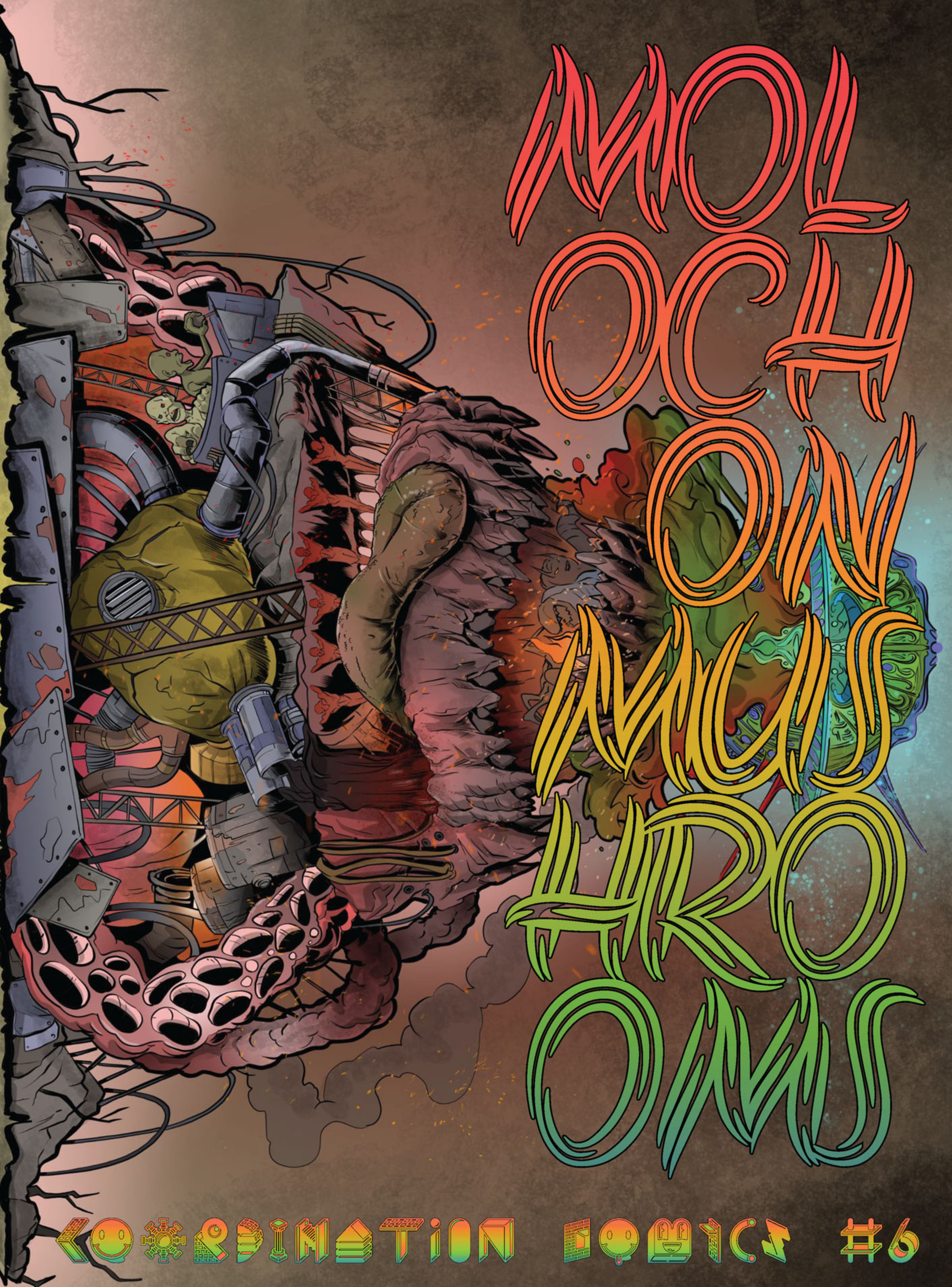
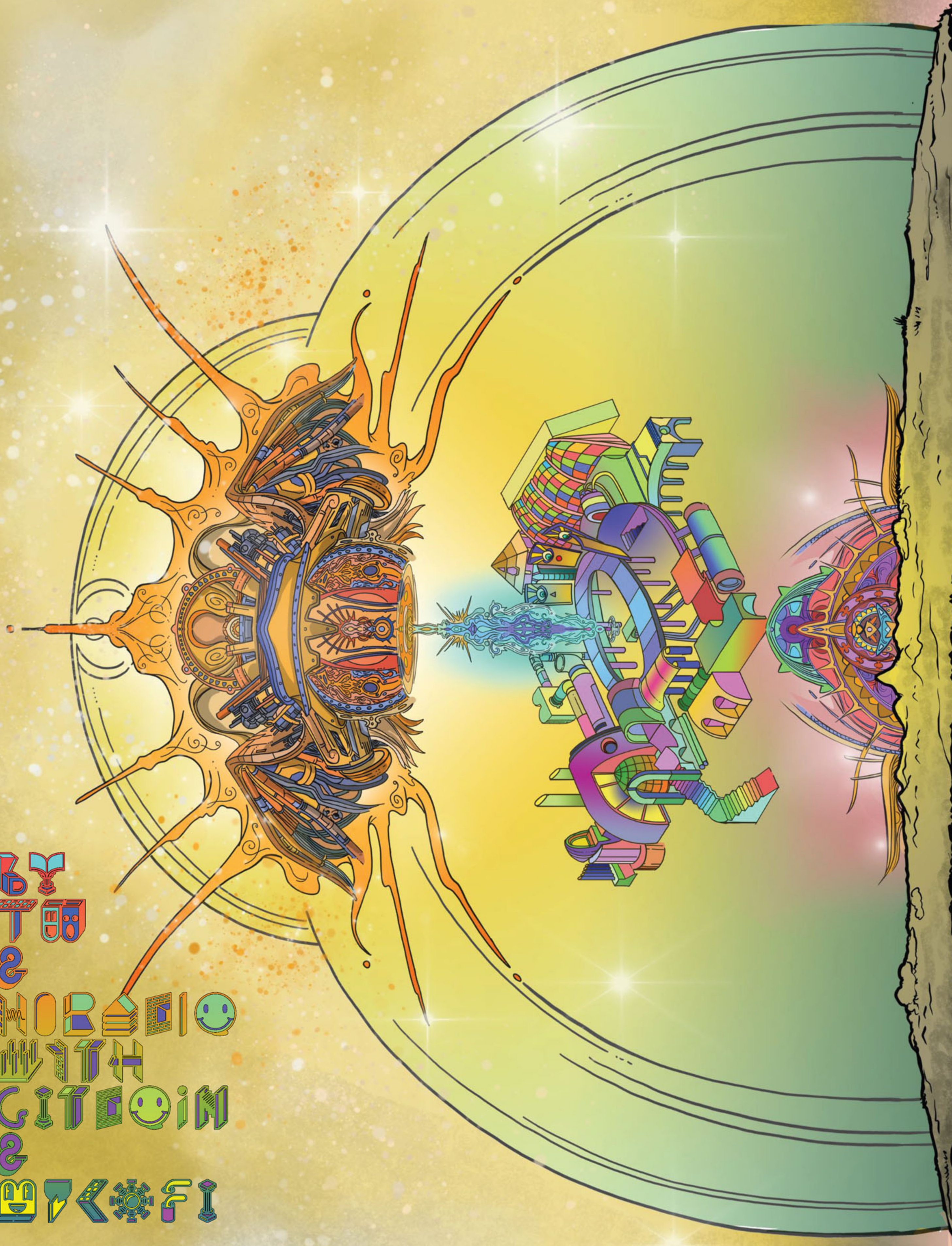


