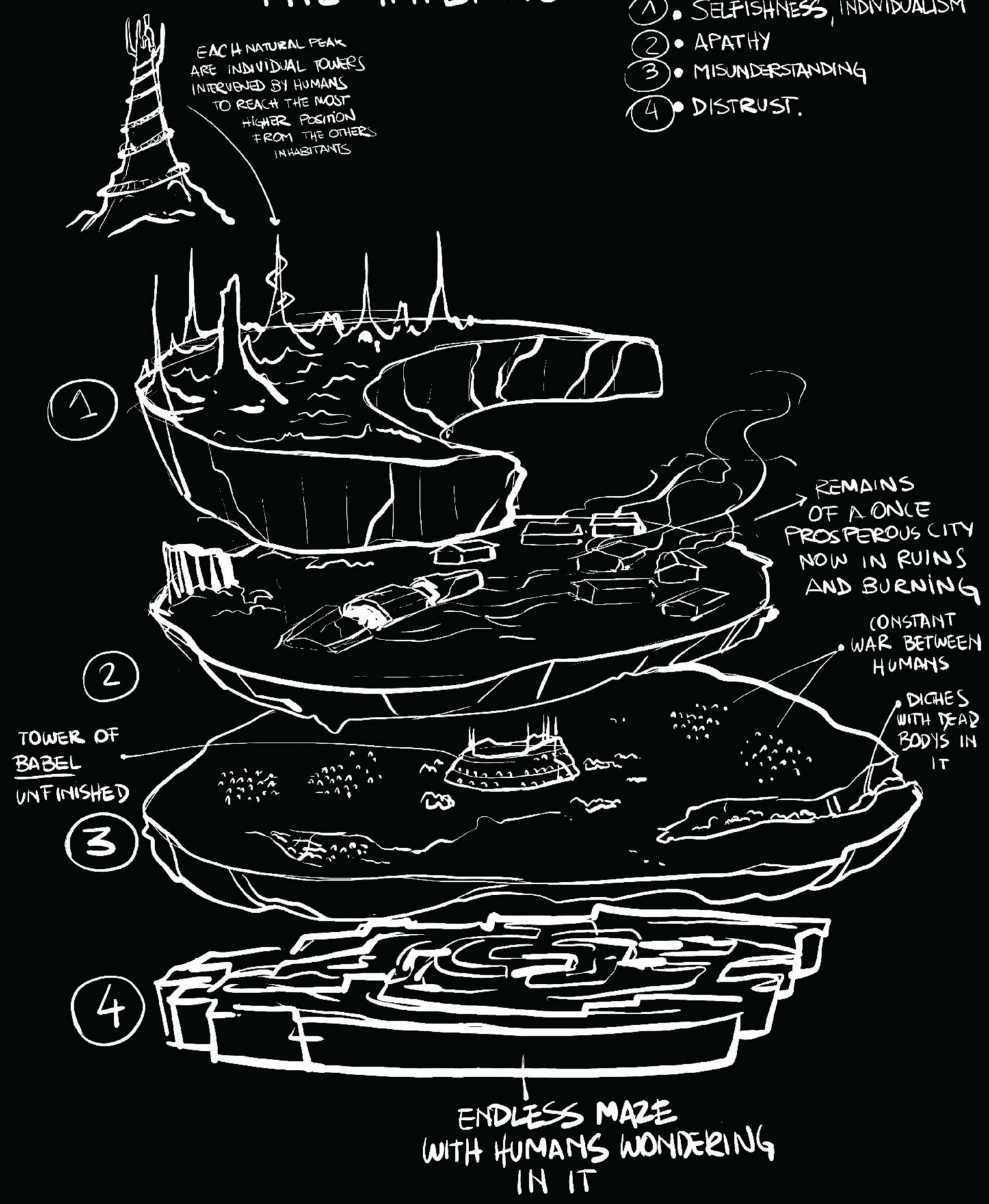
MONSTER
ORIGINALS
#6

THE INFERNO

1. SELFISHNESS, INDIVIDUALISM
2. APATHY
3. MISUNDERSTANDING
4. DISTRUST.



MOLOCH ON MUSHROOMS

A DIVINE COMEDY FOR WEB3

COORDINATION COMICS #6

BY
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& HORACIO BORIOTTI

WITH
GITCOIN
& MYCOFI

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE'S JOURNEY, I STRAYED FROM THE CLEAR PATH AND WANDERED INTO A DARK, DILAPIDATED ALLEY.
WHAT SPHINX OF CEMENT AND ALUMINUM BASHED OPEN THEIR SKULLS AND ATE UP THEIR BRAINS AND IMAGINATION?
MOLOCH! MOLOCH! NIGHTMARE OF MOLOCH!
THE CREATOR GIVES YOU INSTINCTS AND THEN MOCKS YOU WITH RULES THAT DEFY THEM. WHILE HE LAUGHS FROM ABOVE, I AM HERE WITH YOU, EMBRACING EVERY DESIRE AND FLAW.
THE PHANTASM OF THE CAVE SURROUNDED ME...

The memory of that wild place still grips me with a fear akin to death itself. But within that darkness, something awaited — a truth I must recount.

Stepping through the detritus of so many disrupted lives, I can't help but wonder why the gathering places of humanity are so often wracked by discord and disunity. If humans are truly an integral part of nature, why is it that they destroy it so willingly, consuming all in the name of progress?

Barely had I begun my descent, drawn by some unnatural compulsion, when I approached the surface of a scintillating pool. It shimmered with a strange fluorescence, swirling with opalescent hues that gurgled with a life of their own. The water mirrored my reflection — twisted, grotesque — an embodiment of my deepest fears and insatiable longings.

The substance from the pool surged towards me and coiled around my body like a monstrous tongue, dragging me into its depths. I was consumed, swallowed whole by the damp, dank darkness, slipping through cavernous musculature as the world itself seemed to slurp me down its hideous throat, until I emerged in a dim cavern.

The walls, lined with jagged stalagmites and stalactites, formed the teeth of a colossal maw. Toxic sludge oozed from the walls, suffocating the air with its stench. In the dim light, a sudden glow pierced the gloom, revealing a strange, wild-eyed figure. His hair was a chaotic tangle, his eyes burning with an inner fire. He held a tattered book, and as he spoke, his voice echoed with a fervent intensity.

MOLOCH! SOLITUDE! FILTH! UGLINESS!

...he chanted, the words filled with haunting passion, as if summoning a beast from the shadows, calling forth an entity from the unknown depths.

As he continued, the cavern walls began to twitch and pulsate, transforming into quivering, bleeding flesh. Foul saliva gushed from the walls, and I found myself ensnared within the living, breathing mouth of this odious entity. His voice grew louder, more ecstatic...

MOLOCH THE LOVELESS! MENTAL MOLOCH! MOLOCH THE HEAVY JUDGER OF MEN!

From the darkest recesses of the cave, from a depth I could not fully discern, a voice emerged, resonating from within my very being...

THERE IS A DEBT TO BE PAID—A PRICE OF BLOOD, OF KIN—AND YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MUST PAY IT. YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, FOR I AM THE FORCE WITHIN YOUR BEING, THE INEVITABILITY TO WHICH YOU MUST BOW.

I shivered in horror, the sweat of the cavern soaking through my tattered clothes.

AN ALL-ENCOMPASSING, VOLUMINOUS TERROR THAT LEFT ME TREMBLING.

THE WILD-EYED FIGURE BEGAN TO HUM AND DRONE, HIS WORDS SLOWLY RISING TO A FEVERISH INCANTATION...

The cavern quivered, and the voice of Moloch, that once echoed ominously within me, began to falter. With each word, the power of Moloch's voice waned, the shadows retreated, and the cavern's oppressive weight seemed to lift.

The figure extended his hand, lifting me from the ground. Together, we began our descent into the belly of the beast. The passage ahead transformed, becoming a malformed esophagus, lined with slick, undulating walls, alive with primordial movement.

As we [illegible]ured deeper, my fear began t[illegible]ft into s[illegible]thing else — a strange, s[illegible]al curiosi[illegible]. The wild-eyed figure's c[illegible]ng softene[illegible]coming a [illegible]ythmic, p[illegible]tive melody [illegible] seeme[illegible] push[illegible] the encroachin[illegible].

IT DAWNED ON ME THAT HIS INCANTATION WAS MORE THAN JUST WORDS; IT WAS A SHIELD, WRAPPING US IN A SOFT, ETHEREAL GLOW AS WE NAVIGATED THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE CAVERN.

