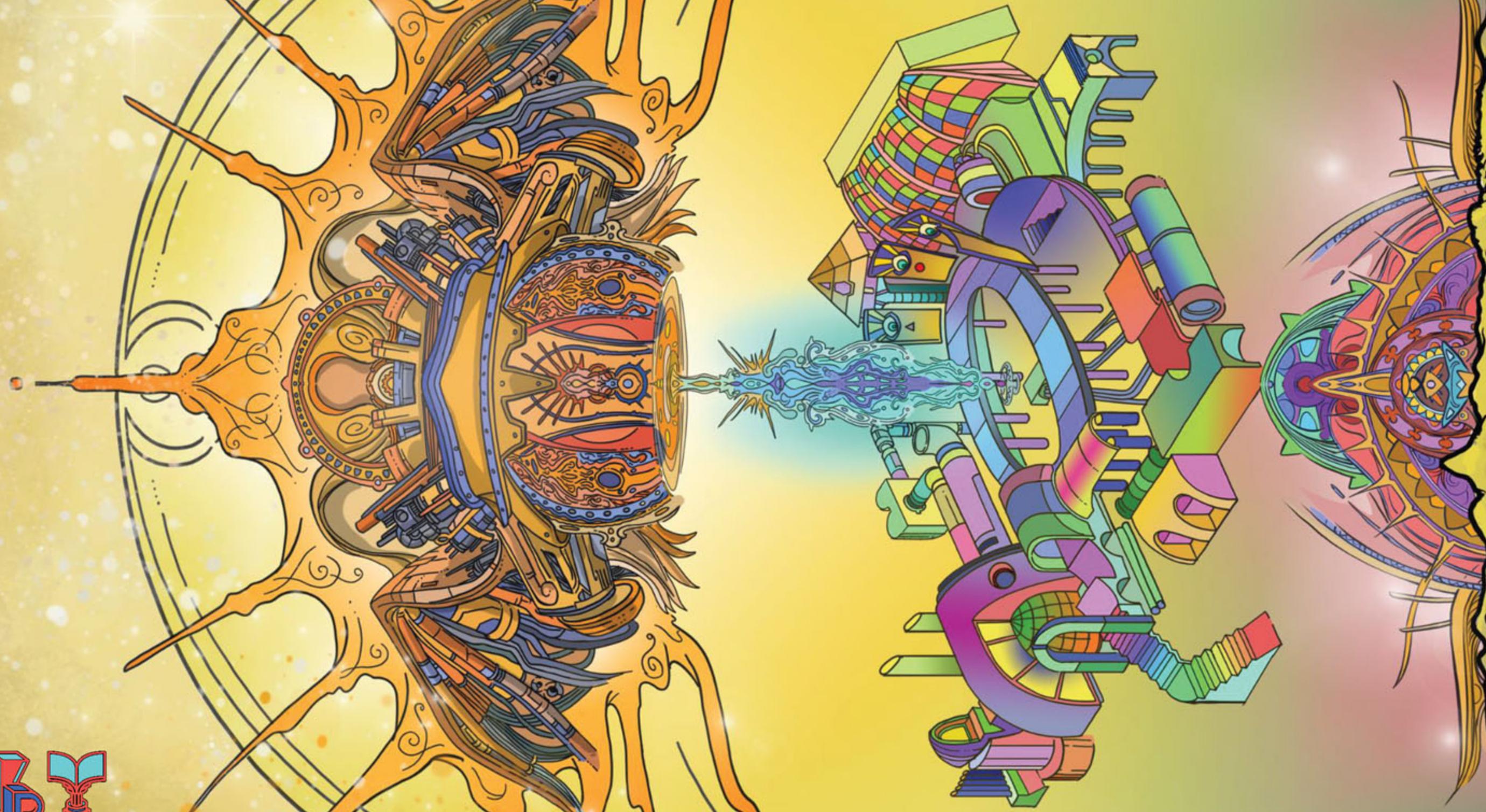


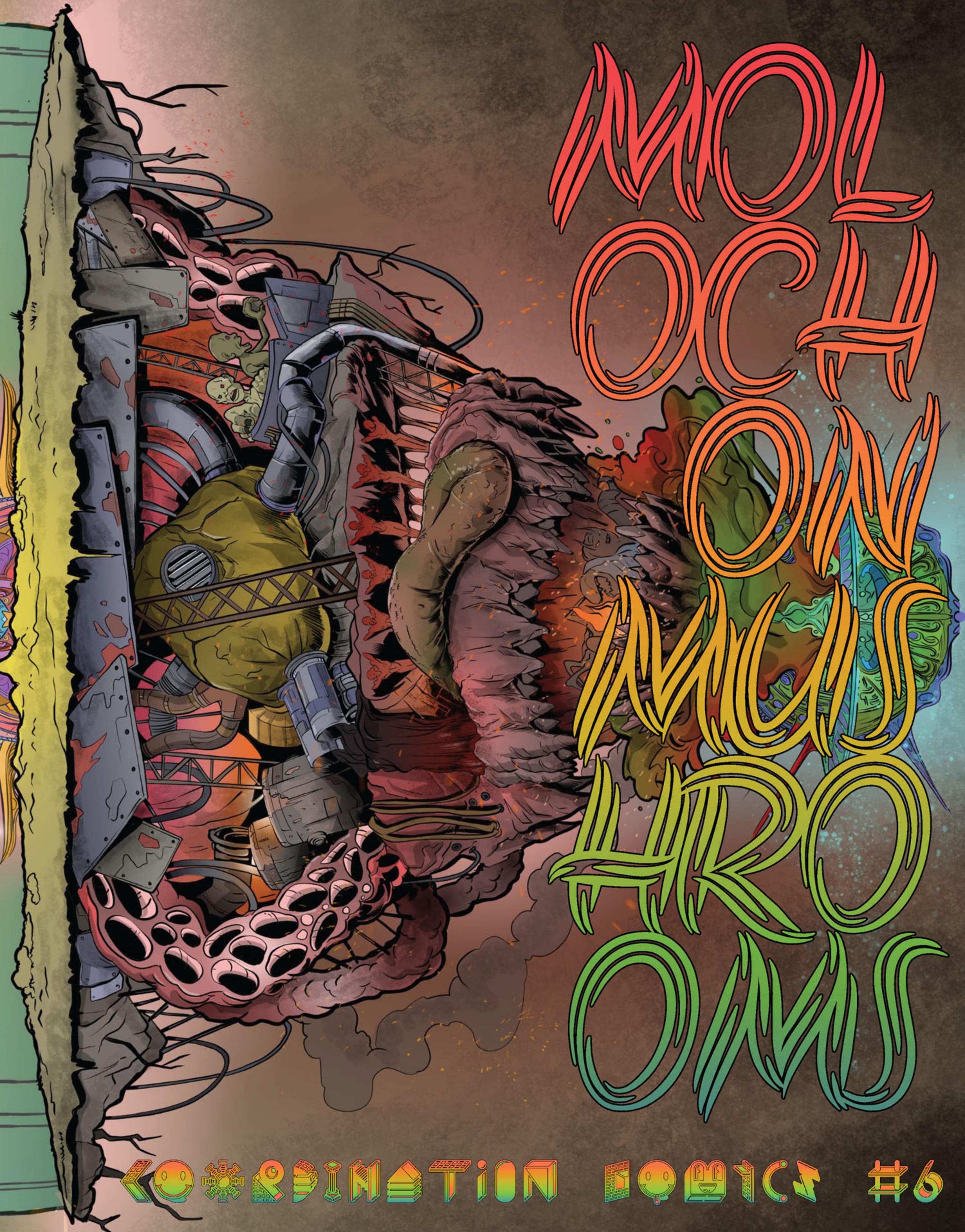
