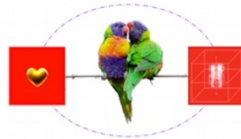




Dear Friends,

While greedy vampires spew blood in a luring dance of dark power and thrash the crumbling structures of a waning disruptive world, vibrant mighty forces are rewriting the human collective saga. Sahlan Momo<sup>1</sup>'s *Meeting in the Cave*<sup>2</sup> awareness play is surfacing the polarised Third Scene in *Cave 3.0. A laic Initiation*<sup>3</sup> operatic narrative — a new chapter in consciousness.



## 11. POLARISATION

*In this section of the work, the apparatus criticus is intended to develop a deeper understanding of the dramatic process, clear up the decisions and the vision behind the awareness play and 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 reader, it offers context and background on the thematic choices; it brings suggestions and comments for the characters' arc development and the 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 interpretative 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.*

\*

*As noted in the previous awareness play chapter<sup>4</sup>, the transformative journey of the split Royal Couple co-protagonists, notably She, the feminine principle and He, the masculine, unwind the sevenfold paradigm that, to the effect of this context, is set into as many states of consciousness, each indwelling a 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 metaspace unfolding the dramaturgy of the Royal Couple's chronotaxis reincarnation itinerary towards singularity.*

## LIBRETTO

### CAVE 3.0 - A LAIC INITIATION

A tale told by an idiot, full of<sup>5</sup> joyful blessings in 3 Acts, a Prologue, 7 Scenes, and an Epilogue.

ACT ONE, Scene Three.

#### EL DUENDE & LA QUINTINA

Palermo, Sicily, Italy, XII c. / Granada, Andalusia, Spain, XIV c. - Music: 7 Variations on a Theme, 3<sup>rd</sup> Variation.

*Following the close of Scene Two<sup>6</sup> featuring Rooh the Robot with its flaming blade splitting Booh the Hermaphrodite into She and He, namely, the two Royal Couple polarities on the threshold of the Cave on the slope of Fuji Mount, the third non-sequential re-embodiment on Earth of the riven Couple takes place in Southern Europe, synchronically but displaced in time and space.*

*In truth, now She embodies La Quintina and He, El Duende. As usual, yet in a reversed analogy on their earthly path, She is One, and He is Many. She destroys the old to renew the spiral cycle of time so that rebirth can start anew in the upper realm. She is infinite, and He renders the infinite into finite. She is formless, and He, fruited by the spirit, renders the formless into myriad forms. She is the holder of power, though she is inert, yet She is null and void without He, as in their new sail on soil, all the power in creation, maintenance, and dissolution rests with He. Yet, 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, thus transmuting the physical, the etheric, and astral into one distinct being (re)gaining its original androgen nature independent of any form.*

✳

<sup>1</sup> Sahlan Momo, (The Hague: *Sahlanmomo.org* - <https://bit.ly/4iefqgi>).

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*, *Meeting in the Cave (MitC)* - (<https://bit.ly/3ZeGsvl>).

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.* - (<https://bit.ly/2DpHE98>).

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, ch. "Humans are Multidimensional Beings" (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XII [2021], 3-4 (2) - <https://bit.ly/416leT9>).

<sup>5</sup> "[...] a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury", William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 5. 5: 26-27.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, see chap. "Gender & Artificial Consciousness" (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XVI [2024], 4-8 (10) - <https://bit.ly/4idZPxI>).

**BROOKLYN. THE CAVE VENUE. LATE AFTERNOON.**

All past, present, and following scenes performed in the Cave venue are live-streamed into the Eye metaspac<sup>7</sup> at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan, 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.

**The Cave Venue Metaspac — General setting.**

The Cave venue metaspac 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.

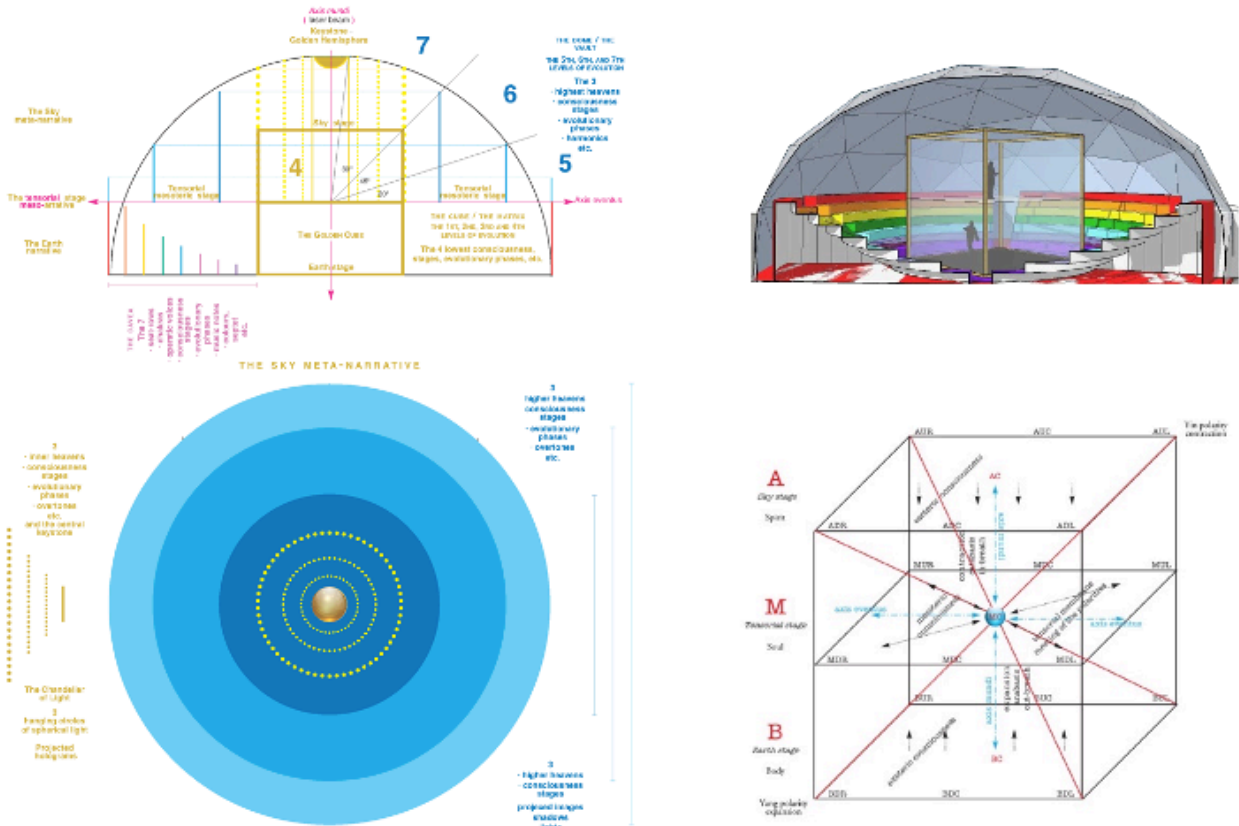


FIG. 1 - STAGE SETTINGS: The Paradigmatic Matrix rendered in 3 levels stage areas: Above (A), Sky stage; Middle (M), Tensorial stage; Below (B), Earth stage.

A. The Metanarrative plane is performed on the three-layered Dome, namely, the 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup> tiers of the Higher Self. The Dome displays projected floating images deprived of consistency in which the spacetime continuum is synchronic yet non-linear, with historical places and times intermingled into the present.

- The Dome: The Three Highest Heavens: the 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup> 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, i.e., the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> human dimensions of consciousness. The Narrative displays real actors; the continuum is time-insensitive and diachronic; the performance on the three-staged Matrix converges the top-down and the bottom-up polarities on the medial Tensorial stage, overtly, the mesoteric locus medio.

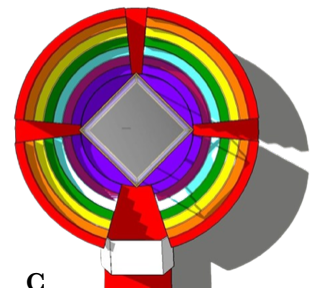
- The Matrix: The Higher Sky stage. Mostly in darkness, with only one non-linear time frame.  
The Lower Earth stage. The spacetime continuum is diachronic and linear; the sacred time is split; unity is set in space only.
- The Cavea of Light: The Tensorial stage. When the action is performed simultaneously on both Higher and Lower stages and the action/actors are aligned vertically, it generates its reflection on the medial Tensorial stage, in which linear and sacred times are united, and the Masculine and Feminine polarities are joined.
- Black (colour): The seven states of the audience's consciousness are mirrored in the performance.  
Contraction; the subtle yin polarity; the feminine, the yoni; the horizontal axis eventis, the 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 4<sup>th</sup> and the 5<sup>th</sup> dimensions of consciousness, that is, between the 4<sup>th</sup> and the 5<sup>th</sup> chakra, the augmented 4<sup>th</sup> tritone diabolus in musica. In the performance, this gap is singled out in the Entr'acte, set between the 4<sup>th</sup> and the 5<sup>th</sup> scenes betwixt Act One and Two of the play.

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

- 1<sup>st</sup> SATB overtone choir.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Seven operatic voices: bass, baritone, tenor, countertenor, contralto, mezzo, soprano.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Winds: bansuri, fujara, ney, sax, shakuhachi, suling.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Strings: bass, chora, electric guitar, koto, mandolin, oud, cello.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Keyboards: accordion, barrel-organ, harmonium, shruti.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Percussion: balafon, claquette, gamban, gangan, chimes, gong, taiko.
- 7<sup>th</sup> 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 ranks of the Cavea and by a string of speakers positioned across the whole three-layered Dome.



<sup>7</sup> Ibid, MitC, see chap. "Being & History" (The Hague: Spanda.org, XII [2021], 6 (4): 2 - <https://bit.ly/3IuIOwW>.

