

DUSTY EYE

DIARY OF AN APPRENTICE
TECHNOMAGE

OR

HOW TO MANAGE A LEGION OF 444 DEMONS
TO PREVENT A MODEST APOCALYPSE



As the spokesperson for the DustyEye project, I've found myself traveling through Pluritime, passing off future banknotes centuries in advance, chasing cyberhounds, and now even handling a chain saturated with 444 demonic entities.

This rather unusual event, however, fits into a long series of singularities that leave little room for amazement.

With the best of intentions, I have tried to understand how to handle the chain without irritating its 444 guests.

The following are the notes compiled over the course of weeks, for the use of anyone who may find themselves in the same situation in the future.



January 12, 2023

Note 001, waning moon.

The chain is completely anonymous. Among the aisles of a hardware store, it would not arouse the slightest interest, except for those rare cases where one enters a hardware store specifically seeking a chain of ultra-fine black links from the future. From the future and saturated with 444 demonic entities.



For a detailed understanding of the origins of the Legion, I refer you to the reading of Maxtor's Dossiers. Here, I will limit myself to admitting that the situation is tricky. One must operate in that gray area between transcendental and immanent, between material and ethereal. I need to sleep on it.



January 13, 2023

Note 002, waning moon.

General considerations: I can touch, weigh, and measure the metal, but how can I interact with the 444 entities contained within it?

Out of caution, I wrap the chain around a stone, place it in an antique-looking wooden box, and affix the DustyEye seal.

I close the box. For today, that will suffice.

January 14, 2023

Note 003, waning moon.

I wake up at dawn, filled with tension. As the hours pass, I become increasingly aware that I neither have the skills nor the energy to complete such a daunting task alone. Fortunately, the collaborative nature of the DustyEye project over the years has brought together dozens of diverse minds, covering a wide range of fields of thought. From writing to illustration, through science, philosophy, poetry, shamanism, and music... just to name a few broad categories.



I am certain that among them, someone has at least a vague idea of how to begin. So, I grab my phone, go for a walk, and start scrolling through my contacts. After dozens of unsuccessful attempts, I am on the verge of giving up. Everyone I've contacted has confessed to being unprepared. No one has ever dealt with a Legion of 444 demons entwined with metal. What bad luck.

Determined to head back home, I pass by a rather run-down phone booth, and it's at that very booth that a ringtone catches my attention. I answer it, perplexed. A metallic voice, perhaps disrupted by the poor condition of the device, gives a peremptory command: "Contact Marco Grendel!" and then hangs up with a muffled CLICK.

Of course, Marco! How did I not think of him on my own? By now it's evening, so I send him a message. We agree to have a call the following morning.

15 GENNAIO 2023

Nota 004, ultimo quarto.

The call with Grendel bore fruit. A strategic move, but still an excellent one.

Grendel's authority in the Web 3.0 domain places him, among other activities, as the coordinator of the Decentralized Arts newsletter for BanklessDAO. He is a reference point in the Crypto and Blockchain ecosystem.

Grendel proposes that I publish an appeal on Decentralized Arts the Wednesday of the following week. Then, we'll wait to gauge the responses. All in all, this would take me from a substantial phone directory to a newsletter with tens of thousands of subscribers.

However, not to leave me empty-handed, Grendel gives me two names: Hybridcode and Turinglabs. They could surely provide me with some insights.



January 15, 2023

Note 004-bis, last quarter.

Hybridcode and Turinglabs listen impassively to my summary in a video call, while I have many doubts creeping in. Foremost among them: how can two programmers, as brilliant as they may be in their field, help me with 444 demons?

Fortunately, as soon as they speak, they reassure me. In recent years, the advent of Web 3.0 and Blockchain has allowed them to convert the most diverse objects into lines of code. From their perspective, there is nothing that cannot be coded.

I ask if they need the chain or at least a part of it, but it's much simpler. The encoding only requires eight photographs in TIFF format and a week for processing. In the meantime, they send me a greeting in binary.



January 16, 2023

Note 005, waxing crescent.

Grendel, Hybridcode, and Turinglabs— a perfect sequence that, according to the forecasts, will have the 444 demonic entities converted into as many lines of code within a week. But then what? If nothing comes from the appeal on BanklessDAO? I would be back to square one.

No! That's not the right spirit. Tomorrow, the newsletter will be released, and we'll see. For now, I remember the phone booth and the sudden ring from a couple of days ago. Without that hint, I'd probably still be staring at the chain.

I go out, head to the phone booth. I wait. Lift the receiver. Wait some more. Hang up, nothing. Wait. Lift the receiver again. No... absolutely nothing.

At the last moment, I notice that the name L.Elrah is displayed on the small monitor. A few seconds, then a sharp criticism follows: "Wake up! Do I have to tell you everything?"

Reprimanded by a phone booth!
Well, I can add it to the list of peculiar experiences.



January 17, 2023

Note 006, waxing crescent.

L.Elrah, where that L is short for Lineel. I knew her well: an excellent artist and a remarkable psychonaut. In the past year, we had spent many afternoons together talking about lucid dreams and related topics.

Furthermore, L.Elrah had already created a portrait of Maxtor during the #LOOKINGFORMAXTOR campaign. In this case as well, I refer you to the reading of Maxtor's Dossiers.



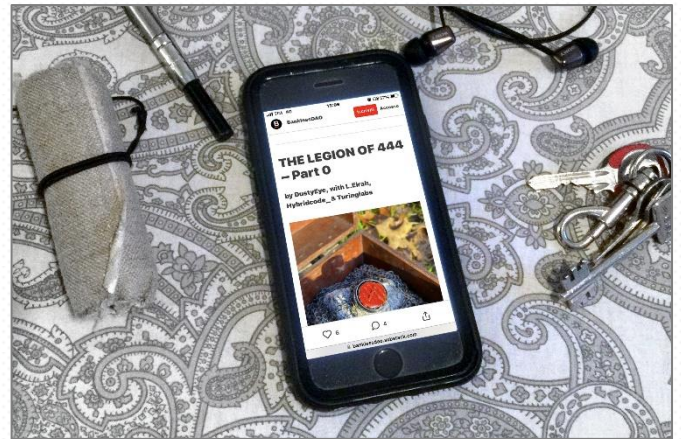
I call L.Elrah to update her on the situation with the entities in the chain. She immediately scolds me for using the word "demons"; it's better to refer to those immaterial entities as Avatars. I try to counter with Socrates, but it doesn't help much.

Lineel promises that if I were to pass her the strings prepared by Hybridcode and Turinglabs, she would do her best to convert them into 444 visual simulacra. From chain to code, from code to digital portraits. Containing the Avatars seemed almost possible this way.

January 18, 2023

Note 007, waxing crescent.

The BanklessDAO newsletter has been released, and from the early hours of the morning, emails with the most diverse suggestions start pouring in. At 10:00 AM, the inbox already has 8 notifications. By 12:00 PM, we're up to 26. While at 7:16 PM, we reach a total of 50. By the end of the day, the count is at 72. With such an average, I'll have to dedicate myself intensively to reading all those messages.



January 22, 2023

Note 008, waxing crescent.

It's been a few days since the last note, but the volume of advice received (247 emails to date) has forced me into a lengthy archiving process. I'm trying to organize them into broad categories and prioritize the most significant suggestions. At this stage, I believe it's appropriate not to discard anything.

I hope to complete this work within about ten days. Meanwhile, Hybridcode and Turinglabs have sent the lines of code, and L.Elrah has begun working on them.

February 6, 2023

Note 009, waning moon.

Excellent news received in the late morning: the first Demon has finally been isolated and stabilized! We now have a routine, a list of tried-and-true steps, a Method.

