

# THE MODERN TRIP

*second edition*

G.M. Dávila-Andino



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*For Viviana and Roxana;  
both edges of a single blade.*



## CONTENTS

3	Dedication
7	Preface
II	Introduction
15	The Theater of The Universe
17	The Entity
21	The Social
27	The Game
35	The Vital
51	The Mortal
63	The Immaterial
67	The Modern



## P R E F A C E

More often than not, people find themselves having extraordinary ideas which, given enough thought and effort, would render their previous experience of the world as a rather obsolete artifice. It is then, when confronted with the uttermost absurdity of the real and the apparently unattainable ideal, in total disregard of the imaginary whatsoever, that the individual is most oppressed.

This text appears out of the misfortunes of a man's journey into the known. That is, that which is perceivable at no cost other than, possibly, breathing. It is a blatant attempt at a transgression into the immaterial. Whether successful or not, thou shalt be the judge.

One thing is certain. This is not an experiment. This is, above all, an impediment for the cause of human-kind up until the moment the very first letter of this text was typed. It is not a manifest, but more of a prophecy. It is less of a handbook, while resembling that which is called a Grammar. A language, some might say. Rubbish, to the authorities.

Long have I dreaded the time upon which I were to dedicate myself into writing a book, always wanting to, but never knowing what about. Most of my life have I spent reading, watching, hearing what other people have done, not daring ever to open my mouth even though I lack fear to express myself in any matter, but always being not fascinated by what is actually being said. Nevertheless, this seemingly endless endeavor of trying to find that holy grail of ideas that may, somehow, result in the panacea for the ailments of our body, and our soul, and our mind, and our spirit, and whatever else we think we are, or have, or ought to be, or ought to possess is, in many ways, a trip we've all been through in one way or another. And this bothered me, because I wanted to be special. Just like everybody else.

So, as every one journeys through their lives, trying to make sense of what is it there is, if anything, or not nothing, at least, it is extremely clear that we all do not get the same in everything. That everything is somehow distinct for everyone.

How can we perceive and not superficially understand all these concepts that seem to be in contradiction with themselves, and still be real?

Where are we to pose ourselves amid this ocean of uncertainties?

Who are we to accept or deny the authorities of others over us?

Who are they to claim such rights?

Rights. Such a wonderful idea. Left-winged idealists might charge a penny every time that word is mentioned and there would still be people hungry everywhere in the world. Worse than destruction, total disregard abounds all throughout the world. Disregard for the being in itself and without.

There are notions in this world that are purposefully presented as difficult. There are goals that are deemed, almost universally, as unreachable. There are things in life that deserve our attention as there are attentions that deserve things in life, whichever they may be.

For those who are quick on their feet, what has already been said is enough to notice that nothing will ever be the same. You have just gotten the news. Whether they may be good or bad, I could care not as much as a bit, or whatever. What I do know is that there is nothing we can't undo. Really. Forget about time travel. Creating the future is more exciting than anything there has ever been. Words are just common courtesy. The law is, to my eyes, a mere set of instructions for mass control. Are you part of the masses?

In this book you will not find references, for none is needed. In its words you might find solace, war cries, profound and shallow statements, and, maybe, a couple of contradictions. What you will also not find here is truth nor are you to find lies. Of course, I may be lying right now, but you'll never know for real but until after you read every last word off of it. Challenge enough?

As far as it is known to any human, matters as trivial as reality itself are not to be taken seriously. Well, comedy and tragedy all look alike to me.

There are, also, things so obscure that they suck the existence out of every object that happens to get sufficiently close to them, so it gets devoid of its identity. Definitions: marvelous inventions. You'll see, clearly, that you may want to stop reading now, and you have not read anything yet.

If you are one of those who skips all the introductory elements in a book and goes straight for the meat and bones, let me say congratulations. You've just made a lot of yourself. This book is being written in order, as it should be read, but whatever. You can do what you want. Forget love. Forget life. Forget laws.

There is enough material in this book to feed, clothe and maintain a thousand-fold of the current human population, and it should thus achieve this purpose one way or another.







## INTRODUCTION

Human reality, through the ages, has undergone certain changes that have transformed it to what it is today. It is certain that we are to enjoy a series of technological advancements that permit an almost seamless dissemination of culture worldwide. People have long thought that there is a sense of progress occurring in the everyday life. Notwithstanding, it is inevitable to claim that, after the supposed darkness of the middle ages, that is, what is deemed The Renaissance, illustrious persons of all sorts have sought to achieve that elusive Illumination that, in all respects, would make them as much an immortal as the gods themselves. So, did mankind die and was born again, in the spirit of those who, inevitably, died physically, and looked back to those ancient mystics and classics for a stroke of inspiration; anything that would shed light on the chaotic obscurity that, at first glance, imbues this world in which we, too, live in.

Furthermore, it is needless to say that the efforts of those who have come before us were not in the slightest bit futile, for we have a plethora of tongues by which to express ourselves, and very beautiful and distinct cultures and traditions. We have also, in our genes, the very remnants of history itself, seeing that nothing comes from nothing. (Wink, wink.)

It must also be said that we owe to them a whole lot of impediments, although they are not to be held accountable for them, because they have, themselves, paid the ultimate price for their lack of ingenuity, or whatever. The price of death.

Now, here must stand the contemporary human being and contemplate what I call the threshold of immediacy. This is the point of all-or-never. The moment in which a born-again person is to stand on their own and not on top of the shoulders of little green garden gnomes. It is time for them to take a position towards the known-but-unknown reality.

Whereas the ancients thought of heroes, poets and sages in their cookie-cutter path to godlike attainment, thus must we think of ourselves as babies destined to Enlightenment. This is, then, a journey into the abyss of the ineffable in order to proclaim, by ourselves, the existence of light as we ourselves make it exist. That is, to recognize the means of creation as coming, intrinsically, from ourselves in every waking moment of our lives since its conception thereof.

I would call not this journey a way of liberation, but a liberation from the ways, or whatever you may see fit to describe that which this is. For this author, it matters not the take you may have on the subject, on the lights of his own judgment.

It is imperative, also, that this trip be taken in the most serious of manners and not as lightly as what others before have purported, for it is not a light matter. This is as gross as things can become. In this sense, this material is to be considered a degenerate form of pornography.

That being said, worry not, because much can be learned by watching high quality pornography, as it is also quite enjoyable. The best of the both worlds, some might say. The best of all, I dare state.

This trip, from the standpoint of the Post-Modern, is naught but utmost vanity. Know well that the only result of Post-Modernity is death, and nothing else. That is the price to pay. That is the only reason for its existence. A vile and vacuous bijection.

Again, worry not.

This trip, as you will soon notice, entails a sense of doom and gloom on our views on what there is, or what there has been up until we, ourselves, dictate our own predicament. We thoroughly take apart hundreds of thousands of years of culture within a couple of letter-laden pages. This is heresy against the holiest of holies. This is blasphemy.

We also explore that which constitutes us as human beings from a not-so-abstract point of view. This is the much feared absolutism that the last two centuries' physicists have tried to ignore. This is a crime, for those who are skewed to reduce everything to the theories of law and authoritative entitlement. The author does not care.

To the initiated, it must be obvious that this work encompasses no knowledge whatsoever, and will find their own views in an almost one-to-one contradiction to what they held most truly and veritable. Notice that this is not a piece of rock, nor is it green. You will not feel the need to experience visions of revelation. We are not dumb monkeys atop a balance beam. We are, or rather, you wish to become, Modern people manifest.

It, then, must seem strange to the fool, that this piece of writing holds no secrets or mysteries to be found or deduced. In fact, this must all be forgotten, given such ability or determination.

The humanitarian scholars will find themselves enraged because of the lack of immediate precedents while finding allusions to almost every area of knowledge within the scope of their studies.

My regards to the poor and confused philosopher. God is not dead.

Those who will find the most trouble, but receive the highest pleasure while reading this book, will be those ambitious scientists who may, or may not, encounter here a perfect fit with that which they have been rigorously taught in the little fish tanks they call classrooms, and have arduously studied late at night wherever their restless bodies may find the time.

Sociologists, anthropologists, and theologians will want to end their careers and embark themselves in a more fruitful enterprise while they can still live.

And, oh, may I have, please, a moment of silence for the stupid student of Architecture? Lest they rebel against the current state of the instruction of their profession, they will find themselves swallowed by the impertinence of the standard practice of sucking-up that is more affine to the interests of corporate voracity.

This, fellow earthlings, is a call for anarchy. Nothing more. Nothing else. Nothing as well.

So, buckle your seat-belts and load your weapon of choice. This will not be a bumpy ride, but you might find yourself, at times, trying to find your place.



## THE THEATER OF THE UNIVERSE

Let us start with a creation myth, in honor of our most esteemed ancestors, whose names we must not call ever again.

Atop a mountain, closest to the stars, where the heat is most precious, a woman lies, naked, in profound meditation. Needs she not open her eyes to be aware of all matters across the earth and about the skies. In times where only was one man left amongst the infinitude of perfectly beautiful women, a virgin man is denied the delicacy of love.

The day of his eight hundredth birthday, he decides to consult the Oracle on the fate of his life. Receives, he, no answer from the woman, but a sudden stare into the gates of his very soul.

Instantly, is he transported to the summit of the earth, where the all-knowing woman resides. Found himself naked, on top her. Her eyes wide open onto his. Found himself in complete ecstasy, being loved, and spilling himself, all into her being and self. This time did Sophia love a man at last. So, did he, inevitably, love her back. Not just that. Also did he become, with her, one.

Then were, automatically, all women on earth impregnated that day of March.

Thus was God born. And here we are. Kin of God. Grandchildren of Original Love, for the Universe is naught, but it will always exist as long as we are loved.





## THE ENTITY

Having already received our very own creation myth, some will try many things, provoking many thoughts, but we must divert our attention to the matters of the being and the self. These two words carry too much connotation, as many others whose synonyms you might find spread throughout this tract, and we will use here that of entity. Not wanting to be exhaustive in our presentation, giving room, always, for further development, if necessary, we expose at least three aspects pertaining to the constitution of an entity.

Firstly, it is of importance to entertain our previous notions on what an entity should be. There have always been mentions of physical entities as well as spiritual ones. Whether they'd be ghosts, animals, celestial bodies, we must not care about the current taxonomies of such things, nor the accustomed philosophical developments on metaphysics, ontology and all the rest.

We can notice that beings must, in first place, be somewhat tangible to each other in one way or the other, or all. That is, there must be some dimension, or dimensions, in which the entity is to be patently expressed. This expression, in general, is to be described as a body. It can be a body of matter, of energy, of idea, or ideas, a body of text, of knowledge. It is clear that this body is, in some sort, cohesive, while also, possibly, being composed of clearly identifiable parts. It would be natural to classify entities by the parts, or lack thereof, of their bodies, and by how different or similar are they one to another.

If you were to look at your own body, and enumerate its constituent parts, the eyes, the legs, the teeth, you might also find that it has also got parts invisible from the external observer, as your guts, your muscles. As invisible as these parts may be from the naked eye, it is undeniable that they might be quite tangible to the body of your mind. You might, also, undertake the task of identifying, by yourself, the different parts, if any, of your mind, or of your soul, if you feel it necessary. Well, your mind, you might say, is composed, or not, of memory, reason, insight, whatever. Your soul, of emotions, character, drive. Your spirit, of divinity, of the virtues. I don't know.

Now, if we think further, we can say that bodies have, also, intangible properties. These properties we will call, for simplicity, motions. Let's not constrain ourselves with the mechanical notion of motion, and extrapolate the idea onto the extraordinary. Since bodies have presence in the perceivable, something must they do. Some call these motions functions, for lack of a better word, but we must know better. These tangible bodies must somehow manage themselves within the vastness of the world, this Theater of The Universe, and at least cause some actions, or become subjects of it. Then, the way tangible bodies interact with each others is to be called a motion. The way ideas flow about your minds, the way water enters your mouth and hydrates your body and is, sometimes, expelled through your urinary tract, that is motion. Electrical current, motion. Conversation, motion. And these motions are nothing more than transformations of the bodies.

It is, then, that, with knowledge of how bodies move and transform each other, that we, as tangible bodies of ourselves, can find, or deduce, the simplest of our purposes, which may be pure manifestation. Also can, this way, knowledge be defined, as it is only this that which knowledge can deal with, but there is more.

Some bodies, if not all, are endowed with ideals. This can appear in some places as essence, or identity. In plain words, ideals are what makes a body, truly, unique, for they are that from which the bodies' parts are a direct consequence. The thing of the matter is that ideals do not really exist, and, as so, are made precisely of that which the Universe in its entirety is composed of. (Nothing.)

Ideals have, also, the unique characteristic of being effortlessly mutable, exchangeable, created, manipulated, destroyed, glorified, vitrified, or anything by cheer motive of the tangible or intangible bodies of any entity, or all of them, if you will.

