



PAN—GAIA

[Pan: whole; Gaia: Earth, Ancestral mother; Pan-Gaia: the all-encompassing earth]

narratives of a grand new vision

adam louis sebastian lehodey

a pair of eyes. They could be anywhere: New York City, Bogotá, Mexico City, London, Dallas. Before them stands the roar of a highway. Modernity, encapsulated. Yet nothing has changed from the days that came before: eight billion souls, still grappling to move on up; in search of their own meaning; some have it, many don't. the same pair of eyes. Before them, the rush of a jet engine. Death of distance. The world as one. New York to London at Mach II speed. Paris to Tokyo sub rotation (time is an illusion; it was always an illusion). That pair of eyes; Brasileiros, Salvadoreños, Chilenos – or maybe San Franciscan, Roman, Angelinos (no matter); that pair of eyes, looking up to the Heavens. Wishing there were Heavens. Heaven is – a place on earth? Midway between the Tigris and Euphrates. Mythos. Mythos. Mythos. The Great USA. (U.S.A. is the speech of the people, a great bard once wrote).

Those eyes search. Those eyes stare. Those eyes wander, up and down, round and round. Eager to find the thread – the invisible thread that connects all. Those eyes search on, and on, and on. Suddenly a vision appears before them. Those eyes – so deep, so profound, so powerful (a portal – not in, but out), THEY SEE IT.

this is that story.

the story of those eyes. eight billion pairs.

oculus omnividens.

separati,

sed unus.

the eyes ----- of London

“nous arrivons maintenant à Londres, Saint Pancras.” (*london calls, london whispers*). Sprawling metropolis; global city. That’s what this vision is all about. It’s about a city, but its not *just* about a city. It’s about that city *and* its relationship to the sprawling world beyond. Saskia Sassen captured it pretty well. London is not just London. It’s London, integrated in a pretty tight circuit of international finance; international trade; Russian oligarchs; corporations and — money. moneyyyyy. Got money in London? You’re good. Don’t have money in London? Less good.

Fortunately, London’s the right kind of place to go if you don’t have money but want to have money. Victoria (Victoria!) Line, eight minutes South. London Victoria. (Victoria! Victoria!) Leisuredly stroll. Victoria Street. (Did Victoria not *make* this country?) (Perhaps; but perhaps it was the industrialists, the investors, the philosophers, the poets, the thinkers – those forebears are to whom we owe Britain). The eyes look up. *They’ve* made it. Made it to the grand Palace overlooking the Thames. A momentous force. (a base from which to capture the world.) River invokes Charles Marlow. Towering gothic Palace invokes... Richard Dalloway?

(*but this is real!*)

(*and their world was too, in a way*)

Anyways – slight interruption. (Such is the mind. Perfectly imperfect. *ainsi est la vie*). Before those beaming eyes stands the great Palace. [WESTMINSTER – *etymology: west – mynster, Latin der. of monasterium*] Ah yes. Our subject was *money*. Lucre. Plata. Soldi. Here at the great Palace – the Palace that Charles Barry built; that Augustus Pugin decorated – here one can find *money*. A whole lot of it. Millions. Billions. Trillions. But – ‘*THERE IS NO MONEY!*’ declare the politicians. There is no money. There is no Money. Austerity. Cuts. And yet – there *is* money if one knows where to look.

for a better world. for a fairer world. levelling up Britain. redistribution. a grant here. a grant there. health and safety. world peace. (haven’t we heard it all before?)

it’s a topsy-turvy world. five o’clock. Men pour out in suits. His Majesty’s Revenue and Customs. His Majesty’s Treasury. Foreign, Commonwealth and Development Office. Petty France (*all must pay their fair share*). There is money – one just needs to look for it. And oh, the grandeur. Grandeurs beyond what those *poor* eyes, those *innocent* eyes, can *ever* imagine. (*topsy-turvy world*). But it’s the world, nonetheless. The world we have come to inhabit. One of the many faces of Pan-Gaia

(*and you gotta play the game*)

There is money! There is wealth! Here is civilization! c.i.v.i.l.i.s.a.t.i.o.n. (*we have it here; they need it there* – or so the thinking goes). (Evelyn Waugh knew. Tony Last understood). LOOK UP. For this is London. The Global circuit. It never stops. Men in suits (*five-thousand-Pound suits*); sharp jaws; a sense of Purpose. purpose. /'pə:pəs/

(*what is the purpose of all this?*)

(what is the purpose to any of this?)

