



The universal compressible media is a **unified field**.

The key question
Arising out of our
Understanding of
The universe
As wave-like in nature, is:

t h e r o l e o f m i n d
— or **C o n s c i o u s n e s s** — among waves?

We have grasped that the differences
Between fundamental forces
Are not differences of “substance”
But of scale.

(**R a t i o** as the sacred,
S c a l e as the profane.)

The principles of wave **I n t e r f e r e n c e**
Are the same for waves
Between nerve cells at
Their synapse as they are for
Waves between electron shells at
Their quantum levels.

They carry the same forces of
Compressibility and information storage
— through the same media—

t h e y s i m p l y a c t o n d i f f e r e n t s c a l e s .

At first we don't see
That information **Dancing**
At the level of the electron shell,
Shares the music of the dance
Between **synapses** in the nervous system.

Their "scales" are vastly out of
Range of each other.

Here is where our challenge
To **see** mind among the waves
Becomes more interesting.

Information/momentum/mind
Embeds between frequencies
When it lives
In geometry's comforting womb
(mother-matter-mater).





If you pull a coil spring on its ends,
It shrinks only slightly on its sides.
Thus a small movement can be energetically
linked

To a great one.

The piezo-electricity of quartz
Is created by its ability to carry **energy**
Between frequencies down its **spir al**
(an asymmetric coil spring
Of electronic life).

DNA is coil-sprung likewise
In its role connecting the
Cell to the choreographic
(and bell-like) ring of its etheric body.
The brain also sits

Resonating

Atop a serpentine coil of
Glandular "chakras."

It is acoustically phase
Locked to the heart
During **ecstasy**.

The piezo-electric coupling
Of the brain to the
Dance of the glands
Triggers the secretion of the psycho-active
Hormones, the liquid dopant
To the body's crystalline song

Electric.



The sound to the electric dance
of connectedness thus begins as a place
to touch between frequencies.

In the body this pattern of
R e a c h i n g
to touch between scales,

Is designed to go far beyond just
sound touching light.

This is the **axis of Eros**
Across which the finger of god
touches the matrix of matter
Through the spark-gap that is man...
The bridge between worlds.

When **seeds of order**
are planted in nourishing media,
they can grow beyond the bounds
of their **womb**.

Momentum's rush to grow
Round the **vortex seed**
With center of gravity
(good heart),
Knows no bounds.

The **implosion**
That is **ecstasy**
Is thus **generated**
Around the **seed thought**,
Which
Is
At
Once

A
Feeling,
Of
Connectedness...

Love...

Every bond:
a phase lock of unconditional sharing.



We now can see how attention,
Focus,
Or mindfulness,
Can be the medium of creation
In a media of wave:
Only the wave which can stand as a wave,
Can store its information/momentum.

In order to stand,
The wave must unconditionally share
Its momentum in a
Geometry/matrix/womb.
It requires the mirror of itself
Returning
Back on itself
To create the wave node
Which has the illusion of
Stability.

Momentum in symmetrically opposing
directions creates
Stability/matter /Maya.



In order to enter
The rotational-feminine-matter,
Linear-masculine-energy
Must be initiated in the spiral dance path
Of momentum.

The path of conservation of momentum
Between frequencies on the (t)light-rope
Between energy and matter,
Line and circle,
Is the golden mean spiral .

Focus and attention is the power
to hold a wave node (seed) fixed
In the flux, like choosing the note(node)
by putting a finger on
The fret of the guitar string — the shape of the wave which is
Given the chance to stand, is chosen by
the places of stillness.



Wordstar

Pulse, shiver... self... no other...
A compressible media, differentiation from homogeny.

When i am everywhere, i am no(w)here.

I am the shape of focus,

I can hold an i/eye

When i turn about a center of focus,

Feeling a center of gravity.

Eddy to vortex... **A path with a heart;**

Attending intending to turn the turn

(cross the t and dot the eye)

Catching my self bobbing

Back from the center of the turn, from

Vertex vortex to torus torah

(called a figure 8)

Segregation of momentum in focus i call: i)(not i

eye)(not eye

mem)(brain

Iterate wave form-making

A threshold for the quantum to leap--

The waves barrier is the **illusion of separateness**

— Longing is born from this, the only kind of length.

