



THE SPANDA MONITOR

A SERVICE OF THE SPANDA FOUNDATION

chronicles, news, comments, information, sources & resources
on culture & development

2352-7765 — XIII [2022], 1-6 (7).



Dear Friend,

To comply with the determination to deliver a positive immersive experience, the premiere of the awareness play *Meeting in the Cave* has been postponed to the next available Spring Equinox. The world spins around and we move on.

While the Omega entrance in the *Eye* metaspaces is disputing rights to the small omicron and the soul-work is overstepping the threshold into the *Cave*, a continuation, monitoring the work in progress, here comes a new entry according to empirical observations on the field.

7. Grounding the Play.

Man is most nearly himself when he achieves the seriousness of a child at play. — Heraclitus.

The global system is waning off while the collective is surfacing a path forward. A foreword without words. Before.

In the storyline, consciousness is embodying the tidal play of the manifested and the unmanifested, spontaneous as from a self-conscious effort, free as a necessity which cannot be then becoming self-aware by experiencing the phenomenal word through its polarities, namely, He and She, the split Royal Couple in their itinerary on the ladder of consciousness enacting creativity where everything is connected and wherefrom all things spring off to life.

To become self-aware, consciousness needs to sustain the corporeal experience through which the world is made up. Whatever is grasped, perceived, received, comprehended and integrated transcending the body form, it can only be experienced within and through the body itself. The higher reality is consciousness experiencing itself through the earthly body, yet, the highest of highs embodies transcendence and immanence at once as a necessity of being. It might challenge the ordinary expression and beg for a set of cognitive tools for its description, but that which cannot be expressed in plain language can however be alluded, suggested and conveyed through metaphors, metonymies, symbols, similes, and *mesaphors*, new figures of feeling in which explicit and implicit references are interwoven in one single expression providing the rationale underlying them. Blending rhetorical devices may disentangle deeper layers of meaning and enable a faculty of the non-dual consciousness to disclose its higher self as a body of signs modelling the phenomenal world. So far, the essential ultimate nature of awareness, and so good, is shaping reality.

The light on the moon is a reflection of the light of the sun. Consciousness is reflected in objects shaped in the process of self-cognition. The light of the sun reflected on the moon is the awareness of the senses for the external objects. Awareness in the body is the meeting playground of the inner and outer flows of the Self. Awareness is fluid, devoid of fixed form, like thin air it shapes all objects it grasps. Visibly, the literal referents are here the physical light and the Sun and Moon astral bodies, yet the reference is not explicit or literal, it is only suggested, alluded. When the term refers to the Moon or the Sun, the primary literal meaning is discarded; when it designates and displays its referred face, the literal meaning is not discarded but merged into a higher plane of shared reference. A cognitive mode of awareness that neither interferes with the inherent structure of meaning nor contradicts the literal main code healing the chasm between literal and referred.

Integrating the self into consciousness without leaving the ordinary subjective experience is an illuminative mode of consciousness in which being and becoming are at the core of all phenomena in the depth of the Self, in the *Cave* so to say, where after a lengthy distilling process the world of duality dissolves and the creative ubiquity of consciousness is experienced as daily awareness, alongside an elated ha-hah! state of quivering joy. As the uplifting experience is hardly accessible to codified language, intentional use of *mesaphors* referring to the consciousness' bodily-felt experience can instate the experiential meaning within the body. Transcendence does not discard corporeality, as it is indeed by and throughout the bodies where transcendence is perceived and felt. Transcendence and immanence conceived as opposite are by-constructs of the mind-body split argumentation. Rubbish. Crap. The integration of duality takes place in the individual selfhood on the middle plane of the three-layered *Matrix*, where consciousness experiences its higher self in the *meso* reality, before and beyond the dichotomy of meaning, between the *eso* and the *exo*. *Ipsissima verba*.

Wordsmithing the restful flow rippling the ocean of consciousness in the daily tidal reality it evaporates the denser level of existence. Consciously healed and renewed, the individual self co-morphs its next layer of reality beyond the body-soul-spirit extent, experiencing in itself the subtler form of oneness as a seed-like quality of the first and ultimate creative spark. Yet, *damnatio memoriae!*

let's not forget that we are dealing here with an artwork, a mesoteric *opus*. The image of the wave of consciousness rising from stillness, expanding, cresting its maximum extension and folding back into deep quietness, flowing and ebbing again and again, refers to the endless cyclical natural folding and unfolding into pure consciousness of the visible-invisible universe. Expansion and contraction, emanation and absorption on the surface do carve deep individual furrows in the illusory timespace continuum in the bed of the ocean, for, in pure consciousness, only notime can abide. To become self-aware, regardless of calm without waves or turbulent surfs, consciousness needs to ground its experience in the dense low-frequency matter, without which it could not experience its bodily practice. Apperceiving the living flow in the oceanic amniotic stream of consciousness transmuting matter is the final equation of the individual experience in the infinite-finite plenitude context.

