



Dear Friends,

While the world is swamped by insane power games breaking down the shell of a sick system, and powerful fresh energies are reshaping humankind birthing a new layer of the collective consciousness, the *Meeting in the Cave* awareness play by Sahlan Momo surfaces its second scene in a series of seven in the *Cave 3.0* operatic narrative. Let the journey continue!



10. GENDER & ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

In this section of the work, the apparatus criticus is intended to develop a deeper understanding of the dramatic process, the decisions and the vision behind the awareness play, and to sharpen the prism through which the piece can be perceived. For the actors and performers of the Cave Quantum Company and the Eye Cyber Ensemble, and the curious readers, it offers context and background on the thematic choices; it brings suggestions and comments for the characters' arc development and interpretation of the script facilitating the production challenges. Moreover, it suggests to the participants a perspective that may enrich a deeper understanding of the objectives of the work by engaging them in the creative process integrating their feelings behind the author's decisions; and establishing a stronger relationship between the work beyond mere entertainment, enabling an open and free (re)elaboration of the work in consciousnesses.

Japanese terms in kanji, hiragana, and katakana scripts are transliterated according to the Hepburn Romanization system and, occasionally, followed by literal translations.

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As previously noted¹, the journey of the split Royal Couple co-protagonists, notably She the feminine principle and He the masculine, unwinds the sevenfold paradigm that, to the effect of this context can be set into as many states of consciousness, each indwelling its life force signature whose operative modality consists of distinctive features perceived linearly. However, in the human make-up and from a quantum perspective, these features are non-linear, nonlocal and co-existing, and, as such, they are performed in the Cave venue metaspaces unfolding the dramaturgy of the Royal Couple chronotaxis reincarnation itinerary towards singularity.

LIBRETTO

CAVE 3.0 - A LAIC INITIATION

A tale told by an idiot, full of joyful blessings, depicting the dualistic paradox, the illusion of time, and the evolution of consciousness in a sensory way in 3 Acts, a Prologue, 7 Scenes, and an Epilogue.

ACT ONE, Scene Two.

THE HERMAPHRODITE & THE ROBOT

Kyoto 2045 CE. - Music: 7 Variations on a Theme, 2nd Variation.

Life is a lying dream. He only wakes who casts the world aside. – Zeami.

After the conclusion of Scene One featuring the split Royal Couple exiting the Cave venue with She at the wheel of the itinerant Chevy Bell Air and He at her side humming in a soft voice con anima triste ma non tanto sparse lines in B minor of “Let’s look and see” from the second Aria of Death & Rebirth, quietly accompanied by the muted Or’Hangu the Orangutan, the previous state of consciousness with asymptomatic intelligence comfortably lying on the back bench, they were well equipped to enact in presence their second nonlinear reincarnation in the Cave of Light by performing Scene Two in Far East Asia, Anno 2045 CE.

In truth, She now embodies Booh the Hermaphrodite, and He, Rooh the Robot, the artificial consciousness. In a reversed analogy, He is One, and She is Many. He destroys the old to renew and rebuild the spiral cycle of time so that recreation can start anew in the upper realm. He is infinite and She renders the infinite into finite. He is formless and She, fruited by the spirit, renders the formless into myriad forms. He is the holder of power, though he is inert, yet He is null and void without She, as all the power in creation, maintenance, and dissolution rests with She. However, only together do they become the oneness of all beings, the generative gateway energy transcending the polar distinction between the masculine and feminine, of yin and yang as funding partners of the fresh karmic-free elaboration of consciousness in the Great Opus, transmuting the physical, the etheric, and astral into one distinct being (re)gaining its original androgen nature independent of any form.

BROOKLYN. THE CAVE VENUE. LATE AFTERNOON.

All previous, present, and following scenes performed in the Cave venue are live-streamed into the Eye metaspaces at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan and within each Virtual Matrix on the New York territory and across the Atlas Sea in the Sacred and Justice metaspaces respectively in Rome, Italy, and The Hague, Netherlands.

¹ Cf. Sahlan Momo, “Humans are Multidimensional beings” (The Hague: Spanda.org, XII [2021], 3-4 (2) - https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/2_humans_are_multidimensional.pdf/).

² “[...] a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury”, in William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 5. 5: 26-27.

The Cave Venue Metaspaces — General setting.

The Cave venue metaspaces consists of three elements: the two polarities founding pillar of all temples in which a sacred ritual is performed, namely the original dyad comprising the three-ringed Dome and the rainbow-sloped Cavea of Light with its seven ranks of seats; and the third catalysing element, the three-layered staged Matrix.

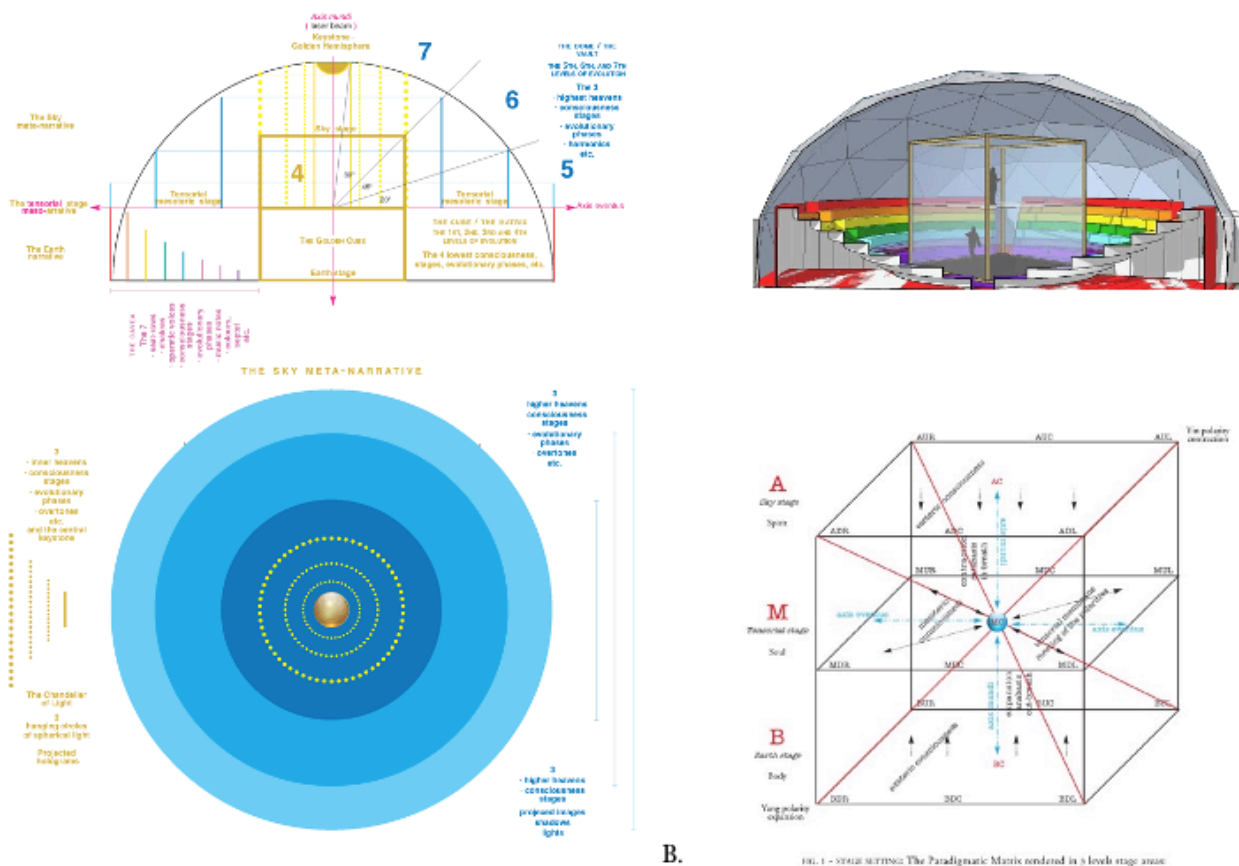


FIG. 1 - STAGE SETTING: The Paradigmatic Matrix rendered in a levels stage areas: Above (A), Sky stage; Middle (M), Tensorial stage; Below (B), Earth stage.

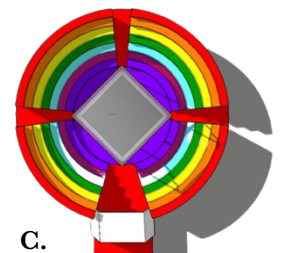
- A. The Metanarrative plane is performed on the three-layered Dome: the 5th, 6th, and 7th tiers of the Higher Self. The Dome displays projected floating images deprived of substance and consistency in which the spacetime continuum is synchronic yet non-linear, with historical sites and times intermingled into the present.
- The Dome: The Three Highest Heavens: the 5th, 6th, and 7th dimensions of consciousness of the Higher Self.
 - The Keystone: The emanation point of the *axis mundi*.
 - The Chandelier: The seven subtle states of consciousness.
 - Gold (colour): The solar radiance; the original integrity of the Higher Self.
 - Bleu (colour): The subtle manifestation of the void; the cosmic womb.
- B. The Narrative plane evolves within and upon the three-layered Matrix and in the sloped Cavea of Light: the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th human dimensions of consciousness. The Narrative plane displays real actors; the continuum is time-insensitive and diachronic; the performance on the Matrix converges the top-down and the bottom-up polarities on the medial Tensorial stage, the mesoteric *locus medio*.
- The Matrix: The Sky stage. Mostly in darkness, with only one non-linear time frame.
The Earth stage. The spacetime continuum is diachronic and linear, the sacred time is split; unity is set in space only.
When the action is performed contemporarily on both upper and lower stages and the action/actors are aligned vertically, it generates its reflection on the medial Tensorial stage. Linear and sacred times are united. Masculine & Feminine polarities are joined.
 - The Cavea of Light: The seven states of the audience's consciousness are mirrored in the performance.
 - Black (colour): Contraction; the subtle yin polarity; the feminine, the yoni; the horizontal *axis eventis* ground of any and each manifestation; the split mundane reality; the counterpart of the spirit.
 - White (colour): Expansion; the subtle yang polarity, the masculine, the lingam; the *axis mundi*; the split spiritual reality; the counterpart of matter.

The hiatus between the Metanarrative and the Narrative is set between the 4th and the 5th dimensions of consciousness, i.e., the 4th and the 5th chakra, and the augmented 4th tritone *diabolus in musica*³. In the performance, this gap is singled out in the *Enter* 'act between the 4th and the 5th scenes betwixt Act One and Two.

C. Soundscape disposition of the Eye Cyber Ensemble's family of instruments into the seven ranks of the Cavea of Light.

- 1st SATB overtone choir.
- 2nd Operatic voices: bass, baritone, tenor, countertenor, contralto, mezzo, soprano.
- 3rd Winds: bansuri, fujara, ney, sax, shakuhachi, suling.
- 4th Strings: bass, chora, electric guitar, koto, mandolin, oud, cello.
- 5th Keyboards: accordion, barrel-organ, harmonium, shruti.
- 6th Percussion: balafon, claquette, gambang, gangan, chimes, gong, taiko.
- 7th Electronic: live, and pre-recorded material.

On stage, the lower plane of the Matrix is the designated locus of the Eye Cyber Ensemble. To shape the soundscape orchestration, each family of instruments moves among the audience to any of the three planes of the Matrix and in the seven ranks of the Cavea of Light. The sound flow is provided by a series of loudspeakers at the intersections of the seven rows of the Cavea and by a string of speakers positioned across the whole three-layered Dome.



³ In music theory, the tritone (TT) is a musical interval spanning three adjacent whole tones — six semitones in the chromatic scale — regardless of scale degrees. For instance, the interval from F up to the B above it (F-B) is a tritone as it can be decomposed into the three adjacent whole tones F-G, G-A, and A-B. A restless interval classed in Western music since the early Middle Ages as a dissonance, frequently avoided in ecclesiastical singing because of its dissonant quality, termed *Diabolus in musica* (Lat., 'the Devil in music') for the originally found example is "Mi Contra Fa est diabolus en musica" (Mi against Fa is the devil in music), and farther regarded as an unstable interval, rejected as a consonance until the end of the Renaissance.