(the eyes had a vision; and so we must proceed)

LONDON LONDON LONDON LONDON LONDON LONDON

eight billion souls are somehow connected to it. eight million souls inhabit little Ldn Town. Those eyes; those baby eyes; follow the river downstream. It's five o' five pm. London Bridge is swarming. Hundreds and hundreds of meek faces marching down the bridge into the grey expanse beyond. London. London. London. Mother London. Little homesteads dot the suburbs. Miles, and miles, and miles of sprawl.

(but this vision ought to be a positive one)

Eight million souls inhabit London Town. And all things considered, it's a pretty neat place. The river's reflection catches another pair of eyes, top of the Shard, Shangri-La hotel. London is no joke. The pinnacle of luxury. Work hard enough, want it hard enough, and any one of the innocent eyes that look to the top of that glowing edifice might have it for themselves. London is a place to think big. London is Norman Foster. London is Boris Johnson. London is William Shakespeare. It is Jeremy Bentham. It is Francis Baco ——— one second. Let us talk of Jeremy Bentham. For his corpse lays resting, for all to see, a mere half league northwest of the zero-mile marker. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. In swarm the best and brightest from across the world. London is about ideas. And ideas change the world. And so London changes the world. In come the world's best and brightest. (a*a*a*a*a*). It is London that furnishes the world's future governing class. It is London that provides the credentials, the opportunities, the connections —

(all is coming together now – see how the eight million souls of London relate to the eight billion souls of Pan–Gaia?)

the money's more discreet here: that first year of university (*ucl, lse, king's – the golden trio*) is so precious. Everything is new. Or maybe it's not (*the old boys' network, is not quite what it used to be*). London Looks Outward. Here there is dynamism (!) excitement (!) energy (!) youth (!)

(an infinite array of possibilities)

The vision had by those eyes, those deep deep eyes, those infinitely deep eyes, goes further. They see a London of wannabe fashion models and designers. Central Saint Martin's. and the London College of Fashion. They see that familial wealth, *whose meaning has changed, in the twenty-first century*. They see homes in *Surrey* and on the *Côte d'Azur*. They see original Whistlers and Rubens, staring down from the walls, of those gilded homes. They see struggling poets and wannabe writers. Artists looking for their lucky break. Politicians – those same politicians – looking to make a better world.

(In their rhetoric a world, that is no-longer. For they speak of Britain, as if it were a century back. Before Suez. Before the Great War. Before the nuisance, of the separatists.)

Those dreamy eyes, *those dreamy eyes*, cross the River Thames. And lying there is another world. Yet not quite: *for* there is no-doubt that this is London, *it is London indeed*. Into those eyes streams the colour red – red from the buses; red from the roundels; red from the little lights, flashing in the sky, marking the flight paths of the jet planes, that connect these eight million lives, with the eight billion lives beyond. London is a Global City. London is a Global City. But London is also London – its own place – incomparable, to any other. Little enclaves dot the capital.

Ici une enclave française. HEC. SciencesPo. ESEEC. – le champagne. Les soirées. La BNP. Mais toujours avec un angle, *algo-saxon*.

Allí un enclave español. “Yes we are spaaanish.” – ‘de dónde, tío?’ – “ahhh pero hablas español!?” y tambien para los españoles. esta ciudad tiene un estatus. *la ciudad internacional.* Línea directa. Entre *londres – y madrid.*

we are south of the River. *perhaps a scene*, at the Ministry.

(*money money money – an incessant whisper in the background*)

those blessed eyes shuffle down the street. it’s three o’clock in the morning. South London is vivid. So so vivid. The moon shines bright over those council skies. kaCHING. prices rising prices rising need a place to stay want to make it big.