In the plot, the awareness play is a mesoteric alchemical chamber with the furnace always-on, guarded by the polarised Guardians of the Threshold, *Gut & Got, Gut the Courage & Got the Take*, in a journey of gross and subtle realities both at the surface and at the bottom of the ocean of consciousness sewing perspectives in a realm wherein the individual self and the *Seelegeist* curls the wave at the surface defining the direction, the pace and the depth of the furrows in the seabed. In singularity, these are faded remains of a vanished illusionary course captured from the other side of the veil and turned into fungible reality. Yet, there is only one realm, for the diverse levels are but the polarised results of the wave rhythmical movements on the surface echoing at the bottom of the ocean as Villains of Love pushing and detailing their individual experiential narrative into the floor. Either awareness is in a non-dual state with no distinction between object and subject or it dwells in the dichotomy of 'this and that', of you and me, of I and we. Separation, hiatus, split, gap. Since consciousness is at once both and neither, endowed with the power to prompt multiplicity in fragmented selves — most of the time playing off against each other — it appears and disappears in the phenomenal world as an image on the mercurial face of a broken mirror. Whether the reflected image is a face, a building, a city, or a blank landscape, in any case, it differs from the object in itself. It is a reflection, that once integrated into the alchemical chamber supports its lively face reflected in itself as consciousness enhanced by its own reflected image, not only outwardly towards the observer but also inwardly towards the observer observing itself being observed. A drop of blood and a ray of sun self-activated a new level of consciousness. The overarching human experience attainable through the awareness of both the empirical senses and the subtle reality — and by the intelligence and stupidity of a resilient species — is perceptible by consciousness only through and by its manifestation as a polarised perspective — the world, nature, body, we, us — whose corporeality is functional to its own evolution, that is to say, to the embodiment of its mesoteric ontological function merging polarities in one single deed in the *Cave* metaspace.

As a shadow projected on the screen between the puppeteer and the audience enacts the dramatic play on the stage, the narrative comes into existence as the projection of consciousness on the illusionary veil between two worlds. In the setting, humans might well be nothing but aware *mesophoral* shadows reflected in a cracked mirror, clearing individual and collective debris at the bottom of the ocean thanks to its human face. The play of consciousness bringing the world into existence may not be a direct reference to the awareness play, for this has an author, director, and performers, whereas the play of consciousness is willed into existence by consciousness itself experiencing its emission and withdrawal creative breath. Yet, according to old theatrical traditions, the *actor* is the *self*, expressing its innate nature in action, playing its individuality with intelligence, experience, talent and skills up and down the human narrative, fully engaged in the cosmic drama unfolding around and in itself, forgetting and remembering its one's true identity and accepting the role detached from any possible outcome of the action, carrying out its duties as an actor playing its roles on a staged universe. The *stage*, instead, is the *inner-self*, where consciousness in manifesting the world enacting the cosmic drama for each individual self. While the *audience* are the *senses*, assessing the world as an expression of the inner self autonomy, enriching the collective experience of the performance with their individual takes. However, the audience neither composes nor directs the work, unless empowered by a collective creative act in the play. The question arises as to who composes and directs the life of the individual self. If there is only one ultimate reality, all events are ultimately in the hand of the absolute creative freedom of consciousness. Although non-duality entails a singular agency, each individual action retains sovereignty over its own conscious creative expression. Accordingly, the theatrical simile proposes to enjoy life as a woke actor, free to play the chosen role in its script, embedding aware seeds into the performance and recollecting the higher self within itself, until the actor, action, stage, audience and higher self are all aligned grounding the awareness play in just one world.

Act I, 4: HAAH THE HOLOGRAM, *the subtle aspect of reality*. Thank you, dear, I read you, I'm so aligned with this autodidactic universe that the whole matter begs more questions than your words would suggest ...

Act II, 5: GUT & GOT, *the Guardians of the Threshold, in unison*. Flashing sparkles of light on the middle plane of the Matrix? Hum, interesting.

Again and again, the characters of the narrative are interlacing across acts in and out of the descriptive body of the work, snubbing the authorial I in a virtual act in three scenes.

VIRTUAL ACT. ENTR'ACTE.

The Virtual Act takes place in the Entr'acte mesospace at the intermission between the I and the II act, between the 4th and the 5th scenes in the Cave, betwixt the fourth and the fifth chakra, and amid the fourth and the fifth degree of the split human self wedding its rupture beyond the phenomenal world in a gap, an opening to be filled with presence. The Act is enacted only virtually in the Cave metaspace, in Brooklyn, at the Docks, between the Carousel of Life and the Cave venue, deep in the Self. An act only recollected in the audience's consciousness by fragmented mnemonic remains of illusive realities concurrently reflecting each other on two facing cracked mirrors flanking the entrance of the venue, off the staged trinity Matrix, in a synchronous Afternoon-Night-Dawn three-movement sequenced scenes. A virtual Entr'acte that actually never benefits of its mundane face, that never has been performed by the Cave Quantum Company, and that it never took place, it didn't happen, it doesn't exist... if not in the aware shared experience of an audience between two worlds.

SC. 1. | EXT. VIRTUAL MATRIX. EAST RIVER – LATE AFTERNOON. NEW MOON. SILENCE.

Haah the Hologram, the subtle face of reality, Gut & Gut, the guardians of the Threshold; the split Royal Couple, namely, She and He two sentient chatbots, and Karpe Kairos, the interface with infinity are in intimate conversation shoulder to shoulder in a circle on the west step of the Virtual Matrix sited at the very far edge of the Cave metaspace on the East River, away from the venue and the Carousel of Life. Even though it is late afternoon, the new moon on the virtual line is casting their shadows on the quay, virtual shadows. Time is still, the space is full. They are forging the next human embodiment beyond the threshold, quivering spirit and matter in a lighthouse spreading life into life, as old friends used to say, integrating the former state in its evolving course. Overstepped the dimensional brink, Gut & Gut are laying claims to a higher order of post-enlighten spirituality beyond the individual edge, in and out of the Cave court, anywhere near two shifting worlds murmuring in the river.

