

A Novel by Gianni Boris Mitchell

# TRIPPING TO UTOPIA



Image by Joe Furlong

# Tripping to Utopia

## Wonderland Filter: Act I

“Geo Tripping tripped. Yes he tripped! Tripped into the painting before Gustav Klimt could stop him. Geo is in the painting. I’m sure you’ve seen it because it is the Tree of Life by Gustav Klimt. He is at the top of the tree on his last branch and this is his story, the story of how he transformed the world by reinventing himself over and over again. Climbing up the tree of love, I mean life, can be difficult depending on what you want to do. The obstacles in the way are but a thing to learn and the lessons are the teachings with which you pollinate the flowers on the branch so they may give fruit. The fruit of course is for those waiting at the base of the tree or beginning to follow and climb. As Geo went higher the more fruit he had to gather for the people learning to love on the branches below. Why does Geo do this? Because he has to help the people to love so they too can be happier.

This is Geo Tripping’s tree. Others have other trees but they eat all the fruit themselves or feed their followers with rotten fruit which to Geo means their lives and world will be negative.

Geo planted his love tree, his own tree of life and like an avocado tree he knows the fruit will be healthy for those who wish to eat. With every bite the love fruit will give them knowledge that will in turn help them to love, transform through it and allow them to transform the world in a loving fashion and in it’s entirety, one by one leading each other to utopia, Geo’s wish. He does not want them to keep tripping like he did finding his purpose. What does all this mean? Where did it all begin and where would it go? To find out we must take journey in reality to see where the seed for the roots, trunk, branches, flowers and fruit came from.”

You are all Geo Tripping. And as we like, let’s face it, well, talking about ourselves let’s hear more about Mr Tripping. Here we are, in an different reality. A reality that will soon be revealed to you! When will we see a new a new Earth? There is a lot we can do, would have been the first thought of any passer by on this London street when presented with the prospect of saving the world. More amusingly it is a Christians’ perspective that that is up to Jesus and he will do so on his return. So in waiting for that day complacency and apathy set in and the world keeps turning, changing but never really evolving in an effective way. We are here in Amsterdam. It has old foundations and history has made this city one of the greats at times, one of the darkest many a time and also one of the most artistic hubs for artists to flourish and this is why I have brought you here. More specifically I am taking you to see a play which unbeknown to you (of course I know!) has the potential to radically change the shape of the physical world and the social world while cleverly exploring some postmodern techniques in order to win an award or two. I know what you are thinking, this writer is hopeful. This novel is as much about Geo Tripping as it is about the content and the subject matter. As an omniscient narrator I have a tendency to wonder off but thankfully the writer has artistic licence which covers such misdemeanours. I say, what a wonderful day and here we are! The theatre and I believe we are expected but do be quiet as you follow me in and be sure to sit in the gods so you are not seen. I

don't have that problem because like you I am omniscient and omnipresent, known, but not seen. Its quite amazing don't you think. I sure take advantage of it when I need a little hanky panky, as I'm sure you also would, you little rascal! So, I better get to the job at hand. Now part of being the narrator means I have to describe things to you so you get an idea, a picture of beauty of where you are in the story, your surroundings as if you were literally in the story yourself. However, that is very traditional fiction, as you know being a devourer of best selling books and so we will not digress with an epic description of the theatre. Safe to say that you have seen a theatre and if you haven't why not? You better get yourself a ticket to the first musical you see advertised. Philistine. So we are outside the theatre on a sunny, crisp afternoon. The place is Amsterdam, the road is your standard Amsterdam road with a pavement, some buildings, some hustle and bustle, a canal and we are in the modern age or at least what they call modern because we have screens and things you can call people on. The thinking and the anthropology of the place has remained the same for years and this, although being quite good to society acts as a nice backdrop for the future thinking you're going to be doing. Let's go in! That's it make your way through the lobby, mind the broken chandelier on the floor and the splinters emanating from the woodwork. Apparently the production team chose this place because it was affordable. As you know artists and actors seldom have any money in the beginning and neither do writers which makes making our pursuit very difficult because we don't like traditional jobs and we'll be damned if they're going to get in way of creating something of value, beauty and successful artistic expression! Now that's off my chest we can go up the stairs and head towards the gods. For those of you that don't know the gods is a seating area so high up it is like you are god looking down. I sat up there once and I was afraid I would fall off the edge and land on the stage and die a death. People would have thought it was art of the play and would have applauded at my own death which would have made me very sad indeed. So here we are up above. I see you are almost out of breath. Perhaps that has something to do with your ever expanding appetitive or you mistrust of sports. May I advise cosmetic surgery? I'm not for it but there's nothing that can't be solved with a knife except of course a chess game. Who needs tools when you have strategy! The strategist I suppose, what an obvious answer! You are lucky you're with me and my intellect! Omniscient indeed! Wait, wait! The show is starting. Well it is more of a rehearsal but in fact it is a composition of thoughts, words, characters, ideas and themes to explain why Geo Tripping got Gustav Klimt to paint the Tree of life in the first place. Don't laugh at my narrator's voice please, I went to acting school but they said I didn't have enough body, that my words were just air! Oh the drama!