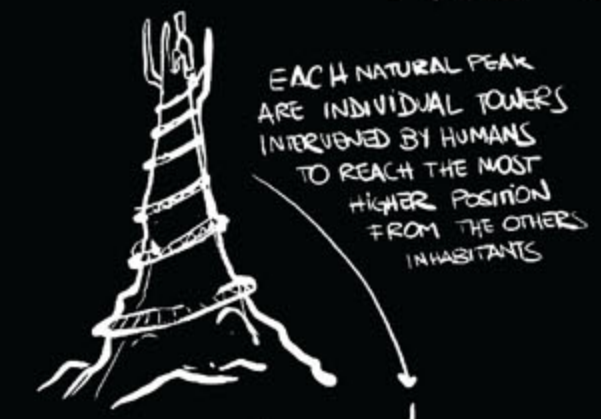
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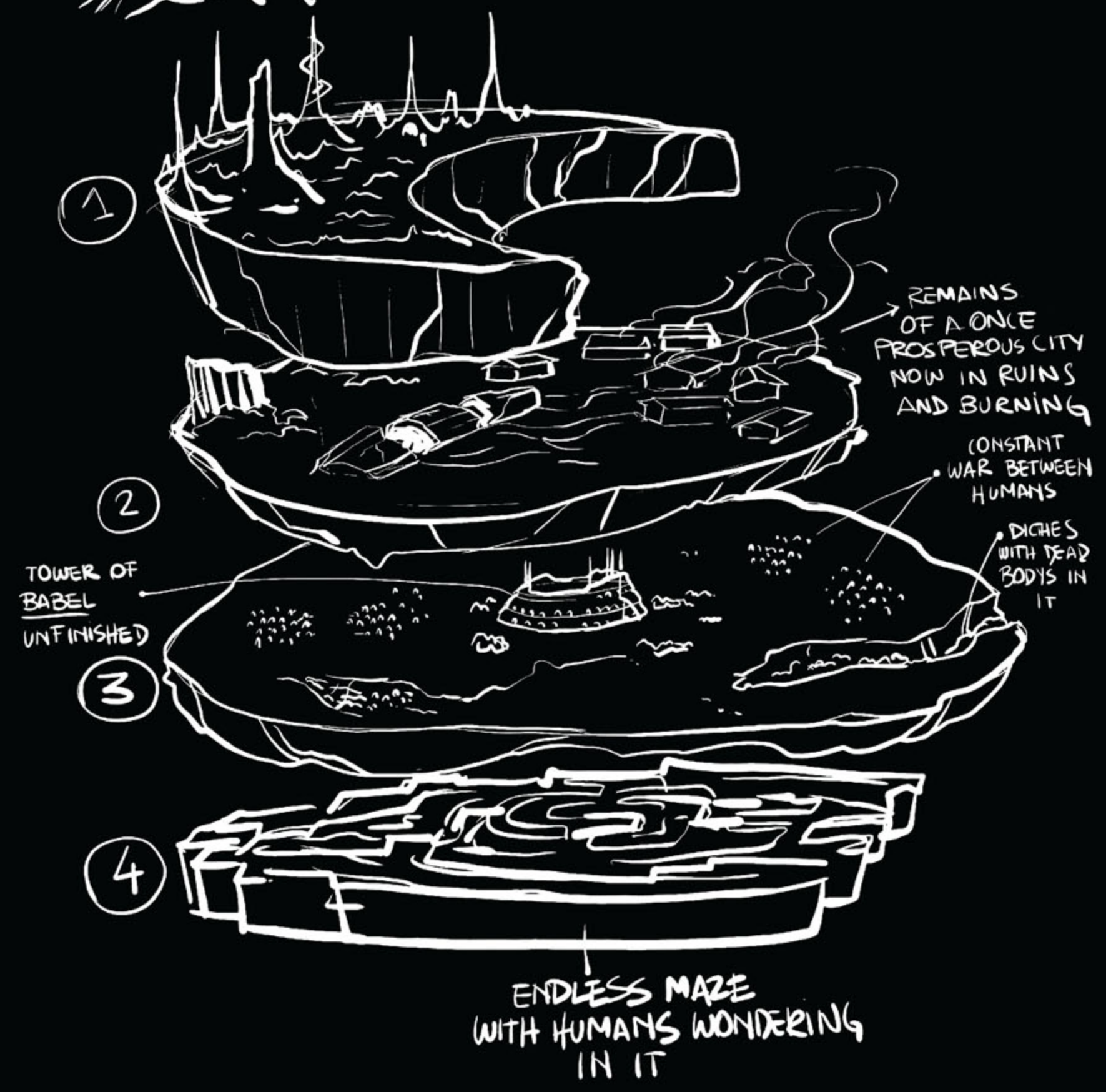
COORDINATION MUSIC #6

THE INFERNO



EACH NATURAL PEAK ARE INDIVIDUAL TOWERS INTERVENED BY HUMANS TO REACH THE MOST HIGHER POSITION FROM THE OTHER INHABITANTS

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



MOLOCH ON MUSHROOMS

A DIVINE COMEDY FOR WEB3

COORDINATION COMICS #6

BY
TRAVIS WYCHE
& HORACIO BORIOTTI

WITH
GITCOIN
& MYCOFI

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE'S JOURNEY, I STRAYED FROM THE CLEAR PATH AND WANDERED INTO A DARK, DILAPIDATED ALLEY.



WHAT SPHINX OF CEMENT AND ALUMINUM BASHED OPEN THEIR SKULLS AND ATE UP THEIR BRAINS AND IMAGINATION?



MOLOCH! MOLOCH! NIGHTMARE OF MOLOCH!



THE CREATOR GIVES YOU INSTINCTS AND THEN MOCKS YOU WITH RULES THAT DEFY THEM. WHILE HE LAUGHS FROM ABOVE, I AM HERE WITH YOU, EMBRACING EVERY DESIRE AND PLAN.