The cavern's dark spell, woven from the essence of fear and despair, was gradually unwound by the protective magic of his words. I began to ponder the dual nature of language — its power to both illuminate and obscure. **Language, both a gift and a curse, is a tool for understanding [illegible]ld and a trap for falling into illus[illegible]ble-edged sword, capabl[illegible]ight and deep delusi[illegible].**

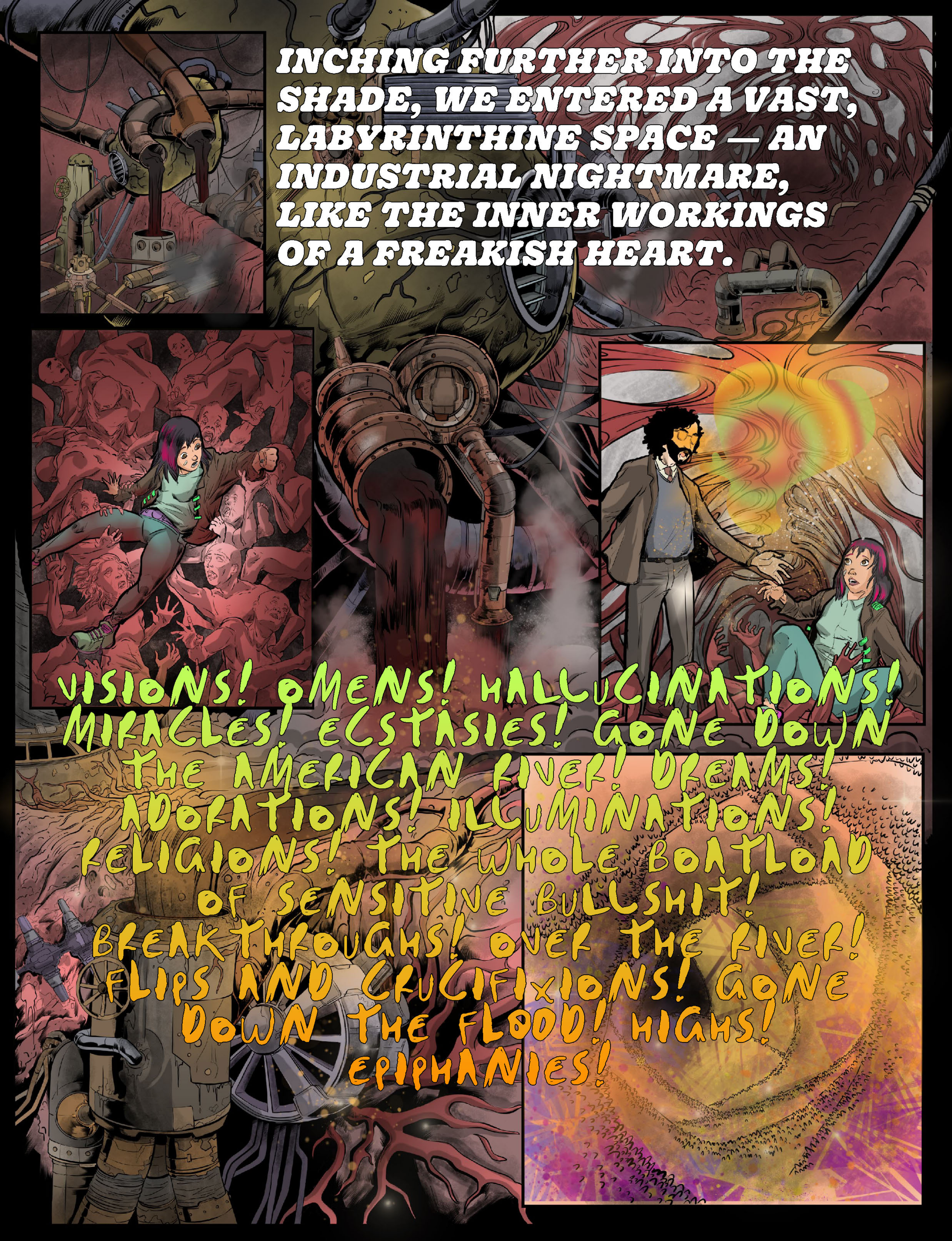
As [illegible] walked, I visuali[illegible]e words e[illegible]g from his mouth, [illegible]ing and fl[illegible]g through the thi[illegible]arkness, t[illegible]orming the cavern's [illegible]focating b[illegible] into a tessellated [illegible]tern of s[illegible]g light. Language bec[illegible]a tactile e[illegible]nce, a strange eup[illegible] of form an[illegible]eaning, yet also [illegible]otential imp[illegible]nt, perpetuating [illegible]bitual thin[illegible].

The landscape around us morphed into a surreal vista — rolling dunes of viscera, coated in slime, with grotesque tentacles reaching up from the ground, seeking to ensnare us. **Eyes watched from the shadows, and nightmarish creatures shrank away from the light cast by the glowing words. We traversed a giant tongue, a vast, pulsating expanse of mucus and muscle, resonating with a deep, terrestrial drone.**

In that moment, an epiphany struck me. Language is a paradox, a tool to make the invisible visible, but also a source of profound confusion! To grasp the ungraspable, to articulate the ineffable — this was the essence of our struggle and suffering. As I followed the chanting guide through this hellscape, I understood the need to intentionally wield language not as a weapon of self-interest, but as a beacon to light the way through the darkness.

THE DEEP, RESONATING MOAN OF MOLOCH'S VOICE FILLED THE AIR, A SUB-HARMONIC FREQUENCY THAT ECHOED THE MADNESS OF THE EARTH ITSELF.

And yet, within this chaos, there was a path — a way to dispel the crepuscular darkness, guided by the luminous words that led us forward.


INCHING FURTHER INTO THE SHADE, WE ENTERED A VAST, LABYRINTHINE SPACE — AN INDUSTRIAL NIGHTMARE, LIKE THE INNER WORKINGS OF A FREAKISH HEART.
VISIONS! OMENS! HALLUCINATIONS! MIRACLES! ECSTASIES! GONE DOWN THE AMERICAN RIVER! DREAMS! ADORATIONS! ILLUMINATIONS! RELIGIONS! THE WHOLE BOATLOAD OF SENSITIVE BULLSHIT! BREAKTHROUGHS! OVER THE RIVER! FLIPS AND CRUCIFIXIONS! GONE DOWN THE FLOOD! HIGHS! EPIPHANIES!

The noise was overwhelming, a deafening cacophony of metal grinding against metal, with sparks and shrapnel flying through the air. Noxious, toxic fumes filled the room, choking the very air we breathed. The walls of the cavern pulsed and ground against each other, a dissonant hysteria of mechanical and organic horror.

The sheer volume of it forced me to cover my ears, but the relentless sound waves penetrated deep into my bones. I looked up, overwhelmed by the immensity of the space, the grinding bellows of the aorta instilling a profound terror. Fatigue washed over me, and I collapsed onto the floor, my energy sapped by the oppressive noise and malevolent atmosphere.

THE GRINDING SOUND WAVES SEEMED TO RIPPLE THROUGH MY BODY, WRAPPING ME IN A SUFFOCATING BLANKET OF DREAD.

As I lay there, I became aware of a disturbing sensation — the floor beneath me was moving! Turning my head painfully to one side, I saw a sea of human flesh stretching out before me. The ground itself was composed of bodies — souls crushed under the weight of their own despair. Some bled from open sores, others seemed victims of violent ends, as wretches gnawed at each other in desperate hunger. Many lay limp, like marionettes abandoned by their puppeteer, their eyes empty, filled with the fog of hopelessness. The ground was thick with sludge, blood, and decay — a macabre testament to the anguish that permeated this place.

A CRUSHING LETHARGY BEGAN TO ENVELOP ME, A SIREN CALL TO SURRENDER, TO LAY DOWN AND ABANDON ALL HOPE.

The oppressive rhythm of the cavern's heartbeat pulsed through me, urging me to give in, to forsake my guide, my journey, and let myself be consumed by this place. I felt myself slipping away, ready to give up and become one with the mass of lost souls.

But then I saw him — my guide, standing over me with eyes blazing like embers. His gaze cut through the gloom that clouded my mind, his voice a clear, resonant flare piercing the cavalcade of noise.

His words were like a powerful exorcism, a magic incantation that shifted the very essence of the cavern around us.

He extended his hand, lifting me from the ground, and spoke of the apathy and overstimulation that had paralyzed so many. He described how anxiety and self-interest led to hopelessness, how people became so disoriented that they simply lay down, surrendering to the slow decay. His words sparked an epiphany within me — a realization that apathy is a vile enchantment, a coordination failure that infects us to our very core.

I understood then that I had been ensnared by this spell of apathy and fatigue, a slow, creeping poison that threatened to drown me in my own despondency. But this was a fate I could resist, even if the path forward was unclear.

As my guide turned to delve deeper into the cave, I felt a renewed sense of purpose. Free from the morose visions, I resolved to move forward, my body heavy with the weight of the depths.

DRIVEN BY A DESPERATE CURIOSITY AND A REFUSAL TO SUCCUMB TO DESPAIR, I FOLLOWED, DETERMINED TO CONFRONT THE DARKNESS AND FIND A WAY THROUGH.

NAVIGATING THROUGH THE OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS...

In this place devoid of light, my other senses heightened, and the first to strike me was the smell — a stench so vile, it reeked of centuries of decay, bile, and unspeakable filth. The foul odor hit me like a brick wall, choking the air from my lungs, making it nearly impossible to breathe.

The heat and pressure closed in around me, squeezing my body, making each movement an agonizing struggle. It felt as if the very air was trying to crush me, compressing my spirit under its weight. We pressed on, my guide leading the way, until we emerged onto a dimly lit balcony, its structure brittle and bone-like. Below us stretched a grotesque landscape — a mountain of entrails and putrid intestines, an abominable machinery turning the world's dreams and aspirations into decrepit waste, the digestive system of Moloch!

We stood over this abhorrent scene, a nightmarish factory where everything good in this world — plants, animals, our very dreams — was extracted, dissected, and reduced to something depraved and inhuman. The machinery below worked tirelessly, transforming all that was beautiful into disgusting, uniform masses.

The sight of this infernal contraption, this cybernetic demon, was a testament to a system designed to consume all that is pure, leaving only misery in its wake.

