



backstage

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A pair of crystals externally cut in hexagonal shape perform their essential function wherever they are placed, as if attracted to a given context, without thought-verbalized intentions . . . such as this whole set, forming its own synthesis.

What was left of a shell worn by the sea, in a shape that inspired a visualization of it as a single-piece necklace, collected on March 26th upon walking along the beach on the island of Faro, during my stay in the Algarve. Not collected by habit, but a singular act.

Common paper napkin that captivated me for its uncommon design at a cafeteria in a road stop on our way from Algarve back to Lisbon. Partially inside it, a 10 euro folded note showing the side that most captivates me, in its design depicting an arch/portal in depth. This note was found by my mother on the street a few months ago and she wanted me to have it. While waiting here for its destiny to unfold, it has received the Metamorphosis Circle with a recent message within, transmuting the monetary energy in the direction of the Planetary Service in every now, in the countdown that will transcend this distorted form of representing value.

Until then, its own physical form has always been treated by me as a value in itself, attributing virtue to it beyond its facial value. It is that note of 10 euros, with the energy of its particularity, not replaceable by another note of 10 euros or another monetary set of equivalent amount. When the moment of using it comes, it will have that inherent quality. Apparently it will be a note of 10 euros like any other, but in energy it will have changed colour in the ascending scale, and will have all the more potential of multiplying that energy the more aligned to the Source is the use that i give it.

So says the leaflet *Sapato Verde*, a store of [Portuguese] vegan products i knew in Cascais, recently moved to Lisbon without my knowing it. Possibly, my next principal sneakers/boots will come from there . . .

So says the tree branch collected some time ago for its Y shape - here touching a totoloto bulletin containing a Y key that can help with the purchase at *Sapato Verde* - next to the wooden pencil collected in an event sector that honoured the [Portuguese] manufacturing . . . sYergies of Service, of which the Bamboo Dragonfly is an accomplice . . .

So says my new wallet, made by me shortly before Christmas 2017, successor of the previous one all in black fabric also made by me. This time, along a linen base, the colours connect the

below centres to the above centres (1th + 7th / 2th + 6th / 3th + 5th) united by the central green (4th). Channeling the entire spectrum of monetary energy via Heart-centre.

Maria's pen, offered by my mother three Christmas' ago, joined the latest hand-note-book offered by the same friend who gave me a solid piece of cocoa butter, which i sought as a lip balm, and for which i improvised-created that small white package with a little wooden stick.

Leaving behind the previous 'balm lipstick', of uncertain composition.

Of certain composition, the hand cream in use, attentive Christmas 2017 gift by my cousin, in sync with my preferred *Fruit of Life*, to savour-celebrate *The Ritual of Sakura*.

Other flavours would be expected to come to my senses via *O Escritor na Sala de Cinema* [The Writer in the Cinema Room] at CCCascais, a rather resonant approach for this writer-cinematic maria whose gaze penetrates and is penetrated in inner-outer Multi-Screens as she Multi-Translates the MULTI-Reality within my own contemporaneity. Perhaps for this reason, the leaflet and its proposal have so far served more to capture other nuances, and even to write down the names of other movies to be watched beyond this cycle . . .

Another capturer of nuances is the smartphone i uze (without owning it) as the only camera to take all the photos i share here. This one was taken with Alexandre's current smartphone (actual owner of 'mine'), allowing better resolution, and giving him this image first hand, along with my face-to-face message to him . . .

On the day of this photo, i had just taken my barley-based cereal drink, this one with a small percentage of coffee, in the cup and saucer of the full coffee set once belonging to my paternal grandparents which i asked to inherit still in their lifetime, a set in a fine porcelain from the German brand *Bavaria*, with design, lightness, touch that have always enchanted me. This set was one of the many souvenirs brought by my grandfather from his many journeys on the various merchant navy and cruise ships where he worked, including N/T *Santa Maria*, staying away for long periods and returning full of adventures, apprenticeships, artifacts. My father was surprised that i used this set regularly instead of keeping it safeguarded, but my desire to have it was exactly about using it, and yes, one or two pieces were broken in the past, which is part of its history with me, which includes those whom i have served in it.

Another piece i asked to inherit still in their lifetime, this one particularly regarding my grandmother, was that scarf in delicate fabric and romantic design, loosening threads at its extremities due to the designed absence of a sheath, probably also brought from a distant land, to me one of the many that i wear on my hair, but a singular one in every way.

In a more modest blue and white cotton, the female cloth handkerchief in use . . . keeper of uncontained ignited tears, thus not thrown into the trash in a disposable tissue, but returned to the water . . .

I can't resist saying, and perhaps that is why this is the last piece to be narrated-described: It seems that men of another epoch, often portrayed in movies, knew of this female secret, by bringing with them an extra clean and available male handkerchief (handy [link](#) just found).

Yes, our tears ask for a cloth handkerchief, and the offering of the male handkerchief symbolizes the most essential supporting presence that a woman appreciates in a man, a code that transcends the handkerchief and time. The man who keeps this code alive knows that he has not acquired it, knows that his presence is everything, before any attempt to dissect the parts in order to explain and understand the whole. Thank you for allowing me to be the whole first. In this careful and spontaneous allowance you let me know that you know I know. It is because I Know, because I am all parts indissociably, that, before words and beyond them, i overflow in tears, some of which you may sustain, as designated by the Source itself, that unites us in the Knowing that this is the most essential fluid exchange that we can have . . .

And so each little-Great piece tells its story, with the help of the keyboard, the screen, this other speaker sounding and echoing *The Pearl* from backstage to Backstage to BACKSTAGE, thus reflecting the human and cosmic consciousness that inhabit me, bear witness that this type of Quality of Life is not acquired, it is *conserved*, by Being and Living the Infinite in the finite, the Essence that is Origin and Destiny in me. In these 'coming from' and 'going to,' which include the 'how' as well as the 'why', i bear witness of *Her* and of *Him* in the Androgynous Being that I am in the Human-Woman form.

And so you discover, or confirm, that these are not idiosyncratic shares, for comparative purposes of compatibilities and incompatibilities in the horizontal.

In an intersection between vertical and horizontal, three days ago i overturned the Dragonfly, from its present place, which in turn hit the Child-Angel, also from its present place, causing it to fall to the floor and break in his wings area, these remaining intact but separated from him. Still unglued, the only way to keep them in place was to position the Angel horizontally with his back upwards. But he did not like it, he turned and looked at me in a rare frontal glance.

I returned him to his feet, with his wings in front of him, at his feet . . .

. . . once the Way of Grace meets the Way of Nature,
in our Walking Wings we soar slightly above the ground, right Here . . .

As Above, so Below, indeed.

Narrative-description written on April 17, edited over these days, always over the sound of *The Pearl*, completed today, May 1, 2018.