Vortex center to as far as eye can touch,

i call universe;

From center to limit is one:

The boundary holds me so that the

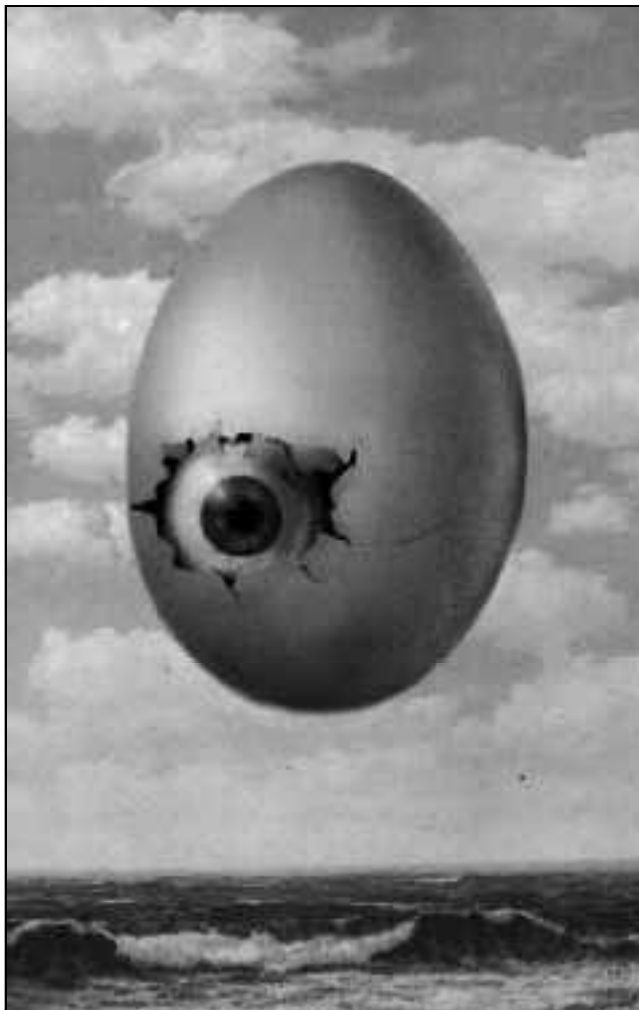
Shape of the boun(d)ce shapes me.

The size of my center to the

Size and speed of my bound --

A constant of fine structure.

THE "MATTER" OF VISION



SENTience, SENSitive, SENSory, SCIENTific — in some way feeling, knowing, and being have their roots in sensing or seeing. Evolution can be described as the evolving of seeing. People are related to words. Both get a sense of meaning from their family trees. A sense of meaning is a vision of relationship — to a universe or a universe of discourse.

Division means to divide visions, while UNIVerse means to unite in song.

Etymology gives us cosmology, and cosmology gives us etymology: "The Dialectics of Enlightenment": "Life that Brings Them Love, and Love that Brings Them Life." In a word they are brought together.

In the beginning was the word. And the word was with God.

And the word was God.

Another name for the cosmos is "everything that can be named".

So we name some thing.

We embrace the relationships which its being embraces.

How much of that being is wrapped up and resonant in our chosen name?

How deeply can we feel when poured into names like SELF, WORLD, and GOD?

What is it to say that some words have more "feeling" than others?

What is it to say that some words and languages are more "sacred" than others?

To womb do we ask these questions.



Mother, what's its name? What's in a name, Mother? What name did you know before you knew your name? Mother.

From whence comes the naming of names? Mother.

What matters? This Mother: Mater.

What's our name for the womb that bears us, in whose matrix our being and seeing is aborning?

Matter. Mother.

Suppose the waves of nothingness and chaos are inspired to cross and wed. There is a "Sufi" saying about such a marriage: "Time Vibrates From Man, Space Emanates Through Woman." We say not wo-man, but rather womb-man. The waves would not die as they cross one another, instead they give each other, in holy MATRImony, the gift of order in space.

They create being from nothingness. The matter they hold together, becomes the rhythm of vision. They find new life, in a life in common. The "laws" of order in space, of close packing, of geometry, are not sterile edict. They are a loving gift from Mother Nature, from the nature of Mother.