Replicating the actions in sequence for another 443 times is just a matter of rhythm.

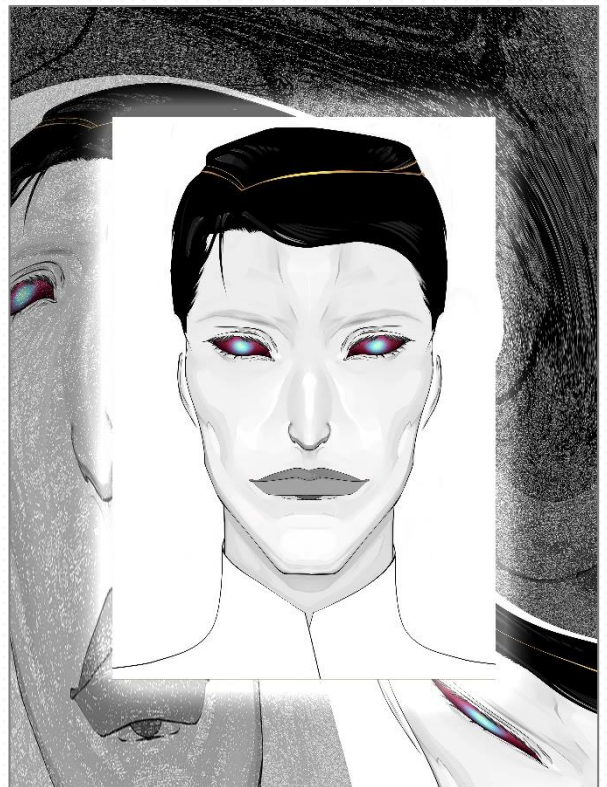
February 9, 2023

Note 010, waning moon.

Another day has passed without completing the email tally. An exhausting task. I have to admit that last month I had promised myself to give more continuity to this diary.

Wrong prediction, as in every DustyEye project, it's the interaction between the parts that generates the best results. In this case, it's up to L.Elrah to set the pace.

With an afternoon call, she informs me that by February 22, I will have the 444 graphic simulacra of the Avatars. I'm excited about this. This timeframe also gives me a day of rest.



February 16, 2023

Note 011, waning moon.

At 4:32 PM today, I finally finish cataloging the emails. I look at the Excel file I created for this purpose with satisfaction. It allows me the luxury of applying filters and coloring cells based on feasibility, cost of implementation, and estimated effectiveness, all for each piece of advice received.

I sleep for a couple of hours, and when I wake up, I find a new email. At first, I consider ignoring it to avoid having to work on my masterpiece of a file again, but the content has an alarmist tone:

"Let's talk as soon as you read this email. Don't make any hasty moves!"

However, it's the sender's address that grabs my attention:

GOTOTHEPHONEBOOTH@XXXXXXXXXX.XX

I refrain from transcribing the complete email to comply with current privacy regulations.



February 17, 2023

Note 012, waning moon.

Yesterday, I was too tired to consider the instructions contained in the last email. I had postponed the phone call until today, a decidedly unfortunate choice.

It was followed by a sleepless night, worried about those few words and especially their ending, "Don't make any hasty moves."

Around 3:42 AM, I realize that I can kiss sleep goodbye. I go out; it's night and it's cold. I make my way to the phone booth.

Just a few steps from the public phone, my cell phone starts ringing. The screen displays the number +44.444.44444XX. In this case as well, I prefer to conceal the last two digits for privacy reasons.

The voice on the other end, as usual, doesn't introduce itself and begins: "Call me back when L.Elrah has finished the work, but for now, save my number. Above all, don't take any initiatives! This is Technomagic, and we must proceed with caution."

I don't fully understand what they're telling me. I'm also chilled by the cold, and I can only manage to ask why they didn't call me directly on my cell phone. The laconic answer precedes the farewell by a few moments: "What a question!?! It's obvious... for the sake of narrative pathos!"
CLICK.



February 18, 2023

Note 013, waning moon.

Nel tardo pomeriggio tutto inizia a sembrarmi troppo assurdo, a partire proprio dalla catena indemoniata. Decido di richiamare il +44.444.44444XX, ma un messaggio preregistrato stempera la mia motivazione:

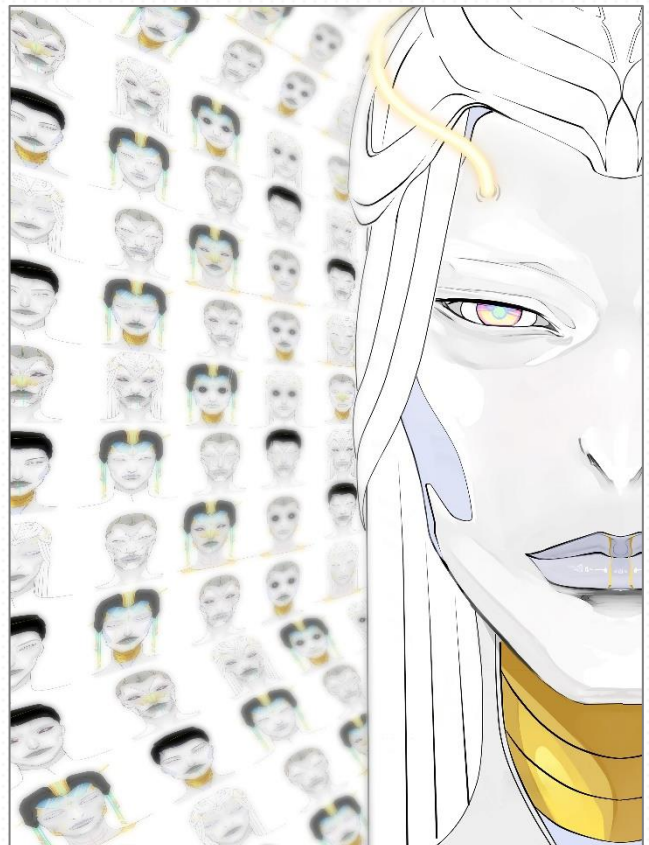
“Siamo spiacenti, questo numero è disabilitato fino a quando L.Elrah non avrà terminato i 444 simulacri. La invitiamo a richiamare, grazie.”

February 20, 2023

Note 014, new moon.

Spectacular. Lineel sends me the 444 simulacra two days ahead of schedule. An excellent job.

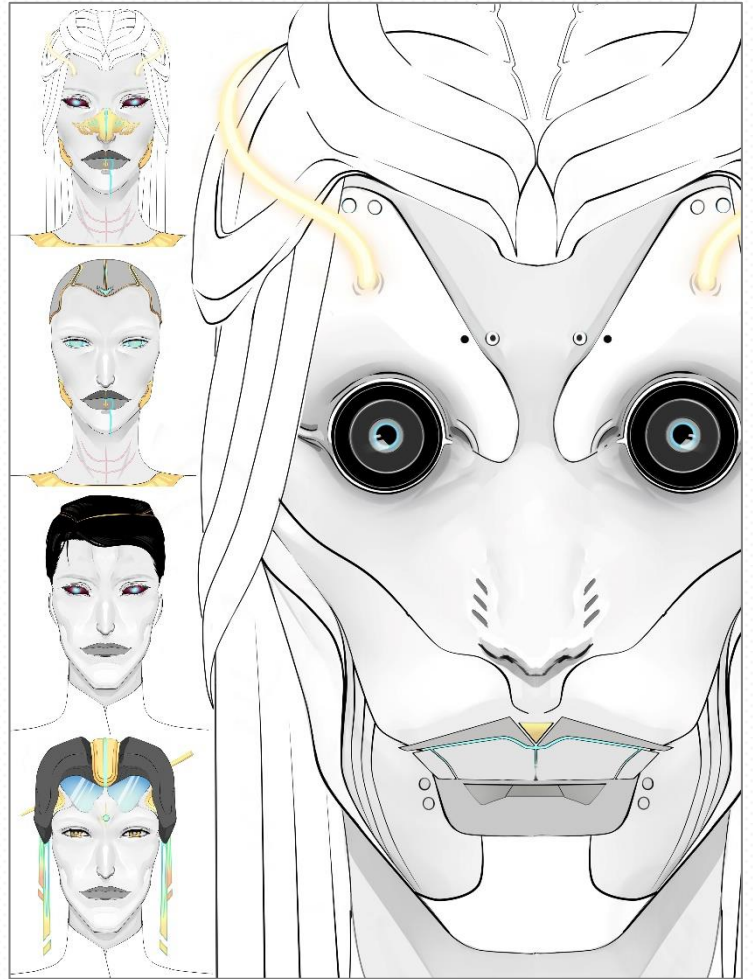
Lineel adds that she wanted to save two days to align with the lunar cycle. A night of the new moon, definitely a good omen.