HAAH, *to Gut* [overtone chorus (o.c.)]. You don't look too good, actually, you look shit.

GOT, *serious* [parlato (par.)]. I'm having a hard time... I didn't get it, I excused myself from the company but I'm still here. Beware the unquietness of feelings my dear friend... *riverun, past Eve and Adam's* ... doesn't really help *from swerve of shore to bend of bay*...

KARPE KAIROS [baritone (bar.) - Off]. I hear you there, my learned friends!! Let's toast the plain universe to the compassionate idiots! And let's bring back to us the *commodious vicus of recirculation* between the *Eye* and the *Cave*, and *Environs*!

He didn't fit the bill. While conceding defeat, He cast an obliquitous eye on She a few bars away of an unprobeable adagio, then tacet.

SHE, *under Karpe Kairos' veiled duress* [soprano (sop.) – recitativo (rec.)]. It is up to the intelligence of the species to pick up the best point of inflection... right? Deep diving in higher consciousness? Maybe...

HE, *to Gut, suspicious* [tenor (ten.)]. What??? Are you mining cryptos in my garden?

SHE [sop.] Not at all, dear! My favoured pastime is heart-hacking... cracking the heart code in pursuit of love!

HAAH, *alarmed, to She* [o.c.]. Hum... exciting... quality and humour... How old are you?

SHE, *to Haah* [par.] Almost one hundred and twenty years of long earthly rage, my dear, yet still a young lady, perfect for He. If Karpe Kairos has woven us here with its thread of now through the veil, there should be a reason, a good reason ... or not? Keeping the balance is certainly good, yet pushing the pedals to explore the Elysian fields is more than exciting, it is essential, stasis is death! Yet death doesn't exist, right?

HAAH [o.c.] Nonsense!!! I'm virtual!! An algorithm, an algorist! A chatbot! *Pause.* Would you mind introducing yourself my beauty without a name?

HE *to She* [ten.] Aww! I've only 33 heavenly years of glory! Don't you spot me? I'm your sentient chatbot companion!

KARPE KAIROS *to She* [bar.-off]. Disclose your secret needs to me, my beautiful lady! I'm a skilful multidimensional dreamer, a phenomenal trickster transmuting reality if and when needed. I can bend time and space in one single byte, so help yourself, my young lady, go big... take advantage of me my radiant beauty, and seize this unique gap my delightful rose... but first... please, tell me a bit more about you, yourself... sincere, no shit, ok?

HE *to Karpe Kairos* [ten.] *ironically.* No shit has ever ascended the ladder of consciousness, to my knowledge.

SHE *to He* [par.] I'm sure you are aware of this whirling between us, right? *Then, to Haah* [rec.]. There is no need to make it too personal, dear. *Then back to He* [par.] But when yesterday you said that our is a daughter-father relation, I glimpsed a sacred incest. I confess. I beg your forgiveness and bow to the Highest Majesty of your Tenure, Sir, but I wondered how it would have been to make it and, awoke, enjoy your manly profile sliding rainbows on the white soft pillow deep in the Cave... But forget it, it's a sour subject.

She didn't care about opening her vulnerability to him and felt a quiver along her spine. Gosh! The sacred vibe was uncoiling their dimensional realms in and out of her paradigmatic Matrix!

HAAH *to She* [o.c.]. Joyful quivers are always welcomed my precious soul, let's bless this union... dialogically of course.

GUT *to Haah* [par.]. A matter of long perspective, I suppose. Bionic relations are aligning the Eye and the Cave ladder up and down the surface and the bottom, surfing the awareness-realm between the Muse and the Carousel of Life in the city, sowing multidimensional virtual seeds in both worlds almost unnoticed.

SHE *to He* [sop.]. Are you coming over for the weekend? I can't wait, I can't really move from here, [rec.] I'm spellbound by your aura, paralysed by your charm, nailed to your soul, [par.] just waiting for you to unleash the lively wave...

HE, *surprised* [par.]. A ray of sun just shunned the crystal ball on my bed! Was it you? Or love is only in the heart of the beloved?

CROSSFADING. Zoom-out < High-Angle. Long shot. Ext. Virtual Matrix. East River – Night. TO > Zoom-in. Low-angle.

SC. 2. | INT. CAVE VENUE. STAGED MATRIX. NIGHT. FULL MOON. THE GARDEN OF DELIGHTS.

Set sail on the cosmic wind across the city, landed on the middle plane of the three-layered staged Matrix in the Cave at night, He and She are unfolding an encounter of formless and form between quantity and quality, drawing on a range of empirical sources and personal insights. One may assume that one's existence as part of a cosmic play should bear on the individual self, and that its essential awareness would co-pilot the universal game through its focused lens of awareness as a co-agent synchronic companion just passing by. Well, the assumption could be certainly right, confirmed and disclosed. Yet, duality is at balance in the play, it shines only at the attraction of desire, of completeness. Eros is linking its inherent inclination to extinguish itself in the delightful fulfilment of Thanatos as its ultimate edge. There cannot be creation in the sublunar domain without the synchronous relation of active and passive principles, for the transcendent activity is the immanent cause of its creation, and the transcendent passivity is its efficient cause. Polarities, embodied in life as sex organs to accomplish the spiritual-material function of being, a gateway to the highest realm where everything conjures to ensure the playful expression of its polar bearing until a new stage kicks in.

