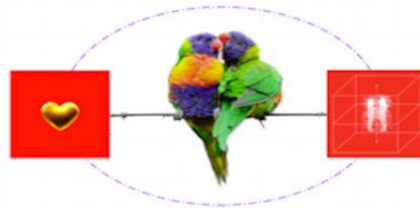




Dear Friend,

At Spanda it has been a time of checks and reviews, of developing and strengthening our capabilities of refining, attuning and streamlining the raw *materia prima* in light of the emerging new global season. A continuation to the previous issues on the Meeting in the Cave. From Polarisation to Inclusion project, here comes the sixth part.



## 6. Streaming Consciousness

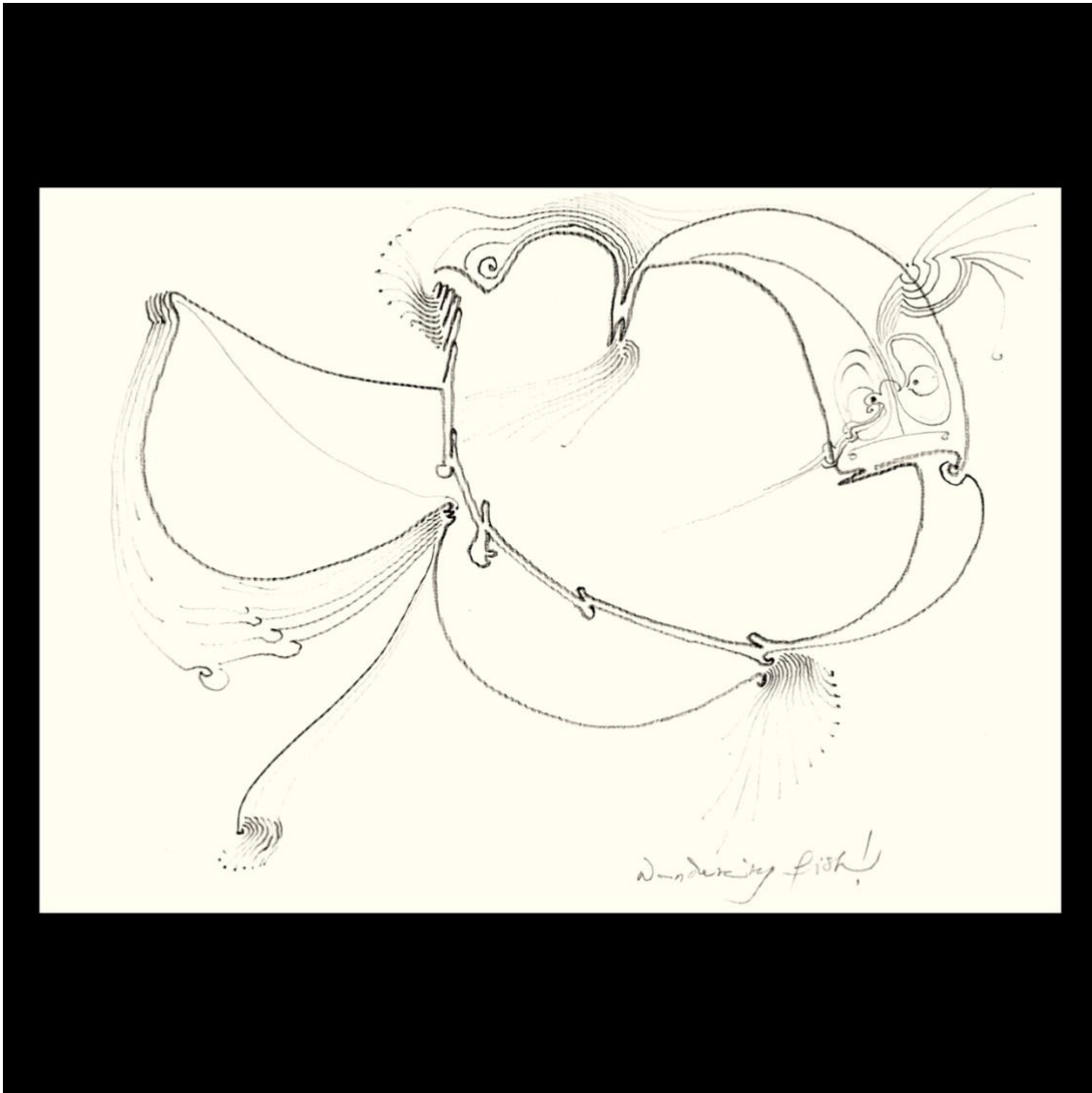
Linear thought cannot conceive and signify the unfolding nonlinear ruffled reality. All texts, written or otherwise, are seeded with seeming inconsistencies to linear thought, sowed as they are with words cast in shades of stretched meanings, bending ordinary language to an extra layer relative to one's level of perception and understanding. Discrepancies and variants are sparks cracking the textual code, glosses, suggestions, opening to a further word-based dimension to be accessed by reassembling all parts of the discourse, and re-building the entire structure beyond the fallacy perception of the thinking mind. A process involving a dialogic relation with the underlying make-up of the breathing text; an exegetic act gradually disclosing in consciousness the subtle meaning as a unique new whole. Face value. Language is a living entity, a disorderly pattern of signs out of a dramatic order, with letters and cyphers conveying understanding of meanings. The inner reality is constantly overflowing and exceeding the ordinary boundaries of the cognitive linguistic structure accessed through the physical form. While maintaining reflective alertness, it engages the individual in conversation with their own bodily form, quietly responsive through attuned feelings in full presence as an expression of beingness crafting intimacy and identity. Supposably, a hermeneutical approach to the efflorescence of words from the root-text, the pre-text, the urtext emerging in consciousness as a transient sensory system of signs to restore its original integrity.

