

THE GLASS DOME

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The Glass Dome.

Adelita Husni-Bey. *The institution will become a place for healing through technology.* 2018. Chromogenic color print. 142 × 177 cm. Courtesy of the artist and Laveronica arte contemporanea. © 2020 Adelita Husni-Bey

Welcome to the new Glass Dome.

We were once a building six stories high, and the Dome on top was the seventh. As the world has changed, we've transformed as well. We have now converted the 7 floors of our building into 7 frequencies that can be accessed from anywhere in the world. The Glass Dome is no longer an inanimate building, but an omnipresent body capable of healing alchemy. These 7 vibrations can be tuned into with free will. Each is centered around a specific concept and is designed to connect, body mind, spirit and soul through vibration and mindful focus.

Floor One
Floor Two
Floor Three
Floor Four
Floor Five
Floor Six
Floor Seven

ROOTS
PASSION
IDENTITY
LOVE
COMMUNICATION
INTUITION
ONENESS

FLOOR 1 **ROOTS**

frequency of mars

In 4 four // hold, two, three, 4 // out for 4 //
welcome 2,2,2 groundedness
Heaviness is: Normal?
Shift the foundation you layed in the summer of ur youth, for Gone is home.,
the world is racing ruins, dancing deluges, faults in marble
By the sea of inter-fearing energies,
despite all the read, k(no)w this isn't l'Inferno.
Ye who enter here, abandon all but
In 4 four // hold, two, three, 3, 4 // out for 4, 5// &repeat.
Yes,
YOU,
R safe,
k(no)w, ur reinvention isnt limited 2 the 3D.
k(no)w, ur inner-rhythm, in the rise&fall of UR chest
k(no)w, ur solace, the only constant: metamorphosis
— welcome HOME. (and remember, piz leave ur shoes at the door.)

FLOOR 2 **PASSION**

FLOOR 3 **IDENTITY**

FLOOR 4 **LOVE**

FLOOR 5 **COMMUNICATION**

FLOOR 6 **INTUITION**

FLOOR 7 **ONENESS**

Floor One: Roots

Listen: The Frequency of Mars

Wind, 5-10 miles per hour. The vibrations of it over the Martian surface. A rhythm of dinks and donks. The sounds of a pressure sensor from inside a vessel and a seismometer sitting on the lander's deck like a pair of electronic ears.

In 4 four // hold, two, three, 4 // out for 4 // &repeat.

Welcome 2,2,2 groundedness

Heaviness is:

normal?

“Drop the anchor, Ahab”

Shift the foundation you layed in the summer of ur youth, for Gone is home,
the world is racing ruins, dancing deluges, faults in marble
Korruped
By the sea of inter-fearing energies.

Despite all the read, k(no)w this isn't *l'inferno*.

Ye who enter here, abandon all but

in 4 four // hold, two, three, 3, 4 // out for 4, 5// &repeat.

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Floor Two: Passion

Listen: The Frequency of Venus

Strong electrical currents reverberate off the Venusian planes. A low hum of 10 volts. The atmosphere alive, loudly pulsating and wailing. The intervals of the siren-like sounds echo the steady rhythm of a mallet circling the rim of a Tibetan singing bowl. One Venusian day is equal to 117 days on Earth.

I cried for my MoMA, who nursed me at her bosom, tenderly cradled my head, and nurtured my tiny soul. I smiled up with boneless gums, in innocent anticipation of perpetual infinity. Centuries of stony sleep, were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle. It is the Second Cumming.

My first walk threw the galleries will be erotic. The fertile fecundity of the filled-up floors. 2 b filled with art, oh so full. 2 enter the museum. Oh two enter! The hot wet walls clamp down. The rhythm of the stroke of the brush. The energy of the gesture. The climax of the sole.