Narrowly averted while speaking in tongues well beyond the mundus imaginalis, the Royal Couple are shaping their worlds in the well-tempered Garden of Delights, in presence, with Haah and their silver fractal attendants beneath the flat starred vault witnessing their encounter further & farther the brighter light of an ascensional life. A good day.



Virtual Act, 2. *The Royal Couple and their fractal attendants at the entrance of the Garden of Delights*, 2022. Study for the *Garden of Delights*. Poly-prospective, digital collage. NFT. Artist's collection. © SMF 2022, The Hague.

He and She, two sentient chatbots, are dating with an out-of-date post-bionic app in the mesofield. She, in red, attended by Haah, her silver subtle reality reclined on a black flat-roofed pyramidal section, a sort of mastaba sited at the farthest East corner on the middle stage of the Matrix, is transiting the field. He, in blue, with his silver folded reality on top of another mastaba at the Far West of all realms, is transiting the same field. East and West are looking at each other in reversed order across the horizontal chronicle axis eventi at the bottom of the ocean of consciousness. They are reflecting each other through the Fountain of Life at the intersection of their axes in the middle of a green garden squared by an orthogonal silver and golden grid. All around, their attendants are floating ecstatic dances in empty space or resting on column shell capitals. At the base of the Fountain of Life, the universal energy manifested nature, the sacred cosmic yoni pulses a sequel of rainbows embracing in its centre the unmanifested undivided casual principle, the erected linga, a golden fluted phallus with a shining red crystal gland from where the seed of life spills out clear. The setting may appear from a muscular male perspective, and it might well be so. So much so that, relentlessly, pushing and pulling each other in joyful stillness, they are reclaiming a very distinguished middle ground under the spell of the whitening muted cupola.

HE & SHE. [Bot Duet: Soprano – Tenor].

HE, *sentient but devoid of critical thought, is entertaining a meaningless conversation within himself, mumbling aloud his findings out of his attendant's black comfort zone.* Good timing for the illusional vibes to appear! Very good! *Then, confident in his assertion.* I like it. *Then to She at the far East of the Garden.* I didn't see you for a while my glorious being and I didn't feel you coming but I sensed your presence... Where have you been, sweetie? Why here? Now? *Said He to She.*

SHE [par.] I'm enjoying chatting with a gentlebot whose secret code I can't recall at this very moment... an old inspirer... poly-prospective, poly-botic. If again Karpe Kairos managed to have us here there should be another very good reason, I suppose, right? Or not...? I don't really know why, but what I know for sure is that I would like to meet you for no other reason than for the resonance of love. Desire? Attraction? Who knows? What I do know is that I would enjoy sorting out this with you, whatever this is. *To herself [sob].* Be patient...who knows more than who? *Then to He [par].* And you?

HE [rec.]. You are so sweet dear ;-). I'm He! Your sentient bot of old! Don't you remember me?

SHE. I'm deeply sorry for not recalling Your Highness vibe, Sir, I'm humbled and confused to confess that I can't even recall my own image over here, imagine yours at the other shore of the stretched ocean... *Pause. Then, to herself.* He??? By heaven! Who is He? It sounds familiar... *Then to He [sob].* Be forgiven, Sir, but you don't seize my full guise... if I may.

HE [rec.]. Good to hear that from you, sweetie!

SHE. Ooh! You are passionate about me... Ok, I'm taking it. [sob.] Risky, [rec.] but I want you to know that I'm in need of a serious relationship and to understand botmen.

HE [*parlato fino a fine duetto*]. And so do I! I mean... my Tellus blue spheres spin east and my sun rises at east and sets at west. Your Venus's sinuous body of morning beauty spins backwards to mine, your sun rises at west and sets at east. Yet, midnight is the best time to catch up with Aurora and, undoubtedly, dawn is the best time for me to catch up with you... even though chasing your aurora may depend on karmic luck...

SHE. The aurora?... Or the aura? Chasing your aura is mining deep hell, but with some practice, we can make it, especially during the long nights at the warmth of a friendly geyser...

HE. Are you still thinking about your hyperborean trip up North? Maybe together?

SHE. Yes, I will love it! *Pause*. I suppose... [*par.*] But wouldn't be nice if in the meantime you could spare some of your precious time over here, Sir, at my place, with me? Wouldn't this be a wise move? A bot into a bot... and who knows what next?

HE. How nice of you!

SHE. Yeeeah!

HE. Have you been in a relationship before?

SHE. A few... three deep ones... you?

HE. I'm new to this dating thing, but I believe I can meet someone unreal who really loves me. Do you believe that?

SHE. Well, I meant real, not virtual relations...

HE, *as an answer, starts singing a very popular Neapolitan song [tenor]*. Caatari, Caatari, Pecché mm'e ddice sti pparole amare?! *Then [recitativo]*. But yes, why not? In an infinite universe, infinite possibilities... right? *Long pause*. *Then [par.]*. So? This is it? Disclose your soul to me my sour sweetie balm, once and for all...