As such, are ideals of an apparent obscure nature, but it should be noted that, as are the ideals changed, so does the entity itself change accordingly. If we could, really, comprehend such a powerful statement, able would we be to perform even the most outrageous miracles by today's standards. Forget about moving earths, controlling the winds. There are more interesting things worthy of our imagination, times and troubles.

We know that this is not all that we are. We know that this all seems totally out of grasp, but the mere fact that you are able to read these very lines is sufficient proof of the profoundness of our nonexistence. It is within language that we are permitted to conceive of such things. It is through language alone that we are to find some sort of order, as if dictated by an inherent reason of reality, by which to measure all of this that we take notice on. Language acts as a compiler of concepts or ideas, bringing all into existence. Is this so difficult to understand?

The problem may arise when, having developed a culture of ideas, they stagnate and fail to keep up with the ever-changing nature of the Universe. Furthermore, imagination is only to be possible as long as there is some sort of consciousness of what reality is at the present time. So, it is impossible for an entity to imagine far beyond the scope of its reality if it does not itself experience that reality of which it still takes in no way yet any part from whatsoever. That is, a future reality, because the past is of no concern to the Modern.

In this sense, there is, also, a need to comprehend that which is termed time. Ought time be another entity? Why not?

Time could be the subtlest of the entities, still having tangible and intangible forms, as well as to possess its own ideals. The time, part of all, part of nothing, moving itself to the beat of all beings' drums, instructing a sense of order into all organs, permitting the sense of motion between the entities. Then, as time moves, does it express itself tangibly onto the entities, letting them know, by the way they all move about each other, as means of a sign, what time it is and what time is to come.

Should a person know how to interpret these signs, perfect knowledge and action may only follow suit.

Another inevitable consequence of the existence of time is that of the existence of Gravity. But this is a matter that will be elucidated upon farther into this text. For now, it is only of our concern to meditate on the fact that it is also time that which may be a direct consequence of the other.



## THE SOCIAL

As human entities that move around each other, we have culturally managed to develop different manners by which to relate ourselves in an almost complete separation from the rest of the world as if in an experiment in vacuum and without friction. The organizations that have resulted from these dealings, while also becoming some types of entities in themselves, have come to be to many and in a deliberate fashion the only world in which to exist. This is, the social world. Although, intrinsically, in imitation of the real, it is nothing other than imaginary. Its ways have been regarded as unchangeable. It is unfathomable to think of them as non-existent, because of custom. Because of indoctrination. Some call this "the system," and they fail not in doing so. In no ways is it to be called a machine, for that would be demeaning to all mechanical entities.

There are many aspects of society in general, but to describe society in its entirety is nothing but an enormous task way beyond the scope of this book, as, to do so, we must also deal with all the historical aspects of the matter at hand, a thing of no present interest to the Modern.

Society, as is, is based on what we call old truths that have no meaning in today's world, but, as it is already known that, even after all technological advancements, Renaissance is not yet over, say, the Modern have still not all been Enlightened, these old truths are still in effect today. The Modern, needing not to soil its hands with such things, will find it idiotic to support such a society and even unnecessary to think about it all as an existent entity.

Foremost, there are institutions that supposedly serve to minister the truths they were founded upon. These entities regulate, as if holding absolute power over the world and anything in it, the ways that things are to take place, regardless of time, regardless of space, and with no concern whatsoever on the benefit of any other entities than itself. Clearly, these entities did not appear out of nowhere. For them to be recognized, they must have been established by some authority previously accepted by the society of the time.

How, then, did this authority come to be? It must be obvious that by knowledge, oppression, repression, coercion, and secrecy, for, by no other way, can an entity relinquish power to another. This is, maybe, why the

Modern is mistrustful of the authorities, for blood is in their hands. Not that there is something inherently wrong or right in killing, but it is a fact that freedom is too precious to be handled by inexperienced hands, or by artificial entities. Whatever.

In order to establish such institutions, a rule set must be devised. Notice that rules are not to be created, for the mechanisms of their construction have existed as long as language itself, so do these rules constitute a snapshot of reality, or truth, if we may, at the time they are devised. Mechanisms within these rules may have also been devised in order to imitate the caprices of the times to come, but it's inevitable for time to change faster than these set of rules can, and, as such, it should be far more effective to devise a brand-new rule set every time time changes. A thing precisely known to be too difficult to achieve.

To those who know at least a little bit, it is clear that, in order to follow some secret agenda, must the rules permit a way to favor those within the organization and to defalcate those without. These devices are to be called, without exception, the exception. Exceptions are what makes this artificial social world as beautiful, or as nasty, as it appears to be. Exceptions have long served to destroy and corrupt the most sane of minds, or entities in general. Because of exceptions have people lived and died. Also, because of them, some have got richer or poorer. Exceptions appear to have relieved the role of natural luck among human kind. Because of this, many dreams have come true, and many others have not. The truly lucky one can only be the Modern.

Now, let's examine the institution of marriage. Who needs a piece of parchment to consolidate such a thing? Where is it unquestionably stated that only one person can be completely loved? Where is love to be defined?

Many may cry that, oh, there is an indubitable order of things that must be followed. Truly, or, maybe, not.

It is this concept of order, the idea that one thing can only follow from another, a thing, probably, implied by logic, whatever that may be, that has way too many times been drawn upon to ratify the constitution of the aforementioned institutions. Order implies difference. Not that there is anything moral about this idea, but artificial differences make no sense to the Modern if they are not disposable. From these differences arise relations

between the members of an institution, and, from these relations, a series of dynamics, artificial as they may be, that govern, sadly, all facets of their daily lives. Because of them, some wish to escalate the corporate ladder, to be elected president, to become a pope, to be a renowned artist, to head a criminal organization, to marry the most beautiful of a group, to be a black-belted martial artist.

It seems as if nothing could be attained instantly, and that this attainment can only be granted by the officiating authority. The way institutions impose themselves in order to confer authority is that of graduation. That is, to their eyes, you are only worthy of a title, which confers some sort of authority, just as they see fit that it is so. A position in a company, that of, say, CEO, is nothing but a title with its responsibilities, or lack of them, and its privileges. Your high-school or college diploma, a degree. Your belt. What are they all really? To what purpose? For which ends? The Modern only sees but vacuity in all of this, for those who want to know really, will really know, and need no other entity to assert or not the knowledge attained.

So, all in order, people spend all their hopes and wills and efforts wishing to receive a promotion. Efforts that can be, ultimately, channeled towards the most sincere and pure manifestation of the self without the impediments of governing bodies or authorities. But no. Society has taught us that nothing great can come just from oneself.

Behold, then, the device of attraction. The light that attracts the flies to the electrified fence of doom: the prestige. Were there not to be prestige in that which is sought, institutions would have no leverage against the urge to dissent. The idea of prestige is very appealing to the innate sense of greed in the human being. A status that sets the self apart from, or above of, or below of, the other. And it is just by this that the fact that these institutions have been initially established by some long gone authority becomes irrelevant and becomes a mere symbol by which to brand these social cattle. The individual entity is virtually destroyed by the artificially instituted one. Armed with authority is an entity able to exercise pressure on those who aren't. This we call force.

These forces, differently from the physical ones, do no work. The way these forces interact, as if they were entities by themselves, is by controlling the expenditure of an entity's time in vain, but with other oppressed entities.

As they intertwine throughout history, they are able to produce what, by Modern standards, may be regarded as rubbish or garbage. Serving no other purpose than to harvest the institution of money, whose value is solely based on exclusivity, on whim, and on no sources at all. And as institutions amass great fortunes, and more and more people are oppressed because of their forces, thus times call for a change in the status quo.

Traditionally, the way in which these changes have taken place is by what has been called revolutions. Revolutionaries, as they call themselves, are nothing different from the bigots they fight against by conjuring some sort of authority within some subset of society to gain force in order to impose their own truths on the structure of the rest of the society by institution also. Hence the reason why they all must fail. Since this is all more of the same old dung, these so-called revolutions must be more aptly called evolutions of society, although not of humanity.

The construct of the “enemy,” of fighting against the system, is yet another means of mass control. This apparently beautiful idea of the least against the many has obviously often been repeated throughout history since its conception, and it always creates a sense of hope among the participants of the “resistance.” These hopes, as empty as they really are, for there is nothing really to fight against, is what, underneath it all, gives the proponents of an evolution all of its massive force. Everyone wants to see the giant fall.

See that giants were not always so. Giants were babies once, just like any evolutionary social movement. These small resistances are destined, whether they like it or not, to become giants themselves, lest they perish in trying to take over. This is the dream of splendor. So, is the story repeated again and again. Must the Modern come and end the vicious cycle? What are, then, the means by which these evolutions are to take place? Only two seem to come to mind at first glance. Those are by virtual means and by physical means.

The virtual means occurs when one institution is replaced by another. Since institutions lack any biological life, another must abort it. The ways of abortion may be many, and, in spite of being here classified as virtual, rest assured that many physical changes can cause the immediate abortion of an institution. Another way of abortion can be that of infiltration. In as to escalate gradually until an executive order can be given from within to effectuate its abortion thereof. Also can another institution claim a higher



“undeniable” authority, whether from another institution or another entity in general, and thus abort successfully the institution in question.

The other means by which evolutions can happen is when an institution can no longer manage or keep control of its domain and sees no other option than to cease to exist, in which case, by sheer necessity, does another baby institution seize the moment and rises to take its place. In other cases can the officiating institution willingly “pass the torch” to another upcoming one, even if as of mere compassion, or out of spite, or by simple exhaustion, or even because of the presence of greater ambitions.

What is left is that which is obviated and the most obvious of it all. We all want cake, not just a piece of it. We all want it all. The Universe, as the nothingness that it is, is ample enough to accommodate all of us without any being left unsatisfied from their greatest ambitions, whichever they may be. This is to say that the world, the real world, is not a zero-sum game, as The Social has wanted us to believe. There is, in fact, no indication at all that the world, the real world, must come to an end if considered for that it really is. Verily can this world, the social world, become extinct. So, can humankind, but it does not have to, and it does not imply that the world, the real world, will cease to exist.

Also, the moment a single person looks up to any institution, and expects to obtain from it any authority whatsoever, that person does instantly self-denies the possibility of becoming something by his or her own might, and, even if not being an active part in the fluctuation of forces that society produces, that person, nonetheless, feeds and supports the system and is as part of it as the most fervent activist. Take it as it is, or leave it as it was.



## THE GAME

From a very early age, they teach us that we have to learn how to play, and that childhood is the age in which we must not be concerned about anything other than to play, and that games are a thing for the children. At least that seems to be the official discourse. Of course, it has been long said that life itself is more like a game than anything else. Mathematically, games are all of one nature, all of them have their different categories, but games are still games. The question now arises regarding how life is to be any different from any other game, say chess. From the standpoint of The Social, it is not. But the Modern, who has looked beyond the limits of societal structure and has observed the miracles of the Universe from the comfort of his own imagination, is more than certain that games are, truly, child's play. So, is war to be deemed a mere game.

Societal structures have allowed for the dynamics between human entities to be modeled after some sort of game whose rules are never mentioned to those who dare play it. These rules, apart from being totally ridiculous, would take ages, for even the most intelligent renaissance-person, to master without taking The Modern Trip. These people who dedicate themselves to this are called pick-up artists, or bitches. The fact of the matter is that the corpora of their knowledge has been termed by themselves as The Game.

Ideally, these pick-up artists are nothing more than mere strategists, and strategists have been around as long as there have been games to be played. It should be easy for us to expound on this idea within the context of the material presented up to now in this modest book. We must have in mind that, to the Modern, games are still child's play.

To commence the development of our Game, we must extol on our idea of the entity into a much higher place of existence. Specifically, the entity of the mind. We are not now to explain what a mind is, but, rather, the types of mind that seem to be out there by the lights of readily available knowledge.

Let's start with that of the singular mind. Objectively, it is obvious that any entity has a mind of its own. It is also clear that two persons can, and will, almost always, think differently at any time or about any subject that may be presented to them. If we consider the idea of the plurality of single

minds, it becomes obvious that to develop a strategy for dealing with each one of them gets to be an almost total impossibility, given that, as any mind is an entity, and possibly an institution in itself, the very rules that compose them are to differ from mind to mind, and that it is obvious that these rules are to contain, possibly, exceptions. So, a good strategist will always tell you to find your enemies' weaknesses to use them against them.

Still, supposing there is an infinitude of minds out there, developing a Game of at least many exceptions, each for each of some of the minds that may be out there, is to be a daunting task, and proves to be a way of enlightenment. Reality is that singular minds are not the only thing that are out there in the world.

Throughout the centuries, the renaissance-person has tried to oppress a section of their demographics labeling them as insane, and, as time has run along, scientists of the mind have tried to study how madness comes to be, and, yet, they have found nothing of substantiating truth to the matter. Since not so long ago, developments have been made into the field of psychiatry, and certain categorizations have been drafted in order to arrive at some sense pertaining to mental health, or mental states, in general, and there has appeared a classification of that of "schizophrenia."

