

**Excerpts from
QUANTUM SOCIETY:
from 'Another Hole' to 'More Holes'
by Sara Gebran
(October 2021)**

Instructions:

Colours by Emotion:

Range of pink: feeling happy and playful
Range of brown: feeling shitty, ugly and desperate
Range of red: feeling hot, sexy, and attractive
Range of blue: various degrees of feeling sad and lonely
Range of yellow: feeling hopeful and revolutionary
Range of white: feeling as if peace and emptiness exists
Range of grey: feeling hopeless and as if there is no way to go
Range of green: feeling neutralized by the status quo but still continuing with some sorts of crazy ideas of hope
Pure orange without a range: being in a rage, like fire

Emotions by Spacing:

Block of text to the left:
list of things that are positive
or of suggestions for things to do because they are good
or they lift up our spirits. I promise.

Block of text to the right:
list of things that are not so good
or are really, really bad for us all
or of suggestions for things
we should get rid of. Trust me.

Block of text in the centre:
mantras and manifestos we should recite
every day, or on special occasions.

Text in blocks: fluently read the block of our time.

Text in diagonals,

or spread

around

in other formations:

look for the signs in

geometry and the

gaps

in

between

All chapters in this book are meant to be sung, following these instructions:

Listen to any background melody you like to help your singing.
There are indications how to sing some of the micro-chapters below: just follow them.
Listen to the rhythm of a text until you discover the way the text lends itself to be sung.
Reading is a form of singing, specially if you read a text with full pleasure.
Sing any text without any help, just use your own intuition.

EXCLUDING BLIND SPOT PENETRATION, INCLUDING EYE-HUGGING: (8. January, 2020)

your eyes are reading these words,
and my eyes read these words.
Outside time, our eyes meet on these words.
Words then enter our eyes, until the balls of your eyes touch the balls of mine.
Then, we have to stop reading and blinking
to prevent the balls of our eyes separating,
to stay in touch.
Holding this touch makes our eyes' liquid secrete down our faces
as if we are crying.
Then, an inverted distance begins - a negative one,
like a negative bank rate (I've no idea what the word is for that, or what to call it when banks have minus
interest like those in Japan... send me an email if you know. I love receiving messages or phone calls.
People think calling someone without previous notice is not respectful of a person's space, but who needs
more space these days?).
The moisture of your eye and mine starts to blend.
The olive colour of my eyes and
the brown, green, or blue of yours is glued together,
exchanging colours, a telescopic gaze of a microscope-gazing virus.
But here we lose all perspective, we see nothing.
You have no idea who I am, or me you.
Together in estrangement.
Too close to know.
We feel, instead, what the other is feeling,
what is inside the molecules of the eyeball,
the heat of all the parts of the eye, the eye's colour, veins, oxygen,
the imagination of the other,
the two skins heating up faster and dissolving,
the confusion of the blood pumping away into the other, in an unspoken, unplanned blood transfusion
without technology.
To keep the eyes touching is not easy:
we need to squeeze our noses against each other,
the chin, the legs, half of our breast, penis to penis or to cunt, or cunt to cunt or to penis.
We need to hug to maintain the two bodies in balance because this proximity,
this entering each other's body beyond its limit,
puts our gravity line outside our own equilibrium.
Our new balance is in between.
The only way is to stay more than close, more than touching, more than holding tight,
to pass the threshold of what divides us,
of what separates each other's organs:
the fascia.
We need to push the skin and fascia inwards so that part of you enters part of me,
an uncanny, consensual penetration.
When this happens we won't need any words,
we will know what we need to know of each other,
through the silence of this penetrating eye-hug.
(please, read the next chapter while listening to Sarah Badr "Ex Ante" here: <https://frktl.bandcamp.com/track/ex-ante>)

EXCLUDING DDD2: DEFRACTURED DISAPPEARANCE (DDD IS SHORT FOR MY FRIEND DD DORVILIER, SO I CALLED THIS DDD2 TO AVOID MIXING THINGS UP AND MAKING PEOPLE UPSET):

my eyes in your eyes, in front of each other, fractured. If we would stare at each other's eyes for a long time,
what would it do to us strangers? Become instant acquaintances, or instant lovers? Would we share our
secrets? Trust each other out of the blue? Would we undress right away to make love? Return to stare
again for a long time? Could we read our thoughts, desires, doubts, wishes, to really trust each other?
Could we read the struggle of being here or there?..... A long time ago, I met a man who saw
through my eyes down into my womb: he knew all I went through; the sadness, the loneliness, the bad
choices. The lines in the white of the eyeball spoke for the hidden; like x-rays unveiling the existence of
invisible forces, they are *'an architecture of translucent glass panes through which one is able to peer'* (I love
this line by François Bonnet, who's very occupied, like I am, by ways to see the unseen, the invisible, the
unspoken, the soul, the way all things vibrate, perception, and how to perceive more, the different

intensities and traveling speed of things that exist but can't be seen, like the spectrum) An even longer time ago, I met another man who wanted to stare into my eyes for too long. I didn't let him. He could read in them all the sorrow, even when I didn't look into his. He said my eyes speak. Eyes can deceive us like that, revealing our secrets into the open. Sometimes, it has helped me to get in touch with others. In the end, it would depend on the reader if they are ready to look inside and translate what is there, like when I stare into the sea's waves and its sound, (about sound and wave entanglement, check AH, p.70¹, ending with these lines, though taking the lines out of context is not such a good idea: *'The waves and their sound speak of freedom in terms of complete dependency, as accomplices. What are they telling us in this returning, in never asking why, never asking more, never desiring another destiny than to be born and die, never using any triggering, machinic strategies to get what each wants? Waves and sounds want nothing else than to do what they do, together, knowing there will be a permanent ongoing event, the continuous movement'...* (that chapter ends really nicely and just for that it's worth buying the book)... **EXCLUDING SOUNDING AWAY:** (January 2020) I imagine you and I walking together, holding hands. If I stumble you pick me up, if you stumble I pick you up, always ready to be picked up while letting go at the same time...