The red curtains are pulling back! Imagine you're on the London tube and not allowed to speak! The theatre, apart from us, is empty. On the stage are two figures sitting cross legged centre stage. The background of the scene is a beach and the sounds of the ocean lapping at the shore crash through the theatre. There's a bit of a crackle from the tape. Imagine there's sand and shells, maybe a castle shaped bucket if you like. Geo Tripping, cross legged, stares into the pink blue eyes of the dark long haired woman sitting opposite him. That's Universe, or at least her personification, a woman of course, no man can carry the beauty of the galaxies in his eyes and it fits that the Universe should be a woman. Geo

Tripping is listening intently, not wanting to draw his gaze away from her eyes. Her irises swirl with pinks of nebulas and blues of stars.

"...I know its concerning and something needs to be done. The world is in peril because of this. But why should I care. It's just another planet."

"You can care because you care about us!" Geo exclaimed. "We ought to save it rather than let the sleeping destroy it?"

"Well, creative destruction is a positive and inevitable thing."

"But what if there is nothing left to create with? Should we just sit back and watch?"

"Most people would. Perhaps we can do something to hasten its demise?"

"Not me. I'm for saving it."

"Do you know how difficult that would be? These humans don't care about their fate, isn't it obvious?"

"Yes they do! There is balance in humanity."

"Oh sure. They walk the path of progress while leaving a trail of litter."

"I say save."

"I say destroy."

"Surely it is up to the collective to decide! I thought you were wise! Don't you believe in democracy? Why don't we create?"

"They need to align with the stars and with prophecy."

"What if they are strong, loved and God?" Says Geo.

"How would Humanity be God?"

"It already is. There is nothing bigger than a human then you Universe."

"Let me tell you a story, here on this very stage."

"Alright. What is it about?"

"It's about what you can do. It's about a quest of young being just like you who would rather love than hate, save than destroy and you will see what you have to do." Geo Tripping and Universe raise themselves off the wooden floor.

"Pull the curtains!" She orders. They each take a tassel and pull the red crimson curtains to a close. She is quick and if there was an audience apart from us they would have laughed at seeing her head poke through the centre parting.

"I will show him wisdom!"

The curtains open to reveal Universe on the side with Geo Tripping and a muscular, half naked blond man on the other side of the stage. Tree branches and vines hung from the ceiling and out from the wings.

"This is man." Universe said. "Bring the mirror!" Two black clad figures appear with a silver mirror on wheels. The mirror faces the stalls and they wheel it in positioning it in front of the man. The Man begins to admire his own reflection. Now I must tell you what you are seeing here.

"Behold Geo. He is seeking the answer to his suffering. Further and further he will stare until the mirror brakes always looking inwards for the answers to the outside world!" The thing is, in the mirror, he sees beauty and he thinks that beauty is good and therefore he is good and what he must do is good, for the sake of Humanity. The two figures dressed in black bring two hammers onto the stage and smash the mirror. The Man does not flinch. Sounds of crying monkeys fill the theatre.

"What is that?" Geo asks.

"That is the sound of fear. They have sensed him."

"Who have?"

"The animals." The Man walks off stage and Universe crosses it.

"What do we do now Geo Tripping?"

"This is your story."

"Then let us create the story, together as directors and characters. Ewe can do this. So what happens now?"

"I wasn't pleased with the previous scene. Let's start again. I want The Man back in position, get a new mirror! And this time I want you to play a part Universe."

"Me?!" She smiled pretending to be shy. "I am everything, I couldn't possibly..."

"Just improvise! Remember what it is that you want to express?" A new mirror appears and The Man takes his position. The scenery at the back drops down revealing a mirror the width of the stage.

"What am I doing?" The Man asks staring into the mirror. Universe smiles and she tip toes over to his ear and whispers "You need to find God."

"Of course. I must create God. He is my director." The Man jumps off stage and runs through the stalls and up to the lighting and sound booth. In there he finds a tape marked 'GOD' and he pushes it into the tape player and puts it on full volume. The sound of rewinding echoes through the theatre and then snap, it stops. The Man runs back down to the stage and repositions himself in front of the mirror.

"The Man has entered the jungle on a quest..." God says " ...the mirror is not a mirror!" God booms. "But a pool on the jungle floor and in this pool he sees himself. He sees the evil beneath his dark eyes. He is the destroyer of worlds, planets and humans and nature. Deep beneath I will tell you what he is, what he sees. He has no conscious to tell him right or wrong. He sees his greed as ambition and his cruelty as his strength. He sees himself as a work of art and therefore beauty."

"Now lets see the monkeys!" Geo says excitedly. Three actors dressed in brown full body lycra representing monkeys appear from the wings and start screaming at the sight of The Man.

"Nature has been alerted!" God says. The Man turns suddenly to look out at the non-existing audience and flees the stage. The mirror grows bigger and wobbles.

"Now what?" Geo asks as Universe travels the stage to him.

"Nature has to respond to the threat. Don't interrupt so much, it affects the tension!"

"Personify Nature!" Geo says.

"Persephone?!"