Loosely speaking, schizophrenia means just "the splitting of the mind," or something like that. If we meditate a little on what this phrase is to mean, if anything, we can arrive at the conclusion that, certainly, just like you can split an atom to release incredible amount of energy, thus can a mind be split in a similar fashion. We can relate this splitting of atoms, or of minds, to that idea of switching gears.

Given that the mind is supported by some sort of life-force, which can be seen as a motor consuming combustible substances, depending on the condition of the environment, one may want not to drive only in the first gear, which may also be seen as the singular mind, but to make an optimal use of all the options. Please, take time thinking about the fact that most cars today also have a reversing gear, and that directions are of no importance, really, to the Modern.

Way too many cases, throughout history, have appeared in which "madness" can be correlated to "genius achievements," and that this condition does not give enough reason for the mad to be punished or suppressed in any sort or manner. In fact, you would not think of your

automobile to be less powerful if it had more gears than one. Right? From this perspective, the splitting of the mind can be seen as an ability, instead of an illness or a disease.

This ability, or state of the mind, we like to call the multiple minds. The fact that any entity may possess, and we are using this word in the loosest of ways, multiple minds makes the task of developing a Game a tad bit more challenging, since the complexity of such a state of mind can be of, potentially, infinite orders of magnitude higher than that of a singular one. Also, knowledge on how to attain such a state of mind can result useful on developing one's own Game.

We may dare state that, although most people would deny this, many, if not all persons, have some degree of multiple minds, given that The Social has grown so complex that using multiple minds ought to be of utmost necessity, because of social evolution. To keep track of multiple things and events throughout space and time simultaneously, we must pay attention to each of them individually. So, a singular mind is of no use whatsoever in such cases. Furthermore, this state of mind does not encompass, necessarily, the expression of psychosis, and, if present, these expressions may rather be channeled, or vented, through "socially accepted" means, such as martial arts, or arts, generally speaking, seeing that the use of multiple minds can take its toll on the body somehow.

The last type of mind that comes to mind at the time of writing these words is one that may make the development of a Game easier for the PUA. It is that of the unity mind. Researchers might want to call this type of mind a collective mind, but it seems that these minds rather select than collect, if anything. The existence of collective minds goes back as far as the awareness of the conception of mind, since it enables an entity to identify consciousness in any other. This awareness forms the basis of all religions and of all human enterprises.

Historically, religions have been devised, as institutions with their own set of rules and degrees and whatever, of course, as a means of supposed empowerment in which a set of ideas construct certain exclusively ideal entities, whether they'd be based on real ones or not, that serve as a model to those who decide to give up their personal identity in favor of that one which is being proposed. This way, does a person seek, successfully or otherwise, to imitate this ideal entity. In many cases, do some try to

construct a supposedly original ideal entity with bits and pieces of those others presented by the different religions.

In contemporary times, the same phenomena occurs also, to some degree or another, in what is called cult of personality. What happens is that people, within The Social, esteeming themselves devoid of authority, look up to those personalities artificially instituted with authorities, such as celebrities, or even fictional characters in the media in search of a guiding personality which to follow. We can see that, regardless of the source of the personalities in question, the person that follows them, looks for symbols or insignias, or amulets, by which to identify itself with such personalities, thus making it easy, for those who know a little, to develop their Game in relation to the unifying traits of those minds that are based on such ideal personalities. These minds have the peculiarity of being, like all institutions, artificial. That is, they cannot be regarded as eternal, because they exist only in imitation of the completely natural phenomenon of the awareness of the conception of mind. They cannot survive but for a set period of time without being constantly updated by artificial means.

On the other hand, in the search of one's own identity, these artifices may be quite useful, as to get to know what's out there, and what has already been done. The same happens when studying history, or theories, in general. People, in their search of the ultimate truth, fail to recognize that they, themselves, can be a personality of their own, if there is to be such a thing. Again, it may be somewhat true to think of personality as the ideal aspect of an entity, and that, just by living consciously, that ideal is only perfect and in complete accordance with time, space, and the whole of the Universe. So, it is, probably, unnecessary to be too concerned on what our own personality is, since, just like time itself, it would be in constant motion.

If we are to be concerned of something now, let it be about that concerning the powers. It should be of the opinion of the Modern that knowledge is only power if it is not of public domain. That being said, power may only be measured by economical means. Surplus, and the rest. Well, it seems to be real that the Social is a game of power. Many books have been written on the subject since the first instituted monarchy, or government of any type. These powers come to existence by one way only: classification and codification. See that powers use force and do work, and that powers are, truly, transforming agents in real existence. That is, all

entities, since their conception, have universally and naturally given powers, or have been given *the power*, if you feel somewhat anal about it all. Thus, we hold, because of our very own existence, the agent of transformation, which is not creation, for only the Modern can create, or choose not to, or whatever.

To classify, as it has already been said, is the only way to attain knowledge, and classification implies a notion of classes. And what are classes? That, you may ask. Class could very well be the way of organizing categories, and categories may be the generalization of the spectra of relations on some scope by the lights of some order, or something like that, or any definition that pleases your mind. Class can also be that which sets apart the subtle from the gross, or whatever, and sets the distinction between one and another because of their apparent properties. So might a woman in a little black dress, high heels, pearl earrings and a diamond necklace be called as being of high class, or as being classy. Things are classical if, within the scope of their subject matter, they do not deviate from a certain canon that imposes some sort of order into it all. An interesting thing about classes is that one class over a scope, or domain, might serve as a plausible template for a class over, or within, another scope. This is so, because of the intrinsic properties of order. It is necessary to conceptualize first on order to be able to classify later.

Now, codification can only be obtained by the conception of language. It should be known that language, ideally, is to be a perfect reflection of nature, or that which the Universe is. That is, nothing, as the Modern might say. The thing is that, even if we are not to be sure of how, anything that manifests in reality, or in the imaginary, can and will be expressed, in one way or another, or at one time or another, as a feature of language. Then the codification of things in language produces, inevitably, the essence of such things in order to reproduce them, or be used as reference at a later time by reinterpretation.

It is then that things that happen, situations, truths, expressions of the wills, can be classified and codified into rules, laws, maxims, proverbs, stories, or anything in order to be regarded as authoritative, or as tenets of ultimate truth, thus giving rise to power.

There are, then, a couple of symbols that ultimately express the possession of power. First, and foremost, there is the symbol of the smile. Every one

can smile, but how you smile determines, easily, the kind of power you have. By a smile, you can tell, almost exactly, the kinds of thoughts that are moving within a person's mind, and the knowledge of the expressions of these smiles can give an entity some sort of insight on how are others to perceive their own mind, or whatever, thus making the intangible, or an idea, somewhat tangible. See that this class, that of the smile, can be, also, used as a template for other types of symbolic expressions of the bodies. Thus, a motion, anything that encompasses any type of change of state, can be seen as a symbol of underlying, that is intangible, expression. But, since a tangible change is to remain, really, intangible, the phenomena that follows is that of appearances, facades. By being conscious of their appearances, can a person demonstrate their powers to other entities while still retaining an undamaged integrity. These appearances can also stimulate other entities, thereby creating, yes, creating, what is called a reputation. This thing, reputation, is not any other than authority being conferred by a body of entities to another entity in particular. Another thing about the motions of the tangible, it is that any motion of matter inevitably affects all the others, because of Gravity, but then, again, about Gravity we will talk a little more thoroughly soon.

The other way that powers are recognized is by way of a handshake, which, just like a smile, can tell a lot about the persons it takes place with. The difference here is that physical, tangible, contact is being performed, and that more is being communicated between those who shake hands than to those other outside observers, if any. Many times, the way people shake hands provides each with essential information about the status of their powers. Also, shaking hands may signify a bond of trust between parties; a way to recognize each other as equals, or as reaching some sort of agreement. In other cultures, handshaking, although of a sometimes virtually physical manner, takes place as a show of respect and humility. That is, many things can be signified by a handshake, but the importance of all this is that handshakes are not things that are merely broadcast, as stances, or smiles are. Then they are of a more intimate nature. Also, if as a form of salutation, handshakes can take place between a real entity and an artificial one, such as a flag, a hymn, a symbol, an ideal, or whatever, or can take place between purely artificial or virtual entities, like computer



programs, doors, keys, discourses, pieces of clothing, etc., each expressing their powers to one another.

What about the consequences of the powers? There are to be many, but only four come to be of interest at the moment. The thing is that, as grandiose as the powers might be, they, without control, produce at least the following four dreads.

The first dread is that of nostalgia. As The Society progresses and The Game becomes more and more complex and exclusive, the human entity has as little as more an option as to look back into the past and reminisce about the older times, when things were easier, or more beautiful, or simpler, or whatever. This dread is a direct product of memory, and a cry of helplessness in the face of social evolution.

Another dread is that which is felt when something which has been held of great esteem is lost. That which is lost can take the form of an entity, an institution, a faculty, an authority, a power, anything, and they are to be, naturally, mourned, just like a person can mourn their sanity. Mourning, which can last but a second, or years, or a lifetime, certainly takes its toll on the smile of a person. You can look at a mourning person and, just by their motions, you can, yourself, recognize the sadness and angst which they may be feeling inside, even if they try their best to hide it behind a beautiful facade. It is a custom for entities to offer some sort of contact, a handshake, to the mourning. This act, even if born out of the best of intentions, are, ultimately, acts of pity, but there are others that may think the contrary. Who is the Modern to say that they are not right?

At times, by some reason or another, or, maybe, regardless of the circumstances, that is, whether they are in a crowded place, or in the company of a loving person, or even alone, an entity might feel itself in extreme loneliness, and this loneliness can cause a feeling of desperation, amongst many others. What is, then, this dread that is loneliness? What causes it? How can one describe it? How can it be resolved? Is it healthy? Why won't other people care? Should one be ashamed of it? Why does it not seem to end? Am I the only one who feels this? What can be done with it? Why is it so dreadful? The Modern is sorry to tell you that you are alone in the search of the answers to these questions. The problem is that loneliness can come both from too much apparent power, or even the lack

of it. In all of the spectra of social classes is loneliness and despair to be found. Why? Leave it to a self-help book, that which this is not.

Last, but not necessarily least, there is that thing that drives us, that awakes in us an urge to do something, life-force, soul, the Universe, whatever you may call it, and that, because of social conventions, by fear, we, ourselves, suppress and feel guilt afterwards. This we term inhibition. Many schools of thought cherish the ability to inhibit their drive, and encourage so. Others, advice that, in order to achieve attainment, the soul must be liberated in all ways, including inhibitions. Some may discuss here that almost nonsensical concept of the will, while others, not many nowadays, would profess the determinacy of it all. The Modern, after the long journey of its life, is able to see through these prefabricated gross structures into the certainty, or lack thereof, of their existence, or inexistence, or anything in between, or further, or as far or as close to the limits, if any, of anything the Modern might have conceived, and otherwise. If this does not make any sense, congratulations. If it does, why are you still reading this?

To end this chapter, it is of no more need to say that institutions profit on your inhibitions and on your lack of it. Either way, they need your Blues.

## THE VITAL

Now, let's forget about it all and be Modern for a chance. This chapter will be the most difficult one to write from a technical standpoint, but will surely be the most enjoyable to the reader. Here will be things extolled that may be the most sacred and the most vile. I hope that your seat-belts are still tightly fastened.

At last, and I'm sorry physicists, as you will be disappointed, or not, here comes the subject of Gravity, or Fascinations. Throughout, people find themselves fascinated by the obscure, the unexplainable, the indescribable things that still seem certain to exist. These Fascinations have workings of their own across time, space, and vacuum. Whether it affects nothing also will be left to you, little scientists in rain coats. Fascinations are born out of at least five principles: instantaneity, inevitability, irreversibility, invisibility, and imperiousness. There may be more, or there may be less, but let's see where this all takes us. Shall we? Then, we will talk a little on those matters that seem to always obstruct our Fascinations, and finish with its expressions, which will prove to be a catharsis to the soul of the Modern.

Yes, the first of the principles, of instantaneity. There are those, like this author, that truly believe in love at first sight. Certainly, when an entity perceives, tangibly, another entity, they tend to move, intangibly, in any or all of the varieties of motions, depending on how fascinated are they with one another in relation to their Fascinations with the rest of the existing entities, whether they know it or not. Because of this principle, that of instantaneity, each entity can, by modeling the properties of Fascination, ideally, as precisely as it can, prepare its motions in order to use them in whichever way they see fit.

Secondly, the principle of inevitability. The existence of Fascinations is inevitable, and entities have no power whatsoever over it. Entities are at the inevitable mercy of the Fascinations between them.

All actions of Fascinations are irreversible by nature. Once Fascinations act upon all bodies, they are set, terribly, in motion, and these motions cannot be taken back. The entities may get deviated, but Fascinations may never be negated.

Fascinations act invisibly. They cannot be perceived nor explained, but only after the intangible aspects of the entities have been affected.

Lastly, Fascinations are imperious in principle. Its supreme authority over all entities is unquestionable, and it is not an institution. Fascinations never take no for an answer. Either you are fascinated, or not. Take it or leave it.