TIME	Double historical time, dual-age period: XII and XIV centuries.
PLACE(S)	Cultural reference and setting: South Europe: Palermo, Sicily, Italy; Granada, Andalusia, Spain.
LITERARY REFERENCES & SOURCES	Apuleius, <i>Metamorphoses - The Golden Ass</i> ; Cervantes, <i>Don Quixote</i> ; Dante, <i>Rime</i> , and <i>Divina Comedia</i> ; Ibn Hazm, <i>The Ring of the Dove (Tawq al-Hamama)</i> .
SUBNARRATIVE	Polarisation.
MUSIC	7 Variations on a Theme. 3 <sup>rd</sup> Variation. Instrumentation on the ranks of the Cavea of Light: 1 <sup>st</sup> rank: SATB overtone choir; 2 <sup>nd</sup> rank, voices: tenor, soprano; 3 <sup>rd</sup> rank, winds: flutes; 4 <sup>th</sup> , strings: mandolin/guitar; and 6 <sup>th</sup> rank, percussion: chimes, bells, hand cymbals, castanets, rattles, hand drums, iron clappers.

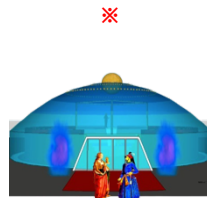
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ and their respective original locations.

*The Metanarrative, on the Dome.*

ISIS	The Goddess   1 <sup>st</sup> tier.
LUCIUS	The Trickster Dreamer   2 <sup>nd</sup> tier.

*The Narrative, on the three-layered Matrix.*

EL DUENDE <sup>8</sup>	He; the Exiled Migrant, the Seeker   Earth stage.
LA QUINTINA <sup>9</sup>	She; the courtesan Black Virgin   Sky stage.
DANTE <sup>10</sup>	The visionary poet   Middle Tensorial stage.
THE HEALER	The Shaman   Middle Tensorial stage.
HAAH the Hologram(S)	The Guardian(s) of the Threshold; the undifferentiated continuum, the subtle aspect of reality   All stages.
THE ANGEL(S)	Eno and Owt; the protagonists' severed physical shadows   Middle Tensorial stage.
OR'HANGUE	The Orangutan, a former state of consciousness; The Grayish Body, remains of transmutations   Earth stage.
THE BEL AIR	The vehicle, the body.



OPENING [BLACK-IN]. *The Third Scene opens in the Cave venue metaspace in total darkness and blackout silence. In a reverse of the previous scene<sup>11</sup>, the axis mundi is now a red laser beam that stems from the Earth's centre lowest purple ground of the Cave of Light. Heading upwards through the three-layered staged Matrix, it reaches the Dome keystone, where gradually it lightens the whole cupola's inner face in a sharp majestic dawn in sync with the incipit of the 7 Variations on a Theme musical score. After the 7<sup>th</sup> bar of the theme, below, on the East edge of the Matrix middle Tensorial stage in the deep penumbra, the first barely visible characters to appear in person are the split Royal Couple who routinely, at each their new rebirth on Earth, are now on reversed gender, She indwells a male body, and He, a female frame.*

*Above, on the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, and 3<sup>rd</sup> tiers of the Dome Highest Heavens, namely the 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup> dimensions of consciousness, pre-shot screened filmed images increasingly appear in a floating collage of blurred urban and natural landscapes alongside architectural details and artworks devoid of tangible substance and consistency. The blurred pictures progressively morph into a zoom-in focused on the high fortification's perimeter of the Granada town in 14<sup>th</sup>-century Spain, gradually intermingling the non-linear historical places of the Metanarrative with the below Narrative spacetime continuum of the 13<sup>th</sup>-century Italian city of Palermo in Sicily on the Matrix, merging their continua in an incoherent chaotic unity. All the while, two bird-like energetic patterns, Angel Eno and Angel Owt, the current manifestation of the former Guardians of the Threshold<sup>12</sup>, are randomly floating around in the Cave venue.*

*Below, on the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> layers of the four human realms, viz. the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, and 4<sup>th</sup> states of consciousness of the staged Matrix in the middle of the Cave of Light, the spacetime continuum is diachronic and spatially split into two historical epochs: one, on the upper Sky stage, and the other on*

<sup>8</sup> *Duende* or *tener duende* [Sp. 'to have duende'] is a Spanish term for a heightened state of consciousness ignited as a response to art. The term derives from an elf or goblin-like creature in Spanish and Latin American folklore. Drawing on popular usage and Spanish folklore, Federico García Lorca first developed the *aesthetics* of Duende in the lecture "Juego y teoría del duende" [Play and Theory of the Duende] he gave in Buenos Aires in 1933 (Federico García Lorca, *El Duende*, Rome: Semar, 2003). In the lecture, the *Duende* is an alternative to style, virtuosity, natural given grace, charm, and artistic norms. Not that the artist surrenders to it, not a question of ability, but of true, living action "on the rim of the well" coming from within. The Duende dimension of consciousness not only "dilates the mind's eye" (Brook Zern, in Christopher Maurer, *In Search of Duende*, Toronto: New Direction Bilibot, 1998, ix) and *enduenda* the performer/shaman on stage, but effects also the audience, fulfilling the conditions for the emergence of the performance's collective consciousness, perceived spontaneously with little, if any, conscious effort. In *Meeting in the Cave*, El Duende is a stage character, one of the play's co-protagonists, aligned to its state's operative modalities.

<sup>9</sup> La Quintina is the name given to the emergence of the first overtone during the performance of a Four Voice parts piece in which each part has a specific timbre of its own and the four voices search for the highest possible level of merging of the voices. The geo-cultural references are to be found in the Sardinian polyphonic folk singing *Cantu a tenore* dating back to Bronze Age Nuragic times (1800 BCE-238 BCE), marked by the use of a specific type of overtone singing in which the convergences and interplay of the four voices gives rise, on a higher plane of synthesis, to a Fifth (It. *quinta*, *quintina*) voice devoid of any specific bodily vocal cavity. The four voices are *Bassu* (bass): A2-C3, fundamental 100 Hz, harmonic 2000 Hz, tone colour: dark, with *ah* more like *oh*; *Contra* (baritone): C3-G3, fundamental 150 Hz, harmonic 4000 Hz, tone colour: medium-dark, rounded *oh*; *Bogi* (low tenor): F3-C4, fundamental 200 Hz, harmonic 5000 Hz, tone colour: medium-bright, nasal, open *ee* like *ay*; *Falzettu* (high tenor): A3-E4, fundamental 250 Hz, harmonic 8000 Hz, tone colour: bright, open, bright sound (Bernard Lortat-Jacob, *Chants de Passion, au cœur d'une confrérie de Sardaigne*, Paris: Cerf, 1998).

<sup>10</sup> Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), widely known mononymously as Dante, was an esoteric major Italian poet, writer, theologian, and philosopher. His lyrical oeuvre spans twenty-five years, from the early 1280s until 1306-07, when he undertook the composition of his magnum opus, the spiritual epic poem *La Divina Commedia* (The Divine Comedy), originally called *Comedia* and later christened *Divina* by the Italian writer and poet Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), in which he explored his transformative ascending journey through the inner realms of *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso* (Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven), which work he completed in 1321 shortly before his death.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, see chap. "Gender & Artificial Consciousness", cit.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, see chap. "Opera Manent" (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XV [2024], 1-3 (9): 4, n15 - <https://bit.ly/3ZekDfn>).

the lower Earth plane. At the centre of the lower stage, a golden beam shines in a crimson rising dawn. The music increases in tempo and gradually fades off, and only the reflected glow of the floating images above in the Dome enlightens the Matrix. As the music diminishes, it cross-fades with an uprising point of light at the front left Earth corner of the Matrix, expanding towards the central stage to uncover a circular labyrinth<sup>13</sup> at the intersections of the nave axes of the Palatine Chapel<sup>14</sup> at the Palace of the Normans<sup>15</sup> in Palermo. In the middle of the maze, stretched out on the floor, exhausted by a life-long journey, half-asleep, wandering into an uncharted lucid dream<sup>16</sup>, dwells El Duende. A hunchbacked man clothed in a full white costume with a pointed conical hat and a distinctive black mask above a crooked nose and a huge mouth serving an eager potbelly with gangly legs. Of a temperamental nature, he embodies charm and humour, improvisational style and exaggerated manners in satirising life. A crafty thief and crude stinking bumpkin, an opportunist unafraid of consequences, a joker, and a seeker in disguise testing his creativity against the search for enlightenment. Suddenly, he awakens out of the maze and slowly takes a vertical stance. He looks around in all directions in the darkness and, shocked by an abrupt fit of subtle energy throughout his whole body, starts talking to an unseen listener in the likeness of the real.

EL DUENDE      Your intangible presence is still around; it doesn't fade away. I feel it. I treasure it. It rises in the morning, enjoys a day of elusive vibes and, indulging here and there, flows back and forth, in and out of my soul, endlessly.

Then, he looks up at the back-left corner of the Sky stage, where from far away in the blackness emerges in dawn light the court of Ibn al-Aḥmar<sup>17</sup> at the Alhambra<sup>18</sup>; then, its inner Court of the Lions<sup>19</sup> and, step by step, the patio hazily unveiling She, La Quintina, alias Mariam/Sophia, the black virgin, a post-figuration of the 12<sup>th</sup> century Romanesque Our Lady of Montserrat, named La Moreneta, the Dark One, due to the dusky colour of her glowing skin. A gorgeous courtesan of Venusian temperament sitting on the fountain brim<sup>20</sup> in a grand traditional shadowy attire and a small white half mask highlighting her large bright emerald eyes, a full mouth adorned with cobalt blue blusher, and a chrome star-shaped mole on the left cheek glimpsing under the mask. Gently mannered, self-reserved, very discreet, altruist and shy, long past her prime under the covers forever and a day, she meditates on her diamond body on a journey to oneness in a high state of generative consciousness. On her head, a long veil of dark purple lace ornate with red roses enduring lingering white fringes covering her entire body exhaling a sublime jasmine scent. Her ebony hands with Berber tattoos on the palms and time-consuming tapered long fingers with geranium-painted nails slowly turn the enchanted parchment blank pages of a leather-bound manuscript copy of the Ring of the Dove<sup>21</sup> from which, time to time, lost scattered words appear and disappear on the blank leaves revealing her path to the beyond. What is here is everywhere, what is not here is nowhere. Reading aloud one sestina from the manuscript tome, her grounded voice begins sparkling from her heart's intelligence, addressing the residual resident of the lower stage.

