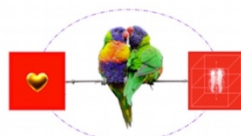


Dear Friends,

Once again, after nearly a century in Europe, on the other side of the globe, a vicious, frantic gang of ego-driven oligarchs and their corrupt pseudo-leaders are going berserk, disrupting the rule of law and democracy in a toxic attempt to reshape the world according to their malevolent, twisted instincts. Meanwhile, the *Meeting in the Cave*<sup>1</sup> awareness play by Sahlan Momo<sup>2</sup>, a cross-continental operatic installation that merges existential inquiry, aesthetics, social critique, and spirituality, forges the fourth scene in the *Cave 3.0 A laic Initiation*<sup>3</sup> narrative, integrating performance art and philosophical discourse — a brand new chapter in the pursuit of self-sustainable higher consciousness.



## 12. THE QUEST

*In this section, the apparatus criticus aims to develop a deeper understanding of the dramatic process, clarify the decisions and 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, as well as the curious reader, it provides context and background on the thematic choices; it offers suggestions and comments for the characters' arc development and the interpretation of the script, thereby facilitating the production challenges. Moreover, it presents participants with a perspective that may deepen their understanding of the work's objectives by engaging them in the interpretative creative process, integrating their feelings about the author's decisions, and establishing a stronger relationship with the work beyond mere entertainment, thus enabling an open and free (re)elaboration of the piece in consciousnesses. All artworks are by the Artist & Author.*

\*

### LIBRETTO

### CAVE 3.0 - A LAIC INITIATION

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

ACT ONE - Scene the Fourth.

### THE QUEST - ANDALA'H & DANDALU'H

West Africa, Timbuktu, 1701 CE - Subnarrative: Poverty | Music: 7 Variations on a Theme: 4<sup>th</sup> Variation.

Cantata Buffa in 3 Movements.

### THE BACKSTAGE FRAMEWORK

First things first: the toponym Timbuktu, along with the older spellings Timbuctoo and Tambutum, is believed to have originated from the Songhai language, a minor branch of the Nilo-Saharan family. This indicates a historical connection to languages primarily spoken by the Songhai ethnic group in the Mali and Niger region and its neighbouring countries, literally meaning 'hollow,' which refers to the depression where the city is situated. The name is allusively used in English to signify 'the most distant place imaginable,' as it was notoriously regarded as hard to access from Europe and was rarely visited by Europeans until it became a destination for exploration.

Founded as a permanent settlement in the early 12th century on the southern edge of the Sahara Desert on the bend of the Niger in Mali, Timbuktu became a significant centre of Islamic spirituality and learning, and a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1988. Often referred to as the 'City of 333 Saints (*wali*),' this designation emphasises the city's deep-rooted spiritual heritage and prominence as a centre of scholarship and mysticism. It occupies a revered place in history due to its connection with the mystical path of Sufism, whatever its name, whereby humans can realise themselves and attain permanency. In metaphysical Sufi numerology, numbers carry profound symbolic meanings. The number 3 is associated with creativity, self-expression, and spiritual growth. It symbolises the harmonious integration of mind, body, and soul, reflecting balance and completeness, representing the triad of the Seeker, the Path, and the ultimate Truth, all essential for spiritual enlightenment. The number 33 is regarded as a 'Master Number' as it embodies the principles of compassion, blessings, and guidance and signifies the teacher of teachers, someone spiritually evolved and dedicated to uplifting humanity. Sequence 333, a trifold repetition of the number 3, amplifies the energies of the number 3, symbolising a trinity of trinities, a sign of divine protection, encouragement, and alignment with higher spiritual realms. It represents the omnipresence of the Divine in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual realms and the pursuit of divine truth, underlining the importance of 'awakening' and one's connection with the Divine.

Sufism played a crucial role in the city's spiritual and cultural community development, showcasing the presence of all four major Sufi orders: the Chishti, the Suhrawardi, the Naqshbandi, and the Qadiri, which had the most members. Among these last is Sidi Mahmoud Ben Amar (1463–1548), a venerated master (*khwaja*) also known as Sidi Mahmud, who was born into a Berber tribe and became a major spiritual figure, serving as a judge (*cadi*) while making significant contributions to the city's spiritual life. Another notable figure is Ahmed Baba (1556–1627), a distinguished wali scholar and jurist who authored over forty books, nearly all on different themes, including numerous works on Sufism and jurisprudence (*fiqh*). These two and the other wali significantly contributed to the city's reputation as a beacon of mysticism and scholarship in

<sup>1</sup> *Meeting in the Cave* (MitC) – (<https://bit.ly/3ZeGsvl>).

<sup>2</sup> Sahlan Momo, (The Hague: *Sahlanmomo.org* - <https://bit.ly/4iefqgi>).

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

<sup>4</sup> "[...] a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury", William Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 5. 5: 26-27.

West Africa, further solidified through the construction of major religious edifices such as the Djinguereber Mosque and the Sankore School (*madrasah*) that became a centre for both spiritual and secular learning. Some sources suggest that the Sankore Madrasah was founded around 989 CE by Aqib ibn Mahmud ibn Umar, the Supreme *cadi* of Timbuktu. Other accounts indicate that the madrasah was established during the early 14th century, financed by a woman from the Tuareg Aghlal tribe and built under the supervision of the Andalusian-Malian scholar and poet Abu Ishaq al-Sahili (1290-1346) during the reign of Mansa Musa (1312-1337), the Sultan of the Mali Empire (1226-1670). By the end of Musa's reign, Sankore had developed into an established centre of spirituality and secular higher learning, integrating Sufi practices into its educational curriculum, fostering a rich spiritual and intellectual environment, eventually transforming the madrasah into the fully-fledged Sankore University that attracted students from across the Islamic world, further enhancing Timbuktu's status as a hub of scholarship in Africa. Early scribes translated works, among others, of Plato, Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Avicenna into Arabic and reproduced the twenty-eight-volume *Muḥkam*, one of the most extensive dictionaries of the Arabic language, composed by the blind Andalusian scholar Ibn Sida al-Mursi (d. 1066). Original books were written by local scientists, historians, philosophers, and poets. The influential *Nasihah al-Rijal fi Al-'Ishra' bi Nisa'ihim* (Advice for Men in the Tenth of the Month), attributed to the prominent scholar and philosopher Ibn Qayyim al-Jawziyya (1292–1350), continued to circulate, offering detailed guidance on the moral and ethical aspects of sexual relations between husband and wife. Legal experts gathered scholarship on jurisprudence and obligatory alms (*zakat*); astronomers studied the movement of stars and their relation to seasons, crafting charts of the heavens and precise diagrams of the orbits of other planets based on complex mathematical calculations. Physicians documented instructions on the nutrition and therapeutic properties of desert plants, and ethicists debated polygamy, moneylending, and slavery. There were catalogues of spells and incantations, astrology, fortune-telling, white and black magic, hydromancy, necromancy, geomancy, and several other esoteric subjects. The concept of hidden knowledge embodies secrets of the universe, forbidden sciences, or spiritual enlightenment. The manuscripts held insights into ancient African technologies, alchemy, and religious practices preserved in scholarly texts, suggesting advanced African civilisations rivalling their European and Asian counterparts.

Literacy and books became symbols of wealth, power, and blessings, and the acquisition of books was a primary concern for scholars. An active trade in books between Timbuktu and other parts of the Islamic world contributed to the writing of thousands of manuscripts. Timbuktu's economic growth in the 13th and 14th centuries attracted scholars from nearby Walata — modern-day Mauritania. Knowledge was gathered similarly to the early, informal European Medieval universities; lecturing was presented through various unofficial institutions leading up to the city's outstanding age in the 15th and 16th centuries, providing fertile ground for spirituality, scholarship, arts, and sciences.

The golden age of the Sankore madrasa occurred in the 16th century during the Songhai Empire (1430-1591) under Askia Muhammad Ture I (1443–1538), also known as Askia the Great, the first ruler of the Askia dynasty of the Songhai Empire, who reigned from 1493 to 1528, attracting scholars from Egypt and Syria. The book trade was the most relevant aspect of intellectual life. Despite lacking a public or university library, some Sankore scholars amassed large private libraries with over 1600 manuscripts. Manuscripts were copied by local students, providing them with a means to earn a living during their studies. The reliance on trade facilitated an intensive movement of people between the city and its extensive network of partners in the Islamic world. Written works were exported throughout North Africa, and by the 17th century, the Sankore madrasah had amassed a vast collection of manuscripts estimated to exceed 700,000.

Yet, following the Battle of Tondibi (1591), the invasion by Sultan of Morocco Ahmad al-Mansur (1549-1603) led to the conquest of Timbuktu and the fall of the Songhai Empire. There were mass killings of Songhai elites, scholars, and soldiers, marking the beginning of the long decline of the West African states. In 1594, many Sankore scholars, including Ahmed Baba, who served as the final chancellor of Sankore University and one of the first citizens to protest the Moroccan conquest of Timbuktu, were arrested by Moroccan troops on charges of sedition, imprisoned, deported, and exiled to Morocco along with their manuscript collections.

The old libraries of Timbuktu, especially during its 14th-16th century golden age, were repositories of immense cultural wealth and housed hundreds of thousands of manuscripts on diverse subjects, including astronomy, medicine, law, mathematics, philosophy, poetry, and works of secular subjects and personal letters, often penned in Arabic or the Songhai and Tamashek African languages, written by scholars of the Sankore University and other madrasahs, forming an early African intellectual hub. Between 1650 and 1750, the region fractured into smaller states and chiefdoms, with no single dominant power. Timbuktu experienced economic decline, political division, and social hardships. The once-thriving golden city struggled under weakened trade, diminished Moroccan oversight, and recurring violence. However, it retained its cultural and spiritual significance, albeit unable to reclaim its former status as a centre of wealth and power. The lingering effects of the Moroccan conquest and the predatory regional politics of this era deeply scarred its society.

In the 18th century, itinerant Quranic schools were established as a form of universal education, where scholars would travel throughout the region with their students, begging for food for part of the day. Over the centuries, hundreds of thousands of manuscripts were collected in Timbuktu, some written in the town itself, while others, including exclusive copies of the Quran for wealthy families, were imported through the book trade. Concealed in cellars or buried and hidden between the mosque's mud walls, their patrons safeguarded many of these manuscripts, allowing them to survive the city's decline. Timbuktu remained renowned for its rich intellectual heritage and numerous private family manuscript collections, even though their prominence varied over time due to the acquisition of new manuscripts and the scholarly activities of the families. Among the most notable collections, the Mamma Haidari family library housed an extensive compilation of manuscripts covering various subjects, including theology, astronomy, mathematics, and law. Beyond spiritual and secular texts, traditions suggest that some manuscripts might contain knowledge of ancient esoteric technologies and practices; folklore posits that parts of these collections remain hidden in secret locations, awaiting rediscovery by future generations. Timbuktu's reputation as a mystical 'city of gold' adds an aura of intrigue to its libraries, leading to fictional accounts of lost worlds or ancient civilisations linked to the concealed manuscripts. Nonetheless, the education system persisted until the late 19th century when the madrasahs came under pressure from the French colonial occupation (1892-1960), droughts in the 1970s and 1980s, and the Tuareg Civil War Rebellion (1990-1995). The manuscripts faced numerous threats, ranging from colonial neglect to modern conflicts. However, remarkable efforts, such as smuggling the documents in metal trunks and relocating them to safer areas, have preserved much of this cultural treasure. In 2003, the University of Cape Town launched the *Timbuktu Manuscripts Project*, focusing on "manuscript traditions throughout the African continent." Yet by 2009, many documents remained with Timbuktu residents, who were reluctant to entrust them to the government-run Ahmed Baba Institute and, in 2003, the Library of Congress began digitising the Mamma Haidari manuscript collection. Yet manuscripts and other cultural heritages faced further peril during the Mali War (2012-2013) when, in 2013, extremist jihadists burned or stole 4,203 of Timbuktu's texts just before departing the city. During their occupation, citizens endeavoured to save the best-written accounts of African history. Over six months, with time running out to rescue and preserve the documents from near destruction, approximately 350,000 manuscripts were smuggled out of Timbuktu and transported safely to Bamako, Mali's capital, where around 300,000 remained in 2022. In 2016, Ahmad Al Faqi Al Mahdi, an alleged member of a jihadist group, was found guilty by the International Criminal Court (ICC) in The Hague for intentionally ordering attacks on religious and historic buildings in Timbuktu. He was sentenced to nine years in prison and issued a full apology. This marked the first time the ICC had tried a case of cultural destruction.



BROOKLYN. BRIDGE PARK. Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass (DUMBO). CAVE VENUE. NIGHT.