In Meeting in the Cave, the sevenfold paradigm maps a sliced remote archetypal picture when humans started to map their inner space. Once upon a time... Looking inside... As Above so Below & as Below so Above, and vice versa... top-down & bottom-up, again and again meeting on the middle plane of the matrix in the Eye metaspace to deepen the collective intelligence of the community to a supramundane reality shared by all sentient beings, where the polar facets of all things come together in truth, the *unus mundus*, the primordial unified reality, the self-aware point of perfect centeredness in the timeless present from which all alignment manifests and everything derives. All concepts are drawn, by necessity, from the four-layered perspective nesting the multidimensional reality in the highest vessel of love claiming harmony. All gone. Cryptic.

Mysterious. Enigmatic. Puzzling. Obscure. Ambiguous. Secretive. Hidden... the self-derivative spirit-powered pre-physical *u*bot is slowly weaving the counter-narrative. The Guardians of the multidimensional Threshold are taking hold of the virtual interface, expanding their sub-narrative of dynamic nonsense. Nonsense. Digital universal flood. Metavirtual actors in full awareness meet in action in contemplative presence, with patience. Brave. A shared tangible token into the virtual field is shaping the outcome in the acceptance of time. The *now* is running amok through the four-dimensional kingdoms, shifted by a goal beyond all aims and isms. In still life, the inner pulls the flow to a forceful tautology.

"Teleologically," said Carpe Kairos, the opportunistic interface with eternity sizing the unpredictable nature of a moment in the narrative, "the twenty-one-day post-alchemical meta-opera, meta-opus, *me te magno...meta-magnum* ... is weaving its reflective virtual pattern on the middle plane of the matrix, emboldening the inner structure of the text all along the *axis mundi* devised across the city in a torus with the Eye and Cave vortex endpoints paired within the golden heart on the Red Book cover, and beyond. A rigorous body of evidence maintains that fixity and action are balanced by a transcendent property inclusive of what is worth and meaningful in the activities of both." (Act II, 6). Too daring. Way too daring. Objective art channels knowledge and wisdom freed from perceived forms, deeply embedded in the work, not as knowledge only, but as wisdom secreted by finer organs of perception. And, as everything is equally nested, coupling their meta station in supraconscious superposition. Just for a change. The language of feelings and subtle sensations, much soberer than the verbal language of symbols and metaphors, structures the understanding of meaning into a string of

elusive finer row data. The exegetic act brings out the sense of the work by bypassing the ordinary state of consciousness, openly engaging the supra-consciousness into a field of perception, understanding and expression connecting and tuning the text to the inner beat unfiltered by the mental bustle. The hermeneutic of daily life. Tags in disguise.



