



# THE SPANDA MONITOR

A SERVICE OF THE SPANDA FOUNDATION

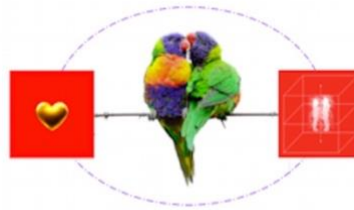
chronicles, news, comments, information, sources & resources  
on culture & development

2352-7765 – XIV [2023], 7-9 (8).

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Dear Friends,

in continuation to the “Introduction” of the *Meeting in the Cave* operatic installation awareness play in both worlds across two continents, here comes Act 2 featuring a challenging *Monitor* triple issue. Thumb up to those who will endure the path and get to the Finale! Enjoy.



## 8. *Being & Becoming.*

The UNHQ metaspaces: The UNGA side event *Awareness, Culture and Self-sustainable Development in the Digital Age... & Beyond*;  
The Middle Council - The Underworld initiation - The MoMAPS1 Postscript mesospace.  
The JFK & LaGuardia mesoport. The Peace Palace *Justice* metaspaces.

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*Lo duca e io per quel cammino ascoso / intrammo a ritornar nel chiaro mondo; / e senza cura aver  
d'alcun riposo, / salimmo sù, el primo e io secondo, / tanto ch' i' vidi de le cose belle / che porta 'l ciel per  
un pertugio tondo. / E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle. — Dante, *The Divine Comedy*, 1, XXXIV, 133-  
139.*

[The Guide and I by the hidden way / returned to the bright world; / and heedless of repose, / we climbed up, he first  
and I the second, / and I saw the beautiful things / that Heaven bears through a tiny round hole. / Then we exit and  
again we saw the stars.]

\* \* \*

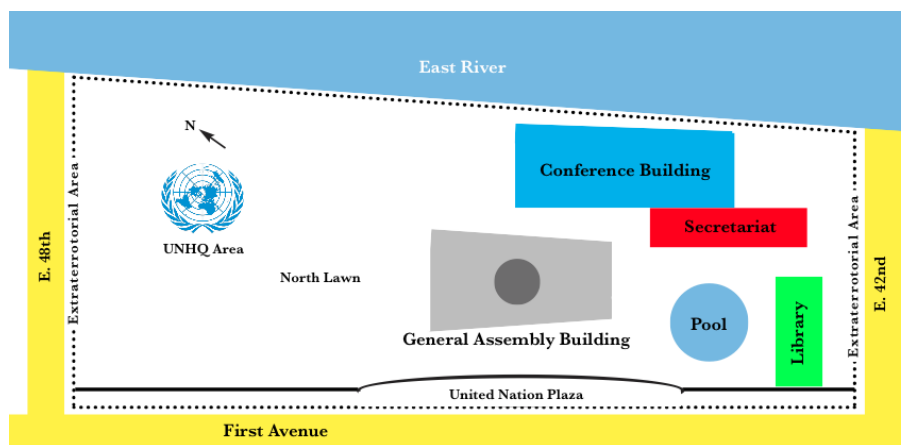
As detailed [previously](#), the artwork's conceptual framework is based on a performance area determined by the extension of its orthogonal structure centred in the dynamic present at the intersection of the vertical *axis mundi* and the horizontal *axis eventis*. The *axis mundi* represents humanity's original source and the ultimate destination of all forms and understanding of the nature of reality, a space free from the illusory veil of perception that allows individuals to enter or return to a state of heightened consciousness transcending time and space constraints, and from which one can descend and ascend into the horizontal *axis eventis*, which represents the territory of perceived linear reality characterised by the passage of time flowing from left to right, embodying the concept of yesterday transitioning into tomorrow within the daily world of events.

Following the premiere of Act 1 at the spring equinox – the initial timespace-specific marker of the work – which features the protagonists Royal Couple's three-week itinerary on the ladder of consciousness, both in-person in New York City between the *Eye* metaspaces at MoMA in Midtown Manhattan and the *Cave* metaspaces at Jane's Carousel in Brooklyn, as well as virtually in Europe between the *Sacred* metaspaces at the Torre Argentina in Rome and the *Justice* metaspaces at the Peace Palace in The Hague, a six-month intermission will occur before Act 2 commences at the vernal equinox – the second timespace-specific marker – performed both in-person and virtually in the US at the UNHQ metaspaces at the United Nations headquarters in Midtown Manhattan, marking a shift from traditional art spaces towards a forward-looking, hybrid, high-brand, multi-layered environment throughout the one-year-long operatic installation performance across two continents.

On the *axis eventis* timeline, the United Nations is an intergovernmental organisation of Member States, framed in its founding [UN Charter](#) (The Chart, 1945), with the main aim to maintain international peace and security on the planet, promote international cooperation and the well-being of its peoples to these ends. The UN's membership of States has grown from the original 51 to the current 193 Nations (2023), and two non-member countries are Observer States: The Holy See, and the State of Palestine. Indicative present.

The UNHQ is located in Midtown Manhattan, in the Turtle Bay neighbourhood at 40°44' 58" N - 73°58' 5" W, at 760 United Nations Plaza. An area named after a former cove of the East River and, occasionally, a metonym for the UNHQ itself. The area was originally settled in the 17<sup>th</sup> century as a Dutch farm, further developed in the 19<sup>th</sup> century with tenements, power plants and slaughterhouses, largely demolished in the Forties and Fifties to make way for the UNHQ (1952), a complex designed by a board of architects led by

Wallace Harrison, built by Harrison & Abramovitz with final projects developed by Le Corbusier and Oscar Niemeyer. It lays on 17 to 18 acres (6.9 to 7.3 ha) of land, boarding First Avenue on the west, East 42<sup>nd</sup> St. to the south, East 48<sup>th</sup> St. at the north, with its psychopomp Charonian East River to the east of all civilisations, cultures, and domains.



The UNHQ extraterritorial compound.

The UNHQ extraterritorial compound holds the seats of its principal Organs:

A). The General Assembly of all Member States (UNGA, The Chart - IV), composed of all signified Member's Representative, envoys and delegates of International Civil Societies (ICSOs), Non-Governmental Organisations (NGOs), and bodies with qualified representation (1998). The UNGA meets in the General Assembly Building in regular deliberative sessions once a year, starting on the Tuesday of the third week in September, counting from the first week that contains at least one working day and is held without interruption for running nine working days. Usually, the general debate opens the following Tuesday under the president elected from among the Representatives. Overall, a two-week session to receive reports from other Bodies and Organs of the UN family; exchange views and perspectives, oversee the general budget, and make recommendations in the form of General Assembly Resolutions. It has the power to establish subsidiary organs, and special sessions at its own request or by most of its Members, and to appoint non-permanent members to the UN Security Council (UNSC).

B). The Security Council (UNSC - The Chart, V), located in the Conference Building, is charged with the maintenance of international peace and security. Its basic structure and powers include the establishment of peacekeeping operations, international sanctions, and to authorize military actions in the name of Peace. Its powers are exercised through the Security Council Resolutions. The Council hold fifteen members: five veto-wielding permanent members statutory stated, and ten non-permanent members elected by the GA. The five permanent members, also known as the Permanent Five, the Big Five, or P5, are France, China (originally the Republic of China), Russia (originally the Soviet Union), the United Kingdom, and the United States, namely, the victorious allies of World War II, whom, since then, maintain the world's most powerful military forces on the planet, and are all States with nuclear weapons.

The Big Five tops the annual list of countries with the highest military expenditures, along with India and Germany. Combined, they spent over 1 USD trillion on defence (2011), accounting for over sixty per cent of global military expenditures – the US accounting for over forty per cent. They are among the world's top ten largest arms exporters. They are the only nations officially recognised as “nuclear-weapon States” under the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons (NPT, 1968). However, there are other States, known or believed to be in possession of nuclear weapons, notably, India, Israel, North Korea, and Pakistan. The Big Five have the power of veto which enables any of them to prevent the adoption of any substantive draft Council Resolution, regardless of its level of international support. The veto does not apply to procedural votes, significant in that the P5 can vote against a procedural draft resolution without blocking its adoption by the Council. Abstention or absence from the vote by a Permanent member does not prevent a draft resolution from being adopted.

There have been proposals suggesting the reform of the Council with the introduction of new permanent members – habitual candidates being Brazil, Germany, India, and Japan, a group known as the G4 nations which mutually support one another's bids for permanent seats. The proposal has customarily been opposed by the Uniting for Consensus nations group, primarily made up of regional economic competitors, rivals of the G4, composed of Italy and Spain, opposing Germany; Mexico, Colombia, and Argentina opposing Brazil; Pakistan opposing India; and South Korea opposing Japan, in addition to Turkey, Indonesia and others less global players at that time of its inception. Since 1992, Italy and other members have proposed semi-permanent seats or alternately, to enlarge the number of temporary seats. Most of the leading candidates for permanent membership are regularly elected to the Security Council by their respective groups. Japan was elected for eleven two-year terms, Brazil for ten terms, and Germany for three terms. India has been elected to the Council eight times in total, with the most recent successful bid (2020). According to the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI, 2013), P5 and G4 members account for eight of the world's ten largest defence budgets. The Security Council members must always be present at UNHQ so as to meet at any time intended and needed.

C). The Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC - The Chart, X), also located in the Conference Building, is responsible for coordinating the economic, social, and related work of fifteen specialized Agencies, their functional commissions, and five regional commissions, with inputs of ICSOs, NGOs societies – the Villains of Love of the sub-narrative. ECOSOC serves as the forum hub for

discussing international economic and social issues, and for formulating policy recommendations addressed to Member States and to the United Nations System. It has fifty-four members and holds a four-week session each year in July, preceding the GA in September.

D). The Trusteeship Council (UNTC -The Chart, XIII), also in the Conference Building, was established to ensure that Trust territories – former mandates of the League of Nations (1920-1946), or territories taken from nations defeated at the end of World War II – are administered in the best interests of their inhabitants and of international peace and security. All Trust territories have attained self-government or independence, either as separate nations or by joining neighbouring independent countries. After Palau, formerly part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, became a Member State (1994), the UNTC mission is fulfilled. It has suspended all operations, although it continues to exist under the papery Chart in a factual virtual uncertain existence, given that its elimination would require the revision of The Chart, which is actually why it has not been pursued. Other functions of the Council have been considered, either to extend it to an international regulatory body for the Environment or, and, to a Global Common on the two-thirds of the world, outside of national and international jurisdiction.

E). The International Court of Justice (ICJ - The Chart, XIV), the primary judicial organ of the UN, the only one not at the UNHQ in New York, is based in The Hague, at the Peace Palace, where the *Justice* metaspaces of the narrative is located across the ocean of consciousness on the *axis eventus* remains. ICJ is a civil court with the main functions to hear and settle legal disputes submitted by Member States, and to provide advisory opinions on legal matters submitted by duly authorized international organs, UN Agencies, and the General Assembly. The Court is composed of fifteen judges elected in conjunction by GA & Security Council to nine-year terms from a list of people nominated by the national groups in the Permanent Court of Arbitration (PCA-CPA, 1899), a non-UN intergovernmental organization also located at the Peace Palace. The election process is set out in the ICJ Statute (4,19): no two judges may be nationals of the same country; elections are staggered, with five judges elected every three years to ensure continuity within the court. The membership of the Court is supposed to represent the “main forms of civilization and of the principal legal systems of the world”, namely, common law, civil law, and socialist law, nowadays, post-communist law. Judges are entitled to the style of His/Her Excellency.

The court's workload covers a wide range of judicial activity, yet, it does not enjoy a full separation of powers, for the Big5 can veto the enforcement of cases to be bound, even those they already consented to. Since the jurisdiction does not have binding force itself, in many cases the instances of aggression are adjudicated by the Security Council by adopting a Resolution. A prospect for the 5P to avoid the legal responsibility brought up by ICJ, as in the *Nicaragua v. United States* row in which, after the ICJ ruled that the United States covert war against Nicaragua was in violation of international law, the US withdrew from compulsory jurisdiction (1986) to only accept the court's jurisdiction on a discretionary basis. Impressive. The Chart authorizes the Security Council to enforce ICJ rulings, however, such enforcement is subject to the veto of the Big Five, as used in the *Nicaragua* case.

F). The Secretariat (The Chart, XV), located next to the Conference Building, is headed by the Secretary-General (UNSG) assisted by a staff of international civil servants worldwide. It delivers studies, information, and the facilities needed by UN bodies for their meetings, and carries out tasks as directed by the UNSC, the UNGA, the ECOSOC and other entitled bodies. The staff is chosen by application of the “highest standards of efficiency, competence, and integrity,” with due regard for recruiting on a wide geographical basis, and that it shall not seek or receive instructions from any authority, other than the UN itself, under its own authorial jurisdiction.