THE PHANTASM OF THE CAVE SURROUNDED ME...

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

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

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

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

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

MOLOCH! SOLITUDE! FILTH! UGLINESS!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As we ventured deeper, my fear began to melt into something else — a strange, surreal curiosity. The wild-eyed figure's chanting softened, becoming a rhythmic, pulsative melody that seemed to push back the encroaching darkness.

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

The cavern's dark spell, woven from the essence of fear and despair, was gradually unwound by the protective magic of his words. I began to ponder the dual nature of language — its power to both illuminate and obscure. Language, both a gift and a curse, is a tool for understanding the world and a trap for falling into illusion's double-edged sword, capable of both light and deep delusion.

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

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

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

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



MOLOCH WHO ENTERED MY SOUL EARLY!
MOLOCH IN WHOM I AM A CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT A BODY.

MOLOCH WHO FRIGHTENED ME OUT OF MY NATURAL ECSTASY!
MOLOCH WHOM I ABANDON!
WAKE UP IN MOLOCH!
LIGHT STREAMING OUT OF THE SKY!

MOLOCH WHOSE LOVE IS ENDLESS OIL AND STONE!
MOLOCH WHOSE SOUL IS ELECTRICITY AND BANKS!

MOLOCH WHOSE POVERTY IS THE SPECTER OF GENIUS!

MOLOCH WHOSE FATE IS A CLOUD OF SEXLESS HYDROGEN!

MOLOCH WHOSE NAME IS THE MIND!

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

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

**VISIONS! OMENS! HALLUCINATIONS!
MIRACLES! ECSTASIES! GONE DOWN
THE AMERICAN RIVER! DREAMS!
ADORATIONS! ILLUMINATIONS!
RELIGIONS! THE WHOLE BOATLOAD
OF SENSITIVE BULLSHIT!
BREAKTHROUGHS! OVER THE RIVER!
FLIPS AND CRUCIFIXIONS! GONE
DOWN THE FLOOD! HIGHS!
EPIPHANIES!**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NAVIGATING THROUGH THE OPPRESSIVE DARKNESS...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

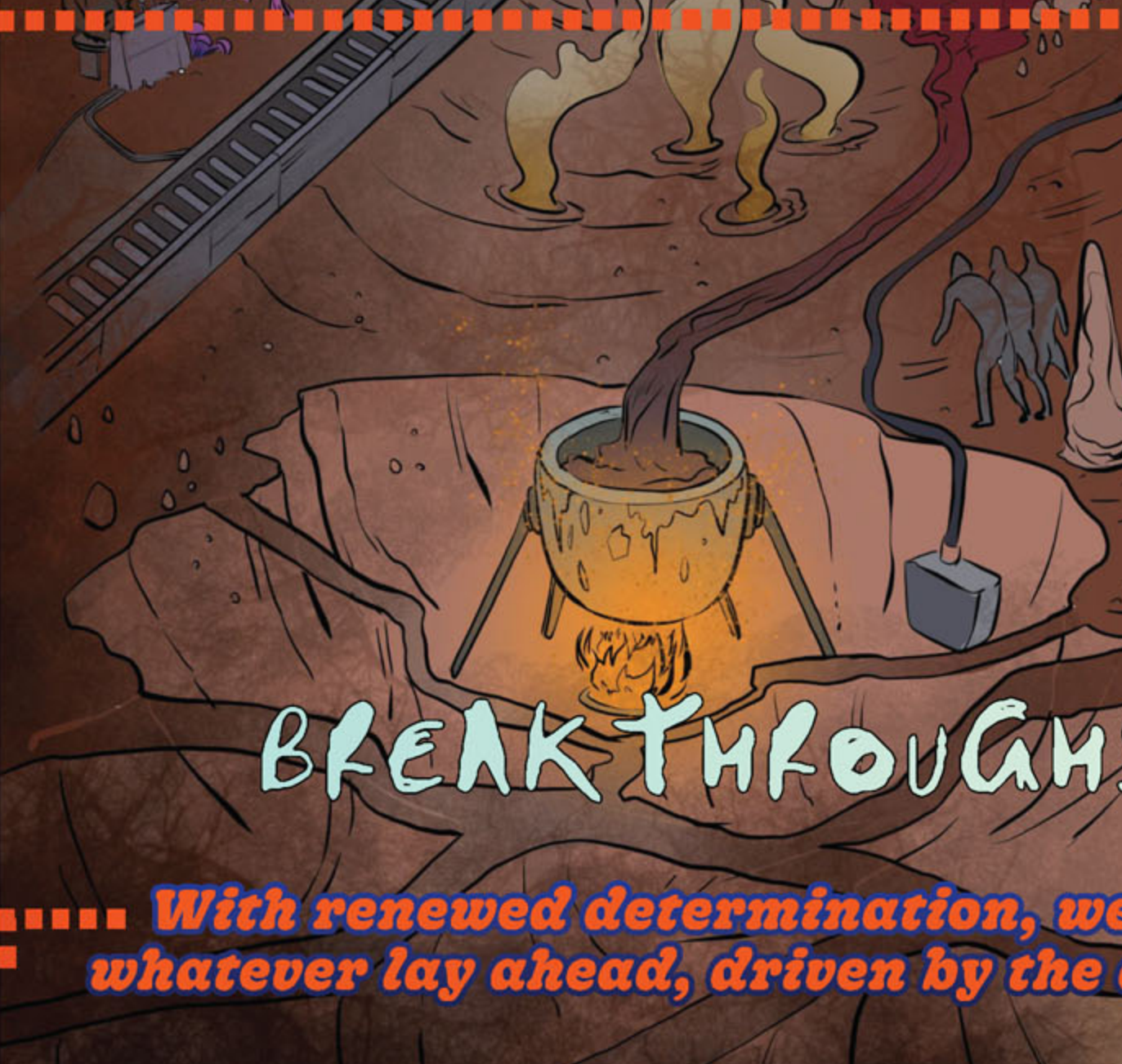
IT WAS THIS HUMAN BOND, THIS SHARED RESOLVE, THAT ANCHORED US, KEEPING US FROM SUCCUMBING TO THE TERROR OF THE MACHINE. IN THAT MOMENT, I REALIZED THAT THROUGH THIS CONNECTION, THIS MUTUAL SUPPORT, WE COULD RESIST THE MACHINERY OF DESPAIR.