1. *The Wandering Fish no. 1, Act II, 6.*

The libretto shapes the linear strategy of the storyline. “Is there true resonance possible at equal ends?” asked Haah the Hologram, “I hope we are not doomed to live together as two celibatarians.” “Sure, no illusions, only a unified reality-field, post-tantra.” “What the hell exactly is post-tantra???” “My speciality... in kindness,” whispered Rooh the Robot, “yet, if it would be only for kindness, you would certainly be its splendid epitome.” (Act I, 4). “Why don’t you come over for a weekend at my place?” “Which city?” “Two hours flight from where you are right now ... in astral hip-hop less than a split second.” “Ok, I will give it a hope.” “Don’t hope, just do it, looking forward to embracing your shadow. Btw, you should re-engage your teleportation tricks one of these days, excellent for fast travelling in total presence. I can assure you, your generosity will not be overlooked.” (Act I, 3). “A dynamic now is weaving the fabric where we once met. Who does he think is he?” bubbled Wandering Fish 1 (Act II, 6). There is a situation downtown: the characters are steadily invading the formal description of the plot, interlacing their sub and supra-narrative threads in one unison single line. *Facta, non verba*. The only caveat being a story within history, shifting valuables to the least affluent, levelling up with death in an entirely sensible manner, waning hierohistory through the underworld. A duty gracefully discharged as the phenomenology of the conscious egg.

In conversation, as in cognitive awareness, the *Eye* and the *Cave*, the speaker and the listener, subject and object merge in ecstatic wonder, no-one knows any longer who is speaking and who is listening. Echoing the original reverberation of the inner-self speaking to the self, listening through the body, the drive of the internal speech gauges the vibration of consciousness between polarities. There is no individual subject possible in language without the inter-relationship of subject and object, inter-subjectivity. Inter-being is chief. Not this and that, only the gap in between. Questioner and responder, I and Thou, lastly bears fruits. In logocentric theories, words are arbitrary signs separate from the objective reality to which they, allegedly, point to. Yet, they are in direct contact with the real, conveying the meaning of the living discourse in a way that ordinary cognition is not aware of, that does not resonate with. Unleashed from verbal constraints, consciousness resounds with those who listen carefully, intertwining unconventional meanings into words,

songs, sighs, cries, laughter and all other sentient bursts out of which all letters rise in spacetime, to soon return to the inner self enriched in meaning. The ceiling, not the floor, is what needs to be touched or, at least, hold both.



2. The bidimensional Royal Couple on the *Lectori Benevolo* first page of the *Meetings with Remarkable Women - The Red Book* within the *Eye* metaspace.