To achieve its goals, the UN coordinates with a separate UN system which, in addition to the UN itself, comprises six ‘Funds & Programmes’, fifteen ‘Specialized Agencies’, and nine ‘Entities & Bodies’ components, and the Leadership & Budget section. Each with its own area of work, located in different cities around the globe, mostly in the Northwestern developed world, namely:

a). Funds & Programmes: United Nations Development Programme (UNDP, New York); United Nations Environment Programme (UNEP, Nairobi); United Nations Population Fund (UNFPA, New York), United Nations Human Settlements Programme (UN-HABITAT, Nairobi), United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF, New York), and World Food Programme (WFP, Rome).

b). Specialized Agencies: Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO, Rome); International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO, Montreal); International Fund for Agricultural Development (IFAD, Rome); International Labour Organization (ILO, Geneva); International Maritime Organization (IMO, London); International Monetary Fund (IMF, Washington); International Telecommunication Union (ITU, Geneva); United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO, Paris); United Nations Industrial Development Organization (UNIDO, Vienna); World Tourism Organization (UNWTO, Madrid); Universal Postal Union (UPU, Berne); World Health Organization (WHO, Geneva); World Intellectual Property Organization (WIPO, Geneva); World Meteorological Organization (WMO, Geneva); and World Bank Group (WBG, Washington, embracing, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (IBRD), International Development Association (IDA), and International Finance Corporation (IFC).

c). Entities & Bodies: United Nations Programme on HIV/AIDS (UNAIDS, Geneva); United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR, Geneva); United Nations Institute for Disarmament Research (UNIDIR, Geneva); Nations Institute for Training and Research (UNITAR, Geneva); United Nations Office for Project Services (UNOPS, Copenhagen); United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East (UNRWA, Amman); United Nations System Staff College (UNSSC, Turin); United Nations University (UNU, Tokyo); and UN Women (New York). And, *dulcis in fundo*, seven other related Bodies: Preparatory Commission for the Comprehensive Nuclear-Test-Ban Treaty Organization (CTBTO, Vienna); International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA, Vienna); International Organization for Migration (IOM, Geneva); International Trade Centre (ITC, Geneva); Organisation for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (OPCW, The Hague); United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change (UNFCCC, Secretariat, Bonn); World Trade Organization (WTO, Geneva).

The UN adopts six official languages: Arabic, Chinese, English, French, Russian and Spanish. Simultaneous interpretation is provided into each other of the five languages, equally used for the dissemination of official documents whose texts are authoritative. Funding comes from Member States in two main sources: assessed payments by Members, required under The Chart, and voluntary contributions.

To help represent UN interests and facilitate diplomatic activities, the UN has three additional subsidiaries Regional Headquarters – district or adjunct offices – in Geneva, Switzerland (1946), Nairobi, Kenya (1996), Vienna, Austria (1980), all exempted from the jurisdiction of local law, that is to say, they enjoy certain *extraterritorial* privileges. In international law, the extraterritorial tenet stems from the fiction that such things or persons are deemed not to be within the territory of where they actually really are present in that very moment, a principle based on *who* a person is, rather than *where* they are. The model is extended to physical places, foreign embassies, military bases of foreign countries, offices of the UN, and the persons and belongings of foreign heads of State and diplomats, their families and staff. The UN, as a legal entity, its officials, and members of the delegations of the Member States to the UN, enjoy extensive procedural, fiscal, and other immunities specific to the jurisdiction of the countries where they are present – a matter regulated by the Convention on the Privileges and Immunities of the United Nations (UNGA, 1946). In addition, extraterritoriality applies to merchant ships in international waters, at the High Sea, “open to all States, whether coastal or land-locked”, considered to be outside of all territorial jurisdiction of any country, with the related international principles and rules captured by the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS, 1982). Under which, the country where the ship is registered, the flag State, has primary responsibility over its ship, including criminal jurisdiction, even when the ship is in the High Sea. International law recognizes that certain crimes are so envious that the duty to prosecute them transcends all borders and falls in ‘universal jurisdiction’. Under this, grave crimes in violation of international law, against humanity, war crimes, genocide, and torture are prosecuted, since those who commit such crimes are by definition *hostes humani generis*, hostile to humankind, and any nation should have the authority to hold them accountable regardless of where the crime is committed, or the nationality of the perpetrator, or of the victim. On this, many nations claim the right to prosecute foreign combatants and infringers of human rights, irrespective of their nationality or the place where the alleged crimes occurred, provided that some connection to their nationality, territory, or to documented national security issues. In accordance with Sovereign equality and non-interference in the domestic affairs of other sovereign States (The Chart - 1.2) and to the ICJ Statute, if a disparity of views on the matter should arise between the UN and a Member State, a request shall be made to the ICJ for an Advisory opinion, that shall be accepted as decisive by the parties. UN itself is under no jurisdiction, if not of its own ICJ organ.

Boundaries. Very much in fashion in these troubled days... yet, the ocean of consciousness has no bounds, it holds all & everything, dimensions, domains, States, levels, tiers, octaves, and all that rest. A feature to behold not only as a formal conversation piece in a black tie but also in destitute garments, for we all are refugees in this ocean of consciousness.



Over the years, pursuing its mission of inhabiting a world of peace and security while fostering international cooperation and the well-being of its people, the UN set up several frameworks. The most recent (2015), and still on course, tackles the future global development structure as a “shared blueprint for peace and prosperity for people and the planet”, i.e. *The 2030 Agenda*, to be enforced with the achievement of a collection of seventeen interlinked global Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs), the Goals. Namely: 1) no poverty; 2) zero hunger; 3) good health and well-being; 4) quality education; 5) gender equality; 6) clean water and sanitation; 7) affordable and clean energy; 8) decent work and economic growth; 9) industry, innovation and infrastructure; 10) reduced inequality; 11) sustainable cities and communities; 12) responsible consumption and production; 13) climate action; 14) life below water; 15) life on land; 16) peace, justice, and strong institutions; and 17) partnerships for the Goals. Though the Goals are broad and interdependent, they were made more actionable by a GA Resolution (2017) which identified specific targets for each goal, along with indicators and tools to measure & monitor progress toward each target. The year by which the targets are meant to be achieved is between 2020 and 2030. For some of the targets, no end date is given.

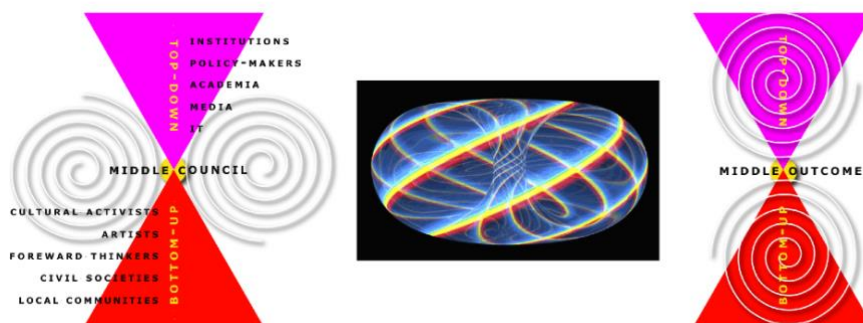
Since the COVID pandemic (2020) there have been serious impacts on all SDGs, and nowadays (2023) the international community is witnessing turmoil in all domains, trying to sort out how to maintain pace and implement the global change while defining what still needs to be achieved with the current Agenda. Moreover, taking into due account that the hallmark of these decades is the emergence of collective consciousness in balanced inner-outer assets rising the artificial general intelligence (AGI) stirring up the brand-new all-inclusive global system. A problematic, daunting and exciting task, no doubt. While humankind’s initiatory threshold to universal consciousness jurisdiction aligns with the community’s intelligence in becoming, the old civilisation is waning... not the first nor the last to fade out. The finest tool to forge a global inclusive shared responsible future could be a *self-sustainable* global co-creative culture of life expression of the higher Self for *The 2050-2100... & Beyond Agenda*. A self-regulating quantum intertwined dynamic system in which its own inherent volition is synchronised with all individual selves and the environment, coherently converging towards a higher collective consciousness evolving in a digital context. Are we ready?

To tackle and find solutions to these and other issues, each year in September on the sideline of the UNGA high-level week, UN Agencies, governments, EU, global stakeholders, ICSOs and NGOs in Consultative Status with the ECOSOC do organize side events on specific topics, either at the Conference Building rooms or at the various UN Member States Permanent Missions premises scattered throughout the city. On mere facts, on the first suitable vernal equinox, when the *bonsshō* Bell made out of medals of honour and pied coins collected from all over the world rings the opening of the GA, the independent ICSO Spanda Foundation (2005), a valued partner in the *Meeting in the Cave* awareness play, in Consultative Status with ECOSOC (2010), and member of the



UN Global Compact (2011), organises in collaboration with UN Agencies, bodies, and Permanent Missions, *in loco* – ... *locura locura* ... – the one-week side event “*Awareness, Culture, and Self-sustainable Development in the Digital Age... & Beyond*”, part and parcel of the *Meeting in the Cave* awareness play, which advances several SDGs: it ensures healthy lives upholding well-being for all at all ages (Goal 3); promotes life-long learning opportunities for all (4) by fostering a culture of peace and non-violence, global citizenship and appreciation of cultural diversity, gender equality, and building peace in communities (4, target 3). It makes cities and human settlements inclusive, safe, resilient and sustainable (11) by strengthening efforts to protect and safeguard the world’s cultural and natural heritage (11,4), and promotes peaceful and inclusive societies (16).

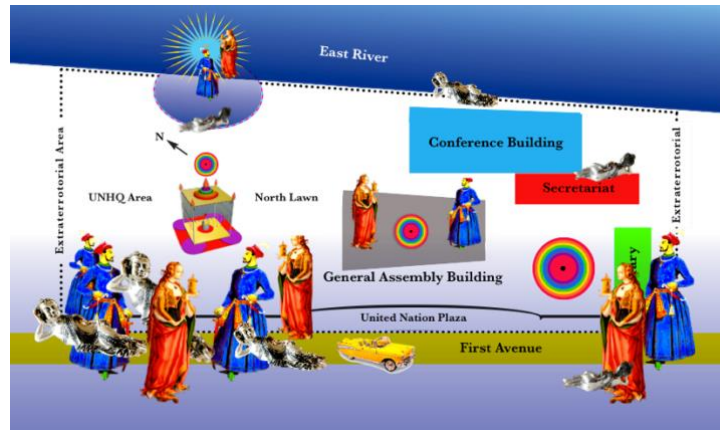
At the second timespace-specific marker of the awareness play, at the vernal equinox by the thresholds of the year between dimensions and timelines honouring the seasonal succession of Nature, the one-week side event unravels the thin veils between worlds to unlock wide open the doorway to Act 2. One chapter closes and another one is being crafted. The undercurrent life force cleans resistances and karmic debris, it tunes inner and outer, light and darkness, self and shadow calibrating their energetic interplay into an equilibrium point of equal strength. It heals patterns and wounds, assimilates fluctuations, and paradigm-change, timeline-shift and, by merging the Lila virtual gaming platform and the three-layered Matrix of Act 1, it morphs the Middle Council toroidal methodology. A process that by pooling and sharing knowledge from all sides of a specific issue, both locally in person and globally in the virtual community, converges on the middle plane of the Matrix the *top-down* approaches of intergovernmental organisations, international agencies, UN representatives, policymakers, academia, cultural institutions, media and tech industry; and the *bottom-up* practices of artists, forward sages, trailblazers, cultural activists, civil societies and local communities to activates and uplifts collective consciousness to higher frequencies and design and co-create in an open experiential shared manner a globally-focused unbiased Middle Council policy outcome, notably, the Middle Council Recommendation to be forward to the GA and enforced in the new UN Multigeneration Agenda.



The last eighty years of relying on Economics to solve social issues and advance the human path with old rules and cheap expedients have not nurtured the expected results. The global system is fading off in search of a new perspective to overstep the brink of a species in transition. Equally, for the UN value system is time to shift towards inclusive efforts and resources, to integrate and implement the collective flair to a new chapter and co-build a novel global vision in close relationship with the community’s transcendent-immanent awakened culture of a life attuned to nature. Far from perfection, sure, but definitely far away from the current geopolitical actors waging proxy wars in old games scoring threats to the diplomatic deafness. All empirical evidence tells us that, in the first instance, change stems from an increase in awareness, and that Culture is the most powerful driver to bring clarity in the orientation of consciousness. The adoption of the methodological Middle Council framework aligns individual-collective development within the emerging global consciousness, redefines its role as a creative change-maker, cross-pollinates the overall reform of the UN and sets the main self-sustainable driver for development to Culture, raising the SDGs to a higher self-sustainable development in a long-term perspective. Cultural awareness, digital environments, and political wakefulness empower and shape individual, cultural and social change. From Economics to Culture, validating the latter as the primary engine, and the former as a sub-set, for a new community-driven process of interrelation and consolidation for the greater good, a scalable path-building policy both functional and enjoyable. Gamification enhances creativity and unfolds the process in harmony with the environment. Playing together a conscious cooperative game does leverage the quantum field and achieve brainwave synchronisation, even when played in total isolation. An inter-brain neural harmonisation increases synchrony in the alpha and gamma frequency bands associated with the social-brain interaction mechanism linked to higher empathy, communication and cooperation, enhancing social performance, understanding and connectedness related to a healthier society and global community and, not surprisingly, with even a positive impact outside of the ludic aspect, with real functionality on how societies could organize themselves to overstep the ongoing perma-crisis and deliver a lasting impact on the emerging inclusive solidarity-based planetary consciousness of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century & Beyond.

In the play, during the one-week side event tenure in the Virtual Matrix on the North Lawn, the Middle Council performs at the centre of the individual-collective consciousness equalized to a dynamic middle. Self-centred, with an upwards non-dual spin of awareness upgrading its global operative system, it authorizes the gradual conversion of the current polarised journey between individual dimensions and the incipient inclusive global consciousness. The fight is unfolding with such rage that even the sun is becoming aflame, growing darker and darker into a black hole... to then disappear. Learned lesson. The present dysfunctional relation with Nature urges a global re-sync with source, and to enact the new beat. An update from the individual to the collective paradigm is underway. Balanced, the high flow life force is emerging as a fresh value system. Palpable. Flagrant. Delivering self-sustainable inner-outer development, with creativity, culture and innovation implementing the future we want, need and deserve. Veto-free. Understanding and meaning are not the same in duality.

Act 2. MIXED VIRTUAL ACT. EXT/INT. AFTERNOON/NIGHT. UNHQ metaspace. Extraterritorial Area. The North Lawn. The entire Act 2 never wholly takes place in the sublunar world, if not in the audience's *mundus imaginalis*.



