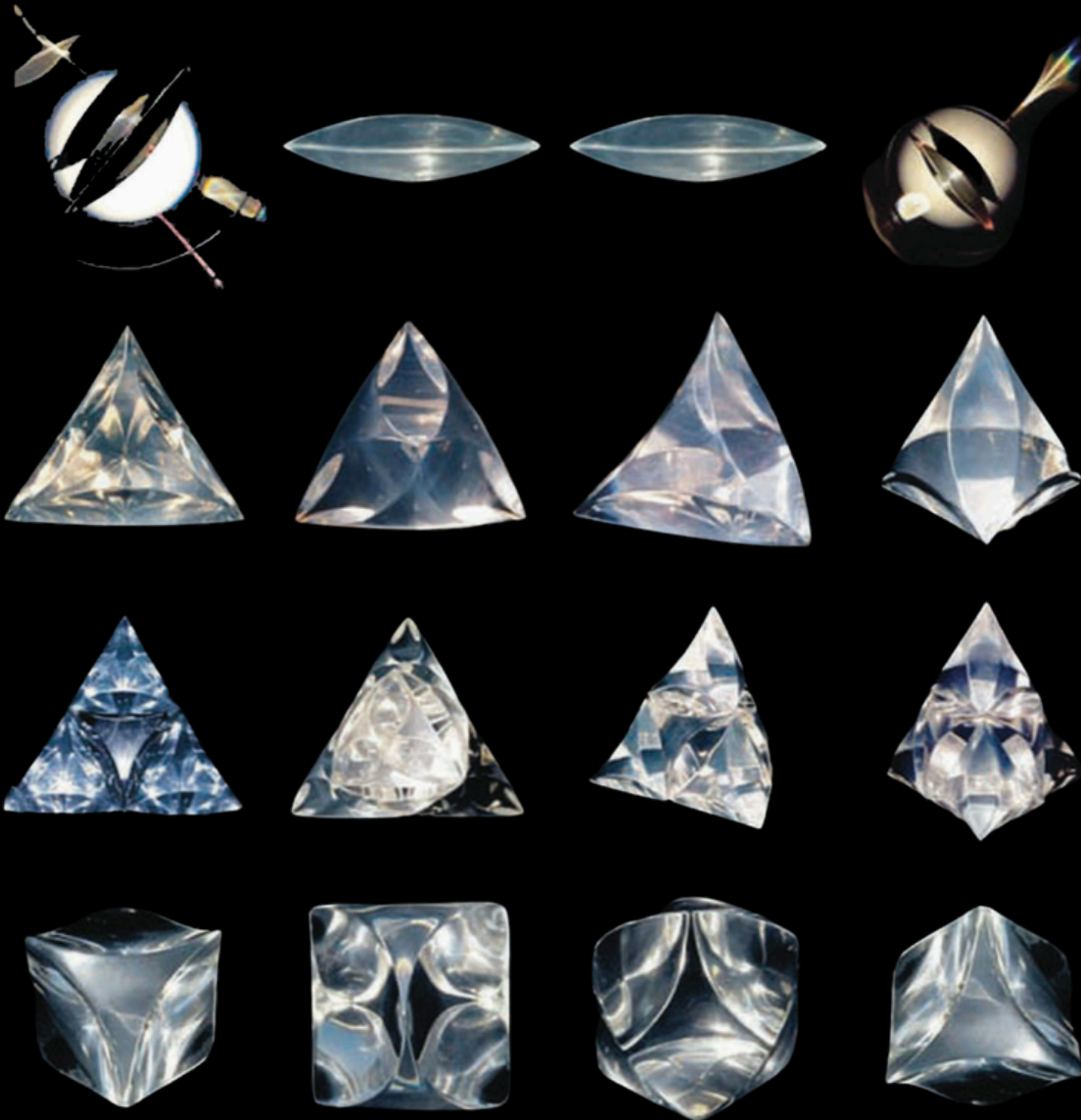
THE FOUR MAIN STATES

- **IMPLODING** – Four edges curved inward toward the center of the mass, forming four equal **triangular concave faces**. This represents minimum volume.
“Tetrine” – Exhale
- **EXPLODING** – Four edges curved outward from the center of the mass, forming four equal **triangular convex faces**.
“Tettrex” – Inhale
- **REST** – Twelve edges curved inward, with four equal **triangular convex faces** and six equal **concave almond-shaped faces**.
“Tetron” – Rest
- **PERCEIVED** – Four equal **flat triangular faces** with four straight edges.
“Tetrahedron” – Rest



IT WAS A VERY HECTIC TIME ...





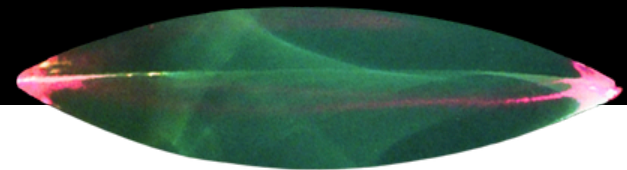
It was a very hectic time. I was traveling all over the country to meet with buyers and set up displays in the various stores and museums where **Space Clusters** were being sold. In the midst of this whirlwind, I was invited to a birthday party by a girl I was seeing at the time.

I had always dreamed of translating the **geometry of curved space** into **three-dimensional optics**, and in 1998 I finally got my chance. The process was meticulous. First, I built the models. Second, I created molds from those models. Third, I poured polyester materials into the molds. Finally, I polished each piece to **optical clarity**.

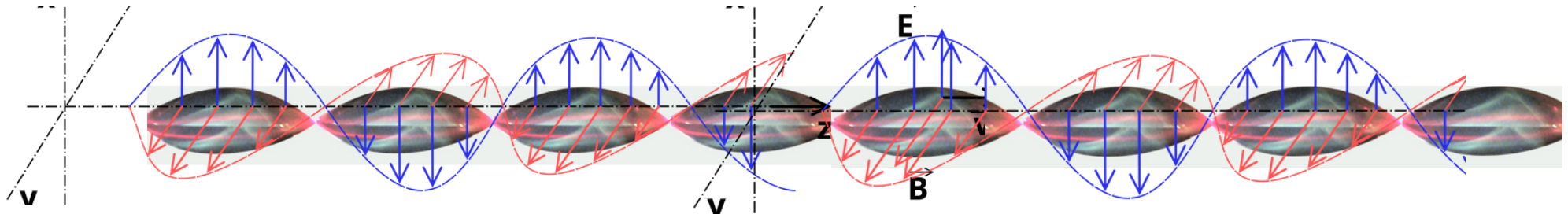
The result was **five spherical polygons**, which I called **Optic Clusters: Tetron, Octatron, Cluster** (the space between three spheres), **Trion-Re'**, and **Tetrine** (the space between four spheres).



*Light traverses
along the lens*



When the first series was complete, I began investigating how light was affected when entering and exiting the lens. I used candles, sunlight, and lasers, and experienced totally different effects depending on the type of light used. Three-dimensional holograms would appear on the wall with candlelight.



Think of light as a pair of **invisible jump ropes**, turning at right angles to each other while racing forward. One rope is the electric field, the other is the magnetic field. They are always in step, each one feeding the other's motion. This is why light never dies out — **it keeps itself alive as it moves**.

Now imagine that instead of flat ropes, light is a **braid with three curved threads**. One thread carries the electric component, another carries the magnetic component, and the third is the twist that binds the whole braid together. As it races forward, this braid of light **spins and weaves its way through space**, carrying energy at the fastest speed in the universe.

This is what the **Trion-Re'** helps us visualize: light is not merely an abstract wave or a particle, but a **living pattern** — a weave in the very fabric of space. It is both motion and structure, the thread from which **life and matter are spun**.

Science describes this same reality through **Maxwell's equations**. Light is understood as an **electromagnetic wave** moving at the speed of light, c . It consists of two perpendicular fields — **the electric field (E)** and the **magnetic field (B)**— each at right angles to the other, and both at right angles to the direction of travel, typically shown as the **z-axis**.

This **triad — E, B, and propagation** — explains why light is **self-sustaining**. A changing electric field produces a magnetic field, and a changing magnetic field produces an electric field. Together, they braid forward without fading, a **self-organizing, spinning lattice** of energy coursing through space.



As this individual ray of light enters our atmosphere, it is traveling at the **speed of light**, for it is light itself. It spins as it moves, generating an **electromagnetic field** that attracts the matter suspended within the atmospheric vapors. Matter attaches itself to the Trion-Re', but this initial layer forms a **fragile, ephemeral skin**, which is quickly burned away as it descends to a fiery demise or shatters in the cold upper atmosphere.

However, as the process of cooling continues, the **amount of matter drawn to the magnetic field** generated by these spinning "star seeds" increases, providing greater protection from the environment and allowing their **existence to be prolonged**.



FEYNMAN

ELASTIC INTERVAL GEOMETRY

By contrast, Feynman's diagrams—the “pretty pictures”—remain bound to a two-dimensional, straight-line continuum. **Yet straight lines conceal the space between.** It is here, in the unseen intervals, that abstract concepts reside: quarks of varying flavors and colors, bosons, gluons, electrons, positrons—an endless creation of space, forever redefining itself across twenty dimensions. Ever smaller, ever larger.

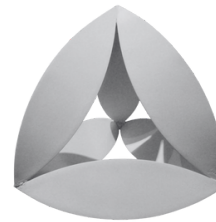


fig. 5.

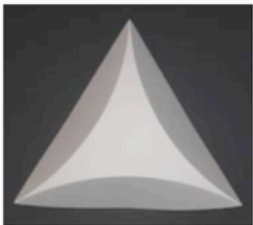


Fig. 6.



triangle in sphere

Fig. 7



triangle in negative curved space

fig. 8.

INTELLIGENCE



Inherent in light is the seed of intelligence, woven into form so that it may inform. The Trion-Re' illustrates this principle as a structural braid of fields and spin — **a geometry that unites motion with meaning. Out of this interplay arises the rainbow, a spectrum of hues that reveals light's hidden complexity.**

Color is not merely an aesthetic feature of the world. It is **rooted in chemistry**. The pigments of **foods**, for example, are linked directly to nutrition and wellness. Carotenoids give carrots their orange hue and signal the presence of vitamin A. Anthocyanins create the reds and purples in berries and carry antioxidant properties. Chlorophyll gives plants their green color and connects directly to photosynthesis — the process by which light becomes energy for life. In every case, the color we see is an indicator of chemical composition and biological value.

The same is true in the study of elements and compounds. **The colors of minerals, crystals, or flames** in a spectrograph are not accidental; they are fingerprints of atomic structure. **Each color corresponds to a specific wavelength of light emitted or absorbed**, revealing the inner architecture of matter. Chemistry and physics converge in the spectrum.

Sound follows a similar principle. The tones of a **musical scale are based on frequency** relationships that mirror the order we see in the rainbow. A note struck on a piano, or a chord played in harmony, carries the same mathematical precision as the arrangement of wavelengths in light. **Color and sound are parallel languages of resonance**, both governed by wave patterns.

In this way, disciplines we often treat as separate — **physics, chemistry, biology, nutrition, and even music — all converge on the same foundation.** They are different perspectives on how light manifests in form, function, and experience. The Trion-Re’ provides a model for understanding this unity: a three-dimensional geometry that demonstrates how energy, structure, and information are woven together. At every level — from the color of a leaf to the nutrition of food, from the glow of minerals to the notes of a piano — we are seeing and hearing light in different expressions. - Comments by Karen Elkins, Editor of Science to Sage Magazine

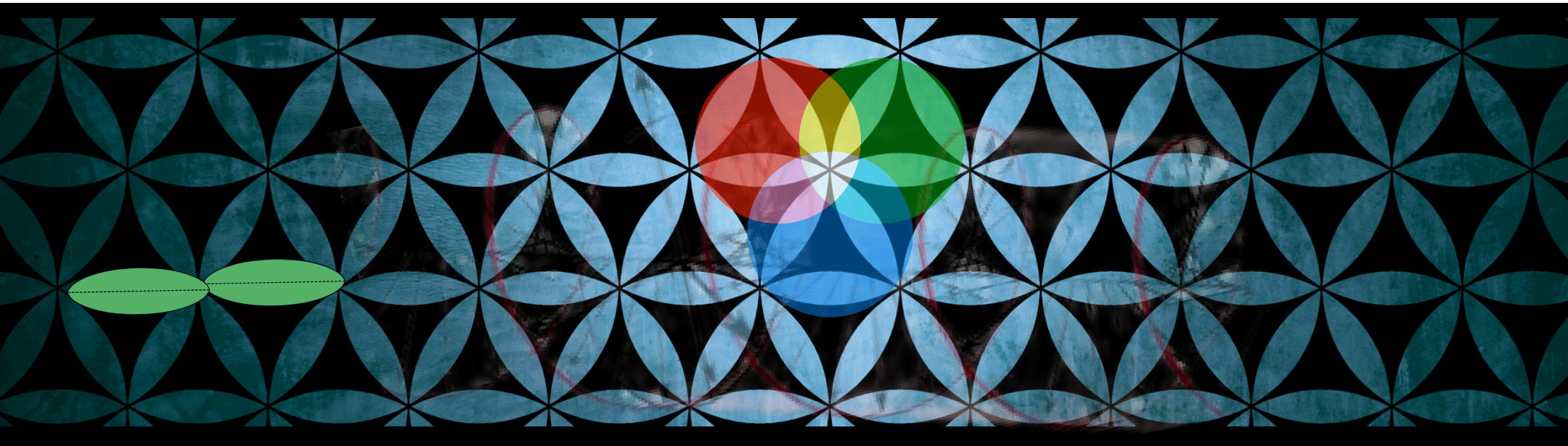
Sidebar: The Spectrum in Practice

Color (Light)	Chemistry / Pigment	Effect in Wellness	Sound Equivalent (Frequency Range)
Red	Anthocyanins, Lycopene	Antioxidants, heart health	Lowest notes, grounding bass
Orange	Carotenoids	Eye health, immune support	Deeper tones, warm resonance
Yellow/Gold	Curcumin, Flavonoids	Anti-inflammatory, energy	Bright middle tones, "sunny" harmonics
Green	Chlorophyll	Oxygenation, cellular health	Stable tonal center, balance
Blue	Anthocyanins	Cognitive support, circulation	High clear notes, cooling vibration
Violet/Purple	Polyphenols	Anti-aging, spiritual clarity	Upper registers, ethereal resonance



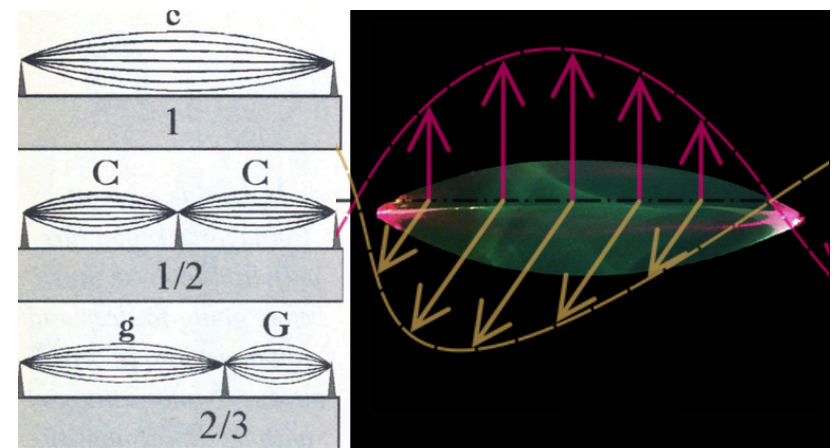
ALL IS LIGHT

A Trion Re' is the “cosmic glue that holds everything together.” It can be described as energetic matter using the principles of force (pushing), gravity (pulling), and radiation (spinning). It is the fundamental thread segment.

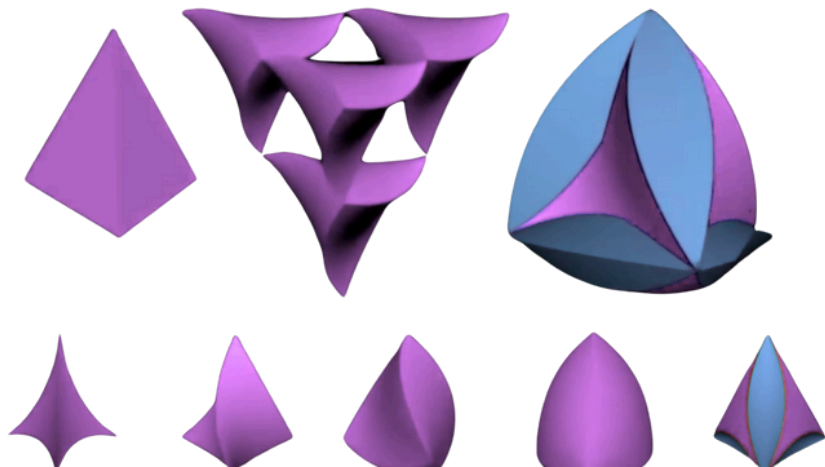
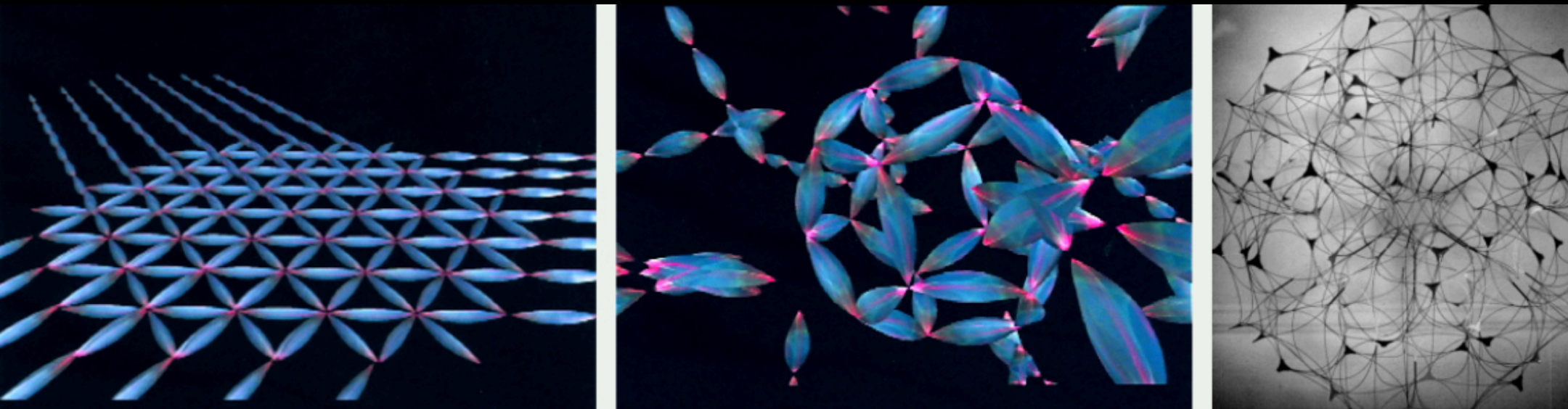


Nothing exists out of context; **everything is part of everything else**. One leads to another in a constant flow—an infinite, vibrating, self-organizing, multidimensional fluid matrix composed of an endless stream of holons — **Trion-Re'**.

This process is known as causality, which means that empty space-time has an underlying structure that allows us to distinguish unambiguously between **cause and effect**. Causality is an integral principle within both **special and general relativity**.

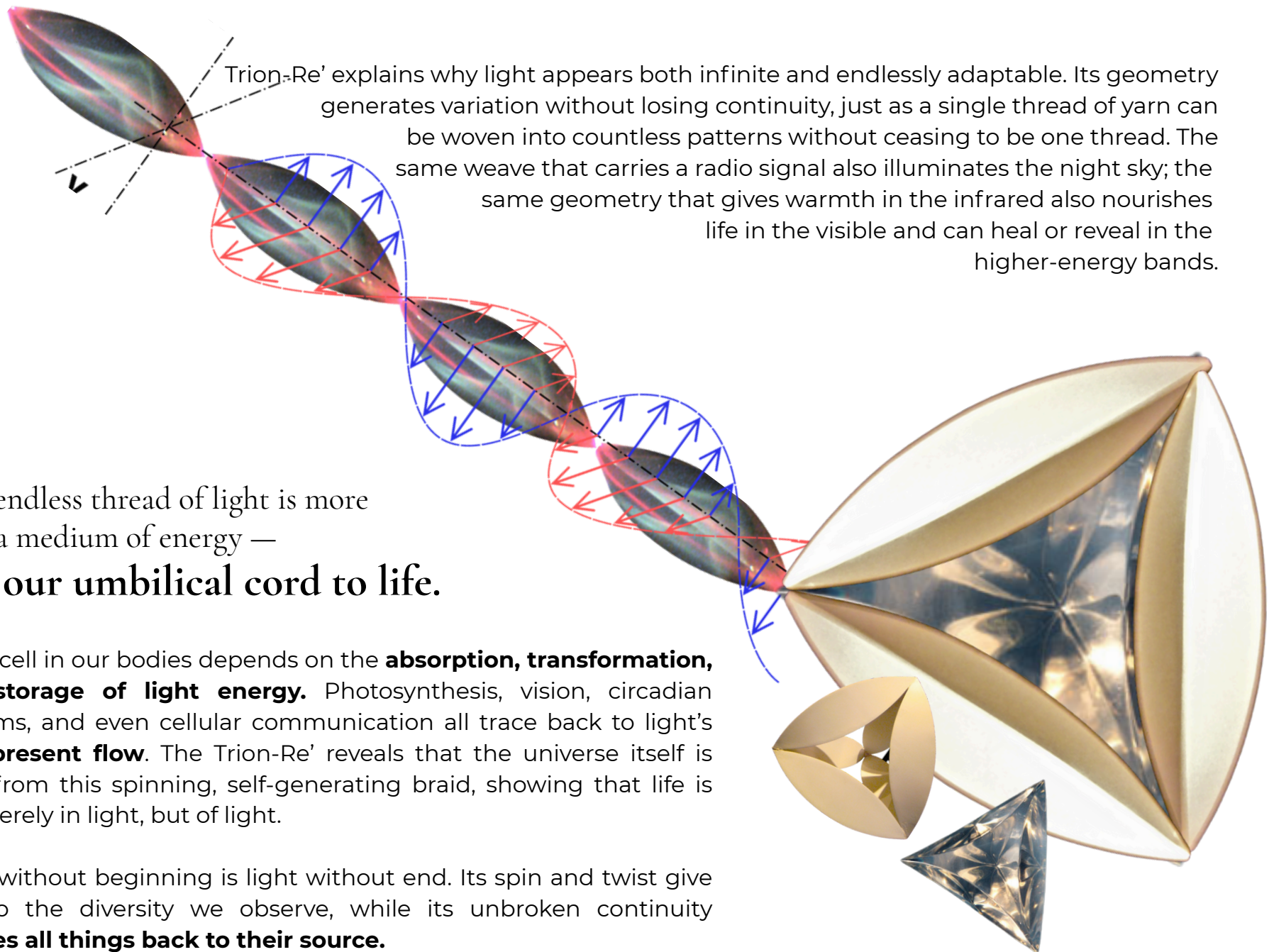


SLICE OF A MICKY BALL THE PARTIAL ASSEMBLY OF THE LOOM



spin occurs

Spin occurs along the three edges that radiate from a singular zero point to an event horizon, then gravitate and compress toward another zero point. It is at these zero points that the intersecting forces merge with like quanta, forming a continuous string.



Trion-Re' explains why light appears both infinite and endlessly adaptable. Its geometry generates variation without losing continuity, just as a single thread of yarn can be woven into countless patterns without ceasing to be one thread. The same weave that carries a radio signal also illuminates the night sky; the same geometry that gives warmth in the infrared also nourishes life in the visible and can heal or reveal in the higher-energy bands.

This endless thread of light is more than a medium of energy —
it is our umbilical cord to life.

Every cell in our bodies depends on the **absorption, transformation, and storage of light energy**. Photosynthesis, vision, circadian rhythms, and even cellular communication all trace back to light's **ever-present flow**. The Trion-Re' reveals that the universe itself is built from this spinning, self-generating braid, showing that life is not merely in light, but of light.