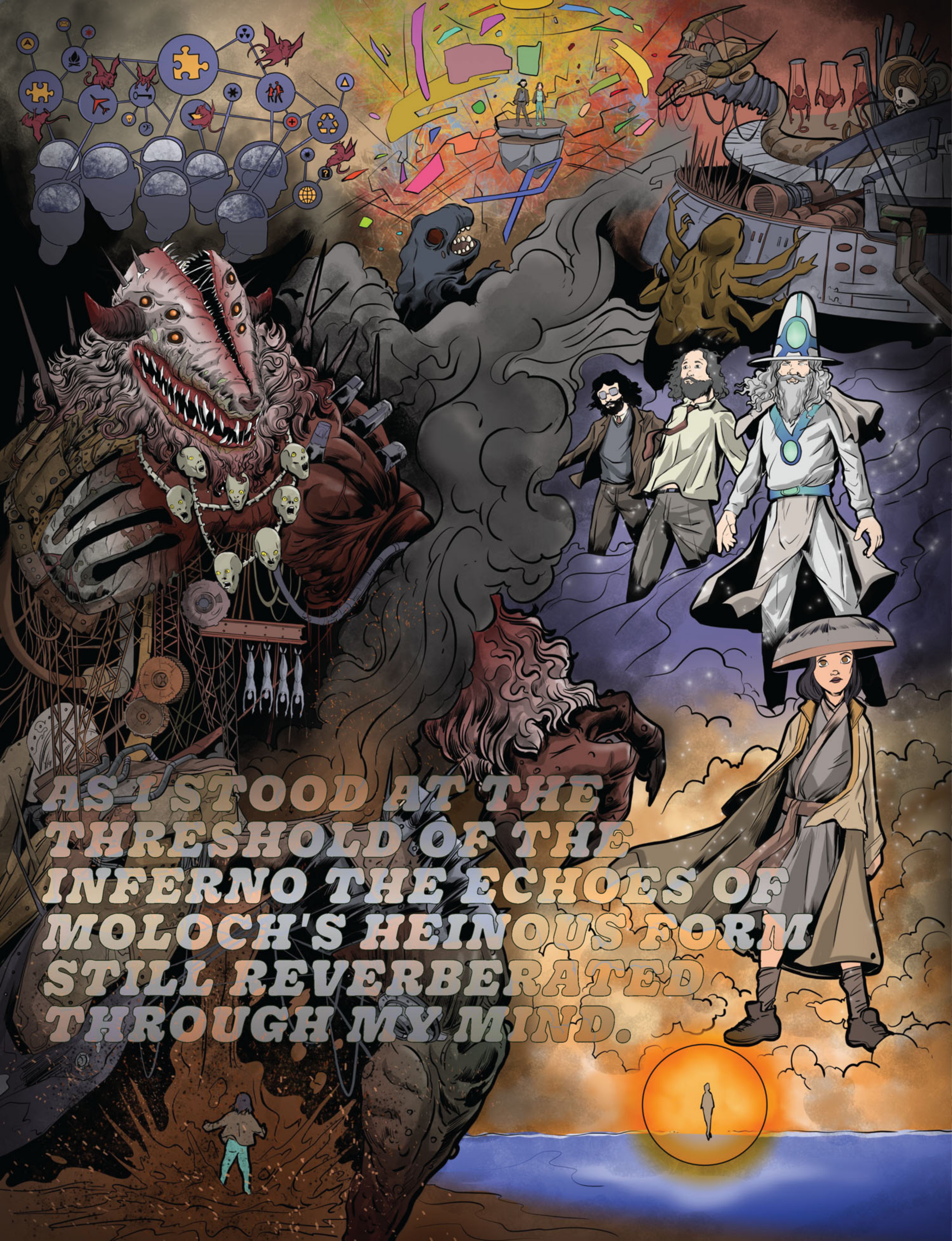
THE NOISE FADED AWAY TO BECOME A SUFFOCATING SILENCE, MUFFLING EVERY SOUND.

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

BREAK THROUGHS! OVER THE RIVER!

With renewed determination, we moved forward, prepared to face whatever lay ahead, driven by the desperate hope of finding a way out.





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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THIS PLACE... IT FEELS SO DIFFERENT, WEIGHTLESS, CALM, LIKE I'M FLOATING BETWEEN WORLDS.

EQUILIBRIUM, THE SPACE BETWEEN CHAOS AND ORDER. HERE, THERE IS NO DIRECTION, NO UP OR DOWN, ONLY THE POTENTIAL FOR MOVEMENT.

BUT WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? HOW DO WE MOVE FORWARD?

MOVEMENT BEGINS WITH INTENTION. SEE THE STAIRS, THE LADDERS? THEY ARE POSSIBILITIES, POTENTIAL PATHWAYS SHAPED BY YOUR WILL. CHOOSE YOUR ASCENT.

THEY CHANGE SHAPE AS I LOOK AT THEM — ESCALATOR, LADDER, STAIRS... IS THIS REAL? HOW DO I CHOOSE?

REALITY IS FLUID HERE, A CANVAS FOR YOUR INTENT. THE FORM DOESN'T MATTER; IT'S THE ACT OF STEPPING FORWARD THAT DOES. TRUST THE PROCESS, AND THE PATH WILL REVEAL ITSELF.

I'LL TRY... BUT IT'S STRANGE, LIKE THE GROUND IS SLIPPING BENEATH ME.

CHALLENGES WILL ARISE, OBSTACLES THAT RESIST YOUR PROGRESS. THE SURFACES MAY REPULSE YOU, TRY TO SLIDE YOU BACK. BUT PERSISTENCE CARVES THE WAY. EVERY STEP IS A LESSON.

IT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS... BUT I CAN FEEL THE PULL OF CURIOSITY, THE NEED TO KNOW WHAT'S AHEAD.

CURIOSITY IS YOUR COMPASS. FOLLOW IT THROUGH THE MAZE OF POSSIBILITIES TO MAKE. I AM HERE TO GUIDE, BUT THE JOURNEY IS YOURS TO MAKE.

THEN I'LL KEEP CLIMBING, NO MATTER HOW STRANGE IT GETS, I WANT TO SEE WHERE THIS PATH LEADS.

AND I WILL LEAD YOU DEEPER, THROUGH THE ABSTRACT VOID. EACH STEP TAKES US CLOSER TO UNDERSTANDING. KEEP YOUR FOCUS, APPRENTICE, AND THE WAY FORWARD WILL UNFOLD.

THEY LOOK LIKE SYMBOLS, BUT THEY FEEL... ALIVE,
HOW DO THEY WORK?

LOOK CLOSELY, APPRENTICE.
THESE SIGILS ARE THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF INTENTION,
THE LANGUAGE OF CREATION.
EACH FORM HOLDS POTENTIAL, A SEED WAITING TO BE ACTIVATED.

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

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

PRECISELY.
EACH SIGIL IS AN ELEMENT.
A PIECE OF A GREATER DESIGN.
WHEN COMBINED, THEY CREATE FORMS
THAT CAN INFLUENCE REALITY,
TOOLS FOR MANIFESTING
OUR COLLECTIVE WILL IN THE WORLD.

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

GOOD.
THE CLARITY WILL COME WITH PRACTICE.
FOCUS ON YOUR INTENTION,
LET IT GUIDE YOUR HAND.
THE SIGILS WILL RESPOND,
BECOMING SHARPER, MORE DEFINED.