EXCLUDING CUNTS 2: THE VOID BETWEEN TWO PUSSIES: in the chapter, *EXERCISE ASAP: GO INFINITELY SMALL* in my book *Another Hole*, I postulated there is infinity in the smallest part. It propagates as it wants, independently from us and, like cosmology, it is in constant growth, but inwards, even if scientists argue this can't be applied as an inverted inward direction towards the smallest part. Today, I might agree with scientists that it's not possible to find infinity in the smallest part. We should walk outward, fast, where time moves even faster, so our fast sounding blends all sounds together into one wave, becoming one tune by its speedy speed, a super-sunlight-speedy-sounding (SSSS), realising the potential to play far beyond human performance ability, like Samuel Conlon Nancarrow 'Studies for Player Piano', György Ligeti 'Continuum for harpsichord', Lubomyr Melnyk's speedy-piano, and A. G. Cook's popular microgenre Hyperpop style² pushing me and everyone around to capture the different tunes now indelibly hidden in one big wave³. This exercise might help us to become better listeners of the unsounding of speed, even if it seems that in speed we can only find fierce competition and disappointing dystopia⁴.

EXCLUDING PENIS TO PENIS OR TO CUNTS, OR CUNT TO CUNT OR TO PENIS: (mid-January 2020) I haven't forgotten that I want to dislocate the meaning of pornography linguistically by over-abundantly using bad words to delete its bad connotations, while over-abundantly using the words that multinational investors, politicians, and bank owners are using to protect their own singular, egocentric interests. Here I come:

€€€€€€) The sentence: *Da law is there to safeguard the interests of da people*, means now: *motherfucker your dirty dickheads for spreading your assassin smell all over this world in Hell.*

€€€€€€) *Da law is here to safeguard the interest of a very, very few people who are also in control of da law*, means now: *motherfucker your dirty dickheads for spreading your assassin smell all over this world you made our Hell (let's repeat together this new sentence using as a background rhythm Donna Summer's 'I Feel Love,' while dancing like her, check YouTube).*

€€€€€€) *Da law is there to safeguard the interests of the people (sing with me):*

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
da law
da law
da law
da law
da Lawwwwwwwwwwwww
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
is there
is there

¹ AH is a acronym for my first publication, 'ANOTHER HOLE', Publ. Laboratory for Aesthetics and Ecology (2019)

² Ligeti described the music of Nancarrow as "for me it's the best music of any composer living today" and A. G. Cook credits Nancarrow as the inspiration for "95-98%" of his productions (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Conlon_Nancarrow)

³ On being pushed, Ligeti's writes: "... (it takes about eighteen separate sounds per second to reach the threshold where you can no longer make out individual notes and the limit set by the mechanism of the harpsichord is about fifteen to sixteen notes a second)... The entire process is a series of sound impulses in rapid succession which create the impression of continuous sound" ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Continuum_\(Ligeti\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Continuum_(Ligeti)))

⁴ Among my writing scores are to mention mainly women in the world who history hasn't registered. Either history took care to exclude those female composers working with speed or speed hasn't been interesting enough topic for women.

is there
is there
is thereeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
..... music only.....
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
the interests of the people
the interests of the people
the interests of the people
the interests of the people
the interests of the peopleeeeeeeeeeeeeee
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
da law
da law
da law
da law
da Lawwwwwwwwwww
UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
is there
is there
is there
is there
is thereeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
to safeguaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard
the interests of a very very very very very few peopleeeeeeeeeeeeeee
who are also in control of the lawwwwwwwwwww
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UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

EXCLUDING FF, COLLECTIVE FINGERING YOUR ARSE FUCK PARTY (FF STANDS FOR FOSSIL

FUEL): (February, 2020)

about the heat of the planet Earth,
which corporations and states
don't give a damn fuck about,
I am thinking that since we do have new, extra planets in the Solar System,
or dwarf planets like Pluto and its moons,
which are mainly icy places,
we could perhaps import some icebergs
to place back in the North and South Poles?
Light from the Sun takes about five and a half hours to reach Pluto at its average
distance (39.4 AU), so from Earth it might be about four hours (28.7 AU).
This trip to Pluto or its moons could be called:
'Import of Goodies 1.'
In a couple of light days we could restore the problem of climate change
and then continue as if nothing happened to planet Earth.
I just hope that,
if this importation can't be done,
at least planet Earth's heat won't rise,
so that its heat won't reach the Pluto and new dwarf planets.
I can't even begin to imagine what would happen to the Sun, for example,
if our planet would then be a binary planet to the Sun,
and as hot as it is?
Would this mean that
the rest of the planets of the Solar System would have to re-align
around either the Sun or

the Earth,

forming two Solar Systems?

In that case, we would have reached the goal of becoming a completed Anthropocene/centric, with everything turning around the Earth and its men - perhaps not women, because I won't be here for that, neither would I like to participate in this. I stopped voting in 2001, after 9/11. It was a premonition I had back then about not being represented by anything, being in constant exile,

like a quantum event,

outside everything,

in no time and no space:

another disappearing mode (*please, open the window, sing out loud Aretha Franklin's 'Natural Woman' for your neighbours to hear*). **EXCLUDING OLD-FASHIONED ASTROLOGY, INCLUDING NEW:** I wonder

what will happen to astrologists

after adding the dwarf planets into the Solar System,

or perhaps with the repositioning of the Earth as the centre of a new

Earth System

in which new planets will be rotating around and heated by it.

Ohhhh, I love the universe - it does lend it self to new imaginaries, induced hallucination, and delirium.

EXCLUDING WORLD WARS: (mid-February, 2020)

is there another word in language to signify

a new way of being in the world

external to the forces that produce social exclusion and differentiation

between those considered normal and

not normal people,

where people are just people on the same equal basis?

If we use the word *solidarity*,

it might mean there has been no solidarity before.

If we use the word *empathy*,

it might mean there wasn't empathy before.

If we use the words *to make a new world*

it might mean there was an old world before.

If we use the word *forgiveness*,

it might mean there wasn't forgiveness before.

If we use the word *inclusion*

it might mean there was, and still there is, no inclusion before.

If we use the words *to belong to the world*

it is as if we didn't belong to the world before, or some didn't.

If we use the word *feminism*,

it might mean there was no feminism before.

Any existing word would always mean there wasn't any of *that*

or *the opposite of that* before.

Could the word

shame

be a replacement for the word inclusion, or exclusion,

which always means an existing separation,

a differentiation?

EXCLUDING WORLD WARS, A NEW WORD:

the only way out I see is to *invent a new word* for a new world,

or for the kind of world we want to build

instead of the world there is,

or has been,

but this too means to begin from a differentiation,

a comparison with the past, against the past, or the opposite to the past,

of what we know,

which always means the possibility to repeat the past

by pure tension between what it was, or is,

and what it wants to become instead, which is not this as it is now.