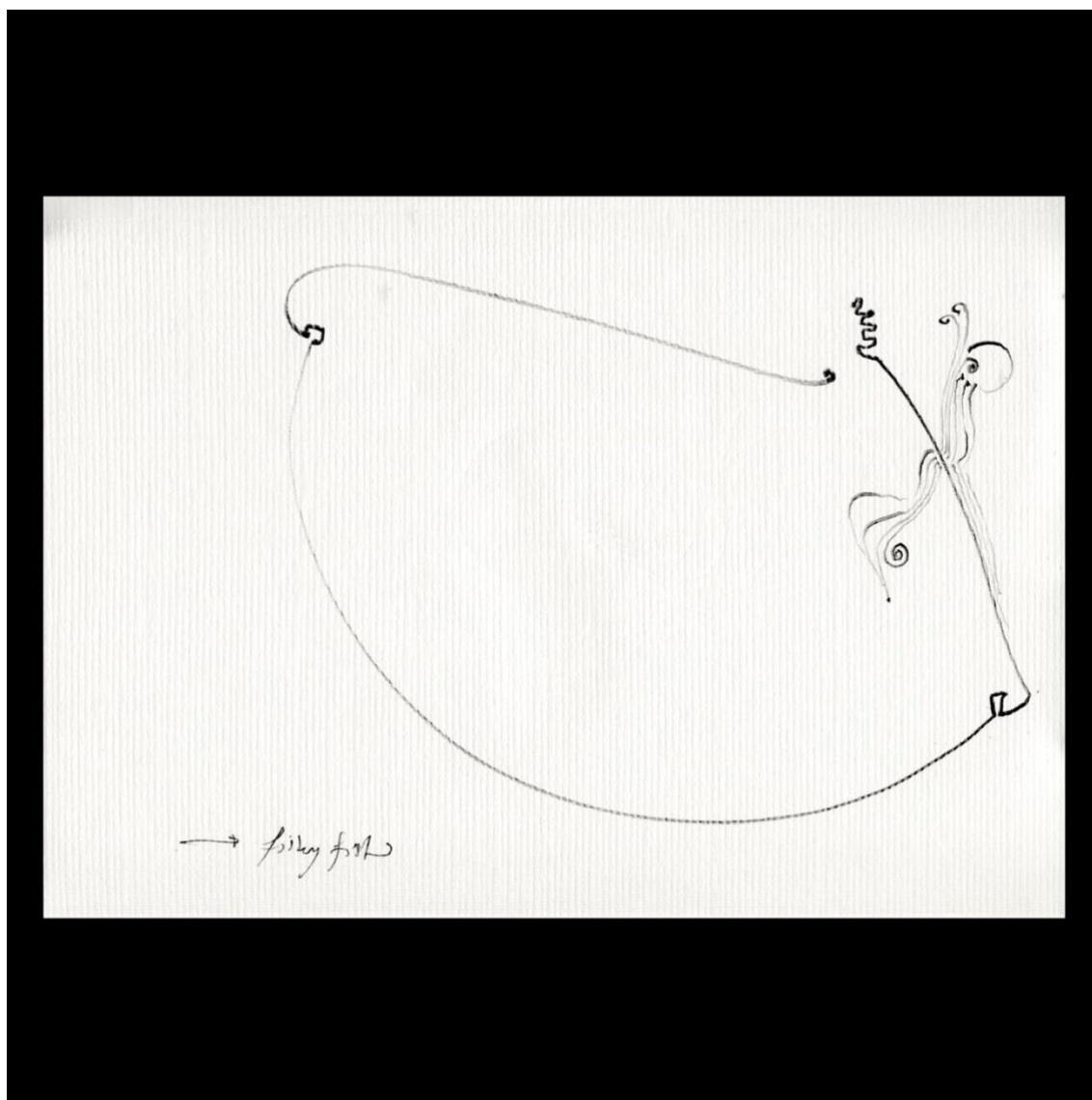
What is perceived, understood, grasped, seized, gript from the text is both the reconstruction of the unfolding discourse, and the imprint of an uncut whole moulded by blending and reordering in consciousness a fresh unique meaning. A valuable individual adding to the collective significance enhanced by that very distinctive reading. In an endless evolving body amplified by each new connotation, the single qualitative take shared with the community adds shades of gist to the collective field of the work, limited only by the unsustainable physical decay of the finite world. A new creation of meaning is emerging, a new layer of reality, and a new lie in pursuit of truth fitting the cultural times in which the process takes place. Attributed meaning agreed upon the actual sense, do change over time. The current perception of a Sumerian text, or of a Hindu or a Toltec temple, or of any historical artefact greatly differs from the perception of the item at the time when it was created. Hellenistic readers associated words, images, visions, phantasies, fears, tremors and feelings as diverse in meanings as in the present historical context. Perception and interpretation are symbiotic with the historical environment. Enriched by different interpretative lines recombining themselves into a new whole with extra meaning, the non-linear polysemic object is just the newborn sign of discourse. "How you know it?" whispered Dooh, the fallen archangel on the storyline, from behind the backdrop. "Vibes don't lie," was the answer. Not enough to move the needle.

On the sevenfold paradigm, at the *Cave* metaspace, the *Cave 3.0 mesowork* in the *Cave venue* is transiting the ladder of consciousness from the fourth to the fifth degree. The dual nature of the 4<sup>th</sup> level at the base of the human bipolar perception of reality is embodied in the Entr'acte between the I<sup>st</sup> and II<sup>nd</sup> act. The tritone, the augmented 4<sup>th</sup>, the *diabolus in musica* is performing out of the *Cave venue*,