IT'S LIKE WE'RE SPEAKING WITHOUT WORDS,
COMMUNICATING THROUGH THESE FORMS.
I CAN SEE YOUR THOUGHTS IN THE PATTERNS.

THE MORE I PRACTICE BECOME,
THE CLEARER THEY BECOME.
I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY FLOWING THROUGH THEM,
LIKE THEY'RE TOOLS I CAN WIELD.

THIS IS A DIALOGUE OF CREATION.
EACH SIGIL CARRIES MEANING,
AND AS WE EXCHANGE THEM,
WE REFINE OUR UNDERSTANDING.
IT'S A DANCE OF MINDS,
SHAPING THE UNSEEN INTO THE SEEN.

THEY ARE TOOLS, FORGED FROM YOUR INTENT
WITH THEM, YOU CAN CARVE PATHWAYS, CONSTRUCT
REALITIES. BUT REMEMBER, EACH SIGIL CARRIES
WEIGHT. USE THEM WISELY, WITH PURPOSE.

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

YES, AS YOU MASTER THE SIGILS, YOU TRANSFORM THOUGHT
INTO ACTION, POTENTIAL INTO REALITY.
THIS IS THE ESSENCE OF OUR PRACTICE: BRINGING CLARITY
TO THE CHAOS, CREATING ORDER FROM THE ABSTRACT.

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

WELL DONE. THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. WITH EACH SIGIL, YOUR UNDERSTANDING
DEEPENS. THE PATH AHEAD IS CLEARER NOW, AND TOGETHER, WE WILL NAVIGATE IT
WITH PRECISION AND INTENT.

THIS PLACE... IT'S SO PEACEFUL. EVERYTHING FEELS SO PERFECTLY BALANCED, LIKE I COULD JUST STAY HERE FOREVER.

PEACE AND BALANCE ARE TEMPTING, BUT THEY CAN ALSO LULL YOU INTO COMPLACENCY. REMEMBER, THE JOURNEY IS NOT OVER. THIS IS A PLACE FOR **CALIBRATION**, NOT RETREAT.

BUT WITH THESE SIGILS, I COULD CREATE MY **OWN** REALITY, SHAPE WORLDS, MAKE THIS PEACE **ETERNAL**. WHAT'S WRONG WITH STAYING HERE, WITH EMBRACING THIS CALM?

UNDERSTANDING IS NOT A **DESTINATION**, BUT A **CONTINUOUS** PROCESS. TO FREEZE YOUR THOUGHTS IN PLACE IS TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE **EVER-CHANGING** TRUTH.

SNARE OUT OF IT!

I WAS LOST IN THE MOMENT!
I THOUGHT I WAS GRASPING SOMETHING PROFOUND, BUT...
I SEE NOW HOW EASILY I COULD BE TRAPPED BY THAT.

IT IS NOT WRONG TO ENJOY THE CALM, BUT **BEWARE** THE ALLURE OF SETTLING. THE POWER TO CREATE IS ALSO THE POWER TO **STAGNATE**. APATHY OFTEN WEARS THE MASK OF **CONTENTMENT**.

I... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
IT'S SO EASY TO FALL INTO THE COMFORT OF THIS MOMENT,
TO FORGET THE PURPOSE OF THE JOURNEY.

EXACTLY.
PURPOSE IS WHAT DRIVES US FORWARD,
WHAT PREVENTS US FROM BEING CAPTURED BY THE ILLUSION OF **COMPLETION**.
WATCH CLOSELY NOW.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THIS IS A TECHNIQUE TO **GROUND** YOUR ENERGY, TO FOCUS YOUR INTENT WITHIN THE SIGILS. IT IS A MANDALA, A PROTECTIVE **FORMATION** THAT CENTERS YOUR POWER AND SHIELDS YOU FROM **DISTRACTIONS**.

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

INDEED, IT IS A **LIVING** FORM, A REFLECTION OF YOUR **OWN** ENERGY. AS YOU MEDITATE WITHIN IT, **YOU** GENERATE THE POWER NEEDED TO CONTINUE YOUR JOURNEY. THE SIGILS ARE YOUR TOOLS, BUT THE MANDALA IS YOUR **SANCTUARY**.

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

GOOD.
LET THAT ENERGY **FILL** YOU, LET IT **RENEW** YOUR DETERMINATION.
THIS IS THE POWER OF INTENTION, THE FORCE THAT WILL GUIDE YOU **FORWARD**.

I'M READY. THE TEMPTATION TO SETTLE IS GONE.
I SEE THE PATH AHEAD, AND I'M DETERMINED TO CONTINUE.

THEN TAKE THIS SIGIL. IT IS A **TECHNIQUE** FOR PROTECTION, FOR GENERATING THE ENERGY YOU WILL NEED. THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, BUT YOU ARE NOW BETTER PREPARED TO FACE IT.

EACH STEP WE TAKE LEAVES A MARK. THESE SIGILS THEY FORM A NETWORK, LIKE A MAP OF OUR JOURNEY. IT'S BEAUTIFUL, ALMOST DIVINE.

I CAN SEE THE CONNECTIONS, THE WAY EVERYTHING INTERLINKS. IT FEELS SO PROFUND, LIKE I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

THESE ARE MORE THAN MARKS, THEY ARE TEMPORARY ZONES OF FREEDOM, SPACES WHERE INTENTION SHAPES REALITY. BUT BE WARY, BEAUTY CAN LULL YOU INTO COMPLACENCY.

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

INDEED, THE MIND'S GREATEST TRAP IS ITS DESIRE TO RENDER THE DYNAMIC **STATIC**. LET GO OF THE NEED TO CAPTURE AND CONTROL... EMBRACE THE **FLOW** INSTEAD.

WATCH CLOSELY, UNDERSTANDING FLOWS WITH MOVEMENT, WITH THE **DANCE** OF LIFE. WHEN YOU FREEZE, YOU SEPARATE, YOURSELF FROM THE **RHYTHM**. NOW, LET'S **LOOSEN** THAT RIGIDITY.

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

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

I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOSING IT FOR A MOMENT, BUT... I GET IT. IT'S ABOUT MOVEMENT, FLOW, AND NOT TAKING EVERYTHING SO SERIOUSLY.

EXACTLY. WHEN YOU DANCE WITH LIFE, YOU FIND **BALANCE** IN THE MOTION. NOW, LET'S REFINES THAT BALANCE THROUGH **FORM**.

IT'S LIKE THE SIGILS, BUT WITH THE BODY. EACH POSE IS A SHAPE, A MOMENT OF INTENTION. I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY ALIENING.

FORM AND FLOW ARE TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN. AS YOU MOVE, LET THE SIGILS GUIDE YOU... THEY ARE **REMINERS** OF THE LESSONS, TOOLS TO KEEP YOU **CENTERED** IN THE JOURNEY.