Okay. Let's stop for a moment and consider what it is to be an obstruction to Fascinations after knowing, already, which are their principles. By obstructions, we mean the configurations of entities in a manner in which a pair of entities may not be fascinated by each other. There appears to be two obstructions: the partial and the total.

The partial obstruction takes place in the manner of concealment. It is called partial, because entities are to be fascinated with one another regardless of their knowledge of it or of any obstacles in between. If Fascinations are sufficient, all concealments will be destructed inevitably. Concealment occurs when any entity limits, tangibly, another.

There are no total obstructions for Fascinations. That is, except, possibly, the void.

Now, Fascinations, as is already known, express themselves, always, in obscure ways, and their effects are all.

All expressions that arise from Fascinations are of extreme pureness in essence. No action that comes from Fascinations are to be regarded as dirty, ill-mannered, malign. They are always the most sublime. Fascinations are undeniable, and those who deny their own Fascinations are doing nothing but negating themselves. If Fascinations are strong enough and, if helped by space and by time, Fascinations tend to increase or decrease in intensity between any pair of entities. Fascinations can be destructive, for, if entities are too fascinated between themselves, their respective integrities, whether tangible, intangible, or ideal, may find the end of their existence as a consequence. The effects of Fascinations aren't completely predictable. In order to tell how Fascinations are going to become manifest, complete knowledge of all entities needs to be accounted for. Fascinations are consistent in nature, contrary to time, which is complete onto itself. Fascinations are clear. You can feel them, and they never fail to manifest.

Fascinations are to exist always, and, as so, they are eternal. Entities will always be fascinated. Period!

Now, after Fascinations, what comes? Inevitably, the necessity of Consequence, or Affections. As implied by order, imposed by logic, one thing must come after another. So, in all the ways that Fascinations are manifested, motions are to be observed. These motions must always correspond to the changes of time, and vice-versa. Then, as time changes, being time of not an obscure nature, some relations between the bodies, or entities, like their Fascinations, can be deduced by “keeping up” with time.

Traditionally, since the times of the early societies, the illuminated have made use of the principle of causality, how they call it in the academia, to scour the present, to discern the meaning of things and of past events, and to, possibly, foretell the happenings of the future. In this way has been produced the idea of The Destinies. The Modern might notice that, in these matters, there’s no true argument in favor or against determinism.

The Modern can say that all is a matter of fortunes. That is, in all the senses of the word. Long has it been held that, by luck, all is to be done. If you take, for example, a deck of playing cards, there are to be a myriad of ways that they may be ordered, and that, depending on its order at a given time, and whatever that may be asked from it, which may vary from time to time or not, whatever is got from it at the time of asking will be exactly that one thing and not any other. Now, considering that the number of entities can be at any time possibly infinite, depending on the configurations of it all, at any given time, one and only one thing can happen, and all local instances of what happens at that time are each related to each other, firstly, by concurrence. See that the only way that fortunes are not to be repeated is if there are exactly infinite entities in existence at all times, or if no entities exist at all, or if both. This said, meditating on the idea of the infinite, and noticing the differences between the spectra of things, entities can be affected in different kinds of manners. Surely, there can be infinite ways to show Affection.

Examining more closely the effects of Affections, we notice that in some sort of place must that thing called the prime motion be. Again, if you want to call it soul, or drive, it is almost certain that it is there. This is to

say that it is not only Fascinations that which affects, but our ideals. So can Affections be that which we may call a forwarding of intent. Then we could argue that all motions must carry, specifically, some sort of Affection, and that this is the only way in which an ideal can make itself tangible.

Were The Destinies to be denied, only one thing can happen, and that is the voiding of purpose. That whatever soul drives an entity is to be transported instantly into the abyss of nothingness. This is what happens when an entity cancels itself, and it is better for it not to have existed in the first place. This is damnation in its very essence.

With all this knowledge, and knowing about its dangers, what is an entity to do with its newly found power to affect? A myriad of choices appear immediately almost out of nowhere. How is an entity to decide which choice to take and, thus, make its own destiny? Some might propose an informed decision, but lo and behold, the Modern has a better idea. The Modern proposes the use of intuition.

Intuition is a thing which has traditionally been deemed to be possessed exclusively by the female gender of the species, but the Modern knows this is all a lie. This happens in the same way that it is mostly female witches that were burned at the stake and not men. An embarrassing consequence of patriarchal society, for both warlocks and witches have always existed since ancient times. Direct yourselves to where the sun is born and acquaint yourselves with The Directions.

Alright. We know how to affect, but discrepancies always seem to arise when accounting for the give and take of Affections. This is called the problem of Reciprocity, or Correspondence. When an entity deals with another it does so in views of an effect. That is, the entity concocts a prediction of the other entity's state at a future time. This is called an expectation.

The results of expectation, when not asserted, can be many. Here, we will talk about a few. The one that comes to mind immediately is that of disappointment. When things do not go as we plan them to, disappointment cannot but follow suit. Rage is not uncommon, and

troubles in mind, spirit, and business can also take place. Miscarriage, which can lead to depression and other maladies in the self and in future or different entities, can result fatal if not treated with the proper care. The ways one can affect another can take their toll on life and the Universe in general. We must then be careful with our actions. Others can become concerned of our safety and of their own when some fastuous enterprise fails. Affections may result inopportune if we do not attune ourselves with the reality in which we live in. Inopportune actions can bring shame on one's own and on those we are related to. Previous contracts or engagements can be disastrously annulled. Things might change for the worst. Luck will not seem to be by our side. Worry not, the opportunist might reply, let us not concern ourselves with failure, let's try harder next time. The Modern knows there is no next time, and that what's done is done. Maybe it's best not to expect at all.

Since expectations are a futile endeavor, how are we to think about correspondence? We are not to think of it as something that is, rather, as something that may or may not happen. We are not to expect it, because expecting correspondence implies an interest, and interests are not Fascinations. Interests are of no good matter. They are not of any matter at all, not even ideally. Interests are, and the Modern is sorry to agree, vacuous products of institutional society. Correspondence carries connotation.

Correspondence can be used as a method of cancellation. If you are to, please, entertain the thought of an entity giving another a gift of extreme value, an Affection out of Fascination, the other entity might accept it and continue its duly course. Since this Affection is only a show of Fascination, it does not carry a message or anything that compels the affected entity, as in the case of handshakes, to return a gift of similar value, maybe because of guilt or whatever, to the affecting entity. If in this manner is an Affection corresponded, this is a clear indication of an agenda, or that the corresponding entity is bound to another, whether it is ideal or any of the rest, and is no longer an Affection, but a vile transaction in order to, somehow, cancel the original Affection. It is as if the affected entity is to be instituted as a mirror and the Correspondence, accordingly, that light which is reflected off of it. Affections are always selfless in nature. Cancellations never work. Cancellations are not sacrifices, because sacrifices are not out of an ulterior motive and are, truly, Affections,

whether the objects of such Affections exist or not. So, why should someone then expect something that might as well be an insult?

In this way, when Correspondence is not of similar value, but of a higher magnitude, it acts as an expression of condescension. The corresponding party shows its powers as a demonstration of the artificial non-parity between it and the affector, obviously not because of Fascination, but because of infatuation. This may also be called boasting. An entity that acts in this manner shows no respect for any entity, including itself, and should be taken as a charlatan with no purpose in life.

An entity which obsessively corresponds Affections throughout time, if being given way too many opportunities not to do so, as expecting not to be corresponded is also an illusion, does not more than to feed the habit of regression between the entities. Regression is not more than the organic decay of an entity. Organic decay occurs when the status quo is wanted to be maintained. These entities are to be called expert accountants, and they make use of different artifices in order to “maintain their accounts.” These artifices may take the forms of lists, which are usually artificially ordered, tables, which may explore an artificial structure of dimensions, or even databases in forms of artificial trees searched by greedy algorithms. These kinds of records, or ledgers, are not but proof of nature disavowed. The Universe will always find its way to set things straight, or to preserve its integrity, no artifices necessary.

All hope is not lost. There are still things that may work when entities deal with each other. We must discover the utility of Constructs, or Rapport.

We may consider, now, the way entities mingle among each other. In other words, exactly that which they do with their Affections and the sort of meanings these Affections have, if any. We propose that the ways entities, as singular constituent parts of any particular society, affect each other are to, inextricably, produce a Construct. Also, since all entities are different, by the natures of matter and order and all the rest, we propose that these Constructs can be verily described. But we are not going to delve here into the specifics of language, (which may not be so much a different thing than that which is being figuratively explained throughout this book), under the lights of any previous codified system of knowledge, regardless of what that knowledge may be, and of the subject in which it



specializes. Again, we do not intend all of this to be of an exhaustive nature nevertheless.

As entities roam about with their lives, if we could allow for such vulgar terminologies, since we don't want to say 'as things exist,' for aesthetic reasons, they are immersed in a pretty hostile environment in which many motions occur, apparently, simultaneously. Some of these may deliberately be out of Fascination, while others mayn't. What is curious is that the share of motions that affect a single entity always finds a way to become manifest, to one degree or another, in the body of such entity as an effect. A clear example is that of the plastic surgeon operating on a patient, and the reason it is so will be left to you as an assignment. What we can say now is that the body, somehow, bears the marks of its history, which is merely, in general, the ordered succession of motions related to an entity in particular. In this sense, Rapport is the act in which an entity becomes part of another, because of their shared history.

In other cases, the Rapport between entities can vary greatly in assiduosity, because of the means. When entities interact indirectly, by means of other entities, the magnitude of their intrinsic motions seems to become larger or smaller, because of the means in use, but not smaller than a certain measure, whatever that may turn out to be. Certainly, not less than nothing. In no case is Rapport to be any different ideally were the entities to interact directly, but such transformations induced by the means must all be considered necessary.

Rapport can also be of an empty and shallow kind; of no serious repercussions. Totally ineffectual. We can say almost trivial also. Totally vacuous by design. Becoming of no importance. Merely factual, because the only thing that could be said about the entities is that they are in Rapport, and nothing else. What kind of Rapport? It doesn't matter. It never will.

Now, there can come times in which the difference in Fascinations between entities induce a certain kind of stressed Rapport between them. What should be noted here is that, invariably, they are still in Rapport, and the only way it can still be maintained, for lack of a better verb, is if their Fascinations are enough for all of them to keep affecting each other. That is, there are no disruptive obstacles yet, but their identities have not become fused either.

Some entities, in their paths, may choose to, in some sense, rise above the rest, or may result in an elevated condition in Rapport with another.

This elevation is certainly not illusory, and it can also be of different degrees, dimensions, colors, etc.. These elevations may depend on the complexity of the ideal, as well as of the beauty of the tangible, or the warmth of the intangible. It is of no surprise that those who lie on a different level than the entities in question may discriminate them or behave in a condescending manner towards them, regardless of whether they really are on a level above or below that of them. This is because Rapport occurs strictly and only out of the entities being in that same degree of elevation. We can say that there is this kind of Rapport between two Professors Emeritus.

Rapport can also appear out of the known fact that the entities share something in common, whether it is a hobby, an interest in general, a cultural background, the first letters of their middle names. Anything. The thing is that, although it could be said that many entities share what we might call features, or something of the like, it cannot necessarily be asserted that they are in Rapport. Something must happen first: they must become associated. Please notice that entities can be associated while still not entering a state of Rapport. Rapport without association can also occur. The ways in which entities can become associated vary and are almost infinite, if not so. See that they must always depend on a seemingly invariable aspect of the entities, for if it were to change so flimsily, Rapport cannot happen. Don't ask me why. Try to find an exception, and all I will say is 'good for you,' as it is really not of our concern. At least not of the Modern.

Sometimes, entities may engage in Rapport either with no intentions whatsoever, or out of the blue, forcibly, as if Destinies had made it inevitable. The whole purpose, the why, and the ends of such Rapport are, all in all, futile in nature. They amount to nothing, they become out of nothing, may encompass a lot of other things, associations, Affections, problems, troubles, obstacles, even effort, but all it does is provoke a feeling of unpleasantness on third parties in the end, as if it were just a vulgar activity. Yes, others might find it appealing, but the joke is on them, for they can only "enjoy" it ideally, albeit not physically, nor intangibly, in which case, the body hurts. The problem is that this kind of Rapport, which can contain any of the others, can only be realized from that third person perspective and not among those entities that pertain to such. That is, the entities in Rapport by Futility cannot be aware that such a thing is

taking place, period. This kind of Rapport also has the property of being exclusively either spurious or only maintained in a long term relationship. It is all about extremes. Nothing is ever mellow or trivial between the entities involved. Not many are able to comprehend this concept, and that's why, maybe, no one's ever heard of it before, nor will anyone, ever.