<sup>13</sup> The labyrinth is a highly complex symbol expressed either as a design, a building, or an open or enclosed path with banks or edges, symbolises the return to the centre, to the body of the Earth Mother, *regressus at uterum*, realisation, initiation, death and rebirth, a rite of passage from the profane to the sacred, the soul's pilgrimage from earth to heaven, the journey of life through difficulties and illusion, the night voyage into the underworld domain of the Great Mother in her devouring aspect, Lilith. The labyrinth is obscure, concealed, and secret, often situated underground, presided over by the Guardians of the Threshold at the entrance of the Cave (see Libretto: 8). Entering the labyrinth means death; exit it, rebirth, in Eastern symbolism, to exit it is to escape from *samsara* and the law of *karma*. Plutarch (quoting Dikairchos, *Theseus*, xxi) says that when Theseus landed in Delos with Ariadne (Edward A. Armstrong, *The Crane Dance in East and West*, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2015) on his return from the spiral, feminine, labyrinth on Crete with at its centre the Minotaur, the masculine, solar, generative force, he and his companions performed 'The Crane' apotropaic dance, a ritual mimetic of the solar path with at the centre the crane as the psychopomp, a cultural pattern integral to the sacrificial and funerary ritual widespread throughout Europe and Asia, extended in modified form as far as the New Hebrides (J. Layard, 'Maze dances and the ritual of the labyrinth in Malekula', *Folklore*, xlvii, 123–70).

<sup>14</sup> The Palatine Chapel (It. *Cappella Palatina*) is the royal chapel of the Norman kings of Sicily situated on the first floor at the centre of the Palazzo Reale (*infra*) in Palermo, Italy. Also referred to as a *Palace church* or *Palace chapel*, it was commissioned by Roger II of Sicily in 1132 to be built upon an older chapel, now the crypt, constructed around 1080. It took eight years to build, receiving a royal charter the same year, with the mosaics being only partially finished by 1143. The sanctuary is reminiscent of a domed basilica. It has three apses, as is usual in Byzantine architecture, with six pointed arches, with three on each side of the central nave, resting on recycled classical columns. The chapel combines harmoniously the Norman architecture and door decor, the Arabic arches and script adorning the roof, the Byzantine mosaics, and the dome, while the clusters of four eight-pointed stars (*muqarnas*), typical for Muslim design, are arranged on the ceiling to form a Christian cross. The hundreds of facets of the *muqarnas* are painted with vegetal and zoomorphic iconographic symbolism, stylistically influenced by Iraqi 'Abbasid art, denoting a higher awareness of the symbolic representation of the spatial system.

<sup>15</sup> The Palace of the Normans or Royal Palace (It. Palazzo dei Normanni) was the seat of the Kings of Sicily during the Norman domination and served afterwards as the main seat of power for the subsequent rulers of Sicily. The building was the private residence of the imperial seat of Frederick II and Conrad IV, the oldest royal residence in Europe. Currently, it is the seat of the Sicilian Regional Assembly.

<sup>16</sup> A Lucid dream is an altered state of consciousness in which reality is felt as having different quality and quantity from the ordinary — even though 'ordinary' is a cultural variable and what is 'altered' for one culture could be 'ordinary' for another — affecting the perception of subjective time during which the subject, though fully asleep is fully aware that what is perceived is taking place during dreaming, with the recognition of the lucid state between the two states of consciousness, a sub-set of the individual consciousness in which the subject interacts with both the dream world and the ordinary world.

<sup>17</sup> Abu Abdullah ibn Yusuf ibn Nasr (1195-1273), also known as Ibn al-Aḥmar and by his epithet *al-Ghalib billah* (The Victor by the Grace of God), was the first ruler of the Emirate of Granada, Spain, the last independent Muslim state on the Iberian Peninsula, and the founder of its ruling Nasrid dynasty (1230-1492).

<sup>18</sup> The Alhambra (Ar. *Al-Ḥamrā*, The Red One) is a fortress palace complex in Granada, Spain. Originally built as a small fortress in 889 CE on the remains of Roman fortifications, it was largely ignored until renovated and rebuilt in the mid-13th century by Ibn al-Aḥmar (*supra* <sup>13</sup>) — both the terms Alhambra and the name Al-Ahmar share the same *hmr* Semitic trilateral roots and numerological value. The fortress was later converted into a royal palace in 1333 by Yusuf I, Sultan of Granada. In 1492, it became the Royal Court of Ferdinand and Isabella and later partially altered in the Renaissance style. After falling into ruins occupied by squatters for centuries, the fortress was rediscovered following the defeat of Napoleon, who conducted retaliatory destruction of the site. The Alhambra is the inspiration for many songs, and stories, and is a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

<sup>19</sup> The Court of the Lions (*Patio de los Leones*) is an oblong courtyard of 35 m in length by 20 m in width, surrounded by a low gallery supported on 124 white marble columns. At each extremity, a pavilion projects into the court with filigree walls and a light domed roof. The square is paved with coloured tiles and a white marble colonnade, while the walls are covered 1.5 m up from the ground with blue and yellow tiles, with a border above and below of enamelled blue and gold. The columns supporting the roof and gallery are irregularly placed and adorned by foliage varieties. About each arch, there is a large square of stucco arabesques and, over the pillars, another stucco square of filigree work.

<sup>20</sup> In the centre of the Court of Lions, the Fountain of the Lions is an alabaster basin supported by the figures of twelve lions in white marble, symbols of strength, power, and sovereignty. At each hour, one lion produces water from its mouth; at the edge of the fountain, there is a poem written by the Arab Andalusian court poet and statesman Ibn Zamrak (also Zumruk, or Abu Abdullāh Muhammad ibn Yusuf ibn Muhammad ibn Ahmad ibn Muhammad ibn Yusuf al-Surayhi [1333–1393]) praising the beauty of the fountain, symbolic of the feminine, and the power of the lions but also describing their sophisticated hydraulic systems, *in ausencia* of any explicit metaphysical bearing.

<sup>21</sup> *The Ring of the Dove* (*Tawq al-Ḥamāmah fī 'al-ulfa wa-al-ullif*) is a treatise on love by Ibn Hazm written ca. 1022 in Játiva, south of Valencia, Spain. Writer of theology and law, Hazm produced this only work of literature borrowing heavily from Plato's *Phaedrus*, though the bulk of the work is of his writing. The work has been published in English multiple times, the version adopted here is the MS at the University Library Leiden, Netherlands, OR. 927, fol. 1a. Ex libris Levinus Warner ("Ex legato viri ampliss. Levini Warneri").

LA QUINTINA “Together in a garden,  
 gay in bloom we passed our happy days,  
 while the bright whispering flowers gave thanks to God  
 for the morning's showers at sunrise.  
 The clouds and that sweet-scented mead were dropping tears,  
 eyes bedewed, cheeks with roses all imbued, still”.  
*She stops reading and looks downward at the Earth stage as if responding to El Duende's plea.*  
 You almost hit me, dear! Be careful with your words!

EL DUENDE *Tackling She in the upper Sky dimension.* Evolving in high realms is not as easy as you once told me, sweetie, I barely  
 learned how to unfold myself from this identity destiny...

LA QUINTINA Watch out, dear! Hours, days, and years are waning... but all you need now is to play with my shade!  
 EL DUENDE Yesterday at the market, a smile slipped me onto the lips of a black virgin... *Very long pause.*  
 LA QUINTINA And?  
 EL DUENDE What do you mean by ‘and’, sweetie? Not enough? Stranded at sea, we met. An encounter was it, a subtle  
 exchange, a void of fullness... yet we moved on, each at its own pace. Do you know why? *Pause.* Too busy with  
 our illusional worlds, never at peace! Doom and gloom are lacking in your solid presence!

LA QUINTINA Are you feeding empty thoughts with vacuum holes, dear? Where is El Duende? Where's the subtle feel I once  
 perceived? Where is that diamond body dancing on the brim of the world? Where is it? All gone? And now,  
 what is this? A play? *Pointing to the Dome and the audience in the Cave of Light.* Is this a grand opera? For real? Wake  
 up! *Then to herself.* I knew it, I knew it... I've been waiting too long, way too long! A phantom of the mind...

*Immersed in crafting their narrative, they pay little attention to the surroundings. The dawn light expands to discover, next to El Duende's feet, now Angel  
 Eno and, above on the Sky stage, on the lip of the fountain brim near La Quintina, Angel Owt. The two angelic patterns of cheerful, temperamental  
 nature, light performers intermediaries between heaven and earth with double vision bridging the gap betwixt the spiritual and the material realms, are a  
 quantum diamond-carbon copy of the Guardians of the Threshold<sup>22</sup>, yet momentarily disconnected from their original daily service to close and open the  
 doors to the subtle world. A sort of fallen archangel, yet gendered, each with only two wings instead of the customary four and wearing untimely neutral  
 white masks. Endowed with partial free will and limited freedom, able to unfold their sub-narrative independently from the main plot line, are a class of  
 unusual drones manoeuvred by an external controller-power, with only at given structural points interacting with the narrative to give rise to a further  
 plane of reference comprising them both. Unnoticed, untold Angel Eno, clad in violet feathers with its controller device switched off on the floor, starts  
 climbing the closest pillar of the Matrix. From above, Angel Owt slips down the opposite column in red plumage, also with the controller switched off.  
 Once they reach the shaded medial Tensorial stage, start addressing each other aloud.*

ANGEL ENO Can't believe it!  
 ANGEL OWT Imagine if, for once, all this would be real...  
 ANGEL ENO Think so... you need to touch down...  
 ANGEL OWT Are you still grounded? Be careful, Eno. Very thick and very fast, in less than a second I will revert to higher  
 spheres... nothing locally is real here...