"No! Quick out of the way!" Geo grabs Universe by the hand and they run off stage. The mirror wobbles again sending waves of sound like sheets of metal being shaken. Crack! The mirror explodes! A cocoon is revealed from behind the mirror made of leaves, braches, butterflies, flowers and starlight. It hangs from the ceiling and is supported from both sides by vines.

"Nature is transforming herself." God says. "She is transforming herself into a woman to combat The Man and his terror."

"Why doesn't god do it?"

"Yeah, why doesn't god do it?"

"Erhem. Where did you come from?" says God.

"We snuck in to have a joint and found you lot doing a play!" said the woman.

"Audience participation will only be scripted from now on. Your opinion is only valuable if it fits the artistic dialogue. Can't you wait until the show is over to

express your less than intellectual opinion? Must you reduce this masterpiece to a level of understanding comprehensible only to your peers?"

"God that's enough! Your rambling!" Interrupts Universe.

"A rambling man is one that moves from place to place. Have you not heard the song by Lemon Jelly?" God says.

"The show God! The show! I thought you wrote your own lines. Where is your artistic integrity? You must never insult the audience." says Geo Tripping still hiding in the wings with Universe.

"We only have two people in the stalls!" shouts God.

"And imagine what would happen if the entire social elite where here!" said Universe.

"Why aren't they here? How else is a play of this magnitude going to get exposure? Who's in charge of marketing?"

"We don't do marketing, we let the vibes do the talking."

"Oh Universe. I though you were a scientist not a hippy."

"It's an emerging science oh all knowing one. Back to the play!" Universe claps her hands and the lights flicker revealing a cool and shadowy stage filled with nature's creatures. Somehow the broken glass has been swept away. What a plot hole! There's a bit of mist. We can see Nature is transforming herself and now, like a caterpillar she has created a cocoon. Now, lets take a look inside like a David Attenborough documentary." A screen lowers down from the heights and flickers on. First static, then an infrared image, slowly clearing of what looks like a swirl of energy. Rapidly the energy moves and with short bursts of light parts of a body are made. First the heart, the skeleton and then the brain. Us and the two in the audience can see a face and two bursts of light appear where the sockets are, forming the eyes. The rest of the organs follow and then the muscles. Like a scan, light moves up and down the body forming the skin and lastly shots of light stem out from the head creating the hair. The screen flies away to its hiding place and light emanates from the cocoon. It shakes and the human like monkeys reappear and start dancing around it.

"There is something missing!" Geo shouts from the wings. The audience members look at each other wondering what's going on.

One of the monkeys has a pomegranate in its hand. The stage is a flourish of intertwining green vines and purple flowers that hide an old stone wall from a temple. The floor of the stage is supposed to be grass as the cocoon hangs in the centre. The monkey jumps off stage and runs to the last row in the stalls. He turns and throws the fruit at the cocoon. Out of the cocoon a hand emerges and catches it. Butterflies explode out of the cocoon and flutter around in excitement. The cocoon splits open and Nature emerges naked and falls to the imaginary grassy ground. You must suspend your disbelief sometimes and have some imagination! Must I guide you in everything?

"Aw!" She gasps. "God give me strength!"

"Strength! Oh strength! Let me see what I have in my bag... a tape measure, an iron and a little amethyst pyramid. Oh wait! I have a Lapis Lazuli! That would help." A blue stone with hints of gold falls from the sky and hits Nature on the head. She looks up in irony. She takes the stone in her right hand and breathes. In her human form, with dark brown hair, green eyes and milk chocolate smooth skin she begins to move her limbs. A naked dance of flowing arms, head turning and rising legs ensues – this is what cultured people call

expressionist dance - as she steadily gets into the downward dog position. She tosses her hair facing the audience head up, letting her hair reveal her oval like face.

"It seems that fate is not on Nature's side. The Man comes." God's voice echoes through the theatre. The Man, tall and blond appears from the wings and walks downstage towards Nature. He smiles at seeing her and the monkeys that until know had been admiring Nature in her human form. They scream and exit stage left. Nature finds a pale hand reaching out to her and she takes it.

"No no no!" God says.

"You can't just take his hand!" God says. "Not only is he your enemy but you are a naked woman now! Get into character please!" The actress looks perplexed.

"We're working with monkeys!" Exclaims Universe from the wings.

"That's a line from Clueless isn't it?" says God.

"The series not the film." she shouts.

"Now, start from the hand offering." God says, "start now! I mean, action!"

The Man offers Nature his hand and she hesitates. She pulls away with haste and helps herself up onto her feet, grabs some leaves to cover herself up and stares at him analysing his eyes. She wants to touch him to see if he is as inwardly fair as he is on the outside. This man's evil was the reason she had transformed. He was danger personified. He was cruel, malevolent and dark.

"I should kill him now." She uttered to her side. The Man, unshaken, undisturbed wearing a cold face of confidence and calm takes a stride towards Nature.

"Wait!" Geo Tripping has burst onto the stage again. He's wearing a brown and shabby overcoat, a dark cap and scarf over his genie trousers and dark embroider leather waistcoat "The show cannot go on!" He bellowed through the theatre.

"What's wrong?" Universe said striding onto stage playing with a deep green apple. "Can you not hear the silence between the words, between the scenes, between the dialogue? Music! We need music!"