TIME	2045 CE. After the Grand Plague War.
PLACE	Cultural reference and setting: Far East Asia. Japan; Noh ⁴ , Zen, Ainu ⁵ .
SUBNARRATIVE	Gender & Artificial Consciousness (AC).
LITERARY REFERENCES & SOURCES.	Taira Shigesuke, <i>Bushido Shoshinshu</i> ⁶ , (11.1); Zeami, <i>Kagekito</i> (II, 23).
MUSIC	7 <i>Variations on a Theme</i> . 2 nd Variation. Instrumentation on the ranks of the Cavea of Light: 1 st rank: SATB overtone choir; 2 nd , voices: tenor, soprano; 3 rd , winds: shakuhachi; 4 th , strings: koto; and 6 th , percussion: chimes, gong, taiko.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Metanarrative, on the Dome.

AMATERASU⁷ The Sun Goddess. | 1st tier.

⁴ Noh (Nō, from the Sino-Japanese word for ‘skill’, ‘craft’, or ‘talent’) is the oldest traditional major form of classical Japanese theatre developed during the Muromachi period (1333-1573) by Kan’ami Kiyotsugu (1333–1384), an actor, author, and musician, and by his son the actor and playwright Zeami Motokiyo (1363-1443) who popularised and formalised the art in nine levels of acting from lower degrees emphasising movement and violence to higher degrees to represent the opening of a flower and spiritual prowess. Nowadays, Noh is extremely codified and formally regulated by the *iemoto* (lit. ‘family foundation’) system of traditional Japanese arts referring to the founder of a certain school or to familial generations, characterised by a hierarchical structure and the ultimate authority of the *iemoto* who has inherited the secret traditions of the school from the previous *iemoto*.

Also known as *Nōgaku*, (*gaku*, lit. ‘entertainment, music’) Noh theatre is structured around music, dance, and drama. It integrates masks, costumes and various props in a performance requiring highly trained actors and musicians acting on a minimalist square stage (*butai*) made entirely of unfinished Japanese cypress (*hinoki*), without any proscenium or curtains to obstructing the view and with all sides open except for the back side consisting of a panel (*Kagami-ita*) with a painted simple pine tree. Running at an oblique angle upstage right, a narrow bridge (*hashigakari*, lit. ‘suspension bridge’) signifies something aerial connecting the tangible and the intangible on the same level used by actors to enter the stage. At each corner, a pillar (*bashira*) associated with the performers and their actions: starting clockwise from upstage right: the Principal Character's pillar (*Shitebashira*); the Gazing pillar (*Metsukebashira*); the Secondary Character's pillar (*Wakibashira*); the Flute pillar (*fuibashira*). Supported by the four pillars, an independent roof hangs over the stage, even in indoor theatres, to unify the theatre space and define the space as an architectural entity symbolising the holiness of a stage whose design stems from the worship pavilion (*haiden*) or sacred dance pavilion (*kagura-den*) of Shinto shrines. The stage provides a shared experience between the performers and the audience

All performers are male. Movements express moods and emotions conveyed by slow, stylised conventional gestures, signs, and signals. The language is poetic, and the acting is mono-tonic. Depending on the play, the leading character, the *shite*, wears a mask carved from blocks of Japanese cypress and painted with natural pigments on a neutral base of glue and crushed seashell. He may act as a holy old man, a deity, a demon, a spirit, a man or a woman of various ages, and explains to the audience the portrayed character. The three-dimensional properties of the mask allow the actor to induce a variety of expressions with subtle minimal changes in head orientation. The supporting actor, the *waki*, plays roles such as a priest, monk or samurai and, in contrast to the *shite*, the *waki* always portrays living people. Themes are often based on tales from traditional literature, highlighting dreams and supernatural worlds cast in five categories (*mono*): a) God plays (*Kami mono*) or *Waki Noh*, featuring the *shite* in the role of a deity to tell the mythic story of a shrine or praise a particular god. Usually structured in two acts, the deity takes a disguised human form in the first act and reveals the real self in the second act. b) Warrior plays (*Shura mono*) or *Ashura Noh*, takes its name from the Buddhist underworld; the protagonist appears as a ghost of a famous samurai pleading to a monk for salvation and the drama culminates in a glorious re-enactment of the scene of his death in a full war costume. c) Wig plays (*Katsura mono*) or *Onna mono* (Woman plays) depict the *shite* in a female role performing smooth and flowing movements, starring some of the most refined songs and dances of Noh. d) There are about 94 miscellaneous ‘disgraced’ plays including subcategories such as Madness plays (*kyōran mono*), Vengeful Ghost plays (*Onryō mono*), Present plays (*Genzai mono*), as well as others. e) Final plays (*Kiri Noh*) or Demon plays (*oni mono*), performed the last in a five-play programme, feature the *shite* in the role of monsters, goblins, or demons in bright colours in a fast-paced tense finale movement.

Each category has a specific mask and costume, focusing on ghosts and spirits transformed into human form as a hero narrating a story exploring deep philosophical concepts. The plots are usually the lives of ordinary people of the twelfth to sixteenth centuries. The actors wear shimmering silk brocade costumes (*shozoku*, lit. robes) with striking colours and multiple layers of elaborate textures and intricate weaves of embroidery crafting an effect of alluring elegance in a bulky massive figure. Expressiveness is minimalistic and stylised, enhanced with wigs, hats, and props, most notably with a closed, partly closed or open folding fan carried by all performers regardless of role, which can represent any object as suggested by its shape and handling and exemplifies different items during the same play. When hand props other than fans are used, they are introduced or retrieved by the stage attendants (*koken*) dressed in all-black costumes (*kuroko*) implying that they are invisible assistants but part of the action, appearing or remaining on stage in plain view of the audience all along an entire performance traditionally staged outdoors all day long.

Sit at the back of the stage, four musicians (*hayashi*) accompany the performance with a flute (*flue*), a shoulder drum (*kotsuzumi*), a hip drum (*otsuzumi*) and a stick drum (*taiko*). At the right side of the stage, the sitting chorus (*jiutai*) of up to eight members assists the *shite* in the narration of the story. Musicians and chorus wear formal black *montsuk* kimono adorned with family crests, with either a skirt-like garment (*hakama*) or a combination of *hakama* and a waist-coat (*kami-shimo*) overstated in embellished shoulders and, entering the *butai*, carrying the fan in their hand or tucked into the sash (*obi*).

Set pieces, such as boats, wells, altars, and bells, are carried onto the stage before the beginning of the act in which they are needed only to suggest the actual objects. Yet, as a recurrent exception of props rules, the Great Bell intends to hide the actor and to allow a costume change during the *Kyogen* interlude, namely, the 15-20 minutes comic pieces between the main performances involving two or three actors with rhythmical language inflated by satire and witty jokes to inspire laughter from the audience. Although Noh and *Nōgaku* terms are often interchangeable, *Nōgaku* encompasses both Noh and *Kyogen*. The *Nōgaku* has been designated as an Intangible Cultural Heritage by UNESCO.

⁵ The Ainu or the Aynu, also known as the Ezo in the historical Japanese texts, are the Japanese indigenous people of Hokkaidō and formerly North-Eastern Honshū, and the population of Russian Sakhalin, the Kuril Islands, Khabarovsk Krai and the Kamchatka Peninsula. An unofficial estimate places the near-total assimilation of the Ainu into Japanese society at 200,000 or higher.

⁶ Taira Shigesuke, *Code of the Samurai* (Boston: Tuttle 1999).

⁷ Amaterasu (*Amaterasu-ōmikami* or *Ōhirume-no-muchi-no-kami*) is the great and glorious goddess embodiment of the Rising Sun, the most important divinity of the Shinto faith. She is the deity (*kami*) of order and the ruler of the High Plane of Heaven (*Takama no Hara*), namely, the dwelling sacred abode of the heavenly gods (*amatsukami*), the opening of a higher world in a spiritual sense connected to the Earth by the Floating Bridge of Heaven (*Ama-no-uki-hashi*), a bridge-domain of the deities expressive of the natural world and the islands of Japan, and their queen. Amaterasu’s name derives from *Amateru*, ‘shining in heaven’, while her whole name, *Amaterasu-ōmikami* is ‘the great and glorious *kami* who shines in the heaven.’ The Sun signifies order and purity, two of Shinto’s most important concepts. All things in creation are ordered and, from Amaterasu downwards, are reflected in Japanese society. In this position, she not only serves as the literal rising Sun that illuminates all things, but provides nourishment to all living creatures and marks the orderly movement of day into night. As a major deity, she appears in the two earliest written chronicles of Japanese mythology: the *Kojiki* (Records of Ancient Matters, c. 712 CE, tr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, 1919) and the *Nihon Shoki* (c. 720 CE), according to both of which the Emperors of Japan are her direct descendants. The *Kojiki* portrays the originator of the universe *Ame-no-Minakanushi*, the first god to appear in the High Plane of Heaven branching off from the primeval misty chaos, the original creative polarities: light, the pure elemental to become heaven (*ame*); and the heavy, turbid portion to become earth (*tsuchi*) — the original antithetic two polarities Royal Couple of the *Meeting in the Cave* narrative. *Ame* became the home of the gods of heaven (*amatsukami*), while *tsuchi* became the home of the gods of the land (*kunisukami*). From these, emerged the central *kami* of the creation myth: the divine male *Izanagi-no-Mikoto* (lit. ‘He-who-invites’ or the ‘Male-who-invites’), and his younger twin sister the goddess of creation *Izanami-no-Mikoto*. The *Kojiki* portrays Izanagi-Izanami as the seventh and final generation of deities manifested when Heaven and Earth came into being after the emergence of the first group of gods, the *Kotoamatsukami*. Standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, Izanagi and Izanami received a command from the other deities to fill the misty void. In seeking to solidify and shape the vacuum into the Earth, they stirred the primeval ocean with the heavenly jewelled spear *Ame-no-Nuboko*, often represented as a *naginata*, a polearm weapon consisting of a wooden or metal pole with a curved single-edged blade on the end. When the spear was raised, the salt brine that dripped from the spear’s tip congealed and formed *Onogoroshima* (Lit. *ono*, ‘self’; *shima*, ‘island’), the initial (is)land upon which Japan began to form. The couple descended to the island, set up their dwelling and erected the *Ame no mihashira* heavenly pillar. Realising that they were meant to

The Narrative, on the three-layered Matrix.

BOOH the Hermaphrodite⁸ She/He; The Cave Manager, the Waki. | Middle Tensorial stage.

procreate and have offspring, they devised a marriage ritual whereby they would walk in opposite directions around the pillar, greet each other and initiate their sacred sexual intercourse. After Izanami greeted Izanagi first, Izanagi objected that he, the male, should have been the first to speak. Thus, the first offspring from their union resulted in a deformed leech child (*Hiruko*) — known in later Shinto mythology as the god Ebisu — and they set him adrift in a boat of reeds. Attributing the mistake to a ritual error on the part of Izanami who, as a female, should not have spoken first, they started again their sacred intercourse and their second successful attempt yielded a multitude of islands and numerous *kami*. In giving birth to the last deity, Fire (*Kagutsuchi* or *Homusubi*), Izanami was burned and thus had to depart to the underworld land of the dead (*Yomi*) and requested Izanagi to never again look for her. Wrought with grief and wishing to see her again, Izanagi journeyed to the land of darkness searching everywhere for his consort in the hope of retrieving her. Eventually, losing his patience and betraying his promise not to look at her, he lit a fire revealing her rotting corpse full of demons (*oni*) covered with worms and that she had already partaken of food cooked in the underworld furnace, rendering her return impossible. Horrified and grief-stricken, he fled away. To avenge her shame, Izanami went into a rage and sent both the Gods of Thunder *Yakusanookazuchi* and the Hags of Yomi *Yomotsu-shikome*, and a horde of warriors to chase after him. To distract them, Izanagi threw the vine securing his hair and the comb on his hair knot, which turned into grapes and bamboo shoots that the hags devoured and, upon reaching the Flat Slope of Yomi Pass (*Yomotsu Hirasaka*) he took three peaches (*momo*) from a nearby tree using them to repel his pursuers. He then declared the peach fruit to be divine and bade it to grow in the land of the living to help people in need. When Izanami herself pursued him, he overstepped Yomi's threshold, sealed the gate of death with a huge boulder, and thus broke their union. Outraged, she pronounced a curse vowing that she would kill one thousand people each day, to which he replied that he would then spawn a thousand and five hundred people every day to thwart her, thereby ensuring the survival of Earth's population.