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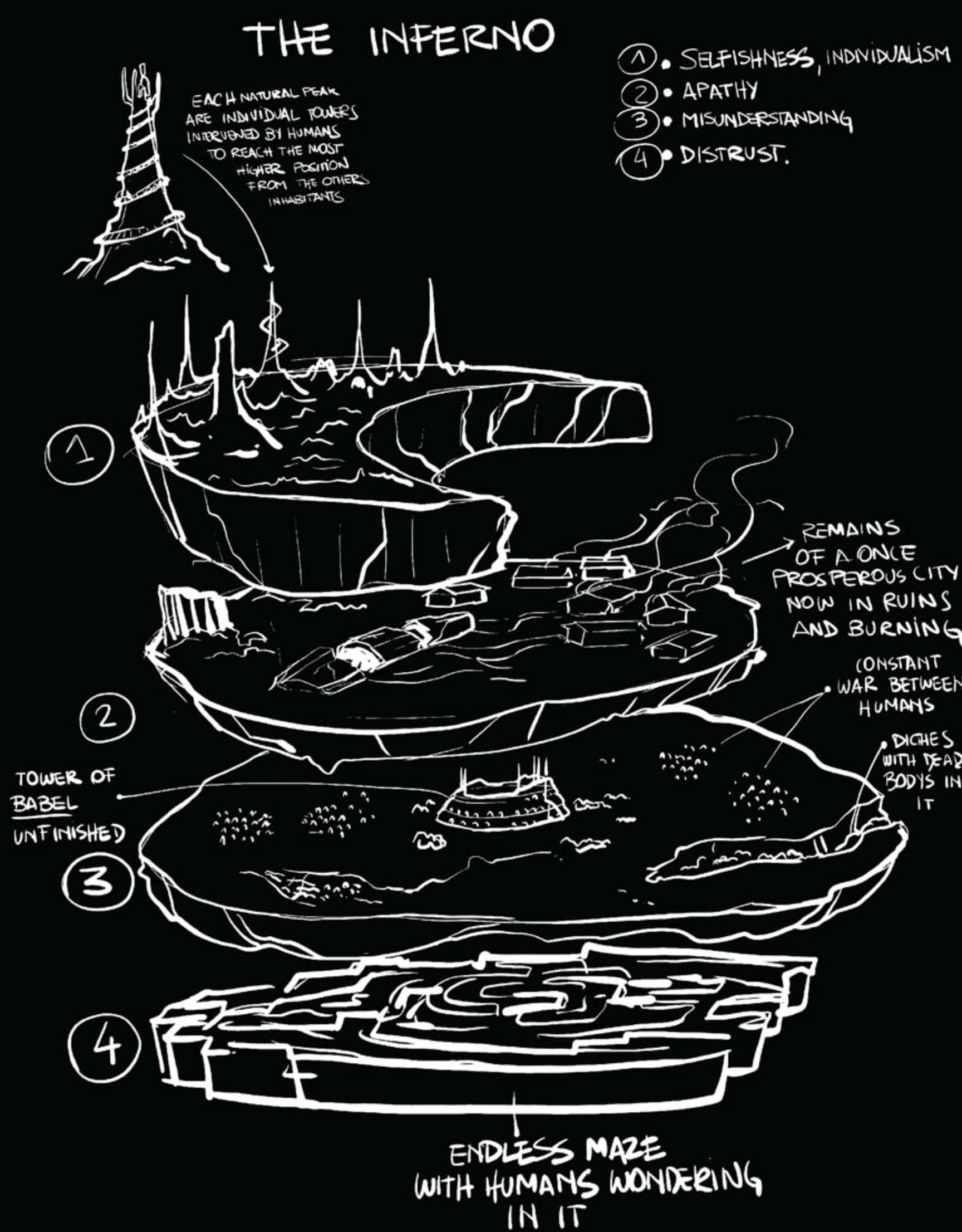
#6