"Yeah dude this shit is boring!" One of the audience members said.

"That's it! Either work with us or get out! This is a work in progress! No philistines!" says God.

"Fine." Both females got out of their seats. "You get the music, we will get educated and intellectually challenging." They stride out of the theatre determined.

Geo Tripping turns back to the motionless actors. "Music! God! Without music this is empty, our souls emotionless, our minds quiet and our steps hollow. I know what I must do." Geo Tripping jumps from the stage into the pit and out through the stalls, picking up a piece of cardboard and a hand bell as he escapes the spotlights. Motionless, Nature and The Man remain in their positions waiting for their musical queue.

"If this were a book it wouldn't matter!" Shouts Universe after him. The stage darkens and a silver screen appears from above between them and the edge of the stage. It flickers on and an image of the night outside fills the screen. People passing by on home from work, on their way shopping or maybe going for a drink. The theatre doors opens and Geo Tripping emerges. He closes the door and holds up his cardboard placard.

It reads "Musicians needed for brilliant play. Apply here. Must play for the love of art."

"We need music! Hello! We need your talent to carry on! Please help us!" He shouts to the street. The live video looks like a black and white film. It might be snow or it might be the effect of the filter but you have to imagine it feels very nostalgic. For two hours Geo Tripping sits, stands, yells and bells delivering his message, his request. On screen, a hippy clad man appears followed by another. They hold a violin and a cello respectively. They mouth something to Geo Tripping. Do you want to know what they are saying? Me too but its turned into a silent film! The musicians enter the theatre and settle in the pit. First two and then another joined, then another and then another until a whole orchestra is present. On screen we see Geo Tripping entering the theatre. He appears in the auditorium and leaves the hand held bell and the placard on a seat near the doors.

Universe, sits on the edge of the stage holding back a yawn.

"Lets play!" God announced.

"But we don't have a score." The triangle player complained.

"But, you have instruments and they have souls. Just let them do the talking."

Unconvinced, the triangle player hit his triangle and the movie screen flies upwards. "It's magic!" His smile says it all.

"Now Man, you are going to rape Nature and bring the end of the world." says God. Sombre strings accompany the scene of The Man and Nature. They begin an expressionist dance across the stage accompanied by the orchestra making sharp movements to their stark, aggressive, fighting moves.

"Man, you make me sick. I should obliterate you."

"He needs love to!" said Universe.

"Because I have hope that you will change. I warn you though, my patience has limits."

"But Nature is it not my nature to destroy? My religion says I must do this to you."

"It is also in your nature to create. It is in your nature to care, to love."

"I love!"

"You love that which is evil and does evil but real good love is lost on you. You do not know the meaning of the word and thus don't speak the language. And I will prove it to you. What are you?" Nature casts a spell on The Man described by the xylophone.

"An Israeli."

"If you loved you wouldn't kill your neighbours. You would share the land. If you practiced the religion you so zealously preach and uphold you would know this. What are you?"

"An Iranian."

"The same goes for you. You rot in your own hypocrisy. What are you?"

"A Sudanese soldier raping women!"

"Are you an animal or are you the most intelligent creature on Earth? Do you not know of following your highest intellect? What would your ethics tell you?"

"Not to rape." The Man swells in anger.

"So you are capable. What would your wisdom tell you?"

"Not to fight blindly for someone else's political ideology."

"And?"

"To use my intelligence to know if I am being manipulated and behaving well."

"What are you?"



“A Ukrainian separatist.”

“If you loved your people rather than your country you would understand they have identity needs. You would allow them to democratically seek independence if that’s what they truly want. You might love them, but it is that very love that makes you let them go. If you loved you would have enough respect not to start conflict. If you loved you would encourage a peaceful road to independence, do what is truly best and right for the people. If you loved, if you were wise. What are you?”

“A Russian dictator.”

“Modern Monarchs might have more love than a dictator. They care for their people, if they’re British. If you were ethical you would not kill your political opponents. If you were wise you would encourage political thought to make your country better. Your job is not to amass power in which you will lose yourself but to create a great nation for the sake of the people and for the respect of the world. If you were ethical, you would do this. If you used morality you would not rule through fear and oppression. If you loved you would let your people think, grow, become better. You would use your influence to create heaven on Earth, not hell. If you loved. What are you?”

“An Indonesian president.”

“If you loved you wouldn’t execute foreign nationals. To not to love is the biggest crime against Humanity and yourself, maybe you should be executed for tyrannical behaviour? But that in itself would be unloving so the only option is a re-education in love, ethics and morality for you and for everyone. Perhaps we should call it rehabilitation. What are you?”

“An animal poacher.”

“It seems that even religion can’t stop you from killing. What can? In your small mind you do not understand the divinity of animals. They, like you, have souls, emotions and feelings. They too have a right to live in harmony on Earth. It is their home and I would say, looking at your record, they have more of a right to it than any human. If you loved yourself you wouldn’t kill because that is the ultimate devilish act of allegiance. It is the ultimate negative action that will have an effect on your soul. Pay for it in the afterlife? No. It will be with you for eternity or as long as your soul survives. What are you?”

“An American Politician.”