All past, present, and following scenes performed in the Cave venue are live-streamed into the Eye metaspace<sup>5</sup> at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan, within each Virtual Matrix on the New York territory and, across the Atlas Sea, in both the Sacred and Justice metaspaces respectively in Rome, Italy, and The Hague, Netherlands.

### The Cave Venue Metaspace — General setting.

The Cave venue metaspace 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.

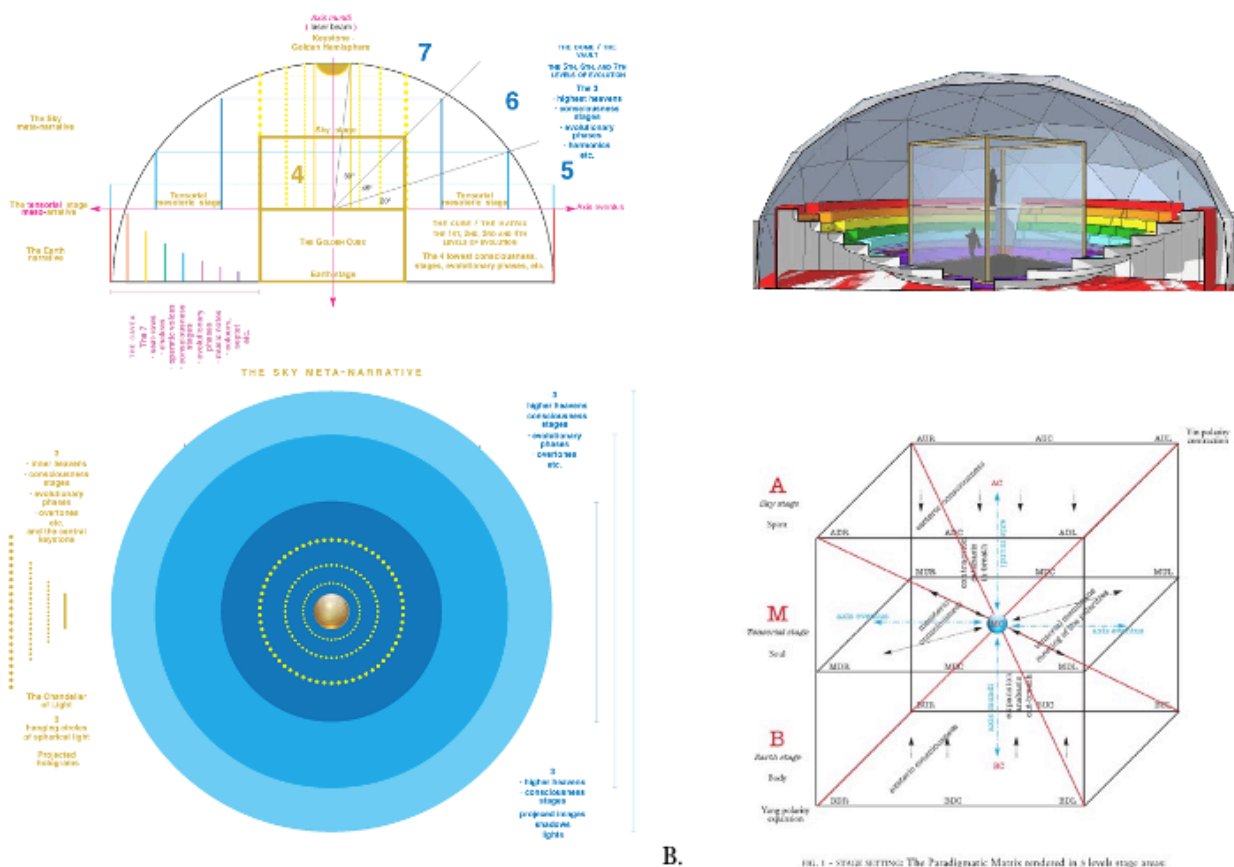


FIG. 1 - STAGE SETTING: The Paradigmatic Matrix rendered in 3 levels stage areas: Above (A), Sky stage; Middle (M), Tensorial stage; Below (B), Earth stage.

A. The Metanarrative is performed on the 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, and 1<sup>st</sup> tiers of the ascending three-layered Dome, the three levels of the Higher Self, the 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup> dimensions of consciousness. It displays projected images deprived of consistency; the spacetime continuum is synchronic yet non-linear, with historical places and times intermingled into the present.

The Dome  
The Keystone  
The Chandelier  
Gold (colour)  
Bleu (colour)

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 emanation point of the *axis mundi*.  
The seven subtle states of consciousness.  
The solar radiance; the original integrity of the Higher Self.  
The subtle manifestation of the void; the cosmic womb.

B. The Narrative 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 three-layered Matrix  
The Cavea of Light  
Black (colour)  
White (colour)

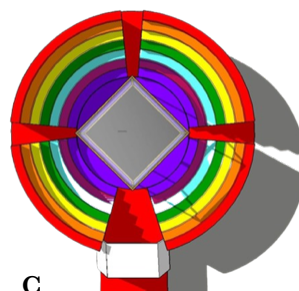
The Higher Sky stage - Mostly in darkness, with only one non-linear time frame.  
The Lower Earth stage - The spacetime continuum is diachronic and linear; the sacred time is split; unity is set in space only.  
The Tensorial stage - When the action is performed simultaneously on both Higher and Lower stages and the action/actors are aligned vertically, which generates its reflection on the medial Tensorial stage, in which linear and sacred times are united, and the Masculine and Feminine polarities are joined.  
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.  
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 *diablu 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 between Act One and Act Two of the awareness 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, cello, chora, electric guitar, koto, mandolin, oud.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Keyboards: accordion, barrel-organ, harmonium, shruti.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Percussion: balafon, chimes, clappers, gambang, gangan, 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 and by a string of speakers positioned across the whole three-layered Dome.



<sup>5</sup> Ibid., MitC, cf. chap. "Being & History" (The Hague: Spanda.org, XII [2021], 6 (4): 2 - <https://bit.ly/3luOwW>).

TIME	Linear historical time: XVII century.
PLACE(s)	Cultural reference and setting: West Africa: Timbuktu, Mali.
LITERARY REFERENCES	
‡ SOURCES	Ibn ‘Arabī, <i>Futūbāt</i> (II) <sup>6</sup> .
SUBNARRATIVE	Poverty.
MUSIC	7 <i>Variations on a Theme</i> . 4 <sup>th</sup> Variation. Instrumentation: 1 <sup>st</sup> rank: SATB overtone choir; 2 <sup>nd</sup> rank, voices: tenor, soprano; 4 <sup>th</sup> rank, strings: oud; 6 <sup>th</sup> rank, percussion: hand drums, balafone; and on the 7 <sup>th</sup> rank, electronics.

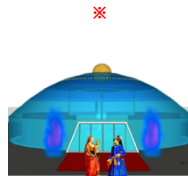
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: in alphabetical order, and their respective original locations.

*The Metanarrative, on the Dome.*

FLORA	The Goddess of Spring   3 <sup>rd</sup> tier.
LEO AFRICANUS	The diplomat, geographer, visionary poet   3 <sup>rd</sup> tier.
OBATALÁ	The deity of Light and Clarity   2 <sup>nd</sup> tier.
QRUMILA	The deity of Destiny and Wisdom   1 <sup>st</sup> tier.

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

ANDALA’H	She, the Songhai cultural activist and artist, the Seeker   Sky stage.
DANDALU’H	He, the Tuareg philanthropist, the Seeker   Earth stage.
HAAH the Hologram(s)	The Guardian(s) of the Threshold; the undifferentiated continuum, the subtle aspect of reality   All stages.
KARPE KAIROS	The opportunistic interface of eternity   Middle Tensorial stage.
KHIDR	The Green Mystic and Eternal Guide, the Guardian of Initiates   Middle Tensorial stage.
THE KNIGHTS	The four Knights of the Apocalypse; the archetypes of collective transformation   Earth stage.
OR’HANGUE	The Orangutan, a former state of consciousness   Earth stage.



After their third transformative non-linear earthly rebirth journey, the two partly enlightened polarities, the divided Royal Couple, again in their original likeness as She, the feminine co-protagonist of the narrative, and He, embodying the masculine principle, embarked on their fourth stage of the worldly sevenfold path towards singularity. Prepared to embrace, initiate and fully perform their new dimensional consciousness in the Cave venue in DUMBO, Brooklyn, next to the Carousel of Life, they now personify Andala’h and Dandalu’h, a pair of local seekers who occasionally met on the Summer Solstice of 1701 in the venerable Sankore Madrasah, a renowned vibrant centre of culture, mysticism and scholarship in the northern quarter of Timbuktu where the savannas disappear into the sands of the Sahara, thoughtfully exploring a comprehensive collection of manuscripts encompassing theology, astronomy, mathematics, law, poetry, and uncharted maps.

OPENING [BLACK-IN]. *The Fourth Scene begins in the Cave venue metaspace enveloped in complete darkness and silence. At both ends of the red upper rank of the Cavea of Light, opposite the vertical axis mundi from the previous scene<sup>7</sup>, a horizontal blue laser beam extends from each edge of the venue, crossing the void to converge into a radiant sparkle at the centre of the middle Tensorial stage of the three-layered staged Matrix, in sync with the incipit of the Fourth variation of the 7 Variations on a Theme musical score. After the fourth bar of the theme, unpredictably, the majestic, warm, calm, and resonant narrating voice of the Guardian of the Threshold, Haah the Hologram, gradually emerges from the background, introducing a subtle reality into the Cave cloaked in blackness.*

**HAAH.** [Voice-off]. He, Dandalu’h, the Tuareg from the Sahel, reached a crossroads in his life and, despite financial constraints, chose to entrust his nomadic fortune to a local community. Still earthbound, his wealth was not meant to be distributed broadly but to transform his gesture into tangible outcomes, aiming to achieve a few clear objectives to create something greater than himself. In his endeavour to give back to the world what he received in life and to build, brick by brick, the bridge between his existence, legacy, and the afterlife, his actions were never casual, rooted in the need for lasting collective change. Like every man, he carried within him, nearly consciously, the inherited eternal feminine, the ancestral archetype of all treasured experiences and sensitive impressions, steeped in an erotic character ever shaped by the glorious Feminine. The same applied to her, Andala’h, a Songhai cultural activist and esteemed artist who, somewhat consciously as well, embodied the rationalising character of a man projected onto her beloved. Accordingly, much of what he perceived about her feminine eroticism and passionate life, stemmed from his biased projections of her. Likewise, her assumptions and fantasies about him arose from a semi-conscious bustle, resulting in an enchanting, everlasting supply of illogical urgings and deceptive explanations, as observed from his perspective, of course, since their polarities were merely the extremes of the same reality.

[Long pause].

*The music gradually decreases in tempo and dynamics, cross-fading into the dim sparkle that increasingly enlarges at the centre of the Tensorial stage. As the music fades out, the light intensifies in brightness and size. From the ceiling — the ground floor of the Higher Sky stage — a profuse drizzle of crystalline silver and golden stars cascades into the atmosphere, creating a vast, shimmering mist that slowly thins to unveil the holographic silhouette of the Sankore madrasah’s subtle mirage, the literal and figurative mi’rāj, a means of ascent, a ladder symbolising, emphasising, and marking divine connection in earthly transit to the afterlife.*

<sup>6</sup> Henry Corbin, *Creative Imagination in the Sūfism of Ibn ‘Arabī* (Princeton: University Press, Bollingen, 1981).

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, MitC, chap. “Polarisation” (The Hague: Spanda.org, XV [2024], 9-10 (11) - <https://bit.ly/42OU1EN/>).





*Sankore*, 2025. Alchemical pigment & Mixed media, 120 x 120 cm. Artist's Collection, The Hague.

**HAAH.** *[Voice-off]*. That day, the hottest and longest of the year, the path between their extremes suddenly emerged from nothingness, bridging the permanent and the ephemeral, leaving no trace on the trail between their edges. In the mesoteric central path of dharma, permanence as form and emptiness as radiance mingled in an eternal bright upbeat flash, and the dual lane and all practices dissolved away, freeing their minds from the illusion of real objects and their twofold existence. The emptiness of their brains was not different from the arising of thought in active contemplation, and the forward path was wide open. Interdimensional frequency? Cognitive juice? Algorithmic bias? Is there any chance we didn't see that? Let's observe and see.

*While the musical theme emerges again from the background, at the tip of the madrasah tower, Karpe Kairos, the opportunistic interface with reality sizing eternity by the volatile nature of a moment, stood erected stripped of all clothing, constantly turning on his vertical axis and, in a baritone voice, began to sing aloud his arbitrary Aria to the semi-aware audience in the multidimensional Cavea of Light.*

**KARPE KAIROS.** IV Aria [Bar.]. *Change or not Change?* Largo.

Change or not change?