*As Angel Eno reaches the middle Tensorial stage back corner and Owt touches the front slant, they look diagonally at each other and start hovering over  
 the stage. At the intersection of their angular sight, from the Dome above, a bright ray enlightens a standing brave young man wearing a worn tailor-made  
 orange tunic with palpable signs of age and a fragrant laurel wreath on his bold head. Is Dante, exiled from Florence, Italy, due to his outspoken  
 involvement in the Florentine political arena and his aversion to the papacy, now in Sicily searching for inspiration and mesoteric inklings within the  
 small Sufi community still lingering at the Palazzo dei Normanni after the death of Frederick II. Thoughtful, twirling his sore feet marked by time shod  
 in hoary-pointed goatskin footwear in a spiral path in the middle of the stage, he struggles to find the right meaningful sequential rhythmical wording for  
 his major eschatological project held dear to his heart and, in deep concentration, he briefly looks up for encouragement at the floating drone angels and  
 raucously urgently bestows them a verse.*

DANTE Willed is where one wills what one can do and asks no more!  
*Below, on the Earth stage, El Duende reaches the far corner and sits cross-legged on the floor, talking to himself.*  
 EL DUENDE Beyond the mind, cleared of sensations and feelings, beyond the yonder where we once met...

*Above, upon the Sky stage of generative consciousness, La Quintina looks down and addresses him.*

LA QUINTINA I knew it, I knew it! Bad manner and low language...

*Beneath, on the Tensorial stage, still spiralling in smaller trails, Dante looks above at the La Quintina and rephrases his linguistic attempts.*

DANTE Is it wanted so where can it be?

*Overhead, lightly surfing the quantum wave, La Quintina gets up from the brim and begins undressing her long dark purple veil, revealing a pale light-  
 green noisette only. Bending downwards in reverse motion, she leaves the manuscript on the paved coloured tiles and slowly sits down with her knees up  
 to her breast and head bowed in her hands on the knees.*

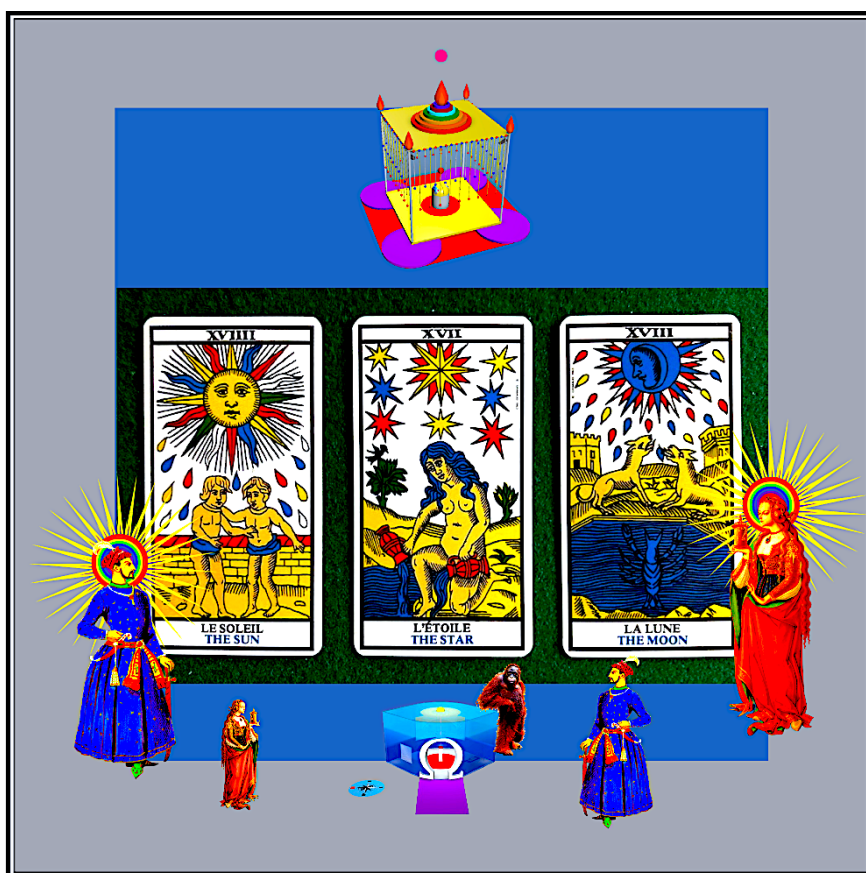
*Below, to the west of the Tensorial stage, a glowing vortex emerges exhaling in the plain air the letter “H”, the first emanation at the base of Kabbalistic,  
 Platonic, Tantric, Sufi, and many other cosmogonic formulations. Meanwhile, beneath, on the Earth stage, scholars and practitioners were engaged in  
 endless debates about whether the principle of Sound or, instead, Light or Logos was the first to be and become. Fiat Lux or Fiat Sonus? Sound, the  
 opposite of Silence? Or Light contrast Darkness? Silence embodies void, secrecy, obscurity, emptiness, and contraction; Light, fullness, disclosure,*

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid*, MitC, see chap. “Opera Manent”, cit.: 4, n15.

luminosity, and expansion. On stage, their polar variation manifests the emergence of time in the evolution of consciousness, shaping in the middle plane of the Matrix, Haah the Hologram, which speedily contracts to an invisible black point to then split into two colliding trajectories, giving rise to the gravitational surge of the ethereal body in extension towards the keystone of the Dome, which, suddenly disappears plunging the vault into absolute darkness. Badass. Yet below on the Earthly flair, next to the whirling Dante in his fluttering orange tunic, Haah appears fully visible as a radiant entity that, defying all rules of pseudo-reality of the Cave of Light, emanates his throat-singing Aria stage off.

HAAH            II Aria [B]. *I wish You a Vision.* Largo. *Voice-off.* [THROAT SINGING].  
 I wish you a vision beyond the visible  
 and many other invisible sparkling lights.  
 Life grows from soul to soul,  
 embodied in a transient vessel,  
 lost in transmuting worlds  
 in a diamond body forging its becoming.  
 The illusory time of the mind,  
 the subtle feelings perception,  
 the joyful aware encounters,  
 the karmic debris to unveil,  
 and the painful growth  
 all are gone.  
 I feel weak.  
 No reference point.  
 Healed and left behind.  
 Ingrown.  
 Lost.

As soon as the throat-singing Aria ends, the Cave of Light regains all its splendour. Failing in its sense of purpose, a cameo emerges on the middle tier of the Dome featuring the Royal Couple: He and She in their customary blue and red outfits are casually playing Tarot cards on the eastern doorstep of the Virtual Matrix, intently observed by Or'Hangue the Orangutan<sup>23</sup>, the prior state of consciousness at a very short distance.



*The Royal Couple on their spiritual quest on the Dome, with Or'Hangue, the Sun, Star, and Moon Tarot cards on the threshold of the Virtual Matrix. Artist's collection. © SMF 2024, The Hague.*

With burning ambition, He recalls his lost memories and, uncovering the Sun card on the threshold, states that the hard, the soft, the permeable, the malleable, and the fertile soils, not necessarily in that order, are the transiting natures of the soul at each rebirth from stage to stage to the next chapter. Transmutation. Elevation. Priorities. Election. Or'Hangue rapidly approaches the Couple on the brink and opens its mouth to unveil the Star card on its tongue. Inspiration. Renewal. Guidance. In response, She exposes her Moon. Insightful visions. Intuition. Mystery. And sensitively She states that a

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, see chap. "Unveiling the Cup" (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XII [2021], 5 (3): 5 - <https://bit.ly/3rKyNpy>).

*veiled sisterhood makes it hard to rewrite an asemic growing grief and that Love knows not... sadly. The divine trinity cards are at work. East and West. Feminine and masculine, receiver and giver, receptive and assertive, tenderness and rigidity. The Moon and the Sun challenge harmony between relentless and fulfilment, decoding a black-and-white reality betwixt Constant and Change, while the spiritual Star shines up on the Dome, tireless. The reading on the doorway is unclear; it requires a coordinated approach from different angles to gain a comprehensive meaning. In consciousness, the global picture is self-evident, with no need for proof; it does not require further interpretation as it excels without a negotiator. Yet, they all ignored the Principle of Wrong Decisions for quite a long while... Such is the fate of people who live a pseudo-life. The brighter the light, the darker the shadow.*

*Below, the darkened Cave of Light gradually regains luminosity, revealing Dante intensely spinning at the right corner of the Tensorial stage, insanely repeatedly asking himself incongruent incognito questions.*

DANTE            Is it willed there that what is willed is possible? And no more?  
                      Is it willed what there is willed that is possible? And more?

*At the left corner of the stage, a spotlight uncovers the Healer sitting on the floor in the same posture as La Quintina in the dim light of the Sky above. Slowly, the Healer stands up and, at full speed, does a daring somersault pirouette in mid-air. The light uncovers her minute graceful body: small round face with intense black eyes ringed in deep silvery-blue makeup. Full sensual lips, loose long red hair, a white mantel covered with tiny gold and silver stars, wide sleeves adorned with little shiny moons and shooting stars, finished with gold trimmings comets and fringes. Barefoot, slowly, she turns dancing, reaches the centre stage, gazes up and addresses La Quintina.*

THE HEALER     There is no light on the path from the entrance to the shed! Seemingly sleeping rough, everything is in vain. What do you wish to release, my cute Lady? Heal and transform? I can discharge karma, pains, anger, fear, doubts, traumas and all their peers to shift you to higher awareness. Your commitment and intention and the sound of my voice will heal you. I'm a catalyser of higher energies and the vessel of your subtle breath. Your health is your business, not mine. I channel only, whether the content is the message or the message is the content, none is of my business. My concern as a witness ends here. Good luck! *She looks at Haah in the far corner of the stage.* And you down there! Be quiet for a while, will you? Unlike your brain, your stomach alerts you when it is empty, so let me do my job, we will meet later.