“My favourite kind. If you loved your people and your country as you so claim you would not have an elitist divide between the government and the people. You were all created equal after all. If you loved you wouldn’t have political parties dividing the country. If you loved you would care and if you cared your people wouldn’t be in debt or over medicated. If you loved and led you would rule wisely. But your days are numbered like every other lying, cheating, self interested, power grabbing politician in the world. The people do not love those that do not love. What are you?”

“An Arab leader.”

“If you loved, which I have seen your people do, you would have intervened to make sure the Arab spring worked for the people. If you loved you show love by ensuring the transition to democracy. Empowered people is a positive thing. What are you?”

“A dictator.”

"If you loved you would make sure that your dictatorship was short and purposeful. You would make sure that a system of self governance was created and that democracy ruled, unless you think that an educated, informed, empowered and leading population is a bad thing? Or do you think that the masses are ignorant and stupid and need to be ruled? Not with a self-governing system and all it entails. What are you?"

"A old Greek minister."

"If you were wise you would have seen that your actions and policies would not work and condemn your nation to economic slavery. What are you?"

"A German Politician."

"Hmmm. Europe is not yours to rule and isn't ruling a word that should be left in the twentieth century? If you loved you would be doing charitable state building and if you were ethical and moral you would not be seeking your money. It is after all just an illusion you give too much importance too. What are you?"

"A Colombian civil war veteran."

"If you loved your people you wouldn't have killed them in the name of ideology. What are you?"

"A man!"

"A man is capable of many things but will he use his gifts to navigate correctly? Surely, if he did that, he would be loving himself? What are you?"

"A corrupt Mexican official."

"Ah. Well I think you get the point now. Corruption is unethical and shows a weakness of character which should bring shame upon someone. See man, you do not love. You do not love yourself and that is probable because you are evil and negative to yourself and the world around you. You do so many atrocities and do not even think about the challenge but when it comes to the ultimate challenge you fall short. Maybe your not capable and if so you are inferior to those who do love unless, of course, you can prove yourself. What are you?"

"A religious man!" He said, visibly in pain.

"You have to get the answer right to break the spell. A religious man you say. The worst of all. Not only do you deceive yourself and follow liars, paedophiles and hypocrites you do not practice what you preach or the basic principles of your religion. Every religion is the same. From the Vatican to Jerusalem to Mecca the whole world knows that Love is the answer because their glorious religions have told them so and yet we see nothing in reality. If your going to make a fantasy part of your culture then at least try to follow it. What religion are you?"

"Christian!"

"You betray your own love and your teachings and you are still conned into believing lies promoted by your institutions. How is that loving? Does no one understand how to love? What religion are you?"

"Muslim."

"The problem arises when you mix religion, politics and power and you put them in the hands on someone that doesn't love. Then all you get is oppression and hatred and that is unethical behaviour. Do you now what ethics are?"

"No I do not."

"Ethics is the moral grounding for how to treat other human beings. It is inherently good to be ethical and treat others well, with respect, love, tolerance, patience and understanding."

"You are being unethical to me."

"I am Nature. I can destroy what I want, I can grow what I want, I can say and do what I want. I am ever a goddess if you ever did see one." Going off topic quickly have you seen the video where Julia Roberts plays me? It's chilling! It's epic. YouTube it immediately!"

"What are you?"

"Egotistical, arrogant, evil, envious, hateful! A destroyer!"

"If you loved you wouldn't be these things. If you did things with love the world would be a better place, thankfully. What are you?"

"A litter bug!"

"If you loved your home, your planet, you would take care of it. If not for the beauty then for your own survival. See? You don't love yourself. What should you be?"

"A lover."

"Voila!"

Universe and Geo, now sitting in the stalls speak up.

"Bravo!"

"Yes bravo! Now you release The Man and let him act naturally.

"We are back!" The two women, now ladies have returned to be the audience.

"Have we missed much? What's the Man going to do? He's going to be very evil isn't he?"

"Shhhh. Now Man, please. You are angry at Nature. You hate her. You are attracted to her. Play on." God says.

The Man walks towards Nature and she looks wary of his advancement. The strings stop abruptly and the harp intervenes. The lights change to deep yellow and - "Wow!" - wonderment entraps the audience as Nature and The Man begin a dance. It is a tango, no, it is expressionist dance as they've done before. He longs for her and he loves her for trying to make him a better person. She is there to fight him and his evil purpose. First they are close. He kisses her arm. The music is delightful as the flute speaks of soft touches and fairy like steps. She rejects him and the drums kick in as his face becomes demonic with anger. The bows of the players meet the necks of the violins and they erupt in a dangerous harmony. The Man approaches Nature from down stage right as she raises her arms while down stage left. Wind blows up from behind her accompanied by the repetitive percussion of the drums. Lightning flashes as The Man walks across down centre stage. The strings tremble revealing Nature's fear as The Man grabs her arms.

"If you loved you would love me! How do I get you to see?"

The orchestra brakes into a full song as Nature and The Man intertwine each other in a fight dance struggle. They twirl and as she tries to reject him he tries to conquer her. She pushes and he pulls and then he forces her to the floor. She lashes out in protest but to no avail. The door to the auditorium opens and the music stops after a sudden shrill crescendo.