Light without beginning is light without end. Its spin and twist give rise to the diversity we observe, while its unbroken continuity **weaves all things back to their source.**



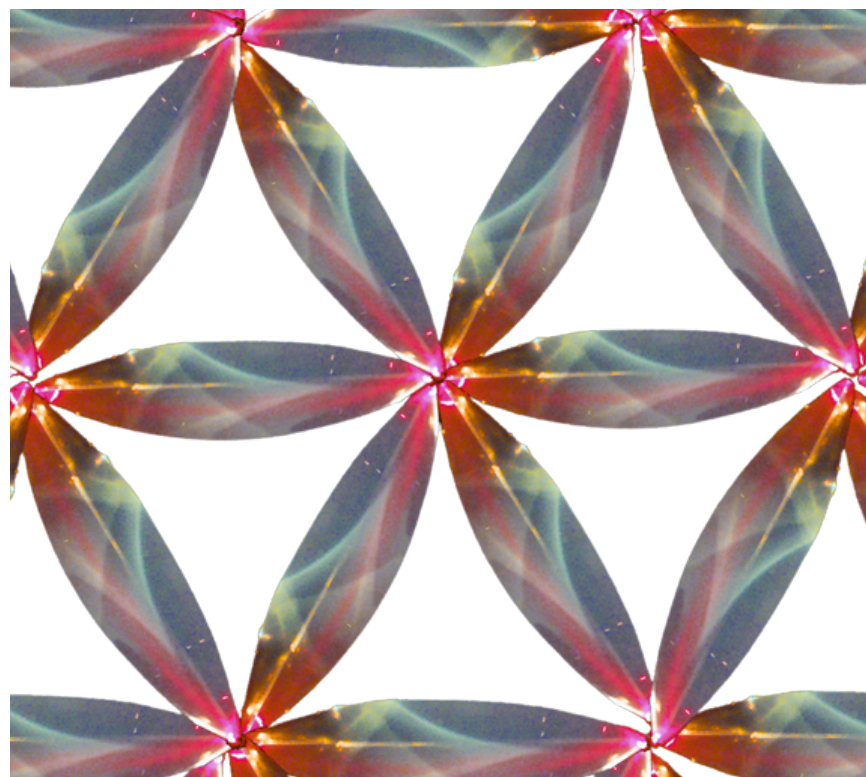
Without beginning, the LAW created the universe with an “ARC of LIGHT” from which all living things came forth.

Within every star seed — the Trion-Re’ — lies the pattern-recognition consciousness that weaves the very fabric of space and time. This seed is not just a particle of light, but the geometric principle by which the universe is built: a multi-dimensional loom in which arcs and spins interlace to form worlds.

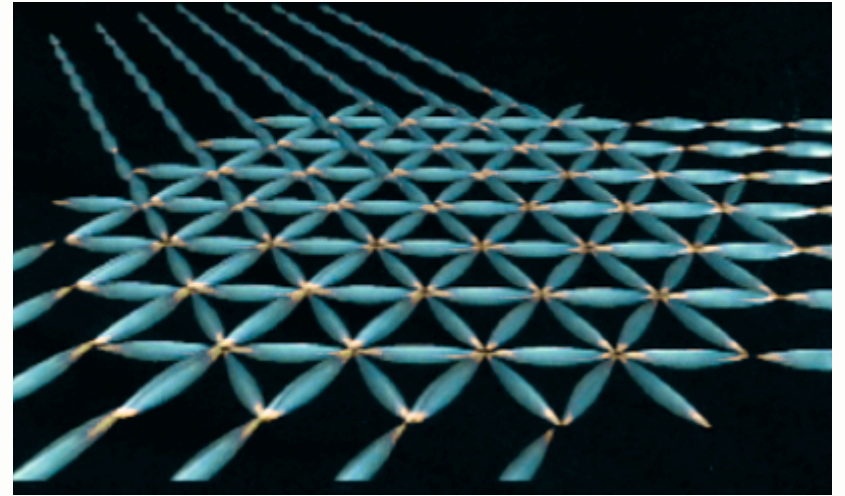
This is the theory of how **one very, very, very small thing becomes the source of everything else** — and how that one thing unfolds into infinite diversity. As the ancients said: **“From the One comes the Many.”**

Here, images will serve as the guide. Pictures are worth an infinite number of words. My role is simply that of the model maker. The math is for you.

A WAVE WITH BREADTH



Thread Theory



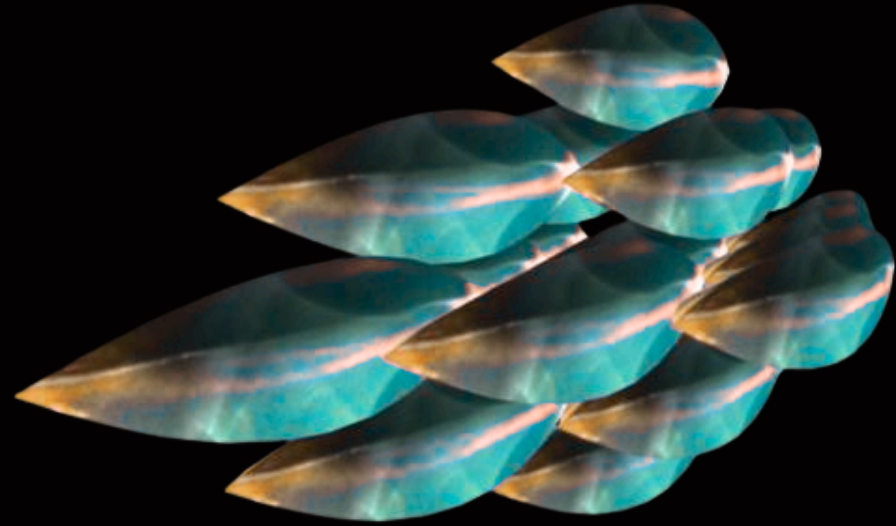
BEFORE STRINGS THEY WERE THREADS
THREE-DIMENSIONAL LOOM

There is another phenomenon occurring with our individual **“Re”**: it is continuously interacting with an **infinite number of other Trion-Re’ in a predictable pattern**. This pattern is **absolute in the universe** and resembles the **three-dimensional loom** discussed earlier. Over millennia, through this ongoing interaction, our “light beings” grow and become increasingly complex.

As they gain mass, they begin to **descend into the temperate oceans**, which contain far more chemical richness than the earlier atmospheric vapors. This **enrichment of the environment** fosters a greater variety of life forms. New species emerge, and a **diverse web of life evolves** in the oceans, eventually giving rise to the biosphere we know today.

Contained within all living things is this **continuous flowing light**. It is important to note that inorganic **material can be formed when light departs from the matter that once contained it**.

Trion-Re'



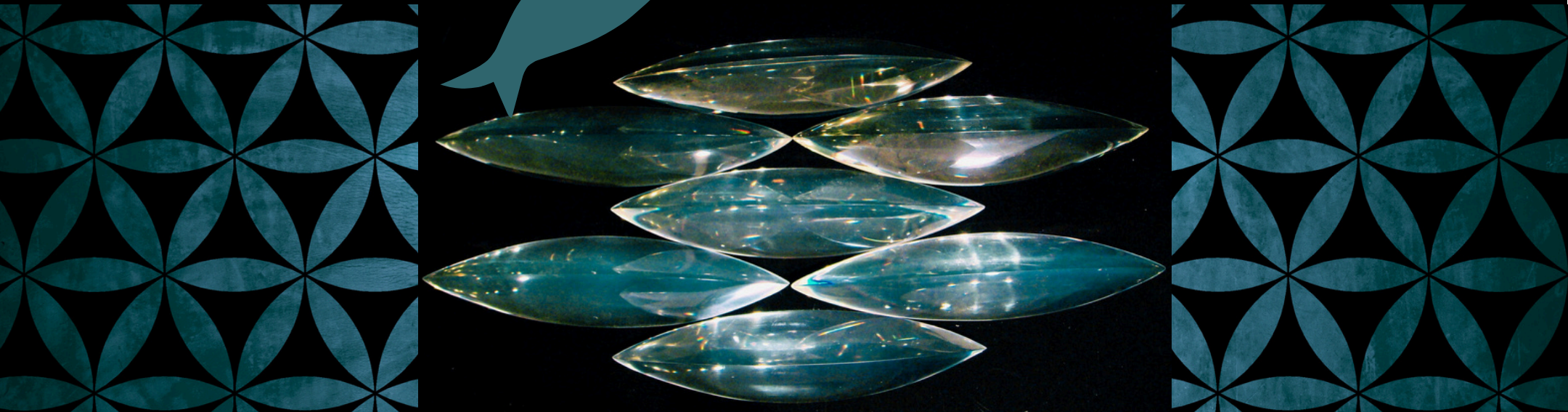
COSMIC GLUE THAT HOLDS EVERYTHING TOGETHER

To have a visual reference of what this matrix might look like, imagine a loom for weaving a rug—not a two-dimensional loom, but a multi-dimensional loom with a shuttlecock made of a continuous thread of light, a “Star Seed” or a Trion-Re’, as mentioned above. An infinite number of other Re’ travel through space at the speed of light. These Re’ radiate from infinite sources, coming from infinite places, for an infinite amount of time—un-manifest in the emptiness of space until they come in contact with the atmosphere of a planet.

If we wish to know the preconditions of organic life we must reconstruct and examine the environment of the processes operative before and during its appearance.

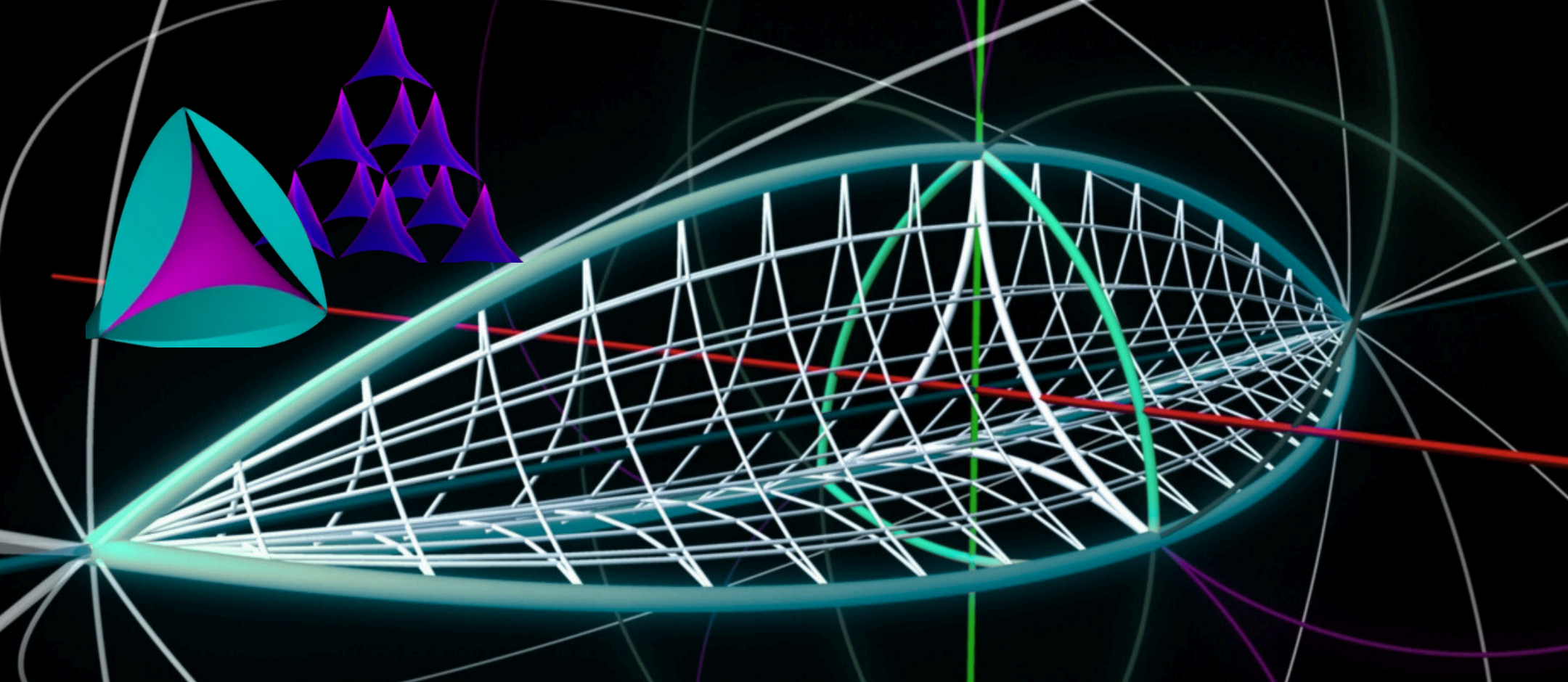


Contained within all things is this continuous flowing light.



In a **predictable pattern**—one that is **absolute in the universe** and resembles the **three-dimensional loom** discussed above—our “light beings” grow and become increasingly complex over millennia. As they gain mass, they begin to descend into the now temperate oceans, which contain a richer array of chemicals than the earlier atmospheric vapors. This enriched environment fosters a greater variety of life forms. New species emerge, and over time, a diverse tapestry of life evolves within the oceans, eventually giving rise to us.

Contained within all living things is this **continuous flowing light**. It is important to note that inorganic **material may form when light departs from the matter that once held it**.



It is within this **“space between”** that we can observe not only the **beginnings of life on this planet** and its evolution to the present, but also the parallel structure of inorganic matter. To understand this fully, we must now examine the structure of our “star seed” and its intrinsic connection to all things.

As an **individual ray of light** enters our atmosphere, it travels at the speed of light, for it is light itself. As it spins, it generates an electromagnetic field that attracts matter mingled within the atmospheric vapors. Initially, the matter that adheres to the Trion-Re’ forms only a fragile, ephemeral skin, which is quickly burned away during descent—either consumed in a fiery demise or shattered in the cold upper atmosphere.

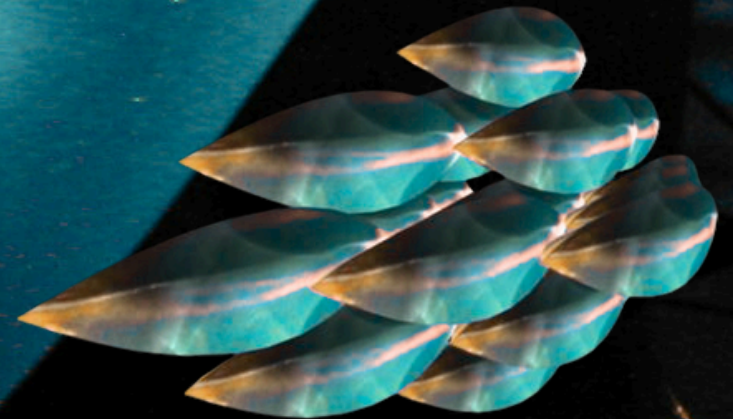
However, as **cooling progresses**, the **amount of matter drawn to the magnetic field** created by the spinning “star seed” increases. This growing accumulation provides greater protection from the surrounding environment and **extends its existence**, allowing the process of formation and evolution to continue.

THE WINGS OF BUTTERFLIES POWERING IT ALL

I call this structure a "Trion-Re'." The Polynesians may have referred to it as a "Star Seed." Leon Lederman, the noted physicist, might have called it the "God Particle," as described in his book of the same name. I believe there are even smaller regular polyhedra existing within the space between the Trion-Re's..



STAR SEED



In the early history of Earth, the entire planet was a fiery mass, devoid of the preconditions necessary for life. Over eons of time, the Earth began to cool, and with these changes in temperature, many of the elements that make up our planet came into being. After further eons, we witness the progressive appearance of an atmosphere, the formation of air and boiling water, and the gradual solidification of magma into solid Earth.

The appearance of life could only occur within a narrow range of temperatures. At the outer edges of the atmosphere, conditions were too cold to support life, while the boiling waters of the surface were far too hot. However, above these warm masses of water existed a vast zone of vapor—not as hot as the waters below, and not as cold as the upper reaches of the atmosphere.

It was only within this “space between” that the first elemental life forms could have appeared, even if only briefly. Those that fell into the boiling seas were destroyed, while others carried by vapor currents into the colder upper atmosphere also perished. Life, at this stage, existed only for a fleeting moment. Over millions of years, as the space between the warm and cold zones expanded, these early life forms became larger, heavier, and more resilient.

It is within this “space between” that we can observe not only the beginnings of life on this planet and its evolution to the present, but also the parallel structure of inorganic matter. To understand this fully, we must examine the structure of our “star seed” and its connection to all things.

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However, as cooling continues, the amount of matter drawn to the magnetic field created by the spinning “star seed” increases. This growing accumulation provides greater protection from the environment and extends its existence, allowing the process of formation and evolution to unfold.

Light has been described in many ways—from metaphor and analogy to the idea of light waves and photon particles. No one has actually seen particles of light; light has been considered too small and too fast to be seen. The Greeks believed that light was a stream of tiny particles traveling in straight lines.

In 1807, Thomas Young suggested that light spread out like a wave, radiating outward at all times. In 1905, Einstein proposed that when ultraviolet light hits a surface, electrons are emitted. He concluded that light was made up of a stream of electromagnetic radiation energy packets called photons.

The ancient Essenes spoke of man as the Sons and Daughters of Light. Soon after becoming Pharaoh of Egypt, Akhenaten discarded his royal name and loyalty to Amon, represented by the bull or ram. Akhenaten acknowledged that Aten (himself) was the single god, except Re, the Sun God—“Lord of Truth, Father of the gods, Maker of men, Creator of all animals, Lord of all things, connecting all life.”

The Polynesians believed that creation came to the earth in the form of a star seed. These references to Light in mythology may have been coincidence—if there is such a thing.

Spirituality has a very significant relationship with light. Light signifies the supreme power and energy that is moving this whole earth, planet, and universe. Yet the true significance of Light is the light within us—and it must be addressed in any scientific discussion that includes man.

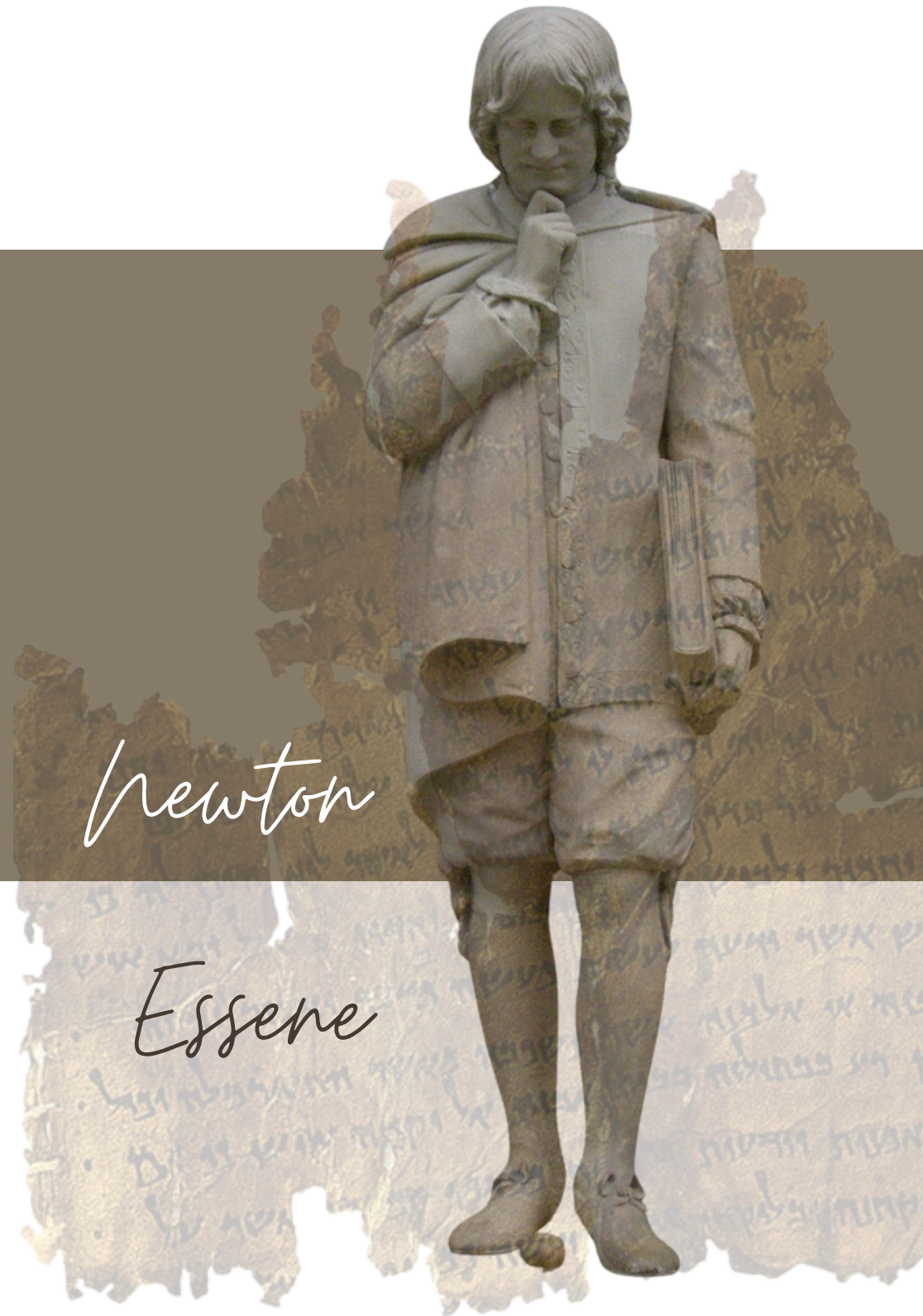
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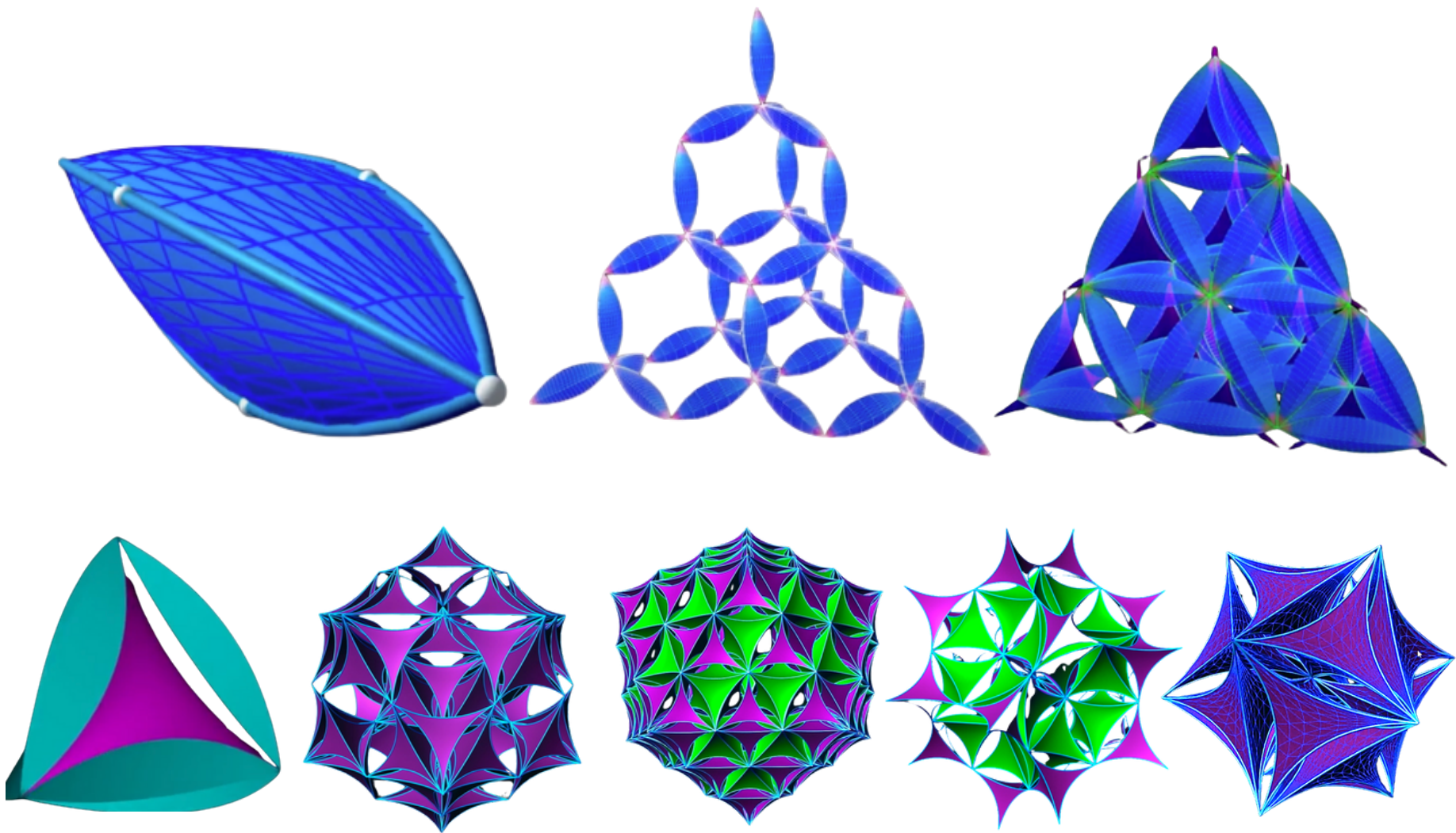
Contained within all things is this continuous flowing light. It has been said that there are **two types of gravity; the one we are most familiar with, as described by Newton and his apple and the one described by the ancient Essene, the gravity of light** which makes all living things move up toward the light from which it came.