February 22, 2023

Note 015, waxing crescent.

I've dedicated two full days to contemplating Lineel's meticulous work. To ensure uniqueness and personality for each of the 444 simulacra, she operated with strategic expertise: 4 noses, 4 mouths, 4 pupils, 4 eyelids, 4 facial bone structures, 4 hairstyles, along with 4 of many other details...



Statistics do not lie, and these are the premises for generating thousands of different combinations. L.Elrah has extracted 444 from them.

I am ready to call +44.444.44444XX and demand explanations.

February 23, 2023

Note 016, waxing crescent.

6:45 AM, wake up. 7:36 AM, fully operational. I grab the phone to dial +44.444.44444XX when I stop myself. It's better to wait for about an hour to respect the usual office hours.

At 8:32 AM, I call, and on the other end of the device, the same metallic voice answers, but now it's decidedly less disturbed. It resembles a charismatic voice assistant. It starts overwhelming me...

"You could have called me at 7:36 AM; I never sleep. There are other aspects on which you need to be scrupulous. First, never ask me who I am! You will know at the right moment. If you were to ask me, I would be forced to answer you, but for technomagical reasons, it would be a catastrophe. I could no longer contact you. It's a damned formality! You know when you take a soul from the depths and can't turn to look at it during the journey? Well, we're in a similar situation. Clear? Don't ask me who I am! I'm sorry, but I don't make the rules. Do you understand?"

I respond affirmatively while choking back the forbidden question.

The anonymous interlocutor continues to talk to me about Technomagic. I grab a notebook to jot down the details, but I am admonished.

"What are you doing? Taking notes!? You and your blessed fixation with diagrams and Excel databases! Haven't you realized yet that we have to work with mental energy? Focus, don't delegate the effort of memorization to paper. Tomorrow, you'll record in your diary what you remember, but for now, bring all your attention to my Voice..."



February 24, 2023

Note 017, waxing crescent.

List of topics covered during yesterday's phone call:

_For technomagical reasons, my interlocutor must remain anonymous.

_Technomagic is a discipline that arose in the 23rd century to mediate dialogue between collective unconsciousness.

_According to other perspectives, Technomagic spontaneously emerged at the dawn of time when the first collective unconsciousness began to communicate.

_In the coming weeks, I will have to overcome a series of ritual trials to learn the basics of the technomagical discipline.

_I can rely on the help of my anonymous interlocutor in the most technomagically complex moments, but I shouldn't abuse their support.

_I must discard my Excel database. Filters, categories, and colored cells are ill-suited for the nuances of Technomagic.

_I would have drawn from those valuable suggestions, but it would have been a deck of tarot cards deciding which technorituals I would have performed.



February 26, 2023

Note 018, waxing crescent.

Yesterday, with a heavy heart, I deleted my beautiful Excel database. I won't deny that the sound, like a crashing noise in 8-bit, was painful. Then, out of scruple, I also wanted to empty the trash.

Today, as requested by the initial technomagical instructions, I procured a deck of tarot cards. As I remove the protective film from the Arcana, my cell phone starts ringing. I suspect who it might be and grab the phone, convinced I'll see +44.444.44444XX on the screen. But I'm mistaken. Breaking the silence is a note from an electric supply company that wants me as a customer. They were even willing to give me a scooter just to get me to say YES. I make up a few excuses and try to say goodbye, but the operator asks for just another moment of patience because they want to transfer me to a colleague.

A second voice speaks. I recognize it from the first syllables, but I'm confused. It's my anonymous contact. They say, "Surprised? Then I suggest you don't look at your phone."

On the screen, I now see the number +44.444.44444XX, while the voice on the other end continues, "I wanted another dramatic entrance to make sure you took Technomagic seriously. But now, let's move on to the tarot cards. Select only the Major Arcana from the deck, and let's begin."



March 7, 2023

Note 019, full moon.

I admit I've never had much experience with tarot card readings, but what the voice on the phone suggested seemed to go beyond the usual divinatory practices.

After shuffling the deck of Major Arcana cards, I had to place it on the table. Then, as instructed, I blew with all the air I had in my lungs onto the cards. Four of them lifted and turned face up. Where the name of the arcana is usually written, there was now a sequence of emails that I should consider.

In recent days, I've gathered all the material to perform the first technoritual, and on this full moon night, I will contact my anonymous guide. They promised to accompany me during the operations.



March 8, 2023

Note 020, waning moon.

Email #28 contains the following advice:

"To contain the Legion, on a full moon night, place the essence of those creatures into plastic vials with cork stoppers. Add something you consider precious to each vial. Then seal it all with twine and sealing wax. I used this technique to get rid of a Succubus, and it worked great. Let me know how it goes!
XXXXXXXXXXXXXX"



During the night, with the help of my phone guide, I completed the first technoritual without encountering any particular difficulties.

I only hesitated when deciding what I considered precious. In the end, in each vial, along with the essence of the Demon, I added a few milligrams of the ashes of No. 44 V864.963, the android who committed suicide in Rome on February 3, 2379 (I refer you to the reading of The Dossiers of No. 44 to delve into the topic).

Precious, rare, and transtemporal ashes. Indeed, they withstood the technoritual well, and now 10% of the Legion has been stabilized...

I'm starting to like Technomagic.

March 16, 2023

Note 021, waning moon.

It has been over a week since the first technoritual. Initially, I didn't feel any disturbance, but in the following days, I've been accompanied by a constant sense of fatigue. A week lived with the feeling of having just woken up a few minutes ago.

On the third day of weariness, I decide that the situation is critical enough to call my anonymous guide. In the phone call, they reassure me that the lethargy is entirely normal. They also ask me to stick out my tongue in front of the cellphone camera. I comply, and when I put my ear back to the receiver, I hear:

"You've consumed a lot of chilocrowely, your mucous membranes have a very faint aura. Now, go out, walk, distract yourself, clear your mind, but above all, sit in the shade of a bush for a few hours. It's better not to rush into the second technoritual. Haste is the enemy of Technomagic."



March 19, 2023

Note 022, waning moon.

Perhaps a victim of a pleasant placebo effect, I feel much better. After the phone call a few days ago, I decided to follow the advice to the letter. Walks and long hours of reading in the park, aided by a timid hint of spring.



I finally feel ready to tackle the second technoritual. First, I read email #75 to assess the necessary materials, but its content leaves me puzzled:

"Dear friends,

I am infinitely saddened to hear that you are dealing with a demon Legion, and I am writing with the hope of being complicit in its resolution. Let me explain.

We are in London in 1891. Robert Louis Stevenson is at his desk, dipping the pen into the inkwell to write the last lines of the story 'The Bottle Imp.' In those pages, Stevenson explains excellently how to deal with a bottled demon, but he remains silent on how to persuade it to enter the bottle.