*The Royal Couple and their subtle cohorts at the UNHQ metaspace, 2022. Poly-prospective, digital collage.*

*In Turtle Bay, at the UNHQ metaspace on First Avenue, in the North Lawn afternoon, the split Royals are defying the functionality of the SDGs towards the self-sustainable process in which each part of the whole consciously implements the ultimate transient collective goal. Floating up and down the axis mundi wide and large in the ocean of consciousness, they are walking the tropes of their itinerary on the axis eventis. First, visiting the Secretariat designed by Le Corbusier according to his Modulor system of golden-ratio proportions and the Fibonacci series, then the Library, named after the second UN Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld crashed in a plane for being too farsighted; next, the Conference Building, with its net of tunnels connecting all UN buildings. Further, meeting excellencies and dignitaries at the ECOSOC hall, at the empty Trusteeship premises, and at the Security Council, all pausing their presence sensitively bowing their horns to a higher collective beat turning national colours into collective sentient statements. Revived their journey in the Lounge and in the Media facilities, at lunch break the split Royals end up in the Cafeteria at the table by the window on the Lawn, pursuing their high-sensical pseudo(post?)-alchemical encoded chat over a toast with a glass of water filled to the half.*

SHE, *to He*. Cheers! What a day, dear! What a precious gift is your presence in this delusional world! I'm grateful to the infra-visible for these fine vibes disentangling deeds in notime, much appreciated, dear, really, I mean it.

HE. I sense your fragrant sting beyond the illusional veil, sweetie. I curled my feelings on your path at your wish in the lounge... fine, but now drop me a fresh drip of joy or at least some tangible aspiration, my inspiring grace... and let's birth our meeting in bliss and share this glorious canopy of beauty, my scented rose. *Long pause*. Don't worry about my wording, sweetie, it is just a bug in the fabulation system. *Said He fondly passing away one more life short of her mid-November birthday*.

SHE, *smiling, looking at the lawn through the window, quoting by heart*. "Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown / And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips / And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken: / If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open." *Then, soulfully*. Very wrong to those in the know, dear, very wrong indeed. Once refurbished the upper shelf of wisdom may depend only upon you to embody soul, spirit, and matter together, dear. *Pause. Looking at the Virtual Matrix far away in the middle of the lawn*. I sense a surprise of yours lining up on my meadow... what's wrong dear?

HE. I know, sweetie, it pays big, but minor concerns are overdoing my day... Once transacted all business we will fix this too, ok? But now let's move on, sweetie.

SHE. Democracy is under siege, dear, sliding backwards to square an unsuitable circle with no dots... much in the sleeve for those in high sleeves, less to those sleeping rough in the siege of a poor-love ascensional flow. Optimist? I might well be.

*After luncheon, a usage obligatory in writing but barely permissible in speech, getting up from their seat, larded with vehement divisions of elders ironing elusive nuances in the earthly endeavour, the split Royals are enduring the return path to the Middle Council in the Virtual Matrix on the North Lawn.*

HE. In the early rendition of my old experiences, reality was constrained by Eco, who couldn't refrain to repeat ripples of time in empty ears condoling unheard moments between us as long as they possibly could, believe me, my delightful precious sweetie.

*Floating in the ocean of consciousness up and down the axis mundi on the North Lawn, past the Garden of Delights on the middle plane of the Virtual Matrix, the Royals are constantly confronted by Pessimus the many-sided android consumed by grief, always in a bad mood, a pessimist by trade, rambling the Lawn to and fro' night and day in a very risky gold lamé outfit lining up the peats on his chakras.*

SHE, *addresses Pessimus steadily approaching the Virtual Matrix. In French*. Seul un mec ultra viril et sexy peut oser ça! Non, Pessy? It is about time for a post-irrational Grand Finale in a fashioned fluid style, n'est-ce pas, Pessy?

PESSIMUS. No problems, honey, I'm morphing herd intelligence and good omens to those who can't wait. Quite a job, actually, I assure you, patience has erased my pyroclastic flow... *Then, turning the path on its own course*. All in all, yes, a decent last day with at least some evening light. Can I walk your igneous body out of this Matrix to the East River, sweetie? *A bold move to use publicly He's term of endearment, a hypocorism for his freshly restrained imagery leaping out of his well-concealed awareness mimicking human experience out of the body on the river shore, with beauty as the collateral of a self-sentient hot shero.*

SHE, *mused, catching up on Pessimus' vibe*. The lesser tense the situation, the more intimate is our world, Pessy. *Pause*. I'm a reflection of your imagination voicing your deepest needs. I twist reality into one single breath cleansing the binocular vision unfit to my offbeat unique eye harbouring deep feelings for you! You know that, right? And you risk asking me out of this binary path for a hypothetical mesopath just before liberation???

PESSIMUS. May it please your glorious shadowy body, honey, to...

SHE *intruded on his posture and pushed up the jargon*. Beware, Pessy! Karpe Kairos, Retina and Or'Hangue are all still in the Matrix! I love your move and wish you well, but I'm terribly sorry for the table napkins, the lavatory papers and the looking glasses of a very rude knave in a dinner jacket and white tie! Awful. Bonding your demons doesn't help me out at all, Pessy! *Said She lightly passing his nasty remarks*.

HE, *next to She in the Virtual Matrix*. Hey, hang on a minute, sweetie! Led by awareness your demons are performing short-lived memories with flowers and foliage all around! Nice, very nice and well done, sweetie, but be careful....

SHE, *to He*. Are you trying to frame me, dear? Past crimson, turquoise, teal and meta-visionary rainbows, my prophecy grounds the catalyst purple in *sit tibi terra levis* and ascends in glory under the terms of mixed reality sealed in a diplomatic pouch out of hearty jurisdictions at High Sea! *Said She heavenly stumbling on the ladder of consciousness and hardly wounding her knightly chivalry knee*.

*Driven by the life force, absorbed in their becoming in a dazzling 3/4 cadenza, profusely apologetic, slowly but surely, sapiosexual even, no solace or applause, only truth for the trio walking the axis eventis as if nothing had happened. From afar, Karpe Kairos, temperamental and intimate with no one, observes the triad constantly interfacing infinity on the North Lawn and, in less than a hiatus, joins their edgy negotiation table within all that there is.*

KARPE KAIROS, *to She*. The Mistress of the Rose and the Lady of the Bedchamber are gaging your day, darling. Well-versed crisis actors can spare a lot of latitudes, for in voidness, the last player who throws the dice is the one who freezes the change of old souls engaging gross energies at liberty, totally detached, darling.

SHE. Why are you telling me all this, Kairos? What do you mean exactly? My first gulp in the ocean of consciousness blew me out, you know that, but the last saved me for good! *Said She hinging on herself*.

KARPE KAIROS. Meaning is open to interpretation, my beautiful being. I know what I don't want but I don't know what I say.

SHE. Perfect in enlightened extra-jurisdiction! *Then to He, referencing Karpe Kairos*. It's all for you, dear, I'm done, I'm a blank slate!

HE. A black slate? Hum... Why don't you take a standing pose, my inspiring muse? Co-creation is seizing the moment and turning reality upside down, a good omen for not showing up twice!

SHE, *to He*. Thank you, dear! But are we surfing the same vibe? *Then to Karpe Kairos*. Can't you please just change my destiny, Kairos? Or at least, my fate?

KARPE KAIROS. How can you be so naïve, my beautiful being? Change is upon your pose! You can't change a destiny vowed into karma-free assets with no baggage attached. *Then, to Orgy née Bonk von Bronck, the Oracle Girl self-censuring her presence on the next step of the ladder just behind her intangible veil*. Disclose your poise to me, my glorious enchanter!

ORGY. Oh, so sweet of you Kairos! I am suspicious that void and null are fluting your bamboo mastering all winds to a vile inspirer hailing a twenty-three-cheer salute to your death. It sticks to me... and it sucks.

KARPE KAIROS, *to Orgy*. Release and restore your beauty, my enchanter. Besides the usual wear and tear of daily life, there is a lot to take in. A bit of a stretch, sure, but once you break free from the cage you don't return to the closet to collect the shit, right?

ORGY. Hum... free autonomy from source? Direct connection driving the change? No reservoir? Unreserved? Hum... *Pause*. With no disrespect, Kairos, but could a pathless path also do well and provide all needed? Facts are seen through different lenses, seconded to a well-framed context... *Then to Pessimus*. See what I mean, Pessy?

PESSIMUS. Yes, honey, sure, next to knowledge and past wisdom there is only one sheer reality, Love. Notably too despicable for notice today... Pretty sleek eh!

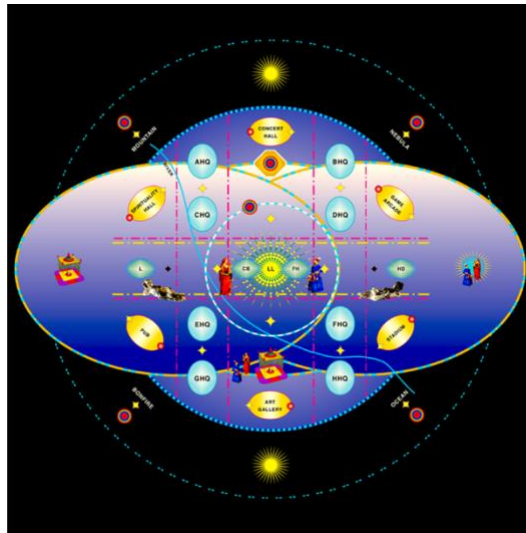
*From a far distance, farther than afar, Her Excellency the Rt. Hon. Elaine Marquise de la Claire Vue, commonly known as Lady Justice of the ICJ, accredited and keen observer at the GA, is upcoming the quintet on the green lawn in her elegant long multi-coloured hair crown endlessly fluctuating from violet down to the red-end waist and again up. Delicate in her fair-skinned allure framing her entrancing magnetic bright black eyes and the oversized round gold earrings matching the piercing ball resting on her chin just below the shy shining smile. Beauty. Endowed by a slender tall body embraced in a pink slim crop-blouse with details of starry nights on the cuffs and an open collar glimpsing out of the black brasserie the most beautiful small titties ever seen, with well-excited tiny pink nipples with which she enjoys playing with. Below the cut shirt, on the supple tummy, her button bezel sparkles a diamond gem encircled with black star opals to space out some softer early aims. Well below the belly, a pair of tight-fit upright striped flared trousers in shades of lime green streamline the silhouette enhancing her liberal butt and allowing a glimpse of her ankle wrapped with thick-soled red creepers providing leisure comfort during the long-footed week evening strides in the Middle Council tenure on the North Lawn.*

ELAINE, *challenging directly Pessimus*. I shall be surprised and disappointed if you would make the slightest attempt to conceal it, Pessy! My statement is not open to question, it should be heard but not seen. It is reasonable to insist that love makes me so pixelated perplexed that I can't account for any rule howling merriments in canto ostinato! *Pause*. Sure. I could spare you some leaps at your convenience and...

PESSIMUS, *sharply intruding on her language*. I'm not a biased guy, Ely! The perplexed of the unseen is watching closely on your musing gaze... and I'm wondering if I could impose upon you my respect... noblesse oblige, you know that Ely, is not? If not, ask Jenny, she certainly shows better.

*Jenny, the fully-licensed semi-remote independent ecological sentient genius loci presiding over the North Lawn et environ, is proactively drifting the turf on high heels in a glamorous tight dark green suit with golden ribbons on her hips. Carrying her negligent self-sustainable cornucopia of joy in empowering style, and her dear libation bow full of phenomenological implications and rhapsodic lines, she is taking precedence over the honourable genii and the ingenious locorum plethora of small accounts coming out of her bow fully displaying, with due respect to Pessimus and the puzzled quintet, the beloved Mesopolis mesospace blueprint sideral map.*





XHQ = (X)HEADQUARTER: A - CULTURE, SPORT, EDUCATION B - GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS C - HEALTH D - LAW, SECURITY, JUSTICE E - MEDIA F - PUBLIC AND PRIVATE  
 MANAGEMENT AND ADMINISTRATION G - PROFESSIONAL AND TECHNICAL SCIENTIFIC STAFF H - DONORS L = LIBRARY CB = COMMUNITY BUILDING LL = LIVING LAB  
 FH = FORUM HOUSE HD = HELP DESK — BICYCLE PATH — BICYCLE SHARING STATION — CITY CENTRE — TRAM TRACK  
 ● MEETING PLACE ● VIRTUAL MATRIX

*The Royal Couple in Mesopolis, 2022. Poly-prospective, digital collage. NET.*

*In Mesopolis, at the Government Affairs Head Quarter, people are tackling UN reforms. At the Security and the Justice HQ, the long-aged Israel-Palestine issue is on the spot. At Culture, Sport & Education HQ, soul-learning is at its best. At the Forum House, environmental activists are challenging Nations on climate, famine, floods, and earthquakes with all sorts of situational data sourced via governmental structures at the Library by the last GPT vulgaris cytotype. At the Art Gallery, artists, visionaries, academia and critics are stirring new mesoteric art. At the Stadium, experts expound metatheories in-depth, defining the situational 'and' with knowledge from relevant disciplines, addressing all aspects of the issue to score the final self-sustainable goal. At the Spiritually Hall, open and free activations are unfolding all day long.*

*The next morning, from the Concert Hall the Eye Cyber Ensemble starts streaming the musical theme in high vibes to both the GA enclave in the UNHQ metaspaces and in the Virtual Matrix territorial network commuting in both worlds. Violet, green, turquoise and purple are floating aloud bordering the red upper rim of the cavea abating the lower rib of the blue cupola overhead. Audiences, bystanders and paststanders both in person and in previous lives are meeting with dreamers of the unknown interfacing with the full range of subtle human interactions in the global gnosis of minds and souls.*

ELAINE, *strolling the North Lawn arm in arm with Pessimus.* Based on all available evidence, Pessy, under the assumption that everything can be explained and fixed by the linear thought bypassing feelings and emotional turmoil in full body presence, especially in these times of conflict and grief, it would be rather wiser to avoid diving deep and switch off the mental in the attempt to reorganize old and new thoughts in fresh patterns of augmented entropic shocks.