ALL LIVING THINGS GROW
UPWARDS TOWARD THE LIGHT,
AWAY FROM DARKNESS.

Newton

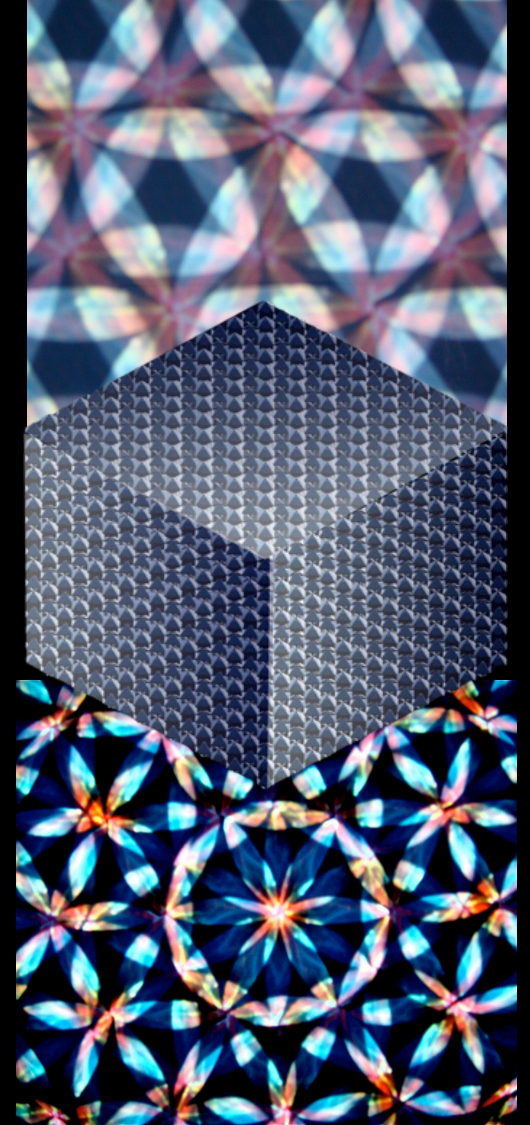
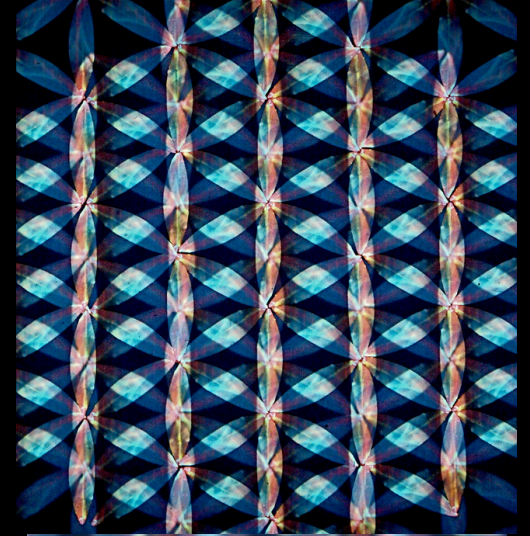
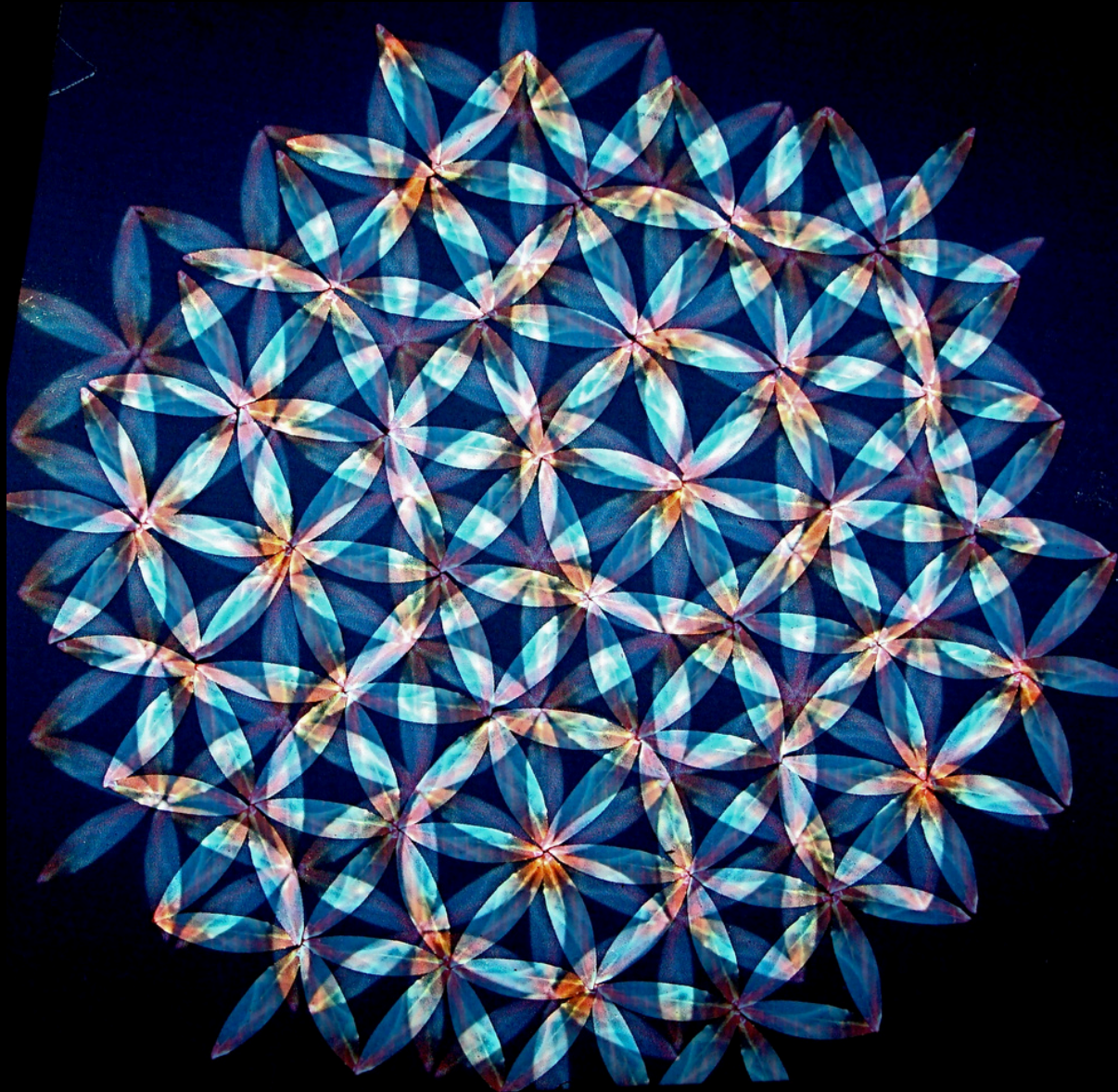
Essene





The Trion-Re', or Starseed, is the one primordial form from which **all geometric forms found in nature emerge**. From the one comes the many. Pythagoras taught that a few fundamental shapes underlie the myriad forms of the visible world.

Light-Path of the Trion-Re'





It is my contention that **within every individual ray of light resides life itself**. Light is the **conduit of all things living and material**—the path and matrix we must follow to understand how life and matter form throughout the universe.

Nature does not take a pair of scissors and cut out four triangles, then paste them together to form a solid; it follows a **process of manifestation**. It is this process that we will investigate.

According to **astrophysics, astrochemistry, and cosmology**, to find the essence of things we must return to **radiation as the causa finalis—the ultimate cause—of matter and energy**.

We are made from the stuff of stars

Every cell in your body is a multi-sensory, multifaceted communication device, responding to the modulation of light traveling along information pathways that permeate the universe.

Carl Sagan was right: *"We are made from the stuff of stars."*

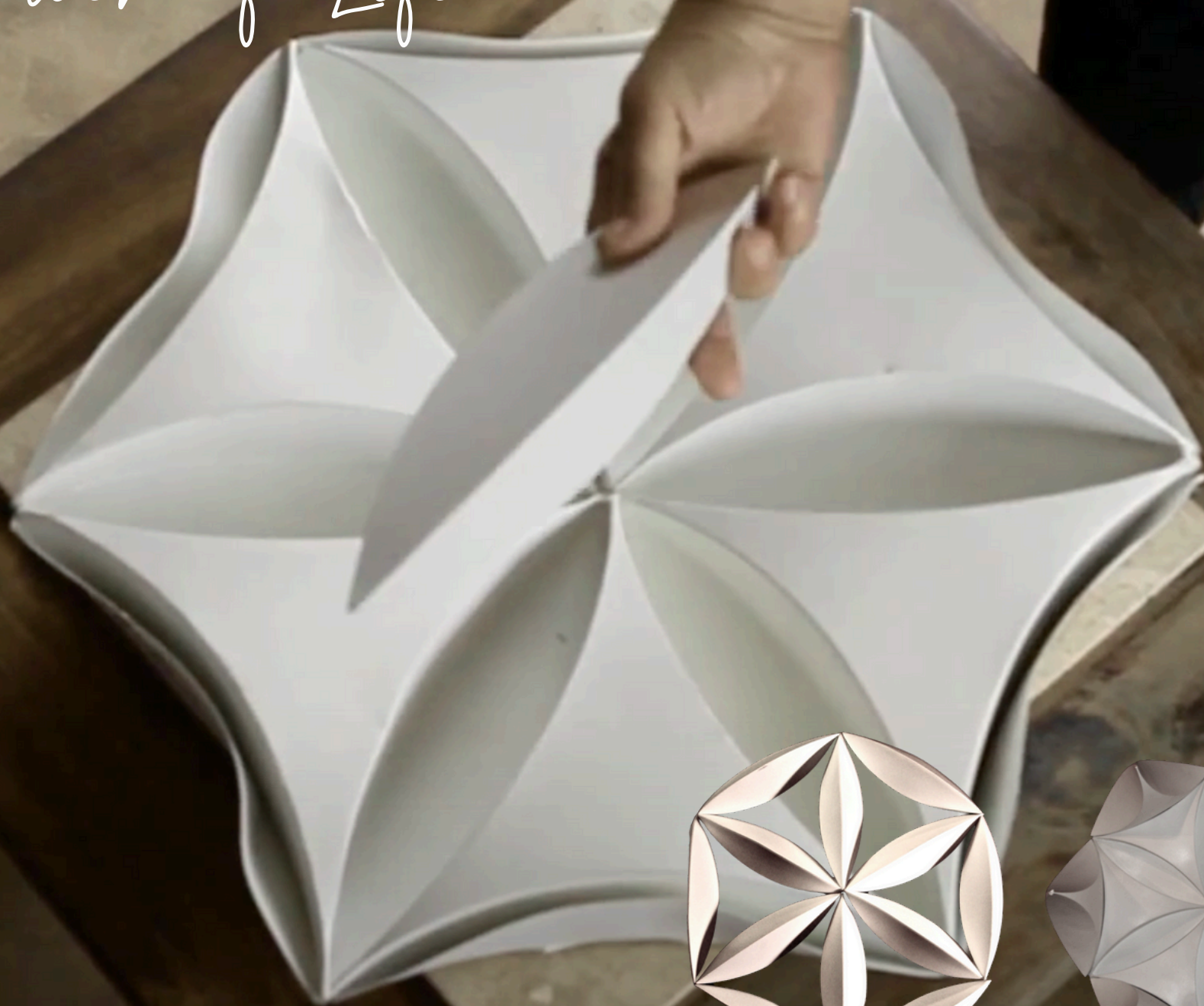
It was this personal search for universal truth, and for the space between the balloons, that bridged the gap between believing and knowing for me. It was no longer abstract. It no longer required translation. It became experiential.

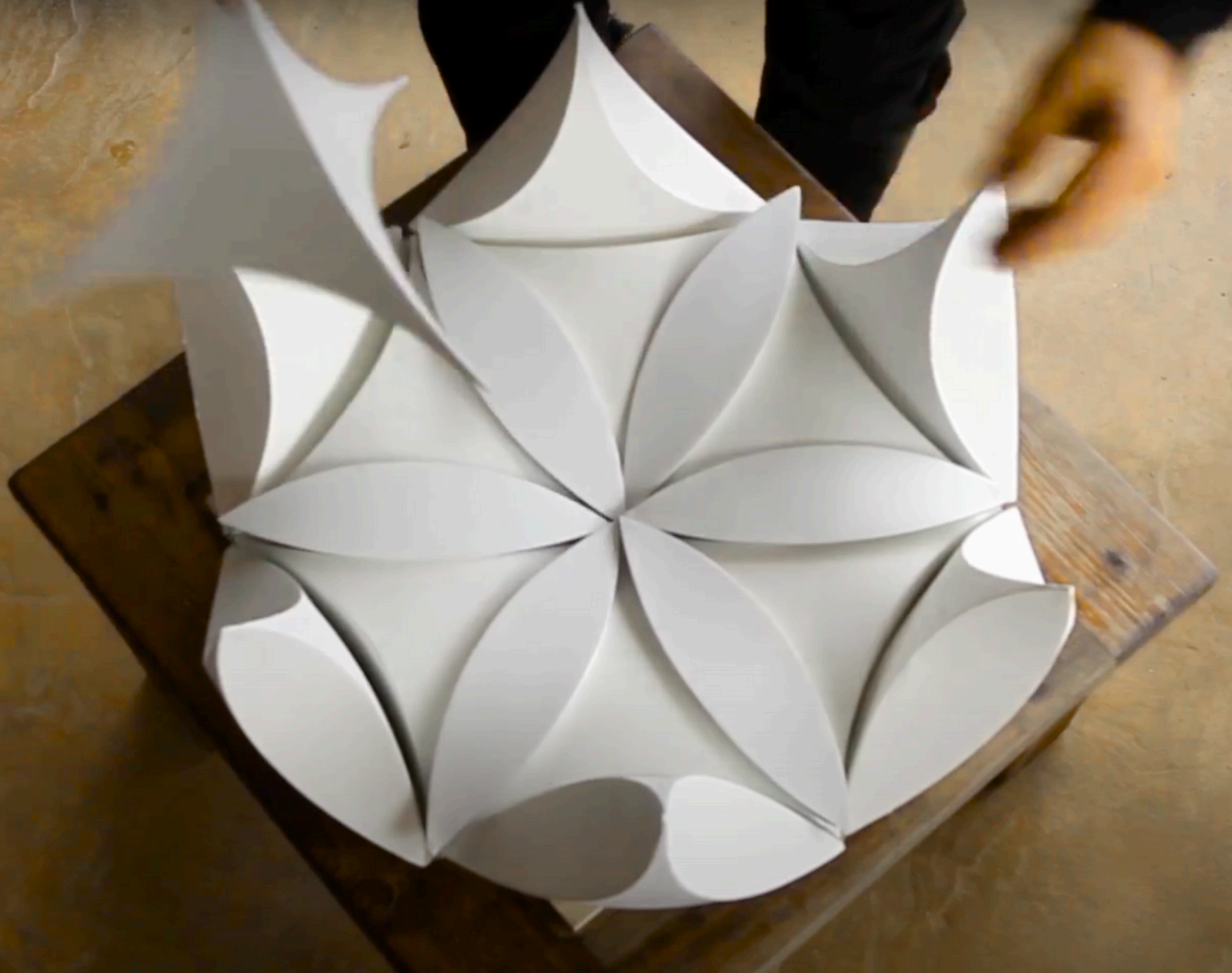
Language played no part in explaining universal concepts; it was all in the doing. The sound of the rain needs no translation.

CARL SAGAN



Flower of Life







TWO SYMBOLS DRAWN IN RED OCHRE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS AT ABYDOS, EGYPT

The Temple of Osiris at Abydos, Egypt contains the oldest example to date. It is carved in granite and may possibly represent the Eye of Ra, a symbol of the authority of the pharaoh.





A WINDOW AT THE SOUTHERN APSIS OF THE CHURCH OF PREVELI MONASTERY (MONI PREVELI), CRETE



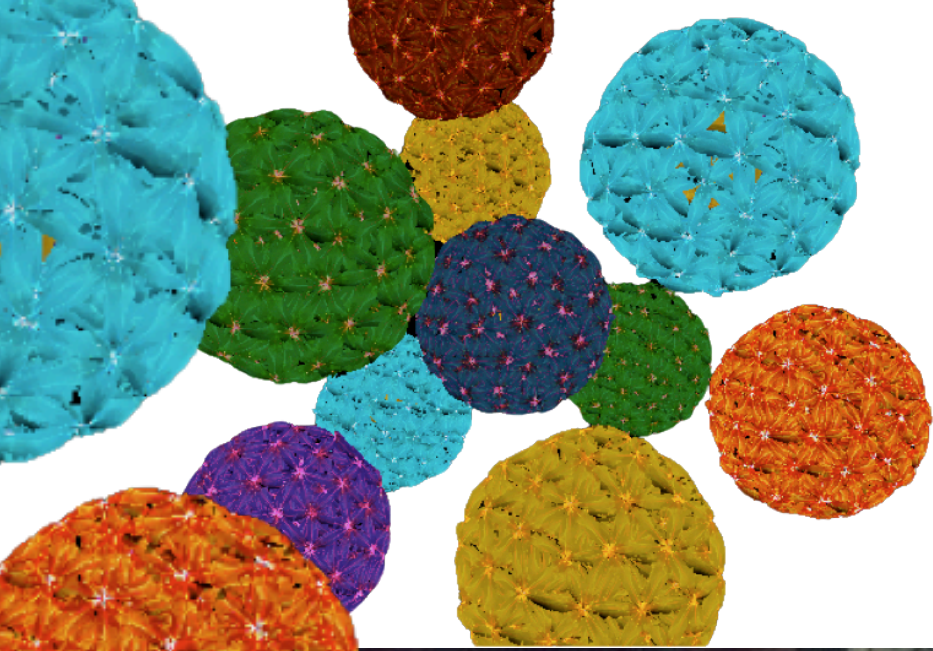
FROM EPHESUS, TURKEY

BALL HELD BY THE MALE IMPERIAL GUARDIAN LION AT THE GATE OF SUPREME HARMONY, FORBIDDEN CITY, BEIJING, CHINA, SHOWING THE GEOMETRICAL PATTERN ON ITS SURFACE.



CUP WITH MYTHOLOGICAL SCENES, A SPHINX FRIEZE, AND THE REPRESENTATION OF A KING VANQUISHING HIS ENEMIES. CYPRO-ARCHAIC I (8TH-7TH CENTURIES BC). FROM IDALION, CYPRUS.





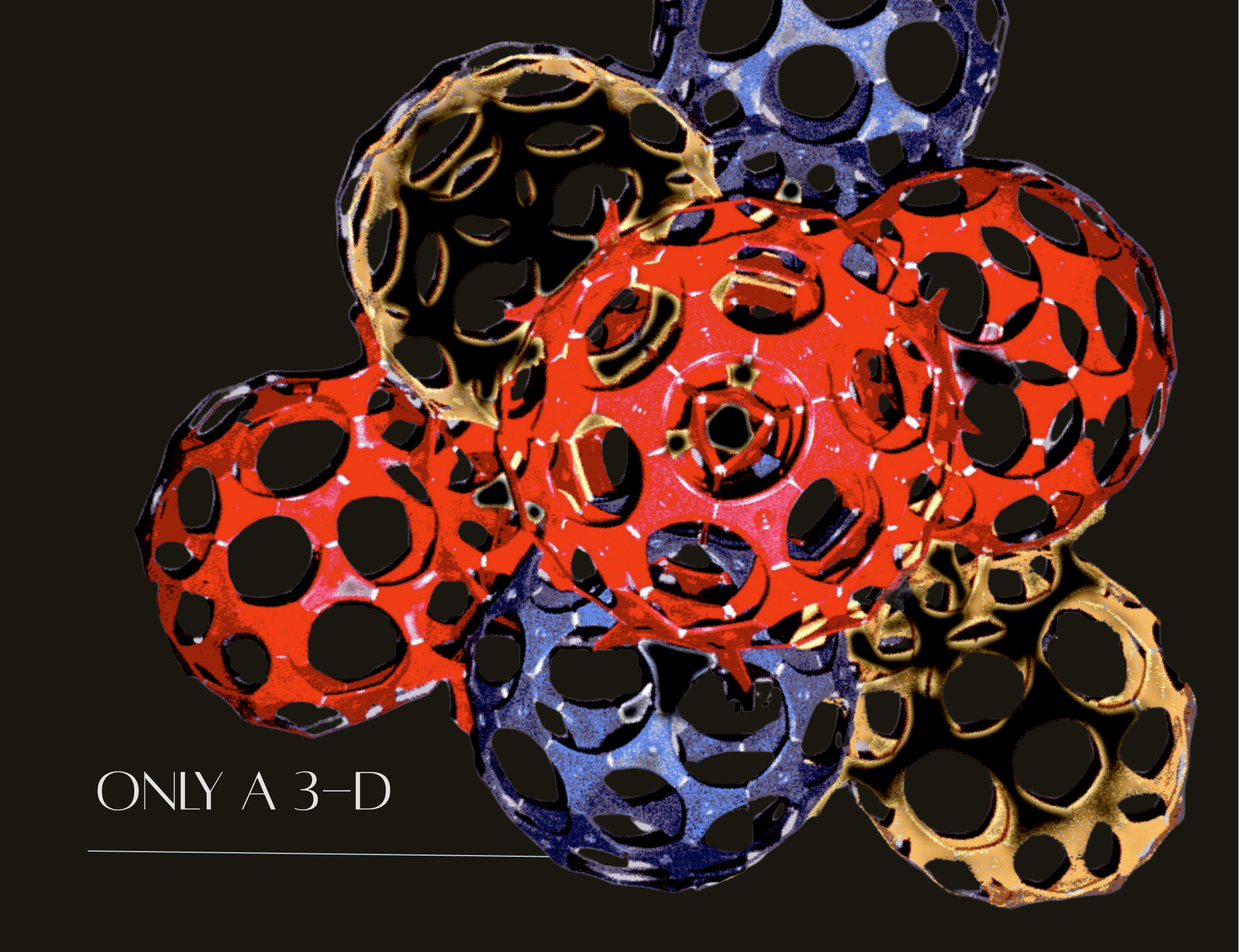
With regards to **time**, it is both **curved** and **quantized**. It is curved because all of space is expanding and being bent by gravity, which itself is an expression of time. It is quantized because the Planck second is considered the smallest meaningful unit of time.

The Trion-Re' embodies both of these aspects, revealing that the **wave-particle duality** is not two separate phenomena but rather **two expressions of a single structure — a solid**.

There is **no true “first” or “second” dimension**; instead, there exists a three-dimensional object that connects the two closest distances in space—the Planck length, the smallest scale at which we can meaningfully imagine a photon. The minimum volume of the Trion-Re' thus represents the quantization of space and the reduction of the universe's structure to its simplest geometric form.

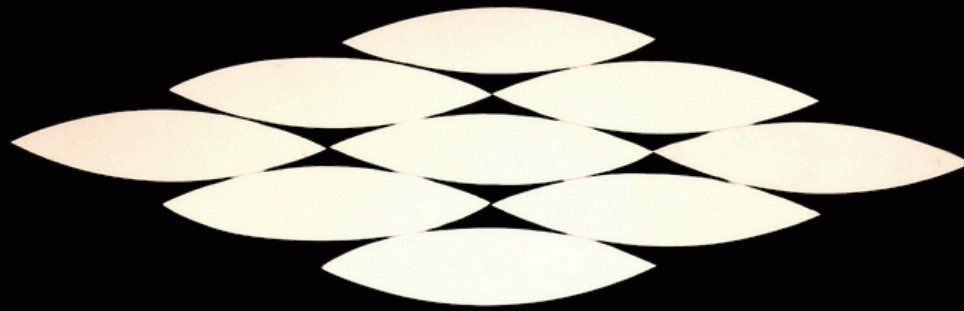
Curved Time





ONLY A 3-D

Both atoms and the void were never created,
and they will be never ending.



THE ANTHROPIC Principle

In **cosmology**, the **anthropic principle**, in its most basic form, states that any valid theory of the universe must be consistent with our existence as carbon-based human beings at this particular time and place in the cosmos. In other words, *"If something must be true for us, as humans, to exist, then it is true simply because we exist."*

Attempts to apply this principle to develop scientific explanations have often led to confusion and considerable controversy within the field of cosmology.