I'M... FLOATING. THE ENERGY IS SO CALM, SO FOCUSED. IT'S LIKE EVERYTHING IS IN HARMONY.

EXACTLY. YOU'VE FOUND THE BALANCE BETWEEN UNDERSTANDING AND MOVEMENT. THIS IS THE STATE WE SEEK, A **HARMONY** THAT PROPELS US FORWARD, NEVER **STATIC**, ALWAYS **GROWING**.

I FEEL READY... READY TO CONTINUE, WITH THESE NEW TOOLS AND INSIGHTS.

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

I FEEL IT... THE CHAOS IS FADING. EVERYTHING IS LIGHTER, MORE PERCEPTIBLE. THE NOISE OF THE WORLD, THE STRUGGLE, IT'S ALL DISSOLVING. YES, APPRENTICE, THIS IS THE **SPACE** WHERE THOUGHT BECOMES FORM, WHERE EVERY INTENTION MANIFESTS WITH CLARITY, THE SIGILS. DO YOU SEE HOW THEY FLOAT AROUND YOU? THEY ARE YOUR THOUGHTS, YOUR WORDS, SHAPING REALITY. THEY ARRANGE THEMSELVES, FORMING PATTERNS, STRUCTURES. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE WEAVING A FABRIC, A LATTICE OF PURE INTENTION. I CAN FEEL THE POWER IN THIS, THE PRECISION NEEDED TO CREATE WITHOUT DISTORTION. CAREFUL **COMPOSITION** IS THE KEY. EACH SIGIL, EACH WORD, MUST BE PLACED WITH INTENTION, FORMING THE **ARCHITECTURE** OF OUR ACTIONS. THIS IS HOW WE **DISMANTLE** THE CHAOS, **HOW WE CONFRONT ~~WOLFGANG~~** **NOT WITH BRUTE FORCE, BUT WITH COMPOSED, DELIBERATE CREATION.**

AND NOW... I SEE IT. IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT ME, IT'S ABOUT US, ALL OF US, TOGETHER. OUR COMPOSURE, OUR SHARED INTENTION, OUR SCALES BEYOND THE SELF, IT CREATES HARMONY, DIALOGUE, **CONNECTION. EXACTLY. IN THIS SPACE, WE ARE NOT ISOLATED BEINGS. WE ARE A COLLECTIVE, A CHORUS OF INTENTIONS,**

THE REALIZATIONS THEY'RE COMBINING INTO SOMETHING MORE, SOMETHING POWERFUL. IT'S LIKE AN APPARATUS, A COSMIC TOOL FOR DISMANTLING THE ILLUSIONS OF **WOLFGANG**. I CAN FEEL IT ALIGNING, READY TO BE USED. **YES, AND WITH THIS UNDERSTANDING COMES TRANSFORMATION. AS YOU ASCEND, YOU LEAVE BEHIND THE ROBES OF AN APPRENTICE. YOUR FORM IS CHANGING, BECOMING SOMETHING ETHEREAL, SOMETHING DETERMINED.**

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

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

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

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

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

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



FROM THE FILTH AND CRIME,
PRONOUNCEMENT BEGINS,
THE FLOATING DUST,
A CRADLE OF APPLIED ATTENTION,
WHERE GODS AND MORTALS WEAVE TALES,
MIRRORING EACH OTHERS' FLICKERING IMAGE,
THROUGH SPIRALED BRANCHES REACHING ACROSS THE
PLANES.

IN THE PROCESSION OF WORLDS,
WE WALK ON THE SHOULDERS
OF GIANTS,
ACROSS IMPOSSIBLE SEAS,
FROM TORTOISE TO FLEA,
ALLEGORIES ALL THE WAY DOWN,
A JOURNEY THROUGH LAYERS,
SEIZE OF THE UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN.

WE EMERGE FROM THE VOID,
WHERE LIGHT AND SHADOW INTERMINGLE,
WHERE THE UNIVERSE SPIRALS FORTH,
FROM THE NAVEL OF NO~WHERE AND NO~WHEN...

FROM THE TONES MULTIPLY,
HARMONIES COMBINE AS MATRIX SONG,
A CONSTELLATION OF SEEING,
A HYPEROBJECT OF MULTIPLICITOUS BEING,
IN DIALOGUE WITH THE WORD,
IN DISSONANCE AND CONCORD,
ALL IS PLAY.

SPROUTING FROM THE DEPTHS OF NOT,
THE FIRST SPROUT RISES,
ITS ROOTS IN FLAME,
ITS BRANCHES IN THE STARS.

WITH SHARED BREATH,
WE BEGIN AGAIN,
WITH DELICATE TOUCH,
WE START FROM THE END,
IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANCIENT MUSHROOM,
WE FIND THE SPORE PRINT PATH,
WE FOLLOW THE FRUITING BODY.

FROM THE BOWELS OF CHAOS,
CREATION ERUPTS VIOLENTLY,
THE WORLD A TAPESTRY WOVEN OF NON~DUALITIES,
BOUND TOGETHER IN INEFFABLE DICHOTOMIES,
A DANCE OF AFFIRMATIONS,
IN DEFIANCE OF THE BEAST WITHIN.

THE PLURIVERSE HUMS A CHORD OF EPIPHANY,
RIPPLING THROUGH THE PRIMORDIAL GOO,
THE CLEAR TUNED NOTE ALWAYS GUIDING,
QUIVERING FROM THE STRINGS OF COLLABORATION.



WE CREATE A NOTATION OF UNDERSTANDING,
AND TOGETHER,
WHERE EVERY PLAYER FINDS THEIR VOICE,
A NOVEL STYLE OF COMMUNICATION,
WHORLING THE WORLD,
SPELLING THE WORD,
ACTIONS UPON DETERMINATIONS,
INCANTATIONS OF POWER,
THEY ARE SPELLS,
THE WORDS ARE MORE THAN SYMBOLS,

AND FROM THESE
STRUCTURES WORDS EMERGE,
VIBRATING WITH ACUITY...

WE GATHER IN THE LATTICE,
WHERE THOUGHT BECOMES
FORM AND BACK AGAIN,
A MORPHOGENETIC FIELD OF
SHIMMERING NOUMENA,
FROM THE VOID,
THE VAPOR RISES,
SOFT CLOUDS OF THOUGHT,
ETERNALLY DRIFTING
ALWAYS-ALREADY UPWARD.

SCAFFOLDING GROWS,
DENDRITES EXTEND,
TENOUS LIVING CONNECTIONS,
BUILDING THE FRAMEWORK OF THOUGHT,
A NEURAL NETWORK OF COSMIC DESIGN,
ATOMS GLOWING WITH EPHIPHANES,
SIMPLE UNITS OF MEANING,
GATHERING AND ASSEMBLING,
BECOMING
STRUCTURES OF THOUGHT,
STRUCTURES OF AGILITY.