All that glimmers, is not gold, so those eyes, or ones just like them realise. London is not always easy. Eight million souls grapple ever upwards, they are aiming for a better life, a better future, a better world. And yet that world does not always come to them. There are disappointments. There are mistakes. There are miscalculations. Look into those bright blue; gleaming green; beautiful brown eyes – and you will see that there exists a darker core. But that is not to say that man is bad. He is good. He is fundamentally good. For all that is London; *indeed* Pan-Gaia itself, would not have been possible if man were inherently bad (*this has been written elsewhere*). Yet this does not change the truth that flashes before those vulnerable, dreamy eyes. For that which fuels the City of London, the capital’s epic Bacchanals, the social functions and receptions and business deals; that fueling all these things manifests itself in darker ways, evoking broken lives and desperate cries that ring through the endless streets of our beloved city. Man is good. Yet elements of his nature must be contained. Rousseau understood. Hobbes too. “In a state of nature, life is nasty, brutish, and short.” Funny thing is, if those same eyes look close enough, what becomes evident is that we *still* live in a state of nature. Violence is the law. It’s just been contained, to a neat monopoly on its legitimate use. RIOT. ARSON. MURDER – extract from the average weekly broadsheet (*“if it bleeds, it leads.”*) No worry: here come the Met (–extract from a comedy show at the Soho Theatre). So little Ldn Town has its highs and it has its lows. But it is London. It is London. It *is*

(pan-Gaia. Londinium Mundi.)

At night the trains, *six, eight, twelve* carriages long; *fifty, one-hundred, one-twenty* miles an hour; the trains connect the eight million of the metropolis, with the eight billion beyond. “*calling at East Croydon, Purley, Coudon South, Merstham, Redhill, Earlswood, Salfords, and Gatwick Airport.*” Surrey. Beloved Surrey. Thousand-Pound private schools (*that is – per week*). And gorgeous English homes. *Deserted streets, and little streams.* Yet the capital lies close. Global Britain. Global City. *Deptford, Greenwich* [the global standard], *Dartford.* — *Guildford, Surbiton, Waterloo.* – *Paddington, Reading, Chippenham, Bath, Bristol.* – the great cities of the United Kingdom. It is six o’clock. Those eyes – the ones that dare to dream, dare to think a little bigger, dare to explore new worlds and new ideas – those eyes open ready to take in another day of this great great Capital. Destination: Bloomsbury, Kensington, Canary Wharf—

(*canary wharf?*)

Yes – Canary Wharf. Little microcosm of the City. At first one of the busiest ports in the United Kingdom (nay, the world). The eyes of the fifties would have seen it fall on pretty hard times in the post-War era. Empire no-more. But then... Rebirth. New Life. Global influx of capital. *Special*

Economic Zone. (in shuffles some of that money, of which “there is none!”) Yet here it’s private money: Canadian investors. So up go the towers. Hong-Kong Shanghai Banking Corporation. John Pierpont Morgan. Citibank. (and the appropriate, quite necessary, retail). National Westminster. Royal Bank of Canada. Credit Sui—— (whoops!) Deutsche Bank. BRITAIN VOTES TO LEAVE THE EUROPEAN UNION. (*Pound hits record low*) (*Britons warned Brexit means less growth; hormone beef; border-queues; Brexit means—*) But Britain powers on. Well – London powers on.

And so those glorious eyes, before which stood a grand grand vision of the sprawling megapolis; those glorious eyes blink and observe a tapestry composed of eight million or so other beings – each as rich, each as complex, each as complete as any of the other eight million, eight billion, lives.