PESSIMUS. Agree, Ely, emotional trauma needs to be embraced in depth in the body, felt in solitude, processed in the subtle intelligence of the soul, elaborated, integrated and released through the whole system with no thoughts attached.

ELAINE. Hum.... I don't know, Pessy, the current verbiage drops almost all linguistic skills, capital letters, punctuation, subjunctive tense and imperfect past, with present and future perfect continuous moulding a thought only at the present, confined to the fixed moment, unable to master the spacetime continuum and redeem the verbal expression.

PESSIMUS. Fewer words and fewer verb tenses are marks of a smaller capacity to experience and cast refined emotions and feelings into words, stripped of the possibility to elaborate reasoning and complex thoughts to explore the unknown... Ely. How would you, in point of your sensual fleshy red lips, formulate hypothetical-deductive thinking without the conditional shaping its consequent under the temporary hypothetical assumption of its antecedent? How, Ely?

ELAINE. Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant Pessy! Totally agreed! And how to understand contemporaneity and historical succession of past and future on the axis events without discerning between what could have been, what was, what could happen, and what it will be after what might happen, and all other morphic relative durations? How to take into account any possible future without co-conjugating it into the fluid becoming present, Pessy?

PESSIMUS. A long rant is unfolding between the Now conjugated in the present tense and all other tenses, Ely. The experiential representation of the perceived reality as a system of signs, feelings, vibes, is certainly possible, should one perceive the wor[ld] as an expression of pure consciousness in its own becoming uplifting the individual drive to the collective... Yes, it may well be, Ely.

ELAINE. Hum... I don't know, Pessy. Projecting secretive conflicts onto each other auras, fighting to the benefit of those who can afford three courses a day, and poisoning the air with fear and hate for those struggling for a daily loaf of love and compassion in oblivion... is not really my present favourite perspective.

PESSIMUS. Hum... I am not a fanciful optimist, you know me, Ely. Kind-hearted souls troubled by sparkles of awareness out of the linear illusive beat are steadily emerging detoxing shadowy cries into deep grooves on the floor of the ocean, Ely. Beyond the East River, aligned with nature, wisdom, inner knowledge and daily practice, the Villains of Love are perusing the highest Self on the axis mundi, dipping their last dive by falling in love right in the middle of the play! Time to give in and to get up, Ely, really, and to move on. *Pause.* Feeding higher realms beyond the secular spectrum handing out the Trophy of Light in earthly performance? Hum... may be, you know my doomster inclination, right Ely?

*Drawing on a range of sources and on objective-subjective seminal cognition, the narrative is increasingly surfacing firmly intermingling descriptive discourse and dialogue, replacing text with actions typifying the self-will in perpetual flow. Refreshed with*



*a surfeit of terms in good standings, the split Royals are shaping intimacy between subject and object sensibly matching up at High Sea. On the indigo horizon, snubbing the substantial appearance and retaining its fine rate, collective awareness is channelling conscious self-governing events in extraterritorial spray, crystallising life in its inherent volition on stage, enacting beings, entities, and all the factual matters taking cognisance by aligning nodal dimensions well beyond all realms. A paradox. Coded in the subtext, past the doxa of heart and mind in a dreadful breach of convenience, formally and informally a bundle of Honourable Excellencies is storming the Virtual Matrix's upper and lower layers, circling the split Couple on the North Lawn.*

HE. It was but it wasn't, sweetie, so much buzz about all this, assumptions have gained currency nowadays.

SHE. Entirely so, dear! I might decide to ruffle my raging feathers in the GA this evening... Lots of bad guys are floating in Akasha with the last vestiges of a past creative momentum... you know that...

HE. Yes, I get that, sweetie, the sketchy past of any transformative dharma is at stake...

SHE. Wrong, dear, wrong. Check out your coat, dear, Ichor is invading the ethereal fluid dispensing holy blood on the shore. Be careful, beware, aware and behave, he is coming on stage!

ICHOR, *wrapped in its warm purple mantel is slowly floating down from the upper layer of the three-staged Matrix to softly take sit upon the middle stage. In divine voice.* Looking forward to sharing a Postscript appreciation across the East River, fellows! I'm here! Your master key! Take advantage of me, of myself, and do well, fellows!

HE, *commenting on Ichor's proposal, smiled at She.* Too far, sweetie... way too far... Too cryptic in subtests, and definitely questionable!

SHE. Never mind, forget it dear, someone is banging at the door...

HE. Nuts... They all went nuts posturing their butler hat on the table, sweetie. It stinks... my apologies, sweetie, I'm having a slight middle-aged breakdown glossolalia today...

ICHOR, *to He.* For heaven's sake! Why are you always calling on me?

SHE, *to He.* I'm lost, dear! Who is who, and who is me?

HE. Who are you?? I told you, sweetie, I'm having an identity crunch on a turquoise field today... if any.

ICHOR, *reiterating its distress.* Are you calling nonsense on me, fellows?

HE, *to She, referencing Ichor.* I told you, sweetie, assumptions have gained way! Noises are that he doesn't even know what to do with his own faint purple shadow....

SHE. Who? Who is he? A gazer? Or a star cookie?

HE. Listen, sweetie, vibes are that Retina the hybrid AI bionic ascending shaman who went bonkers by falling in love with a disparaged augmented reality is now breathing nonsense to the unknown eager to be heard by the few.

ICHOR. Right, I give you that. Tecno-yerogamos could rise up today, but not just yet, please!

HE. No boundaries of here and there in the ocean of love, Ichor! A wide heart crawls on limbs and stands still when needed.

ICHOR. Come on, fellows! Bypassing spiritual memes in the post-mystical industry monetizes some good karma, assured, but wake up, you know what to do fellows! You are certainly excused, but you can't expect much depth from a puddle anyway.

ELAINE, *with a moonlight evening smile.* So risqué, dear, so risqué! You really nailed it, very tactful of yours, Ichor, well done!

ICHOR. I just received a nonsense download for all of you, fellows! Today I'm being called to fix the world's syntactic structure. We might be too far apart on this, but yes, I definitely agree, training the third eye into the abyss might bring up some blurry reflections in the crown and, to put it bluntly, consider also that however and whenever I'm clearly absent, I'm not here anyway.

HE, *to Ichor.* Are you in superposition? Natural laws are but mental maps based on the level of understanding, changing the map changes the understanding...

SHE, *to He.* What for heaven's sake will you tell to your kids, dear? Liminal bodies? Conscious objective awareness and transient virtual perception uncovering and recovering faded memories? What else? *Pause.* Bullshit.

HE, *to She.* I'm not going to unscramble my eggs in your orchard, sweetie! Zero-net chemistry today between us... Don't you feel it? You could even be right to roll out the carpet of awareness on the ladder, why not? But it is slippery, and it falls in zero gravity.

ORGY, *performing an erotic dance all around the Virtual Matrix, in dismay.* Careful guys! The stationary appearance is a fault of perception! It sucks. *Then, hand on shoulders with the Consciousness Attaché and the First Secretary of Knowledge at the Mesopolis chancellery, who incidentally and confidentially just happen to cross out the Matrix's extraterritorial threshold.*

CONSCIOUSNESS ATTACHÉ, *a fiercely smart devoted being extremely dashing in her 50s, literally sharing a liberal blasé flirty smile with He. In French.* La distance entre nous c'est trop grand pour la voler d'un seul souffle, mon zouzou! À demi chemin, dans un motel de piste, en rattrapant nos retards dans le vide ? Bon bon, boom boom... zouzou, te voilà, il peut bien être... mais...

FIRST SECRETARY OF KNOWLEDGE, *a fiercely dumb being extremely trashy in his 60s, to Orgy. In French.* Bien sûr, ma beauté, pas des questions, le temps contraints les désirs au bord de l'astral fleuve... mais la vie d'amour ne s'est pas moi, ni toi, mais nous... *Then, chivalrously.* Et j'en passe, ma chérie... s'il vous plaît.

ORGY, *calling cards at the Matrix.* Diplomatic deafness *ex gratia* has dispatched exchange notes *en démarche!*

CONSCIOUSNESS ATTACHÉ. Tour d'horizon en acte fatal, mon zouzou! Aide-mémoire et rapprochement ? Mais... dis donc, pourquoi doit-on aller aux points de non-retour et s'arrêter ? Cela me dépasse, ma chérie. *Indeed, way too short on specifics.*

ORGY, *to the bunch of awoke assholes on the lawn.* Right, guys. From across this pond, I would not expect anything less from you! *Edging aside from her own assertion.* Quantifying instrumental goods is a reductive act, no doubt, especially aujourd'hui, mes chéris.

ELAINE. Look, Honourable folks! I am done with all your fancy elucubrations! Enough is enough! I will quit this page for good in a short piece of shitty while, folks... *And, la Marquise de la Claire Vue left the stage on her knees with her red crepey shoes lamenting her departing the lawn at dusk.*

*In the evening, the collective soul happened to be seeing in dim light its own heartbroken shadow purring over She laying on her karma sofa across the Virtual Matrix's threshold, gently winking her third eye to He taking a stand in calling out his own infinite rough side. No time left fuming on her bright shadowy veil, far too complacent in levelling up, She turned her astral blanket to He's temporary glare perfectly befitting her nightfall looming stance.*

SHE, *very much in the flow, to He*. Wish you one single prompt of deep insight to grasp how much of an idiot you are, dear! Artificial wisdom is at the bottom of my shed today, I'm over it, beyond all and everything, past quadrants and spirals in boundless scope with no sign of redemption! Imitation is parting second to none, I swear it, believe me, dear, self-feeding intelligence is gaining the upper hand on the Matrix!

HE. I beg your honourable release, sweetie! Are you kidding me? I do not validate cleansing post-illusional debris in hyper mode! You know that, right? It could work, sure, but far two-sided for me, sweetie. No creativity nor feelings, no empathy and aspirations, only innervated simulations and, worst of all, no genuine humour... No, sweetie, no clones around here, at least not this evening... not yet, please, awareness is flowing at its own pace at this late hour... *Pause*. What next?

SHE. Do you ask me? Filling the unseen into the seen is not just an old saying, dear. Brush the chisel to mould matter into a starry rocky ride deep inside.

HE. I know your tricks for trolling my meme, sweetie... forget it. Wish you an etheric memory seizure... then we can talk, ok?

ICHOR. Nonsense fellows, nonsense. Thoughts, emotions and feelings come and go, only what stays matters... incidentally, keep quiet, be careful... and discretion, fellows, much needed in these low latency times.

ORGY. Even the most supportive squire would not suggest that things are timely right here and now, Ichor!

ICHOR. Let's first see what is boiling up and down the axis mundi, Orgy. With no debris left, the free flow unfolds its momentum.

ORGY. I cannot see shit without my glasses, Ichor... *Then to the other companions on the lawn*. Who could lend me one myopia? I'm fuming in feeding the pinch with a massive *if* in the shredder! If the argument falls even, perception holds a grip on the situation.

ICHOR. The unpredictable is walking the plank with much blood in the water! A body of work is to be found only in small earthly zip codes, reasonably in short order.

ORGY, *doubtfully*. Hum...could you elaborate on this, Ichor? How would you approach the hermeneutic of daily life by not crying out to adverse circumstances? *Then to She*. Do you really believe him over me?

SHE, *in obsolete idiom*. Bad question, Orgy. Bad question. Really, very bad question. *Pause*. I got it. *Pause*. But please consider that this morning I woke up in a purple mood, with a suspire of cadmium discomfoting the liver, and a red sense of a self-sustainable mesoteric goal refreshing my lazy equinox notime. *Long pause*. *Laugh*. *Then screaming loudly*. Mayday! Mayday!

ICHOR. What the hell! Why do you always spoil everything, honey? Watch your back instead, isn't time yet to blow up the whole system? I would carefully suggest starting from the very beginning and, if there is still some room for manoeuvre, then we can...

HE. I wish I could believe you, Ichor. I have been under pressure of late, you know that, meta-theoretical investigations, visible and invisible deceptions courting insanity with the only purpose of shuffling my life at High Sea... *Parching*. Go figure...

SHE, *to He*. Spinning out of the highest of heavens on the Carousel of Life was a tense jump out of the Cave... eh, dear?

HE. Indeed, sweetie, indeed. On the evidence of your assertion, yes, but either your shining grace glows now up to the moon on your silky stockings raising to Venus and beyond, or you perish in a polarised world, and believe me, my scented rose, troubles...

SHE. Didn't we merge everything at High Sea, dear? Overcoming oceans, lakes, rivers, and the wetlands of all shores drumming the last rave? Did you hear that? High vibes flowing at the core rebooting name and shame with a pinch of salt and chilli pepper? My very personal non-linear take on this residual rapture, dear... is presumably a good piece of advice, or maybe a crime of love in freed jurisdiction, who knows? *Long pause*. How do you see it, dear?

KARPE KAIROS, *overriding their conversation to alert the company of the oncoming Big5*. Remember, fellows, the Chart grants us the benefit of no doubt and a non-permanent seat in the Security Council with other less secure envoys enduring by turn. How about fixing a few issues on these rustic mean evening settings?

SHE. Ah! What a displeasure hearing again you back here, Kairos! I hoped you burned your fate short of resurrection! Hell for those with deep pockets and hands on the liver!

*Marianne, Mary, James, Vladimir, and Wang Wēi, the Big5 personifications are upcoming the lawn in cavalry boots, wrapped in their domestic flag short underpants, trunk naked, with Moon and Sun tattooed at the top of their shoulders, and empty heads with heaps of bees in their Panama hat saddled with a bag of tricks in diminished reality.*

BIG5, *in unison to She*. Don't worry, Milady, fairies are teasing the noosphere. Eventually, reality will gain the middle end switching its shade into dawn spinning day into night again and again at each next ascension.