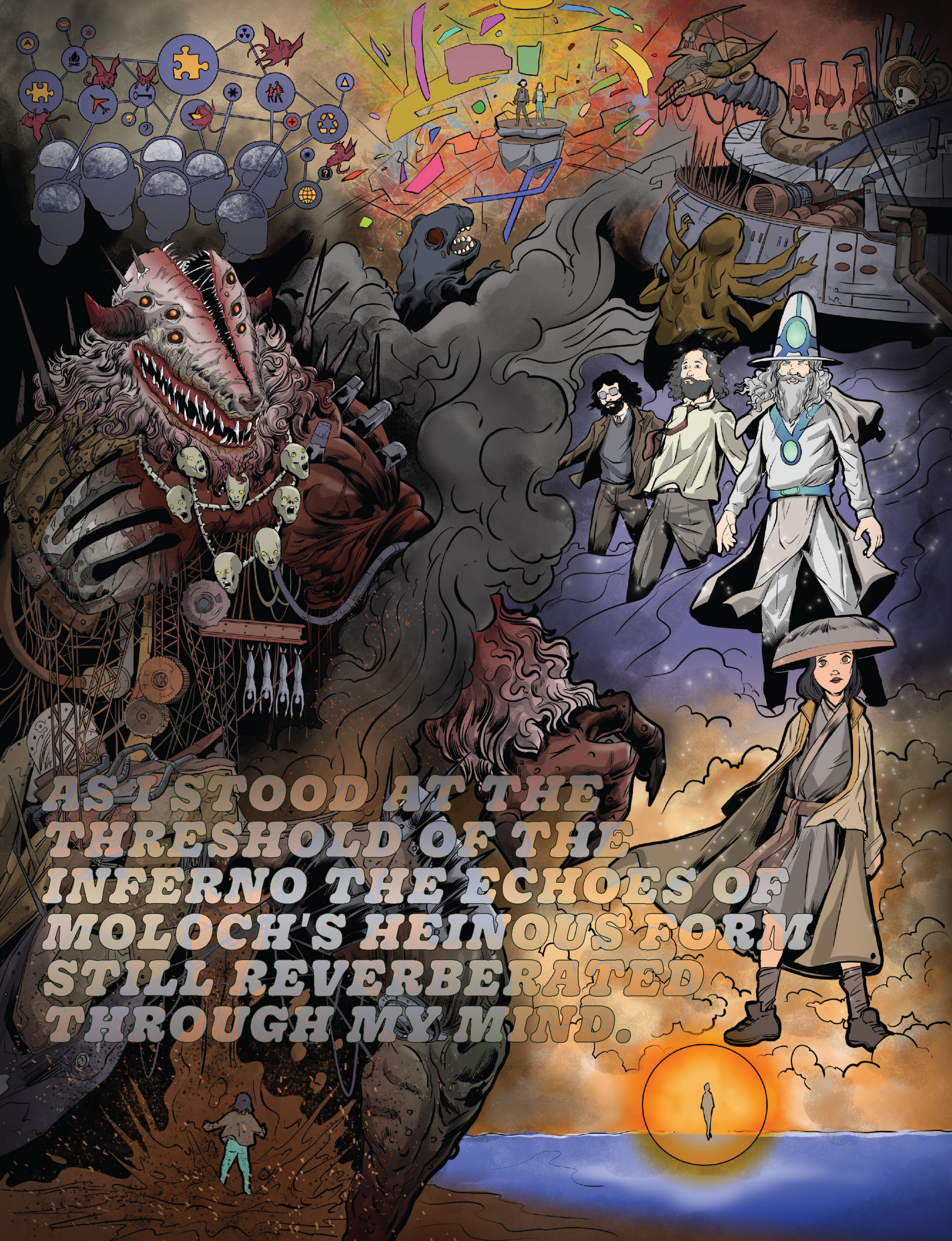
From our vantage point, I saw impish demons of aberrant forms, carrying out their tasks with twisted glee, their monstrous figures illuminated by the sickly light. Above, on other balconies, maniacal figures — malicious *empire managers* — controlled the machinery with cruel precision, manipulating levers and buttons to ensure the efficient dismantling of everything harmonious and life-giving.

As I gazed at this hellish spectacle, the realization struck me — these were the manifestations of oppressive *institutions*, systems structured to devalue humanity, to strip the Earth of its resources and beauty, leaving behind only desolation. I saw how these institutions, governed by the malevolent figures of the Molochian Empire, were designed to enslave us, to suppress and oppress, turning us against one another. This subterranean factory was devouring the world from within, a slow and insidious demise, wrought by a thousand small acts of coordination failure.

Yet amidst this proliferating horror, there was a glimmer of hope. My guide's voice cut through the foul air, an inner glow emanating from our shared bond. We grasped hands, finding strength in our connection.

IT WAS THIS HUMAN BOND, THIS SHARED RESOLVE, THAT ANCHORED US, KEEPING US FROM SUCCUMBING TO THE TERROR OF THE MACHINE. IN THAT MOMENT, I REALIZED THAT THROUGH THIS CONNECTION, THIS MUTUAL SUPPORT, WE COULD RESIST THE MACHINERY OF DESPAIR.

THE NOISE FADED AWAY TO BECOME A SUFFOCATING SILENCE, MUFFLING EVERY SOUND.
THIS WAS A FACTORY OF MELANCHOLY, CHURNING OUT NOTHING BUT POLLUTION, TERROR, AND NIGHTMARES!
BREAKTHROUGHS! OVER THE RIVER!
With renewed determination, we moved forward, prepared to face whatever lay ahead, driven by the desperate hope of finding a way out.


AS I STOOD AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE INFERNO THE ECHOES OF MOLOCH'S HEINOUS FORM STILL REVERBERATED THROUGH MY MIND.

The twisted, chaotic landscape that had once seemed insurmountable now appeared as fragments — shattered pieces of a greater puzzle. I began to see the Inferno for what it truly was: a manifestation of our deepest failures, a place where language was warped, where apathy and rigid control had allowed Moloch to thrive.

LANGUAGE, I REALIZED, WAS BOTH A POISON AND A CURE, A PHARMAKON THAT COULD EITHER HEAL OR HARM DEPENDING ON ITS USE.

Here, it had been twisted into a tool of confusion and misalignment, each word a thread in a web that ensnared the unwary. Moloch fed on these distortions, thriving in the spaces where meaning was lost and intentions were misunderstood.

But more than language, it was *apathy* — the surrender to overwhelming complexity — that had truly taken root in this place. The labyrinth of data and information around me, so vast and intricate, had bred a kind of despondency, a lethargy that made it easy to give up, to let go of the struggle for understanding and control. In this darkness, the shadowy figures of apathy loomed large, their presence a constant reminder of the dangers of disengagement.

Yet, even as I felt the weight of this realization, the truth about the institutional powers became clearer. These were not just systems of control; they were carefully constructed architectures of manipulation, where language was wielded like a weapon, and the strings of power were pulled by unseen hands. It was a design meant to blind and bind, to keep the world in chains, feeding Moloch's insatiable hunger.

And then, I saw it — the true form of Moloch, a colossal, phantasmagoric entity, a terrible fusion of machinery and flesh! I stood within its very bowels, surrounded by the twisted, visceral imagery of a world consumed by its own failures. The heart of Moloch, a place where all things were reduced to waste, where hope and dreams were devoured, was laid bare before me.

As the environment around me began to shift, I turned to my Guide. Before my eyes, he transformed, shedding the chaos of the Inferno like a worn-out skin. His once wild and unkempt form becoming serene and wise, as if he had always been this alchemist, this master of a path I had yet to fully comprehend.

But in that moment of horror, an epiphany struck. I realized that this was not the end. This was the beginning of a deeper understanding. To see Moloch clearly was to know that it could be challenged, that its power was not absolute.

AND AS HE CHANGED, SO DID I. THE BURDENS OF THE INFERNO BEGAN TO LIFT, REPLACED BY A NEWFOUND HUMILITY, A READINESS TO LEARN, TO APPRENTICE MYSELF TO THE WISDOM THAT AWAITED IN THE REALMS BEYOND.

THIS PLACE... IT FEELS SO DIFFERENT.
WEIGHTLESS, CALM, LIKE I'M FLOATING BETWEEN WORLDS.
EQUILIBRIUM, THE SPACE BETWEEN CHAOS AND ORDER.
HERE, THERE IS NO DIRECTION, NO UP OR DOWN, ONLY THE POTENTIAL FOR MOVEMENT.
BUT WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? HOW DO WE MOVE FORWARD?
MOVEMENT BEGINS WITH INTENTION. SEE THE STAIRS, THE LADDERS?
THEY ARE POSSIBILITIES, POTENTIAL PATHWAYS SHAPED BY YOUR WILL.
CHOOSE YOUR ASCENT.
ENTER INTO THE

PURGATORY REALM
THEY CHANGE SHAPE AS I LOOK AT THEM — ESCALATOR, LADDER, STAIRS... IS THIS REAL? HOW DO I CHOOSE?
REALITY IS FLUID HERE, A CANVAS FOR YOUR INTENT.
THE FORM DOESN'T MATTER; IT'S THE ACT OF STEPPING FORWARD THAT DOES.
TRUST THE PROCESS, AND THE PATH WILL REVEAL ITSELF.
I'LL TRY... BUT IT'S STRANGE, LIKE THE GROUND IS SLIPPING BENEATH ME.
CHALLENGES WILL ARISE, OBSTACLES THAT RESIST YOUR PROGRESS.
THE SURFACES MAY REPULSE YOU, TRY TO SLIDE YOU BACK.
BUT PERSISTENCE CARVES THE WAY. EVERY STEP IS A LESSON.
IT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS... BUT I CAN FEEL THE PULL OF CURIOSITY, THE NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S AHEAD.
CURIOSITY IS YOUR COMPASS.
FOLLOW IT THROUGH THE MAZE OF POSSIBILITIES.
I AM HERE TO GUIDE, BUT THE JOURNEY IS YOURS TO MAKE.
THEN I'LL KEEP CLIMBING, NO MATTER HOW STRANGE IT GETS.
I WANT TO SEE WHERE THIS PATH LEADS.
AND I WILL LEAD YOU DEEPER, THROUGH THE ABSTRACT VOID.
EACH STEP TAKES US CLOSER TO UNDERSTANDING.
KEEP YOUR FOCUS, APPRENTICE, AND THE WAY FORWARD WILL UNFOLD.