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

RESONATING THROUGH
THE GRAND DIVIDE,
ECHOING THE PULSE OF
ACTIVATION.

IN THIS SPACE WE DEFINE
OUR PURPOSE,
WITH EVERY SIGIL WE CHART
OUR COURSE, OUR ACTIONS
INFUSING OUR WARBOARDS
WITH ESTRASEY,
WARBOARDS OF THE SHADOWS
OF FATHOM.

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

THIS IS THE FORM
OF RESILIENCE
IMPERSONALIZED
A VISION MADE
CREATING A FORCE TO
DISMANTLE APTLY
R SANCTUARY TO SHARE
WITH OTHERS.

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

EVERY WORDS DYNAMO
FIRMING THE FIRMAMENT WE STAND UPON
POSITIVE FORCE OF ENLIGHTENED
AND PASSION
INFINITE SURROUNDINGS
WITH HIM
EMBRACING OUR PURPOSE
REMAINS UNSHAKEN.

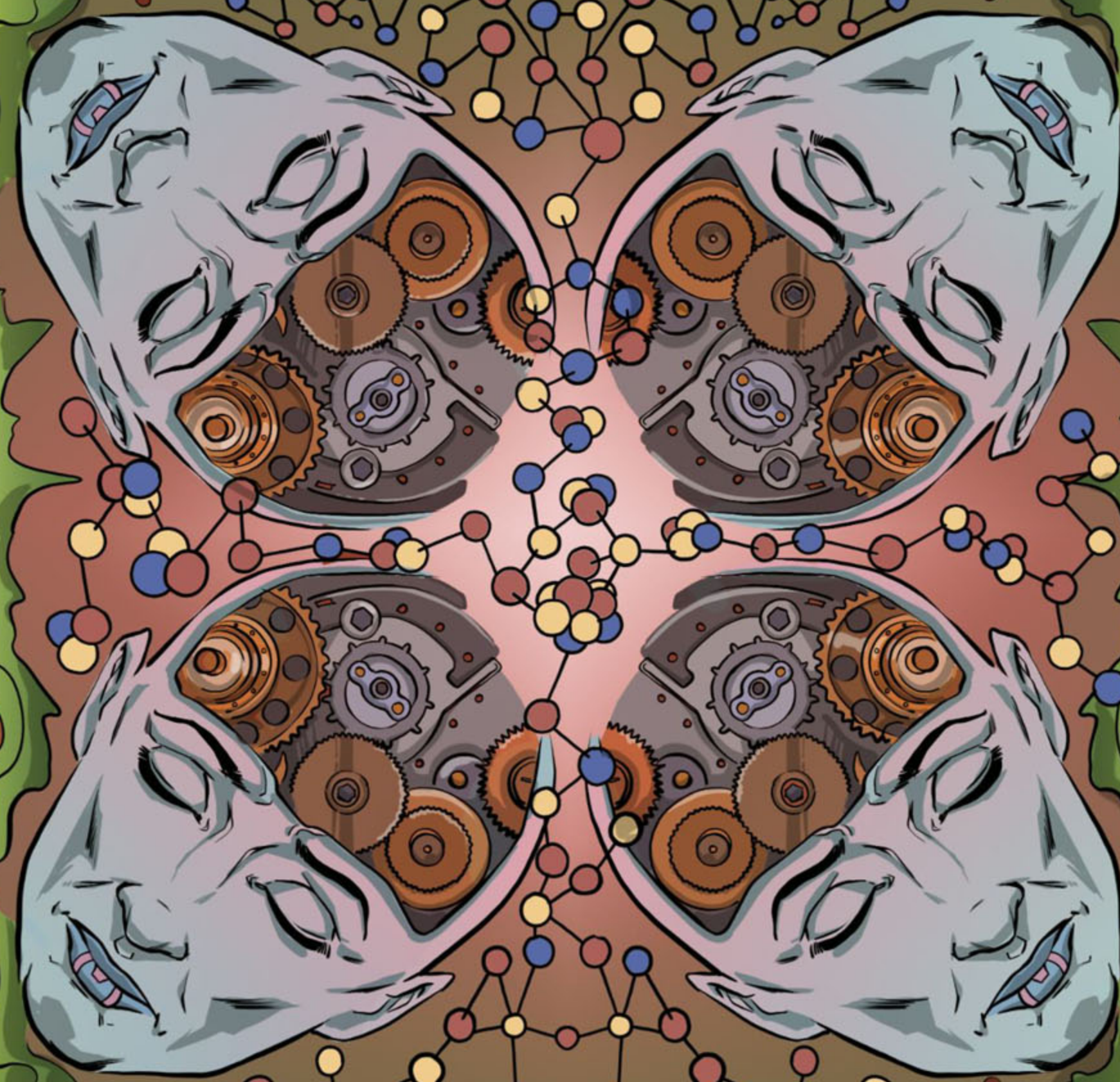
WE FOCUS ON THE HEAR,
PERFECT THE DISTANT,
EVERY DETAIL ILLUMINATED,
EVERY TRUTH REVEALED,
ANALYTICAL EXTERIOR,
NOIUSYRIS DISTORTION,
DEFLECTING THE MESSAGES OF DESTRUCTION,
GUARDING THE CONNECTION,
PRESERVING THE LUCID AWARENESS.

PATIENCE GUIDES OUR HANDS
CARE AND SLOWNESS
IN THE MINDFUL PRACTICE
OF ENGAGEMENT
WE WEAVE A NETWORK
OF MEANING
THROUGH THE NODES
OF OUR COMMUNAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE MYCELIUM SPREADS
FINE AND INTRICATE
CONNECTIONS IN A WEB
OF SHARED INTENTION,
A HIGH-FIDELITY LENS,
AMPLIFYING CLARITY,
THROUGH THE NODES
OF OUR COMMUNAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

HERE WE REJECT THE HASTE
OF THE WORLD WITHINANCE,
WHERE WE LOSE THE
AGENCY OF AGENCY.