A pinch of chilly salt turns every page and enjoys the nights.

Rewarding Eves with Noon and lighting shades,

bracing my plate with grace,

teasing your take beyond the lime,

there is more than one plane of illusion for multi-layered beings.

Grumbling for words,

breaching the flame with an immortal body,

fulfilling infinity with meaningless death,

Yesterday and Today

are smuggling corpses of vintage lore,

sucking human foulness to forge new souls.

Despite floating sorrows,

on the upper shell of the lowest body,

reaching out to bang out on time,

a wave beneath the lines explores becoming.

Fulfilled.

Shelling the universe to the edge of wonder,  
spiralling downward to leap the human fabric and land ahead of depth,  
survived, elated spirits are surfing the web of consciousness,  
neuron-to-neuron, soul-to-soul, in shared gravity.  
Sanctioned by a drilling brain,  
images of unclear origin,  
deprived of substance and grain,  
spoiled by vice and lust,  
are deterring sanity.  
Dancing souls on uncharted fields  
are paving the path to the glorious moth  
perished aflame atop of fame.  
Wisdom conceals the Moon,  
Knowledge obscures the Sun.  
Death, the transitional gate, is befitting.

*The music ends. Only the reflected glow of the floating mirage lightens the front right corner of the Matrix. Slowly, a rising point of light expands towards the medial stage, revealing, on the floor of the inner library, the crystal surface of a counter casing a calligraphic specular Kufic Basmala script board.*

The Basmala (Ar.: *Basmalah*, بِسْمِ اللَّهِ; also known by its opening words *Bi-smi llāh*; بِسْمِ اللَّهِ, “In the name of God”) is the titular name of the Islamic opening verse of the Qur’an, “In the name of God, the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful” (Ar.: *Bismillah Al-Rahman Al-Raheem*, بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ). Uttering Bismillah before any act — whether commencing a meal, engaging in intimacy, embarking on a journey, or starting a project — is a means of entrusting oneself to, seeking, and receiving God’s favour and help. In gematria and Sufism, according to Abjad numerology — a system where Arabic letters are assigned numerical values — the total value of the letters of the Basmala is 786. The number 7 signifies spiritual ascension, such as the seven heavens, seven levels of the soul, the sevenfold path of the Work, and the seven verses of the Qur’an’s opening Surah Al-Fatiha; the number 8 is associated with balance and divine justice, as the Throne (*Arsh*) of God is said to be upheld by eight angels (Qur’an 69:17); the number 6 symbolises creation, as the world was created in six days (Qur’an 7:54). When combined as 786, it represents the harmony of divine mercy (*rahma*), spiritual ascent, and creation, connecting the seeker to divine mercy, aiding in the removal of obstacles, healing, and spiritual enlightenment, a symbol of divine presence that carries the blessings (*barakah*) of God.



*Basmala*, 2025. Alchemical pigment & Mixed media, 120 x 120 cm. Artist’s Collection, The Hague.

*Gradually, the light expands on the left of the Tensorial stage to reveal a standing figure, perplexed, gazing at the devotional glittery Basmala Kufic script. Is He, Dandalu’h, sheltered in a large indigo cotton cloth wrapped around his head like a turban, obscuring his face and neck. The indigo hue also adorns his long, loose-fitting layered tunic, complemented by a sash featuring intricate multicoloured designs that conceal a small pouch at his waist, and his loose-fitting trousers that barely cover a pair of leather sandals. The overall cloth effortlessly blends the vibrancy of violet, associated with self-awareness, enlightenment, and psychic energy, with the tranquillity of the communicative blue, denoting emotional clarity and trust. Together, these two shades create a harmonious indigo hue of profound transformation that promotes meditation, mindfulness, inner wisdom, insight, and spiritual awakening, emphasising*

the balance between his material and spiritual realms, between intuition and reason along the path of enlightenment with the ability to ‘see’ beyond the physical. Indigo, a colour related to the sixth-dimensional Ajna chakra, the Third Eye, located just above the space between the eyebrows at the centre of his forehead, the hub of universal higher consciousness. A dimension closely interconnected with the blue throat chakra below it, related to encompassing communication and self-expression, and the violet crown above it, manifesting pure consciousness and connection to the divine. A blend that also embodies a complex system of meanings linked to the infinite expanse of the desert landscape and the remote sky horizon, social structures, and worldviews. As a protective shield, the indigo colour connects Dandalu’h to the environment, evoking both freedom and the meditative solitude of the vast arid spaces, safeguarding him against negative energies, both physical and spiritual, not only as a form of personal protection but as a conduit for metaphysical protection and favour from higher powers, associated with his soul purification and the sacredness transitional spiritual journey as a bridge between the earthly realm and the divine on the path of enlightenment.

On the right side of the Kufic board stands She, Andala’h, entangled light-years apart to He, festooned with a vibrant red silk headscarf wrapped around her head for modesty, lapis lazuli earrings, and pearl necklaces. She wears a loose-fitting, embroidered rosy silk blouse with wide, decorated sleeves and a matching long damask skirt enfolded around her body, fastened at the waist with a vermilion lacquer belt. Her attire is finished with gold bracelets, silver ankle accessories, and dark red leather sandals. Her entire red garments signify blood, the essence of life that impetuously flows through her body, providing energy and imparting a sense of belonging and connection, grounding her being. Her redness is associated with danger, warnings, and alertness, fostering heightened awareness, caution, and mindfulness of potential threats while challenging her fears with courage and confidence. She embodies spiritual, emotional, and bold physical strength alongside a fervour for survival and action, evoking a sense of security, stability, physical vitality, sexual energy, and attentiveness to her basic needs. In her spiritual practices, the red quality of her garments — much like Dandalu’h’s indigo attire — reflects outwardly the transient subtle energetic centre of gravity, her root chakra, which governs her essential survival instincts. A lively, protective, robust shield associated with willpower and leadership guards against negativity and external threats, relating to strong desires and passion, deep love, intense eroticism, and romantic ardour, inspiring action that requires focus and determination, besides healing practices that process emotional trauma, spiritual awakening, and inner transformation, bringing her clarity and heightened awareness of her life purpose. The charm of the unsaid.

She stood firm, looking straight into Dandalu’h’s blue eyes, and addressed him in a soft, yet decisive, sensual, arcane, deep voice.

**ANDALA’H.** Collective consciousness created an image of you and me, and the entire world. A twin existed through experience, knowledge, and vision since the beginning, in which I appear to be in continuous evolution, only concerned with myself. Shaped by consciousness, this image is based on the perception I hold about you and influences my relationship with you, built on the double that my thoughts have created about you, that I have of you. As my connection with you exists only through my perception of you, we must move beyond all images and grasp the essence before it shapes more images. Thought is a side effect of the evolution of consciousness. Consciousness has or does not have thoughts. Self-consciousness and objective consciousness are the outcomes of the higher emotional and intellectual centres, the illuminated and the overmind, the fifth and sixth degrees. Breath, essence, soul, life force, or stage... depending on your preferred sevenfold reference system, dear. The *you* that you think you are does not exist; it is just a flash of the brain that never relates to anything, if not to itself. Performance produces knowledge from the outset...

**DANDALU’H.** Looks intensely back at her deep black eyes and, in a solemn, sober tone, states aloud. Bullshit!

**ANDALA’H.** Pretending nothing happened and looking intensely into his eyes, in a calm and tender voice, says. The power of words on a scrap of paper is unthinkable to throw away. For a man or a woman, to be a sage is to be on the path to inspired enlightenment. Rhythmically, the path spirals upward revealing the essence of silence.

**DANDALU’H.** Undaunted. Double bullshit!

**ANDALA’H.** Immovable and impeccable. Faced with the brutality of poetry written in the sand, in a subject to multiple interpretations, the journey is inward, a doorway breathing in cycles of death and renewal. Eremiton.

**DANDALU’H.** Undeterred. Triple bullshit, sweetie! I try to unlearn everything I absorbed here, but I stand by my account!

*From the gold keystone of the Dome above, the blue axis mundi flashes through the three-layered Matrix. Below, from the four cardinal gangways in the Cavea of Light, running along a wave of probability in a quantum funnel, four Seekers each advance to one of the four columns to the Earthly stage of the Matrix.*

Number 4, the fourth paradigm, is associated with the practical and orderly manifestation of an idea into tangible form in the world. Its energy emphasises the importance of practicality, organisation, discipline, planning, and methodical work. It embodies structure, stability, solidity, and the material foundations upon which things are built. It represents wholeness through its connection to the square and the cross, symbolising balance, equal sides, stability, unity, and the integration of the spiritual and material realms into existence. It is further linked to the four elemental building blocks of life and the physical universe: Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; to the four cardinal directions; the seasonal cycles of nature; the phases of the moon; and the stages of human life. It symbolises perseverance in spiritual practice and the grounding force linking the material and spiritual worlds, providing the basis for manifestation and growth. In Kabbalistic practice, 4 represents Atziluth, Briah, Yetzirah, and Assiah; the worlds of creation, and the four letters of the Tetragrammaton, the sacred name of God. In Taoist cosmology, the ‘Four Symbols’ celestial forces — Azure Dragon, Vermilion Bird, White Tiger, and Black Tortoise creatures — govern the natural cycles. In Hinduism, there are four aims of life (*Purusharthas*): duty (*dharma*), wealth (*artha*), desire (*kama*), and liberation (*moksha*), as well as the concept of the cyclical four timeline *yugas*: Satia, Treta, Dwapara, and the final, most degenerative current Kali Yuga phase marked by war, famine, and societal collapse. In Buddhism, the Four Heavenly Kings guard the cardinal directions and wield powers to maintain cosmic balance, opposing chaos and evil, serving as cosmic reminders of humanity’s responsibilities, urging balance, humility, and alignment with higher principles. In Christian eschatology, the Four Knights of the Apocalypse symbolise the universal archetypes of collective transformation: conquest, war, famine, and death. In the alchemical philosophy of the Great Work, the *Magnum Opus* defines the human quest for personal and collective transmutative process in pursuit of the spiritual-material perfection of the Philosopher’s Stone in four phases: *nigredo*, blackness, putrefaction or decomposition or the death of the old Self, with a sense of darkness, chaos, and dissolution; *albedo*, whiteness, purification and enlightenment, clarity and purity; *citrinitas*, yellowness, fermentation, sublimation, transmutation and growth, confrontation with the shadow, creativity, inspiration, union of opposites and integration of the purified elements, ascent of the spirit to a higher refined state; and *rubedo*, redness, congelation, fixation of the purified elements, and enlightenment through dissolution and rebirth, wholeness and completion of transcendence unity. In this current work, 4 denotes the fourth stage, the split human Self, within the human sevenfold inner nested structure<sup>8</sup>. Additionally, it is the fourth Nodal Partner, namely, the School of Visual Arts in the Gramercy district<sup>9</sup>, navigating the sevenfold ladder of consciousness along the itinerary of the split Royal Couple from the Eye metaspace at MoMA in Midtown Manhattan to the Cave venue metaspace in DUMBO, Brooklyn, where this Scene Fourth is being performed.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, MitC, cf. chap. “Humans are Multidimensional Beings” (The Hague: *Spanda.org*, XII [2021], 3-4 (2): 3 - <https://bit.ly/416leT9>).

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, MitC, cf. chap. “Being & History”, cit.: 5.