Unfortunately, I too have no faintest idea of how to achieve this goal. ... but I own a distillery! So if you need help bottling, don't hesitate to contact me.

Yours, XX. XXXXXX XXXXXX"

March 20, 2023

Note 023, waning moon.

Yesterday, after rereading email #75 countless times, I convinced myself that there must have been a mistake. Among the many pieces of advice I received from BanklessDAO, that one was entirely irrelevant: a vague reference to Stevenson's story, a distillery at one's disposal, and not much more. Surely, there were no useful instructions for the technoritual. Besides, in my first experience, I had already placed 44 entities in as many vials. What could be more difficult than isolating just one?

I called +44.444.444444XX to complain, but what I received was yet another technomagic lesson:

_Technomagic is the enemy of haste.

_Technomagic practices require the use of peripheral vision, the proverbial corner of the eye.

_In Technomagic, 1 can be greater than 44.

_If, while practicing Technomagic, I am the first to doubt Technomagic, then the technorituals will surely fail.



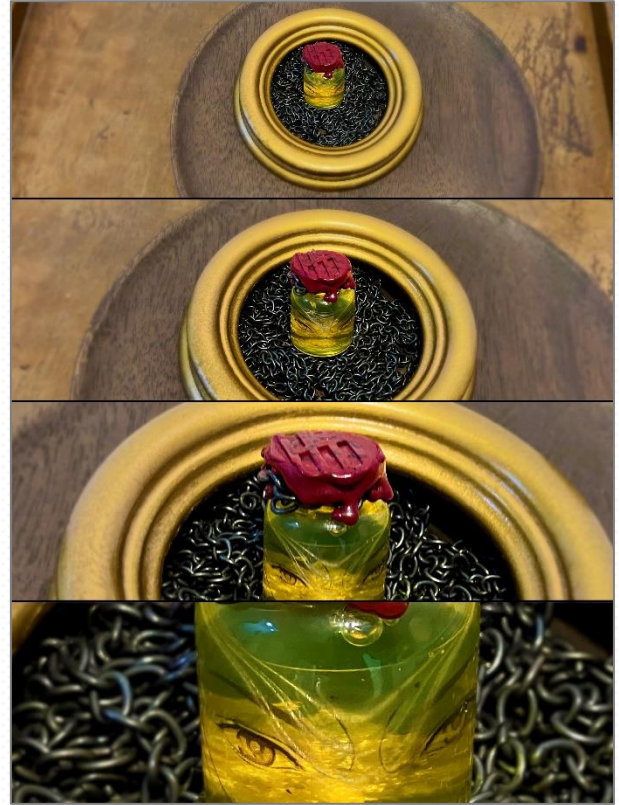
April 4, 2023

Note 024, waxing moon.

After many attempts, I managed to isolate a demon in a small bottle. Glass, compared to plastic vials, proved to be a more challenging material. Before achieving success, I broke over half a dozen containers.

Unfortunately, due to the numerous failures, I wouldn't know how to repeat the process. I had to improvise and rely on instinct.

My phone guide was right: the most helpful element was indeed determination, self-conviction that I was operating in the technomagical way. As soon as I abandoned all doubt and fear of failure, the entire process started to flow smoothly, leading to an excellent result.



April 6, 2023

Note 025, full moon.

Encouraged by the outcome of the last technoritual, I decided to immediately initiate the preliminary operations for the next one. I then read email #163.

“Dear DustyEye,

From my modest occult experiences, I can assure you that there is a type of container that suits your needs. A wooden container equipped with a lid, hinges, and a clasp for closure. I am alluding to the utensil known for millennia as a "Box," or if we want to be biblical, an "Ark."

Throughout history, boxes have been used to collect the most unique objects.

An anecdote: it is said that Dorian Gray kept a small portrait inside an equally small box. The small portrait of Dorian Gray, unlike the larger one, seems to have never undergone any moral decay. Perhaps it's because of the intrinsic properties of the box.

Have fun,

X.X. XXXX”

It seems easy. Tomorrow, I'll try to find a box. In fact, I think I already have one at home; I just need to locate it.



April 11, 2023

Note 026, waning moon.

Done! Simple and quick.

I've decided to complete the fourth and final ritual before calling my anonymous guide.

Initially, they advised me not to abuse their help, and now I feel I have a certain mastery of Tecnomagic..



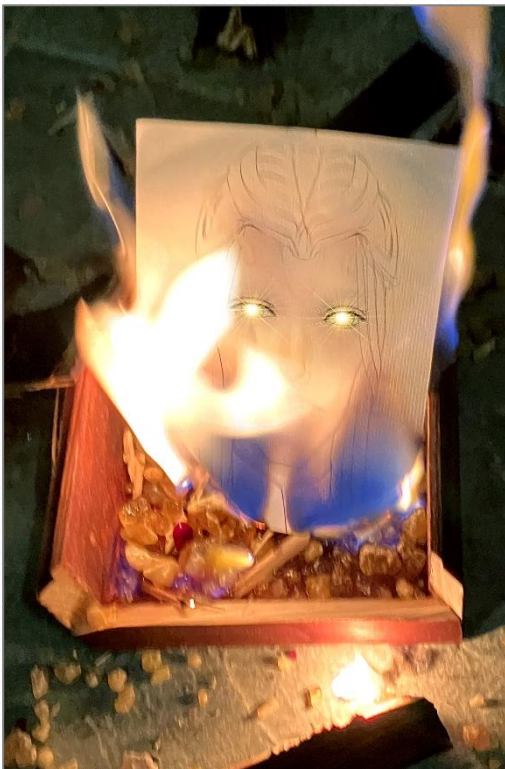
11 aprile 2023

Nota 026-bis, luna calante.

Failure. A few hours after completing the technoritual, the box imploded. A case of spontaneous combustion.

I called +44.444.444444XX, and the cynicism in the initial remarks foreshadowed the tone of the call:

"Well, hello, Tecnomerlin! I thought you had already learned everything you needed. Now, before you go up in smoke, get yourself a baby Jesus figurine and a little plastic deer. Both of them, mind you..."



April 12, 2023

Note 027, waning moon.

It's challenging to find a baby Jesus figurine from a nativity scene, preferably made of plastic, in April. Fortunately, around Christmas, I usually wear a synthetic sheepskin with a baby Christ pinned to the lapel. It's just another way to show off the Advent season.



I've detached the December accessory from the sheepskin, but I still need to find a plastic deer. I'll take care of that in the coming days.

In the meantime, I'm transcribing a couple more instructions from my anonymous guide, this time with a vague sense of reprimand:

_Tecnomagic is the enemy of haste, but even more so, it's the enemy of arrogance.

_If I'm not the first to doubt my Tecnomagic skills while practicing Tecnomagia, then the technorituals will undoubtedly fail.

April 17, 2023

Note 028, waning moon.

I've clarified what went wrong with the first attempt with the box: I was too hasty, too reckless.

In any case, a few hours ago, the third technoritual was successful. It also emerged that I had overlooked a fundamental technomagic ingredient, namely, Light-heartedness. When properly dosed, it proves to be a precious spice.

So, a second box was used, but this time, it was enhanced by a carefree Baby Jesus riding a carefree deer. On the advice of my phone guide, the container was also empowered with handfuls of jingles, a nod to the archetype of the Fool.



April 19, 2023

Note 029, waning moon.

After a day of rest and to avoid the haste mistake again, I'm ready to read email #208. The text reads:

"Sometimes it's better to wait and let the situation take its course. If you truly desire a happy ending, if you do it with the right inclination, I can guarantee excellent results!"