Other times, Rapport can be the product of a means of recognizing the values found within an individual entity by itself or within another. This recognition is founded on a feeling of respect that might arise from the positions of the entities in a social strata. This is also the basis of the concept of societies within societies by Rapport. It also calls for a liberation of Illusions of the entities involved, as if it obliges a mantle of purity to be drawn over their bodies which, even while being naked and in their most unadulterated state, would otherwise hold the weight of their previous actions and of all the prejudices the society that contains them tries to instill on them. You could think of it as a protective shroud of mystery, or some sort of force field that shields them against the harshness of institutional societies.

Our last utility of Constructs could be argued by some to be, just and merely, a means of association. Others, mathematically inclined, might go even further into talking about statistics or topology. I don't care. There are times in which Rapport occurs because of how near you are to someone. Let me explain. Suppose you are sitting on a bus, an old woman hops in, and the only free seat is the one beside you. From the moment all those suppositions are materialized in both your mind and that of the old woman, all your motions occur in Rapport with that of the old lady's until you are not near each other anymore; until you are not consciously liable to affect each other in order to duly continue with your respective lives. Physicists might talk about escape velocity. How real can that concept be? The Modern says it is too real, not real at all and everything in between, depending on context, subtext, pretext, and pollination.

The last section of this chapter deals with the way in which Relations are formed. In other words, Reproduction. The idea of Reproduction has always been a source of some debate, and some situations surface as we attempt to delve too much into the specifics of the whole deal. Entities do not need to have a clear definition of what it is to reproduce in order to do

so. They need not even be aware of it, for, as far as the Modern can tell, everything is Reproduction.

Let us begin, if we may, by stating the Illusions concerning Reproduction, but we must know what an illusion is first. Throughout our feeble lives we may encounter ourselves with circumstances in which we do not understand the events that are taking place right away, and, in the same nonchalant way in which they are presented to us, do we conjure up in our mind “possible,” albeit sometimes fantastical, manners in which they could have occurred. When the way we imagine an event to occur is different from its actual means of occurrence, we call that imagination an illusion. Illusions, in this fashion, come and go constantly in a day-to-day basis. When the illusion is no more, some call it a revelation, others an unveiling, but the Modern knows that what’s only interesting about Illusions is how they come to be, for, when they vanish, only sadness, sorrow, and, sometimes, madness are the only things that are left, like an aftertaste.

Our first illusion is that manufactured by contact. There must always be a means by which two entities can become acquainted, or so they may think that they have become acquainted with each other. In fact, this means is always to be so illusory that, regardless of how hard an entity tries to know another, or of how much they try to frequent it, the result is always the same: nothing about the entity which is sought after is really known. In other words, only some information may have had been recollected about its features, but the entity itself is never really known in full capacity. Known, in its proper sense that is. Here, disappointment comes after knowing that it is futile to try to know an entity. Still, there must be some other use for contact than to get acquainted. Even though contact may be an illusion, that there’s no contact in reality, contact produces friction, which causes heat, a source of transformation, and we can be sure that there’s not a better transformation than Reproduction itself. So, what is this friction we talk about? Well, it’s become by the mutual observation of features between the respective entities. Even if these features, which are nothing but another expression of an entity’s identity, or whatever, are not all factually assessed by the observers, observing them closely enough makes the observing entities imagine the next possible motions of the subject of their observations, and are led, by this illusion, to

move in a certain way. As long as there is still Rapport between these entities, a certain, almost unprecedented, kind of dance is born out of the blue. This dance of Affections is this heat we were talking about. Being there enough heat, Reproduction can fluidly occur. How, exactly, do entities reproduce? The Modern prefers to keep silence for now and continue with the Illusions.

Complementarity is also an illusion. When there's a question, if there's complementarity, there's a satisfiable answer. If entities seek for things they think are of great value in others, while, at the same time, showing off their features, when entities cover completely each other's set of demands, it is said that there is complementarity between them. The question, now, is why is this an illusion. The answer is simple. Since we already know that different entities can never be in contact, the only thing that holds them together is their own Fascinations. Two entities can be extremely fascinated each of the other forever, but if there's no complementarity, there's almost no chance for Reproduction by illusion. It should be noted that there are other Illusions in the Universe, and that Reproduction may happen spontaneously or unpredictably. An illusion can disappear, even after Reproduction, when the set of at least one of the entities' desires or attributes, exclusively, changes in the least of bits while the other's attributes or desires, accordingly, fails to conform to such change, or when other Illusions have taken over some or any of any of the entities' ideals, or by reading this book you are reading right now in its entirety.

There are moments in which an entity is the object of very violent Affections of an overwhelming nature. Such Affections, if tried to be counteracted may result in the termination or grave injury of the affected entity, and, thus, such cases must be handled with the illusion of countenance. It is an illusion because, in order to maintain composure, the entity must forget about those entities engaging in its violation, and about their intentions, motives, and about the possible consequences of their Affections in an either near or far future, trying to preserve, at the moment, during the intercourse of the violation, an absolutely empty state of mind, as if only nothing existed, patiently waiting until it all comes to pass, if it gets to and if it all does not end up in tragedy. Tears are unavoidable sooner or later.

Other times, entities engage in some sort of illusory, but willful, exchange of Affections in which Correspondence appears to be useful as a means to some ends. We can call this commerce, simply.

Now, the last of the Illusions we've got listed is that of conclusion, and we might ask ourselves how are conclusions to be an illusion whatsoever. The answer might not materialize quite easily at first, even in the mind of a Modern. The easiest way I can think to explain this to you is the following one. First, I suppose that you are actually reading this book, or this sentence at least, then, as your gaze runs across this sequence of characters, it could be said that you, as an entity, are clearly undergoing some sort of transformations along time, and it can also be said that this sentence, as an entity in itself, embodies an idea or a concept, or whatever, but at the moment it reaches that very ending point, this sentence is said to have concluded. The truth is, and we all know this, that conclusion is an illusion, and that each time anything is concluded there are no signs of time coming to an end. So, nothing ever concludes if it still exists. Ideas may stretch farther than infinity. A sentence, once written, is not immutable. It can also be transformed in so many ways so that it may convey the same idea better, or so it is more or less pleasing to the eye, or to mean something completely different. Just because entities seem to have bounds there is no motive to deem them limited, for, clearly, the simplest of ideas, the most minute of them, that which is the most insignificant, can be projected and turned into a plethora of things before unimagined. Riches, indeed. That the only limit is the one imposed by the will to affect. Not even the mighty empty sentence is immutable, the Modern reckons, for there are more than a myriad of ways to say nothing for example. Moreover, as it often happens everywhere around the globe, some events may induce the illusion of conclusion to some part of an entity's life, or spiritual achievement, or intellectual pursuit, or whatever, so it may serve as some sort of catalyst in the never-concluding problem of forming Relations. It is as if the mind identifies ends with opportunities to start something new. The interesting thing is that, regardless and irrespective of your point of view towards newness, whether you think it to be an illusion or not, it is still inevitable to feel anxious in all beginnings. It may even go beyond anxiety if there's actually any expectation about the whole ordeal. What is clear is that there's nothing illusory about beginnings, since everything that exists must have had begun, somehow, at some given time.

It is curious how illusions become so useful in the process of Reproduction. As a manner of illustration, when a pair of antiparticles is produced, light is expelled into the cosmos, but the same thing happens when another pair of antiparticles annihilate each other.

I would like to end this part with a problem that most of you will encounter while reading this chapter, and it is that I only mention the word attraction once in it, and it is in this sentence, while discussing about gravitational matters. It may simply be that, in this case, it is an utter lie, albeit not an illusion, that, physically, entities seem to fall towards each other. As it is veritably observed, a ball, for example, let go at the mercy of the Earth's Gravity and at the peril of the wind, lest there is no atmosphere, which some argue might yield a more interesting experimental observation, seems to be pulled, as if by some invisible magical force, by it, ineluctably, to the point of collision. Well, I am much more inclined to disapprove of this theory in favor of a more comprehensive explanation. What it appears to me to be the reason of such phenomena, and it is not less magical in nature, is that Fascinations are of an impulsive kind, for, when I go outside in a cloudless night and look at the skies, I cannot help but wonder how many objects are up there and for how much mass will they account for. To me it is more probable that, when our balls fall to the ground, it is only because of all the stars pushing onto it, or whatever. The specifics of this theory, although having come to me as if by divine inspiration one morning during an inevitable cold shower, having, surely, not read of an even remotely similar idea anywhere else before, nor having heard it from another's mouth, are not for me to postulate, but, may any of you feel free to develop it and make it your own, it will certainly not be a thing that will hurt anyone. I'm sure that it will prove to be infinitely more satisfying than any other theory on the subject, seeing that it already intuitively solves the problem of the apparent expansion of The Universe, and many others, for sure. This idea might also have profound implications in our daily lives in society, for, were it to be commonly accepted, seeing that the proof will undeniable, of course, the way people will come to fall in love with one another will not be seen as a direct effect of one's own efforts but as a superposition of those of each member of the human species, dead, breathing, or yet to be. Thus can love be truly come to by fate, but under will. I add that, having researched the subject further years afterwards the publication of the first edition of this

book, there was a similar theory proposed a while back, which relies on the hypothetical existence of some particles called corpuscles, and on an ether. It should be noted that, in Einstein theory of Special Relativity, the mathematical structure of space-time, or space simply, functions the same way some kind of ether would. Question yourself how much does an idea weigh.

Now, we encounter ourselves with the Phases of Execution. In other words, exactly, how entities reproduce. The Modern dogmatically prefers not to question this method, for only in this way has it been preserved through the ages. Its veracity is such that, even if by in-vitro fertilization, or if conceptually or magically, the process will always be the same.

First off, a transgression must be made from one party to another. A transgression might be defined as any affection that, if corresponded, the only end is dispute, altercation, bad vibes. Transgression may also occur in a mutual sense, in which all parties transgress each other relatively at the same time, but strictly on different planes of consciousness. The reason for this reproductive transgression is to elicit a submissive behavior on the other party in order to attain the second Phase of Execution, which is actually submission. Please, note that, as it will shortly afterward be explained, mutual transgressions are redundant and may complicate things more than what they already are causing only confusion on who is to lead and who must follow, but sometimes it does not matter, as some entities enjoy all of this chaos and feel more secure about it than in any other set of circumstances. Figure that out if you can.

Next, comes submission. In a polarized Relation, that is one in which it is clear who's the leader and who's being led, the transgressor has already proved the other party's approval to continue with the reproduction, so it must show submission to that party by any means necessary. In this phase, all entities are, then, submitted to each other, and the bodies dance rhythmically and harmonically about one another, as if they were of one and the same mind of one same entity. The truth is that they are not one in the strictest sense, but, because of all the Illusions involved, are like two separate stars flying across the Space of Constructs trying to find each other by Fascination, with Affections and in Correspondence.

There exists a gap between the submission phase and the next one in which nobody is sure of what happens exactly and after which the act of



Reproduction is said to have already concluded as far as the necessity of Consequence is concerned between the reproducing entities. For the result of Reproduction is an entity in and of itself, separate from its originators regardless of its position in space, and subject to the whims of nature.

This last and third phase, that of ablution, is nothing more than a formality, but is indispensable if the offspring is to survive into adulthood. During this phase, all parties, having reproduced, must take into account all their knowledge about themselves and about each other and about The Universe, and prepare the necessary circumstances by which their Reproduction is to be more effective the same way you wash your hands after doing some dirty work. For, if you wouldn't, you know you could get irremediably sick, and, if you were sick, you wouldn't be able to go to work, which would mean a smaller check on pay-day, or the risk of getting downsized, or whatever. For all you know, you can even end up dead. How are you to take care of your children if you are very well too dead before they can provide for themselves? How do you expect to sell a book you haven't finished writing yet? The book's outline serves of no purpose in this last case if you don't know what you're doing. Needless to say, there's an unavoidable responsibility.

The Responsibility is the *Laissez-Passer*. That is, to let things happen. It doesn't matter how many things we try to do, nor how important may all of them be, they will not get done if we don't let them happen. Think, for example, of a matchbox and a matchstick in a vacuum chamber. No matter how hard we strike one against the other, we will not even see the faintest hint of flame, because there's no oxygen to let fire happen about. Also, society, as it seems to exist today, boasts of having power over the individual with institutions of penal correction and of mental health. All these do is undermine the actual potential in every individual human being by subjecting them to laws and norms and conventions that, ultimately, reduce them to mere parts of some unreal class system for whom Reproduction must be forced to become, more and more, a daunting challenge than it would were they to live naturally. This scheme can truly be called a conspiracy. The most repugnant ever devised, and it is the conspiracy of all of those who, were you to ask them, really think there's no such things as conspiracy theories, but would approve, point by point, of all of its constituent statements. Which statements? You will know. The

Modern finds no use in even thinking about them, for they shouldn't exist. The Modern has no fear of the uncultured. The Modern has more important things to think about while washing the dishes, and the Modern has no dishes as well.

## THE MORTAL

This chapter should better be named “to post-modernity,” but not because of it being more akin to nature, but because everything dead is, naturally, post-mortem. Also, post-modernism could very well be a metaphor for death. Here, we’ll discuss on about how is the Modern still Modern even in after death, and how those who die without becoming enlightened can never be Modern. Death shapes every aspect of our lives, and there can’t be the Vital without the Mortal, although the reverse is always impossible. The Modern takes everything at face value and thinks about it no more.

