

**We are all
migrants
native to the
universe**

Preamble

Orlando—figment of the imagination, ideal and idol and fallible in every way conceivable but flawless in the eye of the beholder—is given to the world perfectly formed by the gods, themselves constructs of the human endeavour to conquer the unknowable and unknown.

Timeless, ageless, and deriving immense powers mostly from an indomitable spirit paired with an enquiring mind, Orlando is all human, all humanity, all humility and all pride: an articulation of the embodied consciousness we may call the experience of being alive.

Not good or bad, nor beyond the pale is Orlando, Orlando is wonder and discovery and surprise; and strife for self and self-knowledge and hunger for connections that mean something; and need for identity, desire for the loss of self and urge for survival; and yearning for the tender release that is death and fear of the violent crash into the absence of life that is dying. And aching for a place in history and undoing that history bit by bit. And invention, creation, as much as destruction. And cruelty and kindness and the duality of all things polar and their fusion. And the idea of being itself.

(Never even mind religion and statehood and status and tribe and the blood ties that bind and sin and redemption or even forgiveness.)

Orlando is all made up which is why Orlando is real, and Orlando, of course, is ancient as much as Orlando is new. Orlando is charged by the gods—subject as they are to

their own whims and fancies and with wisdom endowed no more and no less than we can conceive—to embark on a quest to The City.

And so, as we go to The City, our protagonist shall be Orlando...