The vision before those eyes goes further. They envision the world not only as it is but as it could be

(murphy’s law, tells us that the two are one and the same, that what could be, will be)

LONDON, LONDON, LONDON

in those eyes

are cranes towering over a skyline buzzing with activity, with movement, with a desire to grow – just like the people for whom these homes are being built. in those eyes, is a belief in the future, in a better future, in a future where millions more are able to join the eight million current inhabitants of that sprawling sprawling metropolis. Those eyes see progress. They see a London that looks towards the talent of the polis close and far; vying to attract the best and the brightest. They see a London, that builds upon its existing success in art, in music, in fashion, in politics. They see a city aimed towards building a better world, a better future, exporting its ideas far beyond its beltway. They see trains rush by, they see infrastructure that is the world’s envy. They see beauty. They see modernity. They see success – rewarded accordingly. They see leisure; they see genius; they see a city – with ties across the entire world. (*and so it was, at its peak, but London cannot look backwards, it must look forwards*).

Those eyes see a vision of London, not so dissimilar from its current state, but propounding its own success and using it to catapult it to ever greater heights. The logic of Murphy’s Law – always so pessimistic – has its own little upside to it: it can be applied to the positive too. And so it was, that the vision reflected in those brilliant eyes, for the great Londinium, can one day become a reality, if we so will it.

....

the eyes ----- of New York City

WHOOOOOSH. It's ten p.m. F.D.R Drive. Traffic rushes by. People have places to be. It's incessant. That same *sixty, eighty, one-hundred* miles an hour. New York is a place of its own. But so too does New York City encapsulate the United States of America. To understand this nation, go no further than F.D.R Drive: the speed (*that relentless speed*); the affluence (*for consider, that at any given moment, millions of dollars, stored in the Tin Lizzies of the twenty-first century, fly before the eyes of he, who observes the great F.D.R. Drive*); the sprawling network of highways weaving its way, like a spider web, across the continental US – it is all there, on F.D.R Drive. America is a nation in constant flux.

Yet the same rapidity by which it all happens, give the eyes attentive enough to observe, a sensation that time itself is not real

time is not real

time is not real

time is not real

time is not real

time is not

real-----

(yesterday it was Bogotá, today it is New York City)

(observe, how the arrow of time, points only in one direction, but could easily have pointed in the other)

time is not real, for *a* leads to *b*, and *b* leads to *c*; the chain of events, is already set in motion. *a* finds an unexpected path to *z*; and because *z* will happen – (*do not try, tempting as it may be, to deduce what *z* may be, for the mind cannot grasp it, in the jungle that is Pan-Gaia*) – because *z* will happen, as a matter of absolute certainty (*a one as opposed to a zero*) then *a* and *z* form one and the same chain of events – a point as opposed to a vector. Time is real, for our lives are lived through time and the mind cannot ever perceive the logical end of where those events are going, but time is also not real, in that all is one in this interconnected whole, that is, Pan-Gaia.

(but all this remains conceptual and remains uncertain)

merci beaucoup, Monsieur Spinoza.

focus! focus on the great city, before these eyes!

NEW YORK CITY. The energy, of this unbounded city, is like no other. New York is a place where life acquires meaning. Dreams, of which one was incapable of knowing existed, simmer to the surface. What do those eyes, those magnificent eyes, see when placed before, New York City?

THE ENERGY IS TREMENDOUS. it is now, 1:08 *am.* (*but time, is not real*) Those eyes see Columbia University. Like its London counterparts, it is here that the future is made. It is here where leaders emerge and ideas are formed. Much of that success is fuelled, in great part, by nothing but sheer ego. What are the odds of getting into the Ivy League? Close to zero. Only natural, therefore, that those lucky few holding that golden ticket of a positive admissions decision come to believe that they really are special. And to their credit, no-where quite rivals the intellectualism, the depth of conversation, and the desire to step into that big big world and *achieve* something. Columbia University; Ivy League.

PLATO – ARISTOTLE – DEMOSTOTHESES – VERGIL – SOPHOCLES – HOMER – HERODOTUS. *a lot to live up to. most won't. but a fraction will. Those are the ones, that will change the world.*

why do I love the night? – a voice asks itself. You love the night because it lets you think. You love the night because it reveals a rawer side of this great great universe. You love the night because it brings about new vision of a world in which we lust for understanding. You love the night because... because of the moon. The moon and the stars talk to you then. The cosmos reveals itself. A realization, that we're a part, of something larger than ourselves.