MOL
OC
ON
MUS
THRO
OMS

MOLOCH ON MUSHROOMS

ADVINE COMEDY FOR WEB3



COORDINATION COMICS #6

BY
TRAVIS WYCHE
& 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?

MOLOCHE! MOLOCHE!
NIGHTMARE OF
MOLOCHE!

THE CREATOR GIVES YOU INSTINCTS AND THEN MODERS YOU WITH RULES THAT DEPY THEM. WHILE HE LARGES FROM ABOVE, I AM HERE WITH YOU, EMBRACING EVERY DESIRE AND PLEA.

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.

MOLOCHE! 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.

**MOLOCHE THE LOVELESS!
MENTAL MOLOCHE! MOLOCHE
THE HEAVY JUDGE 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.

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 the world and a trap for falling into illusion. It is a double-edged sword, capable of cutting through the light and deep delusions of the mind.

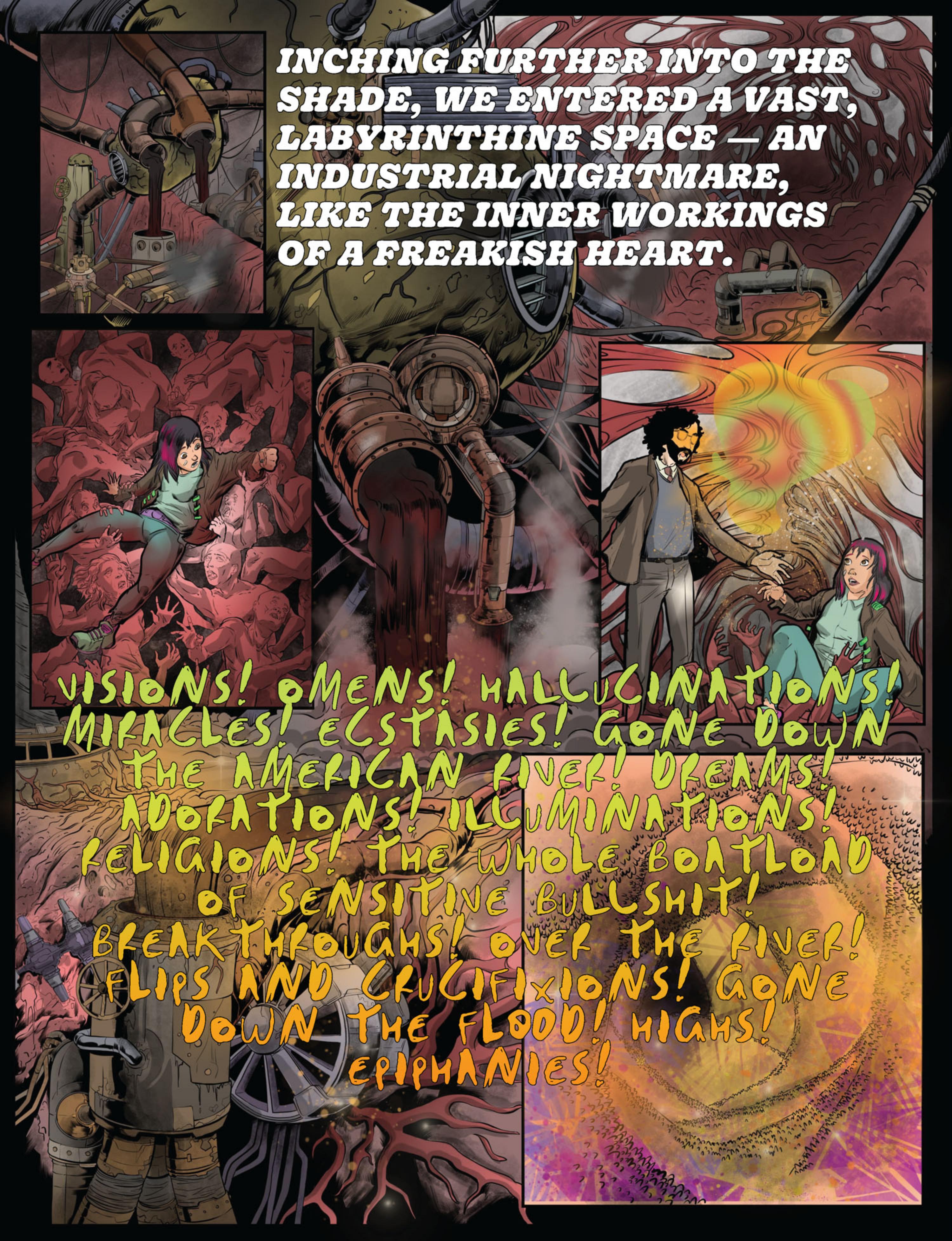
As we walked, I visualized the words emerging from his mouth, glowing and flowing through the thick darkness, transforming the cavern's obscuring mists into a tessellated pattern of shimmering light. Language became a tactile experience, a strange euphoria of form and meaning, yet also a potential impediment, perpetuating habitual thinking.