FORM IS CREATED BY THE A
CONTINUES THREAD AND
STREAM OF LIGHT



THE ANTHROPIC *View*

If we wish to know the preconditions of organic life, we must reconstruct and examine the environment of the processes operative before and during its appearance. In the early history of our earth, the entire planet was a fiery mass from which the preconditions of life were absent. Over eons of time the earth began to cool, with the change of temperature many of the elements of earth came into being. After more eons, we see the progressive appearance of an atmosphere with air and boiling water and the ever-increasing solidification of magma into solid earth.

The appearance of life can only manifest between an acceptable ranges of temperatures. At the outer edge of the atmosphere, temperatures were too cold to support organic life and the boiling waters of the surface were too hot. “G...three bears... Above these warm masses of water existed a great zone of vapor, which was not as hot as the water and not as cold as the upper reaches of the atmosphere. It is in this “space between” that these elemental life forms could have first appeared, even if for a brief time. As they fell into the boiling seas, they were they died or they were carried on the currents of vapor into the higher cold zone where they also died. Life existed but, for only a brief moment.

After millions of more years, the space between the cold zone and the warm zone expanded and these first beginnings of life became larger, heavier, developing a thicker skin. It is in this “space between” that we observe the process of not only the beginnings of life on this planet and its evolution to the present.

We must now examine the structure of our “star seed.” As this individual ray of light enters our atmosphere it is traveling at the speed of light, for it is light itself. It is spinning as it moves, creating an electromagnetic field that attracts the matter that is mingled in the vapors of the atmosphere. Matter attaches itself to the membrane “Trion Re” but has a vulnerable, ephemeral skin or membrane, which is quickly burned away, as it descends to its fiery demise or shatters in the cold upper atmosphere. However, as the process of cooling continues, the amount of matter that is attracted to the magnetic field created by our spinning “star seeds” increases, giving it greater protection from the environment and its existence is prolonged.

There is another thing happening with our individual “Re”, it is interacting with an infinite number of other “Trion Re”. in a “cosmic constant “ self organizing pattern, it is this pattern that is absolute in the universe and resembles our three-dimensional loom discussed above. As this process continues over millennia our “light beings” grow and become more complex. They become heavier and begin to fall into the now temperate oceans containing more chemicals than existed in the vapor. This enrichment produces a greater variety of the forms of life; new species appeared and a greater diversity of life evolved.

Civilization has followed a linear path to the present. The future splits the line that separates one side from the other. It creates a space between that overlaps each leg of the journey to a new reality. Follow your umbilical cord to the first cord and you will realize you have always been as long as there has been cords. This moment in time and space is but one continuous moment with all time and space. How old am I ? You must start from the first cord, if there ever was one.

*Reality is where a man is as with a cat or goat
Truth is where he ought to be.*

Straight lines exist only in our minds

If a circle has 360 degrees, than how many degrees are in a sphere ?

The new paradigm lies somewhere in the space between.

Was it an ARK or an ARC ?

The work is in constructing the ARC

The instructions come from the future , not the past.

Forget what you think you know.

Come as a child.

Everything is connected to everything.

it is how we connect the dots.

The truth lies in the space between.

*Answers are only as good as the questions asked.
We must ask better questions.*

*Who am I ?
You are the Light !
How did I get here?
In an arc of Light !*

*What is my purpose ?
To fill the shadows with your Light !*

*Who are you ?
I AM THE LIGHT !*

*The right of Adam belongs to all men.
The freedom of choice.
that which is not freedom is not
GOD !*

*My purpose is to call attetion to the perfection of man.
Man is perfect.
Man, let man be perfect.*

MUSEUM

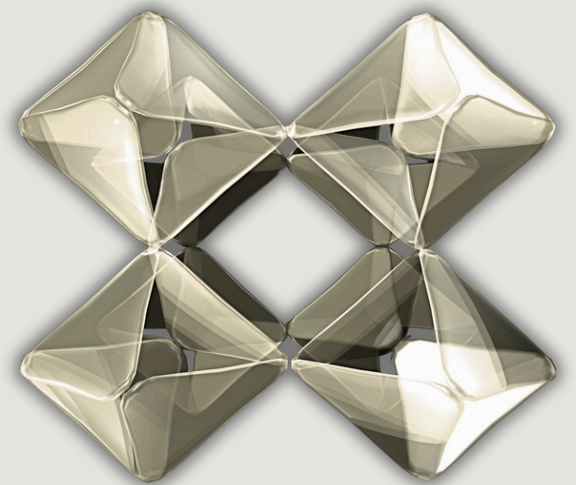
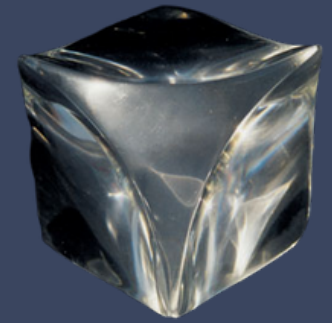
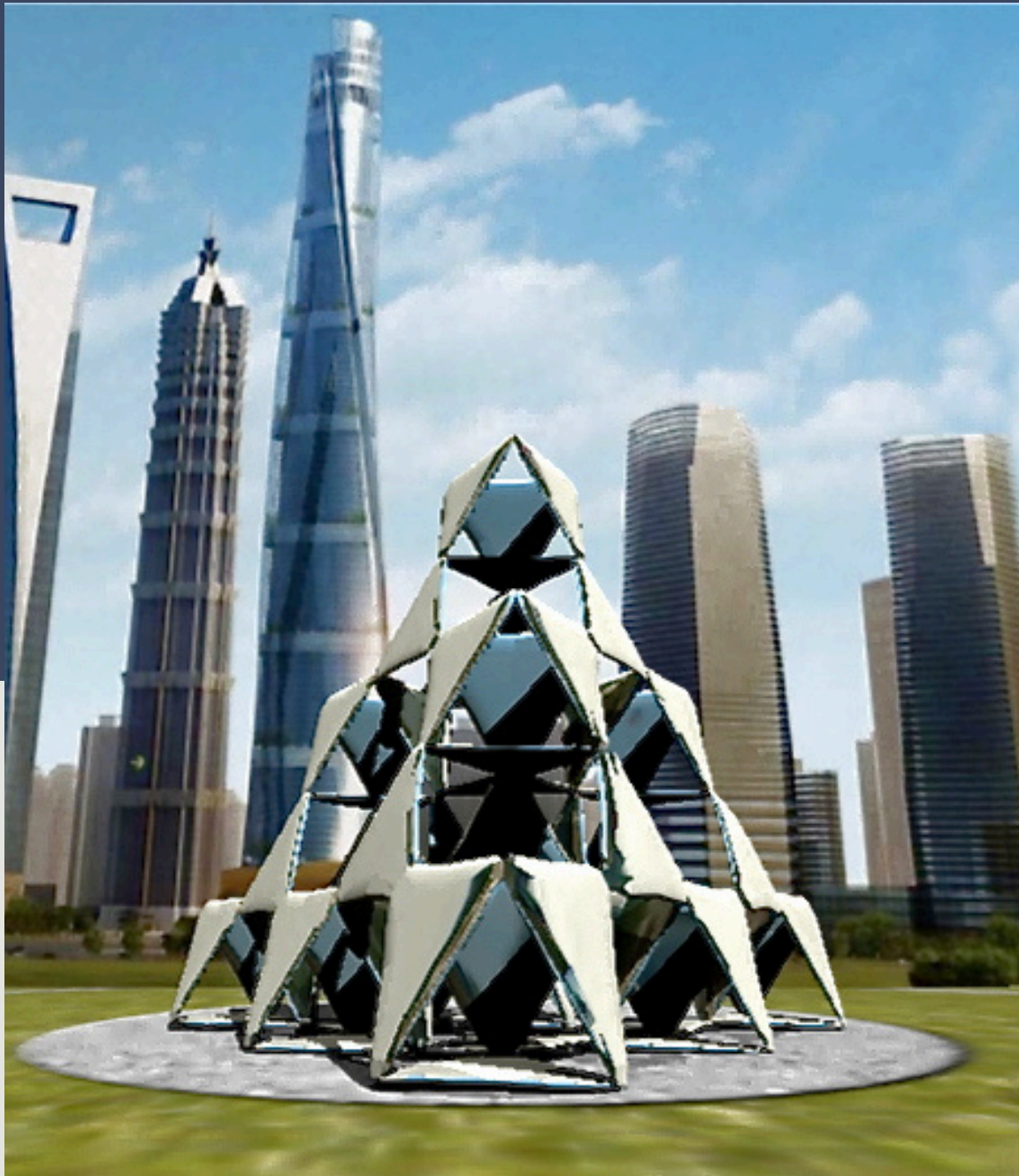


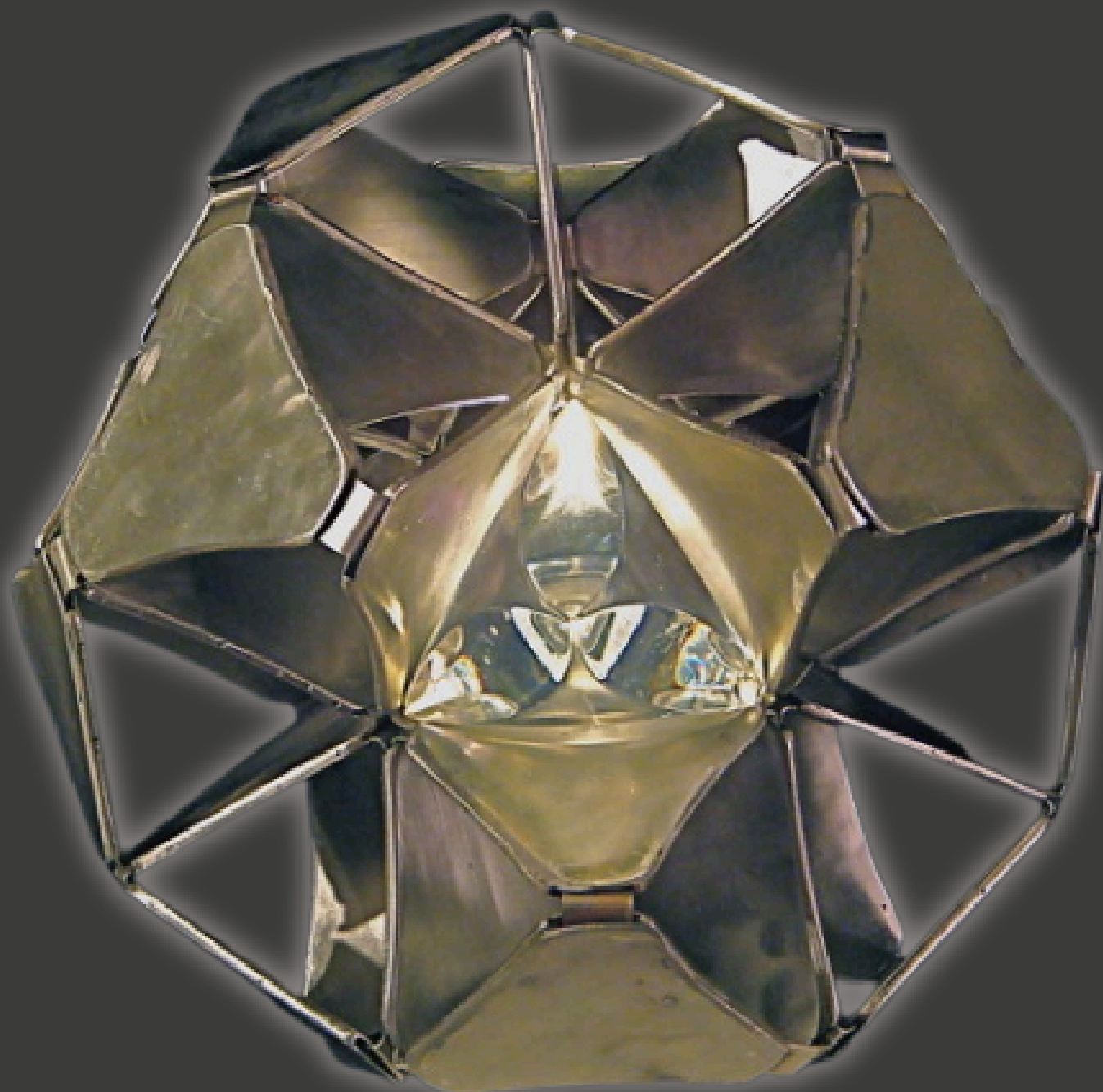




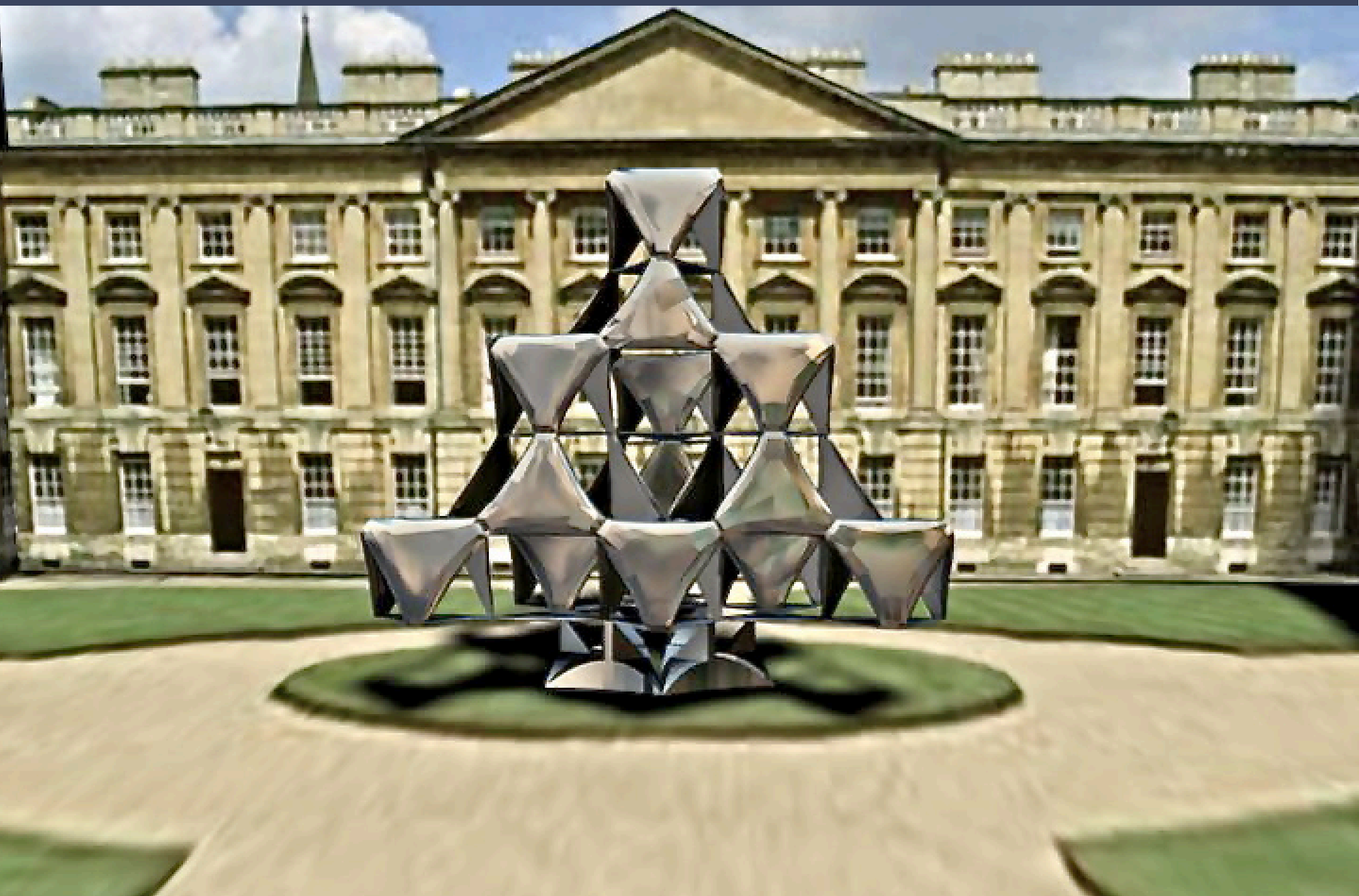








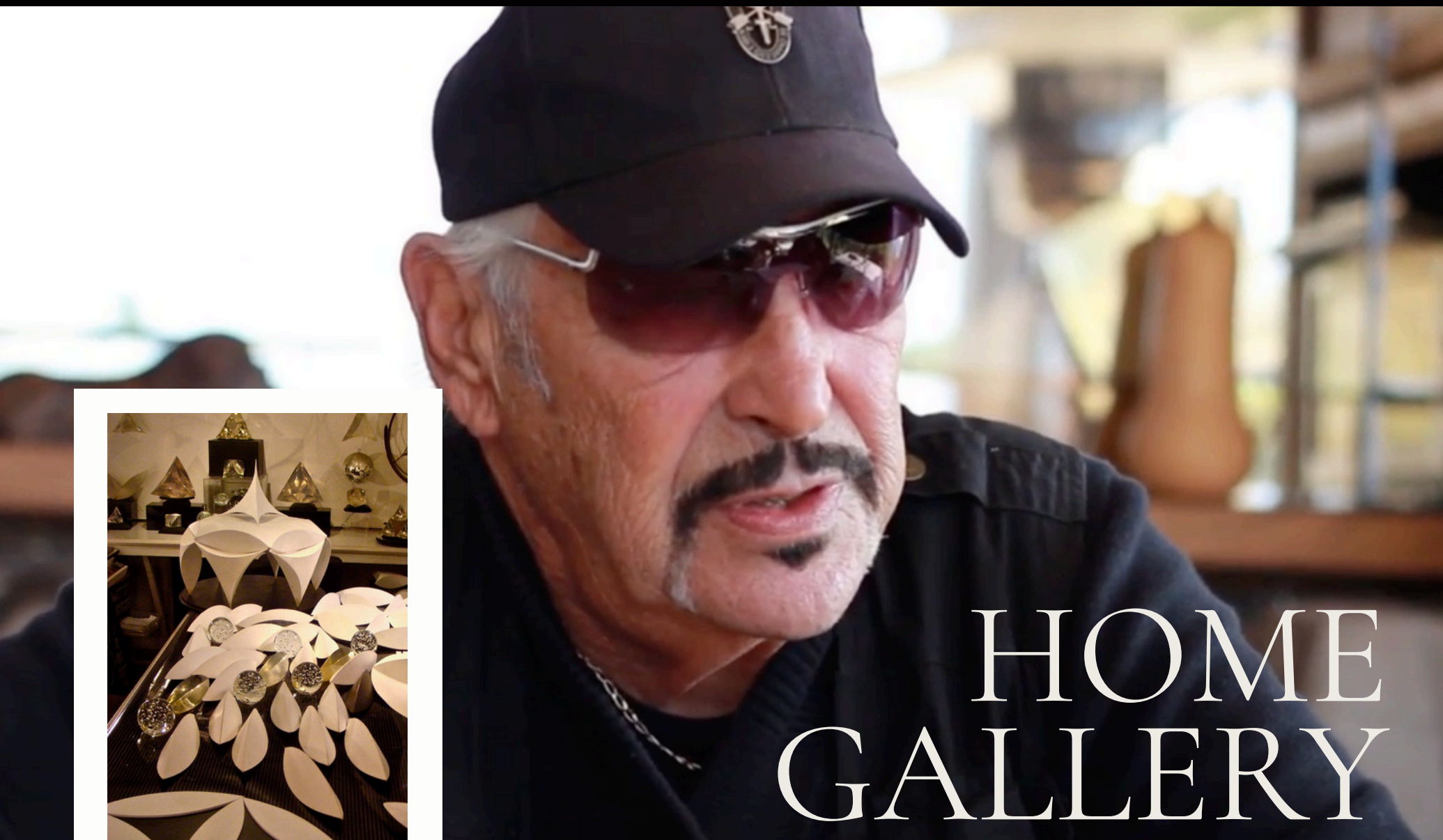




MUSEUMS SHOWINGS:

Adler Planetarium, Chicago, IL, Alabama Space and Rocket Center, Huntsville, AL American Museum of Natural History Planetarium, NY, American Science Center, Chicago, IL Anchorage Museum, Alaska, Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL, Baltimore Museum of Art, MD, Carnegie Institute Museum of Art, Pittsburgh, PA, Cleveland Museum of Natural History, University Circle, Cleveland, OH, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, CO, Corcoran Museum Gallery, Washington, D.C., Craft Folk Art Museum, Los Angeles, CA, Dayton Art Institute, Dayton, OH, Dark Horse Museum, Stonybrook, NY, Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, IL, Flint Institute of Art, Flint, MI, The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, PA, Friends of McDonnell Planetarium, St. Louis, MO, Hayden Planetarium, New York, NY, Jacksonville Art Museum, Jacksonville, FL, John Young Museum and Planetarium, Orlando, FL, Kalamazoo Institute of Art, Kalamazoo, MI, Kennedy Space Center, Cape Canaveral, FL, Laguna Beach Museum of Art, Laguna Beach, CA, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art, La Jolla, CA, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, CA, Lowe Art Museum, Miami, FL, Maryland Academy of Sciences, Baltimore, Metropolitan Museum of Art and Art Center, Miami, FL, Milwaukee Public Museum, Milwaukee, WI, Minneapolis Institute of Arts, Minneapolis, MN, Museum of Art Science and Industry, Bridgeport, CT, Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, IL, Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY, Museum of Science, Miami, FL, Museum of Science and Industry, Chicago, IL, Museum of Science, Boston, MA, National Museums of Canada, Ottawa, Ontario Canada, Newport Harbor Museum, Newport Beach, CA, New Orleans Museum of Art, New Orleans, Oakland Museum, Oakland, CA, New York Public Library, New York, NY, Pacific Science Center, Seattle, WA, Palm Springs Desert Museum, Palm Springs, CA, Pasadena Museum, Pasadena, CA, Penn Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, PA, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, PA, Phoenix Art Museum, Phoenix, AZ, Reading Public Museum, Reading, PA, Ruben Fleet Science Center, San Diego, CA, Rochester Museum and Science Center, Rochester, NY, San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, CA, Santa Barbara Museum of Art, Santa Barbara, CA, Science Museum of Minnesota, St. Paul, MN, Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D.C., J.B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY, United Nations Center, Pasadena, CA, Vanderbilt Planetarium, Centerport, NY, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, MN

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HOME GALLERY

“My life has been a revelation to understanding that I am connected to all that is and will ever be”—Micheal R. Evans



A VOYAGE TO THE SPACE BETWEEN

The language of art is a universal language — one that needs no translation. It communicates directly, beyond words, to everyone who encounters it. Its presence alone is enough.

*Like countless seekers before me, I too have asked the timeless questions:
Where did I come from? How did I get here? Where am I going? What are the stars made of?*

I use the language of art to explore and express these questions — both for myself and for the viewer.

Long before the written word, the ancient ones understood they were not separate from the universe. They perceived the umbilical cord of light, connecting every child — and themselves — to an infinite, eternal cycle. From this cosmic awareness emerged art, agriculture, astronomy, religion, science, and civilization itself.

They communicated with visual images first; writing came much later. I often remind my scientist friends that art predates science by millennia. It was through images that humanity first mapped meaning onto the cosmos.

As a child, my favorite fairy tale was Aladdin and the Magic Lamp. I would wander the alleys behind my house, waiting for the junk man's horse and wagon, listening to him call out "Old rags and iron!" — always searching for that lamp, hoping to become Aladdin and summon a world of wonders.