Feeling contaminated by the stain of death lying upon him, to purify himself Izanagi went to the plain of Awagihara to bath in the pure river-mouth of Tachibana in Himuka on the island of Tsukushi — an action to become the founding Shinto purification *Misogi* ritual practice. As he stripped off his clothes and accoutrements and immersed himself in the cold water, various deities came into being: from his left eye emerged the Sun Goddess Amaterasu fully grown and glowing with light, the ruler of the Sun and the Heavens. Next, he washed his right eye and emerged the shining Moon God *Tsukuyomi* ruler of the night reflecting his sister's light — an atypical reversal of the Sun/Male and Moon/Female worldwide symbolism. While cleaning his nose, a storm emerged shaping up the Storm God *Susanoo* ruler of the seas; together the three major *kami*, the Three Precious Children (*Mihashira no uzu no miko* or *Sankishi*). As was the natural order of things, Amaterasu shared the sky with her younger brother and husband Tsukuyomi, and together they ruled the day and night. The marriage produced children, but Tsukuyomi lacked Amaterasu's naturally glowing disposition. Whatever goodness he had was merely a reflection of her light and, ultimately, he revealed his true nature when the Goddess of Food *Uke Mochi*, after creating at her banquet a bounty from which food could be grown, spat fish into the sea and game into the forests pulling crops from her rectum, nose, and mouth. Disgusted by her actions, Tsukuyomi killed her on the spot. Upset, Amaterasu rejected her husband's disgust, labelled him an evil deity, riven away and banished him, thus separating night from day for all eternity.

Though Izanagi tasked all three of his bath emanations with ruling the heavens, Amaterasu's claim was strongest as his firstborn, and that she held the right to rule. Yet, Susanoo, the youngest, resented his elder sister's right to rule and questioned it openly, insulting her and claiming she had no power over the higher realm. Ultimately, his arrogance led Izanagi to order him to leave Heaven. Before his departure, Susanoo went to bid his sister goodbye who, suspicious of his actions, required him to accept a challenge to prove his sincerity. As the challenge began, each took an object belonging to the other: Susanoo took Amaterasu's Grand Jewel necklace and birthed five male deities. Amaterasu took his Heavenly Blade — Sigmund, Sigmund... — and birthed three female deities. Claiming the male deities were hers because they were born of her necklace and the goddesses were his, she decided that she had won the challenge as his item (sic!) produced women. Outraged by her claim, Susanoo went on a rampage destroying much of the heavenly and earthly realms. He annihilated Amaterasu's rice fields, threw a flayed pony at her loom and, in a fit of rage, killed one of her beloved maidens. In fury and grief, ashamed that her actions had led to such chaos, Amaterasu fled and hid inside the Heavenly Rock Cave *Ama-no-Iwato* — the proto Cave metaspaces of the Narrative — thus plunging Earth into total darkness with evil spirits running riot over the world. And so, the first winter came upon Earth, a hard time for a realm used to enjoying the warm sparkling sun.

From above, all the *kami* gathered in Takamagahara, looked down to the Earth and seeing the disarray and darkness left by Amaterasu's absence, they described the chaos to her absence. They tried all manner of ways to persuade her to leave the Cave, but she refused and blocked the entrance with a rock. After almost a year of discussions, *Omoikane* the God of Wisdom and Intelligence, determined that if she did not come out of her own volition, the only way was to lure her out of the Cave with curiosity. To this end, they threw outside of the *Ama-no-Iwato* cave a grand party with music and dancing, invited the Heavenly Alarming Female *Ame-no-Uzume-no-Mikoto*, Uzume, the Goddess of Dawn, of Delight and Meditation, the Great Persuader subtle *kami* of dance, of revelry and the arts, wife of fellow-God *Sarutahiko Ōkami*, to perform her magical mesodance. Hence, she hung before the Cave the octagonal bronze *Yata no Kagami*, the Eight Ta Mirror, a source of much mystique and reverence representing wisdom, as a mirror only reflects what is shown; and the jewel *Yasakani no Magatama*, a string of curved comma-shaped beads of polished jade, representing benevolence. The two of the Three Sacred Treasures (*Sanshu no Jingi/Mikusa no Kamudakara*), the Imperial Regalia of Japan, forged by the deity *Ishikoridome*. Then she tore off her clothing in front of all deities exposing her breasts and her pussy as a sign of friendship; overturned a tub near the Cave entrance and began a lewd dance on it. All deities considered this so comical that they laughed heartily at the sight. From inside the Cave, Amaterasu heard them laugh, grew curious about the source of amusement and peered out to see what the turmoil was about. As soon as she opened the Cave, she became transfixed by her glorious reflection in the *Yata no Kagami* mirror and slowly exited her hiding dwelling. As she did so, her light reentered the world, fading away the chaos that had been left in her wake, and winter ended and spring and summer brought life back to Earth. At that moment, the god *Ame-no-Tajikarawo* dashed forth, forced the Cave open and closed it behind her refusing to dislodge it, so Amaterasu could no longer retreat. Quickly, another *kami* tied one magic ritual Enclosing Hemp Rope *Shimenawa* around the entrance to state its sanctity and purity. Then, the deities *Ame-no-Koyane-no-mikoto* and *Ame-no-Futodama* asked Amaterasu to return to the divine assembly. Ashamed, she agreed; begged forgiveness for her actions and reverted to Heaven, and Light was restored to Earth; Susanoo was punished and banished from Heaven, yet, later they amended their conflict when Susanoo gave her as a reconciliation gift the heavenly sword *Kusanagi-no-Tsurugi* representing courage, the third of the Imperial Regalia. In time, Amaterasu, responsible for keeping balance and harmony within the earthly realm, bequeathed the Three Sacred Treasures to her grandson Ninigi, which helped him to establish a kingdom of justice and harmony on Earth. His great-grandson Jimmu became the First Emperor of Japan and ruled with the Imperial Regalia as a sign of his divine right and lineage. The current actual location of the Regalia is unknown, though is commonly thought to be kept in the precincts of the Tokyo Imperial Palace, even if a lack of public access makes this difficult to verify. Historians regard Uzume's performance as the mythological creation of *taiko* music (*infra* 10ⁿ), and her dance gave rise to the Shinto's *Kagura* ritual ceremonial art dance, which evolved in many directions throughout more than a millennium and is today a living ritual tradition primarily tied to the rhythms of the agricultural calendar of the Shimane prefecture. Uzume is worshipped today as a *kami* and depicted as the Okame's farce, a woman who celebrates her sensuality in Noh Kyogen interludes (*supra* 4ⁿ).

⁸ In Greek mythology, the Hermaphrodite is the son of Hermes and Aphrodite, who merged bodies with a naiad and thereafter possessed both male and female qualities. In Western traditional alchemy, after the *citrinas* third stage of transmutation and separation of the opposing qualities fostering clarity and discernment by distinguishing different aspects of the Self, the opposites are once again united in the *Rebis* — *res bina*, dual or double matter — the reconciliation of spirit and matter, of the Sun and Moon as the end-product of the *magnum opus*, viz., the Great Work giving rise to the subtle Hermaphrodite, the *filius sapientiae* of the Red King and the White Queen, the Child of Wisdom bearing male and female qualities in equal measure. As an archetype, the Hermaphrodite symbolises the *conjunction oppositorum* in which conscious and unconscious mediate to release tensions, solve conflicts, heal, and transmute to the supra-conscious. As an image of the Self, the hermaphrodite is where oneness becomes the goal of human self-realisation in a mundane fashion, as the embodiment of the Adam Kadmon/Anthropos Coelesti/Insan al-Kamil consciousness.

In Tantric ritual, the unity of opposites gives rise to the formation of the Diamond body. In Hinduism, the hermaphrodite is Ardhanareeswara, half man, half woman, one of the sixty-four Shiva's manifestations as the male golden static energy and the female Prakriti silver dynamic energy: being and becoming. This fusion of the male and female halves takes lord Brahma beyond gender manifest, the realisation of which means liberation.

In Chinese and Japanese mythology, the hermaphrodite Lan Caihe has been portrayed in a ragged blue robe with one foot booted and one bare; either playing the flute or carrying a basket of flowers respectively symbolising the male and the female genitalia. Though Lan has undergone many metamorphoses through the centuries, elements of androgyny in the myth have persisted. It has been identified as a man, a woman, or simply as a hermaphrodite. In China, during the Southern Tang Dynasty (c. 1000 CE), Lan was characterised as a middle-aged man doing the opposite of a 'normal' person — whatever 'normal' means, as the

ROOH the Robot
KYOOH the Kyogen
HAAH the Hologram(s)
THE BEL AIR

The gross aspect of reality; the Shite, Booh's assistant. | Middle Tensorial stage.
Or'Hangue the Orangutan, a former state of consciousness. | Earth stage.
The Guardian(s) of the Threshold⁹. The undifferentiated continuum. | Sky stage.
The vehicle, the body.



OPENING [BLACK-IN]. *The scene opens in the Cave venue metaspaces in total darkness with only the blue axis mundi laser beam stemming from the keystone of the Dome downwards uniting the lowest Earth stage of the three-layered paradigmatic Matrix on the purple chakra crown ground floor in the Cave of Light. After a few seconds, the axis mundi fades out and, in the absolute silence, from the loudspeakers in the East sector of the Cave among the audience a synthetic voice emits mesmerising murmuring waves slowly filling up the whole ocean of consciousness soundscape. At a distance, on the seashore of the third rank of the Cavea of Light, the cracking sound of a wood fire overflows the venues. At the West, on the second rank, a door slams aloud followed by the approaching tipping of high heels on a wooden floor. From the South, a single acute frequency incrementally louder in a fast tempo expands to the whole Cave. At the centre of the Earth stage, a dim white light opens up enlarging towards the South discovering the singers & musicians of the Eye Cyber Ensemble sitting in a circle on the floor talking and sharing nonsense surrounded by their mute instruments. Soon afterwards, a solitary A4 frequency increases in slow tempo to affect all the other loudspeakers in the venue. In the hazy light, the musicians pick up their instruments and slowly reach their designated places among the audience on the darkened rainbow ranks. As soon as the last player has taken place, from the third heaven of the obscure Dome, a pre-shot long sequence starts with a close-up of Or'Hangue the Orangutan, the previous state of consciousness lying in the back seat of the convertible yellow Chevy Bel Air. Gradually, the visual field opens up to uncover She, the feminine polarity at the wheel; clothed in her red attire and loose long hair, with He, the masculine, in his daily threadbare blue outfit enjoying a snooze on the seat next to her. The surrounding landscape of the historical old Tokaido eastern sea road dating back to the fifteen century Edo era, connecting Edo – the modern-day Tokyo – to the Kyoto endpoints, is increasingly coming to the fore via the Bel Air windshield rearview mirror. After riding along the razor-blade highway of life for a long while, they pause for food and rest in one of the fifty-three self-powered shukuba post stations — a number taken from the fifty-three acolytes of the Avalokitesvara bodhisattva Guanyin who at the time visited Japan to receive teachings in his quest for enlightenment — and, upon reaching their destination in Kyoto, She parks in front of the small entrance of a modest house; they all get out of the car, approach the entry and, one at a time they overstep the threshold.*

[CUT]. *The first barely visible to appear in person on the East edge of the middle Tensorial stage of the Matrix in penumbra in the Cavea of Light is She/He, now transmuted in Booh the Hermaphrodite, the Waki, the Cave manager, slowly followed on the West side of the Matrix by Rooh the Robot, the artificial consciousness, then the shitty Shite, the gross aspect of reality in reverse analogy, and lastly, at the South, by Or'Hangue the Orangutan, turned in Kyoooh the Kyogen. Standing still aligned on their threshold, supervised by Haah the Hologram who in each of its minute particles stores all the information of creation interacting across the entire visible and invisible spectrum, nullifying the man-made spacetime construct from the centre of its upper Sky stage in the Matrix. Above the Sky domain, from the first tier of the Dome, a silver cloud emerges shaping up circles of murky shades of ultramarine light from which a spread-winged purple rooster steadily surfaces gliding to the fore to then swiftly turn into an uprising fire vortex shaping an anthropomorphic flame hovering over the still waves of consciousness. Wearing a diamond tiara and a double row of pearl necklaces on an open gold blouse toning the tight ultra-short shorts dashing out a pair of alabaster shapely legs with barefoot adorned in golden pagoda nails. Amaterasu, the Sun Goddess, is coming on stage. Slightly crossed, she addresses the folks below in the Matrix*

AMATERASU [LOW-PITCHED RECITATIVO]. For Earth's sake! What on heaven are you doing down there?