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

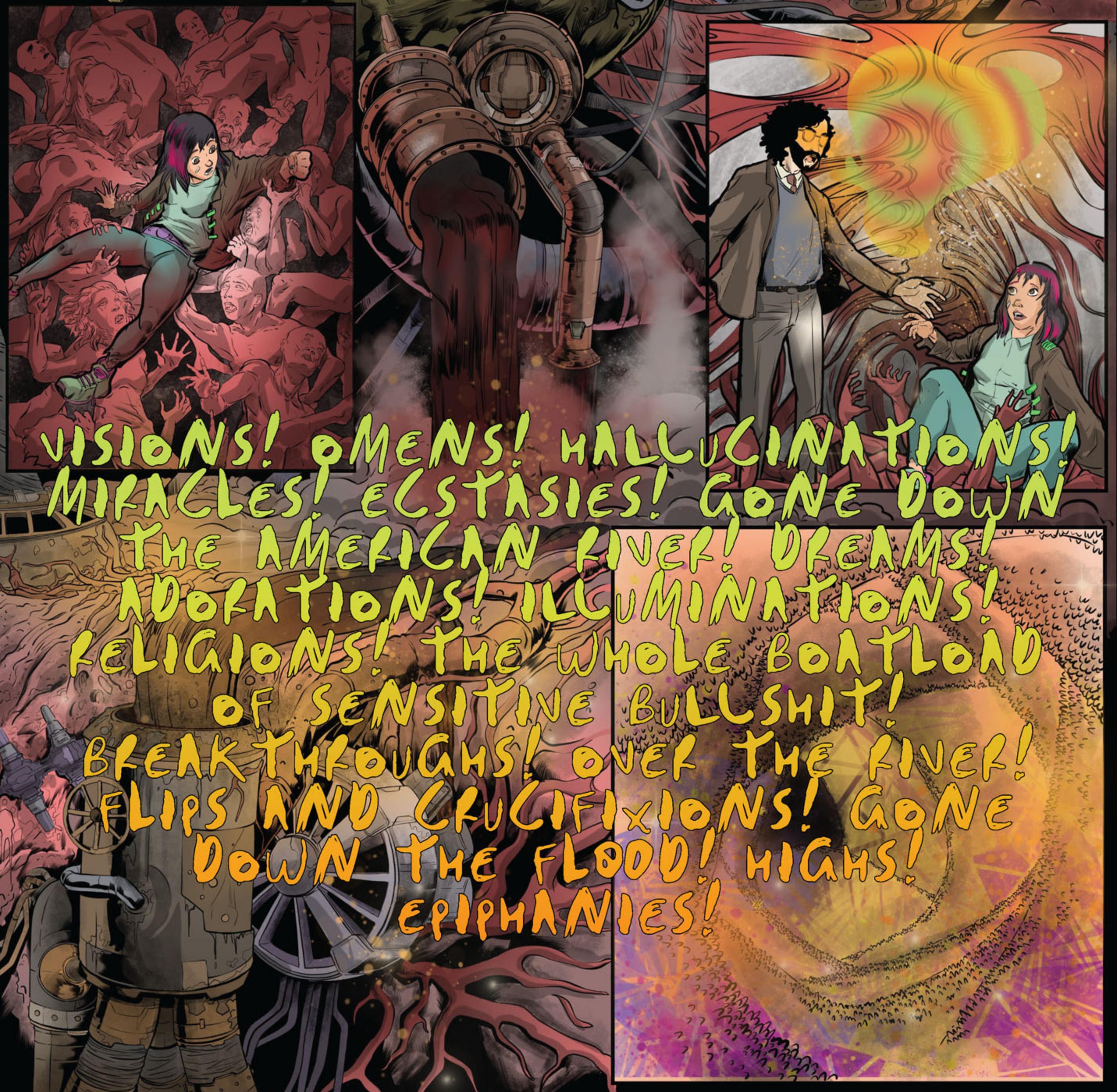
The landscape around us morphed into a surreal vista — rolling dunes of viscera, coated in slime, with grotesque tentacles reaching up from the ground, seeking to ensnare us. Eyes watched from the shadows, and nightmarish creatures shrank away from the light cast by the glowing words. We traversed a 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.





INCHING FURTHER INTO THE SHADE, WE ENTERED A VAST, LABYRINTHINE SPACE — AN INDUSTRIAL NIGHTMARE, LIKE THE INNER WORKINGS OF A FREAKISH HEART.



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.

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.