*Years later, I realized the truth was far more extraordinary:
I was never Aladdin. I was the Genie.*

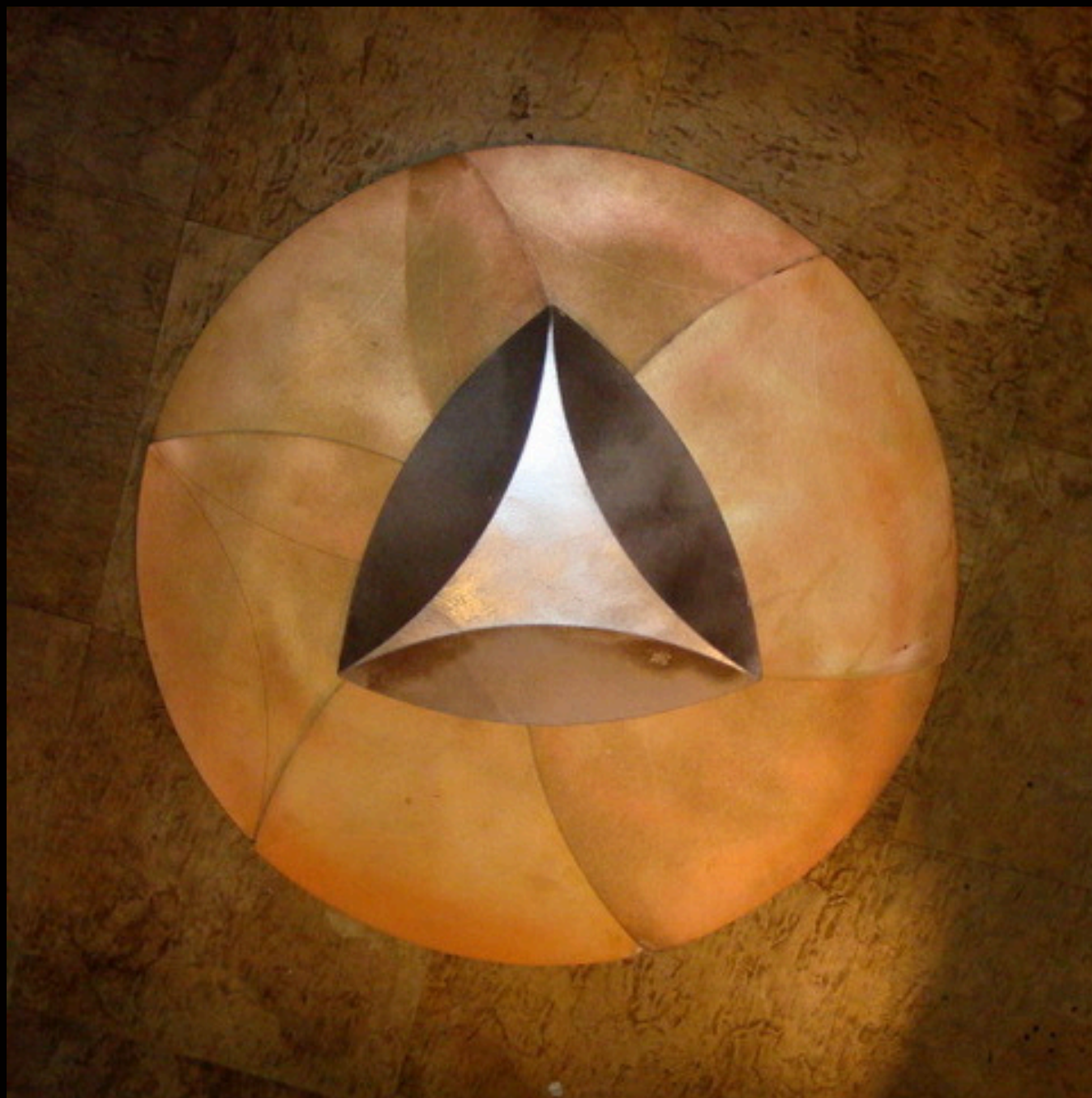
The Genie knew how the universe was woven together, for he lived inside the lamp of light.

This work is about a new way of seeing the universe — revealing the dimensional structure of a single ray of light and the multi-dimensional, self-organizing path that light takes to create everything.

Light is the source of all things. It is self-evident: without light, there is nothing to talk about.









LENSES









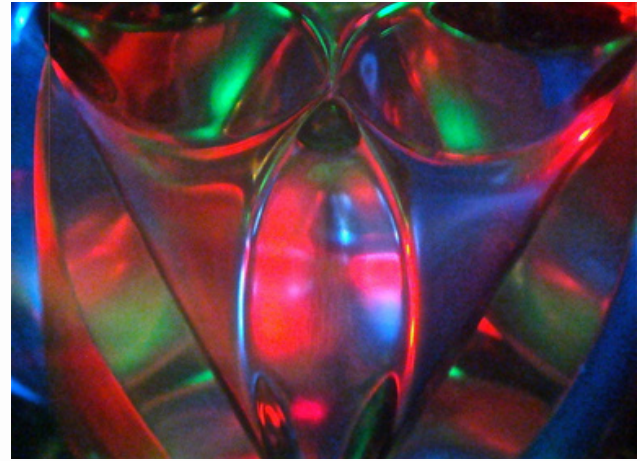






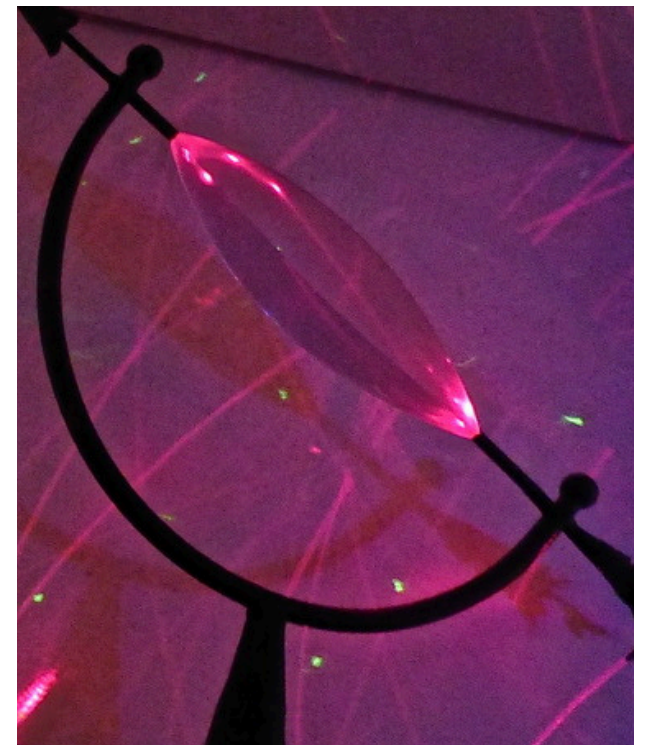
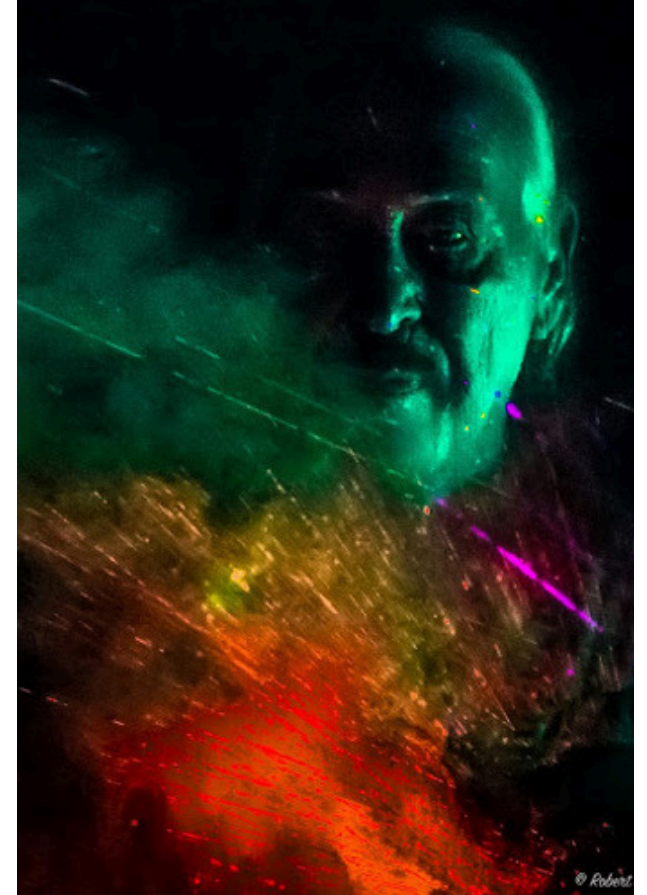
“Art exists in the state of my being, not separate from myself. It deals with the tension of light and energy and their relationship to time and space—a synthesis of science, history, and artistic expression. Unknown information is revolutionary, confrontational, sometimes terrifying, always illuminating, and ultimately a transcendent experience: an elegant state of being.” —Michael R Evans





LABORATORY- STUDIO

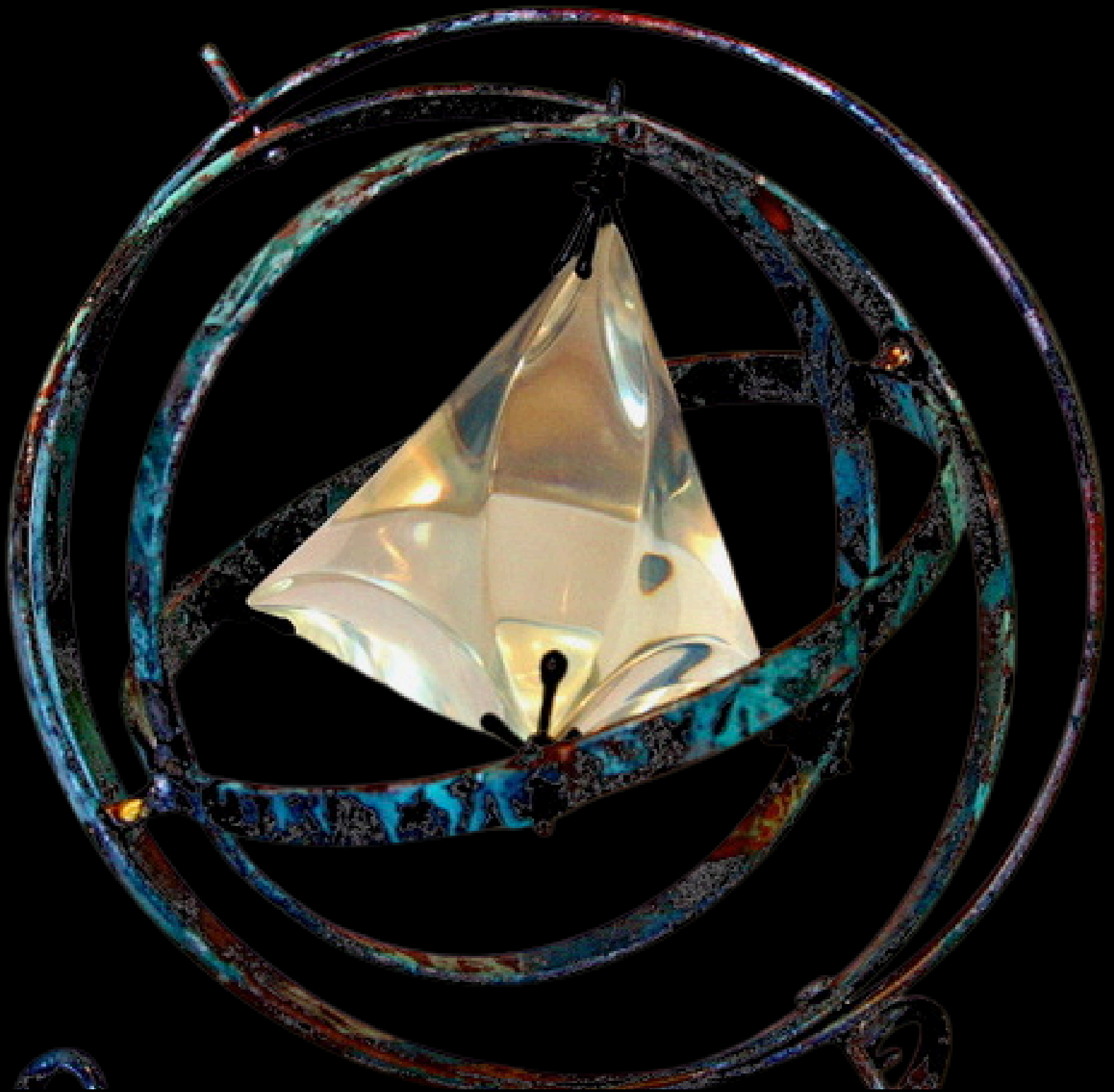
“The studio became a temple of light. Night after night, people gathered, lining up in quiet anticipation to witness the laser’s passage through my Trion-Re’ prism — a beam directed to what I called the Eye of God. As the light entered and split, reflections and refraction danced across the walls, revealing the hidden geometry and living mystery within the beam itself. In those moments, light was no longer merely seen — it spoke, unveiling its secrets in radiant, crystalline patterns, as if the cosmos were whispering through its luminous script.”



LIGHT SHOW IN THE GALLERY







ME THOUGHTS

Look for what is true in an others thoughts not what is wrong.

Form gives way to the advantage of stream.

The heavenly Father and I are One.

Truth resides in the space between.

speak only with love and kindness

From the ONE comes the Many.

Knights of the Royal Lights.

The One Is the All..

Every one is right !

The One is LIGHT.

This is real ; live.

We have Won !

We are One. .

ME = WE

I AM

US.

I

ME

You.

Them..

In an ARC.

In the LIGHT.

without begining

The infinite universe

We travel within the light

The heavenly father and I are one

There is no day one; ... just one day.

We are the spaces between the Light;

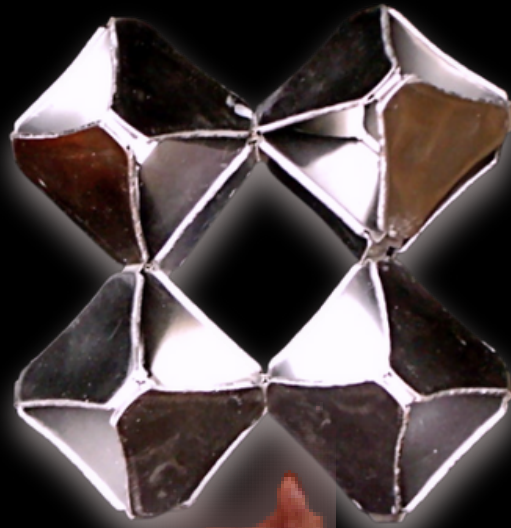
An infinite cord through time and space.

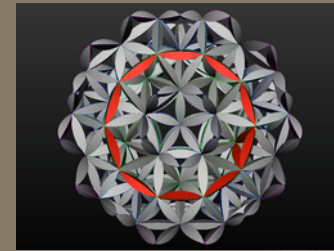
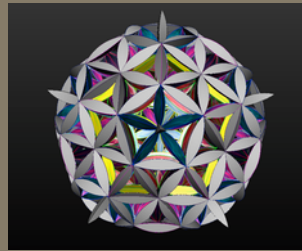
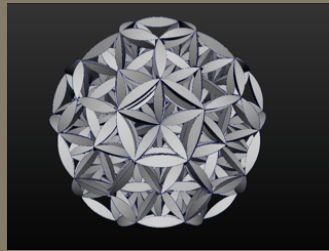
The future and the past reside in the NOW

WE have always been and always be within the light

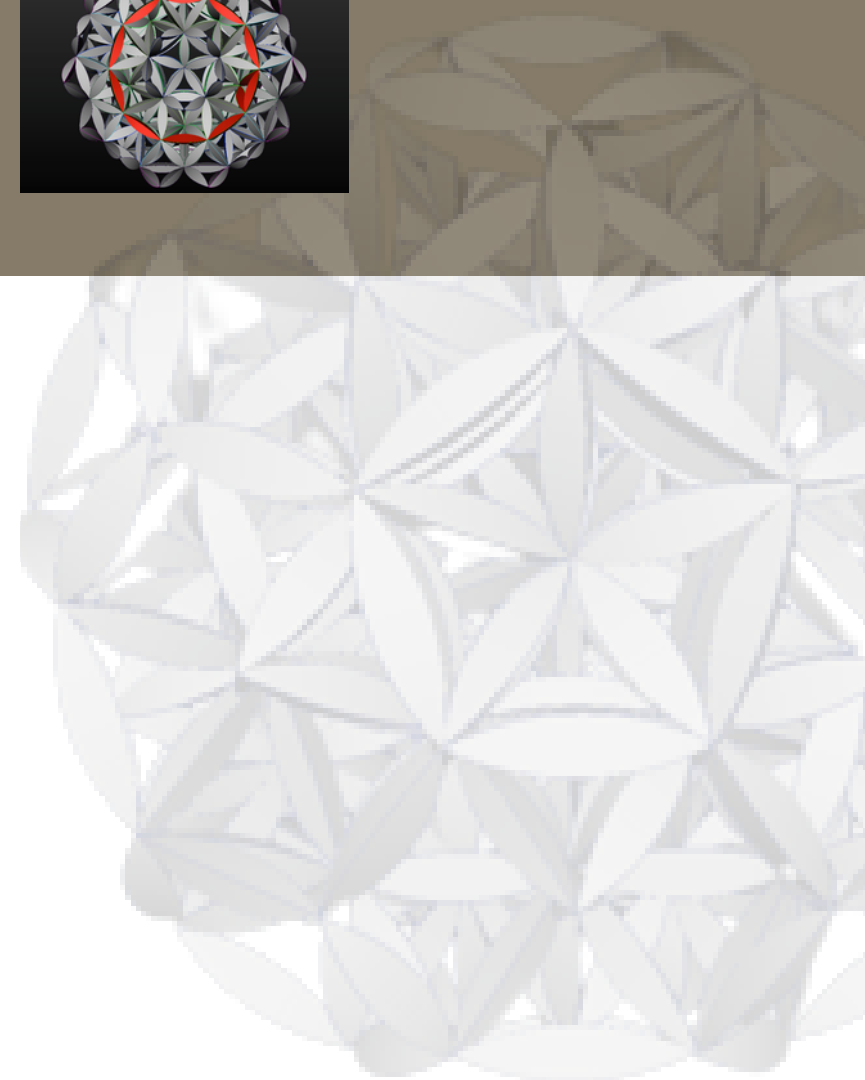
For Now is Won and so is the ONE without beginning.

ME THOUGHTS





How in the world did I become a published theorist in Science, even if it is only on the fringe? My only qualification is my distance from the trees. No preconceptions. No bias. Nothing to relearn. I never took chemistry or physics in high school and barely ever passed a math class in 16 years of education the best grade I ever got in math was a C and that was in geometry.



EARLY YEARS

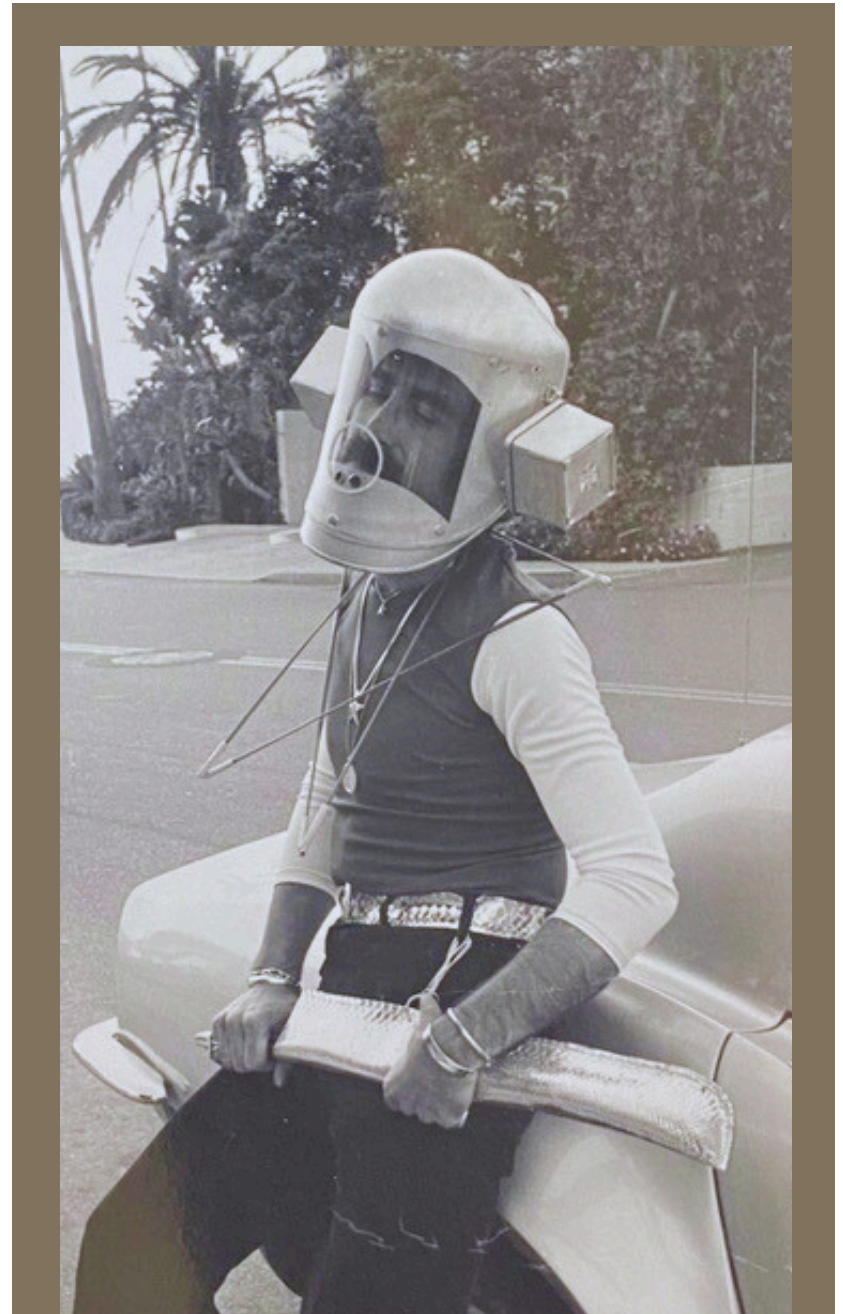


there are not straight lines

My investigations into the meaning of life and the study of its truths and principles is rooted in a deep desire to understand the workings of the universe and my particular part in it. At the age of six or seven, I remember thinking that somehow life was not necessarily what I was being told; there had to be something else. "Children should be seen and not heard." or "Spare the rod and spoil the child" and one of my favorites, "Listen to your elders". I just knew, just because someone says it is true, it doesn't mean it is. I tell that to my grand children about their parents regularly.

When I was around 8 years old I made the conscious decision not to become a doctor like my older cousin, David. Adults were always trying to make me, like someone else. I liked to build models and would have glue and paint imbedded in my fingers and could never get them clean enough to operate. That was the beginning of a youth in need of adjustment!

I never did give in!



At the age of six or seven, I remember sensing that life was not necessarily what I was being told; there had to be something more. Perhaps it began with the suspicion that there was no Santa Claus—though in later years, I would embrace the concept completely. Intuitively, I knew that if I were to find answers, I would first need to ask good questions. This became my earliest concept of philosophy: answers are transitory; questions are eternal.

This principle deepened in meaning over time. I was no longer concerned with simply finding answers or attaining goals. If my questions or path held merit, the answers would naturally emerge—each one followed by new questions that would lift my understanding to a new level of naïveté, a kind of fresh openness to deeper inquiry.

My personal interests gradually gravitated toward esoteric teachings, and my reading was drawn exclusively to the non-fiction shelves of the library. History, anthropology, psychology, religion, economics, political science, and philosophy became my constant fare. Yet, despite all this reading, I realized I did not know how to apply this knowledge to my life. I understood it intellectually, but it remained two-dimensional—separate from me. It needed breadth; it had to become living and dimensional.

I encountered another problem with academic treatises: they seemed trapped in endless conflict—religion versus religion, one economic system against another, philosophy pitted against philosophy. I felt there had to be an underlying truth that transcended intellectual and physical borders. I grew tired of the defenses, debates, and divisions. I was searching for the unifying thread.

It was in the early 1970s that I began what would become my life's work: the study of the structure of light. During this period, I became aware of the work emerging from the Bauhaus at the Illinois Institute of Technology. Buckminster Fuller was teaching there, and one of his students, Robert Auerbach, introduced me to the concepts of spherical negative and positive space. Fuller often challenged his students to search for what he called the "universal intersection."

It was this search for the universal intersection—and the space between the balloons—that bridged the gap for me between the second and third dimensions. What had once been abstract no longer required translation; it became experiential. Language played no role in conveying these universal concepts—it was all in the doing.

Through this exploration, I came to see that religion and science are analogies of one another, each offering its own interpretation of the same essential quest: the search for the one indisputable, indivisible, immutable law that governs the workings of the universe.

Just as the concept of Santa Claus once left and later returned to me, so too has the idea of a power greater than myself resurfaced over time—transformed, deepened, and reimagined through the lens of light.



LATER IN LIFE, MY PERSONAL INTERESTS BEGAN TO GRAVITATE TOWARD THE ESOTERIC TEACHINGS.

My reading preferences drew me almost exclusively to the nonfiction shelves—History, Anthropology, Psychology, Religion, Economics, Political Science, and Philosophy were my constant fare. Yet despite all my reading, I found that I still didn't know how to make this knowledge come alive. I understood it intellectually, but it remained two-dimensional, somehow separate from me. It needed depth and breadth—it had to become experiential, embodied, and real.

Another challenge soon emerged: the academic treatises themselves seemed locked in endless conflict—religion versus religion, one economic system against another, competing ideologies defending their turf. Beneath all this friction, I sensed there had to be an underlying truth, something that transcended both intellectual and physical boundaries.

I had grown tired of defenses, debates, and dogma. What I longed for was something unifying—a truth that resonated beyond argument, something I could live, not just read.