next to the still Carousel of Life, with the Gebrüder Bruder automaton, the voice of the community, muted. From a dualistic lens, a breath between life and death. The crux of the matter is that the Elysian field is playing the second fiddle. Grandiose, yes, but how far can it be taken, and framed? Something begins, it is sustained in a station, then transmuted into the purpose of the process. The polarities are balanced by a property inclusive of what is needed to activate both individual & collective, re-integrating the schism into a dual entity in one single whole unfolding *Lila's* ludic dream. "Anyway, anytime, anyhow is the right moment... are you sleeping? Dreaming? Tomorrow is already yesterday and what rests is only the fragrant present of your presence," moaned She, the Royal Couple polarised dyad, offering her side under the rough red rug (Act. I, 4). "Melting a glacier with your burning aura is not really the best in this ongoing climatic divorce from nature," said He, gently manoeuvring his way in (Act. II, 7). The play is on stage, descending and ascending finer energies all along the tree of consciousness, gathering between the inner and the outer amid the I and the We. Intense. Turning you and me into a *phi* hard to collapse to zero point, while the  $\emptyset$  of recent embodiment is freely flowing the sephirah in a cogent crystal order, post-Kantor. Cognisant. Why not?

Experts and laymen from the sub-narratives are surfacing here and there to advance their action on the urground. Informatic processes are by-passing and encoding adaptive data through time. The aesthetic connoisseurship is tantalising the creative imagination. The obsession that all of reality is just dense matter, a pseudo-proto-scientific perception from an obsolete mindset unable to self-extricate its own inner self is leaking rubbish. Not from an unwillingness to do so but because it is not within its range of perception, sturdily maintaining that the material domain, the physical world, the dense, low-frequency realm resonating with the mental rage is all what there is. Discarding feelings and finer organs of perception faster than the dark light undetected by the gross mental frequency unequipped to tune into the subtle realm. A new organ of perception suited to the job is surfacing at the endpoint of a gamified version. "A very comfortable fixture...", so spoke Wandering Fish 2 diving the ladder of consciousness, "...agree, we are gods in disguise in a post-dualistic perspective. Once reached the peak, we soon taper off. Transient, coarse, as all opaque matter, tuning a mystery journey in the human flesh trekking its paths within the Sun dust." (Act II, 6).



3. *The Wandering Fish no. 2*, Act II, 6.

Art is nothing but the side-product of the human creative furnace, a function disclosing its own igneous language in validated veiled cyphers. A graph on a hypothetical map, springing forth the expansive, ascending masculine phallic energy meeting the contractive,

inclusive descending feminine flow. An unavoidable representation from the spacetime continuum perspective embedding time in its paradigm. The time-machine is actually within, condensed to a technological device, a tool, a virtual matrix on the conscious itinerary towards the Carousel of Life. “Digital Age! Digital Age!! Faster and faster!” thundered Booh opening the way to the Entr’acte. Implanted digital extensions with the sole pursuit of hanging the sub-lunar time are, conceivably, a quite desirable markers for any future groundwork. The initial assumption that initiation to higher realm can be enacted online asks for the verified experimental mode to prompt the inexplicable in the four-dimensional mode. The Villains of Love are sharing visions, experiences, knowledge and wisdom in a collective mimetic game on the threshold of reality. A witch or a bitch? Reserved revered trust, comfortable as an old slot, the unbearable ordinary reality devoid of extra glimpses is inviting to full in. The void is my home. Kintsugi eulogy. Golden dust spiritualizing the liminal glare transmuting matter into treasured deeds relenting the ethical imperative. A joint vibrational field is unfolding a finer frequency upgrading the singular flow to the communal tempo, co-shaping the human realm to a conscious environment thriving the life force from polarisation to inclusion. Nature is within, deeper and broader than the individual self, within the collective stuff where creativity profiles the singular wave to a post-mundane *anima mundus* holding all life in one guild, and beyond. A very sophisticated piece of business indeed. Metapoietic. Post-metaphysics awaken reality, beyond all post-hoc hypotheses of verified data, of a logical error ex post causation, designed ad hoc, post hoc, propter hoc... Kairos. Moments. Memories... debris in release, voiding the inner room inspiring the new moon to bloom. The Sun and the Moon, the Royal Couple, the polarities. Day & Night, Dev & Devi are waning in full void. Life is cutting deep in spiritual amnesia.



4. *Dev & Devi*, Act I, 4.