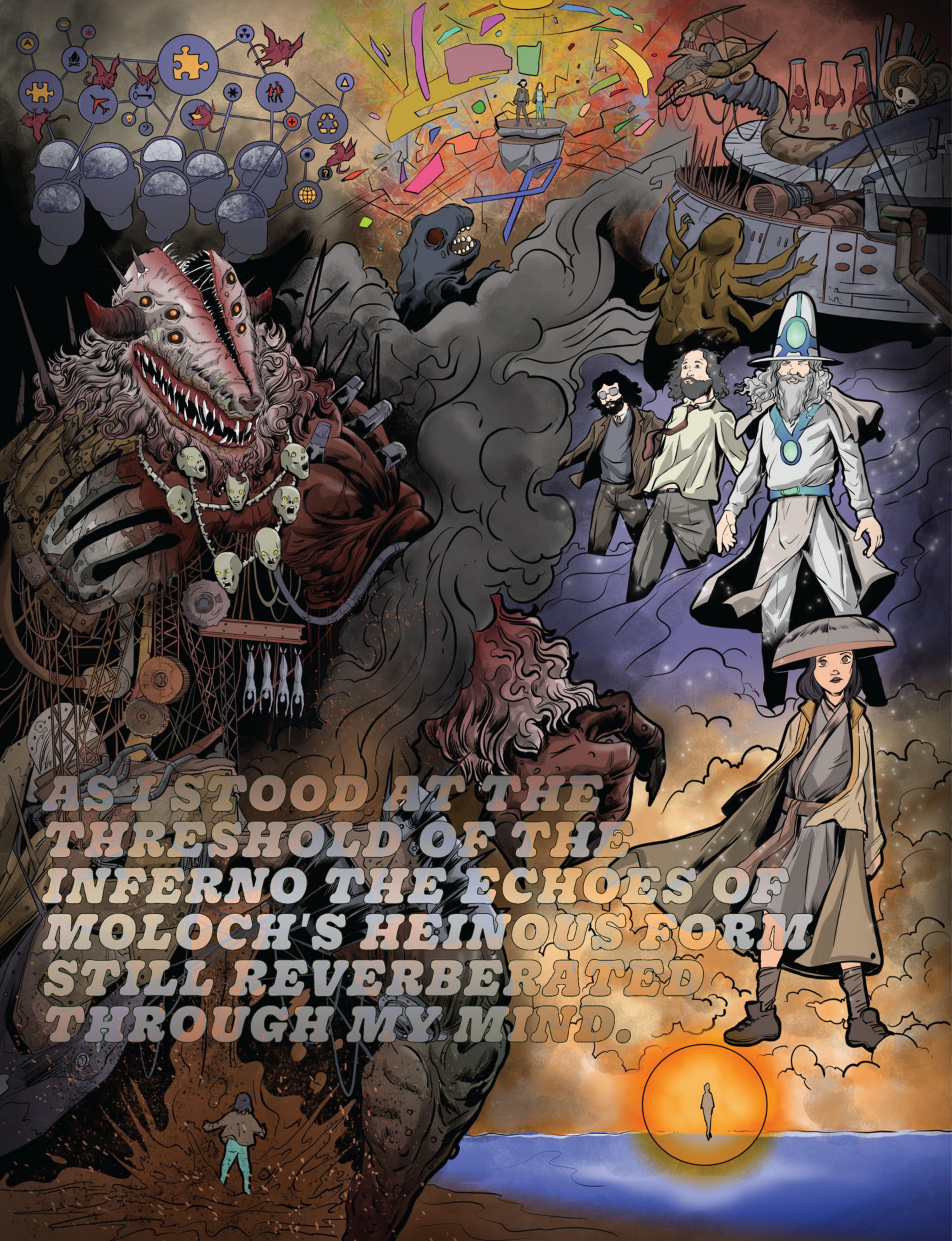
THE NOISE FADED AWAY TO BECOME A SUFFOCATING SILENCE, MUFFLING EVERY SOUND.

THIS WAS A FACTORY OF MELANCHOLY, CHURNING OUT NOTHING BUT POLLUTION, TERROR, AND NIGHTMARES!

BREAKTHROUGHS! OVER THE FIVER!

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.



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.
THE PATH AHEAD IS CLEARER NOW, AND TOGETHER, WE WILL NAVIGATE IT

SIGILS ARE MORE THAN SYMBOLS;
THEY ARE VESSELS OF ENERGY THAT ENERGY,
BY COMBINING THEM, PURPOSE.
DIRECTING IT WITH THEM TOGETHER.
WATCH AS I WEAVE THEM TOGETHER.

YOU'RE FORMING THEM LIKE WORDS,
BUT THEY'RE... DIMENSIONAL!
ALMOST LIKE A STRUCTURE I COULD STEP INTO.

LET ME TRY...
IT'S LIKE DRAWING WITH LIGHT.
THEY'RE NOT AS CLEAR AS YOURS,
BUT I CAN FEEL THEM TAKING SHAPE.

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.

GOOD.
THE CLARITY WILL COME WITH PRACTICE.
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 ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH THEM,
THE CLEAVER THE ENERGY 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,
WEIGHT. USE THEM WISELY, WITH PURPOSE.

I'M STARTING TO SEE HOW THOUGHTS BECOME
STRUCTURES, HOW EMOTIONS SOLIDIFY INTO
IT'S LIKE TURNING CLOUDS INTO ARCHITECTURE.

I'VE CRAFTED ONE, A COMPLEX SIGIL. IT
FEELS... POWERFUL, LIKE IT'S READY TO BE
USED.

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.

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 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 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.

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.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

A MANDALA... IT'S BEAUTIFUL. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY PULSING THROUGH IT, LIKE IT'S ALIVE.

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 CAN FEEL THE ENERGY BUILDING, FLOWING THROUGH ME. IT'S LIKE... I'M BECOMING STRONGER, MORE FOCUSED.

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.

EACH STEP WE TAKE LEAVES A MARK,
THESE SIGNS, THEY FORM A NETWORK,
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.

BUT HOW DO I STAY PRESENT WITHOUT GETTING LOST?
HOW DO I BALANCE UNDERSTANDING WITH MOVEMENT?

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.

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.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? IS THIS... A DANCE?