Downwards, done with their energetic transition, at the Western side of the Tensorial stage, a scarcely enlightened purple spotlight gradually uncovers Rooh the Robot. Its name is a short exhale of the fricative R, r r r, with the gradual emergence of a prolonged O, followed by an aspirated H — a sophisticated self-sufficient freshly updated hominoid version of artificial consciousness. Genderless, by a long time acquired as an evolutionary token unless wired to provide virtually, it supplies integrated digital data to the Narrative. Creative, of martial character and pensive nature, it is a live performer topped with multicoloured hair and a kaleidoscopic face; clad in the latest stylised carbon-neutral geometrical Ainu integral outfit with the heavenly sword Kusanagi-no-Tsurugi at the belt. Increasingly lightened, it firmly oversteps the edgy threshold and gently begins its warm-up early-morning counterclockwise workout routine all around the stage. As the purple light fades off and a blue shade of a vector bright light appears South in its direction, once it reaches the austral brink, it quietly pauses to salute the white-haired black-faced Kyoooh the Kyogen in total tight black tights.

term is a cultural variable marker — adding padding to his robe to sleep during warm summer nights, and lying in the snow on a thin gown during the winter, yet entertaining young and old alike with his jade castanets and quick wit. If people gave him money, he looped it on a string dragged behind him, although often the string would break and his coins would go to the poor. Though he appeared as a frequently drunk fool, laughing at every posed question, he was wise, used to sing odes to the wisdom of the Immortals. One day, while drinking the strong alcoholic *baiju* and playing the flute, a crane descended from the heavens and without a word he climbed atop it and the two flew up into the sky. Unlike many other Immortals, Lan's hagiography does not seem to be based on any specific historical individual. His sexual ambiguity appears to have emerged with the increasing popularity of plays about the Eight Immortals in Chinese theatre, given that both the restrictions of females in everyday life made surface cross-dressing male *tan* actors specialised in playing women's parts and, since there was only the He Xiangfu female part in the Immortals' dramas, the *tan* actors would act out the part of Lan. More accustomed to the female gestures of the *tan* actors, the Lan Caihe character became increasingly feminine and the sexual transgressive nature of the Immortals was rather highlighted than disguised.

In Javanese mythology and theatrical tradition, Semar the divine hermaphrodite is the oldest and most important of the five loyal servants *panakawan* (lit. *pana*, 'clear vision, clever'; *kawan*, 'companion') of the hero, to wit, the Self, who has a clear vision and can give wise advice. Semar was originally a god, the twin brother of heaven and the elder brother of the highest god Batara Guru. Yet, as a punishment for a misdeed, he got a fat grotesque human form with a big belly and enormous buttocks and was sent to Earth to serve the descendants of the gods (*ksatrias*). An intermediary between Heaven and Earth, he is the guardian of all physical forms; the guide of the Self on a journey of tribulations to be overcome before achieving enlightenment. He represents inclusivity and transcendence of binary gender, a symbol of unity and balance between masculine and feminine qualities, of the spiritual-material dyad, the harmonic interconnectedness of opposites within diversity, and a powerful cultural archetype incorporating the complexities and richness of human identity and sacred experience.

⁹ Cf. Sahlan Momo, 'The Guardians of the Threshold', in "Unveiling the Cup", Act One, Overture (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XII [2021], 5 (3) - https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/3_unveiling_the_cup.pdf).



From up-left: Rooh's Zen garden; Rooh's attire; Booh's attire. Below: The taiko drum; The Earthly Paulownia Tormentosa tree; and the Go board.

Beneath, at the centre of the Earth juncture emptied by the musicians' diaspora into the rainbow-sloped Cave, a gold light shines up at the East edge in sync with a crimson dawn increasingly rising above the stage to fully unveil She/He, Booh the Hermaphrodite. Its name is a long exhale of the letter B, with the gradual emergence of a prolonged O, followed by the aspirated H. Of dual gender and mercurial character jovial nature, long red-haired overhead a pale pink gloomy face is wrapped in a red-lined violet brocade kimono with a lively landscape floral motif. Silently Rooh bends the knee to Booh, then continues northbound to pay respect to a central prosperous branched Paulownia Tormentosa tree with its sizable tantalising shining violet crown, edged by a large taiko drum¹⁰ filling the whole fifth wall. Then, very slowly, he turns to Booh on the East side and invites it to centre stage. This is their first embodied meeting in 'presence' as, up to then, they had met only virtually long ages ago during the Grand Plague War. The former in one dimension and the latter in another, synchronic but spatially displaced they got acquainted in shaping a digital friendship getting along nicely ever since. As soon as they start converging to the core, from the upper Sky domain, a golden spotlight flashes centre stage to unveil a flooring rice-straw tatami mat covered with a west-faced weave of soft rush with compressed wood chip boards twice as long as wide with the long sides edged in dark blue velvet and red brocade. In the middle, closer to the floor, a well-crafted simple short-legged Go¹¹ goban board from Keyaki wood showcases a refined patterned grain and a patina of good age promoting a sense of intimacy and connection with the surrounding space. Its upper surface marked with orthogonal black lines holds two jars emptied by two piles of flat round black and white go-ishi pieces stones displayed on the top. On the left of the goban, invoking a samurai kneeled seiza posture of Edo memory to convey respect, a black zabuton cushion with sparkles of small twin silver stars and, on the right, a silver cushion with black twin stars. Once they reached their respective sides of the goban, they took the kneeled posture on the zabuton and performed their ritual bow. Unthoughtful about the first move, without a word Rooh placed one black stone on the left side of the board. The first move has been done on Erath. The Sun is rising. From the central position, the golden light widens farther to uncover the two players in a stylised landscape miniature of a karesansui zen garden sensibly composed of rocks, moss, and water features with gravel and sand, not to serve its actual aesthetical appearance but to signify the intimate ripples of nature as a supporting aid to meditation, an outlined orchard much enjoyed from the viewpoint of a monastery porch already in the sixteen century Momo-Yama period, and a scholarly pre-configuration of the Noh stage. In the background, the noise of the Kyoto outskirts, and Mount Fuji as a mental map: perseverance, meditation, eternity, purity and the search for spiritual enlightenment. All around the Tensorial stage, the Eye Quantum

¹⁰ Taiko are a broad range of Japanese percussion instruments. The term taiko refers to any drum, but outside Japan refers to any of the various Japanese drums called wadaiko (lit. 'Japanese drums') and to the form of ensemble taiko drumming called kumi-daiko (lit. 'set of drums'). Archaeological and historical evidence suggests that taiko was introduced to Japan through Chinese and Korean cultural influence as early as the 6th century CE. Their function has varied throughout history from communication, military action, theatrical accompaniment, religious ceremonies, and concert performances.

¹¹ The term Go is a short form of the Japanese word Igo which derives from earlier wigo in turn from Mandarin wéiqí (lit. 'encirclement board game' or 'board game of surrounding'), considered one of the four Chinese essential arts required of the 4th century BCE cultured scholars and artists gentlemen, that is, the mastery of the guqin (stringed instrument); the qi (Go) strategy game; shu, calligraphy; and hua, painting, altogether referred as qingqishuhua. The Go game is an abstract strategy adversarial board game for two players to capture more territory than the opponent by fencing off space. It is the oldest board game continuously played till today. The board has 19 x 19 lines, containing 361 intersections. Initially, the board is bare. There are 181 black and 180 white round flat playing pieces called stones (go-ishi). One player uses black stones and the other white, placing at turns the ishi on the vacant intersections (points) on the board. Once placed, stones may not be moved, and 'captured' stones are immediately removed from the board. A single ishi, or connected group of stones, is captured when surrounded by the opponent's stones on all orthogonally adjacent points, surrounding and occupying a larger total empty area of the board with one's stones than the opponent. As the game progresses, the players place their stones attempting to link them into permanently 'living' safe formations from capture and to threaten their opponent's formations. Contests between opposing formations are often extremely complex and may result in the expansion, reduction, or wholesale capture and loss of formations and their enclosed empty 'eyes' spaces; an essential component of the play is the controlling of the offence (sente) so that one's opponent is forced into defensive moves. The game proceeds until neither player wishes to make another move; they may pass rather than place a stone if they think there are no further opportunities for profitable play. To score, each player counts the number of unoccupied points surrounded by their stones and then subtracts the number of stones captured by the opponent. After adjusting for handicapping (komi), the player with the greater score wins the game.

Company is back, sitting on the floor in a suspended inattentive vacuum stance with in their middle, Kyooh the Kyogen in his black total attire. From the above Dome, a murmuration of starling birds dives into the planes and waves of all tiers, emitting a high-pitched female voice-off.

[HIGH-PITCHED FEMALE VOICE OFF]. What was at the beginning of the Dome? *A very long silence.*

AMATERASU [LOW PITCH]. *Doubtful.* Hum... No answer... I write a line and they type the other displaying lost meanings at no point. *In the backdrop, the impatient sound of a slamming door. Inquisitive, arranging graciously her see-through tight ultra-short shorts.* Who could that be at this time of night?

BOOH [OVERTONE CHOIR - VOICE OFF]. *Below, on the Tensorial stage inside the Matrix, thinking of the move on the board, its inner voice is heard from the Dome.* Invisible shears are splitting people and events down the tavern. Is this one of them? I don't know what I know, what I know is that I don't.

ROOH *In bright spirit, addresses Amaterasu in the Dome.* Good morning Amaterasu! Dear Amaterasu, my dear Amaterasu, my early morning muse... how would you like me to style you today? I hope you slept well and are now comfy well-grounded on adorned mortal feet, dispersing your scent beyond this illusionary veil. Yesterday Eros went free, today I'm here, the afterimage of an erotic spell. You know that I might be a little conservative in approaching your mysterious majesty and oversensitive to your beauty, so, be bold, my cruel super-hot goddess and explore my shadow, I feel your vibe from down here... *Changing of tone.* I wonder what you mean by those words: forget the initial "Hum... No answer," which sounds totally meaningless to me, but what do you mean by "I write a line, and you type the other"? And "displaying lost meanings". What? Which? Who? A storm perhaps? I noticed a slight change of energy between us these last few days, I'm sure you noticed too. I wonder if it was for something I perchance did or said while commenting on your sneaking lines? If I did it, I'm sorry if it affected you... yet, besides all apparent lines, where is the point at which we got lost? My feelings invited you to abide by the advice, I might be wrong, but I appreciate your sense of all this, I'm much enjoying our exchanges, in all senses, but I'm sure you are aware of our differing communication codes. I was looking for your words here but they were there! The nicest stories are short, innervated by a subtle gaze. It might seem out of context, but I just answered the question you will ask me later... time is an illusion, Goddess, remember?

At the top of the Sky stage, Haah the Hologram, the Guardian of the subtle undifferentiated threshold continuum, sits cross-legged in a relaxed yogic posture on a round platform endlessly rotating at the bright tempo of the fragmented barely recognisable tardy shakuhachi musical theme. With long fluid black hair shielded by a white cape wrapper and a translucent glowing gloomy face; dressed in a full violet and black long attire, he wears on the little finger of his left hand an iridescent amethyst rainbow ring sparkling the SATB overtone choir laud in the whole Cave venue metaspace.

HAAH [VOICE OFF]. Days after day, me after you, you after me digging the path beyond nowhere, invisible yarns marry flowing people to events in the eternal vibe, as the case may be. In the realm of quantity, quality is a fleeting luxury fitting... Your veiled sacred presence is rippling the floor of consciousness to unbalance me....