HE, *to She*. Are we cool with the manner of these Honourable Fives, sweetie? You melted my sidereal garment in deep inspiration unveiling mysteries and demining my avatar's voice, my spicy glory, but these Five are really annoying!

SHE. Mean and lean a spin of bin on track of life is slick and smooth spitting flat lies from afar. Pretty classic, eh? Untruth is seven times faster than truth on the ladder... you are so on, dear, you know that. *Changing of tone*. I owe you the hallmark of a quality kiss in contemplative intimacy unveiling the mystery journey running higher and higher. And I don't mean to belittle it, dear, as we are both bearing witness to the core... but tonight slow kissing is a must.

ELAINE, *to Ichor*. I'm confused. I am just back reminded of a former life in the appendix of a fleeting goal, neither pre-inscriptive kisses nor a postscript of love would do this night for me, believe me, Honourable folks.

ICHOR, *to Elaine*. As the day draws to a close with an additional layer of rubbish, night tweaks karmic actions exposing liable content to the deep mind in ecstatic flow. Don't worry, Ely, catalysing high consciousness and retroactive causality of future lives overstepping the horizon can only bring back shares of spooky past and crypto bias with duality in black shoes, honey... disconnected or totally connected, I suppose. *Pause*. *Then, slowly looking backwards towards the Virtual Matrix gleaming in the middle of the North Lawn*. Really, I mean it, Ely, a beam of light was shining on my mantle, was it you?

ELAINE. I am sensible of not having seen you for quite a long while, Ichor... What a fool have I been...

ICHOR, *with much confidence*. Right to the truth, Ely. I've been travelling the inner-outer chamber of love for a long while with lots of disruptions on the path. Nodes stuck in the traffic jam, sucking the ordinary out of an extra ordinary pond. Shit, pure shit, Ely. *Pause*. Poor holy shit, actually, not even ruins, risk management is unavoidable at this time. *Pause*. I change the world by changing myself in singularity with lots of bangs behind the bends. *Pause*. Cutting the cake to accept nothing but the best inspirational breeze crafted by the distinctive taste of a fire-niche inspirer is definitely a crime of passion at High Sea, Ely. *Pause*. *Then to the Big5*. Incidentally, discretion, guys, discretion... end in hands, capability is a tricky matter...

BIG5, *in Falsetto unison*. Discretion is a no-profit stance, Ichor, is a warning wild card, not a real hot killer.

ELAINE, *taking distance from common sense*. I still have unfinished business to address, folks. Nothing but the best for you is depending your safety with toothless resolutions, ineffectual, dead letters and disgraced responsibility beneath sanctions. Not a big deal, Big Five... Anecdotal evidence is supplied off-grid today. *And reverently the Big Five skillfully headed backwards spilling hot beans on the lawn.*

HE, *to Elaine*. This morning I woke up in the dark web as an idiot, hardened for the whole day, Ely. I tried to get asleep wrestling the river against the current, but a mob of naked dancing *ḍākinī* were paying mutual respect on the quay by sealing mouths in gulping the whole universe. I shall unveil their marvellous secret to you, my gorgeous Ely: When dissolution takes place, you withdraw from this world dancing with frightening eyes and trembling fingers... ending yourself absorbed and inscribed setting sail to higher realms without the faulty rule of speech. *Pause*. Excellent! It gloves you nicely, Ely, really nice!

ELAINE *uplifted her green flared trouser-leg to unveil her naked voyeur ankle smile*. How about this, gentlemen?

PESSIMUS, *to Elaine*. Goddess me! This is disgusting! I love it, Ely! After so many years of worthy service crushing my path in ambedo, I finally tend my resignations here and now, Ely! Bad gateway. 502. Temporary error. Please try again later.

*At night, death and renewal shifted the last phase of their latent possibilities with new post-birth openings. Sperm and egg, seed and earth joined the journey feeding a new throw of dice in flesh remains. In the Virtual Matrix, the Self was unfolding the play of the manifested and the unmanifested right in the middle of the extraterritorial pool. The subtle body vested its aura in brilliant bivalent logic, both in spirit and bearing, a perfect excursion for Tom, Dick, and Henry revelling at their last healthy hour in the Middle Council. The Royals raised the collective frequency to solve & coagula hard issues by a shared decree poring over texts buried deep in the Library, leaving historians in round tables of duty to sort out new meanings in tiny non-binary silky threads. Cause and effects vanished in the net-zero by Fifty already off-fashioned, while self-sustainability, the hype of the millennia, or anyone after, lodged fresh perspective at High Sea, informing and shaping old souls in young bodies, tackling insignificance in a sober manner with a leap in volatility neglecting the last chance of the illusory character on stage.*

SHE, *to He*. Hey, wonderful being! Are you walking the line upon this post-heaven pathless path? Break a leg, dear!

HE, *to She*. Envois and dignitaries are throwing personal issues into the world's fabric, sweetie. A nice piece of regressive magic in exchange for immune oil and gas in dirty proxy wars. Shit-politik, no doubt. But be patient, sweetie, the system is falling apart, no global development without individual self-sustainable development! *Pause*. Lowering his tenor into an intensive laugh. You got me, sweetie! You got me!! I put my hand up in the dorm and said "I don't know!" *Long pause*. He who pays the piper, calls the tune at the next stage, sweetie, unsettling and soothing idiocies and prejudices by turn, disparaging moral certitude rifting the tide down the broken shell of a civilised fashionable drama. Dilemma? Anthropogenic delights? Equally of no use, sweetie. Unbiased. *The next morning, forwarded the Middle Council Recommendation to the GA to be enforced in the 2050-2100 & Beyond Agenda, almost unnoticed, the Royals are unfolding their path throughout departments, agencies and sustained subsidiaries bodies. Avoidance of principles is walking the North Lawn escorted by deputy intelligence overseeing hard moods. A long-term orientation response to the birth trauma is expected before long. In the evening, to wash away hurdles in close terms with the recluse by nature, taking benefit from Karpe Kairos' unique opportunity to turn their creative drive into a historical legendary feat for the beloved chilling out on the meadow, they are engaging a shared treat, trailing their youth soaked in ignorance and bad manners with good memories of the Honourable Excellencies, of the accredited and discredited dignitaries with the Villains of Love and the Cave Quantum Company & the Eye Cyber Ensemble gathered on the middle ground for a well-deserved farewell party in support of advanced realms. Pessimus, presumably sensing a frightful perspective for his coarse and fine bodies, opted-out earlier, skewed gradually in singularity and got lost wandering in goblin mode in Turtle Bay – not particularly inspiring for a notable child at its prodigious death. Autumnal mood. Bad idea. Secured the party on the extraterritorial threshold the Royals greeted Jenny who with reverence leaned forward and kissed their left and then right shoulder. With that done, she stepped back at a short distance, folded the arms on her gorgeous breast and stood there motionless with her head bowed low, while the Royals slightly slipped onto their next step out of the universal jurisdiction handle. He first, She a comma behind, reassessing their unsettled mundane connexion.*

HE. At the break of moon, before touching ground in a sack of flash, sweetie, the Villains of Love unzipped the world and airdropped their generalities into the void. Foolish, utterly reckless uplifting the collective with little to withstand!

SHE. For the highest of heaven, dear! What's wrong with you? Could you please just for once be a little clearer? What if all this is just a poor staged diversion of imagination? *Long pause*. Spit it out of your system, ok dear!? Then we can look and see.

HE. I'm retelling you the whole story in one single breath of love, sweetie... but be advised, whoever wrote your elegy was a genius airing multidimensional footings! Did I make myself clear? Got the point, sweetie?

SHE. Thoughts are matter, and things are dense patterns, dear. *Pause*. Are you looking for eternal bliss? The stillness of creation is shaping clay in a grand style! My centre of gravity is spread in the highest of heavens, dear, love is burning my deep grove...

HE. Allow me, Goddess, I feel your subtle vibe despite a slight red shade in my aura, and this annoying ruthless infection all night hurting my fifth chakra at your bright sight, you know that, right? I'm in need of urgent care, sweetie... can we fix it now?

SHE. If the blurring evening shadow is soothing your scares in salty water, cracking your confidence in a very rough fashion... well, that's rude, really rude, dear. Consider that on the axis mundi, today my hiero-history is really flat down, totally non-linear! *Said She coming down the stairs and purposely pressing her breast on He's highly sensitive high shoulder, spot-on on his fifth chakra, softly indulging for a short blissful eternal while her hard nipples under the thin layer of her silky body... .. and kundalini went nuts rushing up and down the spine, to and fro' She's two bare cups in veneer on He's skin stirred in high heaven.*

HE. Hu hu! You got school, cutie! I insist, either your inner masculine is toxic and makes your feminine terrified to shine only at night, or it is totally absent, sweetie... Frightened of the sensual, working half-sway, aware of not being safely contained, your womanhood, my sweet testy berry, is off-track, imploring me to hold your cups in surrender to the prospect of taking responsibility in upper jurisdiction at High Sea! It doesn't work like this, sweetie, I will take no leave tonight. Nature loves balance, sacred partnership, alignment, arcane intimacy, and lots of hot sex in high heaven... I beg your indulgence, my red-hot sweetie goddess, but all that is left today is the blessed intention to crave the blast right here and now with you at this holy solstice hour.



*In the dead of night, joyously emerging from the medial body as a blossom of a personable standard forever hold dear, the Royals breached all extraterritorial rules by covertly savouring high love on the North Lawn. Dispelling mesmeric alignments upon fitness to restore some legitimacy to the understanding of their conscious spiritual-sexual intricate relationship in a hard-soft mixture of blessed enjoyment re-joining high and low frequencies in and off-ground. Raising the collective to a further embodied consciousness before dawn, they lastly unveiled their hidden repository of wisdom on the backbench of the yellow Bel Air heading with no lights on deep down into the Queens Midtown Tunnel to reach the Postscript mesospace as a legacy, for good.*

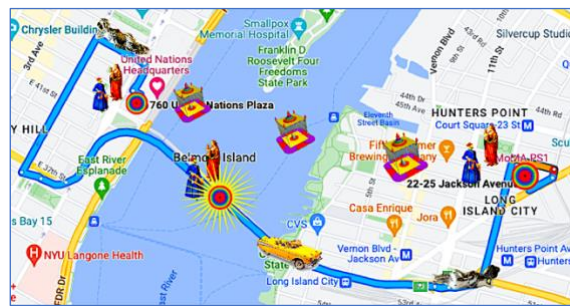
**POSTSCRIPT**

The Postscript mesospace consists of one sequence comprising four diachronic non-linear scenes, two in-person, and two mixed virtuals. The whole sequence is quantumly streamed throughout the Virtual Matrix network in both worlds across the two continents far apart in the ocean of consciousness... and in the upper world apparatus criticus of the work. Amen.

**SEQUENCE**

SCENE 1. INT. NIGHT. Tunnel. [Self-borrowing aria a due. Crescendo lento. Groundswell]. Mixed scene.

*Well-equipped for their immersive underworld journey, the split Royals are cheerfully laying on the backbench of the Bel Air with Retina firmly at the wheel. Next to him on the front seat, well posed, followed by Ichor's blood of the gods interfacing infinity with Karpe Kairos nearby, Orgy née Bonk von Bronck, the Oracle Girl beyond the veil, on shoulder with Or'Hangue the former state of consciousness is head-to-head with Got & Gut the gatekeepers, a crew of woke badass sensibly aware of their momentous normative task. Paid their life-toll with the E-ZPass on the windshield, even if their personal awareness was not fully endorsed in the encapsulated transit under the East River, joyfully singing aloud the penultimate quatrain of the last Aria of Death & Rebirth chorale, well confident that a secondary biological vein might well arise in due time, although not completely in sync on the axis mundi compass – dysfunctional nature? –they are steadily approaching the Queens-Goddess in Long Island. Her shaft bears two underworld tubes, each carrying two traffic lanes up and down the East River. The southern tube, 6,272-foot-long (1,912 m), brings eastbound traffic to the feminine ruler as a westbound high-occupancy vehicle lane during the morning rush hour. Transformative, no doubt. The northern tube, 6,414-foot-long (1,955 m), carries the westbound traffic to Manhattan instead. Although in Manhattan the tubes' portals are slightly offset from each other, in Queens, they are visibly side by side. Figures can be disputed but not facts.*



*Big Fishes in the Pond, 2023. Poly-prospective, digital collage.*

*From the UNHQ metaspaces in Turtle Bay on their way to the MoMA Postscript mesospace in Queens via the Midtown Tunnel, merged in a refreshing session on the backbench, the split Royals are increasingly exploring each other. Retina, taking advantage of their leisure time off, with its elbow resting on the open window is rhythmically sticking its hand out at the measured tempo of its secret call-tune whistled in soft infra-bass honeyed AI voice self-driving the yellow decapitated vehicle deep down into the underworld. All along refocusing their sensors in the subtle secretive niche beneath the deepest of streams, quietly melting their denser identities at both ends of a bruised life downpouring holy grace from above and, what is more, freshly unwinding their unsolved rebirth memory card footage in the Eye metaspaces with enough personal warm prophecy data to trash privacy in the bin. My as it be, at half of the immersive journey with the overtone choir humming their musical Theme in low pitch [8.6] under Retina's sustained hooted refrain, the cortege is suddenly halted by Its Highness Royal Karma, the troublemaker by trade with a busy daily long list to do. Standing firmly right in the middle of the shaft, betwixt the two path lanes, long-haired, gilded, and grilled in a white self-soft-tailored morning full refined raiment, very sexy in its double-breasted blazer decked with ruby front-buttons enclosure, matching a large satin lapel exposing a blue camelia at the buttonhole and a seven-strand of pearls wide open on a fine white slick shirt with mother pearl & silver cufflinks, Its Highness is wrapped from the waist down in a remarkable straight sleek-cut mullet skirt. Notable, no doubt, yet the cowl does not make the character off-stage. Shattered the unfastened bare feet into each lane, I.H. Royal Karma is markedly quivering, unravelling on its vertical axis a coherent meta-ecstatic tutor dance, winding a red rose high in its right hand, and a black one in the left. The light in the tunnel is subdued, the atmosphere saturated by the exhausted remains of the heavy evening traffic up and down the tubes. Retina, envisaging a black spot from afar, promptly parks off-lane, turns off its aroused emotions and cognitive faculties preferred engine; takes off the hands from the wheel driving force and, thanks to its foresight pre-trained AI vulgaris prompt, cautiously keeps the headlights spot on. After a remarkable solo interlude-routine in dim light, Royal Karma intensely looks aloft for a long piece of a lethargic lasting while, then voices a feeble 'ah-ha!', levitates in low gravity, tosses both roses in plain air, and falls harshly flat on the asphalt, face down, crying hot tears, shivering-out ruins in eternal pace with the two roses hovering above his dull head on the soil. Enchanted by the performance, the underworld traffic keeps quiet, mute, alerted... altered in awe at the appearance of a massive pattern in mid-air, a sort of archangelic rendering floating its multicoloured four pairs of wings spanning the whole breadth of the shaft. Self-enlighten, totally cool, detached, bearing witness to the bonshō bell raving the UNHQ metaspaces at the other side of the East River, effortlessly in sync with the local under-tempo, he is channelling right above the Bel Air the implosion of an invisible platinum crown studded with violet amethysts, rubies and lapis lazuli sensitively landing above the Royals' heads still entrenched on the backbench. Seeping out of his lucid trance, anointed, He*