A DANCE, A JOKE, A LESSON:
THIS IS PLAY!
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL.
THIS IS HOW WE KEEP OUR MINDS FLEXIBLE.
OUR SPIRITS PESIDENT.
JOIN ME, FEEL THE RHYTHM,
AND LAUGH AT THE ABSURDITY
OF TRYING TO HOLD ONTO ANYTHING TOO TIGHTLY.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOSING IT FOR A MOMENT,
BUT... I GET IT. IT'S ABOUT MOVEMENT, SO SERIOUSLY.
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 SIGNS, 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 SIGNS 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.

AND SO, THE JOURNEY CONTINUES. BUT NOW, YOU ARE EQUIPPED TO NAVIGATE IT, WITH GRACE, BALANCE, AND A SENSE OF HUMOR.

A vertical column of colorful, stylized text characters arranged in a grid-like pattern, resembling a decorative scroll or mandala. The characters are in various colors including red, blue, green, yellow, and orange, set against a dark background with swirling, organic patterns.

The image shows a vibrant, stylized illustration of a tree. The trunk and branches are dark brown or black, serving as a canvas for a dense pattern of repeating text. The text is rendered in a variety of colors: pink, yellow, green, and orange. The characters are a mix of simple geometric shapes and more complex, rounded forms, creating a textured, almost abstract appearance. The background is filled with lush, tropical-style leaves in shades of green, yellow, and orange, some with visible veins. The overall effect is one of a traditional or folk-art inspired design.

The image is a dense, colorful collage where every element, from the characters' faces to the background patterns, is constructed from a repeating set of symbols. These symbols are arranged in a grid-like fashion across the entire frame. The symbols themselves are stylized and somewhat abstract, resembling a mix of traditional and modern graphic elements. The colors used are rich and varied, creating a visually stimulating and somewhat chaotic effect. The overall composition is dynamic and layered, with no single focal point.

RETRIEVING FROM THE STRINGS OF COLLAGEN,
THE CLEAR TUNE ALWAYS GUIDING,
SLIPPING THROUGH THE PRIMORDIAL GOO,

THE PLURIVERSE HUMS A HEROIC ODE OF EPIPHANY,
FOUND TOGETHER IN INEFFABLE DELIGHTOMILES,
A DANCE OF AFFIRMATIONS,
IN DEFANCE OF THE BEAST WITHIN

WITNESSING ONCE AGAIN THE SPLENDOR OF THE STARS,
THE PROCESSION OF WORLDS,
ACROSS IMPOSSIBLE SEAS,
FROM TORTOISE TO FLEA,
ALLEGORIES ALL THE WAY DOWN,
A JOURNEY THROUGH LAYERS,
SEIZE OF THE UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN.

CREATION EXPLOITS VIOLENCE,
FROM THE GOWELS OF CHAOS,
THE WORLD A TAPESTRY WOVEN OF NON-DUALITIES,
GOUND TOGETHER IN INEFFABLE DELIGHTOMILES,
A DANCE OF AFFIRMATIONS,
IN DEFANCE OF THE BEAST WITHIN

WITNESSING ONCE AGAIN THE SPLENDOR OF THE STARS,
THE PROCESSION OF WORLDS,
ACROSS IMPOSSIBLE SEAS,
FROM TORTOISE TO FLEA,
ALLEGORIES ALL THE WAY DOWN,
A JOURNEY THROUGH LAYERS,
SEIZE OF THE UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN.

FROM THE FILTH AND CRIME,
PRONOUNCEMENT BEGINS,
THE FLOATING DUST,

A CRADLE OF APPLIED ATTENTION,
WHERE GODS AND MORTALS WEAVE TALES,
MIRRORING EACH OTHERS' FLICKERING IMAGE,
THROUGH SPIRALED BRANCHES REACHING ACROSS THE
PLANES.

WE CREATE A NOTION OF UNDEASSTANING,
AND TOGETHER,
WHERE EVERY PLATE FINDS THEIR HOME,
A NOBLE STYLE OF COMMUNICATON,
WHICH LING THE WORD,
SPELLING THE WORD,
ACTIONS UPON DETERMINATIONS
INCANTATIONS OF POWER,
THEY ARE SPELS,
WORDS ARE THAN SYMBOLES,

STRUCTURES OF AFIDITY,
BECOMING MOLICLES OF THOUGHT,
GATHERING AND ASSEMBLING,
SIMPLY UNITS OF MEANING,
ATOMS GROWING WITH EPHIPHANIES,
A NEUTRAL NETWORK OF COSMIC DESIGN,
BUILDING THE FRAMEWORK OF THOUGHT,
TENOUS JOINING CONNECTIONS,
DENDRITES EXTEND,
SCAFFOLDING GROWS

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.

DISCOVERING SHAPE,
INVENTING FORM,
IN THE VESSELS OF CREATION,
THE CONTAINERS OF MEANING,
EACH A MANIFESTATION OF INTENT,
FILLED WITH A QUINTESSENCE OF GNOSIS.



WE STAND WITHIN THE ARCHITECTURE
WHERE SIGILS IGNITE THE MACHINERY
OF RESILIENCE,
A GENERATOR OF CLARITY,
A BEACON OF LIGHT,
CONSUMING INTENTION,
CREATING FOCUS,
SHIELDED FROM THE DARK CURRENTS THAT
SWIRL OUTSIDE.