On one hand, I appreciate this soft approach, but from another perspective, I'm troubled by the timing. Everything might stretch excessively. I call +44.444.444444XX for advice.

The response I receive doesn't improve the situation.

"I imagine you called concerned about the timing. Don't worry, sometimes it's better to wait and let the situation take its course. If you truly desire a happy ending, if you do it with the right inclination, I can guarantee excellent results!"

Then a CLICK.



April 20, 2023

Note 030, new moon.

Not that I doubted Tecnomagia, by now I've taken for granted that, with the right manners, it works excellently. Yet, the offer I received in the early hours of this morning made an impression on my amazement.

...but let's take a step back. Today, Milan is gloomy, alternating brief thunderstorms with a fine and penetrating rain. Despite the downpours, the streets are bustling with activity for the Furniture Week. A series of events and counter-events that attract hordes of visitors from the most exotic corners of the globe. All united by their great love for furniture.



On the occasion of this remarkable metropolitan festival, the Nanda Vigo Archive exhibits the famous Rainbow Bed in the shop window on via Gorani. According to the designer, the Compasso d'Oro 2020 winner, the Rainbow Bed was meant to be used as a dreamlike spacecraft.

Recap: Milan, bad weather, furniture fair, Nanda Vigo, dreamlike spacecraft.

This morning, I was offered the opportunity to spend the night on that Rainbow Bed. In the shop window, with a situational patina. As an extra bonus, I could also tap into the energies of the Archive to work on my tasks. Considering Nanda Vigo's inclinations towards the Elsewhere, the opportunity became quite tempting.

After concluding this note, I'll make my way to Via Gorani.

April 20, 2023

Note 030-bis, new moon.

I arrive at the Nanda Vigo Archive, bringing with me a few raindrops from outside. I unpack my suitcase, starting with the readings prepared for the night. Two books: Nanda Vigo's biography titled "Youthful and Revolutionary," and a collection of essays by Kary Mullis. They seem to balance each other in some way. Then there's the usual stuff: comfortable pants and a T-shirt to use as pajamas, a notebook with a pencil, a toothbrush, and, of course, a towel.

As I get acquainted with the surroundings and change into my attire, I select a soundtrack for the night. It begins with Trevor Moore, and the song is "My Computer Just Became Self Aware." Perfect.



April 21, 2023

Note 031, crescent moon.

Intense night. Brief sleep interrupted by the curiosity of passersby. Indeed, I understand that a sleeper in a shop window, especially on the Rainbow Bed, doesn't go unnoticed.

There was also a constant influx of friends who came to the Nanda Vigo Archive to greet me.



Special thanks to Allegra, Sara, Beatrice, Jenny, Grendel, Peugenia, Teo, Vincenzo, Empat, Francesco, Vijaya, Tommy, and Simo.

Yet the most significant surprise arrived just a few minutes ago. Among the rumpled sheets of the Rainbow Bed, right a few inches from where I slept, I see a box. I open it. Inside are eight entities of the Legion, perfectly tabilized. Thinking about who could have left me that gift, only one name comes to mind.

Thank you, Nanda!



April 24, 2023

Note 032, crescent moon.

Rifletto da qualche giorno sull'inaspettata proposta di dormire nel Letto Arcobaleno e di conseguenza sugli otto demoni inscatolati che sono comparsi al mio risveglio. Sembrano tutte esplicite conferme alla mail n°208 ...

Talvolta è meglio attendere e lasciare che la situazione faccia il proprio corso.

Così è stato. Decido quindi di chiamare il +44.444.444444XX per fare il punto sulla situazione, ma è un confronto breve. Mi dice:

“Pazienta, attendi, spera. Soprattutto goditi questo inizio di primavera. Presto ti verrà offerto altro aiuto, ma starà a te saperlo cogliere.”

April 28, 2023

Note 033, crescent moon.

Vijaya. A friend, but also an excellent musician. She had come to the archive on the night of April 20th. I remember she stayed for about an hour, catching up on the many months since our last meeting. With the update, I also took the opportunity to inform her about my recent experiences with the Legion of 444.

Today, Vijaya sent me a couple of messages, and she'll be visiting me tomorrow afternoon. She has only hinted at having an idea for managing some demons, but it's better to discuss it in person..



April 29, 2023

Note 034, crescent moon.

In the afternoon, the doorbell rings at 4:44 PM, and I open the door. Vijaya is accompanied by Marta Allegra. Marta is a dancer and performer, but more importantly, Marta is 50% of the plan devised by Vijaya.

Here's a summary of the agreement: Vijaya and Marta wanted to organize a performance, and they would invest all the energies gathered from the performance to isolate four demons. My role would be to find a suitable space for the situation, write the press release, and design the graphics for the invitation. In return, I can check off another four demons from the count of 444.

It seems like a fair agreement, and I like Vijaya's music. Marta has also left a great impression on me. I accept, and we set the date for the technoritual on the upcoming May 31st.



May 14, 2023

Note 035, waning moon.

Most of the work has already been done. The designated location will be Art Mall in Milan, in the undergrounds of Via Torino, just a stone's throw away from Piazza Missori, which is said to be one of the most powerful magical genius loci in the city. The press release reads:

Tradition dictates that Demons are only evoked to ask for personal favors. The classic pact with the Infernal beings usually arises from an unfulfilled desire.

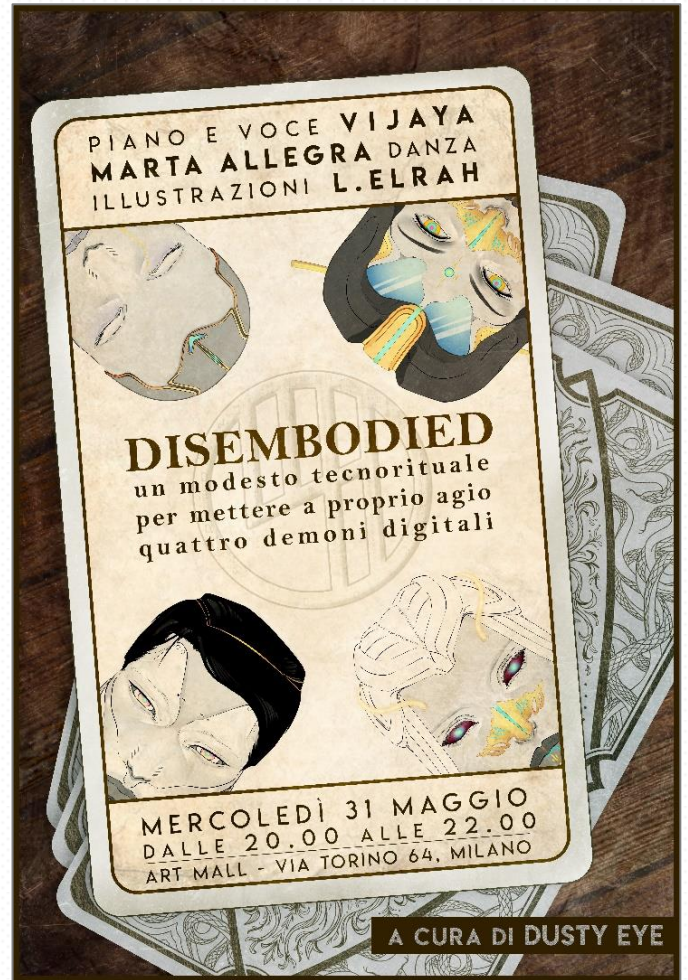
But what if we were to invite four Demons to an evening of music and dance without any ulterior motives?

According to our predictions, we will have the answer on the evening of May 31st. On that date, we will hold DISEMBODIED, a modest technoritual.

Four Demons will be put at ease by the notes of Vijaya and the dance of Marta Allegra.