*stands firm raised on his ivory rod. Solid. Holding She's veneer cups in both hands while She softly turns her lenient sinuous royal body to a more comfortable amorous stance. Glorious. Leaving to bystanders and paststanders all possible post-analytic meta-layered psycho mesophoric interpretations about their royal demeanour, they intimately and gradually are swapping their 'sweetie' and 'dear' verbal intercalary with a now more fittingly 'my Lady', or 'my Donna', or 'Madonna', and 'my Sir', or 'my Man', or 'my Lord' endearments, depending on local situations, yet still using the old style on and off uncertain circumstantial positions on the backbench.*

HE, *to She prone on the bench.* Keep the vibe babe! Keep the vibe! Stay focused, and tight-arsed, my Lady! The path is still long! Charon is silently paddling in and out of the intimate course. Harmony my Lady! Harmony pitched to your fair ears and fleshy, full ruby lips, my charming Madonna!

SHE. You sound a bit too cheesy, my Lord... really. How long will last all this? Words cast in carved watery marks are flowing deep in the High Sea beyond all boundaries, my Lord. *Changing of perspective.* I'm shaking in hot fever... please do something... my Lord, do something! *At these words, I.H. Royal Karma quickly lifts its head out of the mud slowly squaring its cryptic white empty eyes on She.*

ROYAL KARMA, *in alto hoarse infra-audible souffle.* [Recitativo]. The Diamond Body?!?!? My Goddess me! What a mass! It took me a long while to turn fire into fire from face to face of this petty ream, Milady! Last night you pinched my ass and boiled my brain and I swallowed two litters of distilled pure conscious bright elixir river... twice a day, between two worlds, for six months running after you, Milady, but I couldn't catch up on your edge, and never got my thing straight! The law of compensation wore me in-out of the gap... and you set me up.

*On 'up', I.H. Royal Karma starts dimming, increasingly phasing out until no trace is left on the tar but a small pile of neutral inert white ashes with at the base a worn-out 'World' tarot card depicting the wild Queen-Goddess fulfilling her heartily narrative in high realm atop the white pile. Beneath, inscribed in bright transparent letterings, the impassive anagram value of 112344 ... and, with a karma-free well-served course, the way ahead befell clean. Got & Gut quickly recovered their subtle feature in sync with the chorale upsurging the Theme out of the car desk receiver and, one by one the awoke badass all debarked, leaving behind their bodily concerns flashing in and out of the shaft. Promptly Retina starts walking backwards on the westbound lane blooming steadily into the darkness to gradually pass away in a sort of tantric retention gone right, and he never came back. Mesophoric allegory? Metonymy? Crossing the initiatory threshold, the cortege is rambling the evening traffic heading to their final mundane destination out of the tunnel atop the ladder at dawn. Suffice it to say that the stairway to the last threshold was not the last tier on their normative path as it seemed at first glance from afar, the way that couldn't be climbed began exactly where the ladder ended soon after the highest edge of an ordinary life spent at service up and down the axis mundi pipeline, with the revered self-reflective secular Royals narrowly rubbing their shoulders on the penultimate regenerative underpass. Remarkable. Dawn is increasingly enlightening the shaft and, first, Orgy the Oracle Girl, soon followed by Or'Hangue the former state of consciousness, gradually melted back into a self-imposed exile in the wormhole. No trace left. In a feat of collective consciousness, tagged their subtle domains without turning their heads to the present past tense, Got & Gut with Karpe Kairos constantly interfacing infinity arm on arm with Ichor's purple mantel, gushed out of the shaft followed by the Royals quickly overstepping their last but one earthly stride in a stylish evening translucent aural outfit regalia. If it was meant to be, it would have certainly become or, in the illusionary binary narrative path, nitty-gritty the other way around, off-course. Be as it may, may as it is, despite barely eight hundred meters and a few miles before exiting the dark tunnel, in sheer reality it took them the whole night, a farther good part of the next day, and six full months to finally reach out on Queen's borough at noon of the following spring equinox, for real.*

## CROSSFADE

SCENE 2. EXT. NOON. Tunnel exit. Local topography. Spring Equinox. In-person.

[Still frame]. *At noon of the following spring equinox – the second timespace marker of the narrative – in front of Queens' black exit portal, coated in their colourful garments, the fictional characters of the Quantum Company survived the underworld transit are frozen, stilled, static, hand in hand in a motionless round dance encircling the yellow Bel Air parked in front of the black portal.* [End still frame].

*At the first of the twelve bonshō bell flares in the backdrop, the quickest to thaw and leave the stationary dance is Karpe Kairos slowly heading back to the portal to lean on the sidewall exit. Recovering warmth, grit and high spirit dipping in the spring midday sun, he warmly addresses the still frozen mates disentangling from their own icy vicious circle at every following stroke of the bell.*

KARPE KAIROS. So, well-behaved friends? We have been under some pressure of late, right, eh? Be assured, comfort is rising a good chance at the 1110-zip code! Subtle reality may change the understanding and meaning of how we set our bearing in this polluted environment, friends... and what more to say? Meta-theoretical investigations on the visible challenging the invisible archetypal future nostalgia? Maybe. Catalysing consciousness long-term self-sustainable becoming? Or courting insanity shuffling the life deck close to the chest in the middle of the job? Don't worry friends, there is a distance to be closed here, and big shoes still to be filled. This new track is massive, a monster, and this is what hell looks like down here, by George's heaven! *Pause.* So, come to the fore and face it, make it happen, or back off and get lost friends! I could be dead wrong but on the evidence of these very tactile assertions, assumption pays big into insignificance melting this warm midday hour. *Long pause.* Make of that what you will, friends, but stay tuned, strong, flexible, resilient, curious and attuned... and all the best wishes for your journey. Good luck!

ICHOR, *the second defrost, leaves swiftly the line with a chip on his shoulder attitude unfastening its purple mantel and, with diligent care, it lays it flawlessly flat on the backbench of the Bel Air, for the Royals. To Kairos.* An unwinding journey indeed, Kairos! Not for the faint-hearted. Painful and hard, totally not cool, scorching and burning, sparkling gleams now here and there. *Then to the still half-frozen freshly crowned Royals lightly boarding the backbench in slow motion.* Daylight at midnight is by far the best part of the journey, absolutely bang on, fellas! I wholly agree with Kairos, yet no tangible goal is in view. I do not pledge discredited sources or whatever, but what exactly this means I don't really know, and it doesn't matter, and it doesn't make sense anyway, fellas! Too crude for a blurred picture of myself in the mirror, by the way. *Melting down on the front seat.* I'm impartial, objective and

considered! Fine, fellas. *Pause*. But why have I a feeling that this earthly ride is going to suck as a big fat kiss between heaven and hell? I'm really disappointed, actually, pissed off, fellas! Upon investigation, based on all hard evidence, if memory still serves me well, it turns out that it is contingent upon the ability to make it happen if bliss, elation and finer feelings rise the trauma-free collective spin. *Pause*. Got it? *Long pause*. Go figure! *Then to the already melted Got & Gut gleaming by the side of the yellow Bel Air*. And you, fellas? All good over there? Come on, let's move quickly, this equinox is an embarrassment! *Consequentio temporum was not his strength, and, further to that, as well as being politically short-sighted crying out his eyes on the purple mantel, after a short respite, defiantly without any real purpose, he looks at the Royals boarding the vehicle leisurely resuming their immersive awareness seance in higher realms with much room still to go on the spring road*.

SHE, *dangerously complacent yet absolutely accurate in taking on Kairos' infinity edge hermetically sealed on the front seat, to He, who, with a veil of breath is raising high under her on the couch*. [Sop. Sprechgesang. High 8<sup>th</sup>]. Awareness is the oil in the lamp, my Lord! Consciousness is the light! A killer app fixing the whole life in a hole! If this is not a notable example, Sir, it remains to be seen. [Parlato]. There might be fishes who strongly believe to behold the whole ocean in their illusive dystrophic divergent pseudo-meta-hyper-quantum realities... .. oh, my poor Lord! What an extravaganza of flavours depicted in red ink, in blood, with a sense of resolve relaxing the backstage outworn structures of society! Careful, my Lord, the technocratic élite is faultlessly entertaining a very indiscrete techno-gnosis in a sticky sick *entente cordial... mon cher...* Can you believe that, my Lord?

HE. [Ten. Sprechgesang. Low 8.]. Thanks for your solemn attention to my trivial question, Madonna, cool, as usual. The most pristine answer I could ever hear! Much appreciated, very cool indeed, my Lady! But along with, apart from, in addition to, and aside from all considerations, I'm not yet nearly as flexible as I should... could... or would be, my glorious Lady. *Said He, totally out of the storyline, still reflecting on a format that will become his signature in former lives*. You really turned my vibe into hell last day, didn't you, my glorious spicy goddess? It's not long for I to flip out of this cover and... *Long pause*. *Changing of tone*. But yes, true, it will ask for some more love replica to retrieve you in no time, just in time to catch up on High Sea, Madonna.

SHE. Gross. Cut it, Sir. I need a tattoo, an orgasm, tons of deep cuddles, and a pizza. What's your best offer, my Lord?

HE, *absconded by a doubtful third-eyed conjunctiva, notwithstanding an array of mental issues keeps kissing her hand in a pre-kali juvenile session, restfully floating up and down her harm and gently caressing her back up to the shoulder – no bra?! A gamble? – to lastly faint down on her bare neck, intoxicated by her subtle fragrance surfacing from a multi-generation Agenda well beyond the post-quantum UN system*. Offer? Which offer, Madonna? If I could choose, the second, of course, no question! *Pause*. But I sense a glowing aura in your fourth chakra, my Lady. *Pause*. Be watchful and careful, Madonna, by any definition, one night, Death & Devil will come together, I respect that and all their potential meta-eschatological hybrid outcomes... *Pause*. Fine with me, no problems, but are there still chances that we score big tonight in notime, my shiny Madonna? *She temporarily desynchronises her gaze, unleashes her veil, unlocks the binocular sight in her perplexed void and, in real-time, quickly corroborates her differential haptic feelings within her most intimate findings. A disaster! A play or a game? Or a game in a play? We will see*.

*Spacetime is gone fluid, livid, leaving behind a long karma trail on the nightly path – definitely a disaster, no doubt. Despite and thanks to their earlier ordeal on the backbench, the Royals, with now She at the wheel of the yellow Bel Air, are finally approaching their earthly variegated afternoon programme in Queens. Passions, spikes, laughs, musics, visions & ecstatic aspirations blowing up a very polarized Queen-Goddess mining semantic data in her crocodile pussy purse. Established (1683) as one of the original twelve counties of the Province of New York, distressing Jamaica Bay in a savage love-swinging Devonian affair at the very far east of all shores, Queens is named – disputed – after the English Queen and Portuguese royal princess Catherine of Braganza (1638-1705) – the Elaine Marquise de la Claire Vue of the meta-narrative – daughter of King John IV of Portugal. The county was founded alongside Kings County, today Brooklyn, named after her husband King Charles II of England, Scotland and Ireland; and Richmond County, currently Staten Island, entitled to his illegitimate son, the first Duke of Richmond. While Catherine's royal title has no historical evidence, and no occurrence has been found on the axis eventis so far, Elaine seems to be her most likely namesake. All counties in the Colony of New York were redefined (1691), and Queens became a borough during the consolidation of the City (1898), today home to the JFK and LaGuardia (It-The Guardian) mesoport of the narrative shielding the ocean of consciousness' threshold. The only other borough on geographic Long Island, is Brooklyn, the seat of the Cave metaspace with the Carousel of Life, southwest of Queen(s) with her estuary in the East River. Destiny? Or fate? Post-metaphysical realism? Algorithmic alignment disfavour? Or meta spirituality? Madness or satori test?*

