

To you all, Comrade Citizens, I send greetings.

The ‘*Sancta* Speech’ has been held in such a way in our history by those who abide in Sandus so that we may cultivate our and our state’s learned customs for our citizens and the world, with our philosophy having been increased. Although it has not been proclaimed in an interval of three years, time could have increased want for desired things of ours or of others, but this would not be better for anyone. Moreover, now I will cede from tradition’s plot and I will digress, because we need desire’s judgement to happen when pestilence and disease touches us: the hour so demands it. To the Buddha Siddhartha Gautama, from whom we have heard the Four Noble Truths against suffering, in the second of which want and desire cause us to suffer, I give praise and I prostrate in order to take refuge and so that we may not only not forget that we are mortals, but also that we are not great but humble. Humility equally assuages and alleviates sentient beings and (I hope that you are all wise enough that you will discover how precious this life is) humans from the desire of *bhava* (i.e., in Sanskrit “being”), because humility omits the ego. So the Second Noble Truth and the Buddha’s dharma, but all faith and every religion today wishes that we attain happiness. Jesus Christ, also, and other wise men and saints, has taught us that humility is our remedy for arrogance when he so said that ‘it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich person to enter heaven’ : even if the parable is changed, it is the same lesson. Humility puts an end to the ego to that everyone may complete *nirvana* that is happiness. No further than in Sandus do we know this wisdom. Each year, this speech that turns our minds to our Sandum micronation touches upon our real situation.

In the second year of our state, the two-thousand-thirteenth year of the Common Era, this speech was given to increase our culture but in ‘*Sancta*’ language, not in Latin, as I used to do. In this constructed language I frequently proclaimed in each speech the revolution of our culture and the instructions of our awe-inspiring flourishing state, so that you all would know Sandum and *Sancta* news and so that the State of Sandus that ought to be ornamented would flower with a language of culture declared to the world year after year. In the two-thousand-fifteenth year, that is, in the fourth year of our State and of my administration and reign as Sôgmô, the ‘*Sancta*’ language was brought to an end and carried off into our heap of history, yet Latin came forth into *Sancta* culture in order to decorate and to adorn an exceedingly legitimate, well-formed, and refined people with blessed happiness. Today we use Latin in certain ways, but the holidays of the Matronalia and the Regifugia (as it is said in Sandus)—the Old New Year that we celebrate—are forgotten. This holiday is the third of the new years on our calendar, since we celebrate both the Gregorian New Year and the Lunar New Year (Losar), and I do not want that the Sandum people are curbed by customs, deeds, precedents, since we have very many holidays. I as Sôgmô, first among equal citizens in our state, tiller and builder of our culture, vanguard of our socialist economy and form of government with the Citizens’ Party, and fount of all honours, think that I should be restrained by custom and habit. It is necessary that I hand down the deeds and precedents that we have made by our hands and minds and that were handed down to and by us, and that I exist in their place and

discern them and am concerned with them forever. The gods that I believe in, your own other gods that you believe in singularly, or the metaphysical things that you believe in have so benevolently made Sandus blessed, happy, and greater.

‘What is *Sancta* culture,’ I suspect you perplexingly ask. *Sancta* culture, arisen from the notion of developing a micronational culture with our hands and our minds and blossoming by customs and tradition, is the third part of our philosophy. It intends to plow the field of culture to offer long life to our state with the simple notion that a micronation is governed through the vexing waves of time and changes with an attending culture. In accordance with the ‘Active Cultural Development Theory’ we have shaped our *Sancta* culture so that Sandus may live both endlessly and permanently in our lifetime, but, in this way, we also think and believe that we are what we think we are, and so we hear in the Dhammapada in Pali ‘*manopubbangama dhamma, manosettha manomaya*’ or in Latin ‘all phenomena arise from the mind that comes first, they are set up and made by the mind.’ For what we find in the *dharma* and doctrine of the Buddha is the basic principle of our *Sancta* philosophy, that we can and think to change our actual situation and affairs. Latin and Roman culture, received and remade by us, are the participants of *Sancta* culture, of which this speech is a testament.

Our culture, whatever it is that we have made, is setting forth into a new time when compassion is taking its place again in the centre of our civil society. Radical compassion, which thinks of another’s feeling and wants or intends that everyone have better circumstances, is the beginning and the end of our philosophy, so also called *metta* in the Buddha’s doctrine or charity. Compassion for those like us and unlike us is a promise and a vow from our philosophy: it behooves us that we offer it to one another. To be faithful to our principles, we will need to have Sandum empathy that must be done and felt for the persecuted, the oppressed, and the hated in the world after the coronavirus pandemic. Compassion, the foundation of a moral life, is not a conservative way of life but one of giving mind and deeds to those who are needy. It does not refute, it does not deny, but it affirms its duty to one who is without the strength, the power, the fortitude, and the capacity to lead their life. All those who lack these may not be able truly to live. Whoever, moreover, is queer or transgender or gender nonbinary, is accustomed to poverty and hunger and thirst, and has not yet felt liberty knows this deeply.

Let compassion today be radical! Let us make Sandus into a micronation of compassionate revolution!

**THE HONOURABLE SÔGMÔ GAIUS SOERSEL PUBLICOLA**  
STATE OF SANDUS  
(they/pað)