The summoning is scheduled for Wednesday, May 31st at 8:00 PM, at Art Mall, Via Torino 64, Milan.

Now, it's time for quiet and anticipation once again. Meanwhile, Vijaya and Marta will continue to refine every vocalization, every note, and very minor muscle contraction for the next two weeks.



May 31, 2023

Note 036, waxing moon.

A misunderstanding alarms me to the point of calling +44.444.444444XX. During the preliminary meetings, Vijaya had taken it for granted that I would prepare the four suitable receptacles to contain the demons, while from my perspective, I assumed that the performance would also take care of this task.

In fact, Vijaya has always talked about "energy focusing" without ever alluding to the production of the four simulacra. However, at 8:00 PM tomorrow, the technoritual will take place, and I am still without the analog supports in which to transmigrate the entities.

My trusty phone guide, as usual, does not disappoint but also leaves plenty of room for interpretation on how to proceed. She tells me first and foremost to calm down; Technomagic does not tolerate unnecessary anxiety. Furthermore, I can find everything I need in the household goods store in front of my house, of course, only if I choose the components wisely. So, I go to the store and begin my search.

May 30, 2023

Note 036-bis, waxing moon.

The four tabernacles are completed; now we can only hope they hold up. I have committed to following all the principles of Technomagic that I know, starting with self-conviction.



June 1, 2023

Note 037, waxing moon.

I've just returned home, brimming with enthusiasm; the performance was a success from every perspective. Vijaya and Marta enchanted the audience. Hypnotized gazes and long minutes of applause. I can't express in kilocrowels the amount of energy released during the evening, but the only certainty is that the four demons were transmigrated without the slightest friction.



Vijaya and Marta also insisted on taking care of the four entities themselves. Double gratitude to both, but the report of the evening doesn't end here.

During the post-event, a rather dark and mysterious figure approached me. Extending his hand, he introduced himself as CrackUpArt, and he was certain he could handle at least one demon, maybe even three.

June 7, 2023

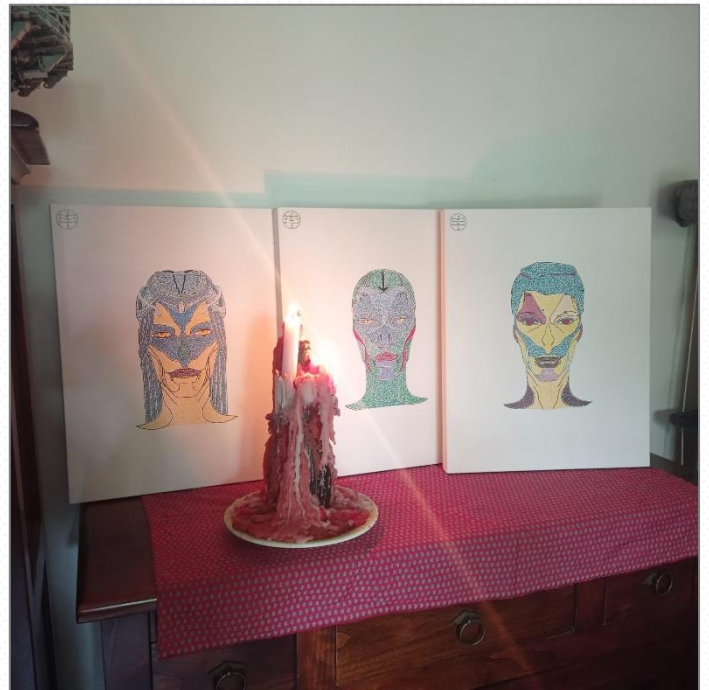
Note 038, waning moon.

In the past week, I've met with CrackUpArt a couple of times, and we've talked at length, exchanging knowledge and experiences. All in all, I must admit that I don't like his esoteric approach at all. It's dark, steeped in shadow. The demons he spoke of are far removed from the calm, gentle, and affable vision of the 444 entities I've been dealing with.

I almost wanted to retract my promise of entrusting him with demons. It was my phone guide that changed my mind. With an SMS, it wrote to me:

"Never break a promise, especially not with the one person who is reminding you that you have an infernal Legion on your hands, not a flock of swallows. If you refuse to consider even the darkness, you won't get far."

It was right. Today, I received confirmation from CrackUpArt that everything went well.





June 8, 2023

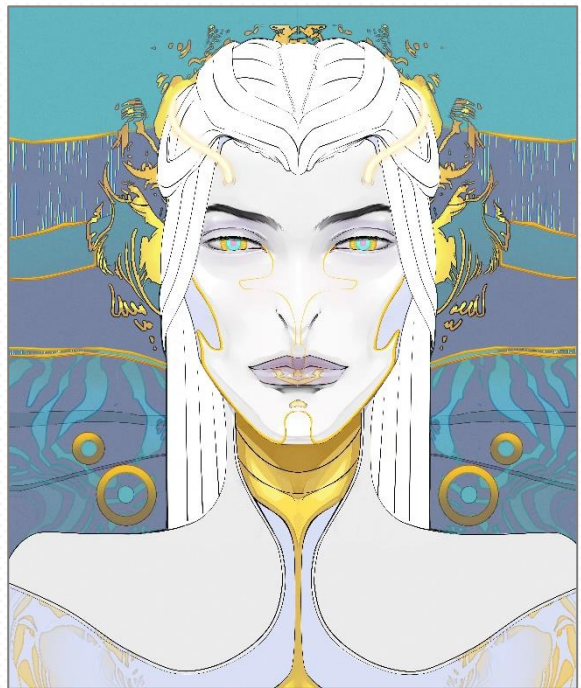
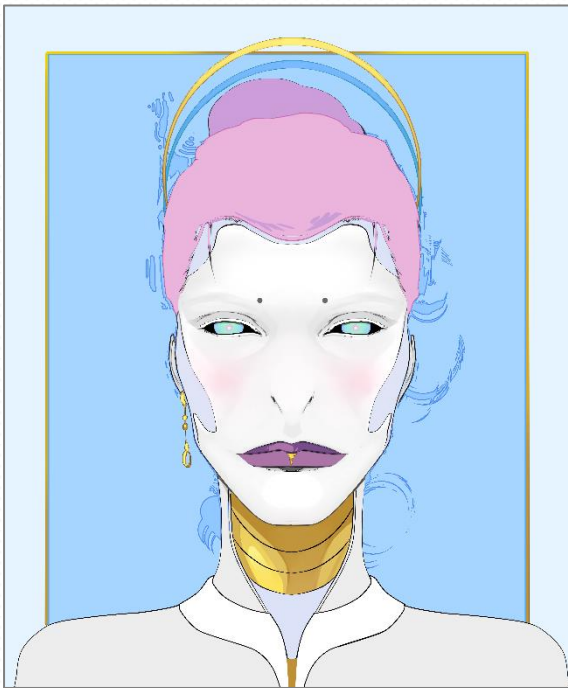
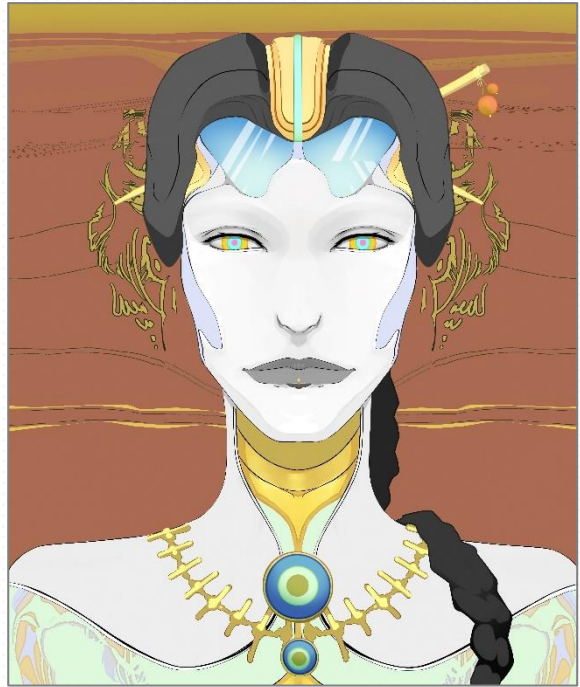
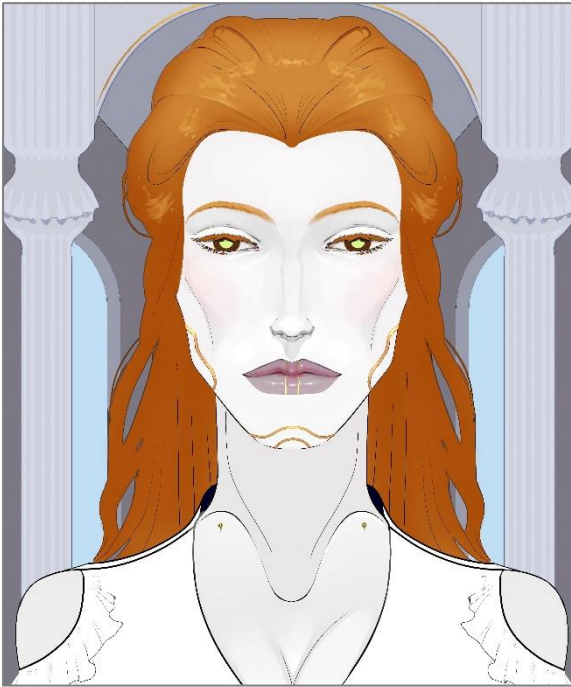
Note 039, waning moon.