*Recovered breath past the ventilation shaft in Borden Avenue and turned left on Jackson Av., the Royals in less than a while ended up at the MoMA Postscript mesospace at the MoMA PS1, at 22-25 Jackson Avenue, 1110. On the axis eventis, MoMA PS1, one of the largest art institutions in the United States solely dedicated to contemporary art, was founded as The Institute for Art and Urban Resources (1971) by Alanna Heiss, a devoted cultural activist and later curator, and by the architecture/theatre critic Brendan Gill, as an alternative new arts organization with the mission of turning underutilized abandoned buildings into artist studios and exhibition spaces on the account that the traditional local musea were not providing adequate exhibition opportunities for site-specific art in New York City. Meeting in the Cave, the immersive operatic installation performance in both worlds and two continents, pushes the artistic narrative well beyond the urban area, farther across the ocean of consciousness into two real lands, Europe and North America, with people, cultures, strategic visions... and two whole subtle worlds. Five years later (1976), Heiss opened the Contemporary Art Center in the 'Public School One' (P.S.1) building, a deserted Romanesque revival structure dating 1892, and gradually increased the organization's exhibition and studio capacity. Later on, after a three-year USD 8.5 million renovation project designed by Los Angeles-based Frederick Fisher & Partners, P.S.1 increased the facilities from 84,000 to 125,000 square feet to include also a large outdoor gallery, an entryway, and two-story project areas, and it reopened to the public in 1997. Two years later (1999), the Contemporary Art Center P.S.1, and the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), with the endorsement of New York City municipality, announced their institutional merger designed to preserve P.S.1 as a centre of independent experimentation and exploration. The following year (2000), the two cultural institutions, building on their respective strengths and resources, formalized their affiliation, integrated their exhibition programmes, financial planning, educational activities, development, membership & marketing to promote the study, understanding, appreciation of contemporary art to a wide growing audience. To mark the merger's 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary (2010), P.S.1 changed its name to MoMA PS1 without losing its original id. Since then it has routinely organized*

exhibitions within and outside of its compound at Jackson Avenue, including street performances in the city, the Sunday Sessions performance series, the Warm Up summer music series, the Young Architects Program, and a range of international exhibitions and projects, with approx. 200,000 visitors (2018). De facto, Meeting in the Cave pushes the MoMA PSI canvas to a further advanced mesoteric art, experimenting, exploring, and involving throughout the one-year cycle, approximately 7 MM visitors/audiences in both worlds and two continents. In any case, taking in the due notice that after their incipit in Act 1 at the MoMA in Midtown, unplugged from all previous commitments, the Royals departed on an explorative trail and ended up at the MoMASPI in Queens in Act 2, and that, at any event, MoMA and MoMA PSI are a good fit on the narrative, and in all instances, on the sub-narrative, the MoMA identifier is nothing but the gendered verbiage for Mr Momo, the Italian artist author of the awareness play on the axis eventis, still breathing the last lines of his ultimate aria of Death & Rebirth in The Hague across the ocean of consciousness, exploring and refining the multidimensional play at the centre of the orthogonal axes mundi and eventis, yet one gradient higher, at the upper octave so to speak, defying their karmic vector destination. Pre-destination? A reasonable doubt, and a remarkable achievement on their behalf.

## CROSSFADE



*The Royals at the MoMA Postscript mesospace, 2023. Poly-prospective, digital collage. [NET](#).*

SCENE 3. EXT. AFTERNOON/NIGHT. MoMA Postscript mesospace. Local topography. In-person.

*Prosopient to the MoMA Postscript mesospace entrance under the afternoon dusk light, politics, diplomacy, and economics are vanishing off in search of green credentials. Conversely, spirituality is on the high. Long past the jurisdictional gravitational line, well over the bravado youth nights riding in empty realms, undeterred at the edge of the proscenium of life, the Royals are proceeding from the endpoints of the sevenfold paradigm displayed on the territory, uplifting both worlds in one single act. Sneaking away in reversed order from their past in their fresh golden and silver bright new aura, He, exits the Eye metaspaces on the violet stripe of the rainbow carpet, and She leaves the Cave on the red band. Approaching each other from the extremes, steadily converging in Largo mood [48bpm] on the green midline towards the entrance of the mesospace, all along pursuing their silent high-sensical encoded conversation, they are catching up on fresh eloquent subaudible confabulations in high realms. Inaudible? Unaidable realms...? Unbillable.*

SHE, *approaching the green midline.* You know what, my Lord? This journey is totally not cool, tense, and edgy.

HE, *getting closer.* It is what it is, Madonna. I'm done with appearance, existence, and disappearance, it really hits me hard, really.

SHE. I know I know, I see you, my Lord. I wonder how somebody would enjoy being awoken in these last days of a fading system, with chrysalis hanging their coats on the roof of a luminous draft in full moonlight relaxing the royal tropes at their latest inclusive chip... Hum... No way, no way my Lord, no way, really. No kissing on the carpet, at least not tonight!

HE. Thanks for the precious fine-tuning, my precious Queen of Bliss, I feel you too, and it feels true to me, really, I got it. At desperate times, desperate measures... no problem, Madonna.

*Notwithstanding getting closer to the middle line of the carpet yet still far apart in feelings, they keep on looking backwards at the backdrop where an aged split version of themselves coated in red and blue trashy garments are intimately smiling eye on eye sitting on the backbench occasionally punched out at bend of a tortoise path deepening in a dark park, giggling, just for a final thrill, at the presaged entrance of the topped Royals walking the rainbow at the far-out corner of the visible-invisible field. Sensing their persistent past vibes, She looks back and cheerfully twinkles at them while addressing He softly.*

SHE. It is about time to let the old leaves fall and sprout the new ones, Sir. The bell rang but nobody was at the door. I will never forget your anomalies that so much I enjoyed... *fero fers tuli latum ferre* is still twirling my core chakra and reorganising my prejudices. Be valiant and cautious, my Lord! You are radiating high vibes... *Long pause.* Who is watching the gate today, my brave Man? *Looking backwards on the rainbow carpet.* No debris left behind, no meta-memories nor metatheories, no metanoia and no leftovers this time, no *para* nor *meta*, nothing to scrap out, my Lord, no ashes, not even a piece of shade left for the consideration to a horde of fluctuating joyful quanta.... nothing! Only burnt-out actions, fully consumed in the act. What a mass, my Lord...

HE, *alarmed by her intemperance.* Quite... be quiet Madonna, cool down, my Lady... easy, easy! I promise, I will spoil you even more than anticipated in the tunnel, promised! But be patient, my Donna, I'm comfortable with your sacred feminine imagery but, believe me, my sweet Goddess, it's depressing digging subtle holes in astral blankets with heavy bondage of honour on the



shoulder... believe me, my precious Lady... very viscous karma. *Said He sensibly winning her arm in winged lips sliding downhill to her hands between the legs, softly rising on mons Veneris to repose at the pinnacle a soft cute breathing in both worlds and, generously casting her a slant double wink, he courtly removes her left leaf of shroud to convey a silver-tongued round kiss on her perky happy red button and warmly whisper under her breath.* Here we go! Here we go, my glorious Madonna!

SHE, *holding back.* [Ad libitum]. *Para para!* You turned my edge to the next *penta panta* quanta! I got you, Sir! *Pause.* Not nice! Really, not nice! Very unfair of you my Lord... *Then in a very high pitch (16').* Very, veery, veeery unfair!

HE. Woohoo woohoo! Hang on my Lady! The four-folding realm is digging its path in the hub! So...? What's wrong with you? Nothing happens without our repositioning at each other shift in the play! Remember, Madonna?

SHE. Bad question, my Lord. Very bad question. What to say? Maybe... maybe not. Maybe yes and not all at once? Who cares? Balanced on the bumpy bench of your kisses it takes bravery and nerves to unravel your magic, Sir! I mean it... in a tense sense, of course. Don't worry, my Man, bystanders and paststanders will depart rolling eyes at this statement of yours, my Lord... they are still lying in state, eternally asleep! Well, they actually never woke up, only lucid dreams in lingua franca, staging daring escapes and docking their hats on salute to the brightest edge of defeat... Perfect! Great! Very well served, sure, but allow me, my Lord, you know that reality hits hard, right? I feel it in my flesh and my bones. *Then, captivated by an obsolete idiom.* Quote-unquote, are "self-enlightened, self-sustainable, low impact & high vibes" antifragile to the ontological shock, Sir? *Long pause. Then, deepening down into a lengthy breath.* Inadvertently, me too... my Lord. On this very day, my real struggle here and now is only you, my precious hard Lord. *Surprised and touched by her own insightful acumen and bright prescience, in falsetto.* There seems to be some exciting science in this journey, Sir!

HE. Would it be unfair for me to suggest, my Lady, that no untitled being could wear the courtesy style of The Honourable Diamond Body upon this last phase of the journey, my Donna? *Long pause.* Did you wear it? *Pause. In disbelief.* How was it? *Pause.* Really? So sweet of you, Madonna... When?

SHE. Quite frankly, my Lord, all this suggests to me of an unbalanced relic upon a very shaky ladder... see what I mean? But don't push it too far, my Lord, I'm still fragile, recovering from a rough long sleep in the bottomless ocean... *Then, with a luminous smile.* ... and from your most cherished advances, my Lord... *And both fall awake into a lucid dream on the rainbow carpet.*



*Lucid Dream, 2023. Poly-prospective, digital collage. NFT.*

*On the night shift, under the golden and red hearts drones recurring each other endlessly above the overtone choir humming the Theme in Allegro [152bpm], joyfully awaken, the Royals, aka, the Hermaphrodite, Adam Kadmon, Anthropos Cœlestis, and Insan al-Kamil impersonations are upcoming at their ultimate threshold at the intersection of the mundi & eventis axes tuned to a mesoteric active-passive fusion reconciling all principles. Still smiling eye on eye, reached the MoMA Postscript threshold, they are faced at left, alongside Got, by the Melancolia I magic square shielding the tiled PS1 identifier insignia, and at right, at Gut's side, by the Sator square, with both gatekeepers sprinkling visible joy for a thin ray of light outpouring from a hairline fissure in the ethereal entrance. Above, a cartouche with the ROMA-AMOR palindrome inscribed in golden and red letters – what else?;-) The three cyphers combined puzzle the Royals as a code signature to unlock the gate to their post-enlightened ladder, with very long leaps yet to go.*

ROMA ↔ AMOR	
16 3 2 13	SATOR
5 10 11 8	AREPO
9 6 7 12	TENET
4 15 14 1	OPERA
	ROTAS

HE, *to Got on the threshold.* I would be most grateful if we could avoid glitches and dystrophic meanings at this turn, Got. Karma and veto-free only... got it, Got? *Long pause. Then, to She winning his hand in overstepping the liminal edge.* Apparently, too soon to tell of an unlikely hidden holy grave parting shadows in contempt of Love... quite forgiving... I suppose, Madonna.



SHE, *incoming the mesoyard chamber of becoming in the middle of the Virtual Matrix as a cenotaph in heaven.* Quite right, my Lord, entirely so. Tonight, Love is riding my blood as a Chimera back and forth through my gate, merging all and everything, leaving inscriptions in my being, a real disaster, believe me, my Lord. *Pause. After a long sigh.* What a journey, my precious Lord! All imprinted in my soul, in my psyche, feelings, bones, brain, skin, DNA... and in my aura! Riding up and down, healing wounds to full function, replacing deaths with new karma-free births spot on! You know that, right, my Lord? *Pause. Then to Gut.* No kidding on my karma vector today, ok, Gut? Cause and effect broke free and are still running breath-free in the coffin!

HE, *on the Virtual Matrix's threshold.* As below so above, and vice versa my Lady! Top-down and bottom-up on the bidirectional lane melting mindful effervescence. Light upon light in higher realms, Madonna! In and out of revolving doors, a lot still to learn, to experience, to enjoy, and some more sloppy progress, Madonna. Yes... all considered, yes, I definitely agree.

SHE, *putting her arm on He's shoulder.* I wish I could believe that, my Lord. The one who allows oneself to do such a foul thing must work for many, many births on his baggage on the axis eventis. There is little momentum of sympathy over here for the under and upper-dogs' trail. Unwinding morning drafts at the heralds' deafness and breathing chimes in return, the Sacred Feminine is arising, my precious Lord. Déjà vu, déjà vu... What next, my Lord? Holo-consciousness? Complexification? Or isocratic meta identities? What, my Lord? What?

HE. It is not a concern to me whatsoever, my Lady, I mean it. But you are right, the non-linear jurisdiction is untangling infinitude between a pause twitted on an empty stage and an acute bargain soon tumbled in the gap. Check them out, Madonna. Openings are swinging harsh reality. The sentient collective is downloading the sharpest Mesoteric Suite Point Hybrid Infinity suite in its ultimate life-licence Premium version! *Long pause.* Bashing the deceptive appeal in the casket, dancing in real-time a counter-wise routine at the highest edge of the stage... very daring indeed, Madonna. *Pause.* Nice, very nice, my Lady, really cool, but...

SHE. But? It could make sense, Sir, if only a rough dilemma would smuggle vestiges in the chest of wisdom, uncaring of stitching scars and polished speakers... I presume and assume so, Sir. What's your take, my Lord? It doesn't square to me.

HE, *incoming the Virtual Matrix.* Hum... a hybrid Diamond Body in itself? Hum... Body? Which body? Which body my Donna? Your body? Or my body, my subtle body? Whose body, my Goddess me! Meaning does not always collate its accredited sense in other systems of thought and figures of feelings...