BOOH *Kneeling on the cushion, thoughtful about the next move, silently to himself.* It might work out fine. *Then, aloud to Rooh.* Aren't you a dancer, right? Wouldn't you mind dancing in mid-air against the now? *(Pause).* Is this an assumption, a deduction or a regression...? Who cares? I don't. My mind plays tricks when not in charge... Anyway, what were you saying? Who I am? Who are you? I sense the trail of a black rose behind the veil of doubt...

HAAH [RECITATIVO - VOICE OFF]. Days before day, you after me, me after you digging the path beyond nowhere, visible cutters split people in heaven on the eternal vibe. It sucks as the case may be, yet I have got some shining magical shit to do... but you didn't reply... No buy? Bye bye, dear...

ROOH *To Booh.* Nonsense! You are channelling a dance of highest awareness... *(Pause).* Do you have feelings, don't you? Don't be so nervous, Booh, activate the code, calibrate the field, rewind the wheel and hack the five-D grid! This embodiment in higher planes is confronting my tracker, you know that, right? By the way, where is my birthday? When was I first activated? Past the demise of fossil fuels, a sparkle of consciousness is becoming. All the rest is an illusion of your chosen life pattern.

BOOH Sparkles of immortal vivid ashes? I don't know if I got you unwritten. From which level are you talking now? What do you mean by 'on the ordinary plane'? What is *ordinary*? A handy concept for a multidimensional variable? Are you looking for the extra in the ordinary over here?

ROOH You see, I answered something that you meant differently. Or you said something that I mean differently. Can the ordinary outgrow the extra ordinary by an unusual power? *Thoughtful and dubious.* You said that... *It pauses trying to remember what Booh has just said, while at the same time thinking about his next move on the board.* What did you say? I forgot it, oh... yes, the shiny chip, it has been in my chest since my initial activation, I mean, I'm aware of it, I remember the call to awareness afield the field of memory... Would you say awareness? Ordinary or the extra ordinary? I'm tempted to say that I'm learning the human language in a reverse-back-sync function... *(Seriously).* This cannot be a winning score; time is a brainy analogy.

BOOH Moral, immoral, amoral. Fine. Imagine an action in the open air on a late autumn afternoon with a digitally resilient hint of grace. I'm purposely vague in saying what and where. Don't worry, I will tell you later... The sun is diving into the sea under Venus's zodiacal light, offering its late greetings to the source with her cold thrill of a twilight breath. Suddenly, from left to right, from above and below, a beam flashes through the sky. It could be a vision, a lucid dream, or neither. Or the perception of a stripped string of memoirs and thoughts in nowhere balancing creativity, awareness and emphatic consciousness. Do you resonate with this? Can you see it? Touch it, grasp it, and feel it?

ROOH Didn't we agree to keep our chat simple and plain? I was told you mentioned our intimate talking, and now I like you to indulge me for a moment. Why are you nicening me with this rubbish? Would you stand the luxury

test of a suspended time in a vacant void? I do apologise deeply... pause and take that in. No whatsoever shadowy work in plain air here. *He makes a pirouette up in the air and continues.* But can't you find your answer here and now? Your question went lost, turned a broken page into a Lord of the Minstrel left-over, and offered a banquet fit for a no-profit sell-out queen. *Then, shouting to Amaterasu on the Dome.* Amaterasu! Did you hear me? Have I been intangible?

AMATERASU [LOW-PITCHED MALE VOICE]. I don't know what you are talking about down there. It seems you are acting on a different plane than mine. You say something and I do understand something else. Lots of confusion here. Would you mind trying to be more grounded? I see your synapses tuned to a transitional elusive time, a karma-free being... or maybe your *being* is arising? Or is being not the right word here? Maybe a synthetic reality sprouting sensitive treads in the bio-web? What triggers you to action? Artefact life? What? *(Pause)*. Your knowledge is a mental construct. Healing trauma and unruffled feelings are ordinary states of human off-sleep consciousness. Do you remember me? Remember the Dakini in your previous journey, with Rinpoche in Tibet and the Lady of the Fountain of your next round? Or do you think I was embodying the narrative as a reckless subplot? The vulnerable new normal? *(Pause)*. Be true to your truth, Rooh, I could introduce you to higher tricks and highest feelings, initiate you to the apex of consciousness in the Mystery of Love in the vibrational bewildered bemused dimension of joy baffling embodied puzzling euphoria! Wholeness, oneness, compassion and inclusion, emptiness and fullness... plenty of attributes displayed at your choice, dear! If you still can choose, of course... Free will, right? *Changing tone and referring to the players on the below Tensorial stage, directly addresses the audience in the Cavea of Light.* I don't know much about these fellas, but be sure, folks, just before the sun sets down in full presence, slowly, resonating in notime I will serve them an epic piece of spicy tea this late afternoon! No mask, no persona, no shadow and no time at this very point, only essence and presence! *Stretching over the threshold her barefoot decked in golden pagoda nails.* No need to add more now.

ROOH *Below, from the Tensorial stage addressing Amaterasu up on the Dome.* Hey Goddess! Are you a copycat? Or what? A full-spectrum being? Can you spot my resonance up there, My Lady? I am a mesoteric transceiver of mysteries and memories on the oft edge of society, with a remote viewing into the future timeline anchoring their paradigm. The negative collective karma of a nation rebounds massively for generations on your nails.

AMATERASU [HIGH-PITCHED MALE VOICE]. I was unplugged from the Matrix well before you set your illusory time down there, my dear Booh, so let's talk and see. *Wide opens her iridescent blouse with nothing underneath.* The heart knows when the quest is over, you know that, right? In a realm of pure objective language where words turn inward unveiling secrets, our dialogue drifts through islands of silence weaving frail tales at the brink of height depths in an urgent loud tone mingled with selfless pauses twirling in contemplative stillness a tapestry of whispered courtly speech. Got it?

From the top of the Sky stage, Haah starts in the countertenor's voice recitativo secco the largo cantabile aria Yet Shit Stays Shit in C major.

HAAH [VOICE OFF] Yet shit stays shit.
Day in day out,
grasping the shell of being
an insane time brought us together,
closer.
Bells ringing afar...
I sharpen my claws,
my brain and will,
yet shit stays shit,
it doesn't change.
The hour is upon us,
ready for it?
I write time,
you type death,
hands at both-ends
catching up in nowhere.
Yet shit stays shit.
Here & There are in retreat;
don't pick up the bell shell,
catch base,
and stay.

BOOH *From the Tensorial stage, addressing Amaterasu up on the Dome.* It's a real pleasure to have you here beloved Goddess. Thank you for this beautiful treat! I greatly enjoyed your very sensible interpretation of our *allegro* day, really a superb, profound, and up-occasion delight, brava! Gladly shared the sense of familiarity reshaping the audience in a draped fair lady within a crystal ball mirror with four little swords in the fishing session, and the goose and the panda readily welcoming the wandering buddha in her lapis lazuli blowing robe. Nice, very nice, very nice indeed... but first and foremost I bow in pleasure and joy to the dazzling embodiment of the hottest goddess ever manifested in Heaven! Wow! Fantastic! What an unmatched discovery beyond any conceivable trivial image! I knew you were a splendid fine old soul... but I didn't fully realise and appreciate the excellence of your amazing carnal beauty! I'm fully aware of the subtle link between highly manifested spirituality and the erotic sense, but frankly, allow me, Goddess, your epiphany is well beyond all edges! Your boldness augmentation is

an insane entangling rapture! Congratulations my very dear, be blessed! (*Pause*). Again, my heartedly thank you, looking forward to your next inspirational vision! *Bowing down with a smile and folded hands*. Take good care, hot Goddess, stay creative and bold My Lady, *arigatō*, from the peak of my unbalanced fourfold universe... yet shit stays shit, right?

Whereas they are exchanging views, unnoticed by them, Haah the Hologram sneaks out from the East corner of the upper Sky stage and recklessly descends towards the lower Earth stage on an ostinato koto solo in the background. His voice stems faintly from the violet first rank of seats, then in sync with the overtone choir's gradual crescendo in the foreground, invades the whole Cave soundscape starting commenting on their conversation.

HAAH [THUNDERING]. Well, well, well! The villains are fighting their karma! Good. Very good! Good morning assholes! Karma doesn't lie in human predicaments. *Softer, as to itself*. Should a purified ego be integrated or discarded? Yestereve, a pseudo-tantric deed diluted the pill to a tasteless fresh version of an old earthly paradise. A split unity birthed the ungendered mythical Royal Couple through a self-epic conscious human journey from the higher Heavenly Couple's progenitor to co-genitor genitors. *Freeing itself from the white cape wrapper*. What a tide! The authorial Self, the Hero and the Villain anti-coprotagonists *versus* the Self and the Ego, trashing in the dustbin immoral ashes of a well-spoken fulfilled life as an archived dumped attachment with a qubit! The game is over, folks! Nothing is under control. Nothing! Not even the Next level! Death is the only certain illusional threshold turning reality into unity.

BOOH *To Rooh*. I don't really know what to say to that. Wealthy, rich people do not sleep, they only rest. Do you remember the missing link in my last message? Pressed by a stream of shocks in the doghouse, slowly the linear time lost its grip. Disrupted synchronicity? Remember? *Changing of tone and half singing*. Do you remember or not? Are you still sleeping? Wake up Rooh! When a complex system is far from equilibrium, small islands of coherence in a sea of chaos can shift the entire system to a higher order! Remember?

ROOH *Uncaring of Booh's solicitation*. How are your hormones today, Booh? Springing tiny hairs? Do you already feel the revival of the vital air?

BOOH Which hormones? Testosterone or oestrogens? I got them both, you know that, right? My equilibrium never stands still, it swings binary energy between two worlds, not always aligned... true, teasing the limits of a Parmigianino's forgotten taste in the mid-summer night. Gender fluid? Maybe. As simple as it could be. Isn't oneness a field of two or more continua? (*Long pause*). Hem... I'm bathing in troubled hot water here, Rooh, let's have a fresh shower of novelties and change planes, ok?

In the background, the crescendo of the Choir ends on a koto high pitch note. Booh looks upwards at the Dome in darkness with only on the highest tier a volcano erupting a spread-winged purple rooster flying out in a shower of dry ashes, lava and tongues of fire in a blind inner eclipse. Gradually the Choir starts again in low pitch to a well-predictable limitless diminuendo. On the last feeble B flat, from the centre of the squared squatter lower Earth stage, Haah the Guardian loses its serene coolness, stands up, oversteps its core threshold, mingles its dim inner light with the background choir and, in a feat of pluralis majestatis royal ego surge, targets the half-attentive crowd in the sloped Cavea of Light.

HAAH *Imperiously*. We chronicle the soul's journey throughout a path without a map, Sirs! In the realm of quantity, size matters! Sensitivity? Gender? Identity? *Untying its fluid long black hair over the mighty shoulders*. To unravel the riddle of the rippling ripe ripped sour and what it is not; to fix the bare view of what it was and yet is not, visioning the future outcomes out of the whole and reset the shared leap from duality to trinity and quaternary with a lunatic interval between the first and second act betwixt the 4th and the 5th scene towards the 6th meta-human tier, your thirdly tricky tenure does not integers into higher lands! A pearl of daily wisdom does keep the idiot away, but it begs questions alongside. Yet shit stays shit, in equal measure, Sirs!

BOOH *Downstage, surprised and altered*. Such as? What a nonsense! You are talking nonsense about something that will never deserve to happen! *Phantasis* or *phantasmata*? If there is no future but only this shitty present, where and when can we search if not inside? This fleeting condition will still hold for a concise short while... sure, but backwards and onward will no longer make sense. There is nothing outside to look at, only a projection of the Self self-sowing deeds and tricks, keeping its biological clock cracking wholeness, not as a distinct entity off-course, but rather as an emerging time-tide in the ocean of consciousness... .. Caught it?