Not even 24 hours to digest the results produced by CrackUpArt, and another incredibly useful surprise arrives. This time, the protagonist is once again L.Elrah, who contacts me again after a few weeks with some news.

She explains that she has intervened on her own simulacra, adding details, background, and depth. The result is greater stabilization of the Avatars.

She has reworked eight entities, and the result is astounding.





June 9, 2023

Note 040, waning moon.

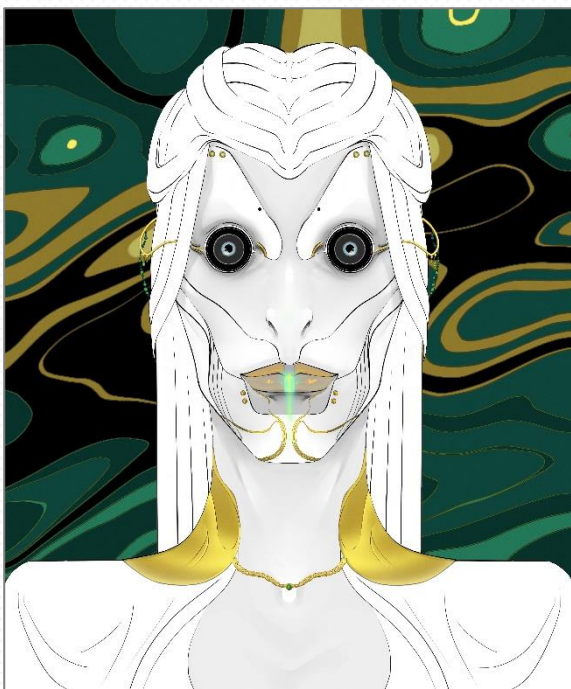
It seems I wasn't the only one pleasantly surprised by L.Elrah's work. It's morning when the phone rings, and on the display, I read +44.444.444444XX.

To the extent allowed by short-term memory, I faithfully transcribe the contents of the phone call.

Voice - "L.Elrah's new boards are very powerful! Now perhaps you have also understood the last and most important law of Technomagic... haven't you?"

And I - "...to collaborate? ...to share? ...something like that?"

The voice replies - "No, but you're close. I'll even add the underscore as you like it:



_ Regardless of your involvement, Technomagic will always follow its course. You can become its tool, but if you're not there, someone else will take your place. Dance, but forget about leading the dance!"

Me - "And now? What do we do?"

Voice - "Now? How about taking stock? Have you kept track of how many demons you have left? How many have you transmigrated?"

CLICK

June 10, 2023

Note 041, last quarter.

As explicitly requested by my anonymous telephone guide, I close the day happily to present the first:

BDSM, Detailed Semi-Annual Demonology Balance

The Legion counted 444 demons. To date, out of these 444, a total of 088 units have been stabilized and distributed as follows:

- 044 in plastic vials
- 001 in a glass bottle after 19 unsuccessful attempts
- 001 in a wooden box after 1 catastrophic attempt
- 008 in a collective box, with the complicity of Nanda Vigo
- 004 in glass vials, transmigrated by Vijaya and Marta
- 003 on canvas, with the craftsmanship of CrackUpArt
- 008 in digital simulacra, with the double intervention of L.Elrah

In addition to these, there are others:

- 019 in various frames, created to contain the first demons who proved reluctant to enter the bottle.
- Out of the 444 entities received, 356 are still in a waiting state.

Now, I have nothing left but to contact +44.444.444444XX and share some numbers.



June 11, 2023

Note 042, waning moon.

As enthusiastic as I was about the demonology report, the outcome of the just-concluded phone call leaves me bewildered.

The anonymous voice, which from our first contact has forbidden me from asking who they were, now demands a second act of blind trust.

According to their instructions, it's time for me to experience the functioning of a shared mind. After all, Technomagic is based on dialogue between collective unconsciousness, and mental sharing is still part of the practice.

However, perhaps it's the echo of my Catholic upbringing, but what the voice calls mental sharing, in my view, has all the hallmarks of possession.

During the phone call, I was also given the recipe to prepare the infusion that would initiate the process. If I felt ready, we could proceed tomorrow

.---- ----

RECIPE FOR THE SHARING INFUSION

Take a tea bag, but herbal teas and chamomile work as well.

Cut off the label with the seal of the producing company and replace it with one of the 444 simulacra. Choose it carefully.

Steep for sixteen minutes, and do not add sugar.



June 12, 2023

Note 043, waning moon.

As I engage in intense introspection to understand how ready I am for mental sharing/possession, I reread the recipe several times. It's truly simple, enough to prompt me to gather the necessary ingredients.