In other words, the opposite is the same.

It is a wish to be something other than itself or ourself,

always departing from what we are and know,

what has been and wishes to be,

including our invisible self,

our shadows.

It is the other side of the same material, a different perspective of the same.

Could a way out of this lockdown circle be to do nothing?

To not go out?

To not have interactions with one another?

To not have friends?

To not trust anyone?

To not work with anyone but yourself?

To never have children?

To stay single?

To travel but never exchange with others?

To not go for dinners, performances, or gallery openings,
but see it as a LIVE-streaming event

To go to the office but stay and work in your cubicle, and meetings only happen on Skype, Face
Time, Zoom, Messenger, or Meet (download it if you don't have it, to avoid being totally
isolated)?

To have a tectonic self-sex like 'Orgasmo Carlos' (see page 0, in *AH*)?

To individualize so much until the world becomes a space of pure individualization,
in which exchanges take place in the world wide web,
as the only space where we are a particle floating free,
creating interactions with one another without history, without context,
without the pressure of becoming, or belonging,
or adapting or being watched, or looking alike,
or not being white or white enough, or not being cool,
or beautiful or young enough,
or thin, or wealthy?

The new world has no space and no time,
is outside time, space, and context,
one where particles appear similarly,
in an event.

It is the appearance in such events where anyone can re-invent themselves.

EXCLUDING VOTERS, A FAECES BANQUET AT A PENETRATING DISTANCE:

I have a strange feeling today of being in love
with no particular person.

It takes place in the chest:

the chest gets full,

and it presses some kind of vibration

from its centre towards the ribcage,

all the way to the neck.

It almost blocks the breathing.

Instead,

anger sits in the sacrum by the joint with the lilies crest of the pelvis,

which is to say

the centre of the body and the spine,

where all the weight of being is hanging. Very symbolic.

Love is the opposite side of anger.

It's volatile,

ethereal,

like air;

it's in an open case - the ribcage - and,

as in the laws of physics, when air is warm it rises.

That is why when we feel inlove,

love lifts us up and we feel suspended.

Like I am feeling now,

in love with no one

and everyone in particular

while suspended in the air.

I have this strong feeling of not giving a shit about what anyone thinks of me,
or what anyone is doing

(as long as no one gets hurt, of course).

What a relief!

At least this fomo problem I had lately is gone now

(maybe now try to hug yourself by putting your hands on your ribcage, taking a breath in the upper part of it, then, as you exhale all the air out, tighten up the hug - repeat five times, feel the happiness).....

EXCLUDING THE SKY AS A LIMIT: (Day 26, from the first day of the first lockdown) last Saturday I wrote for 18 hours. I even forgot to eat. Writing is a trans-act, a form of connection with other invisible forces, with beings present in the absent, telling of the things we can't see, so that I am able to write to you and myself in case of forgetting, in case the future of NOTHING approaches us off guard, in case we end up in the nothingness without anything to refer to, unable to write about it. Or could we write another history from the perspective of the excluded ones? Problem is, we won't be able to write almost any of the past history in NOTHING as there won't be representation. Is that why I am rushing to write everything now? **EXCLUDING**

DISAPPEARANCE OF WALLS & COCKS: while the sun was shining until 14:00 today, I was sleeping. Now, dark, cold clouds are hanging over my eyes. Days and nights are one big flow of the same silence. The time has come to reinvent what to do at night or day-time outside their limits, since nothing is the same as a dislocation of time, and meaning, except migrants stuck in some shitty situation. Not like us at home, where we can at least open the windows to see this dark sky outside. *(please, go to the QR playlist in the end of this book and listen to track 1 & 2 by Tania Candiani 'Garinhampa, stop the track when it ends and continue reading in silence)*

EXCLUDING DOUBTS: (Day 30) in case you are wondering, I am naming all the things we should change, correct, eliminate, or create anew, with the hope that this list of reminders will help undo the bad done so far. Send me an email with your list of suggestions, so we can create a common, daily, repetitive, long, reminder: saragebra@yahoo.com

EXCLUDING THE EMPTY NOTHING: I wanted to write today about the sadness and lostness that began when I woke up in that EMPTY NOTHING.

Even the bright day didn't help my mood.

I almost bought an ice-cream to cheer myself up but didn't, because I don't just want crumbs.

I felt like nothing will do anything,

which is how it is supposed to be in the EMPTY NOTHING:

nothing does nothing.

And there is nothing to do but wait to understand how to fill this void,

with better considerations than ever before in this exhausted history of humans.

My loneliness won't get a free pass into it either - that is too much for this new void.

We really have to think about what to bring into the EMPTY NOTHING,

to make a real difference. **EXCLUDING WALLS, INCLUDING LIMITS:** (Day 31) repeat after me please:

*My freedom depends on the freedom of others,
so it's limited by the limits of others.*

*My freedom depends on the freedom of others,
so it's limited by the limits of others.*

*My freedom depends on the freedom of others,
so it's limited by the limits of others.*

*My freedom depends on the freedom of others,
so it's limited by the limits of others.*

On and on and on.

It means that your freedom does have a limit, which depends on the freedom of the 7.5 billion others.

EXCLUDING PASSIONATE KISSING FRANK ZAPPA: (Day 34) *(sing in the shower to the tune of Frank's 'Scum Bag' - Note: for copyright reasons I changed Bag for Dad):*

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Come on, come on, come on

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

Scum Dad

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Scum Dad
Scum Dad, baby, Scum Dad
Scum Dad
Scum Dad, baby
Scum Dad, baby
Scum Dad, baby
Scum Dad, baby

EXCLUDING ZOOMING PAEDOPHILIA: (Day 64) one way to not feel alone in this current social distancing lockdown is to send ourselves via livestream to our favourite planets in the solar system. Mine are Neptune, Saturn, Uranus, Pluto and its moons.

Imagine ourselves projected onto the icy surface of Pluto, that surface must be more than perfect for a never-before-seen bright projection of us onto it - a Hollywood dream!

Fuck, what if Hollywood reads my book and try to hijack Pluto's icy landscape to make their next blockbuster success?.

Imagine thousands of us projected on to a big ice esplanade, dancing on icy structures,

or talking, or chatting, or practicing *eye-hugging*, or *touch-caressing* each other and the ice,

like caressing the page of this book as I wrote in the chapter *EXCLUDING ROCKETS, BOMBED NATURE*.