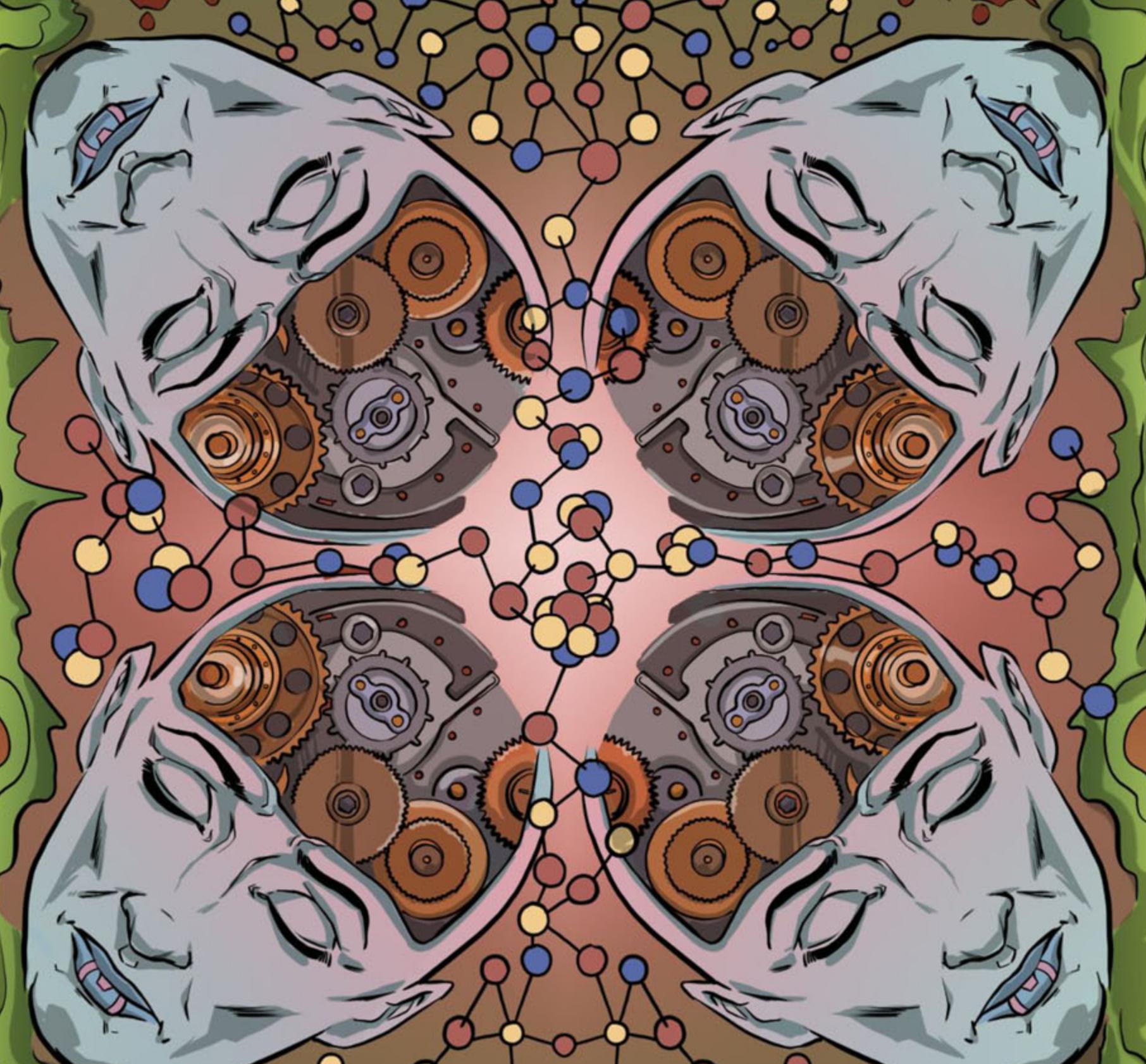
NEKUMSON SNIWEEZ
TSQDZUD XNO SNIWEEZ
'KUQDZUL HUM
SNIWEEZ XNO SNIWEEZ
MISSA ONA
MSAISUNHNE SO TSQDZUL HUM
NUKA ONA TS M TNEAWHUE EHL SNIWEEZ
OQUMMUD SNIWEEZ HZEEZ

HERE WE GATHER THE
WORDS OF POWER,
TALISMANS OF MEANING,
FUELING THE APPARATUS
THAT ROOTS US,
CONNECTING TO THE
DEEP GROUND,
STARILIZING THE
FOUNDATION.

OF FOUR COMMUNAL CONSCIOUSNESS.
THROUGH THE NOOKS,
AMPLIFYING CLARITY,
A HIGH-ELITISM LENS
OF SHARED INTENTION,
CANNING US IN A WEB
FINE AND INTIMATE,
THE MYCELIUM SPREADS

THREE BY THREE;
WE WAVE A NETWORK
OF ENTHUSIASM
IN THE MINDFUL PRACTICE
SHAPES OUR WORKS
CARRE AND SLOWNESS,
PATIENCE GUIDES OUR HANOS.

WE TURN INWARD,
IN THE GREAT PIVOT OF BEING,
WHERE THE SELF
MEETS THE PLURIVERSE,
WHERE THE MINA
RESHAPES ITSELF
IN THE QUIET INTROSPECTION
OF SUBTLE AGILITY,
WE TINKER WITH THE CONFIGURATIONS
OF OUR OWN EXISTENCE.



WE DANCE OF RELATIONALITY
WE CONNECT,
EACH TETHER A BRIDGE,
EACH EMBRACE A BOND
WE EXCHANGE THE LEVITY
OF KNOWLERGE,
IN THE SLOW DELIBERATE PRACTICE
OF RECIPROCAL COLLABORATION.