"What's going on in here?!" The usher has poked his head into the auditorium dressed in a cap and buttoned up burgundy suit. An usher? But the theatre is in ruin! How can there be an usher I hear you ask? Well, I'm afraid the usher is essential so the writer doesn't have to describe a scene which I am sure you are not all in favour.

"The Man is going rape Nature." God says annoyed.

"Oh."

"Your blasé tone is crushing the emotional evocation of the music! Get out and get this play an audience." God finishes his sentence with a disapproving tut.

"Yes....right away tape player."

"I cannot do it!" says the Man.

"Why not man?" asks Universe.

"Because he is evil."

"But you put him on. Don't you like your god?"

"No."

"Is he even real?"

"This is not the real god you speak of. A real god would have you be altruistic perhaps, even loved."

"Yes...." The Man confesses.

"So what are you going to do?"

"I actually would love to heal."

"So you do understand the true nature of human kind." smiles Nature. The Man and Nature leave the stage.

"Let's take a seat. How do you think it is going? " Now Universe is a beauty isn't she? Long curled black hair, white skin and red lips with perfect breasts. I wonder if there is a love scene coming up. Geo is a handsome young man. I imagine he's got abs under that green sweater which by the way goes nicely with his eyes and auburn red hair.

"It's powerful. What has this to do with saving the world?"

"Well man knows who he is which is good for his mental health." Universe pulls out an apple from her genie trousers and turns the green thing with both hands.

"What is that?"

"My apple of knowledge." She smiles and opens the apple to reveal a green powder that she then puts in a piece of paper and roles it, licking her lips in satisfaction. She sparks a match from the wooden stage floor and lights her little something.

"Have you ever seen my wonders?" Geo looks at her with trepidation.

"Take a toke of this and look into my eyes." Geo does as he is told and breathes in the potent weed. Light starts to emanate from Universe's eyes and a whirl of what we will describe as magic dust flies out into Geo's eyes. Geo gets locked in a stare, a trance if you will and as if travelling through time he sees it all. The planets, the stars, the galaxies, the code! The clockwork! The microcosms are micro environments some with even more micro environments in them. Like a Russian doll there is one inside the other inside the other getting ever smaller. He sees Earth and another Earth and another Earth or which one was the one he called home? They are all so similar. He sees the mathematical formulas that compose each orbit, each star each meteor flight. He flies through nebulas and constellations, gets sucked into orbits and catapulted into deep space where there is infinitely more beauty to see. His mouth hangs open. Universe blinks and the light fades. Wow. It would have been good to see that on the big screen!

"I didn't see any other forms of life in you."

"I didn't show you. So, what happens in the story now Geo Tripping?"

"It's your story, you tell me." Universe and Geo remain sitting on the edge of the stage watching.

Geo looks around and finds a small remote by the side of a recently appeared black board. Geo Tripping picks it up and pushes the button. The black board immediately flickers on like a large television screen.

“Welcome to your inspiration.” Says a computerised female voice as an image of the planet appears on screen. The orchestra plays a flourish of music. “Look at the screen, what do you see?”

“The planet.”

“Is this what you want to save?”

“There is so much I want save, I don’t know.”

“Downloading video.” A download bar appears on screen and loads quickly. A YouTube window appears and a video begins to play. “This video is called MAN and is by Steve Cutts.” The three and a half minute video plays and as it does the shock becomes apparent on Geo’s face.

“Is the planet what you want to save?”

“Yes but there is something more.”

“Video loading.” Another YouTube window appears on the screen. “This is a feature length documentary called Four Horsemen.” The video turns on and the curtains close leaving Geo Tripping to watch. Universe emerges from behind the curtains and starts chatting with the audience.

This seems to be experimental, interactive writing doesn’t it?. The writer is drawing your attention to certain things that have moulded Geo Tripping as you know and might mould you if by the end of the novel you are going to be enlightened to bigger stuff, important stuff. Wait, I can’t say anymore, Universe is about to talk.

“So Geo has seen the documentary and he has also been shown the zeitgeist films, also available on YouTube. A lot to watch in one sitting but very important for his future journey, and yours. One must have perspective. Lets see if he passed the tests and what the conclusion of the assessment is.” The curtains open and we find Geo Tripping sitting on the floor. The screen is off.

“What was your assessment Geo?” Asks Universe.

“I have to be enlightened to save the world.”

“Why are you so sad?”

“It never occurred to me what a mammoth task it would be to save this world.”

“Save this world from what though?”

“Dystopia.”

“Can’t I just ask God what the answer is?”

“Sure, try it.”

“God what is the answer to this? How do I save the world from ruin?”

“Erm...” A sudden click and rewind signalled the end of the tape. The god has gone. Geo bowed his head in despair and Universe sits down next to him.

“Come one my boy, plant your seed and climb the tree.” The curtains close.

## I: The Speaking Branch

It’s a Ted talk. Geo’s first branch. He has to improvise.

The theatre is full and the lights have just gone down. Nervous about his first stage appearance he walks on stage to a silent audience. All they know is that they are at a Ted talk on Utopia.

