

The Experience

Galbat does not have a physical body nor does he know the material World we are accustomed to; he is an energetic entity coming from a dimension populated by lifeforms made of thought. In his world, imagined experiences immediately become reality, as they encounter no resistance. A thing which instead happens in our material World. After each experience, this Entity enriches its knowledge and increases its own self-awareness, projecting itself towards a superior stage of evolution. Despite the elevated grade of consciousness reached, or maybe in virtue of it, Galbat does not feel appeased. Ever so slowly it dawns upon him: the certainty that the time has come for him to immerse himself into an essential experience. He has made his decision: he will begin a journey to understand our World, to try the material experience, to experience the body and feel a primitive connection to Nature.

The Journey - a new world

-act 1 The Traveler (**Galbat**), curious and full of positive anticipation, is fully aware that the experience he is about to undergo is very different from any of his previous experiences. This makes the challenge all the more exciting. What intrigues him the most is the prospect of being in a Human's skin. He is eager to comprehend the psyche, the soul, and naturally, the body; the functional and motor management of which represents a fascinating mystery.

-act 2 In a moment of melancholia and nostalgia, Galbat remembers his own world. Memories resurface, of lived experiences and moments of change in consciousness that define what he was and what he has become. As these thoughts envelop him, the fog surrounding his mind slowly dissipates into a new awareness. It is materialising, the process is extraordinary. Astonished, he witnesses his body take form; he is enraptured when the psyche and the soul descend into it, creating a perfect harmony of parts. The Sun rises for the first time, and the new body of the Traveler of our World is engulfed in light.

Breathing Flower - meeting a flower

Galbat slowly becomes aware of the fascinating and unknown World he has ended up in. He breathes for the first time, the air fills up his lungs, oxygenating them. The sweet morning breeze grazes him; the new and captivating smells inebriate him, capturing all of his focus, and his gaze is lost in the bright horizon. This new experience is at the same time scary and elating. On the one hand, he is scared: he doesn't know what lies ahead. His new condition makes him feel frustrated and powerless, on the other hand, he feels more and more confident. The Traveler understands, intuitively, that he can control his own breathing. He can regulate it, make it fast and intense, or deep and relaxed. Fast and intense again, then, as he thinks he's spotted an animal lifeform, relaxed. Galbat feels more at ease already, there is nothing to be scared of. The material World doesn't feel as daunting, actually, it is a place of

incredible beauty. He is completely enraptured by it and besides, the feeling of being part of something, bigger, more vast, of something immense, fills him with joy. Gliding on the World, he admires, amazed, the perfect and jagged natural formations, the vivid colours and flora. Nothing like his previous, solely mental experiences. New sights enrich and captivate him. Instinctively, he puts his hand on his chest. Amazed, he discovers his heartbeat. The feeling somewhat moves him. It is time to touch the ground. The feeling of his feet making contact with the ground is both strange and at the same time extraordinary. An unknown and thrilling sense of his own physicality pushes Galbat to take one step after the other, at first uncertainly, then more and more confidently. It is nice to discover that he is connected to the Earth, feeling like it holds him up at every step he takes. He understands he can count on that support, that the Earth will never betray him. He grasps that Nature is a live being ready to guide him through his new physical condition. Galbat feels stronger and stronger, to the point where the perception of his new energy instills in him feelings of invincibility. He walks in confident strides, closed fists, and arms outstretched along his sides, eyes narrowed to scan every detail of the new World. He discovers, with pleasure, that he can feel, absorb and elaborate all of the perceptions brought by his senses, of which he instinctively comprehends the primal meaning. What a wonder. One form of plant life in particular captures the Traveler's attention. It's a flower, one of the most delicate and fascinating creatures he has ever encountered. He Feels an inevitable connection to it. Crouched in front of such simple and disarming beauty, Galbat finds himself so enraptured and so synced to it that he hears its faint breathing. Overpowered by the revelations about the circle and meaning of life that this form of flora communicates with its energy, the Traveler understands what huge force pervades creatures apparently so fragile. The flower will die, as established by the circle of nature, but its death will make its rebirth stronger. Galbat is filled with a sense of admiration and profound respect. Still crouched, tears silently flow down his face, tears of "compassion" for that small being, so aware of its place in Nature. He gets up; his inner sphere enriched by feelings of empathy towards the flower. Bolder and more self aware than before, Galbat can move on again. Confident in his connection with nature, he can continue his exploration of our World.

Closer - closer to man

Galbat just realised he has descended into a World ready to welcome him. Nature has shown him its full benevolence. Suddenly, in the distance, the Traveler catches sight of some human figures. Here he is, man, the creature dominating this world; a creature gifted with great psychic and cognitive abilities, although it lives at a completely different evolutionary stage than his. He absolutely has to find a connection with this creature. He knows that to experience this world completely he needs to meet humans., The sun, now at sunset, projects dark shadows on Earth. Galbat runs into a crowd of human figures that scramble and panic for no apparent reason. He doesn't understand their frenzy, their rushing. What humans define as "Time" doesn't have any significance in his world. Galbat comes closer, venturing through the crowd. Passing through, he bumps into and brushes against some human

individuals: it is a new and incredible feeling that leaves him distressed. He tries to make eye contact with some of these creatures, but none of them notice him. Busy with their occupations, humans appear to be unaware of their surroundings. Not long after that, yet another accidental collision with another human, he notices a smell he can't quite describe. He hopes he made a connection, but yet again, no one has noticed him. Humans seem to be indifferent towards the life surrounding them. Instead they seem to be driven by a sort of bizarre hysteria... Galbat moves away from the crowd, finding peace again: approaching the human doesn't seem easy, but he has no intention to desist. The challenge is absolutely fascinating. He thinks back to the random clash he had just before and the feelings he experienced in that moment resurface. He vividly remembers the turmoil that that smell brought him. The desire to establish a connection with the mind of other humans is so strong but it's not possible to interfere with the decisions of these enigmatic creatures. Galbat has no intention of compromising their spontaneity. Neither does he wish to direct their decisions.