What else do those eyes see, when placed before the City of Light? City of Motion. City of Energy and of Youth and of Progress. What do those eyes see? They see – like in London – another eight or so million souls working their way up. In search of opportunity. In search of the American Dream. *American Dream?* What is the American Dream? The American Dream is Norman Mailer. It is Jack Kerouac. (*did anyone understand, like Jack Kerouac understood?*) It is Hunter S. Thompson – oh that wild, WILD Hunter S. Thompson. The American Dream is Horatio Alger. The American Dream is John Steinbeck. The American Dream is Patrick Bateman. *Patrick Bateman?* Maybe not quite. And yet Bateman, in an ironic twist of fate, *is* the American Dream for so many, in this boundless city of lights.

Those eyes see Jazz. Those eyes see taxicabs and dollars signs. Those eyes are in search of opportunity. In search of a chance, to make it BIG. New York City is a place where dreams become reality. New York City is a chance to explore the world at its fullest. (*is there anywhere more complete, than New York City?*) New York City encapsulates America. New York City encapsulates the modern world. Those eyes see desperation. Those eyes see hard work, sometimes successful, often not. Those eyes see money. money. money. They see millions of other pairs of eyes, looking to money, as if it were a sacred Deity. And for those others, *it is*.

Yet those eyes recognise, when in New York City, that there is more to this puzzle that is life, than the endless pursuit of Money. They recognise that Money may be God, to so many other pairs of eyes, but if Money is God, and if God is the Law, then Money is a false God. For money might rule men, but it does not rule the world. Ideas rule the world. Nature rules the world. Nothing more powerful – than the all-reaching force, of Pan-Gaia —

KaChing. Ticker goes up. (*\$\$\$ in the eyes of so many*). The roar of a jet-engine echoes across the New York skies —

9.2 SCALE EARTHQUAKE RIPPLES ACROSS BAY AREA; dow skyrockets to unimaginable heights; THOUSANDS DEAD IN FATAL AIRSTRIKES; unknown illness spreads in Wuhan; ARCHDUKE ASSASSINATED; new york world fair opens; VISION BECOMES REALITY IN ALBANY

kaChing. KaChing. (*Far away, is all that. [[It can't happen here.]]*)

In those eyes, is an alternate vision. A vision of a world more reflective. A world, where man and Pan-Gaia, are one and the same. In those eyes, a reflection, of eight million – eight billion – pairs of eyes grappling, not for money, but for understanding.

....

Four months have passed. (*“remember, remember, that time is not real...”* – *“you cannot, I repeat, CANNOT, make such a claim without further explanation...”* – *“so you want an explanation?”* – *“I demand an explanation”* – *“how about the fact, that being (THINK, for this requires thinking. Or*

maybe don't think at all, and just be...) being always is, always was, always will be. how about the fact that everything, EVERYTHING, sits within the same causal chain. that this implies that everything, truly EVERYTHING, is both determined but so too necessary. and tell me that doesn't at least someone warp the conventional tale we tell ourselves, for what time is. If the future is determined by past and present—"why not present determined by future?"—"Let me get to that! Yes that too... if that is the case, then past, presence and future morph into one.")

echoes of Parmenides. echoes of Spinoza. echoes of Hegel—

ripple faintly through the fabric of space-time

Four months have passed. But those eyes gaze on and on
into the vast and open gulf that is the
cosmos

cosmos

stands for “the order of the world”. Nothing more. Nothing less. the pair of eyes, that first looked out at London, then looked out at Paris, looked out at New York City and Bogotá and San Francisco, that pair of eyes first turned inward, then turned towards the sky. What they saw, was the cosmos.