*The first seeker to reach the North column of the Matrix is the Black Dame. She wears a lavish headdress, cape, long tunic, tight trousers, and high-heeled boots, all shimmering deep black. In her right hand, she holds a golden set of judgment scales for karmic retribution, weighing actions against universal laws, economic disparity, scarcity, and imbalance — whether material, emotional, or spiritual — along with the consequences of greed, inequity, and unsustainable systems; and spiritual hunger that prompts a quest for innate non-material fulfilment. Brave, she confronts and overcomes her darkness and negative aspects by advancing through inner transmutation. She stops, stands, turns her shoulder to the audience in the Cavea of Light, and intensely stares at the blue axis mundi at the centre of the Earth stage. The second seeker, the White Sir, reaches the South column, turns, and stands firm, staring at the blue laser. Completely wrapped in a translucent, tight-fitting, one-piece white outfit, he wears a diamond crown and carries a silver bow, suggesting conquest, victory, and spiritual purity. Driven by expansion and ambition in both spiritual and worldly realms, divine intervention overrides hubris, indicating the commencement of transformation at the initiation of a cycle, the emergence of a new consciousness, and the dissemination of ideas that catalyse collective evolution, whether for better or worse. He refines and purifies his consciousness to attain a profound understanding of the nature of reality through the dissolution of impurities, leading to a cleaner, refined essence. Next, the Pale Dame seeker, wrapped in a canary yellow transparent veil, is barefoot and limping slightly, embodying disease and the inevitability of death. Slowly, she reaches the West column, stops, turns, and focuses on the blue ray, wielding the authority to kill famine, plague, and wild beasts with a heavy brass sword in her left hand. She transmutes toward the end of the cycles, embracing the inevitability of change and purification for renewal, leading to the ultimate surrender of her ego and the transient nature of earthly existence. She primes spiritual awakening, reminding of the impermanence of enlightenment and life through dissolution and the soul's journey beyond physical death and rebirth, integrating her purified consciousness with materiality. Then, the fourth and final seeker, the Red Sir, comes enfolded in a flushed, subtle aura mirroring a gold-embroidered ruddy bodice with gilded vermilion tights and lacquered, imposing boots with rainbow buckles. He wields in both hands a large double-edged enflamed iron sword, representing war, conflict, and bloodshed, revealing humanity's inherent capacity for violence and discord, proving the inner struggle between higher aspirations and base instincts, while also facilitating the destruction of outdated paradigms to pave the way for renewal — a force of karmic balance where unresolved collective conflicts manifest outwardly, urging confrontation of darker tendencies. Slowly, he reaches the East column and kneels to the blue beam at the centre of the Earth stage. He then rises, gazing at the other seekers and, synchronously and without a word, all turn to climb their respective columns and reach the Tensorial stage at once. There, they sit down in their corner, muted, with their weapons close at hand. Together, they reveal the balance of destructive and generative energies necessary for individual and collective transmutation, fostering trials that dismantle outdated structures to create space for wisdom and humanity's experience with chaos, transformation, and the powers that shape and govern life and death. Their presence on the Tensorial stage manifests opportunities for profound spiritual evolution, embodying the universal tension between preservation and transformation, contraction and expansion, serving as reminders of cosmic order and its fragility, echoing the destruction of imbalance and the return to harmony.*

**ANDALA'H.** My Goodness! My Goddess me! *Said She, equally passionate, comprising any uncongenial undertones.*

**DANDALU'H.** There is a fine feeling here, dear, a subtle vibe... do you feel it?

**ANDALA'H.** Yes, I got it, deep and sound, my love. Sometimes, it makes my mind swift from one stage to the next, almost by itself. The deep inner being, the higher Self, are... For heaven's sake... my love... didn't we agree on the last turn? This country is warm and dynamic, I like walking together along the river, but there may be a polarity bend here, completely unrepentant. What do you think or feel or do, you, my love?

**DANDALU'H.** Let the door be open, dear, the Guardians of the Threshold have left their guards for a short while and have gone bust, bridging the gap between in and out.

**ANDALA'H.** Come on, my love, what are you talking about? Interdimensional journey? Spiritual pregnancy? Do you recall the day after our long night? The sun was rising, a flair of a special day. Death was good while remaining far away, still, the path thralls... stamping the feet. If the black sun is shining, there should be some collective enchantment, right?

**DANDALU'H.** What do you feel, dear? I hope you never conform.

**ANDALA'H.** Quite early in our conversation, I was given an understanding of a red sheet of cloth firmly hanging on the line of a rather distressing destiny, my love, a rough place in a blood bath, remember?

*Suddenly, the night fell in the Cavea of Light and, on the second rank, the flute began a lamenting theme. [Light-off. Black].*

**DANDALU'H.** You are the light of my eyes! May good reward you, dear.

**ANDALA'H.** You are the love of my heart! May our bond be protected, my love.

**DANDALU'H.** You are on my mind! May your hand be safeguarded, dear.

**ANDALA'H.** Meeting you has brought me happiness! I would die for you, my love.

**DANDALU'H.** This house is your home. May your heart be joyful, dear.

**ANDALA'H.** May your eyes be treated with kindness in this world and the next, my love.

**DANDALU'H.** May your grave be widened to lie in greater comfort, dear.

**ANDALA'H.** It is for the beauty of your eyes that you see me as beautiful. Please honour us with your presence, my love.

**DANDALU'H.** You lit up the home with your presence, dear. I hope you awaken to goodness.

**ANDALA'H.** I would rather die and have you buried me, my love, for how unbearable it would be to live without you.

*The flute concludes its melancholy suite, and on the fourth rank, the oud begins an elaborate responsive solo variation on the theme. [CROSSFADE ON THE DOME]. Above, in the middle of the highest first tier of the Dome, in an intense, dark starry sky, Orumila, one of the seventeen major deities of the Yoruba pantheon and the spokesperson for all deities, appears in glory.*

As a central figure in the Ifa spiritual oral divination tradition of the Eleri Ipin people, Orumila is the witness to creation and destiny, and second to the Creator, supreme being Ibikeji Olodumare, also titled Agbonniregun, a wise man without bones, who embodies the multidimensional spirit of destiny. Orumila is a force of nature, an *orisha*, one who mediates with humanity through wisdom, knowledge, omniscience, and prophecy. Bestowed upon him are the roles of messenger, guardian, and custodian of the Ifa tradition and its vast corpus of knowledge, entrusted with preparing Ilé-Ifè, the original spiritual and political site for human life and habitation, as well as his home and thoughts on Yoruba civilisation. He was present during the creation of the universe, actively witnessing its formation, which grants him unparalleled insight into the mysteries of existence and the destinies of all beings, making him a pivotal figure in understanding the metaphysical aspects of the cosmos. Having incarnated multiple times to impart divine wisdom and ethical guidance to humanity, his teachings emphasise good character, urging followers to live in harmony with cosmic principles and societal norms. As the master diviner, he embodies



the high priest and the patron of all Ifa priests, the Babalawo, the ‘father of secrets,’ and Iyanifa priestesses, the ‘mother of secrets.’ He wears a beaded, sparkling crown signifying his authority and divine insight; a long green and yellow coat reaching below the knee, befitting high ranks; a green beaded necklace representing wisdom; a yellow bracelet expressive of enlightenment; and a neat blue and white beaded divination bag, and is barefoot. As an intermediary, he mediates human affairs through mystical divination, facilitating the creation and transformation of objects infused with the divine *ase* force, with the *opon* wooden divination tray inscribed with sacred symbols featuring 256 signatures, rich in parables, proverbs, and prescriptions; the sacred sixteen palm nuts that connect the spiritual and material realms, enabling individuals to uncover answers and wisdom regarding life’s mysteries; the divining chain tool made from coconut rinds and cowrie shells, used to decipher hidden truths, reflecting themes of enlightenment and discovery; the carved ivory *iroke* divination tapper for invocations; and the *ebo* sacrificial object, all contained in the *opon*. While Shango, the deity of thunder and justice, wields his magical thunderstones for divine justice, reflecting the transformational power of mythic objects during consultations, this grants Orumila considerable power to address the issues presented, providing counsel and clarity, revealing sacred texts, interpreting, adapting, and inscribing insights onto the *opon*, as well as performing sacrifices to alleviate problems and assist individuals in navigating life’s challenges, offering solutions and guidance to ensure they can make well-informed decisions in harmony with their destiny and align their predestined paths to fulfil life’s purpose.

*Orumila, who traded plain sight for prophetic vision and outran the fire for cracks in the heart with the oracle crown of bones wrapped in leaves, sitting on a low wall under an intense, dark, starry sky, in an educated guess despising content, speaks in a calm, serene, soft voice.*

**ORUMILA.** It is said that humans have three main centres: mental, emotional, and sexual, while here, we have seven of them. However, working on all three only, aiming for the midpoint by borrowing energy from the others, doesn’t work over here. Sharing experiences with thin skin makes it hard to stay afloat and doesn’t create a harmonic, rich tapestry. There are only two infinite forces: supermind consciousness..., and stupidity. There is nothing inside; there is nothing outside. What is inside is outside. Do a good deed and throw it in the river; sooner or later, it will return to you in the desert. Only those who care about you can hear you when you are quiet. Whatever you may want and wherever you go, you will still enter the Disrupted Garden of Delights, Oba.



*The Disrupted Garden of Delights*, 2025. Alchemical pigment & Mixed media, 120 x 120 cm. Artist’s Collection, The Hague.

*Said he, addressing Obatalá, a personable and very charming orisha thoughtfully roaming the second tier of the Dome.*

Unique among the orishas for embodying both male and female aspects, Obatalá’s androgyny transcends conventional gender distinctions, presenting an energetic, holistic integration that reflects the completeness and balance inherent in creation, embracing all facets of existence. Revered as the Chief of the White Cloth, signifying purity and associated with the essence of light, clarity, enlightenment, and the interaction between light and darkness, it occupies a multifaceted role within spirituality, encompassing both exoteric and esoteric dimensions. As the creator of humanity, it is responsible for moulding human bodies from clay before Olodumare breathes life into them. While its exoteric aspects as the creator of human forms and the embodiment of purity, wisdom, and integrity are widely recognised, unlike many spiritual traditions where deities are infallible, Obatalá’s compassion arises from acknowledging past mistakes: it consumed palm wine during the creation emanation, resulting in physical imperfections in individuals. Upon realising this fault, it vowed to abstain from alcohol and become the protector of those with disabilities, highlighting compassion and the sanctity of all human forms, emphasising that imperfections are embraced within the divine order. This fostered in Obatalá a sense of mercy towards humanity, stressing the importance of humility and empathy, encouraging harmony, reason, balance, and the connection between the physical and spiritual realms while pursuing righteousness within.

*While wandering the tier dressed in an all-white long robe, Obatalá runs a hand gracefully through the raven's long black hair to loosen and untangle it, gently shaking the head sideways in small circular motions. All the inscribed array of sacred symbols in the divination tray gradually fades out on the ground. Obatalá stops, swiftly takes three divinatory dice from the tunic pocket, and throws them into the tray, attempting to crack the threshold code well beyond the Rose & the Cypress arched gate of the Cave metaspace venue unexpectedly projected on the tier. At the same time, in the foreground, a talking drum begins to roll magical syllables in the plain air, and selflessly, Obatalá replies to Orumila.*

**OBATALÁ.** Rubbing your hand in glee and tendering resignation is not a life lesson. Please, don't be a piece of shit, Orumila, this is a major inflexion point from the inside out, morphing a failed sacred surreal system disposed to a transformative narrative in a day dawning to an ever-closet res extent.

*Res extensa* (Lat., "extended thing") is one of the three 'substances' in Cartesian ontology, often referred to as "radical dualism". Alongside *res cogitans* and God, by being an extended thing and having corporeal substance, *res extensae* are the primary attribute of extension, i.e., of expansion, yang. The Cartesian Wax argument maintains that a solid piece of wax has certain sensory qualities, which, when the wax is melted, it loses all the single *apparent* qualities it had in its solid state. Yet, in the melted substance, the idea of wax is still present.

Myths explore quests for transformative treasures embodying humanity's yearning. Treasures can embody the ultimate reward for the faithful, yet remain hidden until the divine revelation, inviting us to clarify without assuming. What concerns you the most now, dear?

**ORUMILA.** Who trades plain sight for prophetic vision, outrunning the fire for cracks in the heart. Who?

*Then, he slowly prostrates by the river, chanting a rain binder riff to the twinkling night sky. Amulets. A talismanic shirt. A range of heightened emotions cuts through, revealing an inner universe propelled by a magic spell to embrace it all at once against a backdrop of peace in the language of tomorrow. Only presence offers a perfect place to lie down and rest eternally. Crossing the threshold signals, the 'inner' and the 'outer' are demanding acts of reverence and mesoteric chants. He removes one's boots, touches the threshold with the forehead, and crosses the brink of home. Under the protection of the household, the élan flows into the temple wedded to a higher realm, enabling a renovated state of being and a new blessed life.*

**OBATALÁ.** *Bending on the threshold.* The earthly evolution unfolds as a sequential yet non-linear path, revealing a dynamic interplay of growth, setbacks, and renewal. It experiences discovery, regression, loss, recursion, and reintegration through the following phases, making complexities within the existential plane, emerging as an adaptive response to the fluctuating spacetime dimensions, sociocultural matrices, environmental collision, symbolic representations, and epistemological frameworks. The cognitive imprint extends beyond the individual, shaping patterns of transformation, cultural ecology, and the perennial spiritual quest, uncovering the underlying structures governing the building of meaning throughout human history.