Artificial Thought - journey in the mind

Galbat hears a sound that distracts him from his thoughts. In front of him there is a Woman; he tries to make eye contact, he'd like to communicate with her, he'd like to find answers to his questions. His heartbeat races, and his breath shortens. He'd like to connect with her but he can't: the background noise of life is too disturbing. They're complicated creatures, difficult to understand. He thinks back to how much simpler it was to communicate with plant life. Life's background noise is deafening. It may be better to distance himself from physicality for the time being. It's probably much easier to make a connection with humans through mental contact. The body appears to be an obstacle to comprehending their psyche. Galbat tries to penetrate the human conscience, merging with it, in the same way as he connected with the flower. Confusion, conflicting thoughts, pale shadows of shared values: this is Man's psyche. Contact established. Finally. In the great chaos, the Traveler envisages the profound meaning of existence, hidden behind life's trivial worries. The background noise gives no sign of dissipating. So much inner conflict crowds humans' minds, an infinite number of thoughts. There it is, the true cause of humans' unhappiness and incomprehension: the unbridgeable difference between the reality they desire with all their might and the reality they find themselves living in. There is still a lot of noise. Gradually, Galbat manages to establish a dialogue, despite the great difference between his deep and self aware conscience and that of men, chaotic and superficial. He has an intuition: maybe communication is only possible thanks to the dialectic link between the two different levels of consciousness. The only middle ground where him and humanity can meet is perhaps Nature. If he succeeds in directing human emotions towards a more elevated form of self awareness, men will go back to benefitting from a greater harmony with the Earth. And so it comes, a new realisation: humans, limited by their poor self awareness, have forgotten the real essence of life, consenting to being distracted by cold technology; they have abandoned the values of sharing and kinship, hiding their true nature behind an excessive desire for material wealth. They have withered by progressively distancing themselves from Nature, becoming beings without

purpose, neither able to experience intense feelings of self awareness nor able to comprehend the infinity of their very essence. It's too difficult to guide their conscience towards an elevation of their self awareness, Galbat thinks wistfully. They are too focused on their superficial needs, too immersed in mundane psychological mechanisms that guide them through their everyday lives. The Traveler tries one last time, then, defeated, he abandons his quest. Humans, only touched by the Traveler's profound vision for a moment, resume with their usual way of thinking, at the same time chaotic and superficial. They find comfort in their technology, more and more advanced, more and more brilliant, more and more empty.

The Wait – musings

All that is left for the Traveler is to stop and think: humans have not understood his attempt to connect with them, to help them in their evolution. He feels defeated and frustrated. How long will it take for men to understand the implications of their deep rooted belonging to Nature? Galbat realises that there is still a lot of work to do and to do it he will have to overcome his disappointment and momentary hopelessness.

Traveler - Journeying back

The Traveler, pervaded by feelings of melancholia and by a slight longing for the world he just visited, knows that that encounter wasn't an accident. In some way he feels tied to it through a deep and meaningful link. It's like Nature itself, that knows its potential, had cried out for help; like the Planet itself, aware of man's hardship, had asked him to intervene. His mission was, therefore, to help humanity push itself towards a greater harmony with the World. Although now, the journey is over. The wonderful World that he had the privilege of facing appears to be dissolving together with its material tangibility. Or maybe it was the Traveler who drifted away from it. Galbat cherishes that ineffable experience, while his longing grows. He is left with a new, strong awareness and vivid, wrenching memories of a magnificent World. The very essence of that World was revealed to him by a small form of plant life, guardian to an extraordinary force despite its frailty. That small flower spoke to him without any reluctance, in the universal language of Nature. Now that he goes back to his own world, Galbat feels an odd kind of unease. On one hand he feels comfort by knowing that he is part of this perfect timeless world: it felt good, coming home... In his world evolution from one level to the next is immediate; the ballast of matter doesn't stop him from fulfilling his wishes and there does not exist such a thing as failure. On the other hand though, he still feels tied to Earth: for the first time he has experienced the bitterness of failure. He didn't succeed in the objective he set himself, but he has not given up. The game is still on. There is no doubt: his bond to humanity is now too strong, it's unbreakable. The challenge is too gripping: he has to go back to reexperience the material World and further his knowledge of Nature. This time though he will have to try and establish a harmonious connection with the Human mind, to help it know itself, so it can finally surpass its limits. Yes, he has decided! He'll go back... emotions violently resurface, the memories of the dialogue between his and the human conscience excite him and make him feel amazingly alive. There will be a time when humans will be more receptive, when they will be able to welcome the flux of superior consciousnesses harmoniously. Torn between nostalgia and the yearning to take on this new animating challenge, he becomes certain of one thing: there will come a time when Galbat, the Angel, will be heard.

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