What IS born when you cross time and space? What is born when you cross a man and a womban? A Mother is born: a matrix: on the cross of time and space.

Time and space have rhythms of their own, but they have no matrix until they cross. Man and woman may have life and rhythm alone. But when they are inspired to cross and wed, their web of energies embrace: then there is Mother. Wherever two or more are gathered in her name, she is there in the midst of them.

The vision of beauty that is Mother: "consecrates marriage and gives it a deeper meaning, a higher beauty". To be crucified on a cross of time and space holds no deeper meaning or higher beauty than to learn and embrace the gentle secrets in Mater's sacred womb:

The "mmm" sound: to mmmake together as in commmunion, mmmix, mmmatch, mmmend, mmmate: when your lips mmmmeet.

The "aaaah" sound: the first sound, the first letter, the primal harmonic, the fundamental resonance from the root of the tongue: the alpha of the alphabet, absolute, all, Allah.

The "Ter" sound: to cross as in to turn, to tear. There's a cross in the sound, just like the cross in the T we write, and the cross at the TOP of the TONGUE when we TALK. So in MATER is met and made together the first vibration in the sign of the cross. And what God has joined together, let no man put asunder.

Motherhood is sacred, as her name is sacred. The folds of her loving embrace are the womb of our being. In the loving folds of sacred language, in like manner, the womb of being is embraced. Across the threshold of symbol, in the roots of language, pulses the umbilical cord of consciousness.

The distance from object to symbol, to you from me, as two from one flesh of Mater, is a distance the symbol gives, only in order that the separateness may be made one again.

Through the bridges of symbol we learn to yearn to be one. When there is one, there is no distance, but when there is distance there is length. Of length is longing born.

When the symbol participates in the reality to which it points, the reality becomes one with the symbol. Thus is language "at first, in principle" both holy map and holy city: the realm of the sacred.

There's an identity, a oneness between the sound and the shape of our mouth when we say the word olive. In the "aaaah" the cup of the tongue shapes the orb of the fruit. The "L" separates the flesh from the stem, like the resonance L we make with the end of the tongue. The "-ive" in "Olive" shapes the Length of the stem through which life is drawn.

The sound pressure wave creates and couples matter's shape as wave.

So ALLAH is the sound of the first and the last and the first again. Such are the limits of possible harmonics of tongue shape upon vocal vibrancy. ALLAH is the wave shape which embraces the beginning and



the end and the beginning again. What is there when the serpent eats its tail? The donut feeds itself because it learned the first turn: inside out. The zygote follows suit.

The symbol is the mirror of the shape to which it vibrates.

The sound embraces the shape in resonance: a ratio of harmonics, a relationship among vibration, quantum mechanically repeating the process by which matter is structured. Such is the relationship of the cosmos and the name, the naming of God, and the WORD... of God.

"Speak but the word, and we shall be healed."

"He has written our name in the stars, alongside his own."

The distance from the One to the Other, from subject to object, is as from God to man. It is only so close, that the bridge of symbol gives Mater to Mother to Matter, bringing a higher order and a deeper meaning. God in man is a holy WORD in the heart of consciousness.

The dawning of symbol and of consciousness separates self from other.

Longing from length: the illusion of separateness.

Does it build a wall to give a name to a brother?

Are we something that can love a wall?

A living cell grows a wall in the ocean (primal soup). Its substance is still ocean, but its "cell" wall makes it a cell. And the cells soon make a man. And salt water runs in his veins. With the building of walls a man is born of ocean, as the waters of the womb spill out. Ma-ter/Wa-ter.

Earth man will learn that he must love his oceans like his Mother, or she will no longer nourish him.

The "selectively" permeable cell "wall" was an "illusion" of separateness between the ocean and the man. Separateness is passing fancy until men, the tears of ocean, and oceans, the tears of men, do see that the wall between them was but a gift they wove as a bond for each other, to learn to love one another. So the name shape of God man and his brother, is a gift they give to each other...

From the ocean of Mother, and the roots of oneness, men become the conscious fruits of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Adam means Adamic race. Ieve means symbol. Tempted by the serpent of Eros and the beauty of Ieve, the Adamic race chooses the nourishment of fruit from the tree of knowledge. Man is forever condemned to know the difference between good and evil. We "fall" from the tree of innocence, to see one AND many. Ieve is the feminine receptive form called symbol which builds a wall around the state of innocence.