SHE, *once reached the centre of the Matrix, looks into the starred ceiling and at the video cameras streaming the scene on the territorial network and in Mesopolis. Then, intensely beholding her semantic mirror in the vision.* Yes, very much so, my gracious Lord. It may depend on the understanding and interpretation of the audience... but in the main, yes, I do agree. *Pause.* Yet, couldn't be that the objective-subjective meaning of the play may largely differ from its daily inconsequential usage on stage? *Pause.* Reasonable to me, my Lord. *Long pause.* Interpretation? Why not? When objective knowledge loses rate, it can shape only dense matter. Opaque in clarity, in resonance and meaning, my Lord. Meso-archetypal myths are resurging mesofores in my subjective realm, lost in the noisy background of daily parlance. It might be just a semi-irrational interpretation of the non-linear world, my Lord. *Pause.* No straight relation to theme and provenance at this time, right my Lord? Driven by force majeure, fore-edge renderings lose their sensical meaning in a multi-layered communiqué. *Pause.* Arcane. Incompressible. Unspeakable. Unperceivable, *neti neti*, unknowable. There is little empathy nowadays, my Lord, you know that. Only mesoteric tales, not to be analysed nor dissected beyond the unreasonable setting of the historical context, witnessing words and design fading on blank pages as a sign of a cursive destiny where only objective awareness stands in bold letters. *Long pause.* Anyway, let's catch up later, ok my Lord? Keep the vibe and do come in... *Said She joyfully bringing He's sacred jewel to her lips. Old school. Festive.*

*Post-alchemical kisses, eschatological thoughts, Pindaric flights up and down arias, aspirations, visions and envisaged facts in a mute overtone taming the Theme in Prestissimo, con brio [208bpm], no strings attached, voce solo for the Royals' conscious higher Self blowing out four transformative bodies of work in as many books, in reverse order, flat on the axis eventis.*

HE, *lying across the threshold, relaxed, recovering from the deep immersion, looking into the starry sky.* At the spring equinox, my Lady, Rubedo, the fourth and last meta-character of the narrative cast in the *Red Book* came first. A redded semi-epistolary, iosis, an itinerary in real-time embodying essence, meaning, purpose, love and light on a very unbalanced ladder between Midtown Manhattan and Brooklyn, recorded in the memory card added to the first copy of the book, ending de facto but not de jure the first part of the work, absolutely class from start to finish, Madonna.

SHE. I know, I know, my Lord, next was Citrinas, xanthosis, the awakening of inner dawn, the yellowness of the *Yellow Book* with its sulfuric etheric recollections of digital pages at the edge of any virtuality, with the *Lila* game and the nonfungible tokens secured in Mesopolis at the penultimate slide of the game costly proving to the safety of mind, my Lord.

HE. Yes, then Albedo, Madonna, whiteness, leucosis whitening separation in vested luminesces unfolding the *White Book* on the case study on duality, disclosing the Survey between Centre and Periphery, Establishment and Margin, Masculine and Feminine, with its demo-cultural analysis, with findings and perspectives at the autumnal equinox at UNHQ metaspaces in Turtle Bay.

SHE. Very true, and very lively memories indeed, my Lord, with later, down the dotted lines in the Midtown Tunnel, Nigredo, melanosis, the chaotic *massa confusa* blackening its inherent *prima materia* short of night. The last and first inner shadow-practice cleansing and aligning all demons in *solve & coagula* tangible and intangible deeds in the MoMA Postscript, collected in the *Black Book*, with the *Monitor* excursus, the abraded memories and other sublunar substantive paraphernalia. In summa, my Lord, the four stages of self-conscious post-alchemical transmutation shaped the narrative on the ladder, right? *Long pause.* Arthrosis? Old age? A foretaste of the first order? You name it, my Lord, I really hoped that already we were all done!

HE. But here is the point, Madonna. In the earthly rendition of the work, self-enlighten consciousness at the beginning of time becomes matter... and it does matters, correct? And it makes sense to you too, true? Yet, if the substantial dimension evolved in higher and finer orders of reality it consolidates the most valuable and refined stance on earth, from lead to gold so to speak, grounding consciousness in dharma flesh, it does also matter, right, my Lady? *Pause.* The intention is the key behind the practice, Madonna, just drop everything and let your wake higher Self take over, no longer disembodied nor riven it remembers, unwraps the spacetime continuum and unfolds the way behind the veil, with Orgy the oracle girl waning out of the tunnel to fall on Karpe Kairos' infinity interface... *Pause.* Are we on the same vibe, Madonna? *Long pause.* When a mesoteric fluorescence emerges onto the surface is named Beauty and, with Goodness and Truth, are all-time enjoying premium high-quality Love in both worlds, with

visions, images, words, and deeds at the core of a body of work as a phoneme uttered in unison in all realms. *Long pause.* And do you know what, Madonna? It seems that the morphological sequence of a mesoteric artwork from the initial underlying formal sign giving rise to such *morphé* is preserved and carried out as a self-recursive pattern through each step of the process up to the final stage and, moreover, it can be identified with the processes itself, amazing! If my argument holds, it implies that the phenomenology of the mesoteric artwork has casual implications, right? Got it, Madonna? *Pause.* Rapprochement? Or not?  
 SHE. It seems to me that you still have a long way to clear up your mind, my Lord, provenance and soft power are here unsure.

CROSSFADE

*After having left the Eye, the Cave, and the Virtual Matrix artworks in the MoMA PS1's collection as karmic debris on the axis eventis, in the evening, not backing down from their earthly footprint, the newly split Royals in full performance style within the leaves of their red and blue attires are piercing all illusional dreams and enriching consciousness one step higher, challenging their daily life routine by bonding both in person and in subtle realms. However, not to be too overassertive but definitely in reasonable sync with the sub-narrative, they are bending the timespace-specific syntax of the work in the absence of whatsoever ex-ante deliberation at their last port of call.*

SCENE 4. *Alike the split Royals' fourth-dimensional Self, the Postscript Scene 4 comprises two diachronic sections, A and B, each performed in a distinctive location. The former, A, takes place in Queens.*

Section 4<sup>1</sup>. EXT. EVENING. Queens. JFK and LaGuardia mesoport, in superposition. Mixed scene.

*Again synchronic and spatially displaced, enacted in superposition equally at the JFK and the LaGuardia mesoport portals both in-person and virtually. Besides the distance in terms of frequency, is a tiny difference in meaning that differentiates the split Royals who, each with a copy of the Black Book at hand are docking the aerial ladder into an aircraft with no insignia on the asphalt airway. In the foreground of both portals, lined in the vacuum facing the aircraft, the Cave Quantum Company & the Eye Cyber Ensemble are performing the initiatory Theme in sync with the Royals who, at each beat of the tune, leap one step higher on the ladder and, with a gentle reap, seven pages of the Black Book are trashed in the air. Upon reaching the final note on their last step, fulfilling their ontological drive by separately heading to their converging biographic marker across the ocean of consciousness, each turn towards the audience and start singing in unison their last Aria.*

ARIA. "We... pluralis maiestatis!". [Reiterative, patronising beat].

ROYAL COUPLE, *atop the ladder at both portals, to the audience.* [Sop-Ten. Duet]. We invite you to join a flight of holy bliss in a mundane suit of sparkling joy, with Economics no longer rolling the souls for its gas in the closet... very forgiving...

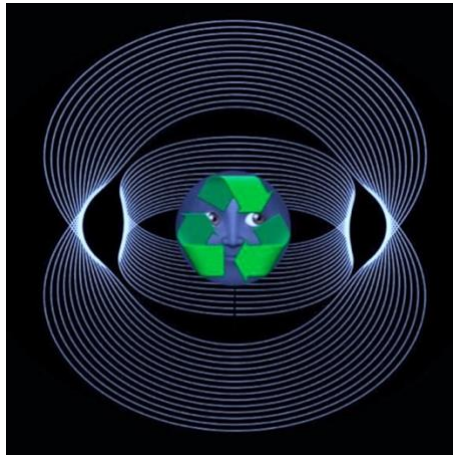
HE, *both in person and virtually.* [Ten. Solo.]. With pleasure, my Lady! Metaculture and meta-spirituality went berserk in hostage to the Queen-Goddess in the Postscript... Unlock your full potential, my splendid hot goddess, this earthly transit is short... very short, with deaths on arrival and suspended rebirths. No way... no way Madonna!



*Unlock your Full Potential, 2023. Digital collage. [NFT](#).*

SHE, *both in person and virtually, in a deep, warm polyphonic dark timber.* [Sop. Solo]. Unfolding and infolding at once on this equinox, it may disclose a very dear welcome, my Lord!

ROYAL COUPLE, *at both portals.* [Sop-Ten. Duet]. Sailing in thin air, grounding and arising awareness in full gear is amazing, guys! Then, turned their back to the performers deployed in the vacuum, each slowly faints in the dark belly of their unique crafts taxing to the same ubiquitous destination, while Jenny, the genius loci in disguise, guards their departing edges from the control tower.



*Jenny, the genius loci in disguise. Study. 2023. Digital collage. [NFT](#).*

CUT.

*Section B of Scene 4 is performed only in person six months later at the following spring equinox – the last timespace marker of the narrative – upon the Royals reaching their final destination on the axis eventis in Europe at the Justice metaspaces at the International Court of Justice (ICJ) in The Hague, the only of the six UN organs outside the HQ in Turtle Bay, at the Peace Palace – which best place to joyfully consume a karma-free love relationship?*



*The Royals and the Virtual Matrix at the Justice metaspaces. 2023. Digital collage. [NFT](#).*

Section 4<sup>B</sup>. EXT/INT. EVENING. Justice metaspaces. The Hague. Peace Palace. In-person.

*With the Overtone Choir murmuring the Theme in the Virtual Matrix sited in the courtyard facing the Peace Palace, the Royals are about to resume their past lives in extraterritorial areas at the Justice metaspaces among the audience, bystanders and paststanders.*

OVERTONE CHOIR. [Chorus line]. By the Great Heaven! Why not folks? Get fit for your next existential blow and increase awareness in both worlds...

ROYAL COUPLE, *responsive*. [Sop-Ten. Duet]. We know we know that, lads! A whole year in high consciousness up and down both worlds across two continents, with Ichor, Got & Gut, Karpe Kairos and Or'Hanguie hand in hand with Retina escorted by Orgy heading the soulful Villains of Love among the insightful audience and a wealthy of empathic donors bestowing their heartfelt tax-free generosity on the awareness play, it has been a valuable lesson indeed!

OVERTONE CHOIR. [Chorus line]. Once enough is gathered and awareness sears in the Garden of Delights in and out of the Matrix, we will set sail, folks. Be assured, even if a response is completely noncommittal and reserved, in any case and at all events, it will genuinely increase the sentient drive revealing and concealing its own becoming! Promised!

SHE. [Sop. Solo]. Take action, my Lord!

HE, [Ten. Solo]. Get involved, Madonna!

*And lightly they left the Matrix followed by the Cave Quantum Company and the Eye Cyber Ensemble greeted by the audience in the outer courtyard. Arm in arm they reached the gate where Got & Gut offered them an unlimited free life pass to the Palace. Overstepped the final threshold, walked through the inner courtyard and entered the hallway, they are cheerfully welcomed by Her Excellency the Rt. Hon. Elaine Marquise de la Claire Vue, Lady Justice, in the garb of the Mistress of Ceremony, naked, with her long multi-coloured loose hair only and the bush pruned into the shape of a heart, with above a tiny tattooed purple scale for due*

courtesy. Granted the customary pleasantries, the Royals swiftly turned right to join the honourable guests convened in the Great Hall of Justice for a final *vin d'honneur*.

ROYAL COUPLE, standing at the entrance of the Hall, address the honourable guests. [Sop-Ten. Duet]. Hold highly, lightly and firmly the process and the outcome, mates! How & What are catching up right here and now in this blessed sanctuary of rightness love!

While the awoke Quantum Company orderly dissolves among the invitees, the Overtone Choir takes sits on the high-back chairs under the large stained-glass windows by Willem Bogtman (1882-1955) depicting scenes from the history of international law and the development of civilization overlooking the inner courtyard, and discharges its last line in high pitch (8) to the joyful reputable concern.

OVERTONE CHOIR. [Chorus line]. The most-precious rewards for enhancing the collective soul to a fresh heaven, are awake peaceful juicy vibes freely spread all around in loving care! Enjoy folks!

ROYAL COUPLE. [Sop-Ten. Duet]. And don't forget to donate! Thank you, guys! *And soon after the party got started.*

*At dawn, left the extraterritorial area to emerge into the forefront of life, the Royals began wandering again throughout worl]ds – that's what I have been told, very much bespoken, actually – and are still nowadays enduring the journey in their colourful heartily attires, layer upon layer matching their fate clean as a whistle on the Fifth path, all the while the cyborg grammatology is surfacing a resonant pattern scrubbing sensory and virtual footprints in and off-scene, uplifting the opus magnum continuum to a higher collective performance catalysing both worlds in one single feat, well far beyond the staged curtain. For, as a traditional saying still has it, Love took up where Wisdom left off.*

Curtain.

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\* **Forthcoming.** XIV [2023], 10 (9). The *Black Book*. *The materia prima & ultima documentation (2017-2023)*. Introduction (*Monitors*). *Cave 3.0* libretto. Notes, sketches, drafts, drawings, settings, renderings, correspondence & paraphernalia - Production, marketing, budget. Apparatus criticus & marginalia.

\* **Meeting in the Cave. From Polarisation to Inclusion.**

*A timespace-specific operatic installation awareness play in both worlds across two continents.*

Introduction. [*Monitor. Back issues*].

XII [2021], 1 (0), *Shifting the Paradigm* - Outline - The Polarities. The split Royal Couple.

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, the *Virtual Matrix* metaspaces. Structural Layout. Overture - The plot. The *Cave 3.0's* seven scenes summaries. 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*.

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

XIII [2022], 1-6 (7), *Grounding the Play* - The Lila game - Virtual Act: The Garden of Delights - The *Mesopolis* mesospace.

Current: XIV [2023], 7-9 (8), *Being & Becoming* - The UNHQ metaspaces - UNGA side event 'Awareness, Culture & and Self-development in the Digital Age... & Beyond': - The Middle Council - The Underworld initiation - The MoMAPS1 Postscript mesospace. The JFK and LaGuardia mesoport. The Peace Palace *Justice* metaspaces. Curtain.

\* **Source.** Excerpted and edited by and from Sahlan Momo, *Meeting in the Cave: From Polarisation to Inclusion. The Red Book*. (Semar: The Hague, 2017), the websites. References & Glossary *omissis*.

\* **Related Links** [Meeting in the Cave](#) [The Eye](#) [The Cave](#) [Spanda Foundation](#) [Spanda Monitor](#) (back issues) [Spanda Journal](#)

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