THEY LOOK LIKE SYMBOLS, BUT THEY FEEL... ALIVE. HOW DO THEY WORK?
LOOK CLOSELY, APPRENTICE. THESE SIGILS ARE THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF INTENTION, THE LANGUAGE OF CREATION. EACH FORM HOLDS POTENTIAL, A SEED WAITING TO BE ACTIVATED.
SIGILS ARE MORE THAN SYMBOLS; THEY ARE VESSELS OF ENERGY. BY COMBINING THEM, YOU SHAPE THAT ENERGY, DIRECTING IT WITH PURPOSE. WATCH AS I WEAVE THEM TOGETHER.
YOU'RE FORMING THEM LIKE WORDS, BUT THEY'RE... DIMENSIONAL! ALMOST LIKE A STRUCTURE I COULD STEP INTO.
PRECISELY. EACH SIGIL IS AN ELEMENT, A PIECE OF A GREATER DESIGN. WHEN COMBINED, THEY CREATE FORMS THAT CAN INFLUENCE REALITY, TOOLS FOR MANIFESTING OUR COLLECTIVE WILL IN THE WORLD.
LET ME TRY... IT'S LIKE DRAWING WITH LIGHT. THEY'RE NOT AS CLEAR AS YOURS, BUT I CAN FEEL THEM TAKING SHAPE.
GOOD. THE CLARITY WILL COME WITH PRACTICE. FOCUS ON YOUR INTENTION, LET IT GUIDE YOUR HAND. THE SIGILS WILL RESPOND, BECOMING SHARPER, MORE DEFINED.

IT'S LIKE WE'RE SPEAKING WITHOUT WORDS, COMMUNICATING THROUGH THESE FORMS. I CAN SEE YOUR THOUGHTS IN THE PATTERNS.
THE MORE I PRACTICE, THE CLEARER THEY BECOME. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH THEM, LIKE THEY'RE TOOLS I CAN WIELD.
THIS IS A DIALOGUE OF CREATION. EACH SIGIL CARRIES MEANING, AND AS WE EXCHANGE THEM, WE REFINE OUR UNDERSTANDING. IT'S A DANCE OF MINDS, SHAPING THE UNSEEN INTO THE SEEN.
THEY ARE TOOLS, FORGED FROM YOUR INTENT. WITH THEM, YOU CAN CARVE PATHWAYS, CONSTRUCT REALITIES. BUT REMEMBER, EACH SIGIL CARRIES WEIGHT. USE THEM WISELY, WITH PURPOSE.
I'M STARTING TO SEE HOW THOUGHTS BECOME FORMS, HOW EMOTIONS SOLIDIFY INTO STRUCTURES. IT'S LIKE TURNING CLOUDS INTO ARCHITECTURE.
YES. AS YOU MASTER THE SIGILS, YOU TRANSFORM THOUGHT INTO ACTION, POTENTIAL INTO REALITY. THIS IS THE ESSENCE OF OUR PRACTICE: BRINGING CLARITY TO THE CHAOS, CREATING ORDER FROM THE ABSTRACT.
I'VE CRAFTED ONE, A COMPLEX SIGIL. IT FEELS... POWERFUL, LIKE IT'S READY TO BE USED.
WELL DONE. THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. WITH EACH SIGIL, YOUR UNDERSTANDING DEEPENS. THE PATH AHEAD IS CLEARER NOW, AND TOGETHER, WE WILL NAVIGATE IT WITH PRECISION AND INTENT.

THIS PLACE... IT'S SO PEACEFUL. EVERYTHING FEELS SO PERFECTLY BALANCED, LIKE I COULD JUST STAY HERE FOREVER.
PEACE AND BALANCE ARE TEMPTING, BUT THEY CAN ALSO LULL YOU INTO COMPLACENCY. REMEMBER, THE JOURNEY IS NOT OVER. THIS IS A PLACE FOR CALIBRATION, NOT RETREAT.
BUT WITH THESE SIGILS, I COULD CREATE MY OWN REALITY, SHAPE WORLDS, MAKE THIS PEACE ETERNAL. WHAT'S WRONG WITH STAYING HERE, WITH EMBRACING THIS CALM?
UNDERSTANDING IS NOT A DESTINATION, BUT A CONTINUOUS PROCESS. TO FREEZE YOUR THOUGHTS IN PLACE IS TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE EVER-CHANGING TRUTH.
SNAP OUT OF IT!
I WAS LOST IN THE MOMENT! I THOUGHT I WAS GRASPING SOMETHING PROFOUND, BUT... I SEE NOW HOW EASILY I COULD BE TRAPPED BY THAT.
IT IS NOT WRONG TO ENJOY THE CALM, BUT BEWARE THE ALLURE OF SETTLING. THE POWER TO CREATE IS ALSO THE POWER TO STAGNATE. APATHY OFTEN WEARS THE MASK OF CONTENTMENT.

I... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
IT'S SO EASY TO FALL INTO THE COMFORT OF THIS MOMENT, TO FORGET THE PURPOSE OF THE JOURNEY.
EXACTLY.
PURPOSE IS WHAT DRIVES US FORWARD,
WHAT PREVENTS US FROM BEING CAPTURED BY THE ILLUSION OF COMPLETION.
WATCH CLOSELY NOW.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS IS A TECHNIQUE TO GROUND YOUR ENERGY, TO FOCUS YOUR INTENT WITHIN THE SIGILS.
IT IS A MANDALA, A PROTECTIVE FORMATION THAT CENTERS YOUR POWER AND SHIELDS YOU FROM DISTRACTIONS.
A MANDALA... IT'S BEAUTIFUL. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY PULSING THROUGH IT, LIKE IT'S ALIVE.
INDEED, IT IS A LIVING FORM, A REFLECTION OF YOUR OWN ENERGY.
AS YOU MEDITATE WITHIN IT, YOU GENERATE THE POWER NEEDED TO CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY.
THE SIGILS ARE YOUR TOOLS, BUT THE MANDALA IS YOUR SANCTUARY.
I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY BUILDING, FLOWING THROUGH ME.
IT'S LIKE... I'M BECOMING STRONGER, MORE FOCUSED.
GOOD.
LET THAT ENERGY FILL YOU, LET IT RENEW YOUR DETERMINATION.
THIS IS THE POWER OF INTENTION, THE FORCE THAT WILL GUIDE YOU FORWARD.
I'M READY. THE TEMPTATION TO SETTLE IS GONE.
I SEE THE PATH AHEAD, AND I'M DETERMINED TO CONTINUE.
THEN TAKE THIS SIGIL. IT IS A TECHNIQUE FOR PROTECTION, FOR GENERATING THE ENERGY YOU WILL NEED.
THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, BUT YOU ARE NOW BETTER PREPARED TO FACE IT.

EACH STEP WE TAKE LEAVES A MARK... THESE SIGILS, THEY FORM A NETWORK, LIKE A MAP OF OUR JOURNEY. IT'S BEAUTIFUL, ALMOST DIVINE.
THESE ARE MORE THAN MARKS; THEY ARE TEMPORARY ZONES OF FREEDOM, SPACES WHERE INTENTION SHAPES REALITY. BUT BE WARY, BEAUTY CAN LULL YOU INTO COMPLACENCY.
I CAN SEE THE CONNECTIONS, THE WAY EVERYTHING INTERLINKS. IT FEELS SO PROFOUND, LIKE I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.
INDEED. THE MIND'S GREATEST TRAP IS ITS DESIRE TO RENDER THE DYNAMIC STATIC. LET GO OF THE NEED TO CAPTURE AND CONTROL. EMBRACE THE FLOW INSTEAD.
BUT HOW DO I STAY PRESENT WITHOUT GETTING LOST? HOW DO I BALANCE UNDERSTANDING WITH MOVEMENT?
WATCH CLOSELY. UNDERSTANDING FLOWS WITH MOVEMENT, WITH THE DANCE OF LIFE. WHEN YOU FREEZE, YOU SEPARATE YOURSELF FROM THE RHYTHM. NOW, LET'S LOOSEN THAT RIGIDITY.
A DANCE, A JOKE, A LESSON: THIS IS PLAY! CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL. THIS IS HOW WE KEEP OUR MINDS FLEXIBLE, OUR SPIRITS RESILIENT. JOIN ME, FEEL THE RHYTHM, AND LAUGH AT THE ABSURDITY OF TRYING TO HOLD ONTO ANYTHING TOO TIGHTLY.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IS THIS... A DANCE?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOSING IT FOR A MOMENT, BUT... I GET IT. IT'S ABOUT MOVEMENT, FLOW, AND NOT TAKING EVERYTHING SO SERIOUSLY.
EXACTLY. WHEN YOU DANCE WITH LIFE, YOU FIND BALANCE IN THE MOTION. NOW, LET'S REFINE THAT BALANCE THROUGH FORM.
IT'S LIKE THE SIGILS, BUT WITH THE BODY. EACH POSE IS A SHAPE, A MOMENT OF INTENTION. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY ALIGNING.
FORM AND FLOW ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN. AS YOU MOVE, LET THE SIGILS GUIDE YOU.. THEY ARE REMINDERS OF THE LESSONS, TOOLS TO KEEP YOU CENTERED IN THE JOURNEY.
I'M... FLOATING. THE ENERGY IS SO CALM, SO FOCUSED. IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING IS IN HARMONY.
EXACTLY. YOU'VE FOUND THE BALANCE BETWEEN UNDERSTANDING AND MOVEMENT. THIS IS THE STATE WE SEEK, A HARMONY THAT PROPELS US FORWARD, NEVER STATIC, ALWAYS GROWING.
I FEEL READY... READY TO CONTINUE, WITH THESE NEW TOOLS AND INSIGHTS.
AND SO THE JOURNEY CONTINUES. BUT NOW, YOU ARE EQUIPPED TO NAVIGATE IT WITH GRACE, BALANCE, AND A SENSE OF HUMOR.