things were always, really, really though

the other way around

first the cosmos began to sense. It began to sense, perhaps through life on earth, more probably elsewhere first, it began to sense itself, locally. “Replicators,” they call them. Elementary life forms, responsive to the environment in which they find themselves. Ribonucleic acid gave way to microorganisms able to harness the energy of stars. The Cambrian Explosion: life erupted across planet Earth, or more accurately, its oceans. The onward march did not stop there. Nature’s children, that name is fitting for its replicators that came to acquire a life of their own, not content simply to *be*, sought rather to *dominate*. Conflict and domination are law, essential to life itself. For what is life, but *self-propelling, self-replicating* reaction of matter, grounded in the primordial soup? Thus emerged life, thus emerged conflict. Discrete units, not yet conscious, but existent (*that word, that word, is so very problematic. Clarity comes, in recalling that all individual existence, is subordinated to existence of the whole, as one*) insofar as they *replicate* came to compete for a limited amount of resources. “food” is an appropriate analogue. “land” is the other – but “space” is more fitting, for at this point, we’re still referring to replication in the ocean. Regardless, replication is not replacement. Replication is propulsion. The direction of replication must either be equal to or greater than zero, or else replication ceases to take place. Replication thus implies growth, or at the very least, maintenance. And so began millennia of bickering, struggle, and conquest, amongst Nature’s Children (the replicators!) Battles waged on, fiercer than any ever known to mankind, grasped faintly only by its scientists.

(what are the battles of men, petty men, except a magnification, of the fundamental essence of life?)

the battle, the wars, were at first barely perceptible. Remus and Romulus at first bickered only lightly, for milk, for *food*, for attention. Intensification followed. Struggles for honour, for space, for *immortality*. Remus struck dead, Rome lived on, replicating, replicating, replicating. *life* is a familiar story: at first it happened in the oceans. Pathetic little creatures squabbling over the most minute, of resources. Until at last the fight intensified, life sprouted across land, and then, and then

EXPLOSION. teeming little creatures marching across land and sea alike. Birds fluttering high above the trees, grappling ever upwards for light, *for nourishment*. Roots and fungi and soil and worms and very soon we have mammals until finally, came humans.

(In this familiar story, those eyes see another. Not the story of life, but rather the story of how the universe came to see, itself. The familiar story, contains another, less familiar, little tale.)

The birth of “you” and “I”, of “this” and “that”, of “us” and “them” began when the very first life form capable of conceptualisation, emerged. Consciousness, it has been said, is not mere responsiveness to an external environment. Water is, after all, responsive to a stone struck across its surface. Consciousness is ideation, that is, response based on discrete concepts and ideas of what is. (in marches Hofstadter!) Symbols, Hofstadter would say. Blessed symbols, symbols of “chair” and “computer” and “tree” and “fox”, gathered from without but guiding that within. Symbols that are infinite, for ideas can be recursive, one can have an idea of “an idea” (or an idea of “an idea “of an idea”” *ad infinitum*), and symbols that are strange and complex, like the symbolisation of the

symboliser (the self). If none of this makes any sense, my aim is not to reconstruct Hofstadter's argument (do yourself a favour and read *I am a Strange Loop*), but rather to trace the main idea of what is meant by "consciousness". In short: consciousness, knowledge and interaction with matter on a *symbolic*, rather than mere *perceptive*, plane, emerged, and conscious beings were seemingly very good at advancing in the free-for-all that is life.

But here's the thing: these symbols are not *real*, not in a metaphysical sense, anyways. These symbols are powerful little mental constructions that we create in order to navigate, advance and even know the world. All symbols are grounded in utility. But the utility comes from – our minds.

A photon flies through the air, joined by trillions of others, in a regular pattern perceived by the eye. It hits the retina, is absorbed by photoreceptors, and makes its way to the brain via the nervous system. Individually, no single photon produces the concept of a "person" or "bed" or "chair." Differentiation of objects, the creation of discrete objects, has not yet occurred. Entering the eye is an undifferentiated constant stream of light, the eye itself does not distinguish or individualise. The mind is what carves up the world, not the world itself. The mind does so, again, based on utility, paying close attention to what is useful and disregarding all that is not. Language is the communicative form of these concepts. But the mind has its own language: the aggregate of all conceptualised objects and their referent, insofar as they have one, is that language.