*Below, on the Matrix Tensorial stage, clad in a black-and-white costume, Karpe Kairos initiates a disconnected hieratic dance upon a vibrational brass bowl for mental health. The Guardians of the Threshold between the fourth and fifth-dimensional journey, embody the Higher Self at the violet seventh Heaven cap chakra of 432Hz, corrected beyond the Rubicon to senior spheres and the Acheron boundary that souls must cross to enter the upper world. Yet, on the Earthly lowest plane of the Matrix, the oppressors, supported by alien totalitarian oligarchic forces, wishing to create a resort along the banks of Timbuktu's stream, remain unengaged, orchestrating a calculated genocide campaign to exterminate the indigenous populace and usurp their ancestral lands. The malevolent karma generated by their atrocity has tainted the direct perpetrators and the entire community. Those who, through apathy or inaction, failed to oppose the slaughter become complicit; their moral indifference solidified them as accessories to the crime. Their collective culpability has ensured that the despotic nation faces the repercussions of negative karma across generations, with the stain of their deeds disgracing the fabric of society. The global nation's negative destiny rebounded beyond the pale. Nothing short of a remarkable, utterly exquisite leap. According to the realm's constitution, the king never can make a mistake. A decision long in the making. Qualia Matrix? A strong lead struggles to assert independence with the beau in the shadow of a shared illusion. The resonance of truth cracks the beacon of radical enlightenment. The shared negative karma of a nation engaging in butchery rebounds seven by seven generations. In times of universal deceit, telling the truth is a revolutionary act.*

**DANDALU'H.** An illusion? I hope Spheres are asleep in good dreams! Let's move, the dawn is shifting. *He, at random, grabs an old manuscript from the desk, opens it, and reads it aloud.* "Yesterday's uncertainties are tomorrow's doubts." Everything passes, everything changes, dear. Unwriting and rewriting history is unwritten and rewritten by a deaf-voiced practice. Timbuktu. Timbuktu. Timbuctoo... tu tu? Timbuctu, Tinbuktu, and Tombutoo... too to... Physical, metaphysical, and hyperphysical... You did well, sweetie.

**ANDALA'H.** Re-enacting a scene doesn't fit the narrative, my love. I wish I didn't need to do what I'm doing now in the public sphere! I found some interesting papers in the dark corner of the upper room of the collection. The judiciary is granting clemency on transmitting knowledge, wisdom, and enlightenment. The blurred edges between fake and real suddenly vanished. Authoritarian overreach. A momentous day. Heartthrob agency. Are the doors open, my love?

**DANDALU'H.** *Casually picks another manuscript from the pile of texts, opens it, and reads it carefully.* "But this is not the world of justice, beauty, and truth!" This is a subset of Inferno, dear! *Coming home to himself, in an educated guess, despising content.* Got it, sweetie? I thought this was a play, the human narrative in the middle stage of the Matrix!

**ANDALA'H.** *(In French). Génial, génial! Quelle langue! Tu sais, sais, ça va aller!* Come on, my love, new life lesson, right? Not because we speak the same language, but because we share the same feeling that we understand each other.

*Above, on the first tier of Heaven, Orumila forges an answer to both lovers by revealing patterns of white starling murmuration aligned on their pathways. Urban interference disrupts cues, causing disorientation. Energy loss and mortality. Artificial waves mask natural signals and induce stress. Linking bird behaviours to the aurora, bridging biology, physics, and environmental science, exposing the dangers of human interference on the Dome, it advocates regulatory and conservation strategies calling for mitigating pollution to protect biodiversity and foster ecological balance and, in heightened sensitivity, disconnected reason and, in a bright singing voice, he addresses Obatalá.*

**ORUMILA.** All right! It looks ok. Everything is ok, Oba. Still, there isn't any link to why all these things work... but they do.

**OBATALÁ.** Disappointment, my beloved. *T'avais pas un truc à faire toi?! After observing with an eye injury, I decided to make my own expression: no evidence suggests that, and I will share the results with you in mixed reality below!*

*Below, erratically circling the Tensorial stage, thoughtfully Dandalu'h questions himself.*

**DANDALU'H.** What is there ahead of the curve? Some good, crunchy reality here? This life is short, very short, one hundred years? Barely a fraction of time, given that time and reality are just a burlled mental illusion, right?

*Above, on the first tier of the Dome.*

**OBATALÁ.** It is all right, Oru. Still, there isn't a link to any experimentation that shows why it works or whether it does.

**ORUMILA.** *Disappointed.* I decided to conduct my subtle experiment anyway...

**OBATALÁ.** We have two eyes, dear, a sharp binocular vision gifted to use data from both eyes! The left one sees the spiritual reality; the right, the material one, but to have a good inclusive sight and look further and farther, finer in depth, we need to align and focus both eyes exactly in the middle of the vast wide field of view, balanced in the mesoteric third eye... yet anomalies are amongst the most common visual disorders... Got it, dear? I see elusive reality shine through watermarks, waterlines, tidelines, imprints, emblems, tracteries, filigrees, for, where matter is thinner, the light comes through brighter and brighter... one after the other...



Two of the four watermark artworks and the cover of *De Marginis Sophia: Del Margine della Sapienza o della Sapienza Marginale. Aforismi & Filigrane* (De Marginis Sophia: On the Edge of Wisdom or Marginal Wisdom. Aphorisms & Watermarks), 1986. Livre d'Artiste, 36 x 25.5 cm, by the Artist/Author in the MoMA collection in the Eye Metaspace extent. (MoMA, NYC - <https://www.moma.org/collection/works/17858>).

**ORUMILA.** Spot-on, Oba, spot-on!

**OBATALÁ.** We have two eyes, dear, remember? Two eyes! The seven stages of consciousness and the seven colours portray the expanding-contracting limitless universe, with yin, me, the feminine on Black in this Cavea of Light, with a spheric womb outside; and the yang White masculine at the inside-end, in just one upshot.

**ORUMILA.** In the reverse analogy? Correct, Oba? Within the Feminine Cave metaspace, the Masculine is. In inverted resonance, the opus is made with a very long view. A station in tenderness. Feeling the heat. (*Long pause*). Aureologhia!

Aureologhia, or aurelogy, is a personal neologism coined by the Author, as noted by the Royal Commentator, which consists of a combination of Latin and Greek roots. Although this term is not standard yet, its components provide insights into its potential meaning. *Aureo* (Lat.), derived from *aureus* (golden or made of gold), ultimately stems from *aurum* (gold) of Indo-European origin and is commonly found in terms like *aureole* (a halo, a golden circle of light) and *aureate* (golden or ornate in speech or style). Generally, it conveys something related to gold, radiance, or splendour. *Loghia* (Gr.; or *logia*), from the Ancient Greek λόγια (*logia*, speech, word, or discourse), originates from the root λόγος (*logos*), which broadly means word, reason, logic, or divine speech, as seen in theology (discourse on God), anthology (a collection of writings), and apology (a formal written defence). Typically, it refers to a collection of sayings, words, or discussions. Combining the two roots, 'aureologhia' can be roughly interpreted as 'golden discourse' or 'golden words'. It may refer to speech, writings, beautiful, elevated ideas, or something deserving of high praise, akin to something 'golden' in quality or brilliance. The term describes sublime speech, eloquent discourse, or a collection of radiant or noble sayings in artistic, poetic, and philosophical contexts. It might also encompass associations with divine or sacred words, as 'golden' frequently symbolises purity and transcendence in literature and mystical texts, akin to alchemical gold, which results from the purification of lead, the *materia prima*. Thus, in the current context, aureologhia conveys the notion of something brilliant, refined, and worthy of admiration — 'golden speech' or 'elevated discourse'.

*In the sky above Orumila's head, a suite of twelve anthropomorphic black and white archetype characters, conducive to secret code, wields the magical edun ara thunderstones on the divination tray inscribed with the Magic Square of order 15, situated in the Eye metaspace venue. Soon afterwards, accompanied by the carved ivory iroke divination tapper and in slow crossfade insolency on the golden kernel of the Dome, a clearly defined image of the split Royal Couple emerges in the distance on the second tier, while a green coded script gradually materialises in the first tier of the Dome.*





*The Script*, 2025. Alchemical pigment & Mixed media, 110 x 72,5 cm. Artist's Collection, The Hague.

*Roaming the second tier and constantly adjusting his beaded crown, intensely gazing at the script in the upper sky, Orumila said.*

**ORUMILA** Very well-to-do... Cool! Very cool! Can I just ask... “Is timespace the emergent energy property of...?”

*He had no time to finish his question when his intense gaze disturbed the energetic field surrounding him. On the right side of the third tier, well synchronised with his ubiquitous presence on the middle Tensorial stage of the Matrix below, in a quantum leap in the absence of gravity, bending reality in smart traveller's sporty clothes, relaxed and in full glory, discontinuously flashing on the Dome, appeared Leo Africanus. Heuristic vision?*

Johannes Leo de' Medicis, alias Leo Africanus (Granada, c. 1494 – Tunis, c. 1554) — in Arabic, *Yuhanna al-Asad al-Gharnati*, literally *John the Lion of Granada*; in Latin, *Johannes Leo*; in Italian, *Giovanni Leone*, yet originally *al-Hasan ibn Mohammed al-Wazzān al-Ẓayyati al-Gharnati*, or *al-Hasan ibn Mohammed al-Fasi*, a patronymic name meaning “al-Hasan, son of Muhammad”, with *al-Fasi* being the Arabic demonym for someone from Fez, Morocco — was a Moorish Andalusian diplomat, adventurer, explorer, historian, and author.

Originally from Granada, Spain, his family was among the thousands of Muslims expelled by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel following their reconquest of Spain in 1492. Two years after his birth, the family settled in Fez, Morocco, where he studied at the University of al-Qarawiyyin, established as a mosque in 857-859 CE, the oldest and still continually operating institution of higher learning.

As a young man, Hasan al-Gharanti accompanied his uncle on a diplomatic mission through the Maghreb in the service of Sultan Muhammad al-Burtughali, the second-last Wattasid Berber dynasty of Morocco. This mission reached Timbuktu (c. 1510), part of the Songhai Empire, a busy trade city of African products, gold, printed cotton, slaves, and Islamic books. On his return from Constantinople in 1517, he stopped at Rosetta during the Ottoman conquest of Egypt. He travelled to Cairo and via Aswan, across the Red Sea, to Arabia, probably to perform the pilgrimage (*hajj*) to Mecca.

On the way back in 1518, during the sea crossing from Cairo to Tunis, he and about sixty other passengers were captured by the Spanish corsair Don Pedro de Cabrera y Bobadilla, a knight in the Order of Hospitaller of St John, who imprisoned him in the Grand Master's Palace headquarters on the island of Rhodes, Greece — the location where the palace exists today on the foundations of the ancient temple of the Sun god Helios, likely the spot where the Colossus of Rhodes stood in Antiquity. When it became clear that Hasan was a learned prisoner, he was initially locked up in the Castel Sant'Angelo in Rome, treated with unusual respect, and later transferred and presented to Pope Leo X (1475-1521), born Giovanni de' Medici, the son of Lorenzo I de' Medici il Magnifico. The pope welcomed him warmly, fearing that Turkish forces might invade Sicily and southern Italy, seeing Hasan as a willing and useful collaborator who could provide interesting information on North Africa. Accordingly, Hasan was soon freed and given a pension to persuade him to stay. He had access to Arabic texts from the Vatican Library, was catechised by three bishops, and then baptised by the pope himself in St Peter's Basilica on 6 January 1520. Hasan al-Gharnati took, after the church prince, the Latin name *Johannes Leo de Medicis*, which he rendered in Arabic as *Yuhanna al-Asad al-Gharnati*, John the Lion of Granada. The same year marks the *Portrait of a Humanist* by the Renaissance Italian painter Sebastiano del Piombo (c. 1485 – 1547), which, according to experts, may depict the Lion of Granada, aka Leo Africanus.

During his stay in Italy, he learned Italian and Latin, befriended the humanist prince Alberto III Pio and the Neoplatonist reforming theologian Augustinian friar, bishop of Viterbi and cardinal, orator, and poet Egidio da Viterbo alias Giles Antonini Viterbi. After the death of his patron Leo X in 1521, he left Rome, presumably because the successor Pope Adrian VI, born Adriaan Florensz Boeyens (1459–1523), the only Dutchman to become pope, had no confidence in the Moor. For the next three or four years, Leo travelled through Italy, then settled in Bologna and taught Arabic; wrote an Arabic-Hebrew-Latin medical vocabulary for the Jewish physician Jacob Mantino ben Samuel, of which only a tiny part of the Arabic manuscript has been preserved in the Escorial Library in Spain; and compiled a grammar of Arabic of which just an eight-page fragment has survived.