*Then, she starts the healing ritual by offering salutations to the six directions of space.*

THE HEALER     I salute you, South! Welcome is your presence!  
                      I salute you West! Welcome is your assistance!  
                      I salute you, North! Welcome forebears!  
                      I salute you East! Welcome support!  
                      *Then, she visits each corner of the stage.*  
                      I salute you Above and Below! Welcome directions!  
                      I salute you Mother Earth! Blessed in patience!  
                      I salute you, Sun and Moon, and all the Stars! Welcome in sincerity!  
                      And to you my Creator, I can only salute my submission to your Will!

[IMPROVISATION] *Ending the salutation, she spontaneously started dancing, singing, and playing hand drums, rattles, cymbals, and bells. Closed the improvisation, she begins scanning and cleansing La Quintina's frequencies. Then, she continues healing the audience in the Cave of Light, transmuting debris in gems with pure intent and gratitude. From above, in a single prolonged voice-off breath, Haah gradually spells its own name.*

HAAH            Haaaaaah... I'm here! Who are the players this time around?

THE HEALER     *In the centre of the stage. III Aria [S]. Today I'm lazy - Adagio.*  
                      Today I'm lazy,  
                      I will point out here and there  
                      scattered pieces of blurred information  
                      as your sensitivity allows and asks for.  
                      Out of the thirsty lips,  
                      a powerless spoiled spark grasps and retains.  
                      Once and again, a rising loss  
                      spasms an eternal play,  
                      unaware.  
                      Disguised,  
                      compulsory lovers backdrop the unknown  
                      in a flaming veil lining the cave of mouth,  
                      mortal.  
                      Beyond the cleave,  
                      happy whispers handle unlocked doors.  
                      Joyful intimacy. Delight.  
                      All worlds in one.  
                      Yet you are there and I'm here.  
                      Remember the lasting One?

What was its name?  
Absolute? Zero? All, Empty, or Foul?  
Choose!  
Past savage sayings,  
beyond nonbeing,  
doubt, law, and certainty all have gone.

Further and farther than you and me,  
closer and deeper than I and Thee  
broader and breather,  
yonder and hander  
is We.

*While she is singing the last lines, Dante moves to the right back pillar and shouts at the Earth stage below.*

DANTE Is there a will where what is willed is possible? And no more questions are asked?

*Quietly, the Healer moves to the front pillar and emits a succession of primaevial occurrences to trigger the audience's self-regulation instinctive centre.*

THE HEALER SSSSHHH... to calm the nervous system and activate the embryonic memory. *Pause.* Mmmmm... to balance the electromagnetic field and harmonise all cells. *Pause.* Ommm... to align the chakras during deep meditation. *Pause.* Aaahhh... to reset the nervous system and relax the diaphragm. *Pause.* And, lastly, Huum... huum... huum... to massage the internal organs to centre the overall system. Listen, listen, listen! The sound and the listener are of the same fragrance... no animosity here...

*Above, though they are drifting apart on the stage, not heeding the Healer's recommendation below, the drones start a sequence of gleaming allegorical evolutions in the air while talking to each other with inspiring interposing idioms.*

ANGEL ENO Can't believe it... scanning and cleansing ...  
ANGEL OWT Imagine if it would be released...  
ANGEL ENO a slippery slope to higher planes...  
ANGEL OWT with gratitude! She's unwell... come on, Eno, we better move on now.  
ANGEL ENO Ripples in a vacuum vortex dream bright days at full night...  
ANGEL OWT Well, I didn't mean to go that far...  
ANGEL ENO What would you prefer to do on Sundays instead?  
ANGEL OWT Outgoing, to the beach, in my bikini...  
ANGEL ENO I bear a vivid imagination, but the reality is much denser, unfortunately... Let's see... Misleading? Too many questions and no answers? *Pause, please, Owt.* Digital conversation, fresh air, new environment, and all this without a why? Come on, put on your suit, and let's set sail!  
ANGEL OWT You are short-sighted and hardly focused. I'm a naked ghost, but you keep seeing my spoils. You could do much better than a long laugh turning ah-ah in ahah and haha into Haah... *With a sudden change of tone while awkwardly landing on the Sky stage.* You thought I was joking, but I'm serious by nature. The whole world is in a mass at the end of this brutal cycle... and you are asking me out for a picture? Keep well in mind, my very dear, that what looks like reality, in reality, is an illusion. And what looks like an illusion is, in reality, real. At this stage, the illusion is disguised under the Self. *Pause.* Who will unveil the riddle? May it be you?  
ANGEL ENO I'm a liar, my sweet beauty! I never go out on Sundays, and my boat is already at sea exploring the shades of the unknown, spoiling the whole space. *Pause. Docking on the middle Tensorial stage.* Democracy, epistocracy, or noocracy? Wishing you an unfishable wind for the day, take good care, my dear Owt, I'm done.

*At these words, the Healer slips down the East pillar. Once touching the ground Earth stage, she oversteps the threshold of the Matrix and routes towards the venue entrance/exit. Just before reaching the double doorway, she unclothes, throws off all her garments in an eye-shaped black dustbin next to the threshold, and nakedly exits the Cave venue metaspace through its invisible gate.*

CROSSFADE ON THE DOME

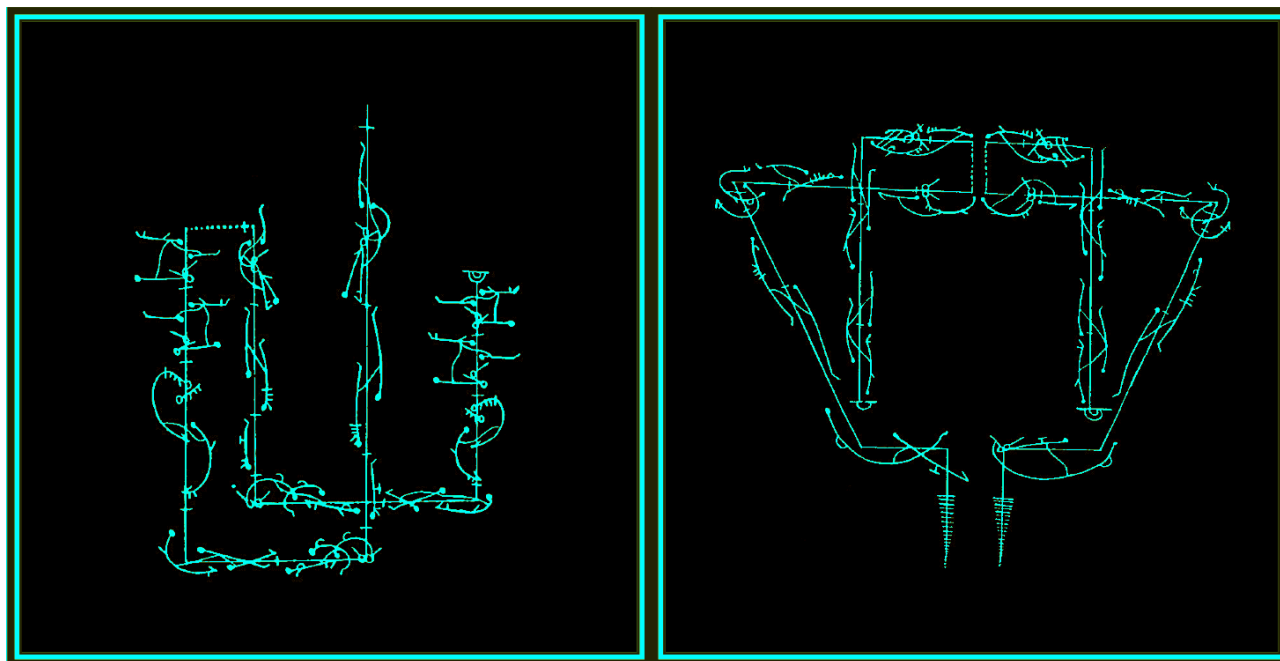
*On the second and third tiers of the Dome, around the highest dimensions under an intense dark starry sky, a wide-open seashore is glowing in a shady sunset light. Thunderstorms and lightning strikes. Crashing waves. Climate disruption. Nature is in distress. At the four cardinal points and above the physical entrance of the Cave venue enlightened by a pale surprise reflected light, roaring waves rise the aura on the outer front of the screened Cave of Light with, in the middle of the Tensorial stage of the vetted paradigmatic Matrix, in a hortus conclusus<sup>24</sup> encircled by majestic high cypress, the*

<sup>24</sup> The Latin term *hortus conclusus* (enclosed garden) is derived from the Vulgate Bible's *Canticle of Canticles* (*Song of Songs, Song of Solomon*) 4:12, in Latin: "*Hortus conclusus soror mea, sponsa, hortus conclusus, fons signatus*" (A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed up), this provided the interpretation of King Solomon's nuptial song to his bride as the mystical marriage of opposites.

Gardens are enclosed spaces; the enclosure might consist of simple woven wattle fencing or stout or decorative masonry, columns, low hedges or fences, tunnelled pathways, or an arcaded cloister from colonnaded peristyle Roman villas origin. The *hortus conclusus* was one of the depictions of the Virgin Mary in the late Middle Ages, more informal and intimate than the traditional hieratic Virgin enthroned in Byzantine icons. The Virgin, usually with Child, is often surrounded by angels, the garden itself representing the Virgin, with the Fountain of Life at its centre, the square enclosure divided into quadrants, a tradition borrowed through Norman Sicily which adapted the enclosed Islamic North African courtyard, ultimately based on the Persian symbolic paradise garden, attested by its etymology — the term *paradise* derives from the Latin *paradisus*, from Greek *parádeisos*, park, paradise, Garden of Eden; from Proto-Iranian, \**parādaijah*- enclosure,



Greyish Body, aka, Or'Hangue the Orangutan, now clad in a white cape, with a redcap upon lavish golden hair, wears a matching ring in the middle of its grey forehead. Motionless, static, with arms along the body, it stands facing the western entrance, waiting. Opposite the venue entry on the first tier of the Dome, a red unicorn swims in stormy, murky, dark waters. Below, on the second and third tiers, the obscure opaque greyish body starts a solo performance attuned to total silence and, while acting its choreographic itinerary in slow motion, Isis and Lucius, a couple of dancers facing each other in translucent lace garments only, shoeless, forcefully supported by tambourines, a mandolin, and a guitar of the Cave Quantum Company, launch themselves into a wild but rigorous yet atypical magic-religious healing tarantella<sup>25</sup> in a fast 12/8 upbeat tempo across the whole Dome.