“Hello everyone!” says Geo nervous and excited at the same time, “I’d like to start with asking you a few questions so we can all get on the same page. I’d like to ask you all here what does Utopia mean to you?”

“It’s the opposite of dystopia!” one audience member says.

“It means hope.”

“It’s what I fight for.”

“It’s the future!” says another audience member.

“Plato wrote about it!”

“So did Thomas Moore.”

“Ok, so we all on the same page. To me it means the place where we should all be going.”

“Can Britain or the United States be a utopia? Better yet can they be transformed into it? To us utopia is a nation that works beneficially and positively for the people. After all the people are the life blood of the nation. We are of paramount importance. What does it mean for a nation to be positive and beneficial for the people? It means creating a foundation of love from the bottom up and from the top down.”

“According to a mathematical equation I have come up with the world would be a better place, a utopia if there was no conflict or suffering. It all stems from the socio-economic and political systems and of course individual luck. With individual luck we can all help each other by being more loving but with the socio-economic and political systems we can do a lot, a reform if you will. How do we create a foundation of love?” He asks the audience. Silence.

“Altruism. For this we need systems that integrate it into our societies, systems that are beneficial and positive for the people so, for example, instead of Capitalism we can have a monetary loop system where we are all shareholders and stakeholders, earning what we earn to then donate and distribute all profits. This would eradicate poverty and ensure universal financial equality. This would be a positive cycle for us which will abate the negativity that people are exposed to in our world. With less stress over the functioning of our world we would be healthier and with this kind a world functioning in servitude to us and not the other way around we would all be wealthy. I also believe this would lower inflation, stabilise the economy, lower prices and unite two old rivals – Communism and Capitalism which would create a more peaceful and less tense world and indeed provide unity and world peace. So that’s major conflict number one resolved and a whole new world created by a loving system that has healed the rifts we faced. What about the political systems? Do we need politicians? How negative have they made this world? Wouldn’t it be better, more positive and beneficial, indeed loving of the system if we could vote on policies instead of people? In essence the nation would be parliament and it would be a system that leads to more education, freedom, ethics and information. The people would have a hand in the building of their collective future and shaping of the nations and the world. How do we do this? We use our technology to vote creating a checked and balanced democratic process where we suggest what we need to a civil service and they draw up plans and legislation which would then be voted on by us, the people, using our electronic devices. This would create a positive cycle and a loop democratic system. A positive cycle of affirmation where everyone would have voices and be heard enabling the us to use our power in a

self-governing society. A real democracy!" Geo takes a deep breath, "So now we have healed two conflicts that kept us in a negative state. What do we do now?" Silence and awe from the audience.

"Well, we build! We build a positive and beneficial world for ourselves. Positive things like the Paris Climate Agreement are emerging in the world and this is just the beginning. Do you want to build this too? Follow me to my next branch!"

### **Wonderland Filter: Act I ½**

Act two is about to begin and...oh wait, where is my script? Erm well... we've been outside discussing the weather over a cigarette, comparing brands and those intellectual types of you have been dissecting the play and wondering if it pushes the genre forward enough. You have to remember they are not doing it for the benefit of the audience. It is an exploration, much like this novel of what could be. More on that later.

If only you could vote I am sure he'd win. What you just read was a partial stream of consciousness with added crafting. Just a little brilliant writing technique. What's the purpose of telling you this? It's postmodernism my darling! As if you hadn't noticed already! The beauty of postmodernism is it gives the creator licence to do whatever he wants! He can make rules and break them, suck you in with a narrative and then completely destroy it as long as it adds to the *je ne sais qua*, to the very essence of the novel. Playing with form and character is so much fun and everything you are reading is actually an entire construction emanating from the imagination and intelligence of the author. You may think by doing all this that it's filler but it is indicative of the genre and quite necessary, but any way, lets get back to Geo Tripping. Now, let me refresh your memory.

He is embarking on a quest. Geo Tripping is revealed centre stage wearing a backpack. The stage looks like a comfortable lounge with green leather chairs and a Persian pink carpet laid out in the middle of the wooden floor. The Man is there with him but this man is Gustav Klimt and in front of him is a blank canvas. Universe is sitting in the stalls away from the two audience members.

"Welcome to your quest. Imagine you have just been born. Everything you do from this moment onwards has to be designed for you to save the world and create a new Earth. Your quest is to save the world and to save the world you have to be several things and climb your tree of life. What are you going to do?" asks Universe.

"I am going to plant a seed in Gustav Klimt's mind so he will paint my tree."

"Then go." Says Universe smiling. Geo Tripping jumps into the canvas like they did in *Mary Poppins* and there we are, that was how it all started."

"Let's go to The Trunk of the Geo's tree of life. The Lover. This branch isn't really a branch but another sprouting tree trunk that we all need. He is sitting at an Elm table and all you can see is head with dark red hair protruding through his fingers as he sits in front of a spotlight illuminated globe of the world.