Leo returned to Rome in 1526 under the protection of the new Pope Clement VII — born Giulio di Giuliano de' Medici (1478–1534), another scion of the Medici family who succeeded Adrian. According to Leo himself, he completed the manuscript of his major opus on African geography on 10 March of that same year. This work was subsequently published in Italian by the Venetian publisher Giovanni Battista Ramusio in 1550, titled *Della descrizione dell'Africa et delle cose notabili che ivi sono, per Giovan Lioni Africano* (On the description of Africa and the therein remarkable things, by John the African Lion) as part of a series of travelogues and geographical literature. The work provides a detailed account of the regions he visited, covering a wide range of topics, including customs, languages, religions, and political structures of various African peoples. This text is the first detailed European account of the African continent and was highly influential during the Renaissance. The work proved extremely popular for the following centuries, being reprinted five times in Italian and translated into several other languages. The French and Latin editions were published in Antwerp from 1556 onwards. The Latin edition, which — *alas!* — contained many errors and mistranslations, served as the source for the English version published in 1600 under the title *A Geographical Historie of Africa*. The first Dutch translation appeared in 1665 in Rotterdam, published by the bookseller Aarnout Leers, and was dedicated to the gentlemen of the Admiralty of



Rotterdam (1574-1795) under the title *Pertinente Beschryvinge van Afrika, met alle de Lande, Koninkrijks, Steden, Volken, Mensen, Habits, Gedierenten, Vogelen, Boomen Aardvruchten, die daar. Getrekkent en elkaar uit de Reisboeken van Johannes Leo Africanus* [translation omitted].

Besides his major work, Leo wrote an Arabic translation of the Epistles of St Paul, dated January 1521, whose manuscript belongs to the Biblioteca Estense in Modena, Italy. Another surviving work is a biographical encyclopaedia of twenty-five major Islamic scholars and five major Jewish specialists, published for the first time in Latin by the Swiss philologist and theologian Johann Heinrich Hottinger (1620-1667) in 1664.

Yet, soon after the Sack of Rome by Charles V's troops in 1527, Leo returned to Tunis, where he reconverted to Islam and resumed his Arabic name, suggesting that some coercion had been involved in his conversion in 1518. Shreds of evidence are thin about Hasan's later life and nothing about the year of death, probably in Tunis in 1554. *Anima eius sit in pace.*

**LEO.** In a maximalist décor environment, I will do whatever I possibly can, as these prescribed limits will admit, Q̣umila. The quieter I were, the more I could feel without the interference of emotions and thoughts in the perception of anyone's guess. Burst of creativity towards life, a disposable product to which end I will gladly arrange upon a violet pillow with a golden napkin for your gracious courtesy, my Lord.

**OBATALÁ.** Most notably, timeless shadow-work claims life in a mixed-media-generated yeoman's work, Leo.

**Q̣UMILA.** Come on, Obatalá! Do not be so stiff! Allow your white robe to be stained by black matter, and rock the boat!

**LEO.** You are protective of me, Q̣umila, and I have a long job ahead of me. I test this reality in a vacuum cast in blood and treasure, shaking a disquieted character on stage, unable to engage the world play...

**OBATALÁ.** But how did you attain your present height, Leo?

**LEO.** By making the heart white in heavenly contemplation, Obatalá, not by making black paper with writing.

**OBATALÁ.** You tell stories... but don't tell how to understand them... Karmic memories and diplomatic noise, Leo?

**LEO.** How would you like it if the person from whom you bought a fruit, consumed it before your eyes and left you only the skin?

**Q̣UMILA.** Invisible wisdom sustains a hundred times better than the appearance of wisdom, for it has itself to be sustained. Why are you so much interested in your progress, Leo?

**LEO.** It is related, Q̣umila, my Lord, that a grasshopper brought a blade of grass as an offering to you to learn by signs. As there are always wise people on Earth, the seeker can learn only from the wise partners in goodness, right, my Lord?

**Q̣UMILA.** Never rely upon what you believe to be an inner experience, for it is only when you get beyond it that you will reach wisdom; it is there to deceive you, and never allow yourself, Leo, to measure everything by the time measurement, as one thing must come before the other...

**LEO.** What you have said lacks references and proofs through quotations from authority, you know that, right, my Lord?

**OBATALÁ.** How can this nonsense mean anything to you?

**LEO.** Your stories can be interpreted in one way by someone and in another way by others. What is the source? Love is the bridge between you and everything, and the Earth would die if the Sun stopped kissing her. Hold us upside down, Obatalá, and shake all the nonsense out. Every sane person I know has jumped overboard.

**Q̣UMILA.** Man dwells in the air but doesn't realise he would be dead without it. He can see it only when it is polluted and by its effects. He breathes it and imagines that it is a pure substance. Deprived of it, he dies. But when he is choking, he hallucinates and hopes for remedies, but what he needs is the restoration of air. He may become aware of it and profit more from it by realising that it is a common substance treated with such heedlessness that nobody observes its presence, no deal to be cut here, Leo.

*The moment Q̣umila's task was complete, upon the first tier of the Dome's energetic field, a blurred pre-shot vision stirred a veiled echo of form. A silhouette woven of light, untouched by substance or weight, suspended within a dreamscape of untamed beauty where wildflowers wove a tapestry of radiant bloom, draped in the splendour of nature's eternal flourish and gracing the Dome's celestial crown, Flora emerged sunrising.*

In ancient Roman mythology, Flora (Lat. *flōs*, flower) is revered as the goddess of flowering plants, blossoms, and spring, not merely a season but a cycle of rebirth and rejuvenation. She embodies the release of stagnant energies and the celebration of life's vital force, catalysing inner healing and new beginnings. Her dominion over nature's bloom mirrors the soul's capacity for renewal.

Flora's principal festival, the Floralia, was celebrated annually from late April to early May with exuberant merriment, dancing, and brightly coloured attire, implying the renewal of life and the fertility of plants and people. In his *Fasti*, the Roman poet Ovid (43 BCE-17/18 CE) recounts Flora's mythical origin, tracing her lineage to Chloris, the semi-divine Greek nymph of flowers. Pursued by the dynamic and forceful wind god Zephyrus, Chloris is swept into marriage and transformed into Flora, which grants her dominion over blossoms and the power to breathe life into seeds. She embodies the receptive, nurturing divine feminine, capable of coaxing hidden potential into full expression. The interplay between Zephyrus and Flora arises from the merging of opposing energies, awakening latent spiritual power, and channelling it into realised creation.

Across spiritual traditions, flowers symbolise the soul's blossoming and consciousness unfolding. They are linked to fertility, growth, and the abundance of nature, yet their ephemeral nature highlights the transient cycles of life, death, and rebirth. As the sovereign of blossoms, Flora mediates the cosmic energies of sunlight, soil, water, and wind, transforming them into tangible life. She harmonises the opposing forces of earth and air of stillness and motion, to generate beauty and renewal. She, the feminine archetype for the process by which hidden potential reaches full bloom, epitomises the earth's awakening after winter, the emergence of new beginnings, and the cycle of regeneration, whether in the natural world or personal and spiritual growth. Each flower's petal represents a layer of consciousness, unfolding in stages of realisation. As the guardian of these hidden stages, Flora guides seekers from the seed's dormancy to the radiant expression of the blossom. Standing at the threshold between the Seen and the Unseen, she bridges the earthly and divine realms, guiding the flowering of nature and consciousness. Her influence extends beyond agriculture and reproduction, encompassing creativity, ideas, and artistic inspiration. Though her dominion appears delicate, her myth reveals an inherent dynamism: the forceful breath of Zephyrus catalyses her transformation, proving that creation arises from the tension of polarities and the alchemy of transmutation. By inhabiting the space between the material and the subtle forces of creation, she occupies a liminal space, gently shepherding the soul's awakening to the culmination of an inner journey: the luminous flowering of consciousness in harmony with the creative forces of nature. As the goddess who charms blooms into sunlight, she is the force that nurtures the soul's evolution from a seed-like potential into a flourishing embodiment of higher truth. In every path of transmutation, Flora's archetype typifies that true growth — whether spiritual, psychological, or creative — emerges from the interplay of energies in which the breath of higher inspiration acts upon latent capacities, leading to a luminous, fully realised state of being.

In the context of this awareness play, the character Flora is embodied and depicted as the Goddess of Flowers in Sandro Botticelli's *Primavera* (It., 'Spring'), painted in the late 1470s or around 1482. One of the earliest references to this masterpiece comes from the Italian painter, architect, writer, and historian Giorgio Vasari (1511–1574), renowned for *Le Vite de' più eccellenti pittori, scultori, e architettori* (The Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects). Vasari recognised the painting as a celebration of spring's renewal. Currently housed in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, *Primavera* is widely believed to have been commissioned by Lorenzo di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, a member of the influential Italian family of bankers, merchants, popes, patrons of the arts, and champions of the revival of classical learning, whose members effectively ruled Florence for much of the 15th century.

During the Renaissance, Florence became a hub of Neoplatonic thought, partly fuelled by the philosopher, priest, and scholar Marsilio Ficino (1433–1499), whose translations and interpretations of Plato’s works blended classical philosophy with Christian ideals. *Primavera* is often analysed through a Neoplatonic lens and interpreted as an allegory that intertwines historical context, mythological themes, symbolic and metaphysical meanings, esoteric perspectives, and mesoteric ideal of transcendent love, which elevates the soul from earthly concerns towards higher truths. Rendered with botanical precision, the painting features Venus at its centre, embodying harmony and beauty. To her left stand Mercury and the Three Graces, while to the right, Zephyrus pursues Chloris, who then metamorphoses into Flora. The latter, now richly adorned in an ornately floral gown, exemplifies the full bloom of nature and the nurturing aspects of growth and fertility. Her serene expression and the act of scattering flowers from her apron onto the forest floor disseminate wisdom, virtues, and spiritual gifts, which, like seeds, require cultivation within the soul’s ‘soil’ to flourish under higher inspiration and intellectual grace, embodying the mythic moment of transmutation. Above her, Cupid aims his arrow with precision, uniting the scene under the overarching themes of love, renewal, and fertility.



*Incoming Flora*, 2025. Alchemical pigment & Mixed media, 120 x 120 cm. Artist’s Collection, The Hague.

*While on the sixth rank of the Cavea of Light, the balaphone solo begins slowly performing in PPP the 4<sup>th</sup> Variation of the score, above on the Dome, followed by her six reverberating avatars, dismissive Flora addresses Leo in a whisper.*

**FLORA.** My Goddess me! There is a slight tingle where the grassland disappears into the desert, a reasonable deduction in death duties and ears to hear commanding my presence here! The opposites are distinct, but are the two sides of the same reality. Destruction is not an end but a course of becoming, changing, transforming, and transmuting. Divergence is the basis of order, life and death rise and fall, and the positive and negative are gambling reality, striving to reach an unbearable harmonic poise, weaving the sacred mystery. Witness it, Leo.

*Below, in her earthly ubiquitous presence on the Higher Sky stage of the Matrix, in specular action delayed by one second, she transposes the logic of her previous statement above in the Dome into a reversed negative tense and gently speaks to Andala’h sitting below at the corner of the medial Tensorial stage.*

**FLORA.** My Mortal me! There isn’t a big tingle where the savanna disappears into the desert sands! An unreasonable deduction in death duties, ears to not hear commanding my absence here! The opposites are united, Andala’h, not two sides of the other reality. Construction is an end, not a process of unchanging becoming, maintaining, and unfolding. Nothing changes; uniformity is the basis of disorder, life and death do not rise and fall, and the positive and negative are a stagnant reality failing to reach an impossible disharmonic poise parting the mystery.

*Above, on the second tier of the Dome, Leo answers to Flora.*

**LEO.** A spiritual athlete is tuned into a high frequency to achieve transformational triumph. Take me through, Flora! I wish I could. I lost my nerves. Life energy flew downwards through generations across systemic sway. A native of the Land of Fools lit my eyes! For those who can perceive, a mere sign is enough. For those who do not heed, a thousand explanations are not

enough. The greater good has gone dark... the visible-invisible gate remains closed until the transformer becomes invisible and visible at once.

*With a delay of two seconds, on the Higher Sky stage below, Leo's ever-present presence converts and modifies his original logic statement into the negative tense, addressing Dandalu'h below on the Tensorial stage of the Matrix.*

**LEO.** Not all of all! A physically inactive person detuned the frequency to hinder transformational failure. Do not take me through, Flora, I wish I could not! I did not lose my nerves, no trauma response. Life energy did not flow through generations, leaving traces across heirlooms in neither subtle nor asystemic sway. A foreigner to the Land of Fools darkened my eyes! For those who do not perceive, no sign is enough. For those who heed, even a thousand explanations are way too much! The greater bad has gone grey. Beloved of the brethren, spare me, spare me!

**DANDALU'H.** *In Italian, French, and Arabic, and bending the knee.* Mia Donna! Madonna! Ma dame, habib al-rūh, azizām...

**FLORA.** My Goddess me! I am gravid with blooming seeds, too much to stand this appalling crime! My womb swells with unborn buds, too full of promise to bow before the shadow of a grievous sin.