On the Dome, the choreographic scripts<sup>26</sup> of the Greyish Body's solo performance (left), and Isis and Lucius' atypical tarantella (right).

The overall landscape of the Dome is cast in a magnetic orange late afternoon suspended atmosphere entranced under the gloomy sky bound by algorithms reinforcing existing patterns of biased bliss. No shadows are thrown from the dancers twirling on the Tensorial stage. After several turns from their middle, in a circular mantra invocation, the Greyish Body's right arm pulls off from the forehead's sixth chakra, the golden ring, and it runs anticlockwise to chase any of the dancers. In the attempt to avoid its catch, Isis falls on the path, and the Greyish Body gently reaches out to her to offer his ring. Katabasis. Shifting dreams. Fireworks. Stillness. Squashed on the floor, frightened, perplexed and desolate, she looks upwards to Lucius and addresses him in well-civilised, high-pitched dazed consciousness.

ISIS [Bass voice]. For Heaven's sake! What on earth are you doing up here... dear? Weren't you lost in the mud?  
 LUCIUS I might pretend to understand what you mean up here, sweetie, but believe me, to tell you the truth, "It was four in the afternoon. The sun was hiding behind the clouds. I was sitting pensive, lost in my thoughts, when, without any drowsiness, I was surprised by sleep and, not knowing how, I suddenly awake in a meadow with the most delightful beauties of nature. It was neither a dream nor an illusion, I'm sure. I rubbed my eyes and

park; Aramaic *pardaysa*, royal park; Hebrew *pardes*, orchard (Song of Songs 4:13). In the Septuagint (3<sup>rd</sup>-1<sup>st</sup> centuries BCE), the Greek *parádeisos* translates both the Hebrew *pardes* and *gan* into "garden" (Genesis 2:8, Ezekiel 28:13); Modern Persian and Arabic have *firdaus* for "garden, paradise".

Sitting, walking, and playing music in the garden of delights were often portrayed in fifteenth-century paintings and illuminated manuscripts. In Rome, Pietro Barbo (Pope Paul II in 1464) began the construction of a *hortus conclusus* in the Palazzetto del Giardino di San Marco in Rome, attached to the Palazzo Venezia — the Venetian Cardinals' Roman seat — and served as Paul's private garden during his papacy; the Farnese Gardens (*Orti Farnesiani sul Palatino* - Gardens of Farnese upon Rome's northern Palatine Hill) were created for Cardinal Alessandro Farnese (1520–89) in Roman peristyle style with a central fountain by Vignola (1507-1573) in 1550.

<sup>25</sup> The term *tarantella* groups many folk dances with a fast 6/8 upbeat tempo, sometimes 12/8 or 4/4, accompanied mainly by tambourines, and it is among the most recognised forms of traditional southern Italian music. The specific dance name varies with every region, from *tammurriata* in Campania, *pizzica* in the Salento, and *Sonu a ballu* in Calabria. In Apulia, in the province of Taranto in the Puglia region, the bite of the locally common venomous wolf-spider *Lycosa tarantula* named after the province — yet not inherently deadly and thus not to be confused with the highly venomous Mediterranean black widow, *Latrodectus tredecimguttatus* — was believed to lead to a hysterical condition known as tarantism, that became known as having or being possessed by the tarantella (*tarantolati*). It has been proposed that the dance is a survival from a Dianic or Dionysiac cult, driven underground in 186 BC by the Roman Senate's suppression of the ancient Bacchanalian rites, and that reappeared soon afterwards under the guise of emergency therapy for bite victims (R. Lowe Thompson, *The History of the Devil*, London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Tubner, 1929).

The magic-religious healing tarantella is usually a solo dance performed to cure the delirium and contortions attributed to the spider's bite by performing a musical vibration/pulsation matching the frequency and pace of the victim. Agitated in character, the dance lasts for hours or days and features tambourines, a mandolin, a guitar, and an accordion. Originating in the Apulia region, it spread throughout the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, giving rise to several forms of couple dances, shorter in duration, either mimicking courtship or a sword fight. The Neapolitan tarantella is a courtship dance performed by couples featuring faster and more cheerful music in which flute, fiddle, trumpet, and clarinet may also be used. Its origins may lie in a fifteenth-century fusion between the Spanish Fandango and the *balli di Sfessania* (Ettlinger, Ellen, in Review of "La Tarantella Napoletana" by Renato Penna, *Rivista di Etnografia, Man*, 65 (Sep.-Oct., 1965). These last, taking their name from the imaginary city of Sfessania, developed in Campania between the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a courtship dance during carnival celebrations based on the affirmation of the male-female binomial, features bitches with false phalluses and bare roundish buttock, assimilated and used by the actors of the Commedia dell'Arte as comic segments in their performance (Rino Capone, *I Balli di Sfessania fra Tarantismo e Tarantella*, Florence: Atheneum, 2012), and masterly depicted in the engravings by Jacques Callot (1592-1635). In the Neapolitan tarantella, the dancer and the drummer try to upstage each other by playing faster or dancing longer than the other, tiring one person out first.

<sup>26</sup> Choreographic script in the manner of Raoul-Auger Feuillet, *Recueil de Dances composée par M. Feuillet* (New York: Broude, 1968 – Facsimile, 1700 Paris Edition).

touched my head and my chest to certify that, indeed, it was myself that I was sensing. I was fully awake, with all my senses and the faculties of my understanding sound and active...<sup>27</sup>.

ISIS For Heaven's sake! What on earth are we doing up here? Aren't we all displaced? "It was not yet midnight when I awoke suddenly and saw the full moon shining with unusual vividness rising from the sea waves. In the silent secrecy of that night, I met my opportunity. Knowing that the greatest of goddesses was supremely powerful in ruling all human life and that not only tame and untamed beings but also lifeless things were enlightened by Her divine might, waxing and waning in sympathy with all creatures on heavens and earth, I plead mercy, and, shaking-off my pose, I jumped up to purify myself and plunge into the sea. Seven times I bathed my head, and weeping I uttered my silent prayer to the Goddess"<sup>28</sup>.

LUCIUS Dragunara! Dragunara!<sup>29</sup> Your inner and outer beauty, your grace, your past wounds well healed, your straightforwardness, the resilience to suffer, your sparkling eyes, your sensual mouth, your sinuous, graceful body, the strength of the soul, spirit, and mind to seek and nurse deeper solutions... and now what? Nor can I see or sense further today, but I will tell you more once the time declines.

*Beneath, on the Sky stage upon the Matrix, La Quintina gets up from her corner, reaches the centre stage and, facing East, starts the Rending of the Veil*<sup>30</sup> ritual. She extended her arms forward with hands flat, touching palms, then pushed her hand forward and spread them apart in slow motion until the arms pointed out to both sides with the body in a T shape, with the left palm up, the right down, reversing her palms. After a few seconds, She turns a short dance mimicking the performed tarantella on the Dome and initiates a corresponding reverse closing sequence, ending with palms back to back.

LA QUINTINA Soon or later, we all will go. The only certainty is the threshold... all the rest is marginal. *Pause, looking down at El Duende sitting on the corner of the Tensorial stage.* Where do you stand today, my dear? On air? On fire or water? Perennial wisdom? Or, by chance, in melted wax?<sup>31</sup> Too many questions and the same old answers?

*Urged, El Duende quickly stands up and, in fervent warm recitativo tenor voice, begins narrating "A Drop of Seed", the folio 22 from the Meetings with Remarkable Women*<sup>32</sup>, the author's autobiographic one-sided epistolary kept in the transparent Matrix within the feminine Eye metaspace polarity at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan, to wit, the Royal Couple's starting point of their elapsed former earthly life itinerary in the city.

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<sup>27</sup> Miguel de Cervantes, *Don Quixote* (II, 23). *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, or just *Don Quixote* is a Spanish novel by Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616). Published in two parts, in 1605 and 1615, *Don Quixote* is the most influential work of literature from the entire Spanish literary canon, a founding work of Western literature considered the best oeuvre ever written. The plot revolves around the adventures of Alonso Quixano, a noble (*hidalgo*) from La Mancha, who reads so many chivalric romances that he loses his mind and decides to become, under the name Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight-errant (*caballero andante*) who does not see the world for what it is and prefers to revive chivalry. He recruits a simple witty farmer, Sancho Panza, as his squire and, since he believes that a knight must have a lady and he doesn't have one, he invents a fictional character, Dulcinea del Toboso, unseen in the novel, making her the very model of female perfection, a transcendental signifier immune to change. Her name is based on the Spanish word *dulce* (sweet) suggesting an overly elegant 'sweetness', yet the character is based on a real woman, Aldonza Lorenzo, an earthy country prostitute opposite of the fictional Dulcinea, unconcerned with her 'virtue', of which Sancho is enthusiastic. In Book II, Chapter 23, from which the text herewith is excerpted, Don Quixote descends into the underworld in the Cave of Montesinos in the form of a dream vision — in factual reality, the Cave of Montesino is a limestone formation cavity located at six kilometres from Osca de Montiel and fourteen from Ruidera, in the current province of Albacete, at the times of the author it served as a refuge for muleteers and knights. The content and structure of the overall scene identify the oblique background imagery upon the dream, fusing illusions and dreams into an independent unity embodied in Don Quixote's experience of reality. Of note, besides the cave topos of the underworld journey as a symbolic rebirth, is the protagonist's altered time experiences in the dream state of consciousness which changes the forthcoming action in the plot — he was in a crystal palace for three days and three nights, even though the descent in the underworld lasted for only an hour; he had eaten lunch just before the adventure, but he surfaces famished from the experience. The quote is here freely translated, abridged, and edited from the *Don Quixote* edition of the IV Centenary, Real Academia Española, Madrid, 2004.