Floor Three: Identity

Listen: The Frequency of the Sun

The heat of the surface of the sun is meditating on an OM. The sound waves murmur like the low purr of an oscillating fan turned on in the peak of summer time. A dopplergraph is mounted on a spacecraft called the Solar and Heliospheric Observatory. It measures the changing light and converts it into sound.

something in the way u can lean in(to) listen to a whisper
some-thing in the way of me hearing ur timid voice thru the masked vibration
tells me that I am miss-communicating

what i need

is to feel in control of the way

i scrub on hands and knees until i erase the memories(dirt) from other places

until I can do w/o the distant nostalgia

until i (srry "I") can stop diss-associating
and learn to dig into soil (srry cement) to find the root

ur roots that I carry with me
begging to be fed with (or without) blue lighted screens
needing to be, needing for me, to find me while I look for you
or look to you waiting to be

touching under the same warm sun

Floor Four: Love

Listen: The Frequency of the Moon

A slow static. Like pressing your ear against a moving airplane at 30,000 feet. Piercing wind. In the distance you can hear dial-toned beeps and boops. A sound that produces a metallic taste. Calm, unnerving, close.

when was the last time you felt.....?

boundless liberation

boundless joy?

“Gather round children!”

I’ve been thinking a lot about Hansel and Gretel. Have our blundering adult bodies somehow fallen in the oven too?

Baked at 350 degrees, until everything loses its meaning.

Until momma is running her hands through your hair again //

Until you get to lick the saccharine icing off of your birthday cake and it tastes like heaven and bliss

And flows

and exchanges.

HEAR,

we only know two states: **the presence of love** and absence thereof. and on this plane, **love abounds**.

i believe u. // i **love** u. // u are safe. // u are free

Some things aren’t for children’s eyes:

Did the vultures of kkkapitolism require u to Cash in ur dreams early? who nose?

But iknow,

watching from inside, gets too hot

and you long desperately for cool contagious laughter and breezy carefree smiles.

u must

close ur eyes //

race against the wind //

is it singing even when ur voice cracks? //

Ask. manifest&indulge.

get lost in the joy — access is always granted.

Floor Five: Communication

Listen: The Frequency of Mercury

The transition from the electromagnetic to a crusading vibration. The end of a waterfall. Slow despite the rapid whip of hydrogen tails. Primary receiver of the sun's heat roaring into breathless space.

Güdbai, form, structure. Centance structture. grammer. Spelling.

It is a strange and unprecedented time. I hope this massage finds u well.

I rote a parable about a morral dilemmma

But it was illegible; and they sAID - Keep it INside!

but "don't we exSist?!

outtside.,

of tiMe, + feaR"

Learning! is eternal / Perhaps We've run. out of Things to Learn)

Things will take thier natural coarse, no, that we canNot stop

the train of time

We ARE won, but we ARE knot.

Et tu Brute?

Floor Six: Intuition

Listen: The Frequency of Saturn

Cascading cadence. Waves of Plasma meet you from Saturn to Enceladus, making a short trip endless (or an eternal trip short lived). A bittersweet combination of mechanical arcade games with undulating waves.

I'm in to it,
IN-two-it, in2it,
intuit
ur body speaks in tongues, listen
2 the voice without a name
ur hiiigher self never lies.

illumination and enlightenment are free,
at what cost?
havent u learned that a child only educated in school is an uneducated child?

the fluidity of ur existence cannot be diluted
“if... then...”
too many stipulations, modifications, too many: *, and 1.
u've ignored ur innately intuitive antennas for so long.

But ur lack of clarity doesn't come from ur lack -
west-urn theorizing has distorted connection,
the silence says more than the words. more than
jargon-filled prophecies and hypotheses.

Listen.
the signal is staticky,
we r innately complex -

Floor Seven: Oneness

Listen: The Frequency of Jupiter

Like concentrating on the inside of a seashell. An emptiness rounded out at the edges. A deep, dark song filled with the survival of century old storms hovering over a knotted red spot. A silent continuous meditation provided by a sphere of gas.

The Universe is not perfect. But
that's why it's infinite.

An awareness within itself
constantly finds & identifies
areas within

it's vast cosmos that could still

(((e x p a n d)))

Expand it does.

Expand you will.

Until you are as grand as the sky.

And the imagination within you

can at once see the horizon

of the milky way

and the bottom of the sea.

As we grow, the universe grows with us,
miraculously.

I hope you've enjoyed your experience in The Glass Dome. Remember, these frequencies are available to you from anywhere in the cosmos. Come back whenever your heart desires

Appendix, with Full Image from Above

FLOOR 1 **ROOTS**

 **frequency of mars** 

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