Though I never thought of it as science at the time, my earliest questions were simple and universal: Where do babies come from? Who am I, and how did I get here? What happens after I die? What are the stars made of? What about God?

These questions, I suppose, are shared by many and mark the beginning of our quest to understand the universe we find ourselves in.

After an unremarkable education—a C average at best—I immersed myself in esoteric writings that explored the meaning of life. I was drawn more to philosophy and psychology than to science. Science books seemed to be written in a foreign language, and mathematics was a terrain where I had no footing whatsoever.



THE FOOLS MONEY

Can I relate or must I wait ;

am I too early or to late.

For when I speak I cast my fate

response can hardly wait.

*Words are cheap when from the cheek
only when written do they begin to speak.*

*For when we come face to face
its conversation and becomes a race,
each one, picking up the pace,
each one, trying to get first place.*

But when I write , I am free to find

what I think is right .

Sure I'll make mistakes through the night;

but all is well by the light.

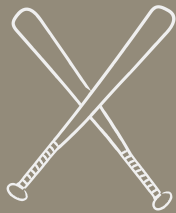
*lCAnd when its done you disagree,
just ignore it and let me be.*

*I don't pretend to guarantee
I just put it writing and wait and see.*

Michael R. Evans 1971

I grew up in what would be called a mixed middle class neighborhood. Bill Haley and the Comets, just came out with "Rock Around The Clock" and we were all laughing in the aisle when the Jets and the Sharks started singing and dancing instead of kicking ass, in "West Side Story." "Blackboard Jungle" was more in keeping with the time and place.

You had no choice but to be in a group or gang
just for self-protection.
There was always someone who
wanted your lunch money.



Guns were not used in those days. Knives, chico chains, straight razors, baseball bats, and a good kick with those engineer boots—these were our weapons of choice. It was only a matter of time before I found myself standing before a judge who, in no uncertain terms, declared that I was too dangerous to remain in the general population and should be placed under constant supervision—removed from society for no less than two years.

The choice was between St. Charles Reform School or Roosevelt Military Academy, 150 miles west of the city in a place called Aledo, Illinois. The reform school might have been easier, but military school proved to be the better choice, as events would show.

In 1963, after failing out of college, I received a different kind of education—one that would serve me well for the rest of my life.



GANG

1963

January 1964
ARMY DAYS



“Greetings from the President of the United States...”

“I was drafted in Chicago, Illinois, in January 1964. We had orders to report to the Armory on Adams or Van Buren—I can’t remember which—at 7 a.m. for induction into the United States Army.

After we went through all the physicals—cough, cough, bend over—and the testing process, we were gathered into a room where we would be sworn in and take the Oath of Allegiance to our country. We raised our right hands and repeated:

“I, [State your Name], do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to regulations and the Uniform Code of Military Justice. So help me God.”

Then the officer said, “All who accept this oath, take one step forward.”

There was a brief hesitation in the room. Then all but three took that fateful step. The remaining men were informed that if they did not step forward, they would be subject to immediate arrest and trial under military law.

One changed his mind and stepped forward. The other two were taken away by the MPs, and we never saw them again. I would remember that moment many times in the years ahead as I began to question courage, loyalty, and service. Did it take more courage to step forward with the majority—or to stay behind and face the severe consequences of protest? Was loyalty to one’s country more important than loyalty to one’s inner soul?

Those questions would have to wait. I took the step. That evening, I was on a train to Fort Knox, Kentucky, for Basic Training. I was to be a soldier.

I was in the Army three days. I had my hair cut, received my uniform, got my shots, and took all the tests. The poker games started immediately in the barracks, and guys were already trying to find the fellow with the long blond hair who had borrowed five bucks the day before. Then there were collections for money to help send one of our unknown brothers-in-arms home because his mother had just died and he needed bus fare.

The Army knew it could use every one of these men—and it had the perfect places to put them. Even the Army needed fools. Lots of them.

After we were processed and finished with induction, it was time to be assigned to our basic training units and meet our DIs. Sgt. Wingo, our platoon sergeant, marched us behind the barracks. The first words out of his mouth were,

“Who is the meanest, baddest motherf***er here?”

While everyone else was looking around, sizing each other up, my hand shot straight into the air.

“You have any ROTC training in high school?”

“Yes, Sergeant—two years of military school!”

“You are the platoon guide!”

Three stripes in three days.

Now, let me tell you—there were some guys there who had played pro football, and others who grew up on farms in Iowa, picking up their pet calves every day until they were full-grown steers. Good thing I didn’t look around—it was too late. If anyone kicked my ass, they’d be on their way to the stockade.

Then Sgt. Wingo barked,

“Who wants to be a fireman?”

“You have any ROTC training in high school?” Every hand went up. He picked four guys and informed them that they’d be on fire watch every night for the next month.

Timing is everything.

It’s not that I was such a tough guy—I wasn’t. Growing up on the South Side of Chicago, I lost my first sixty-five fights. It was just instinct. Who would have thought that my “vending machine” youth would prepare me for that exact moment?

You know what I mean. When you put a quarter into a vending machine and nothing comes out, the first thing you do is hit it with your fist. If that doesn’t work, you start kicking it. It was determined early on that I needed adjusting, and this was the most common method.

When it came to real education, Harvard wasn’t even in the game. The Army had a system that spared no expense in teaching one thing:

“Accomplish the mission!”

They knew how to find the right person for the right job—they even had places for fools and idiots. Little did I know they were looking for those who weren’t afraid to hurt other people’s feelings. I was perfect for the role. I had finally found a home that rewarded those who weren’t afraid to die trying.

Few people realize that in the 2nd World War, one of the great advantages the American Soldier had over the better-trained German soldier was that the American soldier was taught to take command if their leader had fallen. The Germans taught their enlisted men how to follow, not to lead. We were being taught; how to follow orders, take command and accomplish the mission. To think out of the box! When you think about it,

it is pretty simple. I was to realize many years later that many things that seemed difficult were really simple, like nuclear physics and the Theory of Everything. There is no money to be made with simple.



Basic training was easy compared to military school. At Roosevelt, you were beaten almost daily. The faculty relied on the upperclassmen to mete out punishment, and you couldn't have found a finer group of sadomasochistic bastards if you tried.

During my first private meeting with Sgt. Wingo, we went over the SOP—Standard Operating Procedures. I asked him what I should do if I ran into trouble with one of the troops.

“Should I report them to HQ,” I asked, “or handle it in the barracks?”

“Nothing goes to HQ,” he shot back. “You take care of it in the platoon.”

“What if I have to get physical and let someone have it?” I asked.

“Take care of it. You heard me.”

I might have known my left foot from my right and memorized the Manual of Arms, but I was completely lacking in the kind of leadership skills that might have kept me from getting fragged in a combat situation. I hadn't yet mastered the art of tact or the techniques needed to build a positive bond with my men—a skill I'm still working on, even 42 years later.

That very night, I made it clear to the platoon that I wasn't there to win any popularity contests. If anyone dared give me a hard time, there would be hell to pay. You will obey—or pay. Talk about letting a little power go to your head.





It wasn't long before I had to deck someone for not following orders. He threw out the "F-you" word, and that couldn't be tolerated—so I let the S.O.B. have it right in the jaw. Unfortunately, on his way down he hit his head on a footlocker and needed stitches. A visit to the infirmary had to be reported, and cold-cocking a fellow soldier is officially frowned upon. Disciplinary action was required. I was busted, lost my stripes, and was reassigned to the infamous 4th Platoon.

As I was gathering my gear, my comrades decided to give me a "proper send-off" to show their appreciation for my leadership style. It's called a blanket party—and no, Annette Funicello would not be there. Balls are a very important thing to have if you want to survive in this world—along with the dangerous trait of not being afraid to die.

"You better kill me if you put that blanket over my head,
'cause I won't stop till I'm dead."

It worked. But I was still in deep do-do. I was on my way to the dreaded 4th Platoon and Sgt. Short.

The Company Commander called me down to H.Q. for my reprimand and to figure out what to do with me. I had done well on my tests and had qualified for consideration in the O.C.S. program. They were desperate for second lieutenants and wanted to keep me in the loop. If the Viet Cong killed me, that would be acceptable—but if my own platoon did, it wouldn't look good for the Army.

The decision was made: the 4th Platoon it would be.



I haven't mentioned my first Sunday in the Army until now. It involves 6'6" Sgt. Short from Waco, Texas, the platoon sergeant for the 4th Platoon.

When we were still at the induction center, they marched the entire group—about 1,800 recruits—to a huge parade field. An officer stood on a podium with a public address system and announced that, since this was our first Sunday in the Army, everyone would go to church at least this one time. If we never went again, that was our business—but everyone needed to know where to find the Chaplain.

“If you have personal problems, this is where you take them!”

Then he gave the order:

“When I say Protestants, I want all Protestants to move to the left side of the parade grounds.

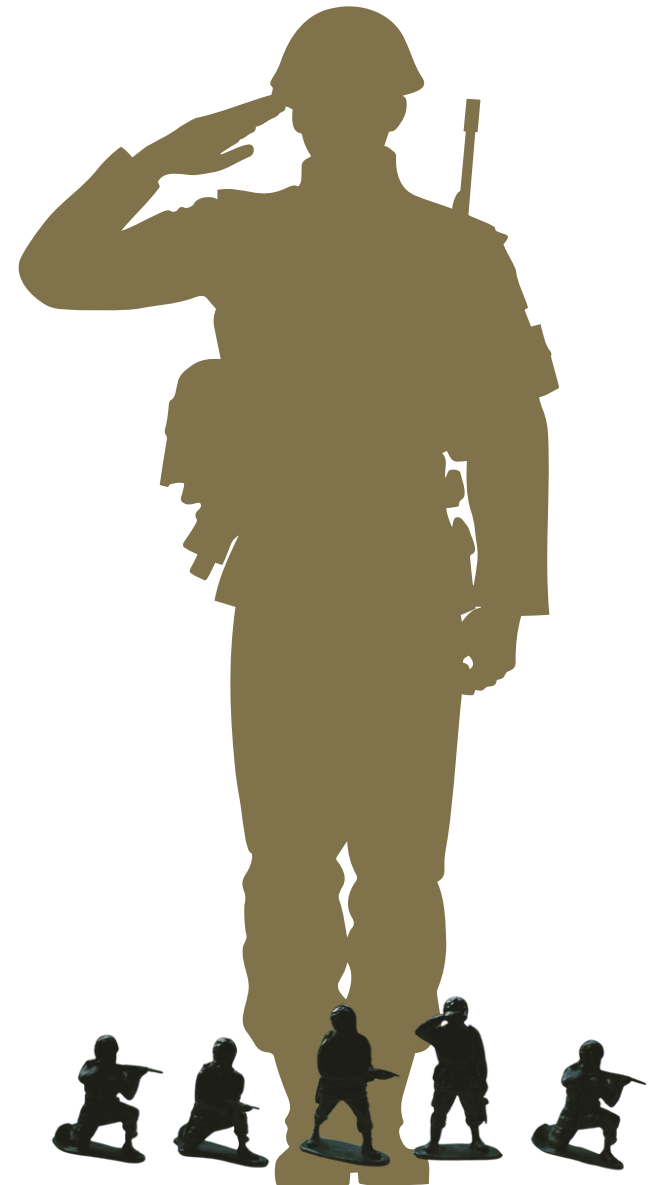
When I say Catholics, I want all Catholics to move to the right.

And all others move to the middle.”

The Army is very democratic in some respects. They assigned six NCOs (Non-Commissioned Officers) to each group.

When the officer said, “Catholics,” about 700 troops moved to the right. When he said “Protestants,” roughly 1,100 men moved to the left. Then came, “All others, move to the middle.”

FALL IN



Five of us moved to the middle—where six very large sergeants were waiting. Sgt. Short, with his deep and commanding voice, bellowed,

“Fall in!”

He was as big as a mountain, and you couldn’t see his face for all the rows of medals on his chest. I managed to look up and ask him,

“Sgt., could you tell me why the Army needs six big sergeants like you to march five little Jews like us to temple?”

“Boy, what is your name?!” he thundered.

“Evans,” I replied.

“Boy, I hope I get you in my platoon,” he bellowed back.

What were the odds that day that I would ever see this giant of a man again—let alone end up in his platoon? I was f*ed.**

When I reported to the 4th Platoon, Sgt. Short ordered me to his room and told me to stand at attention until he arrived. It felt like hours passed. Then, suddenly, the light vanished from the doorway, and this veteran of two wars filled the room.

“Evans! I’ve been trying to get you in my platoon for some time now. You know why, Evans?”

“No, Sergeant.”



"Take care of it you heard me!"

“Well, I’ll tell you why, Evans...”

His voice was like thunder, and in that moment, I felt like my life was about to end as I knew it.

“Because I like your style, your my kind of man!”

Who would have believed it. He told me how they had to bust me however I would have my stripes back in two weeks and would be his platoon guide.

We used to sit in his room and drink vodka, and he would tell me stories about the Second World War, and especially Korea. He gave me tips on how to stay alive—practical, brutal wisdom. For example, he said,

“If you’ve gotta take a shit, do it in your pants.”

He’d seen too many G.I.s squatting by the side of the road, only to get picked off by snipers. He was tough, and he told me why: it was to save our lives if he could. He would bust our balls all the way to hell to do it. I loved that man. He will be with me to my last day. And at that point, I was moving up.

After Basic Training, I was sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for Training Leadership School (T.L.S.). After my experiences in Basic, I figured this was a good thing. T.L.S. was designed for soldiers who showed leadership potential and for those qualified for O.C.S. (Officer Candidate School).

The program lasted three weeks, after which we were assigned to our Advanced Individual Training Units (A.I.T.). This is where we learned our Military Occupational Specialty (M.O.S.). I’ve forgotten the exact number assigned to my job, but it was heavy weapons: 4.2 and 81 mm mortars, and the 106 recoilless anti-tank rifle, mounted on the back of a jeep.

These things were loud and seriously powerful, and my squad became highly efficient at calibrating the mortars so they were ready to fire for effect in the shortest possible time.

We were on a training mission one day, unloading the mortars, when someone lost their grip on the base plate of the “4-deuce.” It came crashing down on my big toe. Needless to say, the pain was intense, but I didn’t want to go to the infirmary.

If you were hurt for more than a couple of days, you could get recycled and have to start your training all over again with a different group. I decided to tough it out and keep going.

That didn’t last long. I hobbled along as best I could during the exercise, but eventually my Drill Sergeant called a medic, and they sent me to the hospital. The swelling was so bad they had to cut my boot off.

It was in the hospital that I learned about dog tags. Your dog tags contain four pieces of information: Name, Serial Number, Blood Type, and Religion. It was that last bit of information that brought the Chaplain to my bedside.

I saw this officer approaching. The visor on his dress hat was smudged and crooked. He had egg on his lapel, and his shoes were dirty. He was a mess. He couldn’t have been anyone except the Rabbi.

“So, new? How you doing in the Army?” he asked.

“Great, Rabbi!”

“Great? You mean you’re enjoying it?”

“Yeah, Rabbi, we’re learning some real neat stuff.”



““Yeah, but what about cleaning the latrines? You could come to Friday night services and not have to.”

“Rabbi, I don’t clean latrines. I have the goyim clean the latrines.”

I guess that was one of the reasons it was easy for me to take that one step of affirmation the day I was drafted. I had something to prove: that I was an American, and I wanted to earn the right to say so—beyond the birthright that comes automatically.

I grew up in a time when antisemitism was a daily part of life. You’ll remember I said I lost my first 65 fights; well, I was through losing any more.

Yes, sir—sign me up! I was ready to learn the art of the warrior and earn my right to be free. Nobody was going to be able to say, “Love it or leave it,” to me. I had paid for my right to call it as I saw it.

After finishing Advanced Infantry Training (A.I.T.), they made me a Basic Training Platoon Sergeant while I waited for my O.C.S. (Officer Candidate School) orders to come through. There I was, with three stripes sewn on after only five months in the Army, and a platoon of raw recruits to turn into soldiers.

By this time, I had picked up a few leadership skills that came in handy; but I never forgot what Sergeant Short had taught me: be tough and kick butt.

BE TOUGH AND KICK BUTT!



*Love it or
leave it*

My commanding officer assigned me an extra task that almost ruined my chances for O.C.S. We had four recruits who were overweight and couldn't pass the Physical Training Test (P.T.). It was my job to give them extra training and make sure they passed.

I called this little group of misfits my "Chubby Buddies." At chow, I made them sit together at the same table and watch each other as they masticated their food—these lads needed to shed some serious poundage. After regular training, I'd call out,

"Chubby Buddies, fall out here!"

Then I'd take them on extra runs and calisthenics. This went on until the end of Basic Training.

After about three weeks of special duty, I was summoned to my C.O.'s office.

"Evans, we have a problem. Private Kasden wants to make a formal complaint to the Inspector General (I.G.) that you're anti-Semitic!"

I started laughing.

"What are you laughing about? This is a serious charge. You can kiss your chances for O.C.S. goodbye—you could even be court-martialed!"

I pulled myself together and replied,

"But...I'm Jewish!"

"You are? Well then, hell—straighten this boy out now!"

That evening after mess, I called my Chubby Buddies out.

“Kasden, two steps forward!”

I got right in his face.

“Kasden, I understand you’re going to the I.G. to report me for being an anti-Semite. You have every right to do so, and I don’t want to influence you in any way. But before you do, just know—some of my best friends are Jews: my mother, my father, my brother... Get me 20 pushups! Now!”

I was eventually sent to Officer Candidate School (O.C.S.) and became a Second Lieutenant in just 13 months of service. You want to know how to get the impossible done every day? Try six months at Fort Benning’s “School for Boys.”

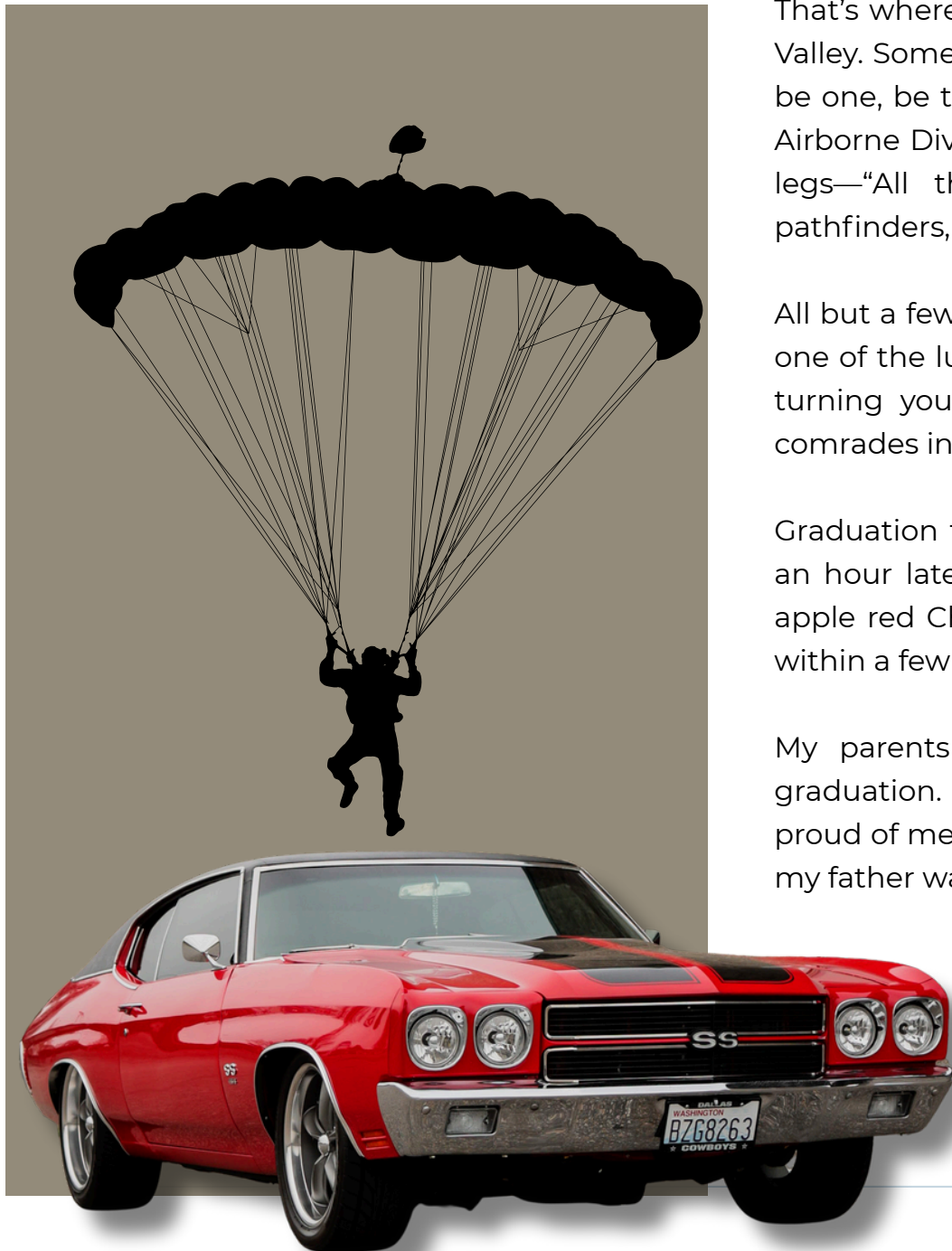
“Follow Me” was the slogan of the Infantry. We were the “Queen of Battle,” marching into that “valley of death.”

We had just finished six months of the most intense training a human being could imagine. You can’t find a man who made it through who won’t tell you the same thing:

“You had to be there to understand.”

There are no words to fully describe the experience.

On April 19, 1965, we graduated. We were assigned to Army units all over the world. Many went to the famous 2nd Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry—the “Ghost Battalion” of the First Cavalry Division, made famous by Custer and later in the film *When We Were Soldiers*.



That's where Robert Taft and Dunkle ended up—in the Ia Drang Valley. Some shipped out to the First Division—"If you're going to be one, be the Big Red One." Others went to the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions. They went through jump school to shed their legs—"All the way!" Rangers, jungle experts, snake eaters, pathfinders, special ops—perfecting the art of war.

All but a few would be spared the smell of the guns of war. I was one of the lucky ones. I went to 6th Army's Fort Ord, tasked with turning young boys into men, warriors who would follow my comrades into "The Valley of Death."

Graduation from O.C.S. ended around 1420 hours, and less than an hour later I was on the road heading west in my '64 candy apple red Chevy Impala, having said my goodbyes to men who, within a few short months, would be gone—never to return.

My parents and my baby brother Alex were there for my graduation. It was the only time my father ever told me he was proud of me. I found it ironic—now that I was a professional killer, my father was finally proud of me.

finally proud

I had some “bennies,” “white crosses”—you know, to keep me up through the night. I wasn’t stopping until I got to Vegas. I’d had all I wanted of Georgia; I was ready for the Left Coast. That’s what all the good ol’ boys at the reunion called it:

“He’s from the Left Coast, boys—that explains it!”

They could call it whatever they wanted. I just wanted to see the Pacific Ocean, anything other than that red Georgia clay.

Somewhere in the middle of Texas, I started seeing white elephants running across the highway. I nearly killed myself trying to avoid hitting one that was “crossing the road.” I finally pulled off to the side for a little while and looked up at the Texas night sky.

“Wow... I’m a long way from home.”

I stared straight into the center of Orion’s Belt and thought, Wow. I’m even further away than I realized. I don’t know if everyone eventually comes to the same conclusion, but I did that night: you can see farther in the dark than you ever can in the light.



I hit Vegas the next evening, and I was as tired as I was horny. I hadn’t been with a woman in over six months, and something inside me said it was time to do something about it.

I checked into The Desert Inn, went up to my room, and called the concierge.

“Could you recommend a place where I could meet some women?”

He replied,

“What kind would you like?”

“What do you mean, what kind would I like?” I asked.

“Tall, short, hair color, big tits... what kind would you like?”

“Uh... I don’t know. A pretty face.”

“I’ll send something up. If you don’t like it, send her back and we’ll send someone else. No problem.”

Wow. That was service.

I miss those days. Life was so much simpler, and most everyone could afford a bit of luxury. I’m sure it still happens that way today—but now, it’s only the very rich who can afford it. It seems that nothing really changes, except the number of players allowed to participate.

I mean, in the old days anyone could buy their way out of a speeding ticket or get the city to approve their plans to secure permits.

When I was 16, I got pulled over for speeding. Back then, it was customary to sit in the front seat of the police car while the officer wrote the ticket—especially during the cold Chicago winters.

I looked at the officer and asked,

“Can I give you a bribe to let me go?”

He shot back,

“You never say bribe.”

Then he added,

“This is your first time, isn’t it?”

He actually took the time to explain the proper way to bribe a police officer. He told me you never hand the money to the officer directly. Instead, you let it drop on the floor, apologize, and ask,

“Is there any way we can take care of this now and not have to go to court?”