But the wall of symbol is the necessary length (the power of abstraction), which allows us to see and to choose. To see IS to choose. At the very last, to choose to see through the embracing





power and wall of symbol into the meaning of oneness that is Mater — is to come home trailing clouds of glory.

So this is the way we build a wall so early in the morning, of creation. Our senses evolve from the bottom up: touch, taste, smell, hearing, and seeing.

Nourishment from higher frequency, finer vibration, comes “through the wall” at each step.

As the range of vision increases, the wall becomes more transparent. The bounds of responsiveness and selectivity widen.

As astronomers choose the eyes of X-rays their universe grows larger because they can see further. Such finer waves maintain their coherence, (co-here-at-once) — their information density in wave relationship — over longer distances, through denser obstacles. Our perception as a culture moves with them up this ladder of sense-say-tion. There are many ways we astronomers get to see with more penetrating resolution: telescope, microscope; interplanetary satellite, biofeedback; looking without, looking within. Re-creation for the children of Mater is playing with light.

Using higher frequency “words” to nourish awareness, our world grows larger. The bonds between cell walls weave stronger, from tissue, to organ, to body, to collective mind. The horizon of mind is a spectral window on the universe.

Sense-usual, sensual, evolution is not the limitation of manhood, it is an open invitation to Godhood.

It would be ignorance to think we were perfect and had stopped evolving. We would never see beyond the walls we’ve built. The reason for building the wall is to learn to take it down.

Part of the ever more penetrating coherence of the pre-sence of mind is finer awareness inside our body itself. Listening among quieted waves coheres the gross, and tunes the subtle. Emotions are standing piezoelectric resonance in nervous/muscular liquid crystal. Crystal is where one spectrum and dimension of wave field can couple and touch many others. Spiritual being uses this inner coherence (all-here-at-one-moment) for weaving collective mind among vast interplanetary bodies.



Thus emotion tastes and touches of wave field finer even than X-rays... by coupling one orderly crystalline harmonic to many above. These higher more ethereal planes of standing wave stand woven around Mater. They're in the same continuous spectrum, and it is Mother's nature to put them to work in us to unify her field.

So a friend, a plant, or a planet, does share its feeling directly with us. The physical media is emotion. We have our bodies "word" for it.

We are choosing new and old names for our new and old life: psychokinesis, aura, orgone energy, chakra, chi, shakti...

Naming finer presence (present-sense) is an important link to self-consciousness. The name is the symbol, building bridges for our conscious to focus on this subtler inner life. Only with such bridges can our awareness bring us into harmony with our new being bodies. Just like a name for a new friend helps us to know and to love him.

"Tuning" your etheric body in order to establish coherence and consciousness in wave forms of higher frequency are less elegant words which say: MAKE PEACE AND HARMONY IN THIS WORLD, AND YOU WILL SEE ANOTHER.

Whatever spiritual heritage we embrace for SYMBOLic food, the meaning is the same. We become truly conscious of emotional energy, seeing and choosing to use it coherently and lovingly. In so doing we are giving a new and healing order to a body of resonance around us. It is called the Kesjahn body, personal magnetism, aura, healing presence. Many names forge one link to the "presence of mind" which we have around our being with increased awareness. It is a wave form expanding out into a world of finer vibration and wider vision.



Increasingly our experience tells us that these “bodies” of resonance can live on without this “Mat(t)er” body. What would be the sense if a child of Mother could never leave the womb.

We are told that when the Mater body IS left behind, a “Silver Cord” at first connects the material body to the higher one. This umbilical cord of death/birth, is the T of the cross through Tomb to womb.

Man’s emotions are a life of music, an Aeolian harp of Mater blowing in the wind of spirit. When the tension and the wind find a harmonious resonance, the music blows gently out beyond the valley and the harp.

We find soul food in the WORD rhythms of scripture, art, music and dance; they upbraid the vertigo of separateness with the harmony of vision and oneness. Those rhythms of vision daily recreate a tapestry of peace and mindfulness. United by a willed attention to every generous thought and pure emotion, they weave silver threads of enlightened being around the loving matrix of Mater.