WHERE CHAOS IS TAMED.
WHERE PURPOSE THRIVES.
STRIVING FOR BETTER WORLD-ING.
WORKING IN HARMONY.
OF RECEPITIVE STEWARDS.
A COMMUNITY
TOGETHER WE GROW.
TOGETHER WE BUILD.

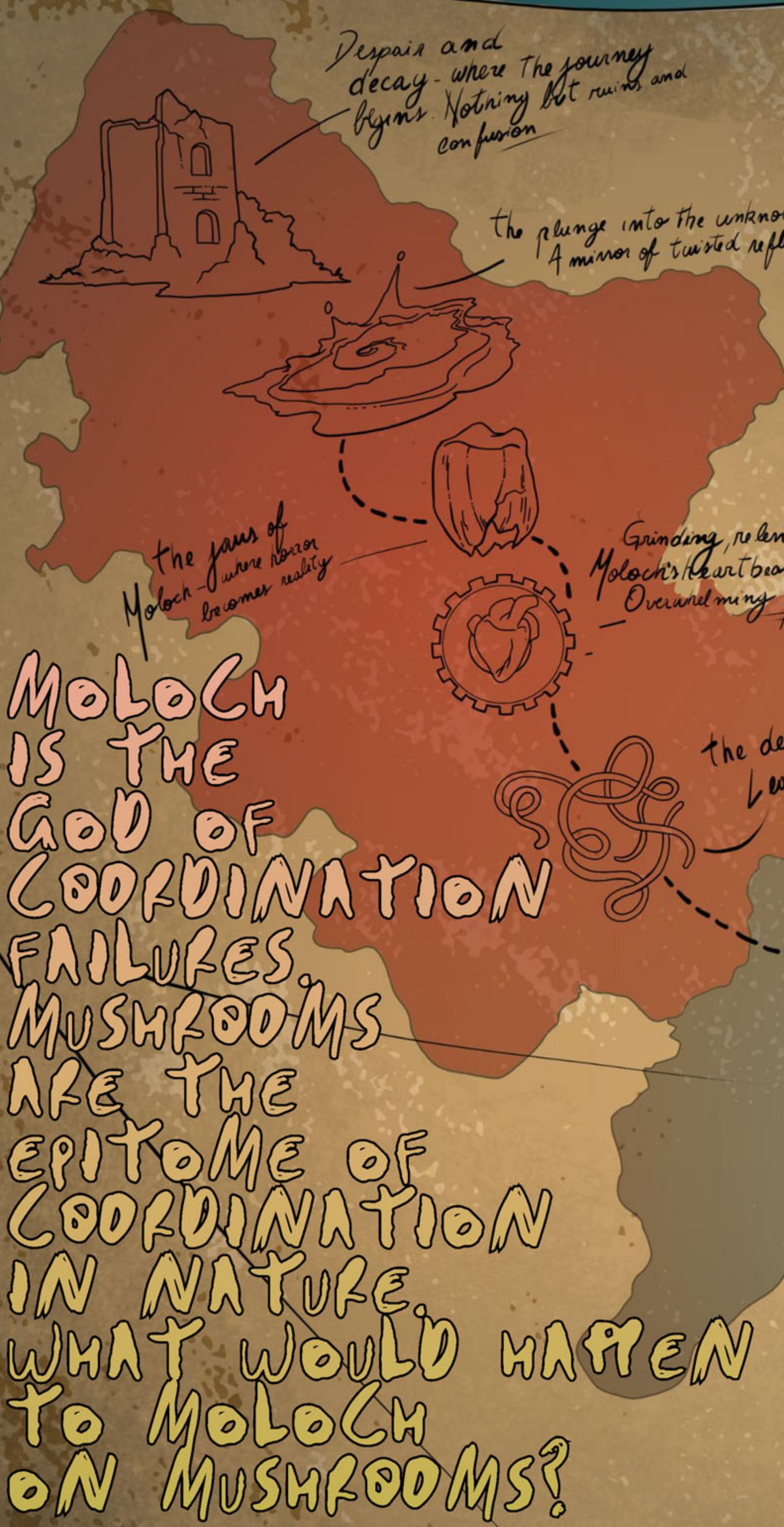
THIS IS OUR CALL.
THIS IS OUR INVITATION TO ALL.
TO JOIN THE CONVERSATION.
TO ENGAGE IN THE WORK.
TO MEDITATE ON THE LESSONS.
TO INTEGRATE THE TRUTH.
TO BECOME PART OF THE NETWORK.
TO PROLIFERATE CAREFUL INTENT.

WHERE NO ONE CAN SPEAK,
ONE MUST BE SILENT.
HERE THEREFORE
NO BODY,
NO MIND,
NO DARK,
NO MACHINE,
NO WORD,
NO WAKE OF THE WORD.

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.

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.

YET STILL THE SHADOW OF MOUGH LOONS,
A PERSISTENT TERROR IN THE FRINGES
OF THE MIND.
BUT WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
WE ARE NOT DETERRED.
WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
WE ARE NOT DETERRED.
WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
WE ARE NOT DETERRED.
WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
WE ARE NOT DETERRED.



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

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

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:

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!



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Penciling, Inking, Color: Horacio Boriotti
Creative Ideation: Jessica Zartler & Jeff Emmett
Coordination Wizardry: Kevin Owocki
Produced for the Gitcoin Ecosystem
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