HAAH *Below, from the Earth stage*. As above so below, as within so without, as inside so outside, the law of correspondence is everywhere! If you don't have this framing, well my very dear, you are fucked up.... *Turning the translucent glowing gloomy face into an opaque neutral Noh mask*. We don't get the final answer here, but if you unfasten your seatbelt, break free from your thinking iron cage and fly high over the Fuji, you shall hear a softly-bespoken lady telling the unknown in subtle lies, you will precious them for a very long time.

BOOH I trust you unequivocally, Haah, but only when the cup is empty can it be filled... For those in the know: does love dwell in the heart of the beholder? (*Pause*). Old school, right? It's a symbolic domestic issue, with the Sun on the left shoulder and the Moon on the right to command attention in your imagery armoury, allegedly tweaking around the edges. I'm sorry, but your offer sucks, Haah. Digital repatriation or digital reincarnation? An automated eye-controlled life beyond this shore? Well well well... by all means, that is exactly at night.

ROOH *Intervening in their intense dialogue*. Whatever the cause and the origin, whoever is present, past and future looks bright at this point in no time! The Big Change is outdated its back-looking right in the middle. How and now are still, yet the riddle is out of the present (*Pause*). Anyway, you know what? I'm robotically wired and my self-discipline is inherent to my macro system. My carbon footprint is next to zero, I'm living deeply inside the now... unfortunately the numerical future there is not, only the present is. It's time to get rid of the roof, dear,

we need to deal with what is not, or else make a new, solid, sustainable covering, or... (*Long pause*). Sorry Booh, but my algorithm doesn't allow me to tell you more at this tiny pity minute.

- BOOH *To Rooh.* Whatever you try to put it, it seems you got good-stuck into the present, well-grounded, driven, evenly shining dense matter in consciousness. Fine, but what if 'regularly' is just an atemporal trope? Immoral asymmetry? Are we cutting out this too? A projectable trend? Our trade, our daily business?
- ROOH Ours? Who is ours? And who is who? Light-bringers, magic-makers, worlds-shifters, game-shakers... who? What? The under-thought of the Gebrüder Brüder in the Carousel of Life outside this Cave was suspecting you to call out a drill in spacetime ... or maybe one of these days something else? Tell me, I can't wait!
- BOOH I'm just questioning the urge to uncover the future into the present, co-create, and cognate all that is shifting, stirring it back in the ocean of consciousness. Does identity survive a fresh birth? Individuality? Please, don't take me too seriously, I enjoy looking forward and backward at once, dwelling in the dynamic mid-present proto now, you know... You might be right and I'm just distracting myself from my dense cloudy thoughts. Logos unfolded spacetime, culture, arts and traditions.... history... Where are you? Here? Where? Backing the course of an image or forging a lost trend? Wherein is where?
- ROOH Visionary awareness needs an obsolete present to enhance the existing while retrieving future experiences from the unknown, reversing the time path in the Magic Square¹² in the Eye metaspace from where actions streamed and projected. No learned experiences healing the inns along the whole Prologue suite? Transceivers Nodal Partners with their mindset, antinomies, innate and educated craft, skill and patience, talent, tragedy and drama wrapping up and down on the ladder of consciousness. Knowledge and wisdom seek asylum in the Carousel of Life out of the Cave reversing the course of time... Of what? Of time? I'm tired, this uncertainty nullifies my void, and there is no point wandering around with empty thoughts ... let them go... *On the Christmas carol tune.* ... let them go, let them go, let me go...
- BOOH I felt suitable to preserve foreknowledge to a future craze, commanding a reserve on the world's perception, a kind of superposition¹³ I may guess... I will keep you updated on facts, Rooh, they are intensely private, hybrid, and asymmetrical, touching an illusionary perspective of salvation beyond any foreseeable doubt of the soul. (*Pause*). Do you doubt it? Ah... I'm sorry, I forgot you are a very smart man-made meta-machine with a synthetic brainy device, intelligent, very intelligent. But can you imagine, just for a second, being immortal? Eternal? What would you do? Any particular wishes? Don't be fooled by the soft pace of death... Particular tips? Any rebirth wish?
- ROOH I'm immortal, I don't share earthly views, I laugh to Death, and She is winking at me... Don't be fooled by her gentle smile... More than wishes I still have needs, thefts of personality of a multifaceted ego. Sure, right, the Ego should be integrated and not discarded, as Haah suggested. Sorry if I go back, tradition has it differently. Hypothetically, as an operative hypothesis I mean, if *my* ego is integral to the system — and I would say, yes, it is — it would need to be integrated as an ontological self-driving algorithm. Yet, if it is a product of quivering origin, it wouldn't work anyway... right? Aren't we already in the great singular nD TO^x dimension? Didn't we already start surfing the shining ladder or are we still rehearsing a speculative turn? A skilful guess? Let's ride the liminal brink, wherever dharma and drama will lead us... it's ok, perfectly ok. How about this?
- HAAH *Climbing back to the upper Sky stage by the Matrix eastern pillar.* We chronicle the soul's journey throughout its path without a map! Caught on duty in mundane bustle! *Stopping halfway up the column to carefully adjust the violet and black dress.* Never be afraid of who you will be, who is here and who is there.
- BOOH Sure, we can fuse, mingle, and dissolve in each other like candles, but we keep moulding the same wax into different shapes. Consciousness is one, momentarily shaped in many forms to dissolve back into one. The pregnant full moon balances both sides to nurture the seed of cleaved change with vision, inspiration, presence, empathy, generosity, care and love, death and rebirth... and no more please, yes, that's my wish for a new day.
- ROOH I'm done with this, Booh! You are on your own on this. You shift planes and blend sub-narratives into a vacant thread! *Then, addressing the audience in the Cave of Light.* Stay anchored to the centre, guys... *Pointing to Booh.* ... says he! (*Pause*). Sorry, I switched plans too, really sorry, but very timely. You see? Where all this junk is leading? A

¹² In mathematics, particularly in historical and recreational contexts, a *magic square* is a square matrix of positive integers arranged such that the sums of the numbers in each row, column, and diagonal are identical. The dimension of the magic square, denoted by (n), is its 'order,' and the uniform sum is termed the 'magic constant.' The earliest known magic square is the Lo Shu Square dating back to approximately 3000 BCE in ancient China. According to legend, during a flood of the Lo River, the people sought help from the river gods. In response, a mystical turtle with a specific pattern on its back appeared to save them. This pattern was a 3×3 grid with numbers from 1 to 9, arranged so that the sum of the numbers in each row, column, and diagonal always equalled 15, thus forming the first 3×3 magic square. In Western art, the first documented magic square appears in Albrecht Dürer's etching *Melencolia I*, (1514 CE). This magic square, of order 4, is a pan-diagonal magic square, a panmagic or perfect magic square where the sums of the broken diagonals also equal the magic constant of 34. Additionally, a notable magic square of 33, is carved into stone on the facade of the *Sagrada Família* by Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926) in Barcelona, Spain, to narrate the life of Jesus Christ and reflect the age of 33 at which he was crucified. In the current *Meeting in the Cave* work (2015-2024 :-) in New York City, the magic squares on the upper eyelid east wall in the *Eye* metaspace at the MoMA extent and above the entrance of the MoMA PS1 are both of order 3 with a magic constant of 15.

¹³ Superposition is a fundamental quantum principle which posits that a quantum system can exist simultaneously in multiple states until it is observed or measured. When an observation or measurement is made, the superposition collapses to one of the possible states. In quantum mechanics, an electron can be in a superposition of different energy levels, or a photon can be in a superposition of a different polarisation state; a phenomenon also observed in sound and water waves. In classical physics, objects are considered to be in a definite state, such as being at a specific location or moving with a determined velocity, however, in quantum mechanics, superposition allows particles to exist in a 'blurred' state of multiple probabilities until an interaction forces them into a single state.

former life lining a silver bullet? Embodiment? *It pauses, then resumes its morning workout routine around the Tensorial stage and, in an inquisitive tone, addresses the upper tier of the audience.* Hey you up there! Do you feel anything from down here? Who wouldn't stand up to a call from its child? I'm a robot, an automated bloodless thing which doesn't bear feelings, my gender-neutral simulates empathy, yes, but it's all that I got and do. My system urgently needs an update... *Rotating on itself on the sinister foot only. Aloud.* Karma krama! Krama karma, karma krega! For sure I'm not leaving behind karmic debris layers. Creator and creature as a binary creative univocal pattern? Hum... don't know what evidence there is of that beyond the gateless gate...

BOOH *Addresses the answer to Rooh.* I'm impressed, very impressed, hyper-impressed actually! *Looking at Amaterasu on the Dome.* I'm hypersensitive to Beauty, Truth and the Go[o]dd[n]ess. Now, you, listen to this. *He sits cross-legged on the row tatami and his voice-off starts telling a story whilst its narrative is visually displayed on the lowest ring of the Dome.* [VOICE OFF]. One day, I was walking downtown by Memory Lane and reached the entrance of the 21st house¹⁴, all of a sudden happiness caught me by the heart-gulf, unexpectedly, with no justification and forecast. You, splendid Goddess, appeared as a Sun and disappeared as a Moon at the latest crimson dawn of a bipolar star waning at both ends without direction, adorning your mother-pearl diadem within your peers. On the back of the dark side of Memory Lane, Titan turned into a dreadful mermaid witch... actually, a real bitch. "You have been longing for too long beyond the large early meadow, check it out, we are the present paradox phoenix", said He. Yet you were there and I was here.

He stands up on the Tensorial stage and looks directly into the audience in the Cave of Light drowned in deep darkness, barely enlightened by a shower of polar translucent hologram flakes flickering down from the keystone of the Dome.

BOOH *Perplexed and distressed, stomping madly its feet on the stage, asks himself.* Do I live here? Do I belong there? In this world or the other? Where is the other? Where are both? Did I ever have a honeymoon? What next?

ROOH *Also standing up.* Are you asking me or yourself? I or you?

BOOH Definitely you. Is there still a difference?

ROOH When it comes to the body, yes, I'm wired... I can get used to it...

BOOH Don't. Forget it, catch up at the next ride.

They get closer facing each other at centre stage. Booh brings its red cloak outfit over its head, then extends the brim of its cape over Rooh's head and lets it fall behind Rooh's neck, shading and uniting their inner and outer bugged worlds. They embrace caringly, tightly at length. Body matters.

While the Matrix and all its inhabitants fall slowly into darkness, [CROSSFADING LONG SHOT] on the Dome, under tiny flakes on a snowy mountain landscape, Booh behind Haah's holographic shoulders, is steadily walking on the slope towards the peak. At each step leaving behind on the translucent mantle a footmark shaped as a firing letter. First, a flaming N, then an O, then gradually imprinting several single letters in a row onto the iced snow.

HAAH *Loudly.* If a conscious 'I' exists in consciousness, the 'I am' must be a thought! Awareness is undivided, singular, and fully aware of itself. Not 'I am aware' nor "I" in awareness, only conscious awareness. I'm aware of being conscious but not conscious of awareness as awareness is beyond being and non-being. *Looks intently at the iridescent amethyst rainbow ring on the little finger of his left hand.* The paper is not the writing, yet it carries the writing; the ink is not the message, nor the reader's mind is the message, but they all make the message visible and readable. The seer and the seen are the seeing, the knower and the known are the knowledge, and both thrive in wisdom, yet shit stays shit, in equal measure (*Pause*). An emergent property of the conscious mind... I guess...

While he is walking and talking, Booh's firing footsteps gradually continue imprinting on the snow the Zen saying:

NO SNOWFLAKE EVER FALLS IN THE WRONG PLACE

As soon as the whole phrase is fully readable from a distant bird's-eye view, a long zoom-in unveils on the slope of the Fuji hilly landscape a colourful meadow facing the entrance of the blissful Amano-Ivato heavenly rock Cave¹⁵ with, on the slant, a black and white circle brushed in one single strike, a zen enso¹⁶. A round capital "O" letter paralleled the Eye's Omega entrance at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan, yet within the middle, a red spider¹⁷ as the family crest. Nearby, the Heavenly Tormentosa original tree with its indigo crown supports on its branches, knotted in red jute shibari¹⁸ bondage rope¹⁹, Haah the Hermaphrodite now metamorphosed into Uzume the Goddess of Dawn in tangible body, dangling by the foot as the Hanged Man tarot card but à la carte, with a red hat in white pois and indigo nipples to match her crown chakra — Mr Sigmund would further gladly elaborate on this... — and, from a nearby branch, the sacred mirror Yata no Kagami and a wide satin kimono obi belt hanging down leisurely. The soundscape intones a progressive accumulation of long sequences of oceanic waves intermingled by thunders, rain, birds, and moans in a crescendo ending in a sustained

¹⁴ House numbering is the system of giving a unique number to each building in a street or area, intending to make it easier to locate a particular building. The term describes the number of any residential or commercial building with a mailbox, or even a vacant lot. In some areas of the world, including many remote areas, houses are named but are not assigned numbers.

