

## **Voice over from the film**

There was a time when I was attracted to the image of a pagoda. It sits on a rocky hill overlooking the ocean, it is unreal, imagined in the sunset. The pagoda doesn't have any specific attributes that identify or localize it, perhaps it is more like a stupa, single tiered, but then strangely, open to all sides, like an arbor. But in my mind it was a pagoda, there was no doubt. I was always convinced that once I reach it, I would feel at home.

I find myself casting meaning over the pagoda. An opening, a portal to an exploration of a cosmos within. Only one of many, it carries more portals, portals within portals, each opening up new spaces, new avenues, new perspectives, uncovering hidden potential, transcending unrealized possibilities.

An intimate encounter, marked by an expansive sense of time. Desiring time to stretch, making it feel different, making it feel new. Known, unknown, discovering, activating, revealing, concealing, not here, not there. Defining, redefining, words, spoken, unspoken.

The pagoda is one of many figments to consider what this feeling looks like: It looks like lapse footage of neurons making new connections to other neurons. Where we can find the roots of our multiple connections to each other, and how those connections reverberate within and between us. When each person mirrors the other person's internal world, reflecting and refracting endlessly, producing unexpected dialogues and ideas.

It looks like the root tips of trees. They have brain like structures and there are brain like processes going on in them. And with their root tips, they can connect and the roots grow together, creating a collective network of care, fostering microclimates of support, and another kind of consciousness.

It looks like energy that travels through space. When the difference between two systems creates a conversion between the two states, from one form into another. When we channel the current of feelings and find ways to empower each other unconditionally.

It looks like sound waves that are transformed into electric signals that travel through my body, becoming part of my inner frequencies, my nervous system, my blood stream, a part of my being.

Each is an attempt to describe an expanding feeling, unfolding new inflections, forever different, forever changing. (August 2019, Sylvia Schedelbauer)