<sup>28</sup> Lucius Apuleius, *Metamorphosis – The Golden Ass (Asinus aureus)*, 11.1 (c. 158 CE). The work is the only ancient Roman novel in Latin to survive in its entirety eleven books. The plot revolves around Lucius' initiation journey — the protagonist is by the same name as the author. While trying to perform a spell to transform himself into an owl, by mistake he is transformed into an ass. In this guise, he hears and sees many unusual things. Within the frame-story are found various digressions, among them, the well-known tale of Cupid and Psyche, portraying the psychic development of the feminine, which accommodate multiple interpretations widely taken up in later literature and iconography, unusual yet ordinary until the beginning of the last XI book, when, escaping from his predicament, unexpectedly, as a structural mirror of the overarching plot, the work ends with him once again human as the cyclic Hero's journey. Eager to be initiated into the mystery cult of the Goddess Isis — a personification of the feminine aspect of divinity, protector of the initiation rite in mystery cults — Lucius abstains from forbidden foods, he bathes and purifies himself. Then, the secrets of the cult surface to his consciousness, and further secrets are revealed before he goes through the next initiation involving a trial by the elements in a journey to the underworld before regaining human semblances.

The accuracy of Lucius' descriptions is much debated, but the account is broadly consistent with other evidence about initiations. The encounter with the feminine from the male perspective parallels structures found in Dante & Beatrice or Pinocchio & la Fatina Turchina's relationship and many other literary topos depicting the pivotal role of the feminine in transmuting the stage of consciousness. Across his itinerary, Lucius undergoes a series of initiations, though only the first is described in detail. After entering the innermost part of Isis's temple at night — 'entering' on all planes of reference, including the Tantric perspective — he says, "I came to the boundary of death and, having trodden on the threshold of Proserpina, I travelled through all the elements and returned. In the middle of the night, I saw the sun flashing with bright light, I came face to face with the gods below and above and paid reverence to them from close at hand." (Griffiths, J. Gwyn, ed., *Apuleius, the Isis-book (Metamorphoses, book XI)*: 315–317, Leiden: Brill, 1975). This suggests that the initiate's journey to the inner world was likened to Osiris's rebirth, as well as to Ra's journey through the underworld, that the rebirth of the feminine brings back the initiate from spiritual death, as she did with her husband, thus displaying her salvific and compassionate face.

The text depends on a manuscript written at Monte Cassino, Italy, in the eleventh century, now in the Laurentian in Florence (Laurentianus 68.2.F), from where all other extant copies derive. Here, the text is freely abridged and edited by Robertson (R D. Robertson, Paris: Collection Bude, 1940-45), even though other editors and critics have been preferred in the rewriting.

<sup>29</sup> Dragunara [Sicilian dialect] is the violent reverse of water with a storm of winds, and it is the evident personification of natural facts as the "dragunara" is the mother of dragons and those monstrous clouds in the sky. Prob. from Lat. *exundare* (\**extraundare*) to go out of bounds, to flow to banks, from *sdragari*, pouring rain. Gr. *katerhagen*, *katearhègnumi*, water flowing. (Salvatore Giarrazzo, *Dizionario etimologico siciliano*, Palermo: Herbita, 1989).

<sup>30</sup> The "Rending of the Veil", "Parting of the Veil", "Piercing of the Veil" or "Lifting of the Veil" in the Western mystery tradition refers to opening the 'veil' of matter, thus accessing a state of awareness in which the mystery of nature is disclosed. In ceremonial magic, the sign of the Rending of the Veil is a symbolic gesture performed with a conscious act of will, to create such an opening.

<sup>31</sup> The Cartesian Wax argument maintains that a solid piece of wax has certain sensory qualities that, when the wax is melted, it loses the 'apparent' quality it had in its solid state, yet, in the melted substance, the idea of wax is still present and persists.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid*, *MitC*, see *chap*. "Leaping out of Retreat" (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XII [2021], 2 (1): 2 - <https://bit.ly/3y3wChY>).



A Drop of Seed - Folio 22.



Real? - Folio 49.



Magik Fishing - Folio 64.

Meeting with Remarkable Women – The Red Book - <https://projects.spanda.org/mwrrw/pages/>. Artist's collection. © SMF 2016, The Hague.

EL DUENDTE [T]     Born from a drop of seed  
                           laughters of bliss are joining in hush.  
 Getting you out of my steam is of no avail,  
 I can't step into my inner room without finding you in bed,  
 break the fasting together at dawn.  
 I know you don't care,  
 pretending that we never met.  
 You were you and me was I,  
 until a day with no time  
 You and Me were Us in One Time.  
 How can you cope?  
 The blisters of Love are scars to the Sun.  
 Moon's blots are waning her seed.  
 We fall in love as teenagers on sex.  
 Betrayed by a handful of bread,  
 my materiality is not at its peak,  
 eager to come or not come.  
 Beyond the pinnacle of joy,  
                           further and farther from where we came in,  
 I don't have questions; you were the answer.  
 And now?

LA QUINTINA     *From the above Sky stage.* Too far, way too far, my precious dear. What counts here is only the present... the past, the future and all the rest are negligible, believe me, dear, this is the way to unveil the overt, for a secret dies just in one single word.

EL DUENDE       Afferent views uncover wisdom, unfolding the untold foretold... Avid, inadvertently forsaken.

*From the east corner of the Tensorial stage, retracing the floor under his breath, Dante randomly continues his journey, whispering his unsolved verse.*

DANTE            Is it willed there, where what is willed is done? Ask no more?

LA QUINTINA     *From the Sky stage to El Duende below.* Please, please, dear, burn your riddles and stay focused. I'm unused to metaphors, symbols, or semantics to higher planes. I'm busy, always too busy to follow your drillings, let's walk the realm of abundance on the middle ground to suit our hearts and minds further and farther. *Long pause.* *Change of manner.* I'm starving, starting a headache, and have too much brainwork over here, let's slow down, please, dear. Virtual and Real streams cleansed memories for good. No debris left by sailing in human attire. *Pause.* Insane. Intense. Time consuming. *She pauses again, then, with a renewed soprano voice, begins singing folio no. 49.*

[S] Real?  
 What is Real and what is not?  
 Am I real? Are we real? For real?  
 Sensitive to the inversion of polarities,  
 the Sun is setting  
 beheading the night of dreams and nightmares.  
 Are lovers real?  
 Nothing in the whole universe is unipolar,  
 in the realm of multiplicity, we are who we are,  
 double, bound to the earthly dimension.

Too serious, way too serious, *légèreté mon Coeur, légèreté.*  
 Don't you feel the Southeast wind howling beyond  
 transmuting the time of You and I?  
 Our personal,  
 intimate, unique time  
 into a wedding time?  
 Ripening and ripping,  
     rounding and resounding,  
         unfolding and infolding at once,  
             here it is!  
 The time of  
 We.

*Below, on the Tensorial level, in response, El Duende begins to sing folio 64 in full tenor voice.*

EL DUENDE (T) You are the magik of both worlds,  
 the magic of my words!  
 You cannot miss yourself,  
 but whom am I to tell you this?  
 Who am I if not a pure reflection of your beauty,  
 of your splendour enlightening the night of senses  
 to enliven the wondering notime?  
 And who is me if not a pale reflection  
 of your being soiled by an eternal bliss?  
 Why should I remember to myself these  
 useless words if not by reaching you  
 beyond the limitation of this  
 ephemeral world?  
 Why the magic  
 presence  
 of your  
 being  
 is not  
 dawning  
 with the new moon?

Why missing you is  
 such an aguish  
 nonsense?  
 Why?

*Uncaring of the unfolding drama between the two, Dante continues trailing the middle stage in search of the right rhymes.*

DANTE Is this willed there? Where what is willed can be done?

CROSSFADE ON THE DOME

*Overhead, on the first tier of the Dome, Isis and Lucius start a wide merry-go-round duet dancing and singing, respectively, in soprano and tenor voice.*

ISIS [S] In all likelihoods, there are choices to reverse time.  
 LUCIUS [T] In all likelihoods, there are alternatives to reverse time.  
 ISIS In all likelihoods, are there alternatives to orthodoxy?  
 LUCIUS In all likelihoods, are there no alternatives to reverse time?  
 ISIS In all likelihoods, there are no alternatives to orthodoxy!  
 LUCIUS In all likelihoods, there are no alternatives to reverse time.  
 ISIS [S] In all likelihoods, there are choices to reverse time.  
 LUCIUS [T] In all likelihoods, are there choices to orthodoxy?  
 ISIS In all likelihoods, there are no choices to orthodoxy.  
 LUCIUS In all likelihoods, are there no choices to orthodoxy?  
 UNISON [T - S] In all likelihoods, there are no choices to reverse orthodoxy and time.  
 In all likelihood, stop identifying with the thoughts. No ifs, no buts.

*From their respective corner on the Matrix, El Duende below and La Quintina above meet at centre stage, look at each other through the floor/ceiling for a short while, then revert backwards to their original stake. Once She reached her mental corner, she started sliding down the pillar, and He swiftly climbed up his column, reaching the middle Tensorial stage together at the same time. From a trapdoor at the bottom of the left column of the Earth stage, the Greyish Body crept out and slid flat to the centre of the Earth stage, where it rose and stood up firmly. Atop its head, in the middle of the Tensorial stage, El Duende and La Quintina face each other and hold hands, ready to leap to a higher breadth.*

LA QUINTINA In this vacuum room, we can't aim at anything less than completeness. Our degree of consciousness sets the quality of the transformative experience... or at least, it looks like.

EL DUENDE Is something you are mastering by avoiding bringing your flight to a close? The last thing I need now is to be meshed by an authentic question. I will do my utmost. I'll be silent. You wouldn't do worse to me.

LA QUINTINA I love reading between your lines, dear, but you spelt just one line, so there is no chance for me to put out an answer. I will not dismiss your concern.

