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Préjà Vu

Amanda Elle Lewis

August 13th - September 8th 2022

I fell into a portal, another dimension, which turned out to be a disastrous accident. Everything was backwards and upside down for me, but for you it wasn't. A young siren, I risked my voice and my humid, deciduous kingdom for this venture, that you assured me would not go in vain. But I now understand why you so hastily presumed the worst of anyone gullible enough to believe in you, a fugazi. You said you was a king\\You lied through your teeth.\\For that, f**k your feelings\\Instead of getting crowned you're getting capped. You think I don't know how hard you tried to bury me? You wouldn't let me live, but you also couldn't kill me. I knew too much. I knew where the bodies were, and why an ominous cloud of flies trailed around everywhere you seemed to go. Beelzebub, a symbolic physicalization sent from the universe that for some reason went overlooked. Before I couldn't unsee, I peeped my name scribbled and underlined in red on your list under the word "sacrifice"! So I set out to sacrifice you instead.

The binding spell you cast on me was strong, but I eventually grew accustomed to its prescription which taught me to transmute it. You thought that shit was sooo damn funny too, cosigning the torture of your "best friend," too cowardly even to partake yourself. I guess that's why you cried so much the first few nights you met me, it confused me so much at the time. You thought I was going to be your dinner, but you never would get to taste of my exotic fruit-flavored blood. You couldn't predict anything. You couldn't even predict that I was a skilled escape artist, even though I explained this to you quite matter-of-factly on a variety of occasions. So I know you must never have even paid attention when I spoke, how lovely.

Do you think I don't know what you wanted for me? That I'd disintegrate into the ether without a trace, light-years away from my family, never having to answer any of their questions about why I was gone or what had become of me. The moment I realized, I let out a blood-curdling scream in a pitch I made sure only the dogs could hear. My mind cross-faded to a video montage of you laughing and celebrating with your family as you disposed cavalierly of my carcass, harvested of its high-fashion, limited-edition organs. Trust me, I can recognize when someone boasts a victory before it's actually happened, I've seen it before. You thought I was asleep, unconscious, just like I had planned since I discovered the Truth. I stared mute and emaciated, frozen in repulsion, day after day, as you humiliated me to temporarily assuage your existential boredom. Why couldn't you comprehend that I was already humble, and that was, in fact, the precedent for our union?

You were as mistaken as it is truly possible to be; it was I who was sent to karmically humble you. And thanks to your astronomical mishandling of a soul contract in this lifetime, I have been awarded a series of spiritual and genetic upgrades permanently inaccessible to you, my 9th life wouldn't be my last after all. And that is exactly why I am alive now, more vital of body and mind than ever, to speak to you today. Your excuses came in the form of fabrications, delusions, wildly imaginative character assassinations. Everyone knows what you did and exactly how hard you tried to cover it up. That's what happens when you clumsily contrive a portrait of an innocent person disguised as a villain... the seams start to show. You can't actually be mad I outsmarted you though. So I guess I'm just "lucky" to have gotten out alive. Or maybe I always knew things would end up this way, ever since I was a girl.

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It must have been *préjà vu*; subconscious memories of the future, a premonition. An extrasensory perception, a high degree of intuition as it relates to the unfolding of a known and beloved story before it is retold. This was my second near death experience, but without being exposed to any singular instantaneous bout of physical trauma, I encountered a realm beyond the everyday constraints of time and space. Where my deceased grandmother spoke to me in dreams, her voice as clear as in my memories. Angels embraced me softly and played with my hair, whispering and humming to lull me to sleep. Even the nebulous presences in my home that visited me in the night whose ghastliness, pixelated in the darkness, used to frighten me, suddenly became oddly comforting. The interconnectedness of everything even with the paranormal, felt numinous, divine, like a mystical home-coming. You told me I was dead, but unfortunately for you, I wasn't; I had indeed managed to survive. I looked around in disbelief and saw my father reading the newspaper at the table like he always had, and my mother next to him mending the hem of his pants.