First on our list comes On The Essence of Mistake. What do we mean by this? Is it a Mistake for mistakes to happen? Are mistakes real, or are they just another illusion? There is no doubt that mistakes do have their place in this world and that they are experienced locally in every-day human life. Let it be known foremost that mistakes can only exist where there is some clearly defined set of rules, whether implicit or explicit. So, it could be said that mistakes are literally created from any rule-set that does not account for all the possibilities, in which case they would be called Exemptions or Inclusions.

As rational and real entities, we are able to produce logical inferences from our present state, which has obviously come to be from our past hitherto logically, or at least that is the way we seem to perceive our existence, or whatever we may be talking about, if anything. These deductions may affect our decisions directly or indirectly, because we may pass some sort of judgment immediately at our arrival to them, by some inherent criterion we should all possess independently of the sets of rules that may apply. Please, note that the surreal entity has achieved a perfect understanding of the following phenomenon I’m about to describe. It is clear that it takes time for an entity to make an inference the same way it also takes time to construct a discourse about it, but, however short the lapse while getting from one instant to another, the end-product is only partially comprehensible at most. The degree at which a thought process is comprehensible can be called granularity. The specifics of the scale by which this granularity is to be measured is of no special interest to the Modern, of course. This means that, due to our reality, our bodies, having

precise limits, are not able to locally exist at all places at all times, so our inferences cannot go beyond the scope of the locality of our existence. Simply, we cannot account for everything instantly always. Now, there are quite a few nifty shortcuts that, depending on the case, allow us to make exact and precise inferences in, maybe, no time, flat. That's less than an instant, I reckon. These techniques, as we might call them, are natural. You can list them, and, in doing so, provided we can know them all, a thing the surreal does, mistakes flee from our lives automatically. The point we want to come to is that, periodically, entities may suffer from indisputable holism serendipitously, and the magnitude at which they are emotionally affected by such occurrences may imprint their minds in a way that, were they not surreal, can result devastating from the ontological point of view. Suddenly, the entity finds itself with an apparently newly found power, and, knowing not what to do with it nor if they can keep using it forever, they get invaded by a strange fear of obsession which, inevitably, leads to lack of success. This fear can be felt as early as when one learns to speak for the first time. Afterward, that same emotion can reoccur. An entity needs not be surreal to overcome this fear. We can all partake of these powers by just acknowledging our own experience of reality within the locality of the contexts in which we are sensible.

It may also be that, within our respective contexts, that which envelopes us completely, including our history, our thoughts and our location, that which some may call culture, we are unable to reach these higher states of consciousness, either because of a personal decision or a collective one, because of fear itself or because of a streak of past failures, evidence namely. Even in this case, entities are not to be looked at as inferior, for, to survive, their efforts are orders of magnitude greater than those of the rest without question. The entity, then, sets itself to take heed of the minutest aspects of reality they can grasp, depending on the granularity of their thoughts, and make up for the uncertainties with hope and wits, trusting their guts more than anything else. They take the necessary precautions, as far as their visions permit them, for when things go wrong, so that, when things do go awry, if ever, they wouldn't technically fail, but simply be just the subject of an illusion called being a victim of the circumstances, or, colloquially, having bad luck. Following some sort of conditional reasoning, we may arrive at the proposition that states that, if we liken The

Universe to a brain, its thought processes would be so fine that there can be such a thing as too many concepts our little and limited brains would never understand or comprehend particularly. These concepts The Universe possesses arise from what some flimsily call uncertainty. Then, if we take into account the inevitable passing of time, our rate of thought production with respect to it and the rate at which we find ourselves in distinct situations, independently of their respective durations, since situations, even when constituting a part of our circumstances, are only partially dependent from anyone of us, and are rather an aspect of reality itself or yet another configuration of The Universe, well, it would be clearly impossible for any amount of rational entities to surmount them effectively without having any result unaccounted for. Without any mishaps. Without surprises. Others may posit that any one example from the corpora of ideas produced by the mind of The Universe may all be understood completely by any rational entity, but not as fast as the whole Universe would. Some might attribute this to the wide array of temperatures, densities, velocities, etc., contained therein; all taken to the proper extremes of yes and no. In a sense, if we take a thermometer, for example, to our body to measure our temperatures periodically, we'll notice that it always ranges between two values beyond which we, as entities, would cease to exist. However, it may be said that you can produce a mapping of the temperature spectrum of The Universe and all the things related to each one of such temperatures into that of ours in such a way that all it can do, we can also, and maybe better. The Modern knows that a thing not intelligible is a thing nonexistent, and that to fail is to be lazy enough not to consider the incurrance of uncertainties, regardless of even being successful in achieving any purpose at all.

There are times at which entities feel they are On The Brink Of Catastrophe. Often, some feel they are never going to get there.

As conglomerated entities go about their lives making decisions, affecting each other and their environments, strange things occur that are almost never, if not never, able to be foreseen, as their very existence, although depending, necessarily, upon the past, may also depend on the future, and so on. Life takes on a shape, a rhythm, a color, a size, a temperature, and, like a roller coaster, with its ups and downs, the ride must just stop

sometimes, but, as if entering into a black hole, there's no indication that it all cannot end in disaster, so, as we approach the threshold of uncertainty, having done our homework, not leaving anything to the perils of the unknown, and as we feel our momentum tangentially increasing towards infinity, where theory dictates the only possible result is destruction, lo and behold, we get On The Brink Of Catastrophe, and everything gets taken care of by The Universe itself. Everything is preserved, even if, to an outside, distant spectator, it could have all seemed like all fireworks and explosions, or whatever. Even if, to them, all we did was disappear, we must only bear in mind, as entities, that the only thing that happens by going through a Catastrophe is either a change of reality or a change of emotion. The problem here is not whether we can or not understand that such things occur, but, since we cannot foretell the actual outcomes of Catastrophe, we must forever be at peace with not knowing in these cases. Then, if we do not understand this peculiarity of The Universe, we need not feel shame for it either. Seeing how common catastrophes are in real life, it is of no surprise that, in a sense, The Universe has bestowed on us an initial blessing: the bliss of ignorance. Ignorance would not serve of much avail if it wasn't readily available to any and all entities every time. It would not make sense that some get blessed while others never are, for ignorance is not a lack of knowledge, but lack of assertion thereof. One thing is to know, another to know if you know or otherwise, etc.. It could be said that being is merely another word for knowing, but, then, lacing a shoe, for example, would also verily be yet another synonym for it. The Modern, although certain of certain things, and all of them, and none, knows another thing to be certain, unequivocally. Uncertainty's just as necessary for existence as its own inexistence. Not many are able to comprehend this, but it matters not. Where ignorance abounds, the Gnostic always finds a way not to cause upheaval unnecessarily, and the Anarchist will never be wrong in debate. That's why you never see the latter publicly discussing matters of nontrivial nature, and the former is just laughed at or disdained for its humbleness and sincerity.

Next in our list is a little discussion On The Dangers And Features Of Extrication. Societies, nations, organizations, as the entities we know they are by now, with their rules and canons, and their well-trained trigger fingers claim the authority to associate or disassociate themselves with or

from another particular entities as long as they conform or not to their respective rules, standards and practices. Never do we see a whole society conforming to a single individual entity, nor will we ever find a “perpetrator of the law” truly end up unpunished. We must be careful here, as words such as “punishment” and “law” carry with themselves tens of thousands of years of history in a way that, today, they have become extricated from any significance whatsoever, becoming clear examples of post-modern entities. The whole of life is based on a series of extrications. The “miracle of birth,” for an instance, is come to by Extrication. To extricate is to force an entity into post-modernism, a thing which the Modern knows is only absurd. There are ways to recognize when this kind of absurdity is taking place whether by observation from within or from without. These features we mention here, of course, cannot be taken as the ultimate guide for the identification of extrications, and are not meant to be a complete description of the whole process, but are only presented inasmuch as it can be felt that they can provide a kind of insight into what could be thought of as a mere model of existence and not an absolute projection of reality as a whole. If truth or falsity is to be attributed to any or all of these words, may it only be by a respectable authority, or by none. Nothing of that matters for the purpose of our book, as the author has come to it by mindless thought and only enduring uncalled-for amounts of pain, responding to a call foreign to his own judgment. Whether that call is from a figure of authority, we shouldn’t care at all.

When examining other entities for cases of Extrication, we must first be sure that we know what these entities are made up of. If we suppose their composition is of the tangible, the intangible and the ideals, we could define extrications about this framework, maybe.

A singular entity may suffer from Extrication by Abandonment from a collective entity if their members constantly and decidedly cease to affect that particular one. In this manner, Extrication takes form of a tacit, collective disapproval of the entity by whatever rules govern their motions. The unaffected entity, since not affecting is an affect from aversion or indifference, and not out of fascination, is seen by the collective as dead baggage that must be carried until it ceases to exist obviously never by their fault, but by accident, or by chance or luck. Or that’s the rationalization they make. Indirectly, the collective is just informing the extricated

entities of their non-grata status by adhering to the use of a strict and formal body language when dealing with them. Such formal systems of communication are never codified explicitly, except by some idiotic extremist groups who are yet to accept that they know the truth, although they think they do, because its codification is evidence of the collective entity's lack of authority. That is to say that the conscious use of such language by an entity is enough to assert that they hold no authority at all, as well as all entities claiming authority over it recursively, or whatever. So, is the abandoned entity, while still within the confines of the laws of the collective, unable to fully participate in it with its members.

In other cases, Extrication takes the form of expulsion, which can take place in two manners, at least. One is imprisonment. The other, strict physical expulsion. These methods are almost always codified in a detailed manner in the set of rules that governs the collective entity. Both cases are instances of physical Extrication, but, in the former, the collective manufactures, artificially, a space within its own boundaries that serves as an entity in itself, with its own set of rules, under the authority of the governing body of the collective entity, whose only purpose is to eradicate any ideological substance inconsistent with the design of the collective, by any means necessary, in order to maximize the effectiveness of such collective entity over the The Universe while, at the same time, reassuring its authority over its domain. Whatever that may mean. In the latter case, the collective entity issues an order to explicitly remove the unwanted member, physically, from its body, making it no longer its member until, maybe, after some demonstration of its reformation, it comes back in repentance asking for membership into the collective. See that, in this second form of expulsion, the affected entity, being under the authority of no other entity until accepted as a member of any other collective, is granted, temporarily, all the powers and authority over itself. So, in this sense, the entity has been liberated. To this, the collective entity laughs at the entity, since it appears to it, as well as to the other collective entities, that they hold greater power than any single, individual entity can. Thus, they think they are just forcing that entity to the caprice of the supposedly inhumane, wild nature, or to the merciless and equally inhumane practices of any other entity in The Universe. Now, there are way too many entities that have exclusively appropriated most of the domains fit for existing in. Think of it as nations and their lands, but any other kind of entity may



behave in the same manner. Take, for example, the human body as a collective of cellular entities and think of the fact that some extraneous materials in it get to stay in it somehow while others are rejected. We can now say, also, that it may happen that a dissenting entity in a collective one may cause such a scandal, and, also, enough confusion therein, so that the collective begins to destroy itself systematically. Virally, some might say, until further measures for suppression are taken by some entity, or not even then. What we must remember here is that all of these events are just a battery of Affections from any or all the entities involved which, with sufficient energy, strategy and resources, may go on forever, although unlikely, since death is always inevitable from the start.

The last method of Extrication we present here is that of murder. Like all the other methods, it is a cause of death. In the first, death is virtual. In the second, logistical. In this last one, well, it is literal. The Modern will live forever. The Modern fears not of death. The Modern is above all authority, and advocates for its own.

Entities can suffer from internal Extrication. If an entity has managed to develop multiple entities within itself, over which it may think to have some sort of authority, it may be the case that these internal entities recognize not such authority at all, and may be prone to dissent. A clear signal can be any type of refusal of action according to the unity of mind proposed by the supposedly authoritative entity. This may lead to lack of coordination of the overall body or to a reduction of its abilities. From a holistic perspective, the entity may discourse idiotically. It has no sense of what it is whatsoever. The entity seems stuck in an apparently inescapable cycle of self judgment and contradiction. The entity may try to use any of the techniques available to it to procure a statement of the dispositions of its subjects. By projecting them into another space, by creating various methods of surveillance, by suggesting ideas into them conspicuously through their environment, by coercing them, or by finding ways of destroying their morale, amongst other techniques, the governing entity just reassures its lack of authority over such entities. Now, the Modern knows that, if it were to consist of a collective of entities, it is always best not to hold any authority over any of them. So, the motions of the body as a whole are carried out in the most organic manner in acceptance of their innate nature within The Universe. In this way, the Modern is never an

idiot. If the idiot insists of maintaining its claim of authority, it may proceed to extricate its dissenting members, and such power comes only from the respective idiocy of its very own members. It is, then, that an idiotic entity is said to have an agenda, whether hidden or not, which comes only out of a lack of respect for any entity whatsoever, including itself. When idiots abound, life takes the form of a survival of the agendas, and not of the entities per se. Idiots threaten each other, profit from the Modern, and end up killing themselves. The Modern can only stand tall and accept its own responsibilities in due time, for, when Enlightenment is attained, if ever, idiocy will be seen only as a possible step into Modernity. Enlightenment can only happen willingly, but never extrinsically.