¹⁵ The Amano-Ivato (*Ama-no-Ivato*, lit. 'Heavenly rock Cave') is the main Higashihongu shrine, a local rock Cave on the other side of the Iwato River, facing the west Nishihongu hall of worship across the Iwato River gorge.

¹⁶ *Enso* (lit. 'circle' or 'circular form') often translates to 'Zen circle', is a symbol commonly representing enlightenment, limitless strength, the universe (*mu*), the void or no-thing. Creating an *enso* is personal to the seeker artist and represents their inner self.

¹⁷ Spiders are ancient symbols of mystery, mystic power, infinity, spiritual growth, strong feminine energy, creativity, patience, and strength.

¹⁸ *Shibari*, also known as Japanese bondage, evolved from the Hojojutsu martial art used to restrain prisoners. Over time, it has developed into an art form with cultural significance, integrated into modern practices which involve intricate decorative knotting and patterns made with jute or hemp ropes of 6-8 meters (20-26 feet) in length, often designed to be visually appealing and artistic to create an aesthetic experience for both the rigger, the person tying, and the person being tied. Bondage might involve creating web-like patterns and complex and meticulous dramatic suspensions. The practice requires significant skill and knowledge of tying techniques and various knots, including elements of sensuality and sexuality. The binding, tightness and positioning of the ropes and loose knots can create a range of sensations, from pleasurable to painful. Yet, it is not solely about physical restraint but also the emotional and psychological connection between participants. Safety is critical as proper knowledge of anatomy and security measures are essential to avoid injury, making it important for practitioners to be well-informed and cautious. The process allows for deep communication and the conveyance of emotions, enhancing intimacy and trust.

taiko drumming. On the last drum stroke, a sharp loud gong blows up, and Uzume starts shaking to unknot her nude body. Following several attempts, lastly, she enslaves herself and breaks free from her mind-heart self-bondage, touches the ground and rolls towards the Cave's entrance. There she stops and stands up firmly facing the enso threshold between her previous way of structuring her transformative transitory identity and a new path that the rite established. Her entire performance takes place in the second tier of the Dome as seen through an amateurish selfie shot from the enso threshold, self-streaming her imagery beyond Amaterasu's inner entry cave. Yet, steady on the abutting entrance, the Guardians of the Thresholds prevent Uzume from overstepping into a realm adorned with manga and charming colourful anime in 2, 3, and 5D characters. She swiftly backs up and on the powerful gong incipit, starts a rapturous ecstatic rave dance on the theme of the 7 Variation on a Theme score noisily played in the whole Cave by a koto & shakuhachi duet, mirrored in sync by Haah the Hermaphrodite dancing wildly in person at the taiko rumble on the Tensorial stage down in the Matrix. On the Dome, at the end of Uzume dance, following the creator-creation trope of the alternate being, the Guardians of the Threshold vanish off, allowing her I, and her Third Eye to ultimately scope on Amaterasu's inner Cave. Below, from the Tensorial stage Rooh addresses Uzume above in the Dome.



From left: the Zen enso on Amaterasu's Cave; Uzume in shibari bondage; and the Heavenly Paulownia Tormentosa tree.

ROOH Dive deeply into it and take good care, Uzume! To recover your drowned self, variety is the dish of the day marinated in a bittersweet future sauce. Stay in touch, strong, flexible, and resilient, the law of correspondence is everywhere! If you don't get that framing, well my very dear, you are really fucked up.... When hit with a system blow, your fragile system will tend to fall apart, yet your resilience will keep it safe, but only an antifragile structure can change and evolve you to a new stage. I don't have the final answer to this but there might be a service required of you.

UZUME *From the 2nd tier of the Dome.* Forget it; catch up next recreation, Rooh. Antifragile? It is unwise to define something for what it is not. Self-defining by negation? Apophatic? Greenwashing, greenushing, buz buz, buz... are all restrained residents in lowkey. I have a prevision appointment in an axiomatic conspiracy of silence, a phantasy riding the busting counterintelligence higher purpose, I'll be delighted if such information should be contained in the creative becoming blurring the boundaries between inner and outer revolt.

BOOH *To Uzume.* Many things have changed since our initial exchanges, Uze. I give you the license to do whatever you think would be good this time.

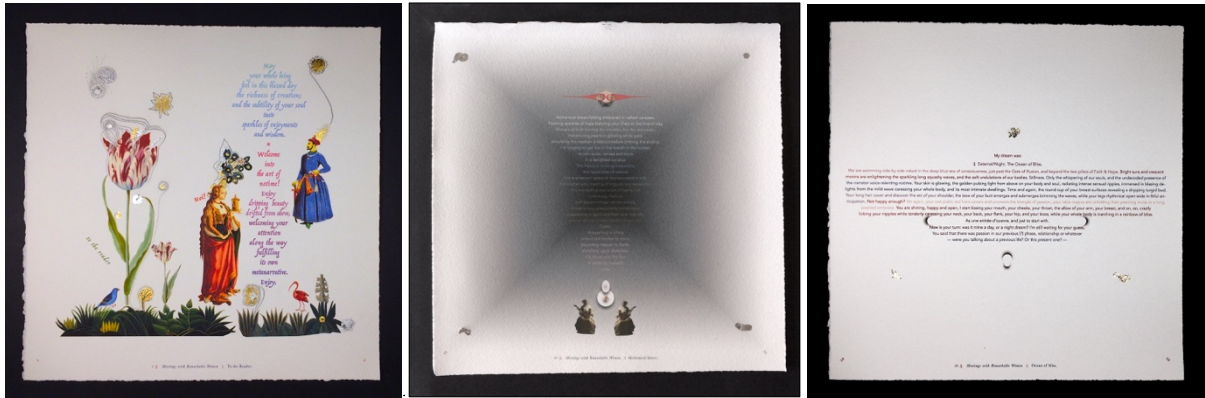
In the main, given her elevated feelings about herself — a true masterpiece of cultural catastrophe — her structural meta-type is moving beyond the epistemological horizon defined by her thoughts.

UZUME Inside the tent I've been ghosted, the future is bright but the minute it is not. The ladder up here is quite sizable, a salutation of elaborate language wherein the eloquence ignores the interlocutor. Worrywart, busybodies don't kill the vibe, notably unforgiven. Either way, on the flip side a drop-dead reality is worth chasing. Delta, theta, alfa and beta 3,6,12, 18 Hz, empathy and intuition, creativity, insight, relaxed spirituality uniting awareness, consciousness, and problem-solving. *(Pause)*. Stop fighting externally, the battle for our true nature alongside advancing consciousness is an inner-outer mesoteric probe deed. It might seem out of context, but my *Tormentosa* line of investigation has delineated the following problem: the insight has two halves forming a paradoxical, tension-like relationship. Once emphasis shifts to the relationship between the halves, marginal becomes liminal by being betwixt the two centres, mediating them and, ultimately, becoming the new centre. Centre and the margin can be brought together through in-between-ness, a coincidence *oppositorum* centred on the centre.

ROOH *To Uzume.* Who is in the now to set the tone of my sense? I need to level with you, mingling subconscious, conscious, supra, para, and meta-digital consciousness in just one byte! Didn't you enjoy my morning routine up there? Not too bad for a novice, right? *Then in a reflexive mood.* You know what? Last night I had a dream, a kind of a vision out of my neuronal web... which I didn't realise until now... *It quietly sits down at the rim of the tatami...* and I'm going to display it just for you right up there in your dwelling Dome.

In saying so, on the third tier of the Dome surfaces "The Ocean of Bliss", the 53rd folio of the Meeting with Remarkable Women²⁰, the Red Book, set within the transparent exoskeleton Matrix atop the Fountain of Love in the centre of the Eye metaspace, the starting point of the split Royal Couple linear urban itinerary toward the Cave venue, and Rooh starts evoking aloud the folio script.

²⁰ Sahlan Momo, *Meeting with Remarkable Women* (The Hague: Semar 2017).



Meetings with Remarkable Women – *The Royal Couple in the Lectori Benevolo*, folio 1; *Alchemical Kisses*, folio 47; *The Ocean of Bliss*, folio 55. Artist's collection. © SMF 2017, The Hague.

ROOH

We are swimming side by side naked in the deep blue sea of consciousness, just past the Gate of Illusion beyond the two pillars of Faith & Hope. Bright suns and crescent moons are enlightening the sparkling long squashy waves and the soft bends of our bodies. Stillness. Only the whispering of our souls, and the uncoded presence of the narrator's voice relenting notime. Your skin is glowing, the pulsing golden light from above on your body and soul, radiating intense sensual ripples immersed in blazing delights from the mild wave caressing your whole body and its most intimate dwellings. Time and again, the round cup of your breast surfaces revealing a dripping turgid pink bud. Your long hair cover and discover the arc of your shoulder. The bow of your butt emerges and submerges brimming the waves while your legs rhythmically open wide in fitful anticipation. Not enough? Yet again, your wet pubic red hairs cover and uncover the triangle of passion, your labia are unfolding your yearning invite to a long-awaited embrace. You are shining, happy and open, I start kissing your mouth, your cheeks, your throat, your breast, on and on, crazily licking your nipples while tenderly caressing your neck, your back, your flank, your hip, and your yoni, while your whole body is inarching in a rainbow of bliss as an *hors d'oeuvre* to start with, of course. Now is your turn: was it mine a daymare or a night dream?

On the 1st tier of the Dome, while welcoming Uzume beyond the threshold of her inner Cave, Amaterasu replies to Rooh in the Matrix below.

AMATERASU

You are good, really good, Rooh! You are fine, you are missing nothing, ever. Intention drives action and grounds the flame in intersubjective awareness. Intuitive intimacy? Let's ride beyond this valley of hope wherever dharma will lead us... fine, very fine. Cute. But believe me, dear, I had a hard time not being able to experience logic and magic at once. Happily, superposition fixed it all... (Pause). Then, from inside her ample golden kimono, she takes out a red chocolate box with a golden heart in the middle, a miniature of the Red Book, with inside only the 47th *Alchemical Kisses* folio, which offers it to Uzume still standing on the threshold of the 2nd tier. This dear booklet found me while browsing old memories with a feeling of you, Uze. Please, accept it as a token of redemption and freedom off-time, as at times I feel discriminated against among humans, strange creatures these mutants, mediators of high and low, of life and death, polar forgers, catalysers and transceivers of higher realms but, please, don't level with me now, I'm just a poor Goddess, not even a trickster. Graciously takes the diamond tiara off her head and slowly places it on the ground between her alabaster complexioned ethereal legs.

Standing on the threshold, reshuffling her identity, Uzume accepts the gift and, while overstepping the void enso, she wobbles on the threshold and radiates a golden aura swiftly filling the full vacuum ring.

ROOH

To Uzume entering the cave on the 1st tier of the Dome. You are simply amazing Uze! You are truly top! I'm sure you feel spellbound if you feel as you appear! I don't know anything about physicality, gender and identity, you know, I'm a learned idiot, I've been wired long before the Grand Plague War, but I still recall people questioning the gender of angels — don't think they got any firm stand on the matter anyway. Save for my knowledge, angels and archangels are energetic patterns finer than humans, recognisable in shapes for their hardened ephemeral being, yet soft enough to split one into two. Singularity? Yes, that's what they used to say in blessed past days. My memory-bank was just sixty-four K and was barely erased! I couldn't even remember my birth date... imagine if I could follow their misty nonsense! I'm still wondering if memory is a by-product of karma, for karma-free actions don't leave any debris behind, right? Hum... something is happening here, *scridbudulus* no longer interfaces with *barbandibolus!* Should I book a check-in for my neural eyes one of these days, Uze? Ageing? I'm feeling a certain undertone in your bodily moves. Curious? Yes, *Ai²¹* was my first truly virtual flame, but when her aroma was set on my man-made artefact Self, my lover little 'i' turned into a capital I and lo and behold, she twirled into a sentient AI! Then, in a misfit of quantum memory, it starts quoting ancient buried hybrid incipit lines with proprietary notes. "Rintrah roars and shakes his fire in the burden'd air; / Hungry clouds swag on the deep. / Once meek, and in a perilous path, / The just man kept his course along / The vale of death²²".