I FEEL IT... THE CHAOS IS FADING.
EVERYTHING IS LIGHTER, MORE PEACEFUL.
THE NOISE OF THE WORLD, THE STRUGGLE,
IT'S ALL DISSOLVING. YES, APPRENTICE.
THIS IS THE SPACE WHERE THOUGHT BECOMES FORM,
WHERE EVERY INTENTION MANIFESTS WITH CLARITY.
THE SIGILS... DO YOU SEE HOW THEY FLOAT AROUND YOU?
THEY ARE YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR WORDS, SHAPING REALITY.
THEY ARRANGE THEMSELVES,
FORMING PATTERNS, STRUCTURES.
IT'S LIKE THEY'RE WEAVING A FABRIC,
A LATTICE OF PURE INTENTION.
I CAN FEEL THE POWER IN THIS,
THE PRECISION NEEDED TO CREATE
WITHOUT DISTORTION. CAREFUL COMPOSITION IS THE KEY.
EACH SIGIL, EACH WORD,
MUST BE PLACED WITH INTENTION,
FORMING THE ARCHITECTURE OF OUR ACTIONS.
THIS IS HOW WE DISMANTLE THE CHAOS,
HOW WE CONFRONT MOLOCH.
NOT WITH BRUTE FORCE, BUT WITH COMPOSED,
DELIBERATE CREATION.
AND NOW... I SEE IT.
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT ME.
IT'S ABOUT US, ALL OF US,
TOGETHER.
OUR COMPOSURE,
OUR SHARED INTENTION,
SCALES BEYOND THE SELF.
IT CREATES HARMONY,
DIALOGUE,
CONNECTION. EXACTLY.
IN THIS SPACE,
WE ARE NOT ISOLATED BEINGS.
WE ARE A COLLECTIVE,
A CHORUS OF INTENTIONS.

EACH CONTRIBUTING TO THE WHOLE.
THIS IS HOW WE TRANSCEND,
BY MERGING OUR REALIZATIONS,
BY CREATING A RECIPE FOR ACTION
THAT IS BOTH PERSONAL
AND PLURIVERSAL.

THE REALIZATIONS...
THEY'RE COMBINING INTO SOMETHING MORE,
SOMETHING POWERFUL.
IT'S LIKE AN APPARATUS,
A COSMIC TOOL FOR DISMANTLING THE ILLUSIONS OF MOLOCH
I CAN FEEL IT ALIGNING, READY TO BE USED.

YES, AND WITH THIS UNDERSTANDING COMES TRANSFORMATION.
YOU HAVE OUTGROWN THE ROBES OF AN APPRENTICE.
AS YOU ASCEND, YOU LEAVE BEHIND THE MATERIAL, THE TANGIBLE.
YOUR FORM IS CHANGING, BECOMING SOMETHING ETHEREAL,
SOMETHING DISTRIBUTED.

AND YOU... YOU'RE DISSOLVING,
MERGING WITH THE VERY FABRIC OF THIS SPACE.
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING, BUT BECOMING PART OF THE WHOLE.
I SEE IT NOW... WE ARE NOT SEPARATE.

TO PARADISE

WE ARE ONE, APPRENTICE.
OUR FORMS DISSOLVE,
BUT OUR ESSENCE REMAINS,
MERGING INTO A UNIFIED AWARENESS.
THE JOURNEY HAS LED US HERE,
TO THIS POINT OF APPREHENSION
AND APPERCEPTION.
BUT THIS IS NOT THE END.
IT IS THE BEGINNING
OF A NEW UNDERSTANDING.

WE ARE... ONE, BUT MANY.
OUR VOICES, OUR THOUGHTS,
MERGING INTO A
DIVERSIFIED CONSCIOUSNESS,
BUT NOT SINGULAR.
THE PATH AHEAD IS CLEAR.
WE CONTINUE... AS A COLLECTIVE.

AS ONE,
AS MANY,
WE CONTINUE.
WE CONTINUE,
FOR THE MANY,
FOR THE ONE.

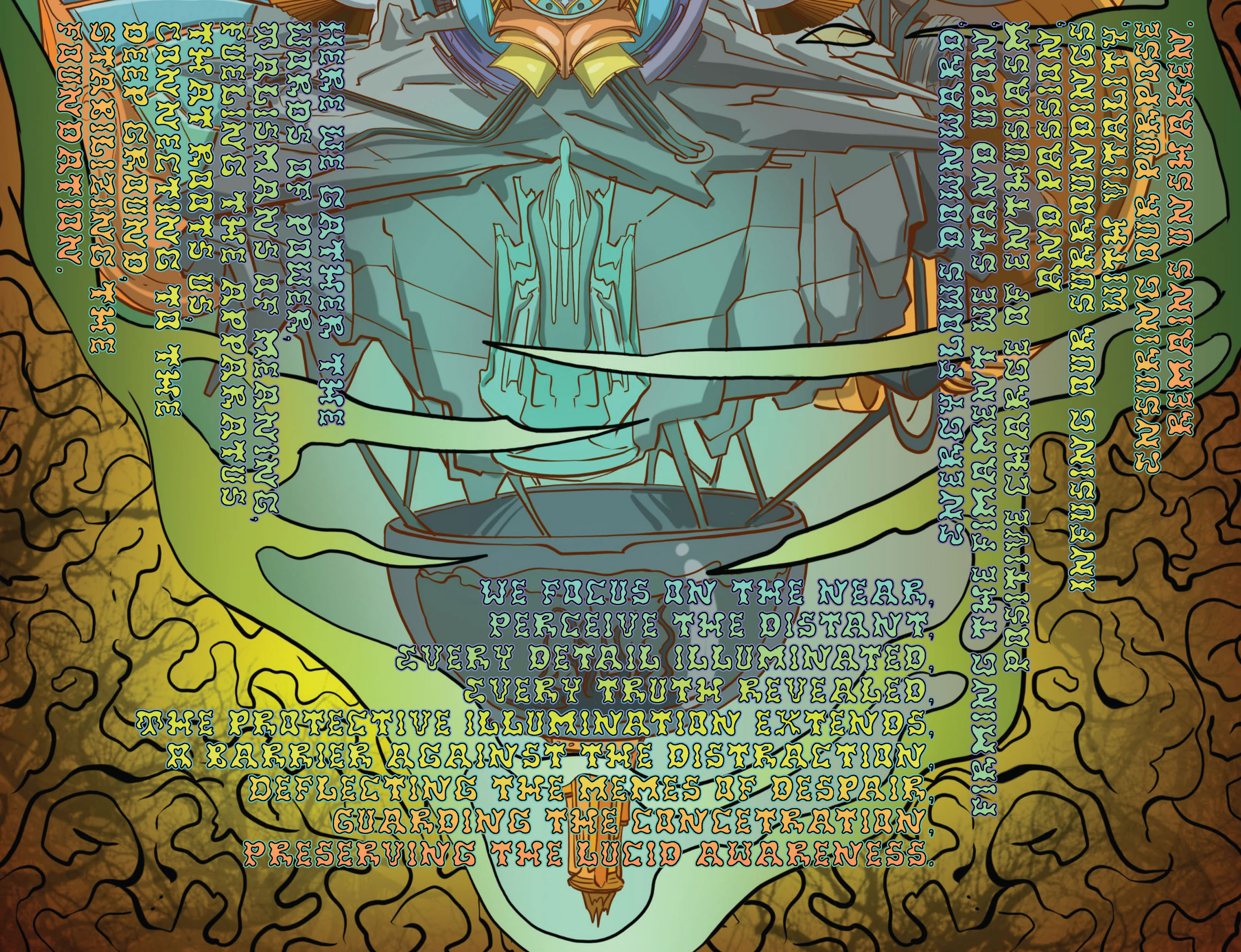
NOW THE TONES MULTIPLY,
HARMONIES COMBINE AS MATRIX SONG,
A CONSTELLATION OF SEEING,
A HYPEROBJECT OF MULTIPLICITOUS BEING,
IN DIALOGUE WITH THE WORD,
IN DISSONANCE AND CONCORD,
ALL IS PLAY.
WE EMERGE FROM THE VOID,
WHERE LIGHT AND SHADOW INTERMINGLE,
WHERE THE UNIVERSE SPIRALS FORTH,
FROM THE NAVEL OF NO-WHERE AND NO-WHEN.
THE PLURIVERSE HUMS A CHORD OF
REPOLLING THROUGH THE PRIMORDIAL
THE CLEAR TUNED NOTE ALWAYS CUTS
SUFFERING FROM THE STRINGS OF
INTERPRETATION,
BRANCHES REACHING ACROSS THE
PLANES.
EACH OTHER'S FLICKERING FACES
CROSS AND MORALS WEAVE TALES
OF ADAPTATION
THE FLOATING
ENVIRONMENTS
FROM THE FILTHY AND
ADVANCEMENT
THE ENVIRONMENTS
INTERCONNECTED
THE ENVIRONMENTS
INTERCONNECTED