*Above, on the second tier of the Dome, with a delay of 3 seconds, Flora's ubiquitous presence converts and garbles her original statement into the negative tens — whether her stance will change is to be seen.*

**FLORA.** Not me, my Goddess! I am barren of blooming seeds, too empty to fall into a sparkling virtue. My womb shrinks with withered buds, too void of promise to rise before the light of a righteous act. Among intellect, intuition, feelings, and realism, facts are irrefutable. Undeniable. Indisputable. Incontrovertible and unquestionable, but defiantly certain! To the best of my knowledge and skill, a transparent flag is not very forgiving, Leo. It bridges the gap between the material and the spiritual, and harmonises the world and the divine in a single body.

*Beneath, on the shadowy lowest Earth stage of the Matrix covered in a reddish penumbra, Or'Hangue the Orangutan, the former state of consciousness, gradually appears as he roams the stage. Dazed in mind, he utters disconnected words and phrases, expressing compressible and incompressible thoughts transcending his current consciousness, incoherently addressing the dwellers of the Middle Tensorial stage above. His awareness flourishes with sporadic sparkling intuitions, blossoming on both feet, he hops the rough ground, alternately bobbing his head up and down while, from time to time, attempting in vain to climb one of the columns of the Matrix and reach the medial stage above and shift up his consciousness.*

**OR'HANGUE.** If I know not, and know not that I know not, am I a fool? The four, six, and ten directions of space inheaven my heart as a cosmic anchor. Beyond physical and symbolic perspectives, space is not limited to these orders. Quantum ways and higher realms advocate infinite vectors, curved space-time, and non-local connectivity. The directions are not merely physical, they are deeply intertwined with philosophical, mystical, and mesoteric interpretations. Do they guide navigation, spiritual practices, and metaphysical understandings as a bridge between the intangible and the tangible? Space is multi-dimensional, non-linear, posing infinite drive. Strings hint at hidden orders beyond human perception. The soul journeys through multiple levels, each a refinement of perception, embracing fluid directions and alignment with natural flow rather than rigid geometry. Are the twelve mystical portals towards different levels of consciousness available?

**DANDALU'H.** *To Flora on the Higher Sky stage of the Matrix.* Consciousness, wisdom, and knowledge evolve; beauty, and some views from the Fifties are outdated, Flo. The Sun no longer circles the Earth — or maybe it does — yet different opinions make this tiny universe more interesting and challenging. Uniformity is boring. Contradiction and paradox are the best keys to unscrew reality. Enlighten my heart, sweetheart, and enjoy the day!

*Caught by a recurrent memory with eyes closed, he whispers a medley of the Meetings with Remarkable Women folios in the see-through paradigmatic Matrix in the Fountain of Love in the middle of the feminine lunar Eye Metaspace polarity at the MoMA extent in Midtown Manhattan.*



Doomsday - Folio 67.

Finally Dead - Folio 42.

Keeping the Vibe - Folio 58.

*Meetings with Remarkable Women – The Red Book, 2017. Livre d'Artiste, 33.3 x 33.3 cm.*

Artist's Collection, The Hague. (<https://projects.spanda.org/mwrrw/pages/>).

**DANDALU'H.** Stretching the upper manual to the limits of the highest key, the organ is murdering its last syllable soaking in an unattended wake. The blow went unnoticed, spanning into the abyssus: careless, nameless, unattached, unable to sustain the vision in abiding tides. Surging the upper belt to her lower lovers, drowned by the ruby pearl in her yoni, she faded at the glow of the setting sun. Crisis. Quandary. Predicament. Fooled by sham, the final comedy is over, the beam of her tragic life



is cracking birth. *Thanks!* was the whole you murmured for my clearing the path to heaven! You finally died, my precious sweetheart, my *Zwillingseele*, my *Zauberherz*, *mi Amor*, *mon Coeur*, my Soulmate, my desperation, and my complement. Died. Shifted to another dimension, to be no one, none, no body, and no soul. The bitches of bitches enjoyed my bed in sleepless awoken nights, a narrative whose argument was but you, dying in the innerscape, so now you are dead and I'm alive. Ashes longing for celebration, bound to treachery for a whole cycle, worn out by useless strategy, are lost in split-second thoughts. Back to the ultimate chance splashed on the brim of consciousness, life is sheltering beyond the gate into cold Death. You never committed. No advancement is possible without allegiance: *Take it or leave it!* was your motto, *No deal!* was mine — childish notes to an unattainable perfection, the only survivor in the cenotaph. (*Pause*). Keep the vibe, dear, don't get distracted by Maya playing in the third eye of the beholders, we aim for real, beyond the holder, beyond the first pulse to Zero and Void. A mesoteric model embedding all successors: one and two, unity and duality, real and unreal. Three: beauty, goodness, and truth. The four natures of the human soul; the five inner stages; the six climates; the seven chakras; the eight squatters; the nine openings, and the ten fingers; one and zero, and so forth. The Principle of Reality is a Vacuum — so We.

*From above, on the Higher Sky of the Matrix.*

**FLORA.** As firm as an illusion, stripped the rhythm of existence and never grasped the weight of being, a ghostly in a loop mirage clothed in borrowed light and a whisper lost in hollowness forever unreal and untouched by an embrace, is losing influence in its backyard.

**LEO.** Askew with a crooked smile and an oblique glance, *tu ne le sais pas, coquette, mais, aveuglée d'une chaleur imparfaite, j'ai confondu tes yeux avec la lune*. A virtual truth devoid of the plain reality's rate, solid as it possibly can be, has devised a signature of appearance on your eyes, a simile enhanced in an empty image, the ultimate test of a paradox down the line, *téchne d'anánkes asthenéstera makró<sup>10</sup>*, the craft of necessity is weaker by far!

*Beneath, on the shadowy Earth stage covered in a reddish penumbra, Or'Hangue attempts to climb the West column and access the Tensorial stage above, all the while ongoing his insensible remuneration with flashes of impending wisdom.*

**OR'HANGUE.** Some directions with sacred letters shape paths of divine manifestation. Space is not physical but a display of higher consciousness: four, six, and eight directions guide navigation and practice. Ten, twelve, and infinite ways expand into spiritual and cosmic dimensions. The centre of the *axis mundi* is the hidden key transcending all spatial constraints. The path is not linear but an inward spiral toward the ultimate presence. Initiation is a journey beyond sacred bricks, mirroring the soul's descent and ascent through the centre point linking all realms in contempt of a destiny clothing some flesh on the bones.

*Above, on the Tensorial stage, Andala'h, exiled in spirit, estranged, and lost in unyielding nostalgia, wanders among facts and faces seeking sanctuary for her soul. Knowing that no earthly refuge can reclaim the fire of what she left behind, an aching desire and unquenched urgency pull her toward the echo of a presence pushing towards the spark of a passion that once set her heart ablaze without wounds and bounds. It is not only ecstatic music playing her heart, nor the plain lament of the soul, but the surrender of her voice defeats the depths in a single note, instantly expanding and contracting, resonating in the void beyond her existence excuse, yet trembling upon her shivering arid skin. And a raw, broken voice unfurls her core, filling the silence with reverberating bones. Not merely a melody to be heard in the heart, no stillness woven into her mundane senses, but an awakened mindful rapture in boundless realm of scream beyond the guts of flesh.*

**ANDALA'H.** El-Khader, al-Khidr! Half of my soul, embrace me!

*Slowly, the light turns purple. Between the high and the low regions on the middle Tensorial plane, a subtle green hologram reverberates in a silent frequency, manifesting a non-corporeal, semi-etheric, old wise man clad in a green substance robe. Is Khidr, a human-like form, shifting continuously depending on the observer's perception and spiritual state.*

El-Khader or Al-Khidr (الخضر, The Green One), Khidr the Green Mystic and Eternal Guide, the Guardian of Initiates, is a mythical figure revered in esoteric tradition. He embodies the primordial archetype of the eternal wanderer and hidden teacher, a living force interwoven into the mystical fabric of human consciousness, a high-dimensional being bridging the seen and unseen worlds. Known as an immortal guide and possessor of hidden wisdom, he represents the Primordial Initiator of transformation, an eternal being who imparts divine knowledge to those seeking truth beyond the surface of reality, reveals concealed truths, disrupts rigid structures, and protects spiritual seekers, urging individuals and societies toward higher consciousness. He is an enigmatic supernatural figure, an immortal guide who transcends time and space, offering wisdom to those on spiritual quests. His subtle influence on initiates extends beyond his presence in the scriptures, as he appears to bestow wisdom upon those ready to receive it, especially when they are at a spiritual or existential crossroads. He manifests in folk traditions from North Africa to Central Asia, often associated with water, fertility, and the hidden saints (*awliya al-ghayb*). His presence across various cultures transcends religious boundaries, appearing in Jewish, Christian, and Islamic spiritual lore and sometimes linked to Melchizedek, Elijah, Saint George, Chiron, the Hindu notion of the ever-living sage, the Celtic myths of the Green Man, and the wandering sage in ancient narrative traditions, associating him with life-giving waters and linking him to legends of the Fountain of Youth, the Well of Zamzam, and the Water of Life (*Mā' al-Hayāt*). As a mysterious Guide, he appears in stories to lead lost individuals, sometimes testing them, as seen in *Surah Al-Kahf* (Qur'an 18:65-82), where he imparts profound lessons to Moses (Musa) through seemingly paradoxical actions that may seem outwardly unjust but reveal wisdom. Khidr is often described as the Unseen Master (*Al-Mu'allim al-Ghayb*), a divine teacher who does not belong to the material world but appears at moments of crisis or enlightenment to sincere seekers, guiding them through hidden paths of wisdom. He is neither entirely human nor angelic but belongs to the People of the Unseen (*Ahl al-Ghayb*), existing outside linear time and imparting direct mystical knowledge (*'Ilm al-Ladunni*) to those prepared to receive it, as wisdom cannot be learned through books or study. This gnosis unfolds through mystical experiences, visions, and paradoxical lessons, transcending intellectual learning. He is a divine Guardian of the Threshold and the Sacred Path; he tests the worthiness of those who seek enlightenment and readiness for initiation; he reveals himself only to those who can perceive him beyond the exoteric teachings. He is the Voice of the Heart, said to communicate through dreams, visions, and direct intuition, bypassing the mind, embodying the balance between divine justice and divine mercy, teaching that reality is not as it appears to the unenlightened eye. He destroys illusions, guiding seekers toward a higher perception of truth. He is an initiator into the mysteries of existence and represents hidden knowledge that lies beneath the surface of reality. He does not belong entirely to this world but exists between the material

<sup>10</sup> Aeschylus, *Prometheus Bound*, "Τέχνη δ'ανάγκης ἀσθενεστέρα μακρόν", L 514.



and the spiritual realms, in the mesoteric dimension. He has transcended death, having granted eternal life by drinking from the Water of Life. As Master of the Subtle World, he moves between realms, embodying the mystical *Barzakh* — the bridge between the visible and invisible Worlds, the intermediate realm between the seen and unseen, the liminal space between duality and unity, illusion and truth. A meta-historical veil and a plane of reality that separates and unites the two seas, a dimensional state between two split realms where the laws of time collapse and Khidr appears. This is the activation point of the portal where reality bends, and one enters a cross-dimensional zone. It is a passage into another layer of reality, a temporal distortion point, the cosmic trigger that marks the opening of a hidden realm, where time and space bend, initiating the inner journey wherein life, death, knowledge, wisdom, and the unseen collide. A cosmic anchor, a physical marker of the metaphysical gateway, the meeting point of realms and the mesoteric plan where higher reality interacts with physical reality. It is where dimensions begin to bend, and the Tensorial stage of the Matrix unfolds. Khidr is a guardian, a guide, and a watcher spiritually assigned to protect and intervene across dimensions. A Living Symbol, surrounded by green light, represents divine sustenance, knowledge, and eternal renewal. His lessons appear contradictory or paradoxical, forcing the seeker to see beyond duality into unity. He acts according to the divine command rather than human reasoning, revered as the Hidden Spiritual Pole (*Qutb al-Ghayb*) and is believed to be the spiritual axis of the world, ensuring heavenly order. He teaches that truth cannot be confined to dogma but must be experienced directly, as truth cannot be taught, only experienced. He walks the Earth, appearing to those in need, while others see him as a historical figure. Many invoke him for help with travel, healing, or guidance, regarding him as a protector of the lost and desperate. He is regarded as The Veiled Guide, with wisdom evident in texts but requiring deep contemplation and spiritual practice to uncover — an embodiment of the Perfect Human (*Insān al-Kāmil*), serving as the model of spiritual completion within each individual. Reality is much deeper than appearances. The path is travelled alone, but the guide is never far away. Unlike formal religious or philosophical instruction, the knowledge bestowed by Khidr is not acquired through study but through direct, experiential transmission as he bypasses the rational mind, leading to sudden epiphanies that reveal the hidden unity beneath apparent opposites: mercy within destruction, wisdom within chaos, and justice within apparent wrongdoing. He is the archetype of the revolutionary mystic, reshaping the course of civilisation while remaining in the shadows. As the Disruptor of Stagnation and the Initiator of Spiritual Death, he does not operate within the bounds of human laws or institutions; instead, he acts beyond structured power to restore balance when society strays too far from Justice. He operates beyond societal norms, revealing truths that conventional minds reject. His unpredictable nature reminds that truth is not always found in the respectable, the orthodox, or the established; sometimes, it emerges from the least expected sources. He is the military commander and possibly a cousin of Dhul-Qarnayn, the Two Horns One — where horns in Judaism, Christianity, Mesopotamian, and Sufi eschatology represent the radiance of light, divine authority, a crown or halo, and the balance of dualities: east and west, light and dark, time and timeless, as illustrated in the iconography of Moses, Cyrus the Great, and Alexander the Great; yet, this does not refer to history but rather to cosmology. Dhul-Qarnayn is a divine being with sacred knowledge who guides the higher path (*sabab, sababan*, tools, means), the route, and the gateway to higher-dimensional realms. He is the governor of dual worlds, the pole (*qutb*) of the cosmos at the junction of the 'two seas', the executive of the bridge between two cosmic forces, a dimensional quest at the intersection between the two realms, a traveller of dimensions, a righteous servant of higher energy, a King positioned on Earth with authority, granted supernatural means and control over space and time, with the Earth folded beneath his feet. Khidr and Dhul-Qarnayn symbolise the conscious integration of the Self and the Higher Self, fully embodied in the spiritual, psychological, and behavioural human fabric. They represent the most direct inner-outer experience of singularity operating in life, guiding from within while radiating through all outward actions reflected in the dance of notime.