Pray in the name of Mother, to learn the secrets of Mater from the illuminated folds of her form. For the children of light are the matter of vision. And the beloved WORD of this Mother, the gift of vision to her children which folds them gently home to her, The Mater of Vision...

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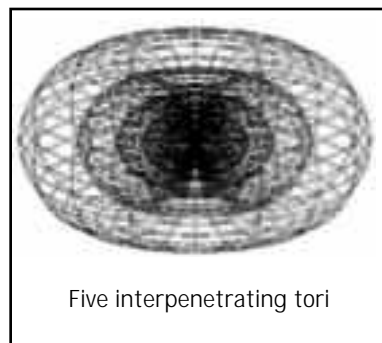
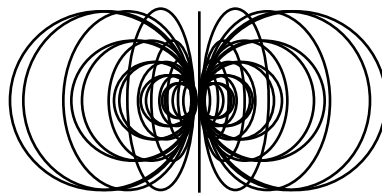
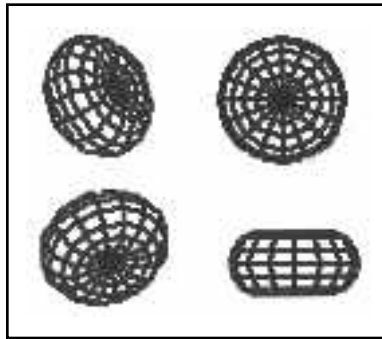
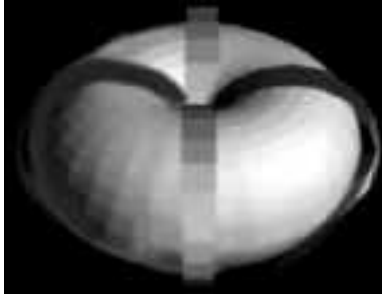
THE ABC'S OF EVERYTHING:
A CHILD'S GUIDE TO THE UNIFIED FIELD

Steven Hawking once said that a true unified field theory must be simple enough to explain to a bright twelve year old. In this section, Dan Winter attempts just that, an explanation of an unified field of knowledge for bright children.

Originally written as a letter to a friend's bright twelve year-old son on his coming of age, this new version is directed toward the kid in all of us, with our gee-whiz sense of wonder at the power and orderliness of a universe with so much seeming chaos in it.

Much of this section lays the ground work for later more complex idea patterns. Try reading it with an open mind, as if this was the first thing of its kind you had ever read. It's worth the effort.

A Child's Guide to the unified field



Five interpenetrating tori

This story is about the original sacred alphabet, the tilted shadows of ONE donut! This basic pattern for nesting donuts may be THE perfect pattern to help us remember EVERYTHING! Let me explain why.

When you are young you see that there is so much to learn (or remember) about how the world is glued together. You might well begin to ask yourself: "how am I going to re-member everything about this complicated world in order to be powerful (and useful), here?"

Someone tells you that there is something called "physics" and "chemistry." These are big books full of rules about how you glue this stuff called "matter" together in order to make stuff like "people" and "toys" and other important things. Now these supposedly wiser older people are getting ready to tell you that you must learn (re-member) all this stuff about matter that's contained in these very thick books.

Instead of trying to remember everything in the thick books called "physics" and "chemistry" you may wish to try a more direct way to understand stuff. What you and I should probably ask is: "isn't there some IDEA or PRINCIPLE which is a rule or pattern which we can apply to make every thing in all the thick books?" A principle is a basic rule or pattern or idea which you apply to ALL other puzzles or problems.

Well good, since we have got that figured out, now what we need is to find that FIRST principle from which ALL other principles or ideas or rules are made. Where do you suppose would be the best place to look for the first rule or pattern?

Well where is the most important idea in the most important book around?

Probably you guessed that the most important book is the Torah or Bible, and if you did, you're right!

Now, if you wanted to put a most important thing in a book, where would YOU put it?

Probably you guessed: "in the beginning of the book." And if you did you're right again!

So good, that part was easy.

We just take the first part of the most important book and there will be our basic pattern for EVERY-thing. We learn that pattern and everything else we need to know can be built from that first little principle.