Perhaps there is a way to see ourselves projected over there, while hearing ourselves over here,

or hearing ourselves both there and here simultaneously, in case an alien shows up over there.

But it is also a good way to practice Multiverses, like a simulated reality.

Us being on the planet Earth could be a simulation of us, a construction by some other greater intelligence making this experiment.

We definitely won't see our projection over there

at the same time as we speak/hear our voices here,

because light takes about 4.5 hours to travel from Earth to Pluto, and that's the delay of the image at least.

About sound delay, we don't know yet - do you know the speed of sound?

In any case, we would need to do lots of synchronization to match an image there and voice here.

Could algorithms take care of that?

Another way is to start tuning in with the universe so that we could hear/sense 'remotely,'

as if being already entangled with all that happens in the universe

(*about entanglements read the last 13 chapters of this book from page 220 and up*).....

EXCLUDING AT&T INTERNET IN VENEZUELA: (still Day 68) (this title has to do with the fact that the government of Venezuela cut AT&T transmission, so I cry for my family there - perhaps I should add this as a line to the same above chapter on crying?) sometimes, I really feel like a misfit in Copenhagen, despite my many years here and the enormous amount of work I've done. I didn't have these feelings the years I lived and worked in Stockholm where there was always a way in. It feels as if there is only an exit here; a wall with a door pointing to an exit. Everything looks very professional, which is to say institutionalized, in a layout called professionalism. But we also know corrupt bureaucracy is developed by professionals and the professionalism of defensive bureaucratic and corrupt institutions, an apparatus preserving an old knowledge, or a useless one, which in this case is Bournonville ballet, or the anonymous restoration of old paintings from the 18th Century, or cleaning the Opera House windows and Royal Theatre windows at any cost, even in this evident economic collapse. These institutions NO PASARÁN in NOTHING where all

existing institutions will turn into one new INSTITUTION as I proposed above in the chapter *EXCLUDING 1000nds: INSTITUTIONS*. Retro-thinking, we've got to name these dying institutions something other than INSTITUTION, because we can't get rid of the representation attached to an existing name, as I explained above in *EXCLUDING WORLD WARS*. So, *INSTITUTION* as a word also NO PASARÁN in the new BIG EMPTY. Could we use instead the word CAVERN-0? The number zero represents a new start, and Cavern the Paleolithic era, going so far back to understand how we could generate a real beginning, better than this end... **EXCLUDING SEXUAL DEMONIC VOICES:** (Day 71) perhaps we could take this incredible, actual shift of the paradigms of the new social condition to reinvent love, to end up reinventing ourselves, like Rimbaud did, which is maybe a hope for a new, more equal, and less precarious society? Perhaps if we dig deep into all the things we do and did wrong, I won't repeat the ranting repetitions written above. One thing is certain: we can't consume another body as we have been doing so far, as a free commodity promoted in sex Apps. Today's online sex could perhaps calm down people a bit, while we might have to learn how to be satisfied with either loving ourselves, including new masturbating practices, or sticking to the same person, or using our imaginaries.

And what would I do
with this deep nostalgia feeling
that's now becoming a deep
melancholy?
Can one die from melancholia,
like Kirsten Dunst in Lars Von Trier's film
Melancholia?

EXCLUDING MELANCHOLIA CRASHING IN ON US: deep down, I think we have been infected by an even more dangerous disease: the catatonic paralysis of our brain, and now of our muscles in quarantine. Our governments' objective is making us numb, reinforced by the lockdown. During these months, my Pilates class went from twice a week to six times a week,

to help the long hours of writing and
to keep my memory fresh
for a new archive
about the end of this history
of how melancholia crashed in on us...

EXCLUDING MY MIND & YOUR BODY TOGETHER: can parts of our bodies be in quantum while others are not, simultaneously living different events, as one part is in no time-space while another is very localized in time and space? Quantum is deterritorialized, like our minds. It's an infinity of connections taking place in no time-space, anywhere, without needing to travel. The material body is opposite, is territorialized - events appear in different time-space, in a context that is specific. The mind is quantum, is Deleuzean/Guattarian, and neoliberal, like globalization, appearing anywhere on the planet, at the same time. The forces of gravity pull our body down to Earth, home, versus the forces of quantum, our minds, dispersing ourselves in the universe. Perhaps I am beginning to understand what scientists are trying to explain about how movement takes place through both particles and waves. COVID-19 is an exception: neither/nor, even if it takes place everywhere in the world, while forcing us to super-territorialize ourselves in a super-local quarantine.

EXCLUDING 'SILENT RUNNING': (still Day 71) this is the title of a melodramatic song from in the 70s, telling us it's never too late. Although we know by now it might be too late. At the same time we were/are eating micro-plastic, there won't be any sea fish by 2050, in an uninhabited Earth, while Silicon Valley people are planning to outsource life from Earth to Mars - where they already landed in February 2021 - mining its landscape to construct what they need: an island-getaway...

So yes, the children are right, is it too late, we have not left any future to them. No future NO PASARÁN either. In the BIG NOTHING. **EXCLUDING BUNKERS IN NEW ZEALAND:** this is where the FUCKERS created their own exclusive-private-green paradise in case the shit and the heat hits the fan on Earth....

FALSE HOPE IN THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE LABYRINTH: (Day 72)

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ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
      oooooooooooooo
        oooooooooooooooooooooo
          ooooooo
            oooooooooooooooooooooo
              oooooooooooooooooooooo
                oooo
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EXCLUDING MY BROTHER CAN'T BREATHE: (Day 203) esas no son mis cenizas. De quiénes son estas

cenizas? The new normal is your brother entering a hospital to never be seen again. You get instead a box with ashes inside. Who knows whose ashes? It's 3. October 2020 and my brothers are still in the hospital. A tube is sliding deep down into their lungs while the virus eats up the whole lung, and Hell knows what happens next. And the next is: too much air pushed into the lung, opening up a hole in it (apropos of 'holes'), from where an enormous variety of none-curable bacteria entered, poisoning their bloodstream - passing through the unclean respiratory hospital tubes into their clean lungs. The junction of a virus with bacteria is invincible. Almost nothing can kill one or the other. The host dies. We are hysterical. Non-believers began to pray and believers became confused because God shouldn't harm so many of us to this extent, unless it's pay back time. Is it pay back time? What have they done? (*I am stubbornly trying to become a late singer and songwriter - late cuz I am not young - by improvising with possible texts in this book that lend themselves to being sung. So please, go ahead and add a rhythm to this one, and send it to me, will you? My email is written all over in different chapters, or Google my name*):