How could I possibly have emerged from this situation completely unscathed? There must have been an angel by my side... my familiar, *Préjà Vu*, the pure embodiment of this phenomenological epiphany, who I had adopted from a psychic woman from Texas, Gabriela. All the betrayal done to me beyond my vantage in the 3D realm was delivered to me in my dreams, or the 5D astral plane, otherwise understood as the heart-centered consciousness shift from our awareness as individuals to that of a collective. I obsessively practiced extracting hypothetical meanings behind even the most mundane signifiers from a variety of proposed but unspoken perspectives, subliminal and encrypted. Other signs of confirmation grew impossible to ignore, particularly my unbearable nausea which resulted in hunger pangs that insistently contorted my stomach. As for me, my persistence engendered a growth in intuition and confidence, allowing me to ascend to the higher dimensions unbounded by the confines of ego. For you a different fate, your shit debunked, ill-hewn human-suit deflated, revealed you to be no more than a Scooby Doo villain, scaring others for fear of your own powerless reflection. You changed your destiny by choosing this character, I hope it made you happy.

* * * *

To ascend to the higher dimensions, to be in alignment with the universe, to renounce ego, requires a mastery of one's own brainwaves (frequency). We are three-dimensional creatures of particular that see things visually in only two dimensions due to the structure of our eyes, with the cognitive understanding that it contains infinite 3D objects. If we were two-dimensional creatures, we would see our reality in one dimension. In order to understand the concept of 4D we would need to understand the logical progression of mathematics as it relates to the 3D. It follows that the 4D world would be constructed out of an infinite amount of 3D objects, where 3D objects are constructed out of an infinite amount of planes. A four-dimensional creature would be able to see inside of things; as if they were "unfolded" so that the interior of objects would become perceptible simultaneously with the exterior, collapsing our conventional understanding of visual capabilities in humans. The tesseract is the four-dimensional analogue of the cube; it is to the cube as the cube is to the square. It features a series of 3D cubes instead of 2D faces. However, since it itself remains a 3D object, it serves only as a theoretical model for the type of thinking employed in this analogy. The form implies the infinite specificity within an object of three dimensions, as the 4D implies the existence of infinite dimensions.

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This specificity with which one views their reality must have a direct correlation to one's vibrational frequency, because it addresses one's ability to access altered states of consciousness. One's electromagnetic frequency coincides with how well one manages their emotions, quantifying how susceptible they are to external provocation, their proximity to attaining radical self-acceptance and self-love.

Different emotions correspond hierarchically to specific frequencies, measurable in units of Hertz; shame is lowest, at 20Hz, pride at 175Hz, reason at 400Hz, love at 500Hz, joy at 540Hz, peace at 600Hz, all the way up to enlightenment at 700Hz. We are constantly presented with so much negative programming, and our inherent human abilities are repressed by this Matrix. It is the agenda of this network of media to keep people depressed, desiring things, doubting themselves, and creating limiting beliefs which preclude the possibility of ever attaining liberation from its ever-convincingly proposed supremacy. The way beyond entails being able to access altered states of consciousness beyond its usual operation. Great minds like Dalí, Einstein, Edison and Aristotle utilized this unlikely method to attain these states: They would hold a metallic object as they fell asleep, and as they dozed off they would drop it onto a downward facing plate, awakening them and allowing them to enter a hypnagogia, the transitory state in consciousness between wakefulness and sleep. The teachings of José Silva proposed that reaching a certain level of mental and physical relaxation on its own would enhance creativity, memory, cognitive abilities, even luck. Theta state is the state of being able to solve difficult problems, finding inspiration, and practicing great insight that can only come from within. Operating at the Delta level is an especially difficult level of consciousness to operate from; it is the form that you take when you are sleeping. In this state you will become extremely lucky, some may call it "magic" or "serendipitous" - it almost seems like these people who can access Delta can "bend reality," making it appear that the universe always "has your back."

The invisible forces that govern the universe are constantly at play, and in these states they seem malleable and susceptible to suggestion. These forces are both spiritual (i.e. karmic) and scientific (i.e. gravitational) as they relate to the foundational principles of physics. Newtonian laws blend perfectly into the energetic tenets of tarot, creating the science of awareness. The flower of life is the pattern of how consciousness creates reality. It creates through spheres of awareness in the voice to create conceptions of space and dimension through vibrating waves of energy. This energy is the original consciousness field that is interacting with itself, expanding its awareness within and beyond itself. Every time it expands it can go deeper in self-understanding by experiencing itself and creating something new. Its form even mirrors with tautological congruence the sequence of cell division, the blueprint for the creation of life. The action of drawing this primordial form grants the artist access to a portal.

- Amanda Elle Lewis

Amanda Elle Lewis (b. 1992) currently lives and works in Merion Station, PA. Previous exhibitions include: *When I was a child...*, MX, NYC (2018); *Us*, Ed. Varie, NYC (2018) and *The Corporate Expo*, MX, NYC (2015). This will be her first solo exhibition with Baader-Meinhof.