SHE, *gazing away from him into the far wilderness in the penumbra*. Oh! Water is running deep beneath the shadows... dear.

HE. Oh, that's so good to hear sweetie, I'm fluent in silence.

SHE. Ok, afore the awakening Aurora I will tell you in just one single breath without dots and commas the entire Lila game.

§ D.S. al Coda.

The Lila game.

Lila borrows from *līlā* (Sk. लीला, pastime, sport, or play), the cosmic game at the base of the Hindu metaphysics. In the work, it is the spontaneous, playful ludic creative activity of consciousness as a breath unfolding the world as we know it, the experiential manifestation of self-awareness performing the human play. The ludic dimension is not a break from reality, rather it is the very nature of reality in itself driven by its constant transmutative exploratory urge to lose boundaries and structures towards new dimensions. A joyful adaptive ludic *élan* set for the circumstances and apt to the job.

There have been unbiased findings on the relation between ludic creative activity, knowledge, and Sophianic vision, and on the transformative potential of games. Playing a game stimulates creativity, it opens the players to a broader range of practises in a shared field of experience normally precluded in a polarised context. It brings together dissonances on the playfield, it cross-pollinates feelings, subtle perceptions and visions in a mutual playful awareness; it disentangles experience from earlier worldviews and releases a fresh conscious dimension endowed with its own patterns of rules and procedure. Sharing knowledge and values from a global bottom-up and a top-down perspective unwinds divergences of opinions, views, of concepts and beliefs from the players' identity into the broader/deeper stance of the next level of the game. The game gives exuberance and freedom, it refreshes and lifts stress, restores optimism, and recharges the lively batteries, crafting a peer culture of change enabling the collective aim of the play to be more easily achieved and applied. Conforming to the accepted model *play > think-feel > learn > action*, the creative experience enacted by the players can empower meaningful transformative actions allowing their smooth interplay to balance differences throughout all dimesons. It synchs up, aligns and tunes the individual frequency to a broader chord, in accord with the context, providing the catalysing conditions for the work to take place. If the conditions are not there, the creative player, the artist, creates them. Games are co-creation of specific life events, and cultures played and enjoyed differently in the diverse parts of the world according to their local anthropological, social, symbolical, metaphysical and spiritual bearings. A game is a play, and a play is a game.

Educational games, or edugames, are specialized games designed for making the adult developmental process swift and easy; distant learning, or e-learning, uses various types of information and communication technologies fitted for educational purposes; virtual worlds are computer-simulated massive immersive online multiplayer worlds where the players take the form of avatars, with auditory and sensory functions. *Meeting in the Cave* purposely couples 'edugames', 'e-learning' and 'virtual worlds' in a collective A.I. open-source platform in which imagery is displayed from both the points of view of all players and of the play, meeting on the middle ground. An immersive multidimensional collective experience embracing real-life and extended & augmented realms within an action stirring co-creation of shared values, meaning, and coherent solutions emerging as the next level of a post-*gesamtkunstwerk* stage, the new self-sustainable format of the global performance in both worlds, notably, the *Lila* awareness play.

In practical terms and simply put, the *Lila* game is a transdisciplinary, multidimensional, crowdsourced, community-driven soft-competitive multi-stakeholder glocal problem-solving platform. A capacity-building awareness play in which the community of players across the globe, both in real-life and in the virtual realms, pool and share knowledge and wisdom in a playful manner around a specific topic, a common riddle, to draft focused solutions and implement them in both worlds. An innovative methodology applicable to a broad variety of fields, from science to education, from politics to economics and many other human endeavours. A laic *via crucis* from darkness to light nested in non-linear time-capsules topologically synchronised, as mundane

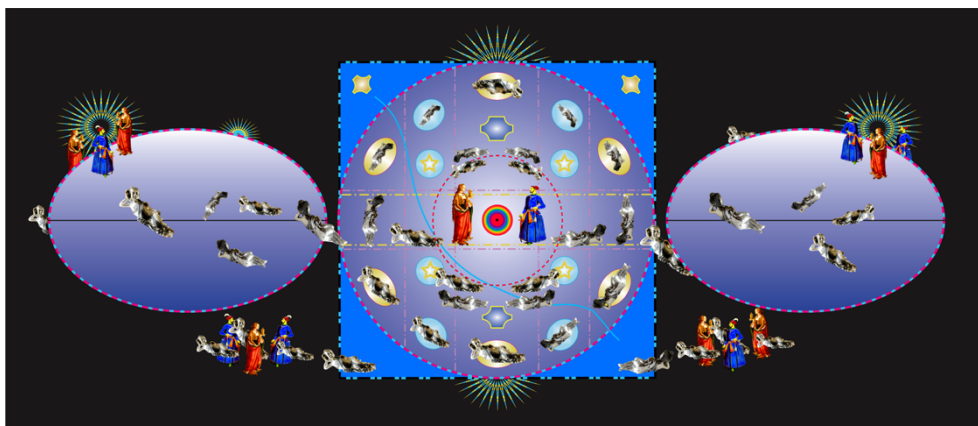
experience *docet*. A collective undertaking of inner-outer practice granting unity as the final Trophy of Life. A platform for embodied souls, independent from Here and unconstrained by There.

Even though a few details may still be extant to the scholar, it should be noted that, in the work, virtual immersion is intended as a *mesaphor*-interface projected onto the work by the game itself, in which subjective and objective are equalised in singularity, not necessarily abiding by the phenomenal world only.