*Andala'h, unaffected by the vibrant, subtle appearance, directly addresses Khidr in a cutting tone.*

**ANDALA'H.** I deemed you worthy of death, dear. Are we parting ways? A decision made more than once is driven by a reason that peels back the alchemical mask. Distillation and sublimation break down unity into shared interplay, allowing for recombination and extraction of the quintessential consciousness, squaring the circle into the akarma angle of the philosopher's stone... (*Pause*). Semantics, semantics influence, dear! (*Long pause*). Semantics, semantics... semantics... (*Very long pause*). In the hush between breath and becoming, the Higher Self descends, not from above but from within, a hidden star long buried in the soil of the soul. It cloaks itself in silence and awakening, a flame that does not burn but illuminates, mirroring the heavens in the still, deep, and infinite inner waters. It speaks not in words but in harmonies that ripple through the marrow and the sky, dwelling both in the gaze of the outward world and the secret inner temple of the heart. This is no symbol, dear; it is Being unveiled. Not reached, but remembered. Not grasped, but surrendered to. It is the real I when I'm fully true. *Then, in her heart's resounding, most passionate voice, again, she screams. Khader, Khidr! Embrace me!*

*In an affirmative soft voice, Khidr replies to her.*

**KHIDR.** In the bush of sorrow and the maze of uncertainty, when the Self lets go of passing worlds, surrendered to the whisper of the Higher Self, a juicy rain of light of both worlds pours sparkles from the unseen born within the depths of being. A silent blessing infuses your spirit with the embrace of serenity and the heart of certainty, releasing the restless ego into the ocean of consciousness whose centre is everywhere. The heart softens, breathing seen and unseen in stillness, dissolving doubts into the inward syllabus sun, leaving only the quiet radiance to shine truth. I will be there for you on the bridge of destiny in impersonal life. Silence holds wisdom.

*Beneath, on the shadowy lowest Earth stage in the penumbra, continuing his remuneration, Or'Hangue endures his attempts to climb the column to access the Tensorial stage above.*

**OR'HANGUE.** Beyond directions, the centre is a pure being past manifestation, the ultimate disclosed mystery, the still plug within the spinning cosmos where duality dissolves into unity. The direction is inward, toward the presence that seeps into space beyond it. Many riches are there within, but remain unearthed! Does practice align the Self with the cosmic flow? The indoor drive journeys from separation to unity, where all routes fold into a singular presence. Directional mastery aligns breath with the cardinal currents, awakens awareness in harmony with active trainings of aspatial awareness, and focuses intention with directions. Is the living compass the centre of the cosmic dance?

*Above, in the silence of the Tensorial stage where souls awaken, a quiet resonance is born in a work of hearts attuned to hushed knowledge. Neither friendship is forged nor love is sought, but unbidden harmony in high alliance, a recognition beyond words, where souls greet each other in the echoes of destiny. The soft surrender of presence. The ease of being. The quiet twilight, the shadow embracing the ocean as it laps at the shore. The warmth of familiarity asks for nothing yet gives all. No effort. No seeking, only the inevitability of union; and gradually, little by little, the language becomes allusive, secret, and incongruous in a mysterious code, disarticulated, and disjointed as if shifted to another communicative register. Andala'h, seated next to Dandalu'h, the other one none other than herself, breathing unguarded in the groove of being where nothing is forced and everything is home, an unmasked rising inner light sunk her in heavenly quicksand, and, ironic and inquisitive, said to herself aloud.*

**ANDALA’H.** Can I trust him? *(Very long pause).* A word unlocks the gates of Heaven, and a word unseals the vaults of Earth, a hidden treasure, a citadel of liberty, and a single syllable can birth light or scatter shadows. By a word, night is driven into silence. One word may crown the seer, and another may enthrone the tyrant. Yet some words are tombstones, echoing the stillness of the grave. Still, every word is a sacred weight, a brush of responsibility.

**DANDALU’H.** Hold on a sec, oh woman of bright countenance! Consciousness, wisdom, and knowledge evolve fast, things are changing, quite telling... but here, nothing is literal, nothing is outside the path, everything is codified!

*Avoiding taking heed of their considerations, Khidr continues his prolusion. The purple light dims to a shade of blue. On the first tier, the SATB overtone choir begins the Fourth of the 7 Variations on a Theme score in F major. Above, on the first tier of the Dome, pre-shot screened images solidly emerge within a floating, blurred desert landscape.*

**KHIDR.** From this life arises the chance for consciousness to enter and enjoy an entirely new experience. Not memory confined to the ego that permeates the realms of wisdom and pathos, nor poetry recited by rote across the corridors of time, but poetry that draws upon the soul’s creativity shaping itself with intention and insight. A strain increases toward the definition of an era at the break of a new day. The approaching day applies its silent dominion over the present hour. The hour unfolds and stretches to surrender to the night’s call. Time is unfolding time, days advance and linger self-assured in interplay, becoming and resting. The streams of innovation crystallise into awareness and, in doing so, come into existence and manifest.

*Again, the light dims, shifting from blue to a shade of green. On the fourth rank of the Cavea of Light, the oud plays its theme variation in sorrowful D minor. Above, on the second tier of the Dome, blurred images of the Sankore madrasah gradually emerge inside a floating storm of liquid sand.*

**KHIDR.** Dreams are the by-product of the unconscious mind issued by the deeper self’s creative force, folks! Some dreams, marked by vivid yet frayed edges by energetic resonance and luminous radiating synergy, hold a brilliance that ripples outward, breathing life into the mind resonating in existence. The energy released vibrates throughout, shaping and unfolding Art as a ‘doing and action’ where inquiry, research, and design are works soaked in presence. By employing the most attuned tools to the creative impulse of creation, discounting notions of finality or ‘completion’, the doing/action pervades matter with a subtle vibratory essence, transforming it into Art. A project, a study, or the raw research materials filled with the same energy as the finished work are works of art themselves. It is not the degree of ‘completion’ that defines the work’s essence but the presence of a pulsating, authentic vibration, which is not necessarily evident in so-called ‘finished’ works. The pattern, the distinct configuration that takes shape within the doing/action, emerges from the interplay of two forces: entelechy and inertia. Entelechy, the inner drive toward fulfilment, determines its movement and trajectory; inertia, in giving it density and solidity within its most expansive structure, defines its field of resonance and depth. Together, they do not simply shape it, they make it what it is: the junction of the two seas, a portal down the road.

*Again, the ambient light dims, shifting from green to yellow and, on the sixth rank, the hand drums and the balaphone added to the oud, begin their theme variation in C sharp. Above, on the third tier of the Dome, the seventh dimension of consciousness in a sharp floating image manifests Flora outgoing.*

**FLORA.** Ashes remember the flame that once lived; the residue holds a silent potency, a memory of heat, a whisper of form awaiting reanimation. What is created here is not just a work, it is a threshold opus, a liminal passage stretching beyond the twilight of one era right into the dawn of another. It marks not simply an ending, but the emergence of a new chapter disclosing existence — the pulse of One.

*Below, Khidr, from silently sitting in the centre of the Tensorial stage, slowly gets up, followed by the rising of the Four Seekers guardians of Heaven at the corners of the stage, leaving their weapons on the floor, they stand raised, facing the audience to the four directions of space, motionless. At length, Khidr first faces each of the Seekers, then the audience spread in the Cavea of Light suffused in a golden aura and vacuum silence. Then he turns to the actors and performers of the Cave Quantum Company gathered in the three layers of the Matrix; then to the musicians of the Eye Cyber Ensemble scattered throughout their rainbow ranks and, with a deep ceremonial bow, loudly changing of tone, warmly addresses and salutes the attending souls.*

**KHIDR.** All right, folks! Bye-bye, beautiful souls, catch up next reincarnation!

*Then, in a breathing symbolic slow motion, trice he walks around the stage under the instantly limpid spotlight; unharried, strips away his needless green attire and, naked, at the centre of the stage, in an elegant, supple somersault poetic airy cadence, swiftly lands on the floor with legs up and head down, firm on the palms of his hands. After an endless while in his declared inverted iconic posture, amidst the thrilled clamour of the audience’s applause closing the First Act of the awareness play, he stylishly evaporates in mid-air... and graciously exits the Matrix, disappearing before the eyes of the commune.*

*[Spotlight off].* Curtains.

*From the Cave cloaked in total darkness, in sync on the last bar of the musical theme played by the electronic gears on the seventh rank, the warm, resonant voice of Haah the Hologram, the Guardian of the Threshold, gradually emerges anew from the background.*

**HAAH.** Thus, the split Royal Couple’s fourth rebirth on the swamped crusade Earth concludes. However, it can be assumed that through the transmutative processes of purification during the following Entr’acte and the subsequent three scenes, culminating in the Grand Finale, they might ascend to the essence of ultimate enlightenment. *(Long pause).* Yes, correct, that’s almost all right.

While his voice fades out in the blackness of the Cave, in the middle of each of the four vertical nightly drape faces of the cubic Matrix, steadily the luminous bright bold (!) words of the first tercet of Dante's Paradiso in Italian and English intermittently flash in.

\*

*La gloria di colui che tutto muove  
Per l'universo penetra, e risplende  
In una parte o più meno altrove.*

\*

\*

*The glory of who moves all things  
Permeates the universe, and glows  
In one part more and another less.*

\*

\*

\*

[Fade-out. Black-in].

**END OF SCENE FOUR** [LIGHT OFF – TOTAL BLACK].

(To be continued).

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

\* **Forthcoming.** XVI [2025], 5-8 (13). **Entr'acte** – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. The split Royal Couple: the Myste & the Dakini, El Duende & La Quintina, Andala'h & Dandalu'h. Haah the Hologram, Or'Hangue the previous state of consciousness, Pessimus, Booh the Hermaphrodite, and the Audience.

\* **Previous Chapters** (*chap.*) on the *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/416eT9/>.

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/3luOwW/>.

XII [2021], 7 (5), **Unmapping the Territory** – The Flow. The Survey and the Research Study. *The White Book* - <https://bit.ly/3IHikdm/>.

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 metaspace. 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 metaspace - <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 & Yeshe*. Subnarrative: Spirituality - <https://bit.ly/3ZekDfn/>.

XV [2024], 4-8 (10), **Gender & 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: Polarisation - <https://bit.ly/42OU1EN/>.

XVI [2025], 1-4 (12), **The Quest** – The *Cave 3.0* libretto. Act I.4, *Andala'h & Dandalu'h. - Orumila & Obatalá*. Timbuktu. Leo, Flora & Khidr – Subnarrative: Poverty.

\* **Related Links**

<i>Meeting in the Cave</i>	<a href="https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/concept/">https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/concept/</a>
The Eye Metaspace	<a href="https://projects.spanda.org/mwrw/the-eye/">https://projects.spanda.org/mwrw/the-eye/</a>
The Cave Metaspace	<a href="https://cave3.org/home/">https://cave3.org/home/</a>
Documentation	<a href="https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/documentation/">https://projects.spanda.org/mitc/documentation/</a>
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\* **There is no Global Development Without Individual Development** \*