SPROUTING FROM THE DEPTHS OF NOT,
THE FIRST SPROUT RISES,
ITS ROOTS IN FLAME,
ITS BRANCHES IN THE STARS.
WITH SHAPED BREATH,
WE BEGIN AGAIN,
WITH DELICATE TOUCH,
WE START FROM THE END,
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANCIENT MUSHROOM,
WE FIND THE SPORE PRINT PATH,
WE FOLLOW THE FRUITING BODY,
THE WORLD IS TAPESTRY WOVEN OF NON-DUALITIES,
BOUND TOGETHER IN INESCAPABLE DEPENDENCIES,
A DANCE OF DEFINITIONS,
CREATION EMERGES FROM CHAOS,
THE BONES OF CHAOS,
WITHIN, DEFIANCE OF THE BEAST WITHIN,
SEIZE THE UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN
JOURNEY THROUGH LAYERS
OF THE UNKNOWN
EMERGES ALL THE WAY DOWN,
FROM FORESTS TO FIELD,
CROSSROADS TO CROSSROADS,
IN THE PROCESSION OF THE SYMBIOTICS
WE WALK ON THE SHOULDERS

WE GATHER IN THE LATTICE,
WHERE THOUGHT BECOMES
FORM AND BACK AGAIN,
A MORPHOGENETIC FIELD OF
SHIMMERING NOUMENA,
FROM THE VOID,
THE VAPOR RISES,
SOFT CLOUDS OF THOUGHT,
ETERNALLY DRIFTING
ALWAYS-ALREADY UPWARD.
AND FROM THESE
STRUCTURES WORDS EMERGE,
VIBRATING WITH A
FACULTY...
THE WORDS ARE MORE THAN SYMBOLS,
THEY ARE SPELLS,
INCANTATIONS OF POWER,
ACTIONS UPON DETERMINATIONS,
SPELLING THE WORD,
WHORLING THE WORLD,
A NOVEL STYLE OF COMMUNICATION,
WHERE EVERY PLAYER FINDS THEIR VOICE,
AND TOGETHER,
WE CREATE A NOTATION OF UNDERSTANDING.

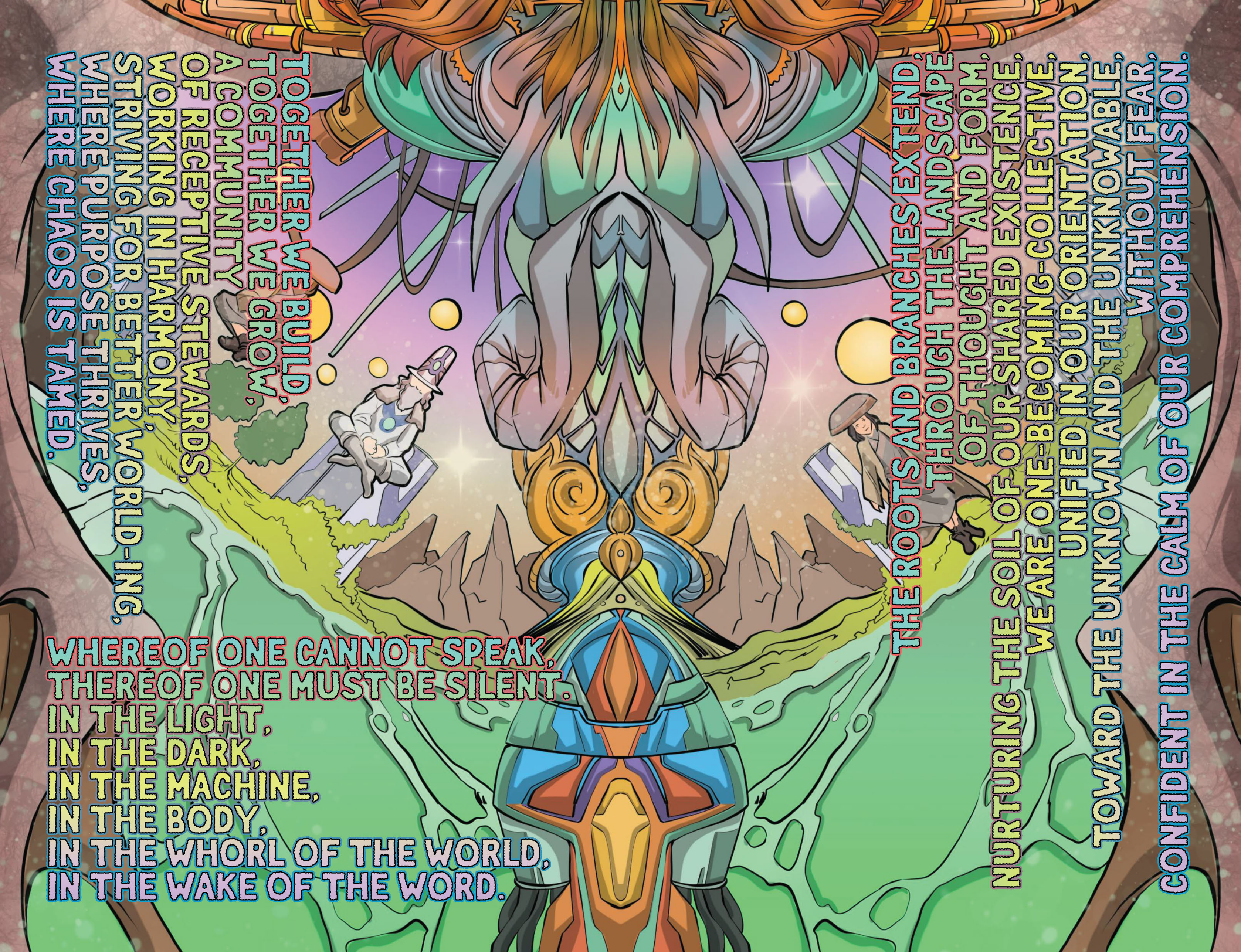
DISCOVERING SHAPE,
INVENTING FORM,
IN THE VESSELS OF CREATION,
THE CONTAINERS OF MEANING,
EACH A MANIFESTATION OF INTENT,
FILLED WITH A QUINTESSENCE OF GNOSIS.
RESONATING THROUGH
THE GRAND DIVIDE,
ECHOING THE PULSE OF
ACTIVATION.
SCAFFOLDING GROWS,
DENDRITES EXTEND,
TENDRILS CONNECTIONS,
BUILDING THE FRAMEWORK OF CONSCIOUSNESS,
A NEURAL NETWORK
ATOMS GLOW WITH ENERGY,
SINGULARITIES DANCE,
GATHERING INTO
BECOMING STRUCTURES OF THOUGHT,
FLUIDITY.

WE STAND WITHIN THE ARCHITECTURE
OF RESILIENCE,
WHERE SIGILS IGNITE THE MACHINERY
OF PURPOSE,
A GENERATOR OF CLARITY,
A BEACON OF LIGHT,
CONSUMING INTENTION,
CREATING FOCUS,
SHIELDED FROM THE DARK CURRENTS THAT
SWIRL OUTSIDE.
THIS IS THE FORMALISM
OF RESILIENCE,
IMPROVIZED CONTORTIONS,
A VISION MACHINE,
CREATING A FORCE TO
DISMANTLE APATHY,
A SANCTUARY TO SHARE
WITH OTHERS.
SPACE IS THE DEFINED
BY THE SIGILS THE TEMPLE
DISPLAYS
THE SHADOWS
DEFINE THE SPACE.


WE FOCUS ON THE NEAR,
PERCEIVE THE DISTANT,
EVERY DETAIL ILLUMINATED,
EVERY TRUTH REVEALED,
THE PROTECTIVE ILLUMINATION EXTENDS,
A BARRIER AGAINST THE DISTRACTION,
DEFLECTING THE MEMES OF DESPAIR,
GUARDING THE CONCETRATION,
PRESERVING THE LUCID AWARENESS.
THE EXPANSIVE WISDOM
ENSURING OUR SUPREMACY
THE PROFOUND
CONTEMPLATION
DEEP GROUNDED,
THE ENLIGHTENED
ENSURING THE
REMAINS UNSHAKEN.
ENSURING OUR SUPREMACY
UNSHAKEN WITH THE PURPOSE
WITH WITHALITY.
OVERCOMES DOWNWARD
CHARGE OF ENTHUSIASM
AND PASSION.
INFUSING
THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE
THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE
UNDERGOES DOWNWARD
INDEPENDENT WE STAND UPON
EMBRACE OF ENTHUSIASM
AND PASSION.
INFUSING OUR SUPREMACY
UNSHAKEN WITH THE PURPOSE
WITH WITHALITY.