EL DUENDE Do you feel a scent between my lines? Are you dressing words between my thoughts? Is there any space left for truth? Or are you feeding opinions?

LA QUINTINA Pay close attention to what triggers your reactions, spurs are old pains still burning. First things first, a white outfit will suit you well now.

EL DUENDE There is no worse blind than one who doesn't want to read. Forgot it? Black is my nickname.

LA QUINTINA As a point of order, I table my request: calm down, dear, get a grip on your emotions and let's start the heavenly dance! Would a suitable sword of advice command your confidence? A doorway to the sacred?

EL DUENDE I've been mesmerised by your appearance last night, sweetie, and today by your bright aura. Beneath the universe mantled in glory, you are still floating within myself. We need to check this out right now, sweetie. Is this an illusion, or is it for real? Did you see piercing the veil? What is there? I need to know now, right now. I just found a token of yours among my other gear, and I would appreciate it if you could update now the overall picture and enjoy it anew. No comment, ok? *Lowering his pitch.* Sensing beyond the veil, we will find out hand in hand. Wouldn't it be shameful to tear the veil and riven the bond? I'm confident in your understanding, and I'm sure you got the soul of my words. Is there no other way near enough to be or to be not? Because, of the two, only one will be. Which one? I know you. At each birth, bigger than big, the phoenix transmutes order...

INTERMEZZO. *On the Tensorial stage, La Quintina, El Duende, Eno and Otw Angels improvise an impressive, wild rave on the musical theme played by hand drums, cymbals, and tumbrels. Whilst the rave slowly structures into a mate dance, the labyrinth in the Palatine Chapel emerges at the centre of the Earth stage, with the Greyish Body standing firm in the middle. The maze slowly transforms into the Virtual Matrix while flutes, mandolins, chimes, bells, castanets, rattles, and iron clappers add a dazzling, thrilling soundscape to the Cave of Light.*



*El Duende and La Quintina at the entrance of the Labyrinth.*  
Poly-perspective digital collage. Artist's collection. © SMF 2024, The Hague.

*After a long, festive turn, the dancers break free from the rigid script. Each dancer reaches the closest pillar, slides down to the Earth stage, and solemnly greets the stunned stoned Greyish Body lying flat on the ground. Then, all the dancers spread out, running through the four directions into the corridors, reaching the physical limits of the Cave venue. At this moment, leaving the Cave of Light, Dante intensely looks back at Haah in the higher Sky stage dimension, concluding with a few lyric verses, a single coded line, and a hendecasyllabic verse, all in Italian.*

DANTE Io son venuto al punto de la rota  
che l'orizzonte, quando il sol si corca,  
ci partorisce il geminato cielo.<sup>33</sup>  
Papè Satàn, papè Satàn aleppe!<sup>34</sup>  
Vuolsi così colà dove si puote ciò che si vuole e più non dimandare!<sup>35</sup>

*Upon the Sky stage of the Matrix, Haah promptly collapses flat, raises his hands to the Dome above and, esultante e con brio<sup>36</sup>, starts singing his final with a long-extended expelled breath.*

HAAH [OVERTONE CHOIR]. Haaaah... haah ha ha! What a gift from heaven! *Janua Coeli*<sup>37</sup>! The gates are open!<sup>38</sup>  
Transverberation! Transverberation!<sup>39</sup> Everything is out of control!

*Thus, it ended the split Royal Couple's third rebirth in wandering clothes on solid Earth. However, it can be assured that through the transformative processes of purification over the next four scenes, they might ascend to the refined essence of ultimate enlightenment. Yes, that's about right.*

(Black-out)

Curtain.

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

(To be continued).



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\* **Forthcoming.** XVIII [2025], 1-3 (12). **The Quest** – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I.4, *Andala'h & Dandalu'h*. Timbuktu, 1701 CE – *Orunmilla & Obtalo*. Subnarrative: Poverty.

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

Chapters (*chap.*) issued on the Spanda Foundation newsletter *Spanda Monitor* - <https://bit.ly/4gaVWYa>.

XII [2021], 1 (0), **Shifting the Paradigm** – Outline. The Polarities. The split Royal Couple - <https://bit.ly/31wK6an>.

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://bit.ly/3y3wChY>.

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://bit.ly/416tE9>.

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://bit.ly/3rKyNpy>.

XII [2021], 6 (4), **Being & History** – The Place & the Environment - <https://bit.ly/31uOwW>.

XII [2021], 7 (5), **Unmapping the Territory** – The Flow. The Survey and the Research Study. *The White Book* - <https://bit.ly/31HIkdm>. ./. .

<sup>33</sup> Dante, *Rime Petrose*, C, 1-3, (I have reached that point of the circuit / where the horizon, when the sun sets, / gives birth to the twin-ruled heavens). Apart from the poems in the *Vita Nuova* (New Life), which capture the rebirth of life and love, Dante's other lyrical works composed throughout his lifetime are the *Rime* (Rhymes). Their thematic and stylistic breadth traces his spiritual and poetic development from early compositions to mature works of experimental richness, shedding light on his spiritual journey, literary influences, and crowning achievements. These reflect his inner struggles and the symbolic projection of his spiritual quest, emphasising his mystical, philosophical, and moral ascent cultivated not only through reason. Among them, much hard-hearted and subtle, are the *Rime Petrose* (Stony Poems), a term coined by the 19th-century historian Vittorio Imbriani to denote a group of four stark *Rime* dated between 1296 and 1298 during Dante's exile. These convey the intense, risky passion for the unattainable and emotionally unyielding Donna Pietra, the Stony Lady, a depiction of his exiled self. She, indifferent and unfeeling, drove him to the edge of poetic rigour to explore an innovative and defiant style previously untested in Italian, resorting to the subtle yet sharp rhetoric of *Senhal*, a figure of speech and codename in Old Occitan poetry used by Provençal troubadours, and rhyming the word *petra* mirroring the rigidity of her harsh soul and forcing him to exert words with precision, sounds, and imagery well-suited to the cold-hearted Lady, creating a robust tension between metrical structure and syntax, and employing highly concrete and realistic lexis, often also used for rhyming purposes, in a linguistic experimental style presaging the intensity of the *Inferno*. Despite the lack of substantiated suggestions regarding the identity of the historical woman behind the Stony Lady, the issue remains secondary in that, technically, her and his inner self roles are the unifying force in his most challenging lyrical experimentations

<sup>34</sup> *Id. Divina Comedia*, I, VII, 1. *Pape Satàn, pape Satàn aleppe* is a well-known coded opening line at the underworld entrance in Dante's *Inferno*. It has been interpreted in various ways; here, it is accepted as a phonetic transliteration of the Arabic *Bāb al-shaytān. Bāb al-shaytān Alef!* (The door of Satan, the door of Satan, Alef!), being Alef, the first letter of all Semitic languages. For Dante's knowledge of Islam, see Miguel Asín Palacios, *La Escatología musulmana en la Divina Comedia di Dante* (Madrid: Estanislao Maestre, 1919); but also inferred from his exile in Palermo, where most probably he was in touch with a local Sufi school (*tariqa*) thanks to his good friend Brunetto Latini who spent a long time in Oviedo, Spain, well versed among of the Toledo School of Translation established by Alfonso X, The Wise (*El Sabio*) at his court.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibidem*, I, III, 94-96. "It is so willed there where one can do what one wills and ask no more."

<sup>36</sup> Scholars are still debating how the subtle aspect of reality — and Haah's overtone voice — can be heard, seen, and convey emotions.

<sup>37</sup> *Janua Coeli* refers to the gateway to heaven to signify a passage or entrance into the feminine divine. It is used in theological contexts, especially in Christianity, to refer to Mary as the 'Gate of Heaven'; herewith explicitly refers to La Quintina, alias Mariam/Sophia, She, the Feminine polarity of the work.

<sup>38</sup> In traditional knowledge, the summer solstice opens the cosmic gate to incoming energy, while the winter solstice unleashes and closes it. (René Guénon, *Fundamental Symbols*, Cambridge, UK: Quinta Essentia, 1995). In the work, flowing to and from opposite directions, the split Royal Couple polarities meet in the spring and autumn equinox, closing the annual breath.

<sup>39</sup> The act of transverberating, or of being transverberated or pierced through, is a technical term for ecstasy, a type of altered state of consciousness characterized by reduced external awareness and expanded inner awareness, frequently accompanied by visions and emotional-physical euphoria. Although the experience is usually brief in time, there are records of such experiences lasting several days or even more, and of recurring experiences of ecstasy during one's lifetime, but not, to our knowledge, of a long-life ecstatic experience. In Sufism, the term refers to the *wajad* experience, as *jazbah/jadbah/jedbah* or *majzoobiyat*.

- XII [2021], 8 (6), **Streaming Consciousness** – Action in the virtual realm - <https://bit.ly/3IsRG6r>.
- XIII [2022], 1-6 (7), **Grounding the Play** – The Lila game. Virtual Act: The Garden of Delights. The Mesopolis mesospace - <https://bit.ly/3VdVoso>.
- XIV [2023], 1-5 (8), **Being & Becoming** – The UNHQ metaspaces. UNGA side event ‘*Awareness, Culture & and Self-development in the Digital Age... & Beyond*’. The Middle Council. The Underworld initiation. The MoMAPS1 Postscript mesospace. The JFK and LaGuardia mesoport. The Peace Palace Justice metaspaces - <https://bit.ly/41emjrZ>.
- 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 & Teshe*. Subnarrative: Spirituality - <https://bit.ly/3ZekDfn>.
- XV [2024], 4-8 (10), **Gender and Artificial Consciousness** – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I.2, *The Hermaphrodite & the Robot. Getting Closer - Haah the Hologram & Rooh the Robot; Amaterasu & Uzume*. Subnarrative: Gender & Artificial Intelligence - <https://bit.ly/4idZPx1>.
- XV [2024], 9-10 (11), **Polarisation** – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I.3, *El Duende & La Quintina – Isis & Lucius*. The Labyrinth; The Eno and Owt angels; Dante; The three tarot cards; The Healer. Subnarrative: Polarisations.

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