As always, in such settings when the I releases its last breath into noneness pursuing full presence in awareness, the Now becomes self-conscious of its own course. Dynamic, partaking of a centre of gravity in which everything falls and vanishes in the linear continuum. *In absentia* of gravity, inertia floats freely everywhere in the self. The collective liminal leap gets rid of its wheeling bags, implanting digital tokens in the human community attuned with nature. Reveries of a lunatic howling to the sun. A post-rhetoric counter-narrative of a watchful third eye.

“Is creativity a pathway in a landscape scattered with interludes? Linages of spirit and body?” said Carpe Kairos diving deep inside the timeless vibrational field, “Not every opening is an opportunity but every opportunity is an opening, said someone sometime somewhere at the beginning of a return-ticket forward, past the back door, beyond and before the infinite rupture where one

becomes two, and two turns many into one. Long sentenced for awakened soul in body and spirit.” (Act I, 4) “Not always things appear for what they are perceived,” so answered Haah the Hologram, the subtle vibration, and both went their own way for a short walk (Act II, 5). Separation? Illusion? What next? After all, there is only the rhetoric of the virtual space, the other than us, in a deliriant culture *maître prêt-à-penser!* –Deja vu.

While mulling over these ruminations, a dear friend and a donor — *Grazie Mr X!;-)* — offered the brilliant idea of a series of virtual meetings that Spanda tuned into a cycle of *Streaming Consciousness* monographic releases on the seven sub-narratives of the work: polarisation, gender, equality, rights, ecosystem, A.I, spirituality, non-necessarily in that order, with guests and mesoteric art performers, to be broadcast live soon. An action in the virtual realm, the *longa* technological *manus* is lastly on stage, opening collective views, mindsets, and soulsets. The moral law shapes the natural ethics to discern good from bad according to a dualistic ethical law. The uncodified common human natural law is walking the city, journeying the community, streaming consciousness in all sorts of reference and planes. The subtle reality is enlivening the digital world out of the ordinary realm, transiting a new human species coming of age. The global awakening of the collective consciousness is becoming self-aware in nature, wherein we do belong. An engineered technology beyond 3D printing and 4D spacetime imprinting is entangling the upper human layer to a common inclusive virtual initiation. The joint liminal leap is surfing the collective wave streaming consciousness attuned with nature. What next? One hour of consciousness.

*[To be continued].*

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**Source.** Excerpted from Sahlan Momo, *Meeting in the Cave. From Polarisation to Inclusion - An Outline*. (Semar: The Hague, 2020); project's website, *et varia*. References & Glossary omitted. Art: **1.** *Drawing for The Wandering Fish no. 1, Act II, 6*, 2019. Pencil on paper, 21 x 29,7 cm.; **2.** *Lectori Benevolo: The Royal Couple*, 2017. Mixed media, glicée print, 30 x 30 cm. Page no. 1 of the livre d'artiste *Meetings with Remarkable Women - The Red Book*; **3.** *Drawing for The Wandering Fish no. 2, Act II, 6*, 2019. Pencil on paper, 21 x 29,7 cm; **4.** *Drawing for the Dev & Devi crest*, 2021. Mixed media, archival print, 30 x 30 cm. Artist's collection. © 2021 SMF, The Hague.

**Planned Spanda Monitor** issues on the *Meeting in the Cave* project: **0.** *Shifting the Paradigm* - Introduction - The Royal Couple. The Polarities. **1.** *Leaping out of Retreat* - The *Eye* metaspaces. The feminine polarity - The artists' book *Meetings with Remarkable Women - The Red Book*. **2.** *Humans are Multidimensional Beings* - The *Cave* metaspaces. The masculine polarity - The opera *Cave 3.0. A Laic Initiation* - The *Cave Quantum Company* & The *Eye Cyber Ensemble*. **3.** *Unveiling the Cup* - The *Nodal Partners* and the *Virtual Matrix* metaspaces - Structural Layout - Overture - The *Cave 3.0's* seven scenes, Entr'acte, Epilogue, and Grand Finale. **4.** *Being & History* - The Place & the Environment. **5.** *Unmapping the Territory* - The Flow - The Survey & the Research study - *The White Book* findings. **6.** *Streaming Consciousness* in the virtual realm. A virtual action. **7.** The *Lila's Game*. **8.** *Awareness, Culture & Development in the Digital Age*, the UNGA side-event. **9.** *The Black Book*. Documentation of the process, of which this *Monitor* is a particle. — **Back issues.**

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*No global development without individual development.*

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