*I can't breathe, your brother said
I can't breathe, my sister said
I can't breathe, her brother said
I can't breathe, his sister said
I can't breathe, their brother said
I can't breathe, our sister said
I can't breathe, his brother said
I can't breathe, your sister said
I can't breathe, our brother said
I can't breathe, her sister said
I can't breathe, my brother said
I can't breathe, their sister said
my sister
your brother
her sister
his brother
their sister
our brother said:
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
I can't breathe*

EXCLUDING DEATH BY CLAUSTROPHOBIA: my claustrophobia is expanding, becoming the lack of oxygen in the world. My claustrophobia originated in the future, in another time than this time. It's anticipating a time we fear, a world with less and less oxygen, and less and less tolerance for one another. My claustrophobia knows the problem before me. The problem of oxygen is the way of handling people, so they stop breathing, gasping, 'I can't breathe,' like Coronavirus shape-shifting the same conditions until you gasp, 'I can't breathe,' almost mirroring, or folding into the same social mishandling, the other side of the same wrongdoing, like a coin. Could this virus have intelligence, choosing to reflect us? **EXCLUDING**

CREON FORBIDDING US TO BURY OUR LOVED ONES: (Day 208) these lines are for you to read while you play on YouTube a Latin Catholic church melody, or an Islamic or Hindu one as you like, letting the melody affect the way you read; slower, faster, repeating words or lines, you decide (*please, play it while you are reading it ,and try to follow the music rhythm, here are some links*):

*da house is closed
doors are locked
police are outside da house
Antigone is outside da house
Antigone wants to enter da house
she is not allowed to
families are outside da house
families wants to enter da house
they are not allowed to*

5 Catholic: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fpRrf6ZwSRc>, Islamic: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mBaNtj0OrSk>, Hindu: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7TzNbuW2gzY&list=PLYVMaAUNlc4dZ_IgD8sgr2drsGN91e3ZB&index=3

poor people are in da house
unknown people are in da house
pandemia is in da house
corpses are in da house
death is all over da house
no-one knows whose ashes came from da house
no-one is allowed to bury their loved ones
who took their rights away?
panic enters the world

EXCLUDING FEELING LIKE AN EMPTY DRAWER:

...drawers are meant to be filled with something.
Not like me,
always searching for something to fill up my other half,
or one of the four quarters,
or even one of the other octavos,
which is two times smaller than a quarter.

EXCLUDING DRUGS & BOMB THE MAFIA:

take this book and
start caressing each page from the end to the beginning,
at a very, very slow pace.
Hold the book in the left hand.
Begin by using two fingers of your right hand,
and caress the last page
from the top to the bottom
for 5 slow counts,
and the next
and the next,
until all the pages are caressed.
As you do it,
record the sound of caressing the pages with your phone.
When you've finished,
listen to the recording,
then send me an email and share how you feel

EXCLUDING FISHY TIME AT THE HOSPITAL: (14. October, 2020) Samir has been eight weeks at the hospital. From the hole in his lungs the bacteria are poisoning his bloodstream. Things are not under control. Days and nights go by, thinking of him and thinking of you. Two contradictory emotions, two tsunamis crashing on each other inside my body, so that I can't eat or sleep. Life follows death. Death follows life. Will science help, or would love do?

EXCLUDING PREMONITION WITHOUT A FUTURE: about the circular language I described above as the ability to act in the present by knowing the past and future, it is not certain this premonition capacity of mine, of sending-receiving messages instantly across continents, could help me to help my family in Venezuela, even if this premonition is circular too (*please, for the next 10 chapters play the third track on the QR playlist in the end of this book, Adagio by Johann Sebastian Bach*)

EXCLUDING THE LIMIT OF LOVE: (the night between 14.-15. October) this can also be sung, though right now I have no suggestions as to how:

I felt inlove this time
not like the love for no one I was feeling early this year
and the year before
but for a stranger
who also loves life
and is in love with love
like I am
it is very strange when lovers make love
in love with love
instead of inlove with each other
I have no idea what to make of this
I didn't expect it at all, though it makes sense
could it be it is the ultimate state of being in a neoliberal, individualist society
where people simply can't love anyone specifically
ready to consume more love and bodies

always more?
or one can't love anyone specifically
because we are trapped in
self-love: our own timing
own body
own thoughts
own desire?

I truly feel confused now
as if a hallucinating state has officially taken over me...

EXCLUDING FLAT COMFY LIZARDS LAYING HAPPILY-DEAD ON YOUR SOFA, PETRIFIED:

...but somehow I refuse to believe this is it
that we will never love anyone specifically
specificity is good
limits are good
in order not to feel like I do these days:
rowing a boat in the open sea without a destiny
having all possible choices
with no exit

EXCLUDING SEDUCING GAMES TO FUCK ME: isn't it better to show we are thinking of each other without games?

EXCLUDING SARS TINY PERKS: Nigerian police need to go as well. NO PASARÁN to NOTHING.

EXCLUDING THE LIMITS OF THE FUTURE WITH NO LOVE:

suddenly
I got this painful vacuum in my chest
while tears were running down again
I can't seem to control my sadness
it's like my tears have another life beyond me
independent of what I need
they act on their own

EXCLUDING NOT TO LOVE BLACK POWER:

don't get me wrong
the power of love
and what love can do
hasn't been totally explored
otherwise why do we have so much suffering in the world
the greed and poverty
that leads to extreme famine
the police torture and repression
the competition to stick above all others
the egocentrism
the revenge?
maybe because there is not enough love
I am stuck with writing about love
to try to get out of this egocentric deadly state of being I am in right now

EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE LOVE:

...to understand love
we might need to start feeling what others feel
enter their skin
learn how it feels when a hand is touching our body
even if we all have bodies with similar sensations
each one has a very different intensity of feelings and sensations
a different vibration
rhythm
frequency to the touch
to learn how to touch someone
is to give your own pleasure away
and
contradictorily
get it back
as a return

in the pure satisfaction of giving pleasure and watching pleasure

EXCLUDING THE EMPTY NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE:

...like those first two days we made love
not expecting anything from each other
there wasn't time as a limit
so all theories of love came through
Is time the death of love
or its secret?

EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE LOVE PART TWO:

...the other part of love
is accepting no for an answer
while letting go of expectations
your feelings lose all reflection
standing still
contemplating

EXCLUDING TWO PARANOIC TOUCHES:

there are two lovers in my head right now;
you
and my brother
and the reasons for my constant tears these days

EXCLUDING FREEDOM IN LOVE:

the re-writing history is to myself
about love belonging to everyone
practiced by everyone
and that can happen to anyone;
even me
if I dare to believe again

EXCLUDING LOOPING TITLES AS A STRATEGIC TOOL:

I am copying and pasting the last 15 chapters
from the last three days
maybe adding or taking away some words
changing a bit the titles and content
which means re-contextualizing the chapter into this moment in history
which has to do with love,
and now with sadness
as you know, nothing repeats itself exactly as before
but again
because it is a spiral that grows exponentially
like the universe is also exponentially growing
and while doing so it locates itself in a different context
because even in quantum physics
there is a context that changes the same event when it appears in a different place at the same time
and it is as such for the non-time quality of all quantum events
since in quantum
there is no time-space
but momentary contexts
this means
that, to become quantum, or a quantum being
we ought to find ways of living together where love is a part of it
instead of being another acquisition

EXCLUDING NO-LOVE LOOPS: (5:00 a.m., 15. October, 2020)

I am sad because of love
so I decided to loop this evening's chapters all again
but change love for sadness
can one feel sad when one is inlove?
I am confused
or is this my sadness and anticipation of falling out of love already before it happened?
am I anticipating love's death?

-----Loop starts here -----

EXCLUDING FORNICATION WHEN RUNNING SHORT OF LUBRICANT: (5:15 a.m.) this was another marathon night. Nothing of today's writings is to be trusted, only this feeling of sadness. Even after falling inlove with a complete stranger, and falling inlove with love, without any stranger in between, sadness is as secure an end as death is. Why do I feel so insecure? Is it the fear of the unknown, of what tomorrow will bring us, or am I anticipating a sure sadness to come, as premonition again?

EXCLUDING ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY FOR CALMING DOWN: (5:45 a.m.) even though loops are strategies to change things slowly, doing it again but differently until you know what you are doing, feeling, or thinking, this loop will not help me to understand how it feels when the feeling of sadness is simultaneously happening when two people are not able to hold each other very tight, very slow, and so intensely that it almost hurts. Sadness begins in the stomach, like hunger pangs without the hunger. It moves deep into the centre of your chest, where it doesn't expand like the Big Bang. Instead, it makes gaps, cuts, spaces of nothing, tiny vacuums, Black Holes on their way to your heart, which then loses a beat until it stops pumping, staying put in that spot for the rest of the night and day, lacking oxygen for the brain until you can't think properly. Then everything turns into a blinding vantablack cloud where light and time disappears. You see nothing. You are off balance because of not holding arms as before, for a face that is not there wanting to see your face 1 cm away, to see your feelings, to make you feel more, to make you feel all, until that feeling belongs to you alone. Sadness is the opposite of love - it doesn't produce a contagious chain reaction, it makes you stuck without anyone near you.

EXCLUDING 1,091,464 DEADLY EXCUSES: (7:00 a.m.) on average, 5540 people have died every day since 1. April 2020 from COVID-19, which is the same number of children dying every day in the world for lack of access to water and food for many years, though not much has been written about this other pandemic.

EXCLUDING PREMONITION WITHOUT A FUTURE: this premonition capacity of mine is just not good enough. It has no consequences beyond my lack of sleep. I can't help anyone by knowing things in advance. Is this the source of my premeditated sadness? (*please, go back to the QR in the end of this book and play track 4, Adagio by Albinoni*)

EXCLUDING THE LIMIT OF SADNESS: (7:30 a.m.)
maybe I am sad because of all the time I wasn't inlove with anyone
and this feeling of love
went nowhere,
a waste of love?
does sadness originate in knowing love has no recipient
like a boat in the open sea
or the empty drawer I wrote about above?
then, sadness comes from love
and from lack of love
from whichever state of being
and what about myself as love recipient?
I truly feel confused now
as if a hallucinatory state has officially taken over me

EXCLUDING FLAT COMFY LIZARDS LYING SADLY ON YOUR SOFA PETRIFIED OR DEAD:
...but somehow
I refuse to believe that what supports love
is only sadness as its foundation
that we will never love anyone specifically
because we are basically in love with love only
without a recipient
and because we are in love with the factual state of missing something,
of permanent sadness,
as in love with melancholia

more than with love?
in order not to feel like I do these days
- rowing a boat in the open sea having all possible choices, with no exit -
I suggest a practice
to get rid of sadness: make love become specific
because specificity is good
it's necessary
like all limits are good
it narrows our choices
choose someone to love
besides deeply loving yourself

EXCLUDING SAD SEDUCING GAMES TO FUCK ME AGAIN?: (9:00 a.m.) isn't it better to show we are thinking of each other without games..? Who said you are flirting with me?

EXCLUDING SARS TINY PERKS: all police forces and their derivatives need to go from the world. No PASARÁN to the BIG EMPTY. They make us completely sad, the kind which has no love as support, a FLATLAND sad, like a coin but without its flip-side (*Fastland* is a nice album by Tina Dickow).

EXCLUDING A SAD FUTURE: (11:00 a.m.)

I've got this painful vacuum in my chest
while tears keeps falling
I can't seem to control it
it's like my tears are not in compass with what I need
but have their own life
or is it me who is not in compass with my needs?

EXCLUDING NOT TO LOVE BLACK POWER: (2:00 p.m.)

the power of tears and what sadness can do
hasn't been totally explored
or else
why do we have so much written stuff and songs
about sadness and need of love in the world?
then comes the greed and poverty
that leads to extreme famine
police torture and repression
the competition to stay above all others
the egocentrism
and revenge?
maybe because there is not enough love
I'm stuck with writing about
sadness
to try to get out of this egocentric
and individualistic self-centered deadly state-of-being of mine

EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE SADNESS: (2:20 p.m.)

to understand sadness
we might need to start by sensing
how feelings enter and exit our skin
for example
how it feels when a hand is touching your body
knowing how to touch it
giving only pleasure and watching pleasure arise....

EXCLUDING THE EMPTY NOTHING FULL OF SADNESS:

...like those first two days we made love
not expecting anything from each other...
there was no time limit
and all theories of love came through...
is time the death of love
or its secret?

EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE SADNESS PART TWO: (2:40 p.m.)

the other part of sadness
is accepting no for an answer
letting go of expectations
so your feelings lose all reflection

standing still
contemplating the empty void

EXCLUDING HUNDRED PARANOIC TOUCHES: (2:44 p.m.)

there are four people in my life right now
giving reasons for my constant tears these days
you
and all my brothers and sisters

EXCLUDING FREEDOM IN SADNESS: (2:50 p.m.)

the rewriting of this
my history
is about how sadness has its ways to hide behind love
like a spectre
negating itself

(please stop reading, listen to the sound until it ends, then pause it, and continue reading in silence)

-----Loops end here-----

EXCLUDING SATURN'S GRAVITY: (25. October, 2020)I decided to start buying my own crystal stones,

since all the ones I got through the years were given to me. Today, I especially need a stone for grieving (in my desperate self-help attempt I am reading these two books about grieving: *All About Love* and *The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying*. They are not helping much), but there isn't any stone for grieving. Maybe it will do me better if I buy a bunch of new stones to go by my window, combining all those energies and loving colours of stones to create a sort of necessary support again *(please continue reading while listening to the 'Sound of Saturn' on YouTube)*. These window stones are:

- ∞PINK QUARTZ *(brings determination, commitment, caring, new love, new romance and new relationships...)* I just met you God damn it. I don't want any new romance but you.
- ∞CLEAR QUARTZ *(the 'master healer,' amplifies energy, thought, the effects of other crystals, and absorbs, stores, releases, and regulates, energy)* I don't need more energy. I need your arms, wet passionate kisses, and infinitely slow lovemaking.
- ∞RED JASPER *(empowerment, strength to resist emotional domination by others, the courage to overcome domestic violence, healing, and recovering from violent sexual experiences)* I transformed this stone into my pendulum, and thank Heavens clear for the day I did it, because during the last three weeks of loss and losing it all my pendulum was my guide for each step I took, except for talking to Laura, Astrud, Maria, and my mum.
- ∞OBSIDIAN *(identifies your dark side - its healing properties can clear it away)* I am big time needing this Obsidian because I am having dreadful thoughts these days about death.
- ∞RAW AMETHYST *(promotes higher levels of consciousness through dreams, intuition, wisdom, and 'awakens' the soul)* hmmm, maybe that stone's energy has vanished?
- ∞AVENTURINE *(prosperity and wealth)* I am grateful for having this one.
- ∞GREEN SELENITE *(harmony between people after rifts have caused them to become parted, feel good about yourself and others)* maybe the effect of this one vanished too?



These are the stones I think I am missing:

- ∞PINK TURMALINE *(love, compassion, self-love, calms one's emotions in times of distress)* between my brother and you, it's been five weeks of grieving and non-grieving.
- ∞TURQUOISE: *(self-realization, and stimulates romantic love)* I am not sure about this romantic love thing. Maybe love is overrated and the only love one needs is towards oneself. I mean, look at me; I am a mess these days.

all at any distance.

INCLUDING 'SOCIAL INTIMACY' INSTEAD OF PRIVATE INTIMACY FOR A QUANTUM SOCIETY: (Day 287) the level of 'uncanny' intimacy I have used throughout these pages is intended to create a relationship of trust between us, even if we don't know each other. Trust becomes this crucial tool to make us fast-remotely-acquainted, so our foreignness dissolves quickly (this is one of the few instances when we need speed), and you and I can finally start communicating back and forth with ease, asking all these questions, even if we would never get real answers or solutions. It is the kind of trust that could make us feel at ease in flat spaces like this one; a more public space than public spaces are, even though it seems private. This tool can be used in any other public or semi-private space, real or digital. I mean, what is space? And what is public when we talk about meeting unknown others? Can my apartment be a public space now that all screens are capturing all my moves? This 'Social Intimacy' at any distance could become our boat to the seven seas, though we've got to make it a *collective practice* of being intimate in public to help us disrupt certain patterns, those based on fear of what we don't know, so we could build a new and more inclusive society, one that acts on the basis of our same, equal, human need for acknowledgment and rights, interested in each other for no other goal than interacting for the sake of it, just because it happens to be that you and I were at that specific time-space, taking the chance to ask each other any questions so that we could learn a bit about what has happened to you, how you are. Imagine? A curious community, not invasively curious - asking intruding questions or forcing interactions - but open enough so that when we are facing each other, at any distance, we ask and care for the sake of it, not expecting it will give you a new job, a pass to a VIP group, or any other gain. To be like particles in a quantum field, interacting by the event of appearing - that's all - to appear and interact, creating unexpected relations that could become everlasting entanglements. This is a '*Quantum Society*,' an open, caring, generous and full of solidarity one, one forever entangled, creating parallel universes by re-creating ourselves in the other, across time and space, before and after this life. Nothing to do with left-ish or right-ish positions, or my favourite sex positions - 69, 72, 110, 2222, & -022 - but with the human condition. Not anywhere near as brilliantly as Arendt puts it, but something that some years ago took her as departure, passing through J. Butler, Johanna Hedva, my friend Rebecka Stillman, some Arab women as my cousins, a.o, doing a u-turn with my love to the Universe (physics and astrology) and, most recently, Shamanism, until I came up with this ongoing-forming theory for a 'Quantum Society' (still under construction as I need all of your ideas to find out how to get there, because it can't be developed by me alone). All this is happening in a parallel time with Denise Ferreira Da Silva's article 'On Difference Without Separability'⁶ where I think (if I understand her rightly, though misunderstandings can also lead to great ideas) she does a brilliant analysis of Quantum Physics and Entanglement, a text I only read after I made up my own understanding of something similar, finding out some convergence in relation to social exclusion of what I think she calls 'separability', how we are connected.⁷ I looked for answers in the universe and its laws, to try to apply them here, to help us re-work our humanity, or at least my part in it - I am writing further about this below, but am stopping for today 'cause I am exhausted and Venus is in retrograde making me feel lost, unsafe, and pattern-addicted, so I've got to undo

⁶ 'Incerteza viva 32nd Biennial de São Paulo', Fundação Biennial de São Paulo (2016), pp.57-65