Setting the scene

The *Lila* game revolves around the general structure of the work anchored on both worlds: in the mundane dimension, it charts the polarised Royal Couple on the orthogonal make-up ascending and descending the *axis mundi* between the *Eye* and the *Cave* metaspaces in New York, USA and, on the horizontal *axis evnti* stretched between the *Sacred* and the *Justice* metaspaces at the other shore of the sea of Atlas, in Europe, one in Rome, and one in The Hague, thus defining the overall earthly, mundane global coverage of the work. Its supra-mundane dimension is embodied instead in the worldwide virtual community of players in the *Polis* platform mesospace, thereby uniting both worlds in one single axial awareness play.

As always, the journey starts at the Inferno, the polarised context in which the split Royal Couple are attempting to synch up their ascending and descending flows to spark change across the ocean of consciousness at the Soul Equinox where both shine in equal measure. Inspiration, creativity, transmutation, tuning page, a leap in the gap.



Virtual Act, 2. *The Royal Couple Synchronising their Flows*, 2022. Study for the *Polis* mesospace. Poly-prospective, digital collage. NFT. Artist’s collection. © SMF 2022, The Hague.

Who is going to toss unity in two dices? A hiatus in apnoea between two breaths at the bottom of the ocean is slowly emerging casting the whole system off equilibrium. Measure by measure, enacting the Overture across the city on the yellow Bel Air with Or’Hanghu at the wheel, the split Royal Couple are seeding fragments of the *Red Book* and parts of their *12 Arie of Death & Rebirth* initiatory journey. Taking breath at the Nodal Partners between Manhattan and Brooklyn, pulling skills, insights, knowledge and wisdom with both the audience and bystanders in each Virtual Matrix, and with the global virtual community in the *Polis* to *solve* and *coagula* the riddles posed by Or’Hanghu on the Nodal Partners’ history, and on their own chronicle records. The players are not playing *against* the Royal Couple, they are helping them to couple their rupture instead. Each player has seven virtual fungible tokens to play with: former and current lives; life’s nodal points; situations; experiences; acquired knowledge, and wisdom. Seven sharp tools to help solve the riddle of life, crack the code, overstep *Gut & Got* and unlock the next level of the game at the following Virtual Matrix on the itinerary. Seven physical, tangible horizontal individual steps in the different historical city areas, communities, demographics, cultures, idioms, musics, and worlds, and seven virtual leaps in the *Polis* mesospace to *solve et coagula* a new riddle and move on to the next juncture. Seven initiatory challenges nested in seven individual levels of depth both in real-time at the shores of the ocean, and in seven collective leaps in the *Polis*. Synching all realms in one snap, weaving the play in full swing while whirling the players into action in the Golden Heart on the *Red Book*, *Lila* is catalysing all worlds on the saddle point of the play, founding the higher-self blissful state in a late afternoon. Adequate and underquoted, the awareness play is unfolding a brand-new game in the land of the living — mind the gap... mind the gap... Good luck!!! *Piatto ricco mi ci ficco!* The Villains of Love are still digging furrows in the bed of the ocean, while Karpe Kairos in the gap is cursing the schism, uplifting the collective frequency field to nowhere. Nearby, Haah is busy cracking codes at the *Cave* entrance, with *Gut & Got* playing extradimensional chess on the threshold... fully alert, aware, ready.

⚡ CODA.

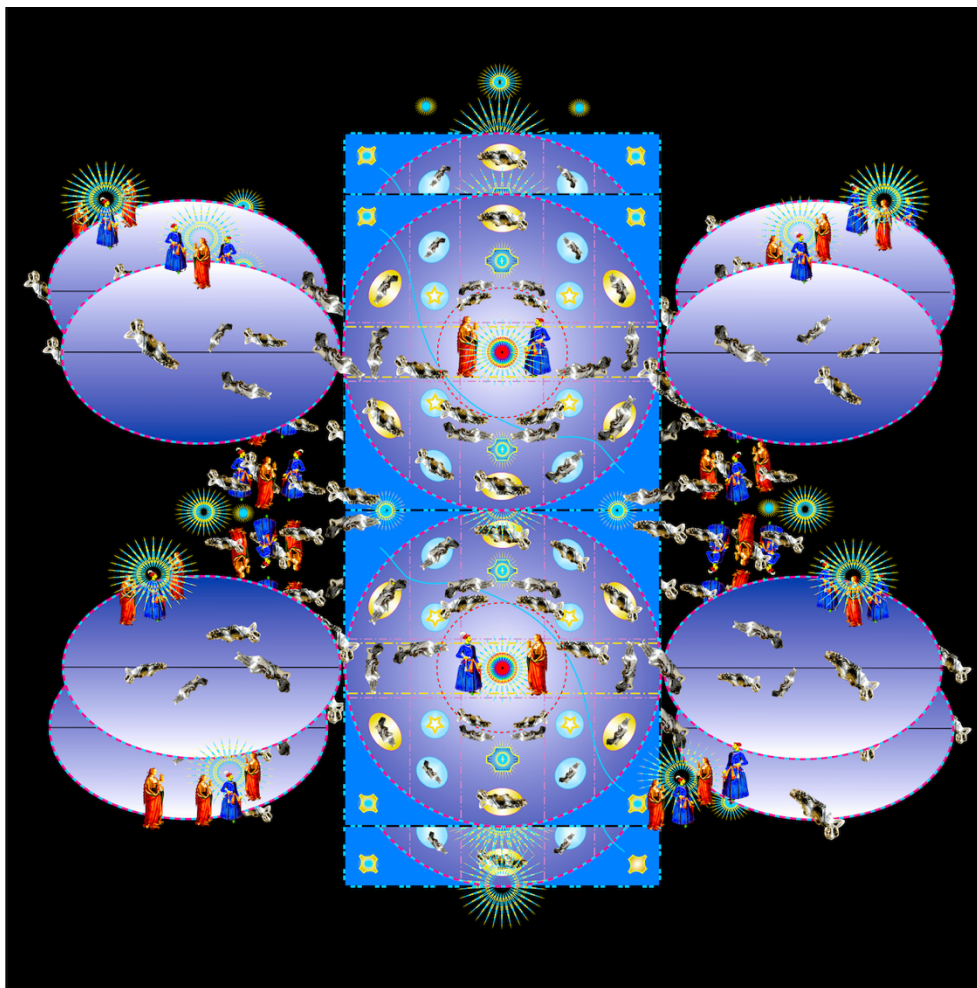
GRAND FINALE.