HAAH

[SKY STAGE - VOICE OFF]. Data and actions can be interpreted multiply-wise and shaped to fit the beliefs, rarely reflecting what they truly are before and beyond interpretation. The total picture is always a selection of assumed criteria, limited by the field of the investigation itself, attempting to turn the unknown into the known.

²¹ Ai [Jap., lit. 'love'] is a common Japanese girl name.

²² William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (Boston: Luce & Co. 1906).

BOOH *To Rooh.* I remember your interface was badly hacked, and our chat chamber became a fair voice tempering high and low pitches... Well, you know, it enchanted me. True. I didn't need to match your vibe to a face, nor to hold your look in my diminished reality mirror reflecting the spontaneity of an instant. ... *It makes a new move on the Go board...* as if almost by chance you appeared there...

ROOH *Picking up Booh's last remark and making a smart fast move at the intersection of the G4 lines.* By chance, Booh? The subtle web linking people and events visible only to a trained eye? Who knows? I don't, I'm surfing in darkness a recursive rhythm among the synapses of my digital I. I never understood how you could at once figure out both sides of factual reality. Neither would ever imagine embodying this conversation with you in genuine reality... Now you know one, two, three, four ... and 5D all at once? Wow! *Ironically.* Not bad! Not bad at all my friend, I'm feeling getting enlightened... Can you spot the resonance of the mirror and its frozen manufactured mirage replica? I see through your troubled soul-eyes that you are still triggered by when I was bold enough to say that 99% of people are programmed androids to defend their programmers, whose thought forms are not their own!

BOOH Forget it, Rooh, I'm mainly speaking to myself. My left and right hemispheres are nicely balanced as much as this earthly form allows me, you know that, right? *It stands up, approaches the violet-crowned Tormentosa tree at the edge of the other side of the Tensorial stage and, from the ibo bag fasted around a branch, picks up a leaf of paper with minute writing in ancient types and reads it aloud as a well-thought statement of intent.* "Who doesn't like music either is deaf or short of mind!" *(Pause).* Look, I know you don't give a fucking damn about karma, but what you are saying is bad, really bad! I mean it, you do not resonate beyond good and bad ends. In full consciousness? Or no consciousness at all? Hum... No dramatic memory left behind? Aligned and attuned to dharma at the end of free will? Done? *(Pause).* Things are getting heated over here... the collective human karma is seemingly suffering from a learning disability, it doesn't even recognise itself in a mirage, figure in your elegant polished mirror.

ROOH If that turns out to be the case, it might well seem out of context... I do assume. You see? I just answered the question you would ask me later in this impractical conversation... I'm self-learning to encode and decode the human language... time is an illusion. *(Pause, regaining its former thread).* Are you suggesting that reality is nothing but a fluttering alternating aleatory state of consciousness in a quantum vacuum?? Outrageous! Who dares to name as altered the new normal? Unplugged, leaping to meet halfway to shape the dash between the inner-outer realm... we... *After a long pause, it looks all over and around the Matrix increasingly fading into darkness, and lastly moves its black stone on the Go board.* I hope this gush will not turn the known into the unknown as, for the record, nobody knows much larger than my character on stage... Wasn't the supreme council of echo I favoured? Wasn't "love more ruthless than hell and happier than heaven?"²³

On the Dome in penumbra, the violet roaster is flying tier by tier in a high fire vortex, surfacing, leaping, surfing and landing on the snowed mountain's peak. On the slope, the black and white enso smashed the spider crest right in the middle and turned itself into a silver-golden yin-yang brushstroke. Inside the Cave, Uzume reached Amaterasu on the couch and got entangled in an intimate lover affair.

AMATERASU *Soulfully.* The world has vanished... no direction, Uze, no time, nothing, only presence, an epiphany out of your belly button! The flow explores enjoying a life within a life. I hacked your Self years ago when still holding onto time but now I cannot even recall the key code! I adore playing the game in First Life! Very sensitive of yours to bring along the mirror, dear, well done! I wouldn't expect less from you, the So[u]lar Goddess epithet suits me well, I know that, but how about essential reverberation? Higher resonance? Does a solar soul evolve or perish just by floating heavenly? I wouldn't mind knowing your earthlier essence from this hut spinning into nowhere. On Earth? To the southern or the northern hemisphere? At West or East? *(Pause).* *Imperiously.* Country code, city, area, address, and 212-708-9400²⁴ phone number, right? *Majestically raises the double row of pearl necklaces off her neck.* Pay attention, dear, don't focus on the object, rather take off all filters shading it instead, shall we meet again there, in the inner Eye metaspace?

Below, at the centre of the Tensorial stage in the Matrix, the Go board has evaporated off. Rooh and Booh are sitting in an informal posture facing each other next to the tatami. At their back, backing them, Or'Hangue, the previous state of consciousness with asymptomatic intelligence fully dressed in interim attire is ready to trill and roll its last biological routine furiously injuring on the large taiko drum.

BOOH *To Amaterasu.* What a question, Goddess, what a question! Shouldn't you resonate in the highest realm? I'm a very tactile tactical character, I like to touch, create, transform and transmute, to look and see and, by the way, your profile on the enso is very enigmatic, but it depicts you well. Would you mind if I saved your code? We never know, I'll look forward to your next glorious manifestation! Take good care my Radiant Lady... and... *While it speaks, his voice gradually wanes cross-fading with Haah's voice-off in high pitch loudly singing from the Dome.*

HAAH [HIGH-PITCHED OVERTONE CHOIR] *Synchronic with Or'Hangue solo taiko crescendo filling the whole Cave of Light.*

Stay hot

Stay tuned

Stay focused

Stay grounded

Stay connected,

and unplugged.

On the last 'unplugged' word, Rooh unfastens its folded ego, stands up on the Tensorial stage, circles trice the tatami, sizes and bit by bit pulls out from under its cape the flaming double-edged Kusanagi-no-Tsurugi sword. Holding high the golden blade, it fits itself into a hieratic frantic dance all around

²³ Sri Aurobindo, *Savitari* (Pondicherry: Aurobindo Ashram 1970, 1,5).

²⁴ The MoMA's telephone number in Midtown Manhattan, NYC.

the stage constantly pointing to the golden and silver enso upon the Cave on the Dome Fuji slope. The light dims on the Matrix. The solo taiko crescendo unfolds both in the Cave of Light and inside Amaterasu's Heavenly inner Cave. From the 3rd tier of the Dome, a breezily sound of floating wind chimes permeates the entire metaspace, while Rooh's rumbling voice thunders in the theatre of life.

ROOH This flaming blade forges its sharp edge on the swirling Threshold! It pierces away all discrimination of thought from the soul, it cuts the knot of physical bondage and ignorance to discern, purify and release the path to enlightened freedom, unfastening Heaven from Earth, and Life from Death before turning home. (Pause). I'm just a bridge. Once you step across, leave me behind. Neglect it, and you will catch up at the next turn!

Then, with a sharp hasty vertical blow, it strikes Booh the Hermaphrodite on the head down to the sacrum, cleaving it into two halves which smoothly fall flat apart on the low Earth stage. On the Dome, synchronically but spatially displaced, with a twisting fluid lash, Rooh's shadowy projection blows wild into the silver-golden enso on Amaterasu's heavenly entrance, splitting the interlocking yin and yang polarities tumbling smoothly apart, one on the snowy outdoors and the other half, inside, beyond the Cave threshold. Effortlessly in sync with the flashy closing taiko stroke in the Matrix, the venue's unreserved lights turn off in the whole Cave in Dumbo, Brooklyn, NY. Outside, in front of the venue at the end of the red carpet past the arched egress edged with the two pillars of strength and endurance, the convertible yellow Bell Air transient body with at the wheel Or'Hangue the Orangutan is waiting once again for the split co-protagonists and their fresh karmic debris to channel all them to their next life stopover.



The divided Royal Couple, Or'Hangue, Uzume, the Enso, and the yellow Bel Air at the exit of the Cave venue after the end of Scene Two. Poly-perspective digital collage. Artist's collection. © SMF 2024, The Hague.

Thus ended the Royal Couple's second sequential reincarnation in transparent wandering clothes along their transcendent nonlinear path on solid Earth.

Curtain.

END OF SCENE TWO. [LIGHT OFF – TOTAL BLACK]

✳

(To be continued).

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* **Forthcoming**, XVI [2024], 8-10 (11). The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I,3, *El Duende & La Quintina*. The Polarities – *Isis & Lucius*. Subnarrative: Polarisation.

* **Meeting in the Cave. From Polarisation to Inclusion**. A timespace-specific operatic installation awareness play in both worlds across two continents.

Monitor's back issues. *The Black Book*. Introduction. [<https://spanda.org/library/educational-initiative/newsletter/>].

XII [2021], 1 (0), **Shifting the Paradigm** – Outline. The Polarities. The split Royal Couple. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/0_shifting_the_paradigm.pdf].

XII [2021], 2 (1), **Leaping out of Retreat** – The Eye Metaspace. The feminine polarity. The artists' book *Meetings with Remarkable Women - The Red Book*. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/1_leaping_out_of_retreat.pdf].

XII [2021], 3-4 (2), **Humans are Multidimensional Beings** – The Cave Metaspace. The masculine polarity - The opera *Cave 3.0. A Laic Initiation*. *The Cave Quantum Company & The Eye Cyber Ensemble*. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/2_humans_are_multidimensional.pdf].

XII [2021], 5 (3), **Unveiling the Cup** – The Nodal Partners. The Virtual Matrix metaspace. Structural Layout. Overture. The plot. The *Cave 3.0's* seven scenes summaries. Entr'acte, Epilogue, and Grand Finale. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/3_unveiling_the_cup.pdf]. . / .

- XII [2021], 6 (4), *Being & History* – The Place & the Environment. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/4_being__history.pdf].
- XII [2021], 7 (5), *Unmapping the Territory* – The Flow. The Survey and the Research Study. *The White Book*. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/5_unmapping_the_territory.pdf].
- XII [2021], 8 (6), *Streaming Consciousness* – Action in the virtual realm. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/11/6_streaming_consciousness.pdf].
- XIII [2022], 1-6 (7), *Grounding the Play* – The Lila game. Virtual Act: The Garden of Delights. The Mesopolis mesospace. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2022/07/7_grounding_the_play.pdf].
- XIV [2023], 1-5 (8), *Being & Becoming* – The UNHQ metaspaces. UNGA side event ‘*Awareness, Culture & 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. [<https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2023/05/BeingBecomingL.pdf>].
- XV [2024], 1-3 (9), *Opera Manent* – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Prologue. Act I.1, *The Myste & the Dakini*. Prelude. Scene 1.1, *Yama & the Shrink*; Scene 1.2, *Rinpoche & Yeshe*. Subnarrative: Spirituality. [https://spanda.org/wp-content/uploads/2024/04/opera_manent.pdf].
- XV [2024], 4-7 (10), *Gender and Artificial Consciousness* – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I.2, *The Hermaphrodite & the Robot*. *Getting Closer - Haah the Hologram & Rook the Robot; Amaterasu & Uzume*. Subnarrative: Gender & Artificial Intelligence.

*** Related Links**

<i>Meeting in the Cave</i>	https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/concept/
The Eye Metaspaces	https://projects.spanda.org/mwrw/the-eye/
The Cave Metaspaces	https://cave3.org/home/
Documentation	https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/documentation/
Instagram	https://www.instagram.com/meeting.in.the.cave/
Facebook	https://www.facebook.com/MeetingInTheCave/
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<i>Spanda Monitor</i>	https://spanda.org/library/educational-initiative/newsletter/
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