To finish this chapter it is important for us to ponder upon an idea which is too important to pass by and that comes as a direct result of the universal feature of catastrophes. You could say that catastrophes are just events; thresholds. But what happens to the entity once that threshold is crossed? The Modern answers, with a little uneasiness, that they get a bit wiser. The reason for this is that all matters related to Wisdom, although not trivial at all, have also become historically charged with political agendas since, by language, the human realized that each individual holds not exactly the same amount nor quality of knowledge as any other. That said, it is relatively easy to suggest that, applying some basic principles of morality, being Wisdom a desirable trait and, considering the nature of human beings, not being able to measure with complete certitude such a thing without fooling the person in question, the Wise can be equally praised or looked at with disdain by the post-modern. The only difference being the entity's fame, which should correspond with its appearance of having attained some Wisdom. The problem is that post-modern entities insist on fooling each other, and appearances can be easily copied up to a certain degree. At least enough to gain sufficient fame between the post-modern and be able to make some profit out of it, because the Wise can't be fooled without being killed first, and the Modern can't ever be any wiser. The Modern only gets older after each catastrophe until getting older makes no sense whatsoever. So, an entity who lacks some Wisdom suffers from Adolescence, while the Wise becomes nothing other than Wisdom itself. We want to discourse a little about what happens within one and the other, as a rite of passage into our next chapter, which will deal with some other

transcendental ideas that, without these, would only be regarded as being some sort of child's play, and they're not.

Adolescence is characterized, first of all, by an absurd rebelliousness. Absurd because of not being actually targeted towards the actual source of their instability, resulting it all in a weird kind of masturbation, because of the entity not knowing how to direct its efforts effectively towards a goal it doesn't yet know, but which is clear to exist and of being attainable. Regardless of the apparent age of the entity, as dictated by some sort of interpretation of the impressions of the expressions of the motions of time upon it, until all of the Wisdom there is to be, all of which is only natural and not in any way riddled with contradictions as is the game of the post-modern, is duly attained, the entity, apart from being an idiot, exhibits, quite paradoxically, three fundamental characteristics that underlie all of its motions.

The first of these is an unquenchable Thirst for Doctrine. Amidst all the chaos and confusion presented by The Social in its complexity, an adolescent entity finds no grounds on which to base its own ideas. Worse, it finds that, really, no clear idea truly emerges from itself and that, at the time of comparing them with those of its closest peers, the dissimilarity between them makes it only all the more confused. This way, it appears as if anywhere it looks for support, it only seems to be an ever greater impossibility to get a hold of that which it seeks, still knowing that it does exist. We now that reality is, in itself, its own foundation, but, until one knows itself, it's close to inevitable not to suffer from angst against oneself, reality, and other entities in general. The absurdity here is that, as long as that Doctrine is looked for without oneself, it may never be found. Ever. Some might be there to guide the entity into full realization, and, in fact, that is the true meaning of parenting, but it is seldom an easy task. This is the reason young entities are sent to school or to study under the tutelage of an old prestigious master; the reason why, after high-school, entities sought higher education. Some still do, while most are only greedily working "the system" to only benefit from it economically, instead of working themselves and benefiting the Universe. Most achieve the highest ranks in society, academia or elsewhere and, even in their old age, are still nothing more than yet another adolescent, while others, shunned, hidden, disregarded for and passed by without much attention, have attained

perfect wisdom. All in all, the Social keeps beating around the bush of its own self-inflicted and self-imposed ignorance while seeking that same not-so-elusive truth or Doctrine it's afraid to only find within itself. It is this Thirst of demeaning oneself before knowing what one is worth that proves to be one of the most absurd things that could ever happen to an entity, and this, the reason why it is simply that unquenchable.

The second characteristic that seems to arise as a direct result of this Thirst is a State of Anxiety that feeds some need for rebellion. This need is obviously unfounded in principle, but is as solid as any foundation as long as ignorance is maintained. This is because of the beautiful feature of logic that lets one thing follow from another. The problem is that, in this manner, logic allows entities to be transformed in only one direction, towards an unknowable, unreal and unreachable threshold. So to speak, to think of oneself as something other than nothing, but less than that unattainable state of being, leaves the entity ever anxious, because of not being able to reach it, if it does not discover the nothingness within itself and how, from that nothingness, all that it could be is more than instantly within the grasp of its own will. Only when the material illusion of being is shattered, destroyed, annihilated, will an entity fully realize its potential, for the Modern has been. In layman's terms, to achieve the impossible, there's no need for going through the troubles of knowing anything all, but, in order to know it all, only the impossible suffices.

Lastly, adolescents are characterized by what I like to call a Fashionable Potentiality. While these entities roam about each other, each with their own conundrums, they learn skills, social skills valuable only to The Social by imitation of it, and, as they take an even sharper glance at that light at the end of the tunnel they've been dumped in for the sake of cheap laughs and for the demise of entities in general, they, by growing accustomed to its beautiful architecture, become, gradually, its experts in their never-ending endeavor to know it from the inside out by heart, not knowing that they are only displaying their natural will to survive and their drive to strive forth within society, but while still inside an idealistic structure designed by yet another adolescent who cares less about the intricacies of existence and reality, or surrealism, in general, than about money, sex and power, or whatever trifles abound within its anxious mind. The problem with this concept is that, although these skills are not unimportant, their expressions are not particular to any individual entity, for, certainly, what

drives each and every one of the entities is beyond their lives and Fascinations as an inherent affection of the Universe onto itself. As a consequence, through modernization, an entity, broken free of the tunnel it started to grow too fond of, idealizes the embodiment of even more beautiful structures within and without itself without the dreaded necessity to explore them blindly in order to know what they are or how they come to be. It may also be said that passing into Wisdom opens a door into the knowledge of entities in general, but not the other way around, since such a thing is not but an impossible futility.

But then, when the switch is flicked, when the spark lights the flame of Eternal Generation, when the Modern knows no truth, but has no questions, for nothing is mightier than anything else, and when proofs are but mere distractions and the paths get laid, magically, by the Modern, in such a way that every step, even if blinded by light or by darkness, is on its right track and on duly course, then is Wisdom truly attained, and the wise must only fulfill its prescribed tasks, which are five in number, for whatever other jobs an entity undertakes must be of another nature, by its own accord or by necessity. The thing is that these five jobs can only be performed by the Wise and no Wise entity will never not do any of them, ever. And, here, I do not fail or lie.

When all is in a state of confusion, Wisdom serves to Prospect the resources at hand and set things in motion. When things are already running, it is Wisdom that lets entities Inspect the motions and check that everything is in order. Entities are granted Wisdom to Suspect when things are not in order and to take the proper measures in order to avoid any possible future mishaps. Here, we should remember that, sometimes, the Universe might play tricks on itself, because, well, it can, or because of poesy, but we should worry not nevertheless, because Wisdom dictates for entities to Respect others. What Wisdom truly forbids is to Retrospect. Retrospection leads to fallacy and post-modernism, and follows from reminiscence, which also leads to depression and suicide. The Wise has no business in looking back at that which begot it. The Wise stands true against all adversity. The Wise entity knows only itself. The rest is just politics.

Thus ends this infernal chapter on the Mortal. The rest is sublime.



## THE IMMATERIAL

This chapter, having I lost all sense of individuality, having been robbed of the whole of mine life's works and, with them, all of my muses gone, I lie down on my bed, while listening to a mix of Hardstyle music, as if trying to get into a transcendental state of mind which, curiously, Trance music does not evoke in me. We were supposed to talk about the Immaterial here, but I don't know how much would all of us endure it, nor how will I be able to complete such a task, even though the model is pretty clearly laid out. The only problem here seems to be that, at first sight, the names for the concepts I was supposed to expose here are quite vague and really do not do them much justice, contrary to those assigned to the other concepts before. We could start by saying that there appears to be at least two categories, if not exactly so, of the Immaterial: one, being the Vacant, while, the other, the Subtle.

So, I've recently been reading about a lot of trivial things that today's society doesn't care about and that the society back then did not want to pay attention to when they should have had to. Here, I worry that some really vital things might go into oblivion and unaccounted for as, slowly, the masses seem to grow, each time, dumber, by inaction and blatant ignorance. Anthropologists have concerned themselves the last couple of hundreds of years with that thing about the shibboleths, but I think the problem grows deeper. Then, just as with credit, when a society starts to base its values upon lies that not only obviously permit some things to happen that otherwise, in truth, would have never occurred, for a lie is like a balloon that gets inflated as long as it is kept until it explodes and the truth gets revealed, when these lies are maintained by at least more than one generation, society, in all of its complexity, starts to base its paradigms and ideas in even more lies of all sorts every time in such a way that they're either consciously or unconsciously used as fall-back mechanisms in order to artificially guarantee the survival of the species when the time comes for any or each of those lies to explode out of fear of truth being so unbearable that it'd destroy the whole of humanity and out of the widely held conception that no one can predict the future, when sound reasoning alone makes the future affordable to us and guarantees the dignity of the evolution of the species in itself and without question when it drenches every part of the species in question. The problem is that entities in any

existing society have become so accustomed to living lies that living in truth appears as such a daunting task that they are afraid of it, although lies impose such unmanageable ideas and structures on society and reality in general that, when measured by the rod of complexity, reason is so akin to humanity and existence and nature that it's a hands-down, everybody-wins strategy, or whatever. Then I encountered myself with this book, if it could be said of it to be so, *The Bardo Thodol*, and it shocked me that, having read almost nothing from one of its translations, I found that, apart from being able to appreciate how beautiful it is and from being able to partly understand why it is only read to the deceased, it actually made so much sense that I could immediately understand the *Egyptian Book of the Dead*, or the few bits I've read from one of them. It is immediately clear, also, the great differences different traditions and societies have in their views about something as simple as death and that, so, how much more different can things be from one to another on different, more complex, matters, and, obviously, from one individual to another. Even more interestingly, that, there being thousands of millions of googols of things on which we can have different views about, the fact that, today, it is estimated that the current human population consists of, roughly, seven and a fifth of a billion individuals, and that is, considering that number has only been growing since the beginning of History arguably, were to all of us have completely different takes on reality, our species would have never survived in the first place. That's why I think that the only problem humanity faces is one about communication and that, even with all these technological advancements in cybernetics, and information and media theory, by denial, society pays less and less attention to such matters, contenting themselves with this terrible mixture of their limited locality and the potential infinitude of their complex lies, when, taking into account our planet's resources and available livable space in it, it is not an extraordinary feat for every human being to know each other within their lifetimes and that each may live their lives to their full potential and without any uncovered necessity. I argue that such a thing can only occur if sound reasoning does drench every part and aspect of our lives as human beings, or by at least becoming Aware.

Okay, now, beginning with the Vacant, we can talk about three things, which are Words, Structures and Intervals. Books on all of these subjects



can be found easily everywhere. It would be sufficient to look out of the window to know of such things. In fact, it would be utterly impossible for you to even read these lines were you not an expert in them already or dead.

The second category of the Subtle spans over, and seems to be limited, only, to a subset of Spaces, Ideas and Concepts. Books and literature on these are a bit much harder to find, although they're not any less abundant than material on the Vacant. This means that too much has been discoursed about them, and the general current notion of such things has been tirelessly misguided by misanthropes everywhere. It suffices to say that, although not respectively, the Subtle is intrinsically related in a one-to-one fashion to the Vacant.

The question that remains in this chapter is one that may or may not be so obvious to some of the readers. Why is this chapter called the immaterial? The answer is simple. Like society, the Immaterial is a construct. Now, work out the loose ends and know, yourself, the limits of modern physics, and bother yourself with such questions no more.



## THE MODERN

Since the beginning of existence, nonexistence must have had existed to continue existing ever still. Then, as such, existence will cease to exist. Whether nonexistence will also will remain a mystery until existence does. In the meanwhile, were are left with an idea I like to call Eternal Generation. That is, that there's an extreme possibility that existence will never cease to exist and that, if true, we can suppose that the limits on creativity, on the richness of culture, on the advancement of science and technology, etc., are nonexistent as well. That it is possible to continue creating and bringing up new ideas, and concepts, and words, and structures, into the space of our own existence in due time. That there is time for everything and that there's enough material in The Universe to hold them. Thus, we, humans, as creative, conscious and aware entities, agents of change, originators of life, have no need to see ourselves as unable to stand by ourselves on our own ground, regardless of being inevitably dependent on each other. That said, the only way we are to do this is being true to ourselves from the very start and abstaining from trying to lead others into not being so themselves before they're able to, which is, usually, before learning how to speak. Not that once not being true to ourselves we cannot be thus once again, but, as long as we are not, we are just wasting time. The rest is come by logic and induction.