The point is this: we think of the world in terms of separate, discrete objects. These objects seem to have an existence independent of the mind. But really, all perceived existence is singular. "It", which becomes "them" when we think in terms of discrete objects, *exist*. But they exist in a singular form, in reality. Then the mind looks in on itself, it learns that it too is a part of nature. A strange deduction follows: that which is known – the external world – and that doing the knowing are really one, and the same. Language, grounded in the communication of discrete ideas (you cannot communicate *everything*, after all), fails us here – there are simply no words, in any language, that succeed in communicating the idea that all is one. Recognising this reality, Eckhart Tolle recounts the teaching, in more than one major religion, not to speak but simply to be. Meditation is what it means to simply *be*.

You were promised a complete account; it shall be provided. If all is one, and one is all, if subject and object are one then...

then the universe sees itself.

That is not to say that a rock knows it is a rock or a spoon knows it is a spoon. Remember, every category – delineation of what is – is humanly created. Nature knows of no rocks and no spoons. The universe's consciousness comes, then, through *us* and every other conscious life form contained within (in actuality, there is no "within" or "without" for the universe is all and singular. *nth* occurrence of the futility of language when it comes to metaphysics). *You* are nature, nature is singular, *your* consciousness is therefore that of nature.

(the theist cares very much if people recognise and accept their God. It is a matter of utmost importance to them, crucial, central, to their identity. But they are yet to transcend their ego – to recognise that *individual* subject, before God or otherwise – is like all things an illusion. He who recognises that Nature is all, nature itself is conscious, through us, and that all are one cares not an ounce about whether or not other people accept the premise. *Their* [how words fail us!] consciousness is the consciousness of the whole – recognisant of itself.)

(but of course this recognition has moral weight. It points to a new purpose: to be present. Co-exist, reflect, live vitally, but know and remember, *be present*. All the rest quickly falls into place: political philosophy, ethics, science. Educate others, for it benefits you both. Spiritual development is not an imperative; ultimately it'll happen or it won't; but the thought that humanity and existence are reaching ever greater spiritual heights, ever higher forms of consciousness, is one that is both touching and reassuring. The last comment cannot be explained, other than by the maxim that the same current which drove evolution – replication and growth – runs through human beings, or at least the philosopher, in a way that means he seeks to advance and replicate the striving for knowledge. And is one trait of beauty not that it seeks to make copies of itself?)

That is enough for now. The pair of eyes, which previously looked out, now recognise that so too do they look in. Before them are a mirror, they see themselves. Ruminare, ruminare. The mind rejects all that is foreign to it, requiring effort and straining to internalise. Ruminare, ruminare, and Truth shall soon arrive.

(or so it seemed to those eyes, looking up into the eternal void that is
the Cosmos)

postmarked Mexico City

Somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, what appears to be a scrap of paper flutters through the door of an ordinary looking house. Evidently pushed through the letterbox with considerable force, it marks its arrival with a little waltz, swooping first to the left then to the right. It appears agitated, refusing to settle, before finally yielding to necessity, landing on the hard parquet with a soft “tap”. An agitated little soul approaches running, glancing in all directions and evidently excited by this most recent arrival. The guest is sniffed, licked, and examined closely till that no-longer suffices and it is time to move onto something new. A little corner is ripped off, again taking flight. Nothing major.

Three hours later, another set of eyes lay their sight on the paper, consisting in fact not of a “scrap” but of a judiciously hand-written letter embalmed in a white (though it must be admitted, a little tatty) envelope embarked on a *périple* across the Atlantic over the last few weeks. Those eyes, elegant and a little more composed, glance down, pick up the envelope, and squint a little as the holder’s face, bearing a brief smirk – brief, for it lasts but a second and would have been quite undetectable to the external observer – decrypts the words: “*PALACIO POSTAL* ∅ *CDM*”

“¿*Y qué tenenemos aquí?*” – *qué temenos, we shall see.*

more to come soon...

inspiration comes, through the unexpected, but so too through the familiar, when looked at through unfamiliar paradigms.

oh, and while you wait, listen to this song: ([français](#) -- [english](#) – [español](#))

the eyes ----- of Paris

coming soon

the eyes ----- of Bogotá

coming soon

the eyes ----- of Rome

coming soon

the eyes ----- of Pan-Gaia

[reserved for God]