Be courteous, he said, and make sure the officer knows how grateful you’d be if he let you go. He assured me that a twenty-dollar bill would get me out of most things



Now, some call this corruption, and I agree—when only a privileged few are allowed to participate. But when everyone could take part, I called it the privatization of government. It was far more efficient than going to court. Civil servants didn’t complain about low wages because they were making a nice sum on the side. The taxpayer got a break, and it saved time and resources.

Don’t kid yourself—it all still goes on. The only difference nowadays is that only a select few are allowed to play. Back then, it was closer to a true democracy, where anyone could participate. Now, it’s just the rich and powerful who get to play.

There was a knock at the door. I must have fallen asleep after two solid days of driving from Ft. Benning. She was adorable—dark hair, a great body, and a face straight off a Kewpie doll. There was no sending this little sweetie away.

It's a shame I'd already given up my load during the wash, but it was still worth it.

I stayed the night in Vegas, and it was revitalizing—like being one of the Rat Pack for twenty hours. Then it was back on the road to Monterey.

I hit L.A. around 6:30 that evening, cruising along Route 66 on my way to finally see the Pacific Ocean. Sunset Boulevard was Route 66, and I followed it past the Strip, past the Whisky a Go Go, the Roxy, through Beverly Hills and Brentwood. I kept my eyes open, hoping to spot a movie star, but I don't remember seeing any. I passed on the maps.





The only “star” I saw was the first star of the night, shining over Pacific Coast Highway—and Route 66.

I’ve always had a thing for Route 66. It started in Chicago, right in front of the Field Museum and the Shedd Aquarium, where Route 41 and Route 66 merge. I had a thing for Route 41, too—it was the highway we took to Florida to visit Grandma Belle. It ran right past my house and stretched all the way south.

When I was growing up, there were no interstates—mostly two-lane highways winding through every little town in America. Traveling was a real adventure in those days. Every small town held its own mystery.

Were there good eats? Sometimes yes, sometimes no—but mostly yes. Howard Johnson’s, Stuckey’s, and the Waffle House were my favorite chain restaurants. There really weren’t many others back then.

The road was diverse; it held many different realities—for those who traveled it and for those who lived alongside it. It always fascinated me when I’d be driving through the night, and as the sun began to rise, I’d see a single window light up in a small shack along the road. I’d wonder: Who lives there? Where are they going to work? What are their lives like?

Being on the road was magical. It made me think of Jack Kerouac.

"HAIKU JACK

Jack, Jack Kerouac
it's the beat generation
on or off the road.
A veil of romance
la Regina de la noche
ma donna obsessed
Jack, Neil, Alan, Bill
ride the rail or sail the seas
just like Huck and Jim.
Jack, Jack Kerouac
were you smokin' on the road?
Stories we've been told.
Surf or dharma bum
all prisoners of our time
one more for the road.
The altar is gone
Bfrom lust to birth the cause of death
Dogma Days are done.

In dark, dingy places
more letters from underground
shooting galleries
Visions of Cody
instincts filter into mind
keyhole of his eye.
Next generation
superhighway speed of light
no secrets can hide
New millennium
we are riding on the web
on or off the road
Jack, Jack Kerouac
it's the next generation
still the beat goes on.

Michael R. Evans
1999

After watching the sunset at the Pacific Ocean, I drove back to the Whisky a Go Go to catch some tunes by a new group I'd never heard of before—The Doors.

As I was standing outside waiting to get in, I ran into Arny Kats from the old neighborhood on the South Side. We went through all the “small world” stuff, marveling at how we both ended up at the same place at the same time, living completely different lives. I don't remember what he said he was doing, but I never saw or heard from him again.

It would be like that with almost everyone I ever knew. They'd be part of my everyday life, and then—poof—it was as if they'd never existed. That's just how it is.

The moment past is like a dream—the reality of deeds done fades, and only thoughts merge into the delicate fabric of memory, shaping the meaning of our lives. Where are these supposed non dimensional memories go? How are they stored until we retrieve them?

Just to set the record straight, you didn't have to do anything heroic to earn it; all you had to do was serve as an enlisted soldier for six months without messing up. For me, that was quite an accomplishment.

I arrived at Fort Ord and reported to the Basic Training Company I'd been assigned to, ready to take my place as a platoon leader. I never could remember my Company Commander's name, for reasons that would soon become clear. What I do remember is that he was an Artillery Officer, and I was Infantry.

There has always been a rivalry between the combat arms, and from the very start, our relationship was at odds.



I was giving a class on the Military Code of Justice — Code of Conduct, which lays out the laws governing how one must behave if captured by the enemy. Everyone has heard of Name, Rank, Serial Number, and Date of Birth—well, that's all you're legally allowed to give. Anything more can lead to charges of treason, a lifetime in a military prison, or at the very least, a dishonorable discharge. Serious stuff.

As an enlisted man, I had fallen asleep during more than a few dull and dry lectures—everything from field sanitation to military justice. I resolved that no class I ever taught would be boring. Nobody was going to fall asleep in my class—even if it took a cherry bomb under their seat to keep them awake.

The class size was massive—an entire battalion, over 800 troops. It was held in the base movie theater, which had seating for that many. As the troops filed in, I had the theme from Goldfinger blaring through the sound system, while the lights flashed on and off. The place buzzed with surprise—you could hear the murmur ripple through the crowd.

Once everyone was seated, I walked onto the stage wearing a Fidel Castro hat, a fake beard, and a cigar hanging from my mouth.

“Welcome to Stalag 69!”

The place erupted. They cracked up!. William Holden would have been proud.

“I am Commander Jakin-Off, and you will tell me everything I want to know!” They were rolling in the aisles.

“You don’t have that brave Lt. Evans to protect you now!”



Then I started calling their Drill Sergeants up on stage, mock slapping them around, pouring water on them, and pretending to electrocute them with a car battery.

The troops went wild. They loved it. Those DI's are like GOD to these boys!

I finished the class having covered all the points on the lesson plan, turned on the movie, and felt pretty good about the whole episode.

As the troops were filing out of the auditorium, my Company Commander approached me. His face was steaming red.

“Lieutenant, get to the back room and stand at attention until I get there.”

Holy shit. I'm f*ed.**

He stormed in a few minutes later and started to rip me a new ass-hole!

.

“I have never been so embarrassed by a fellow officer as I was in that class you just gave! It was the most disgusting example of what an officer is supposed to be. You should be court-martialed for such a farce—”

Before he could finish, a Full Bird Colonel walked in.

“Where's the officer who just gave that class?”

My C.O., still flushed and grinning like a ghoul, barked,

“Right here, Sir!”



The Colonel turned to me.

“Lieutenant, I want you to know—that was the best f*ing class** I’ve ever seen in the military. We need more officers like you!”

The look on my Company Commander’s face was priceless.

You say, “Where’s the science already?” Hold on—it’s coming. Besides, my wife and kids would be mortified if they had to wade through all that tetron/tetrine stuff. They’d much rather hear the war stories.

Two weeks later, on my day off, I got a call from my First Sergeant.

“Lt., you are to report to Staff Headquarters tomorrow at 0800 sharp. In greens. You’re being considered for a staff position and a promotion.”

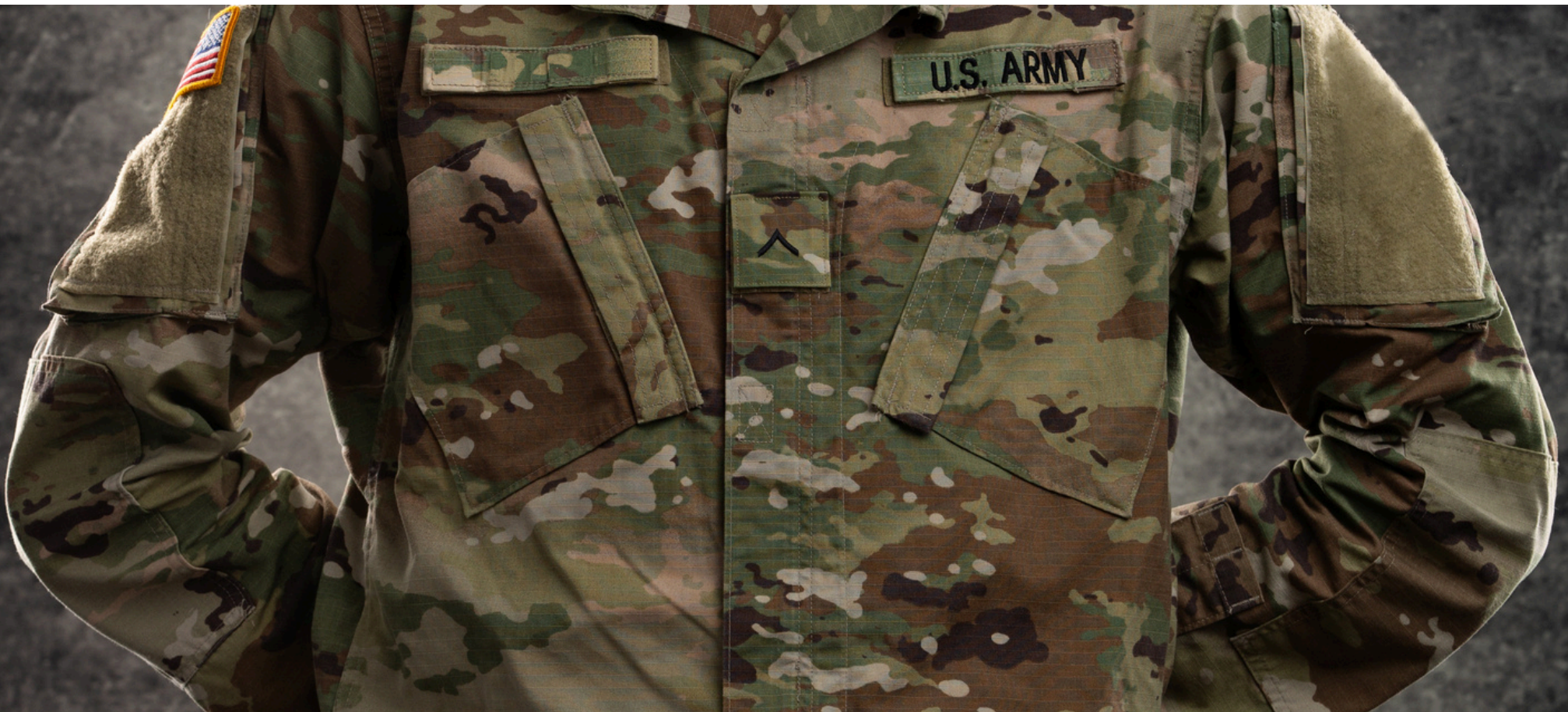
Holy shit—there is a God!

By now, you've probably figured out that this guy (me) isn't exactly known for his humility. Telling these grandiose tales about my exploits in the service? You'd be right. I've been counseled on this very point.

But that morning was different. I was actually nervous about what it would mean to be on staff. I couldn't type. I'd have to wear greens every day, sit in an office, and give up being in the field, setting up ambushes for the troops. I loved flying over in a helicopter and dropping smoke grenades on those young lads. That was my element.

I showed up the next day for the interview, trying to explain to the Major and two Captains that I appreciated being considered for the position, but I'd rather stay in the field.

The Major looked at me and said,



The Colonel invited me into the parlor, offered me some fine cognac—which I politely declined—and began to tell me a story. After reviewing my Officer Efficiency Report (O.E.R.) from my Company Commander, he told me frankly that it was so bad that if I had any plans to remain in the Army, I could forget them.

Then he explained what had happened next. He had called my Company Commander in and made it clear that he was under no obligation to change the report—but if he didn't, the Colonel's own O.E.R. on him would have to reflect the gross poor judgment he'd shown in his leadership. In other words, if my C.O. didn't fix it, his career was effectively over. Needless to say, the report was rewritten.

I sat there thinking, Wow... far out!

The Colonel went on to inform me that I'd be receiving an immediate promotion. The position he'd selected me for technically required the rank of Major, but he could only promote me one grade at a time.

What position, you ask? Assistant Deputy Post Commander of the Presidio of Monterey.

I even got a staff car—and two P.T. boats that patrolled the waters off the firing range. Salmon fishing, anyone?

My boss was a full Bird Colonel, and his boss was a two-star General. Talk about access. Everything on base was under my command: the M.P.'s, the P.X., the Officers Club—everything. They had essentially handed me the keys to the castle.

So what does someone do after he's given everything? Not much.

I came to work at 9 or 9:30 a.m., left for lunch at 11, came back at 2, and was gone by 3:30. Once a month, I had to attend a staff meeting at Fort Ord, but I never worked more than four days a week.

While stationed at the Presidio, I met many psychiatrists on the government payroll. One of them told me about the LSD experiments being conducted on troops down at Camp Roberts and Hunter Liggett—both bases under the command of my General, and therefore, under mine as well.



So how did I spend my time?

Driving California Highway One is like making a pilgrimage to Mecca—everyone has to do it at least once in their life. And if you happen to have a Corvette convertible, well, let's just say there'd be 72 virgins waiting for you upon arrival. What a ride.

There are several obligatory stops every pilgrim must pay homage to. First, Pismo Beach—for the clams, of course, and the thrill of driving your car right on the beach. (Pro tip: check the tide first.)

Then there's a walk along the boardwalk in Santa Barbara, followed by lunch at the Biltmore. Naturally, no trip is complete without the Hearst Castle tour. It's practically mandatory, if only to witness how the truly rich live.

But if you somehow miss all the rest, you cannot pass up the Madonna Inn. If you haven't heard of it, here's what you do: fill your tank at the gas station, head to the restaurant for pie and coffee, and then—go take a piss. Enough said.

It's hard to drift away in thought while driving through Big Sur. The Pacific Coast Highway demands both a sense of boundaries and your utmost attention as you careen around hairpin turns, just inches from a 300-foot drop to the sea below.

For me, it's always been a place of meditation—a stretch of road that gives me a deep sense of being.

I'd been told about a spot along the coast where there were incredible natural mineral baths overlooking the ocean. All you had to do was show up—it was free. It's too late to do that now; these days you need reservations, but back then, you never knew who might take their clothes off and lead you to the tubs.

There was just a small sign on the left side of the road. It read: Esalen.

The place was set on about 200 acres of spectacular Big Sur coastline, with the Santa Lucia Mountains rising sharply behind it.

I parked my car and began checking the place out. A small group of long-haired folks directed me toward the baths.

There was a rock building, known as the “Big House,” with a large deck and a big fire pit. To the right stretched a lush garden, where many of the gardeners were out hoeing the fields—completely unclothed.

On the deck and patio, people were gathered in small groups, talking and laughing, with the Pacific Ocean spread out behind them, hundreds of feet below. Quite a spot.

And then—I fell in love immediately.

Her name was Storm. She had raven-black hair, long and wild, and wore only a poncho tied at the waist, which revealed a body that only a twenty-year-old could possess. She spotted me first and initiated the conversation—always a welcome sign.

She told me the story of this place. Michael Murphy and Richard Price had created it as an educational center for the exploration of unrealized human capacities, founding Esalen in 1962. Long before that, it had been home to a Native American tribe known as the Esselen.

Now, people gathered here to explore and question the meaning of life in new and open ways.

Esalen soon became known for its blend of Eastern and Western philosophies, its experiential workshops, the steady influx of leading philosophers, psychologists, artists, and religious thinkers, and its breathtaking grounds, blessed with natural hot springs.

Every weekend, I'd head down the coast, canvas and paints in tow. I'd paint the Monterey wharf, 17-Mile Drive, and scenes all along the coast. If the military had told me I could stay at the Presidio for my full twenty years, I'd have done it—it was magic.

But alas, my next assignment would be an obligatory tour of Southeast Asia, where I kept getting reports of friends who weren't coming back. My buddies told me what an impossible situation it was—how little sense it made. There was a lesson to be learned from that fiasco; unfortunately, it was never learned:

“You can't kill ideas with bullets—you need better ideas.”

As my discharge date approached, my commanding officer counseled me. If I stayed in, I would receive a Regular Army commission, not the Reserve commission from O.C.S. (A reserve commission can be revoked if they no longer need you; a regular commission cannot.)

He also told me I'd be assigned to a staff unit far from the jungles of Vietnam, somewhere like downtown Saigon—where you'd sleep in a bed every night, take hot showers, and, well, let's just say brothels were everywhere. It sounded... interesting. I was even invited to join the Masons. What was that all about?

I thanked him and said I'd consider the offer—but there was no way in hell I was going to stay a minute longer than my discharge date.

I was going to be a civilian.

August is a beautiful month to cross the Canadian Rockies. Lake Louise and Banff National Park are sights that stay with you—especially on your honeymoon. Big, rolling clouds surrounded by blue fill the endless sky.

As you begin to descend into the prairie, you become aware of the empty horizon—not a tree nor a hill in sight. Just parallel lines along the road, converging into a perfect V. Impossible, yet there it is: a thousand miles of nothing. Calgary, Winnipeg—go East, young man, go East.

We all came from the East to find our history; eventually, you have to trace the path back to the East, back in time, to the place of our birth. Just like the salmon, we were returning to spawn.

As I reflected on the past three years, what stood out was the process—the process of transforming a boy into a lean, mean fighting machine. Now there's science for you.

It doesn't matter which branch of science you look at—or whether it's trades, flowers blooming, babies being born, nuclear bombs being built, or a supernova exploding—it's the process that defines everything. A rudimentary beginning, perhaps, to finding a "Theory of Everything."

In conversations with the Army psychologists, they explained how they worked on those tests you take when first entering the military—the multiple-choice questions:

Which of the following would you prefer doing?

- a. Hiking in the woods
- b. Taking urine samples
- c. Making pancakes.
- d. Reading a good book

They give you hundreds of questions like this in what the Army, interestingly enough, calls the "Processing Phase" of induction. These same guys work on thousands of other projects—everything from mind control to propaganda.

Now if that ain't science, then I really have no clue.

There was no better place to learn “the process” than in the three years I spent in the service—from the bottom up.

Many years later, I became aware of the nine books of science that were once housed in the famous Library of Alexandria, which was “accidentally” burned to the ground when Julius Caesar set fire to his fleet in the 3rd century B.C.

Among other things, these volumes contained the process of ruling the world—Book 1 was The Science of Propaganda.

The classical thinkers who studied, wrote, and experimented at the Museum of Alexandria included the founding fathers of mathematics, engineering, physiology, geography, and medicine. Among them were some of history's greatest minds: Euclid, Archimedes, Eratosthenes, Herophilus, Erasistratus, Hipparchus, Aedesia, Pappus, and Hypatia, to name a few.

THE 9 BOOKS

1. POINT- PROPAGANDA
2. LINE - PHYSIOLOGY
3. PLANE – MICROBIOLOGY
4. VOLUME - TRANSMUTATION
5. TIME - COMMUNICATION
6. SPACE - GRAVITY
7. CYCLE - COSMOLOGY
8. CYPHER - LIGHT
9. TRANSITION – EVOLUTION

AS A CIVILIAN



I returned to Chicago pretty much set on doing what was expected of me: make money, raise a family, buy a house, and take my place in the world.

For a while, it worked out pretty well. I started working for my dad and his partner, driving the truck, making patio doors, glass tabletops, and mirrors. I quickly moved up to salesman, calling on builders and architects to get them to buy our brand of windows.

I was doing all right—\$250 a week, which wasn't bad for 1967. It was enough to buy a house for \$15,000.

I had a high school buddy, Jordy Glazov, who was putting himself through Northwestern Law School by selling steaks out of the trunk of his car. He told me I'd be perfect for it. He was making \$500 a week, working only two days, and it was, as he put it, "sic"—tax free.

That sounded pretty good, considering I was busting my ass six days a week for half that amount.

The following Saturday, I took off work to go with Jordy and learn the business. Our first stop was Liquid Carbonic, south of downtown, to buy dry ice—because the steaks were frozen. Then we headed down to Randolph Street, where all the wholesale butchers were located.

There were bums burning trash in oil drums and rummaging for scraps, the cold Chicago wind whipping garbagedown the street like tumbleweeds in a city canyon. Jordy led me into this place called Houston Meats and introduced me to Harvey and Paul Lapin—two burly brothers in white coats who had no trouble slinging a side of beef onto a hook. I wasn't sure whether it was colder inside their meat locker or out on the street.

They showed me around while getting Jordy's order ready:

- 20 boxes of porterhouse,
- 18 boxes of New York strip,
- 15 boxes of rib eye,
- 20 boxes of chopped sirloin, and
- 20 containers of Italian beef.



Here's the trick: the box sold the goods, not the meat. Inside each box were eight pieces of frozen, papaya-laced USDA canner and cutter-grade beef. It looked great as long as it stayed frozen. Jordy simply added \$3–\$4 per box as profit. That was the hard part—the rest was easy.

The best part was when Jordy handed me my own white butcher's coat. We were ready.

We headed north to Lawrence Avenue, took a left, and pulled into the first tavern we saw. Jordy turned to me and said, "Just watch what I do—you'll get it right away."

He grabbed six boxes of assorted cuts, walked through the door, and started hawking in a booming voice:

"Meat man! Meat man! I got New York strips, porterhouse, rib eyes, chopped sirloin, and Italian beef. We were overloaded at Murphy's down the block—we can't go back with them!"

Within seconds, a guy at the bar asked, "How much for the box?"

"Nine dollars for eight porterhouse," Jordy shot back..

The guy nodded—he was in. And just like that, everyone else wanted in too.

It was 9:30 in the morning and the bar was already packed. By the time these guys stumbled home that night, they might've blown half their paycheck on booze—but at least they'd be bringing home some meat for the family.

By 2:45 p.m., we had worked our way down to Cicero Avenue and were completely sold out. Jordy had made \$275 cash in just a few hours. We hit bars, factories, beauty parlors, gas stations—anywhere we thought we could unload our stock.

The following week was my turn to go solo. I met Jordy at Liquid Carbonic, packed up with dry ice, then headed down to Randolph Street to pick up my load. Since it was my first time, I played it safe and bought just 30 boxes. We loaded up, wished each other luck, and split off in different directions.

I took North Avenue west, parked outside my first stop, and started my rounds. By 10:45 a.m., I was completely sold out. The next week, feeling bold, I doubled my order—and sold out by 2:20 p.m.

At the end of that day, I stuffed \$245 in cash into the pocket of my white butcher's coat. I don't think I ever enjoyed counting money as much as I did that afternoon.

This became my Saturday ritual for six months. I worked five days a week for my dad and Saturday was mine. Before long, I started thinking: What if I did this two days a week—Friday and Saturday? So I told my dad I'd be working four days for him and taking the other two for the meat hustle.

Our motto was simple and unforgettable:

“You can't beat our meat!”

This went on for a few months more, and I was putting cash in a shoebox at a lovely rate.

The only problem was... I was getting bored. I am the type of person that once I master something I want to master something else.

One day, I ran into Ronny Richmond, a builder and realtor I knew from the glass business. I told him how well things were going. He listened, nodded, and said,

“Mike, you oughta get yourself a real estate license. You’re making enough in two days a week to float yourself until you start closing deals. That’s why there are so many women in the business—they’ve got husbands covering the bills. You? You’ve got the meat business.”

It made sense. One thing leads to another. That’s how the process works. “When you get your license,” Ronny said, “come work for me.”

Alright—you keep wondering: Where is all this going? What does hawking steaks in Chicago taverns have to do with the “Theory of Everything”?

Well, here’s the thing: finding the funding to find the theory is part of the theory. Just ask the folks at CERN.

It’s no fun if you don’t have the DING.
And this part of the story?
It’s about where the DING comes from.

After my military training, civilian life felt simple: the mission was to make money — and make money I did. In my first year as a broker, I personally sold 58 homes. In my second year, I sold even more. By the third year, I had moved beyond single deals and was syndicating apartment complexes and construction projects.