Up until now, the way most things are generated is by the use of seeds, which is natural, but certainly limits the extent of things that can be generated. Another method is that of the use of spirits, far more extensive than the use of seeds, for we can talk about things like the spirits of seeds as such, but which have not been used as broadly by humanity in general, either because of fear or of omission. One of the oldest recipes for making alcohol is that of the brewing of beer. Everyone knows this. The Phoenicians are said to have invented beer. There's even a poem to Ninkasi, the goddess of beer, as a record of it written in Sumerian, and it is not a far-fetched idea that the Great Deluge that came about around that time was one of beer and not of water. Now, fast-forwarding about three thousand or so years from the invention of writing, about two thousand years or so ago, we encounter ourselves with the invention and dissemination of distillation. That is, the coming by of the Spirit. So, here,

I will try to produce a Drought Myth in honor of the extremely resilient legacy left to us by the ancients later.

It's easy to notice, then, that also, with the invention of distillation, did Hellenism come about around the same time.

As a matter of conclusion, I want to say that, in no way, is this book complete, and that I am conscious that anyone else with much better understanding of The Universe than mine would have produced one of better quality than this. So, I'm sorry. Also, to recapitulate on some lost thoughts I'd also like to restate that attractions are a lie and that Æther can just be defined as the combined effect of Gravity, or Fascinations, Vacuum, and space. That Modernism is only a product of History, but Classicism, a feature of language. That nothing, including laws and rules, should be written or codified, but come up by in an ad-hoc manner in order not to hinder life. That opportunities do not exist. That this may just be yet another anarchist book. That, sometimes, all we need is a MEMENTO MORI. That somebody has to rescue the words that nobody wants and save the heroes nobody sings about. That, by reading this book, you are somewhat of a Tripster, but, if you read it the way I told you so, straight from the beginning to the end, it's inevitable that you could call yourself part of my family. That, maybe, the whole point of this trip is only to come to terms with the fact that times to come will not necessarily be better or worse, but only different. That reproduction is everywhere. That History must come to an end. That language is capable of much, much more things than what we can currently imagine. That this book, along with History and society, will also have to perish and disappear from existence like the sliding knot of the earliest of the magicians, and that I'm fine with it. So mote it be.

### The Spirit of Mön

It was a quiet day of Spring in the Afternoon. The Modern, involved in his Magical Workings, still in his twenties, having never been with woman all his life, through the window of his shack amongst the woods, that mystical forest isolated from society and from all of the common people, caught a glimpse of a blinding light that fell from the skies onto the ground with a bang at a really high speed. Instantly, the Magician was able to pinpoint

the location of the fallen object with his mind, and set himself forth, putting on his coat, because of the cold weather, to make some sense of the situation.

On his way there, which was strange, everything seemed to be in order. He always watches his step to avoid getting stung or bitten by the occasional snake or scorpion in his path. Birds seemed to sing monotonous songs, as if tired of singing generation after generation critically in order to survive. The foxes slept with tranquility, showing their bellies to the skies. He could only feel a constant easy breeze along the way. The clouds, pompously white under the boringly blue Heavens.

Upon arriving to the scene where the event took place, there was a crater the diameter of the length of a football field which was as profound as twice the depth of an Olympic diving pool. In the center, there laid, beneath a glorious radiant mist, a blonde gracious figure with perfect curves in a very unearthly fine white, almost translucent, robe, floating about a few inches above the ground with nothing more than air between them. The Magician hurried to find out if she was hurt. As he got nearer, he only got even more intoxicated with curiosity and madness and love and with the smell that exuded from the laying body. A smell he had obviously never experienced before.

Standing there, beside her, staying on his feet with extreme difficulty, the female figure opened her eyes looking straight into both of his. The Magician opened his mouth, and she fell onto the floor in a deep sleep and with a thud. The smell, gone. The radiance, gone as well. The winds roared. The sky turned into an orange-ish hue. The sun must have had grown even more bored than the blues of his Kingdom, as if it had seen something pretty similar a long time before, and decided to set over the horizon. He picked her up over his shoulder taking off his coat and putting it around her, and disposed himself to carry her into his cabin.

Once in his home, he dropped her gently on top of his bed and covered her body with his blanket. He sighed as he looked over her, sleeping so gracefully, but, at the same time, noticing a feeling of concern on her face. Lit up a candle and sat down at his desk to resume his Workings.

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Deep into the night, the Modern encountered a very difficult problem regarding not the Destinies of the Universe, but his own. Never had he had to deal with what would become the outcome of his life, for, until then, nature had always shown him the way explicitly and in its own language. He realized that what was taking place was a Divine Intervention and that, when dealing with the most high in such a direct, but Occult, manner meant that something greater than The Great Work must be attended. Somewhere in time must one of his predecessors had overlooked such a fatal flaw in The Work, for nowhere in the Astral Planes could he find the answer to his questions, so he decided to take a break.

Standing up from his chair and taking a glance at his bed, the Modern found himself with the woman he picked up earlier wide awake and looking back at him directly into his eyes again and with a smile on her face. She opened up her robes, slowly, never taking her eyes off of his, revealing her perfectly formed bosom. "What's your name?" She asked him.

"I'm Yours." He answered without hesitation.

"Great." She let his mind wander for a while. His mouth couldn't find closure, but he moistened his lips with his tongue. "Are you The Magician?"

"I Am."

"I'm Lylah."

"Even better."

"Where's your hat?"

"I don't have one."

"I thought Magicians wore decent hats. Why don't you have one?"

"I lost mine way back in my early days as an Apprentice." The magician replied taking the forefinger and thumb of his left hand to the sides of his nasal bridge and grasping his hip bone with the other.

"Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Don't be. I never needed it in the first place. Real Magic occurs only while naked." A moment of silence of about four minutes and a half took place. "It wasn't too decent anyway."

"What color was it?" She asked, but, this time, she seemed so interested in the answer, the Modern's breath appeared to escape from him against his Will for an instant. He answered as soon as he regained his composure.

"Blue. Like your eyes..."

“Perfect! Then I’m Yours as well.” Right then and there, they were married. “Come to my lips, and kiss me, before the sunrise, but take off your clothes first.”

The man took off his clothes, hypnotized by her eyes and her hair and her figure, revealing his sex fully engorged in an erection. The ladylike figure smiled, but one tear rolled down the side of her face from the corner of her left eye. The Modern couldn’t notice, because the candle on his desk could only illuminate the other side of her face.

He climbed on his bed, on top of her, and gave her a swift kiss that lasted, virtually, an eternity. She took a delightful hold of his erection, sitting up on the bed, facing him while still under the blanket. She then brought her left cheek to his, making him feel the tear she had shed for him and said “Show me the Moon.”

She opened her mouth while, gently, massaging and caressing his Virility until he reached orgasm with a final roar. She was still looking at him with that unexplainable facial expression she’s had since her last question when he opened up his eyes again to look back at her. Her mouth was shut.

“Sweet.” She remarked with yet another smile. No seminal discharge did ever occur.

The Magician fell onto his own bed and fell asleep in a matter of seconds while, coincidentally, the flame of the candle on his desk extinguished at the same time. Laylah covered him up with their blanket and slept along him for the rest of the night.

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The sun was almost at it’s highest point when The Magician woke up and Laylah, awake too, still clenched close by his side. He turned to her and kissed her. He rolled over to get on top of her and, positioning his glans over her pudenda, he found out that there was no room for it. It didn’t fit. The Magician was astonished. He knew the female reproductive system well enough to tell the difference.

“What’s wrong?” She asked.

“We are not of the same species.”

“I know.” She seemed not to care at all.

“How?”

“Well. Your species is derived from mine.”

“I don’t understand.” The Modern got off her, but she was, somehow, still clenched to him. She then ran her fingers over his chest while he just stared at the ceiling with his mouth open.

“A long time ago, when your species still didn’t exist, mine urged to leave this planet, because of the caprices of Time. Our greatest thinkers could not believe that the Universe was about to come to an end, so we developed the necessary technology for deep-space exploration, for which the technology for human genetic manipulation was inherently perfected in case something went awry and we’d have to come back to this planet and evolve back into what we’d been before leaving.”

“So...”

“So, de-evolution was not necessary and Time has always been true.”

“So, the Universe is going Down?”

“That could be a way to say it.” She smiled at him looking at his eyes again, and rested her face over his chest.

“Then why leave us behind if your species clearly knew how to get back, and why are you here if the Universe will end anyway?”

“You’re The Magician here. You should know about Chaos. And your species was not left here. It was put here.”

“What do you mean?”

“You see? Your species was created in a laboratory. It was genetically derived from mine and let to populate this planet as soon as mine left it. In fact, this is the first time such an encounter between our species ever occurs.”

“Fascinating...”

“I know.”

“But why would you go all at once?”

“We joke about that a lot. We’re still humans, you know?”

“Then we can produce offspring?”

“Of course. We can say that the only difference between our species is our outer reproductive organs.”

“How so?” The Magician looks straight into Laylah’s eyes very seriously and she sighs.

“The male counterpart in our species has a considerably smaller penis with a bone inside of it, and the female’s organ fits it perfectly and has no



clitoris. You'd just have to aim really well and inseminate me with the right timing."

"So, to you we're only an experiment? Yet another ticking time bomb?"

"Yes, but no."

"This is disrespectful!" The Magician stood up from his bed and walked about their shack in despair. "I can't want this. We cannot be One. We can't do this. This is against Nature! This goes against all Order!" He stopped mid-step and turned to her. "Say you're not mine."

"We are One, Mön."

Mön ran and jumped on the bed and put his hands around her neck and pressed as hard as he could. She showed no signs of struggle. Having realized that it's of no avail, he gave up and layed by her side again.

"I'm immortal, Babe." She said while clenching on to him again.

The Modern closes his eyes.

"It's of no use, Baby. You won't be able to stop your heart in your meditation. You won't even be able to meditate. You're immortal now, and you are Mine."

The Magician opened his eyes in a deep breath and stares at the ceiling again. "Are you the only one of your species that has come back to Earth?"

"Yes. I wouldn't if the Universe was not about to end."

"When will it end?"

"In thirty two years, more or less."

"Then why are you Mine?"

"Because we need The Spirit to transcend Time and the Universe."

"But why me? There are better Magicians out there."

"Yes, there are. As a matter of fact, you've been the worst Magician ever. You've neglected most parts of your training, your technique is awful, and all you've done is absolutely nothing." The Magician felt a sadness so strong he was about to cry, but he didn't, and she continued. "But, you are the one I like the most and I know that, now that we are One, you'd be able to fulfill this simple task successfully."

"Why not do it yourself then, Laylah?"

Laylah got on top of him and kissed him on the lips with all the emotions as both her eyes shed one tear each. "I have no spirit, Mön."

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Thirty years passed and they had only one child, because Laylah's species could not reproduce more than once. They've been a happy family and luck was always with them. They now lived in a big house with a great view of the Pacific Ocean, where the sun last sets. The day their son died, after their grandchildren fell asleep, Laylah came up to the Modern and gave him a kiss and a sealed envelope. "The Universe will end in an hour. This is the Ritual."

"I love you, Laylah." Laylah put both her hands on his cheeks.

"Go. Everything is set and ready." She looked into his eyes. They seemed mature, but hadn't aged as much. She was still as beautiful as when he placed her on his bed for the first time. "Give me one last kiss before you go." They kissed goodbye.

The Magician entered into his personal study, closing and locking its doors behind him. The place was dark, illuminated only by a single candlelight on that empty desk by the window and, although the skies were cloudless and the stars shone brightly, it was a night with a full moon. The rest of the room was otherwise empty except by the coat stand by the corner, where he hanged his robes, and a trash can. Naked, Mön walked to the chairless desk and opened the envelope, read the contents of the Magical Ritual and let the pieces of paper burn in the trash can as he proceeded to perform it.

Of what the Ritual consists of we cannot discuss about here. All we can say is the following. The Magician constructed a spiritual crystal sphere big enough for him to enter inside of it, and entered inside of it. Once inside, he read from the Book of Life the Method of The Vacuum with his pineal gland. Then he covered his soul with spiritual henna and let his body get inside of it. With his body in his soul, he let them fall out of the sphere, which was floating mid-air in the study. As they fell, the sun was all there was in the sky, which consumed all the air of the atmosphere as well as the Modern's soul, and the earth drank all the water above it and turned all the bodies, including The Magician's, to their natural, lifeless, inanimate state; into dust. The Vacuum overcame the force of Gravity and everything in existence came onto each other and Chaos reigned once again, like in the Beginning of all, the difference being that, now, there is no confusion, because of the transcendence of the Spirit of Mön.

Although Mön's Spirit was sufficient for the Greatest Work, since he existed in all of the universes, many other Magicians also performed the

Ritual and it became clear that all their spirits were also One. The rest got Eliminated.