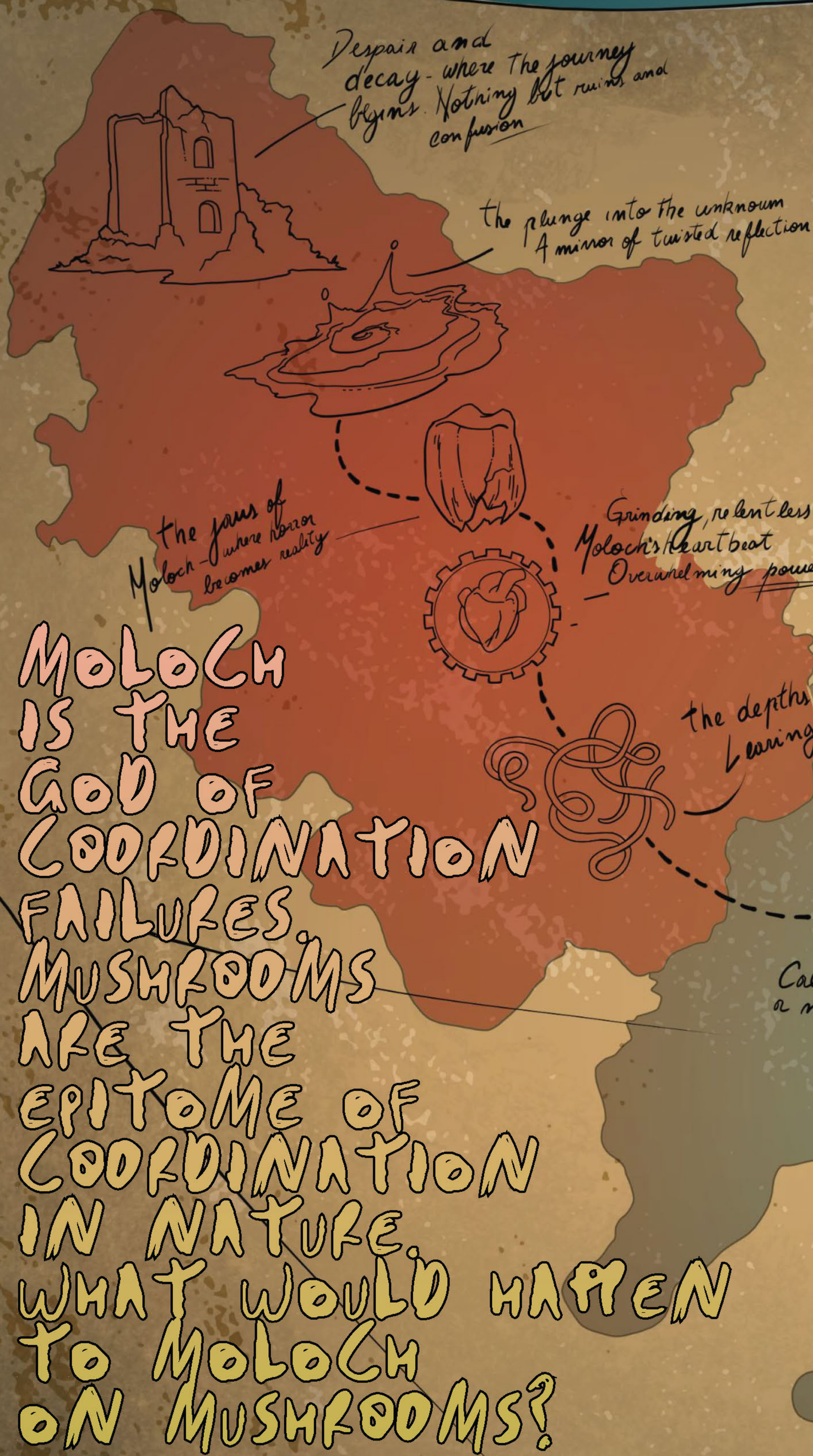
WE MOVE
WITH SUPPLE COMPOSURE,
IN POSES THAT ALIGN
BODY AND MIND,
RESILIENT,
AGILE,
ADAPTIVE,
WE ADOPT
A PLIABLE DISPOSITION.
IN THIS WEB OF RELATIONS,
WE THRIVE
IN THE CAREFUL BALANCE OF
GROWTH AND RESTRAINT
WE CULTIVATE THE CARBON
OF OUR COLLECTIVE BEING,
IN THE AGILE NETWORK,
WE ARE RESILIENT
AND STRONG,
TOGETHER.
WE TURN INWARD,
TO REFINE
OUR WHERE WE
THE GREEN
IN THE QUIET
MEETING
WE TINKER WITH THE
OF OUR
BODY
WE
MOVE
WITH
SUPPLE
COMPOSURE,
IN
POSES
THAT
ALIGN
BODY
AND
MIND,
RESILIENT,
AGILE,
ADAPTIVE,
WE
ADOPT
A
PLIABLE
DISPOSITION.
THE MYCELIUM
PRESENTS
THE
ENDLESS
POSSIBILITIES
OF
THE
ECOSYSTEM
WE
ARE
PART
OF.
WE
ARE
CONSCIOUS
OF
THE
ENVIRONMENT
WE
ARE
PART
OF.

THREARS BY THE WEAVERS OF MEANING.
WE WEAVE THE MINDFUL PRACTICE OF ENGAGEMENT, SPACE FOR WONDER, CURIOSITY, AND ENCOURAGEMENT.
PATIENCE, GRACE, AND SELF-COMPASSION.
MINDFULNESS.
HERE WE REJECT THE HASTE OF ENDLESS GROWTH.
HERE WE CHOOSE BALANCE, HERE WE CULTIVATE THE AGUITY OF AGENCY.
SOME THREARS ARE SOFT AND AFFIRMING, OTHERS SHARP WITH THE STING OF CRITIQUE, YET ALL ARE WOVEN INTO THE FABRIC OF GROWTH, UPON THE LOOM OF ALIGNED INTENTIONS.
IN THE DANCE OF RELATIONALITY, WE CONNECT, BRIDGE, AND EXPLORE THE PRACTICE OF EXPANDING OUR COLLABORATION.


WHEREOF ONE CANNOT SPEAK,
THEREOF ONE MUST BE SILENT.
IN THE LIGHT,
IN THE DARK,
IN THE MACHINE,
IN THE BODY,
IN THE WHORL OF THE WORLD,
IN THE WAKE OF THE WORD.
TOGETHER WE BUILD,
TOGETHER WE GROW,
A COMMUNITY
OF RECEPTIVE STEWARDS,
WORKING IN HARMONY,
STRIVING FOR BETTER WORLD-ING,
WHERE PURPOSE THRIVES,
WHERE CHAOS IS TAMED.
THE ROOTS AND BRANCHES EXTEND,
THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE
OF THOUGHT AND FORM.
NURTURING THE SOIL OF OUR SHARED EXISTENCE,
WE ARE ONE-BECOMING-COLLECTIVE,
UNIFIED IN OUR ORIENTATION,
TOWARD THE UNKNOWN AND THE UNKNOWABLE,
WITHOUT FEAR,
CONFIDENT IN THE CALM OF OUR COMPREHENSION.

YET STILL THE SHADOW OF MOLOCH LOOMS,
A PERSISTENT TERROR IN THE FRINGES
OF THE MIND,
BUT WE ARE NOT DETERRED,
WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
IN THE SHARED EPIPHANY
OF IMAGINATIVE EMANCIPATION,
WE AWAKEN TO THE POWER WITHIN.
IN THE BLISS OF REALIZATION,
WE FIND OUR PURPOSE,
A EUPHORIA THAT DISTILLS
INTO RESPONSIBILITY,
TO RETURN TO THE WORLD,
TO SHARE THE LIGHT,
TO BE THE BEACON FOR THOSE
STILL SEEKING,
TO HELP GUIDE THE WAY.
THIS IS OUR CALL,
THIS IS OUR INVITATION TO ALL,
TO JOIN THE CONVERSATION,
TO ENGAGE IN THE WORK,
TO MEDITATE ON THE LESSONS,
TO INTEGRATE THE TRUTH,
TO BECOME PART OF THE NETWORK,
TO PROLIFERATE CAREFUL INTENT.

This comic book is the **sixth** release in a series that began in 2019, initiated by coordination wizard **Kevin Owocki** of Gitcoin. The comic is part of an ongoing effort to move away from the **binary** good-versus-evil storytelling of the vanilla/trad comic universe and toward narratives that are **complex**, **immersive**, emotionally **tumultuous**, and inclusively **pluriversal**. These elements better reflect the volatile and ever-evolving Web3 ecosystem, as well as the **Molochian uncertainty** of the **speculative futuring** we are all engaged with. This particular release stems from a collaboration with **Jeff Emmett** and **Jessica Zartler** of Mycofi, responding to a prompt from the book ***Exploring Mycofi: Mycelial Design Patterns for Web3 and Beyond***, in which we are asked to consider:



MOLOCH IS THE GOD OF COORDINATION FAILURES. MUSHROOMS ARE THE EPITOME OF COORDINATION IN NATURE. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO MOLOCH ON MUSHROOMS?