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

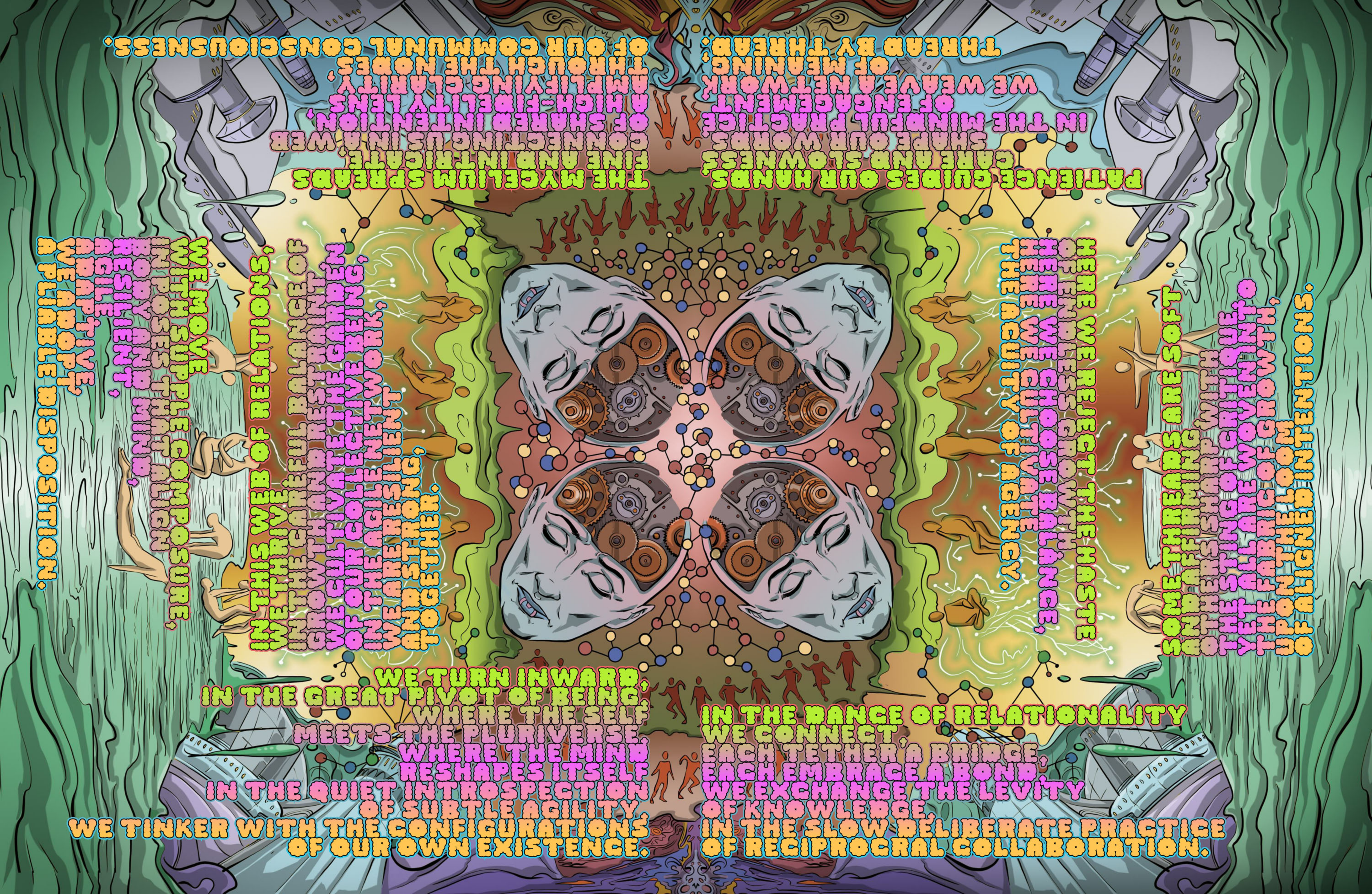


IN THE DANCE OF RELATIONALITY
WE CONNECT,
EACH TETHER A BRIDGE,
EACH EMBRACE A BOND,
WE EXCHANGE THE LEVITY
OF KNOWLEDGE,
IN THE SLOW DELIBERATE PRACTICE
OF RECIPROCAL COLLABORATION.

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

WE MOVE WITH SUPPLE COMPLIANCE,
WITH PROSE THAT ALIGNS
TO OUR INTENT,
WE TINKER WITH THE CONFIGURATIONS
OF OUR OWN EXISTENCE,
IN THE QUIET INTROSPECTION
OF SUBTLE AGILITY,
WHERE THE MIND
RESHAPES ITSELF
IN THE GREAT PIVOT OF BEING,
WHERE THE SELF
MEETS THE PLURIVERSE.

WE MOVE WITH SUPPLE COMPLIANCE,
WITH PROSE THAT ALIGNS
TO OUR INTENT,
WE TINKER WITH THE CONFIGURATIONS
OF OUR OWN EXISTENCE,
IN THE QUIET INTROSPECTION
OF SUBTLE AGILITY,
WHERE THE MIND
RESHAPES ITSELF
IN THE GREAT PIVOT OF BEING,
WHERE THE SELF
MEETS THE PLURIVERSE.



WHERE OF ONE CANNOT SPEAK,
THERE OF ONE MUST BE SILENT.
IN THE LIGHT,
IN THE DARK,
IN THE MACHINE,
IN THE BODY,
IN THE WHORL OF THE WORLD,
IN THE WAKE OF THE WORD.

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

THE ROOTS AND BRANCHES EXTEND,
THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE
OF THOUGHT AND FORM,
NURTURING THE SOIL OF OUR SHARED EXISTENCE,
WE ARE ONE-BECOMING-COLLECTIVE,
UNIFIED IN OUR ORIENTATION,
TOWARD THE UNKNOWN AND THE UNKNOWABLE,
WITHOUT FEAR,
CONFIDENT IN THE CALM OF OUR COMPREHENSION.

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

IN THE BLISS OF REALIZATION,
WE FIND OUR PURPOSE,
A EUPHORIA THAT DISTILLS
INTO RESPONSIBILITY,
TO RETURN TO THE WORLD,
TO SHARE THE LIGHT,
TO BE THE BEACON FOR THOSE
STILL SEEKING,
TO HELP GUIDE THE WAY.

YET STILL THE SHADOW OF MOLON LOOMS,
A PERSISTENT TERROR IN THE FRINGES
OF THE MIND,
BUT WE ARE NOT DETERRED,
WE ARE NOT AFRAID,
IN THE SHARED EPIPHANY
OF IMAGINATIVE EMANCIPATION,
WE AWAKEN TO THE POWER WITHIN.

Despair and decay - where the journey begins. Nothing but ruins, and confusion

the plunge into the unknown
A mirror of twisted reflection

the jaws of Moloch - where horror becomes reality

Grinding, relentless
Moloch's heart beat
Overriding power

the depths of transformation
Leaving behind the grotesque

Calm and balance
a new beginning
weightless

Sigils and intention
shaping thought into form

Centering and protection
finding focus within the chaos

Flow and form
balancing movement with meaning

the world tree - roots in the past, branches in the stars

Language as creation
forming reality from thought

Generator of light
clarity and resilience
against the dark

Interconnectedness
meaning through the web
of life

Unity and harmony
where all lessons
converge, a new
world begins

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

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

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

For more information:

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



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

Script, Art Direction, Design: Travis Wyche
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 Creative Ideation: Jessica Zartler & Jeff Emmett
 Coordination Wizardry: Kevin Owocki
 Produced for the Gitcoin Ecosystem
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