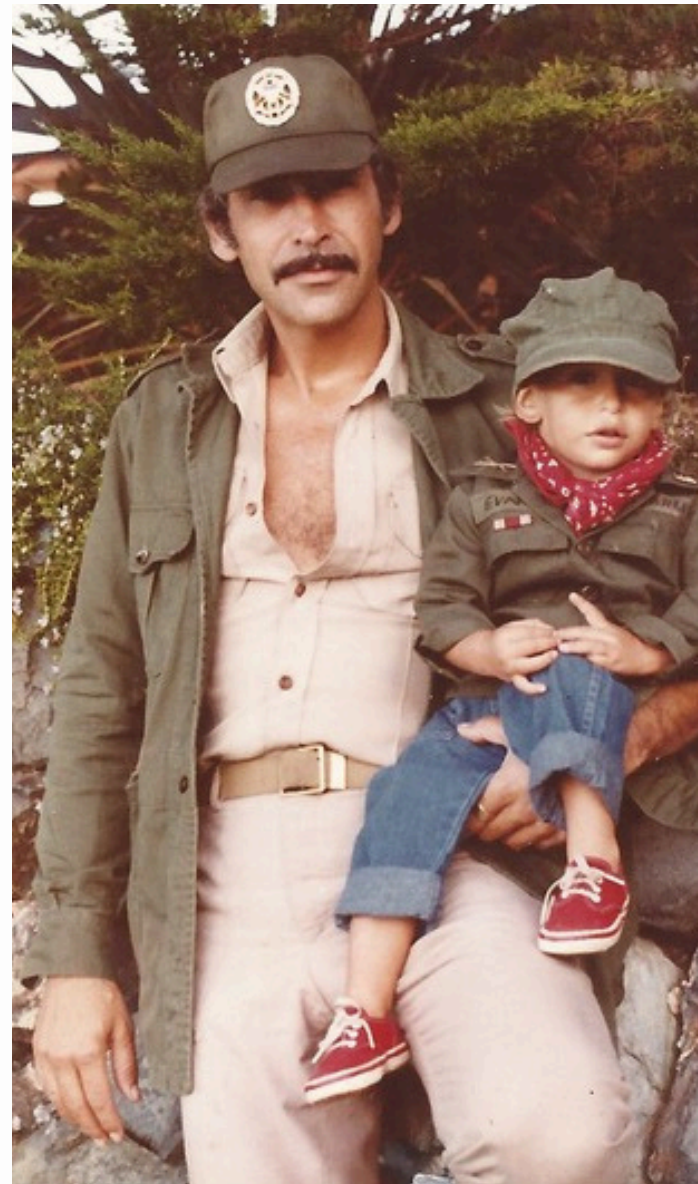
I tried to bring my brother-in-law into the steak business, but it didn’t take. That chapter faded quietly into the past, while my real estate ventures took off like a rocket.

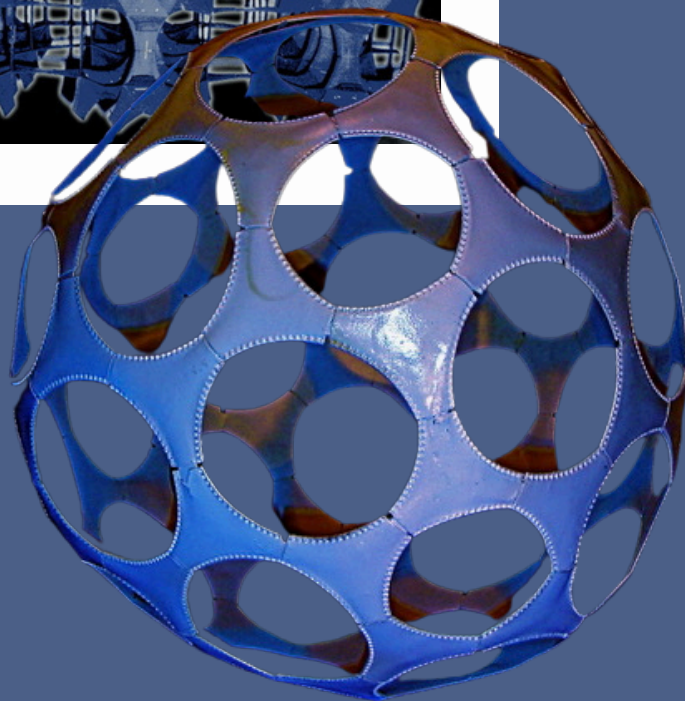
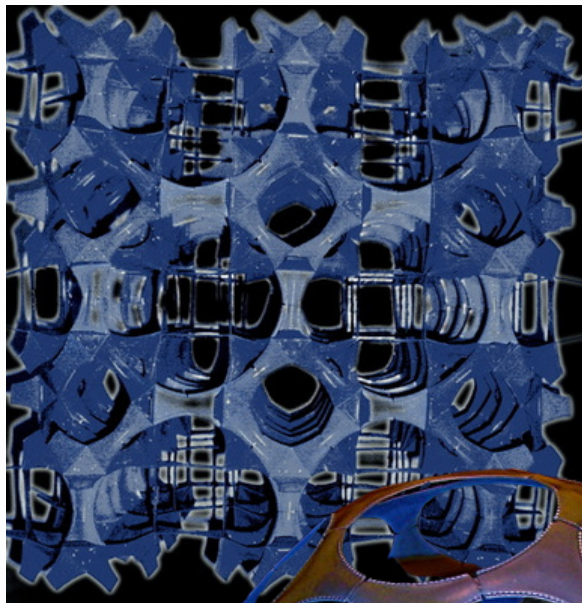
By the time I was 29, I had two children and had purchased a 10-acre estate in the suburbs south of Chicago. By conventional standards, I was what people call a great success.

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I am but a boy, yet to be a man

I wish to feel with love

and be what you hope I can.

I am but a child, naive this very day

there is so much I want to know,

maybe you could point the way.

I am but a man: this I know for sure

the beauty in a child

is the only thing that's pure.

I am but a fool to think it ever be

a man become a boy

and takes to open sea.

I am but a moment in a myriad of endless time

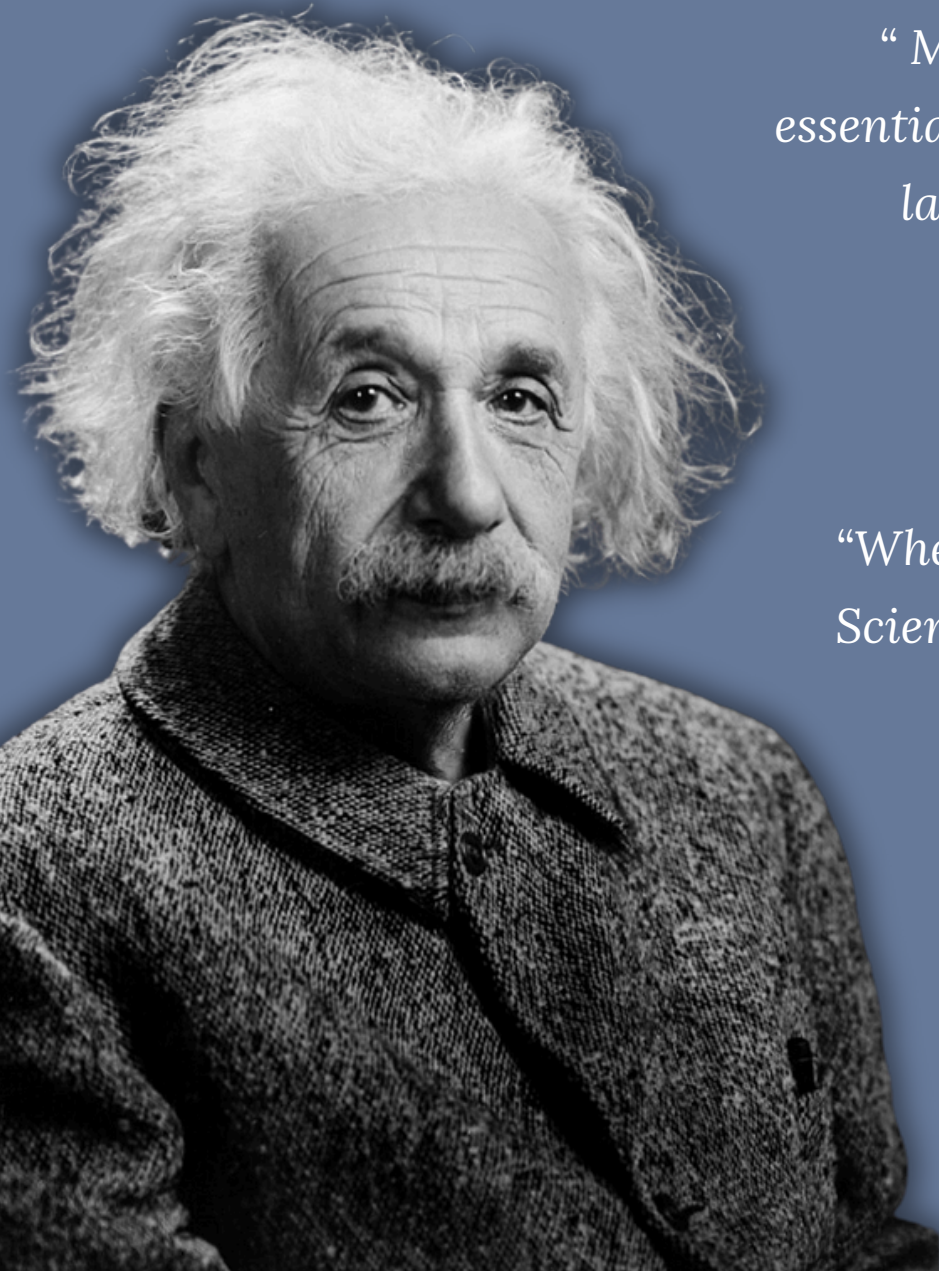
I search for space between balloons

and make riddles of endless rhyme

MRE 1970

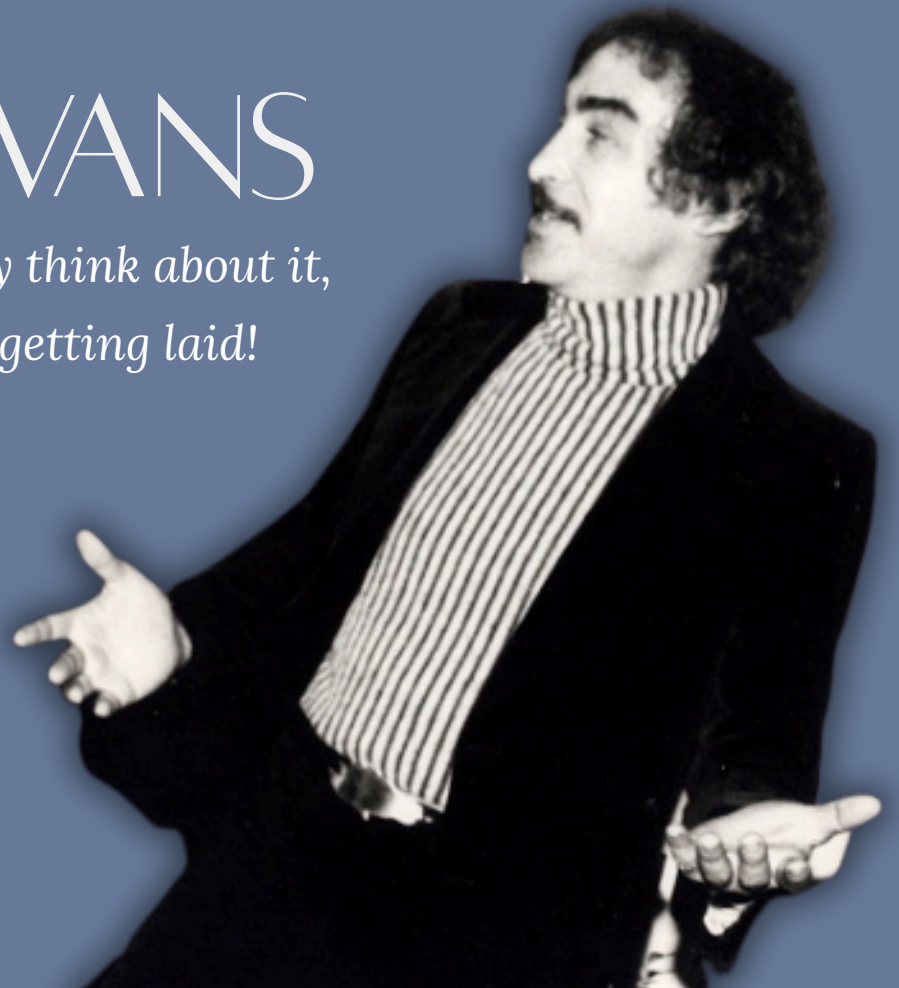
EINSTEIN

“ Most fundamental ideas of science are essentially simple and may be expressed in a language understood by EVERYONE ! ”



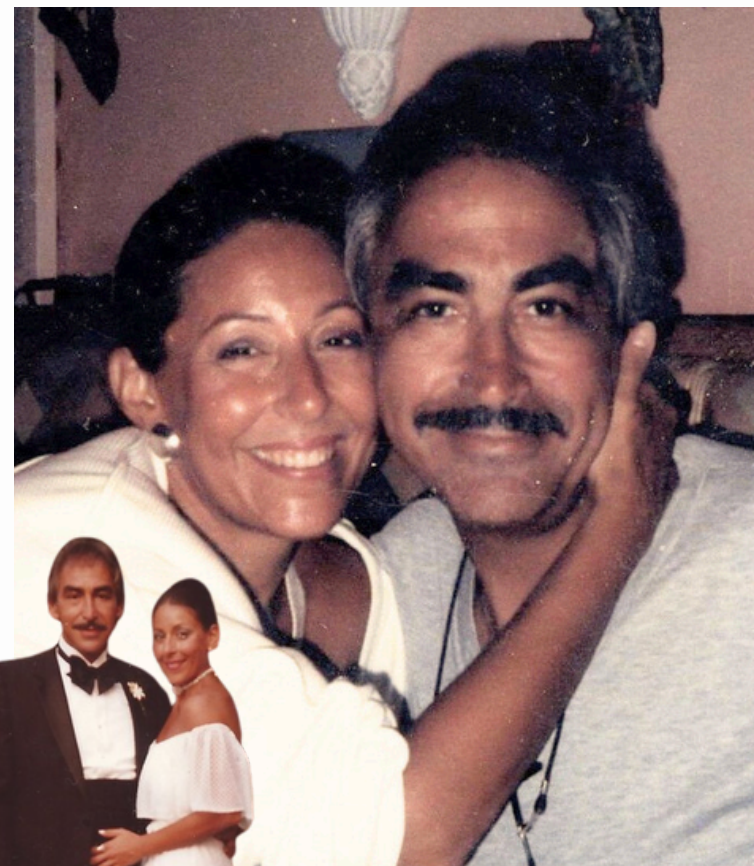
EVANS

*“When you really think about it,
Science is about getting laid!*





LOVE OF MY LIFE
D.N.



THE HOUSE OF NOW — REFLECTIONS

I look back on my life, yet it feels so new. Through many seasons past and many crops harvested; through the sorrows and disappointments of my journey, I have often thought that the ever-changing seasons would stop. That the wonder of spring would, this time, fail to melt the winter snow. That the summer sun would never again warm and tan my flesh. That the colors of fall would not dance with the vivid hues of seasons past.

The season of my reality was frozen in the cold and barren winter of my mind. But as it is, so it shall always be: time heals the wounds. The scars that remain are often thought to be ugly and shameful—marks that others might find offensive. But I say no. These are not scars of ugliness, but wounds justly won in battle. They are not to be looked upon with pity or consolation, but rather shared tacitly with others who had the courage to define their own reality.

Theirs is a coveted sect, rarely known to the passersby of this world. These are the ones who curse the wound for the scar left behind. But I say no—not so. Love that which has made your awareness more than a slave to others' thoughts. You had the courage to stand and face the world, to meet the fate of victor or vanquished. The outcome matters not.

I ask, why am I? I say, because I must be. Who would know if I were not? The pages of time have no place for my name. My deeds will soak into the soil as do the heaviest rains: some to be drawn downward into the earth, where all things grow, and some to evaporate back to the heavens from which they came.

Say, take me, wind of life.
I want to ride the rapids of your waters—
to reach out and let you in,
to yield totally,
to cry out for mercy,
to touch another's mind.
I wish not to possess, but to know.
I am real and can give only that which is real.
Look not for promises of the future,
for tomorrow lies in a world we cannot visit, not even for the
smallest time.
We were born now, we live now, and we shall die now.
Now is where we have always been.

Tomorrow belongs to your unborn children, and their unborn
children,
and when they are born, their lives too shall dwell in the
house of now.
Out of the sweet night's air comes the light of knowing day.
With every breath, my lungs expand with wonder and
question.
I see in the darkness an object—tempting and forbidden—
casting a sweet fragrance that beckons me into her womb.
The scheme of life suddenly appears childishly
uncomplicated,
with form and dimension to all that is born of that conscious
beginning.
An insight of vast proportion grows and multiplies in my
mind.
One must let his mark fall upon the surface of the Earth
so that he may know the bond between his own being and
the Universe—
to know whence he has come and how far there is yet to go.
To know that when sorrow and pain seek my company,
I will welcome them openly, without fear—
as the ocean seeks to swallow the earth, not as an enemy,
but as the knowledge that there is an earth to be.

For every plus, we must negate a minus.
As I am weak, I am strong.
As I am empty, I am full.
As I am alone, I shall know togetherness.
As I know myself, I shall know others.
As I know death, I shall know living.
As I am genius, I am idiot.
As I am naked, I shall know comfort.
To know the pain of too much tenderness.
To cry the tears of longing needs.
To hold that which is so real, close to my bosom.
To behold beauty that no man can manufacture in his stores.
To be able to give so much.

A lump comes to my throat and slowly descends into my innermost
feelings; it suddenly explodes into a million fragments of life's
knowledge. All the unfulfilled hopes and desires of the winter past
filter through my mind. The fantasies that dance upon my brain
warm me as no summer sun could ever do.

The colors of my passion outdo the most brilliant autumn burn.
Winter smiles with a knowing glow, and the petals of spring flowers
open excitedly to the sun—knowing that it will all happen again,
grateful nonetheless.

MRE 1970



BIO/RESUME

Education

- 1998–2001 Bachelor of Fine Arts, Laguna College of Art and Design
- 1961–1962 Political Science Major, University of Miami
- 1960–1961 Business Major, University of Illinois
- 1955–1956 Gifted Student Artist Program, The Art Institute of Chicago

Military Service

- 1964–1967 Drafted into the U.S. Army
 - Commissioned 2nd Lt., O.C.S. Class 4-65, Ft. Benning, Georgia
 - Completed Airborne and Jungle Warfare Schools
 - Honorable Discharge: 1967

Work Experience

- 1992–2010 Inventing, designing, lecturing, painting, sculpting, and writing
- 1976–1992 Partner, D.N. EVANS — Couture fashion design company
 - Design concepts, fashion photography, store design, landscape design, CFO
- 1971–1976 Toy Designer — SPACE CLUSTERS, GEOMETRON
- 1967–1971 Licensed Real Estate Professional, Illinois
 - Design, syndication, sales, and construction
- 1958–1967 South Shore Glass & Mirror Co., Chicago, IL

Recent Shows & Media

- January 28, 2014 Awakening Code Radio KX 93.5 — “In Search of God Particles”
- Host: Eric Rankin
- [Listen to the broadcast](#)
- December 21, 2013 Spirit Science 22 (Part 3) — “The God Particle”
- Produced by Jordan David Pearce
- [Watch on YouTube](#)
- [Spirit Science](#)

- **2013 Institute For Figuring, Los Angeles — Featured in an exhibition curated by** Margaret Wertheim, author of Physics on the Fringe.
 - Exhibition showcased outsider physics theories by Michael R. Evans, Jim Carter, and Stoyan Sarg.
 - Opened March 10, 2013
 - Institute For Figuring

Publications

- 2011 Trans-Dimensional Unified Field Theory by George James Ducas
- ISBN: 978-14568-7110-9
- 2010 Natural Philosophy Alliance, Vol. 7 — Invited speaker at the 17th Annual Conference of the NPA, California State University, Long Beach (June 23–26, 2010).
- Subject: Art, Light, and Physics
- [worldnpa.org](#)
- 2010 Abstract accepted to the 4th International Meeting on Developments in Materials, Processes and Applications of Emerging Technologies (MPA-4), Braga, Portugal.
- Abstract Code: MPA0
- [mpa-meeting.com](#)
- 2005 “Vision in Action” — The Journal of Integral Thinking for Visionary Action, Volume 3, Number 1.
- [via-visioninaction.org](#)
- 1989 Citizen Diplomacy Progress Report, ISSN 1044-3320 — Co-Author
- Topic: Warsaw–NATO Mutual Security Pact

Patents

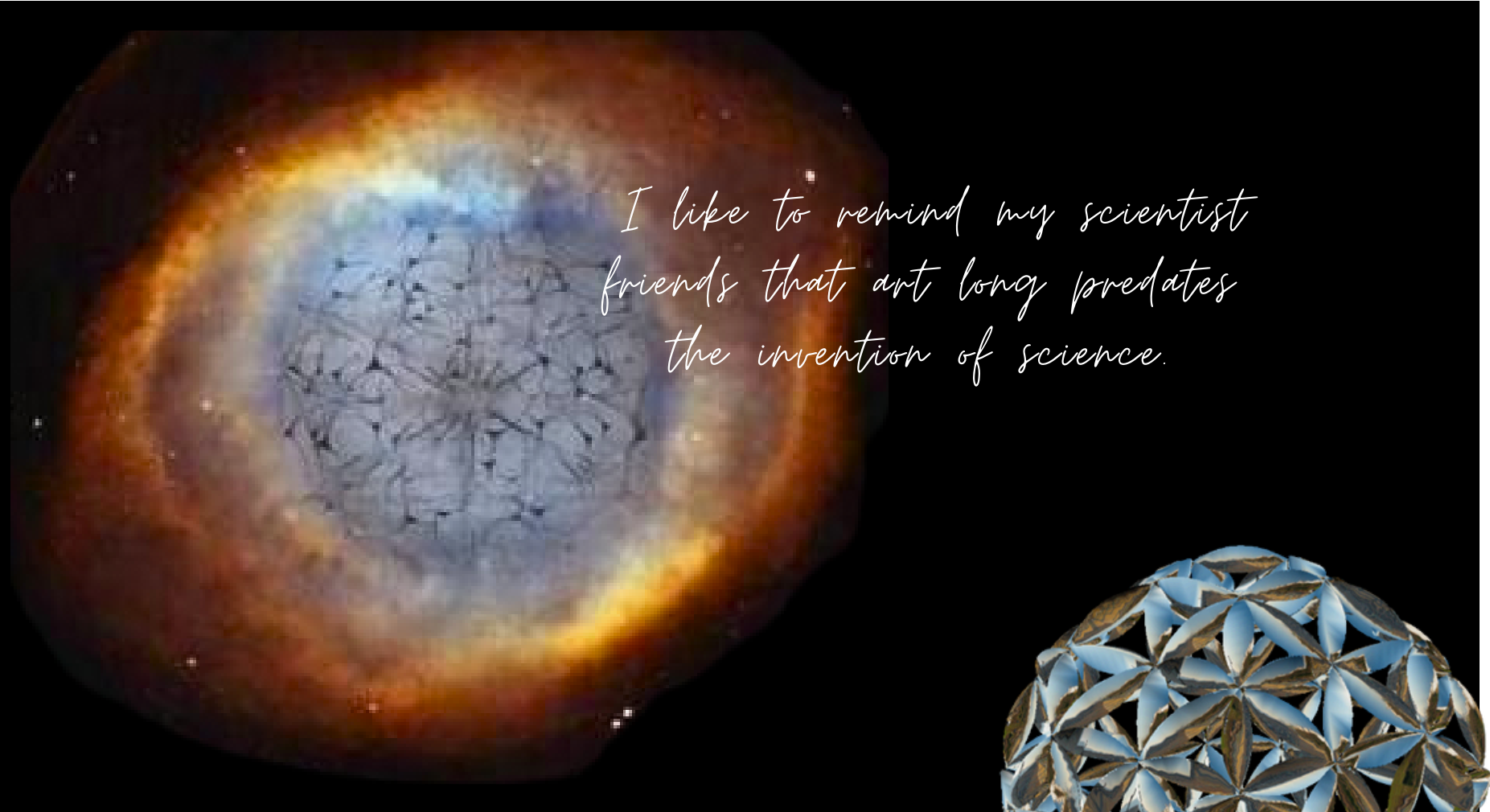
- 1970 Awarded U.S. Mechanical Patent for Construction System – SPACE CLUSTERS.
 - Additional patents awarded in England, Japan, Italy, France, and Sweden.
- 1969 Awarded U.S. Mechanical Patent for Medical Prosthesis.
 - Sold to Jung Products, a subsidiary of Wilson Sporting Goods.

Community Service

- Exchange Club
- Rotary
- Vice President, Laguna Beach Chamber of Commerce
- Board of Directors, School Power

Media & Acknowledgments

- August 2, 2022 — Michael R. Evans Revolutionary, YouTube by Knew Geometry
- June 8, 2024 — Does the Flower of Life Change, YouTube by Jain 108
- October 2019 – February 2021 — Participated in Robert Edward Grant's Weekly Think Tank, MathaMagicians
- Special thanks to Richard Nunez for his contributions and deep understanding of the Trion-Re.



*I like to remind my scientist
friends that art long predates
the invention of science.*

Designed by Karen Elkins
sciencetosagemagazine.com