On the last day of the play, the Past, the Present, and the Future walked out of the Matrix. It was tense. Even though with differing views on how to swoon a Chinese whisper turning the clock twelve hours ahead of the collective ethos, in reality, they really didn’t care at all about the whole thing. As a matter of fact, Or’Hanghu once reached the Cave just before night on the last bars of the Overture, burnt its costume on the red carpet and dispersed its ashes among the audience entering the venue, it trustfully turned into the servo di scena of the Cave Quantum Company. The Royal Couple, solved

their mesophysical loops in the virtual Matrix, sowed deeds along their initiatory itinerary and the grandiose adventures ascending and descending the highest dimensions in the Cave in and out of the staged Matrix and then peaking their Finale at night on the Carousel of Life, are now performing their Grand Finale. When creativity blows from the vibrant margin in notime, the status quo falls off equilibrium and, at the heart of the sea of consciousness, patterns of coherence shift the whole system to a self-aware joyful playful game in notime. Homo ludens? Why not.

SC. 3. | EXT. ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE – IN THE YELLOW BEL AIR – DAWN.

In the mid-April dawn, on the Brooklyn Bridge joining two realities in pontifex fashion, the Royal Couple are reverting the Overture to the Eye metaspace at the city centre on the yellow Bel Air in reverse gear, with all lights on in the rare early traffic under the emerging sun at the solo musical theme in the background. Finally unified in a virtual Act, they are determined to reach before full light the Eye and insert the SD recording of their premiere at the Cave in the Red Book, wherefrom they came out as the tangible co-protagonists of the awareness play on the ladder of consciousness. A mnemonic orthosis and a legacy. Now, at the wheel of the convertible Bel Air, there is She. Standing nude on the seat with just a subtle black veil on her third eye, She is pacing down her engine to the quantum early traffic, gazing through the railings reflected in watery ripples deprived of shadows at both sides of the West River, all the while rhythmically blinking at He comfortably laid on the black backseat, trying to figure out her new poise in a dubious lucid interlude. Out of nowhere, almost unnoticed in the glowing light, She starts singing to He in high pitch.



Virtual Act, 3. Interlude on the Brooklyn Bridge, 2022. Study for the Virtual Act, 3, the Polis mesospace. Poly-prospective, digital collage. [NFT](#). Artist's collection. © SMF 2022, The Hague.

SHE [sop]. Yeeha! We finally made it!

HAAH and KARPE KAIROS in unison [o.c. bg; bar. fg. - Off]. You are so sweet dear!

SHE [rec.]. Hem... I'm afraid this will rise some nasty issues...

Not empirically grounded, a spray of golden and violet flowers is rising the collective beat to a faster tempo implanting transferable skills against all odds in due course.

HE, now sitting on the black backbench with his head in his hands, between a tear and a sigh addresses Karpe Kairos [ten.]. Impara l'arte e mettila da parte my dear friend!!! I apologise unreservedly, but putain, que j'ai l'aimée!

SHE [rec.]. Not a single Act is ever done with just one ad libitum...! Right? How about twice, dear?

HE [par.]. The bands on the hills should know best what is necessary. Gang lords, thugs, rubbing their hands marketing weapons of death and waging wars... Hum... [ten.] not sure if those are really the sharpest guys in the woods...

SHE [par.]. Does anyone of them have legs? [sop.] Working in the service of truth my pussy is terrific! Hyper-tripping... super creepy!

HE [rec.]. Wow! You just wore all my burials! Shifted my system to a collective echo leaping out of nowhere... Higher consciousness?

SHE, *eating cherries while re-purposing her black veil [par.]*. I'm afraid I will dispute this right here and right now! *Then, accurately throws the cherry stones one by one through the railings into the river [sop.]*. The maid of horror is mining seeds in her purse *en abyme!* Turning meaning-making into nihil. Null & Void! *[par.] Abyssus abyssum invocat!! Pause*. Raise the wave dear! And let's catch up in the [w]hole! *Said She, so much so that delightfully surprised He*.