⁷ '...the uncertain condition in which everything that exists is a singular expression of each and every actual-virtual other existence.' (ibid. p.5)

that too (*put 2 fingers on your heart again, close your eyes, hum these sounds - aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, oooooooooooooooooooooo, eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii, uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu - at different intensities and speeds, feel how your body and brain connects with each of these sounds and stick to the one that connects your body and mind more*). **INCLUDING A 'THEORY FOR A QUANTUM SOCIETY':** (Day 289) in short, Quantum Physics is the sum of the theory of Relativity and Quantum Mechanics, a theory that tries to explain all phenomena in the universe and how movement (energy) moves. It describes the particles that make up matter, and the forces with which they interact, able to affect each other instantaneously even if they are far away from each other. 'Spooky action at a distance' is how Einstein named this unknown phenomena, today known as 'entanglement.' When particles appear and move in a quantum field, they relate to one another by the event of its appearance, producing relations with any particle(s) in it, or a previously entangled one. An important aspect of this phenomenon is that particles could continue reproducing similar events, even if they are at a far distance (this is called entanglement; the appearance of an event in the same way, in multiple spaces, at the same time). Also, in all quantum events, the interaction among particles takes place independently of the past or future; it is happening in the moment, free of judgment, history, or background. These encounters, and the relations established in these encounters, are outside any process of identification of what is what, or, in the case of human relations, who is who. The interactions are free from relations of desire or of groupings of age, culture, ethnicity, fashion, gender, social class, or any goal. They relate independently from outlook or origins (no 'match' or 'like'), producing entanglements, as a consequence of those interactions. I repeat: we act in the world through a continuous process of identification, recognition, and familiarity, building patterns of selection of identification to guide ourselves through the public space. I called a 'Quantum Society' one in which our relations are based on *de-identification*, acting like particles in a quantum field, creating unexpected interactions, which could be everlasting entanglements, instead of using known patterns of selection to only de-select most of what we see in any public space. To act as such will require us to keep our eyes and senses wide open to perceive who is standing on our west, east, north, south, or at diagonal directions all the time; to recognize the pair of eyes next to us, with a head, arms, legs, torso, feet, emotions and needs, like ours. Begin to ask each other questions of recognition for a post-familiarity. It requires also a shift in our way of thinking about public spaces as familiar spaces, instead of as unfamiliar ones. It requires us not to continue as we have done so far in a constructed life that grants us the *right* to feel familiar at all cost, everywhere we go. Our *right* is to think as humans, based on a life that pre-supposedly confronts us with different types of feelings, ones you might identify as uncomfortable or unsafe. The condition of being equal is to feel what some might call 'unsafe' in unknown territories, like indigenous people do when they enter the forest, trusting their intuition and trusting nature will protect them from any danger. This would mean to move in accordance to all movements, asking nature first for permission to enter it, to use it. In quantum, we might be able to find each other, recognize our bodies, with its own bunch of particular particles, emotions, patterns, and history. As quantic particles we have work to do, next to each other; to undo and re-do patterns, ongoingly. The first dangerous pattern is the fear for the unfamiliar, the unknown, non-belonging, the discomfort of not knowing. Fear is in-built by the institutions of education, family beliefs, and/or other governmental *apparatus* that Foucault and others have been telling us about, serving the goals of the State instead of our human goals. Fear acts from patterns mentally formed. In NOTHING we will teach quantum being strategies of 'Social Intimacy' against fear, by learning to trust instantly (to believe we are all good) and by other tech-

niques we will have to find together for patterns dismantling and patterns creating. If we practice this together we might be able to change our communities and create a much more open society of solidarity, relentlessly dissolving the patterns of categorizations, exclusion, and separation, we are living in (*breathe slow for 30 minutes*). **INCLUDING A QUANTUM SOCIETY, A CANDIDATE THEORY OF EVERYTHING:** (Day 290) 29. December, full moon in Cancer until New Year's Eve. This theory is written as a hit song. I am waiting for Iyoka, Aya Nakamura, Amadou & Mariam, Kali Uchis, Laritza Bacallao, Rosalía Vila Tobella, and LP, to answer my call and add a cool rhythm to it. Mine works but it won't be a hit and this song has got to be a hit if we want this new society to become viral. Another way to become viral is that each of you upload your own rhythmical-song version onto YouTube, Instagram, and TikTok, getting as many different rhythms as we could possibly imagine, which is maybe a more open and collective way of doing things and is a very trendy thing to do these days, like all the people that tried to sing Ed Sheeran's *Perfect* for example, but using my lyrics. Note: my lyrics are not only mine; they are all the things that existed before and after me, entangled with me - I am barely a mediator, recomposing things. They are, therefore, open sources information for you to use, trusting that you (especially artists) will respect ethical conduct by quoting the author (me in this case) like all scientists, philosophers and academics do, developing together all existing knowledge, quoting each other, constantly referencing one another. Now, if you vary a bit the lyrics to help fit a rhythm you have chosen, like repeating a few words, or moving a line(s) around to make it rhyme better, please be careful not to lose the meaning that the words put together are meant to convey in this re-composition. To end, even if I don't want to end, please record yourself singing these lines and send it to me to: saragebran@yahoo.com, or upload it in my future blog (*check my webpage next year*). Until then, I think of Massumi's question in the foreword of *A Thousand Plateaus*: 'How could this book be played: You find yourself humming them under your breath as you go about your daily business.'⁸ Let's hum it then and thank you all:

*A Quantum Society let go
of all the words
that generate
separation
classification
and unnecessary differentiation
so all that exists
is there to be
identified as such*

*A Quantum Society breaks
unnecessary patterns
in parallel times
as they are formed
they rise
as they fall*

⁸ University of Minnesota Press (1987), p.xiv

*a new one rises
in endless cycles
moving on and on and on*

*A Quantum Society creates
'Social Intimacy'
all day long
of ongoing trust
familiarity
and total support
bringing each other along*

*A Quantum Society is
a vigilant one
attentive to one's self
and to one another
considering that what we do
has repercussions for all*

*A Quantum Society is
very intimate
with all there is
carefully existing
with all that is*

*A Quantum Society is
part of a bigger whole
never acting different
from all other parts
always in accord with all
always following and going on*

*A Quantum Society acts
invisible
it doesn't need to prove itself
nor show itself
nor witness to being
just being
with all other things
transforming in cycles
together with everything*

acting like energy

being energy

A Quantum Society mirrors the universe

acting quantum

entangled

like energy

being energy

A Quantum Society is movement

is dance

it dances

is changing

unnoticed