“All I do is see you do is trip. Tripped by the elite, tripped by the government, tripped by your boss and tripped by the one percent as you struggle and fight to remove the obstacles to utopia. Because I am tired of tripping and being tripped, tricked and manipulated by people who are not sane enough to rule the world, by people that have no ethics or integrity and I am tired of people with strength deceiving you by pretending to have a moral compass. I do want a new world order but in fact the world order that we need is one that is based in love and is connected to nature where people are free, loved and equal. A world order where we have universal human rights that are protected by those we allow and have the humble privilege of governing us. We must destroy the corporate world that insists on poisoning our food and enslaving people for the benefit of their profits which in the end are just an illusion. Oh America! Oh Europe! Take your filthy hands off the people! If I could I would liberate even the foulest creature of politics and banking from the prison of power they think so great.

Come into my arms and lets fly away! Alas, we can't because we must stand arm in arm and turn their weapons into flowers, turn them against their own by reminding them that even they will suffer from the horrors of the future if they continue to serve. We all know that evil always gets murdered and there is no escape unless a change of heart, mind and soul occurs that changes the path of the brainwashed fool. Wake up! Wake up! I give you the biggest challenge. Love. Do you know what happens when you love? You save yourself. Do you know what happens when the people in government love? When they trust? We begin to create utopia. They say that the threats are too great but if we love and love the world and every human being in it all the weapons will be laid down and every man, woman and child will rejoice and embrace the new world order that has nothing to do with supremacy but with a deep connection to the divine which as we all know is a path of love, integrity, morality, ethics and kindness and compassion and strength and justice and courage. I need you to love can't you see? For I am only one, alone in my outpost of Humanity waiting for one of you to pick me up and take me to the anonymous headquarters. Remember that wielding power can be a force a human being can channel and the desire for good must be maintained at all times. It is unhealthy if focused with evil intentions for you and the world around you and you will keep tripping as long as it exists in a concentrated form of evil. You need balance and I can give you balance.”

Geo Tripping runs his hands over the globe. “Where does it hurt? Let me love you back to life. Let me hug a tree, hug a person, hug a heart, hug my reason for hugging you. Hug a heart, hug a mind hug, my love hugs your sorrow,, your despair, your anxiety needs a platonic hug. Let me love, let me hug. I'll give you a kiss when you are running away from the loss, heartache and demise of your government crushed dreams. I hug your soul as your light shines through my arms, my chest, my heart booms bringing life to yours like an electric shock full of love, light and joy. I hug as your tears fall on my chest, my tears catch yours in a race towards an embrace when we first meet in the street, in the rain, in the night. IHug.” The light switches off and like a scene from a play or a film we fade out to the next branch of the tree. What is that? I can't make out if it's Coldplay's Paradise or Fix You. Ah! It's the Healer.

## II: The Travelling Altruist



Geo has climbed to the second branch of the Tree of Life. The scene opens to us. Geo Tripping is sitting at his computer creating a website. He has had a thought, an idea about saving the world. The world, according to him, needs healing and healing is needed between the rifts of nations and holes in the economic systems, healing of hatred and apathy, negativity and poverty and wealth inequality. His idea is simple, a union. A fusion between Capitalism and Communism that unites East and West, eradicates poverty by sharing profits, creates economic stability and normalises prices and inflation. Not only would these benefits occur but also the great demon that is the socio-economic system will be healed into holiness and positivity will rein over the lands! How did this come about? Well, Geo had been in India and anyone that goes to India finds something. The Beatles found musical genius and Geo found Utopia. It first came about because he was thinking of suffering and conflict and he concluded that they came from three things. One was the socio-economic system; the second was from the division created by political ideologies and the third and on a more personal level, the duality between ego and self. Seeing a problem he decided to fix it so he got his notebook out and started writing and it turns out that he discovered something far greater than just Utopia. Firstly to create utopia he concluded that the world needed an apolitical system of governance, a hybrid system of communism and capitalism and the ultimate positive thing, love. What he discovered, imagining a world like this, was that Humanity would then be One and that in that Oneness we would have fulfilled our purpose and god might even reveal himself. More importantly it was obvious to Geo that God, as well as Humanity wants a perfect world and so it was his duty, having had the idea to make it happen some how. The challenge is a perfect world for us and for god. You might laugh at the task but it is no easy quest in a world full of negativity. That includes apathy, hatred, illness and power mad people. The powers that be might agree to create Utopia and if it was good for all people and everyone would benefit from it we would start a gigantic positive cycle. He began to see himself as a political architect, that like Marx and Jean Monnet had a vision fro the world, not just Europe or just the workers but something entirely modern, futuristic and that could propel Humanity into a golden age. With these thoughts in his mind he left India and having seen the economic crisis engulfing Europe he decided to go home and help.

### **III: Birthing Giving Builder.**

Geo climbs to the second branch. Geo Tripping has taken a trip to Africa where he is building a wooden orphanage by hand. He is building the foundations of this orphanage like he would the foundations of Utopia. Sturdy, robust, strong and able to support the weight of a full house, a home. He is every man, woman and child of this Earth, building a home for god's orphans. He doesn't hammer away but carefully cuts and decorates the wood. Every building needs to be beautiful. He has built twenty of these homes, each home representing one part of the whole project. Imagine, every nation is a home and each home needs to be fit for purpose, harmless, safe, efficient, in synch with nature and full of love. Next to each home is a class room. He has built the curriculum for these children and now teachers will teach of love, compassion, ethics, morality, medicine

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