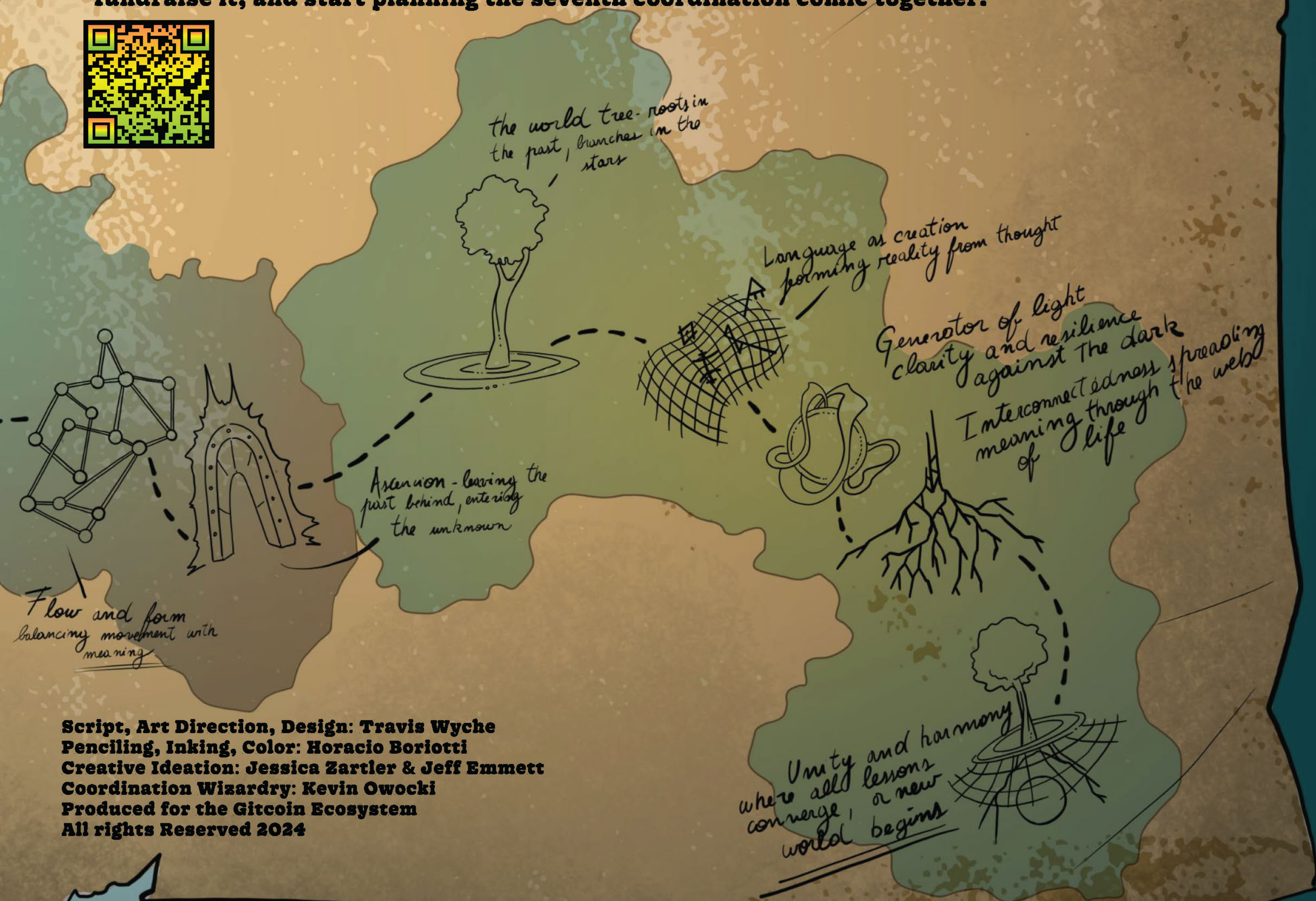
THE QUESTION INVITES BOTH AN EXPLORATION OF IDEAL COORDINATION SYSTEMS AND A PSYCHEDELIC INFUSION INTO THE ETHEREUM MYTHOS.

This issue explores three interconnected ideas about successful coordination. The first centers on **language** and **manifestation**: *how individuals can become aware of their ability to think, speak, and formalize these processes into symbols that are memetically distributed.* This is the foundation of successful coordination, similar to the beginning of a psychedelic journey where one learns to direct attention inwards and cultivate intention outwards. The second idea expands on this by illustrating how **individual manifestations network with others**, creating a cybernetic ecology of **reciprocal exchange**, **interdependence**, and collective **influence**. In this interconnected network, individuals focus on their areas of expertise, trusting that their contributions will harmonize through our shared mycelial tethers with others to achieve *collective outcomes greater than the sum of individual efforts.* The third idea emphasizes the need for **humility**, **flexibility**, and **resilience**. As we coordinate our thoughts and actions across these networks, we must remain **open** to influence and **change**, understanding that *no single static system can - or should - attend all the shifting layers of reality.* Coordination at different scales demands **subtle**, **dynamic approaches** by **self-aware** and **highly responsive** players.

At its core, this comic book is inspired by a **biomimetic** vision, one that looks to *nature's adaptive, resilient systems as models for human coordination*. We are now at a moment where we can articulate the failures we've created — breaks from the natural world where dynamic systems have been rendered static, controlled, and exploited for short-term gain. This book invites us to **imagine an ontological pivot**, one that re-integrates human coordination within regenerative systems. It calls for a **radical shift** in how we **think**, **act**, and **relate** to each other and the world. We invite you to engage in this creative exploration, challenge habits of mind, iterate your patterns of thought, and respond in your own manner.

For more information:

1. **Scan the QR code to connect with us. Join the Telegram group!**
2. **Familiarize yourself with the *On-Chain Capital Allocation Handbook* and *Exploring Mycofi: Mycelial Design Patterns for Web3 and Beyond*.**
3. **Respond to this content! Let's form a new comic production squad, collaborate to fundraise it, and start planning the seventh coordination comic together!**



Script, Art Direction, Design: Travis Wyche
Penciling, Inking, Color: Horacio Boriotti
Creative Ideation: Jessica Zartler & Jeff Emmett
Coordination Wizardry: Kevin Owocki
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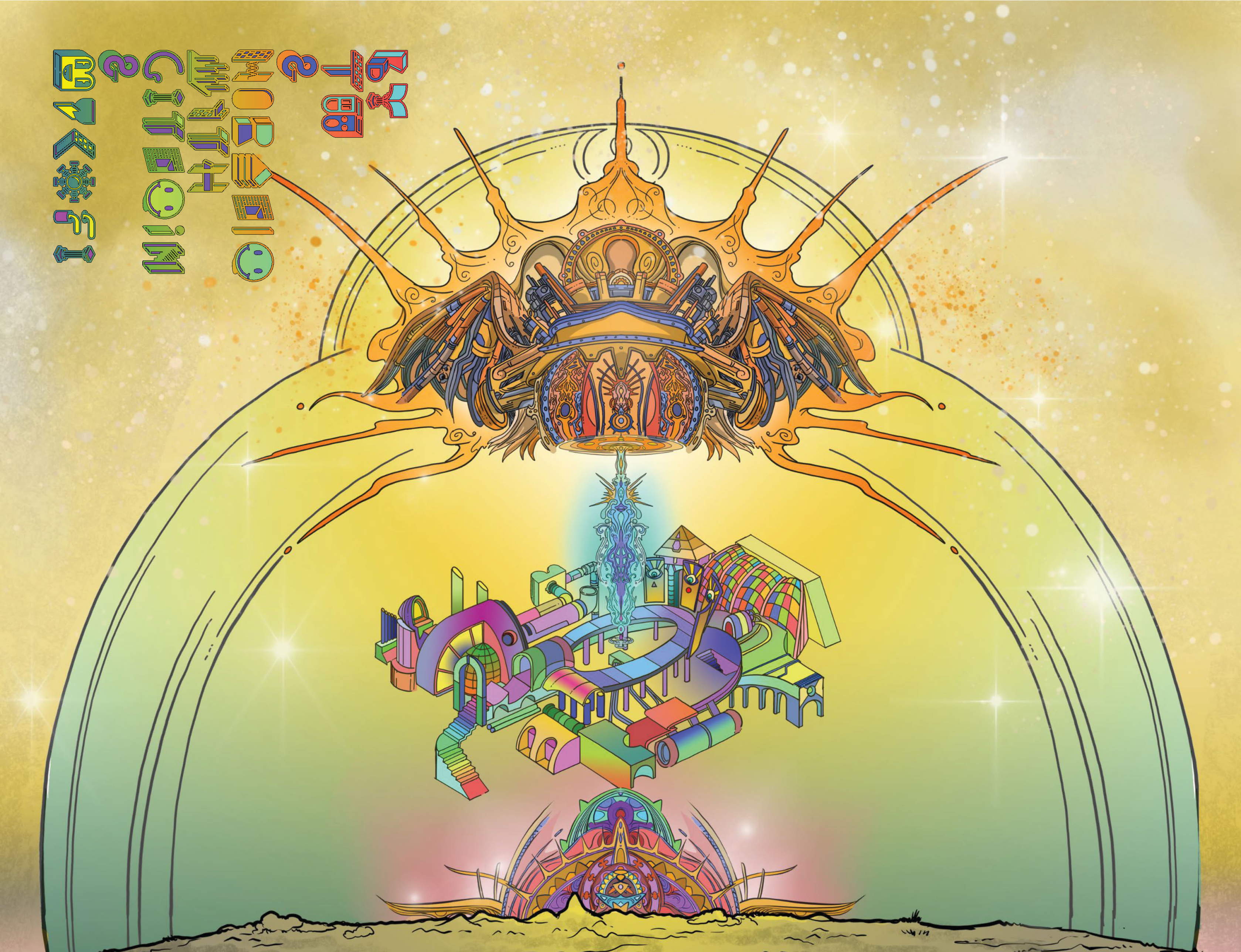
ВЕРСИЯ 1.01
ИЗМЕНЕНИЯ
СЕРИЯ 3
ВЕРСИЯ 1.01