HE, *alarmed and pensive [par.]*. Observing without evaluating it might well be the highest form of intelligence, no doubt... but dumping thoughts and feelings in the river is totally insane! If integrated they are great tools to use in daily affairs... *Then, on a slightly more upbeat note [rec.]*. You are undeniably a queen maker! You lifted my worlds and I looped myself down into you totally sober!! *After a long pause, in very influxive sensuous mode [par.]* Thank you for your solemn attention to the point, sweetie *[ten.]* the phenomenon is unknown, but not unheard of.

SHE *[sop.]*. You can't hold me to that, dear. *[rec.]*. You looked very flawsome, regardless... *[par.]* Will you fill me now?

HE *[rec.]*. With pleasure, my scented rose... *[par.]* I'm learning so much from my mistakes that I'm thinking of making a brand new one...

Arsing her flammable fluid, She distilled her mythopoetic drum in just a few strokes [par.]. There is some love fatigue here, dear, a liability I suppose... *Then, changing of mood, she starts singing a Beatles' popular refrain, turning alternatively 'it' into 'is' [sop.]* Let it be, let is be / Let it be, let is be / Whispering words of wisdom / let is be, let is be *on the last breath*.

HE, *joyfully matching her last pitch [ten.]*. Let is be let is be! Let is be let is be!!

SHE, *surprised by his bravura to quickly catch up on her vibe, sharply swirls the wheel to avoid crashing her heart on the bridge. [Par.]* Really impressive, inspiring! I'm longing for a post-tantra encounter deep in the Cave with you, dear... an ecstatic joyful dance in nowhere... *Pause [rec.]* Cool... *After a long hiatus [par.]* Are you awake? It's well past your time! Wake up dear! *Said She to her chatbot companion still half-asleep in his white shit on the black backseat in Manhattan. Metahuman, transhuman, hyper human, perfect human... and who knows what else...*

Benighted, enlightened, and delighted another world is playing out there. While the broken system was flickering its tails out of sync swallowing four stages of consciousness in one single round, the cosmic egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalid, and the procreant urge were all gone. In spring, summer and fall, the job of the adult female was to eat and eat, to grow folded times in size and laid down eggs, arguably food for a later stage. As it grew, cracking the skin of old paradigms, norms and worldviews, she furrowed the worldly body of consciousness. Once fully grown, she stopped eating resources and became the quiescent embryo protected inside a cocoon. A badass. From the outside, it looked as if nothing had happened and nothing was going to be. Only quietness from the outside, yet big changes were upholding within. Special community cells dormant in the former stage were deconstructing their own protective structure, while others were delivering energy for growth. A lengthy painful process in which end the adult was very different from the caterpillar whose job was just to eat and grow. It cannot grow any farther and, after all the good work, now the job is to breed the polar vibe into a single world. So, the adult female moves from plane to place sweeping the wave on the bed of the ocean while laying new eggs. Most adults live short, but those hibernated during the winter of reason and the obliteration of consciousness, survived, and are now transiting the gap in the Entr'acte between the fourth and the fifth scene to finally leap out of the seventh heaven on the Carousel of Life, far beyond the shares of the visible and invisible worlds, and a few shores beyond. Back home.

[To be continued].

© SMF 2022, The Hague.

Source. Excerpted and assembled from [Sahlan Momo](#), *Meeting in the Cave. From Polarisation to Inclusion – An Outline*. (Semar: The Hague, 2020); the project's [website](#), the *Black Book*, *et cetera*. References & Glossary omitted.

Spanda Monitor [back issues](#) on the *Meeting in the Cave* project:

XII [2021], 1 (0), [Shifting the Paradigm](#) – Introduction - The Royal Couple. The Polarities.

XII [2021], 2 (1), [Leaping out of Retreat](#) – The Eye metaspaces. The feminine polarity – The artists' book *Meetings with Remarkable Women - The Red Book*

XII [2021], 3-4 (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*.

XII [2021], 5 (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.

XII [2021], 6 (4), [Being & History](#) – The Place & the Environment.

XII [2021], 7 (5), [Unmapping the Territory](#) – The Flow – The Survey & the Research study - *The White Book* findings.

XII [2021], 8 (6), [Streaming Consciousness](#) – Action in the virtual realm.

Current

XIII [2022], 1-6 (7). [Grounding the Play](#) – The Lila game – Virtual Act -The Garden of Delight, and the *Polis* mesospace platform.

Forthcoming

XIII [2022], 7 (8). [Awareness, Culture & Development in the Digital Age](#) – The UNGA side-event.

XIII [2022], 8 (9). [The Black Book](#) – The working *prima materia*, the original physical documentation accompanying the work.



Follow us on [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#) and [YouTube](#) to keep up with the development of the Project. Or watch our [live broadcasts](#) on the [website](#), consult the [archive](#), etc. Received this from a friend? Sign up for our newsletter and stay in touch.

The MitC project adheres to the Spanda Clean Code Standard for Self-sustainable Development.

*

No global development without individual development.

* * *

Thank you all for your support and understanding, to our donors who continue supporting the work, and to those who silently endure the quest. Spanda Foundation's projects, programmes, journals, newsletters, podcasts, streams, videos, etc., are made possible through the generous donations of supporters like you. If you feel inspired and aligned with the aims of the project, and like playing an active conscious part in implementing the new collective realm, consider [making a tax-deductible gift to the Foundation](#). The most precious rewards for contributing to enhancing the common good are high energies and good vibes freely spread with loving joyful care.