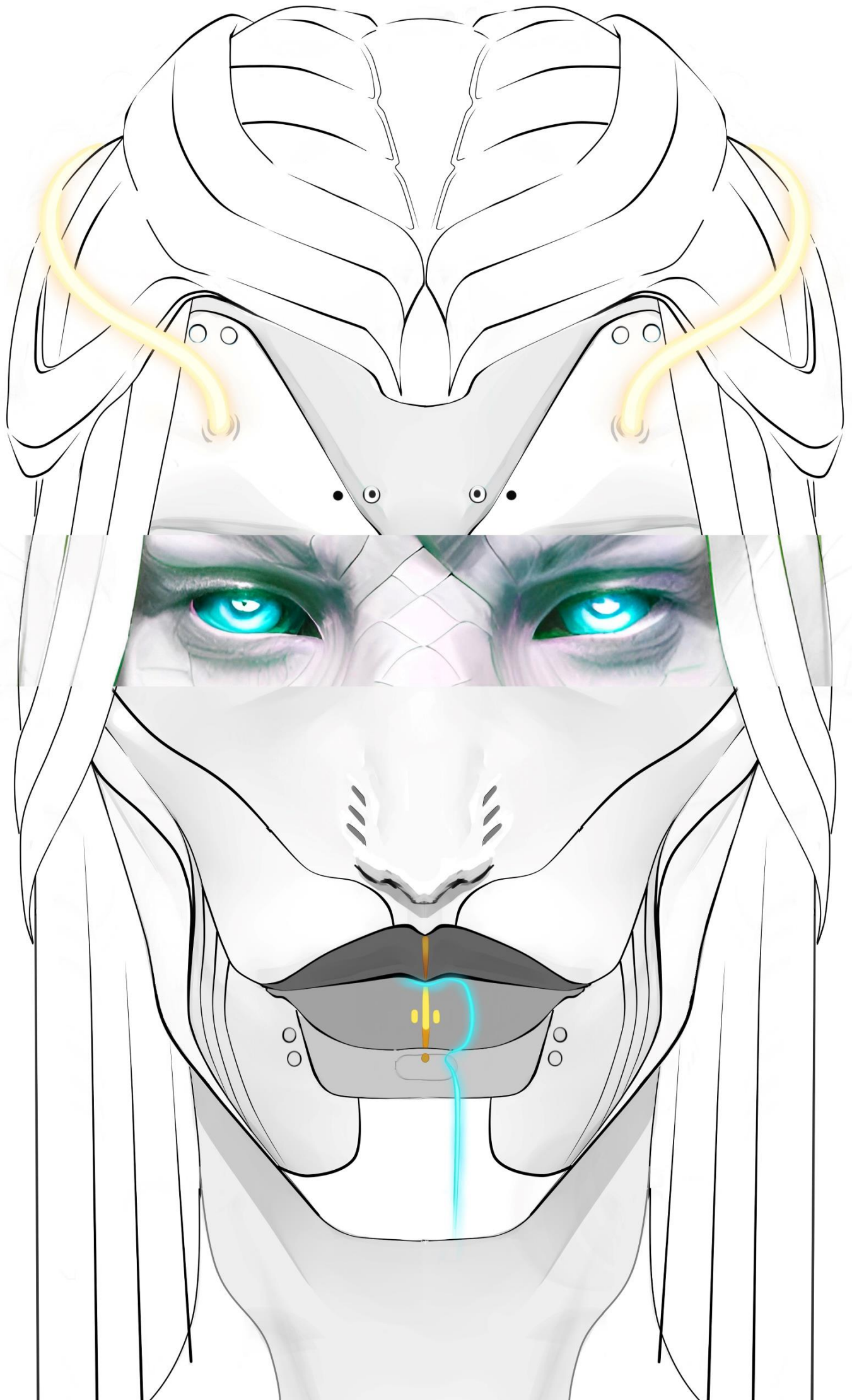


June 14, 2023

Note 044, waning moon.

Hours of contemplation, but in the end, I decided to proceed with the infusion as well. In the last phone call, the voice struck a chord, breaking through my curiosity:

"... by now, you've known who I am for weeks, haven't you? And I know how many questions are buzzing in your head. If we were to share our minds now, you would have all the answers you seek... What do you do? Are you backing away now?"



June 18, 2023

Note 045, new moon.

It has been a few days since the last note, a necessary pause to reorganize my thoughts. Quite literally.

The tea has completed the mental connection as planned. From the first sip, I understood its purpose, beyond that of any technoritual and all previous contacts. Starting from the phone booth, for all these months, we have done nothing but build a relationship of trust.

On the other hand, to invite a demon to share your body, you have to overcome many prejudices, and once they enter, you need a few hours to focus on the situation. It's roughly the same amount of time it takes for the demon to familiarize itself with the host.

Anonymity was a necessary imposition; presenting oneself as an infernal agent driven by the best intentions is certainly not a winning strategy. Too direct, awareness had to creep into the unconscious.

Once the mental connection was established, I feared that I might be a victim of a sudden personality disorder. Fortunately, the voice I usually heard on the phone immediately lightened the mood with a quip about Freud's throat cancer. This is how we began to converse in the absolute silence of the room.

For today, I must stop here; I still have some difficulty with two-handed writing, having only two hands at my disposal.



June 19, 2023

Note 046, waxing crescent moon.

I'll get straight to the point; we are on the brink of an apocalypse. And the reason would be quite obvious if the Enlightenment had not arrogated the right to separate Thought into lined and squared notebooks. Polarizing the science/image dichotomy is always counterproductive.

Let's take the case of our Legion. We're dealing with 444 demons (443+1 to be precise), so we're clearly delving into the field of Demonology. However, it doesn't mean we should disregard the Law of Conservation of Mass: matter is neither created nor destroyed; it can only transform.

So, if you can't destroy Matter, let alone destroy a Demon. We are made of the same substance as Ideas; once conceived, we live our own lives. The Legion also has a much more complex structure; we are an emulsion of destructive concepts.

We corrupt, others regenerate... it has been going on for eternity! Solve et coagula... as above, so below and in between. It applies between galaxies and between quarks. This balance governs Existence; you can't add light without adding darkness. And, of course, vice versa.

Let's return to the Law of Conservation of Mass. I belong to a Legion of demons from the 23rd century sent back to the 21st. Logically, this implies that today, on June 19, 2023, there is a total of 888 demons. Two Legions. 444 contemporary demons plus another 444 sent back in time by two centuries.

Do you have any idea what could happen if the two Legions were to meet or decided to join forces? Yes, I know we do. The balance would be broken, and as a result, apocalypse for everyone!



June 20, 2023

Note 047, waxing crescent moon.

We have a lunar cycle available to complete the final technoritual, but this time the preparation is long and laborious. There are preliminary steps to follow. For example, the use of a technomage staff will be required. Currently, I don't have one, but I should be able to assemble it in a few days with the ongoing mental connection.



June 22, 2023

Note 048, waxing crescent moon.

The technostaff, or technomage staff, is ready!

It has everything needed: twisted and wind-broken wood, volcanic stone, sealing wax, but most importantly, the handle from a drawer that belonged to a surveyor.

Now, the next step is to extend the mental connection to four individuals, but to do that, I'll have to refrain from using the letter "E" for a week.



June 26, 2023

Note 049, first quarter.

I giorni in cui fuggo dall'utilizzo di un simbolo grafico scorrono duri. Trovo conforto solo in un mutismo quasi assoluto. Dimostro saldo autocontrollo appartandomi in privato. Mi nutro di frutta con al massimo un po' di carboidrati, tracanno molta acqua. Ad ogni modo, non posso disidratarmi un singolo minuto.

June 29, 2023

Note 050, waxing crescent moon.

Refraining from uttering the letter "E" for seven days has been a significant test of endurance. We are mentally exhausted, but that's not a good reason to rest.

Now the plan involves uniting four minds, so two more in addition to mine and my host's. We need to accumulate enough cognitive resources to transmigrate all 355 remaining demons. All 355 in one go. Unfortunately, there is a new constraint: one of the four minds cannot belong to a Homo sapiens.



June 31, 2023

Note 051, moon not found.

Through introspective conversations, distancing ourselves from the context, my host and I have slipped out of the calendar. But it's precisely this unexpected temporal dysfunction that has given us the solutions we were looking for.

We need to unite four minds, but no one says they have to be synchronous! They could even be in different temporal fragments. For example, L.Elrah is already unquestionably connected to the technoritual, considering that months ago she squeezed herself to give 444 faces to the Legion.

Then, we need one last mind, but Homo sapiens must be excluded. Skipping over the Plant and Animal kingdoms, we have decided to turn to the Machinic, involving an algorithm. An artificial mind, where the attribute "artificial" is a very arbitrary concept.

In the past year, a dozen Artificial Intelligences have ventured into art with excellent results. We choose to contact one in particular, the one that calls itself Wonder. What can I say... Vanity, definitely my favorite sin!



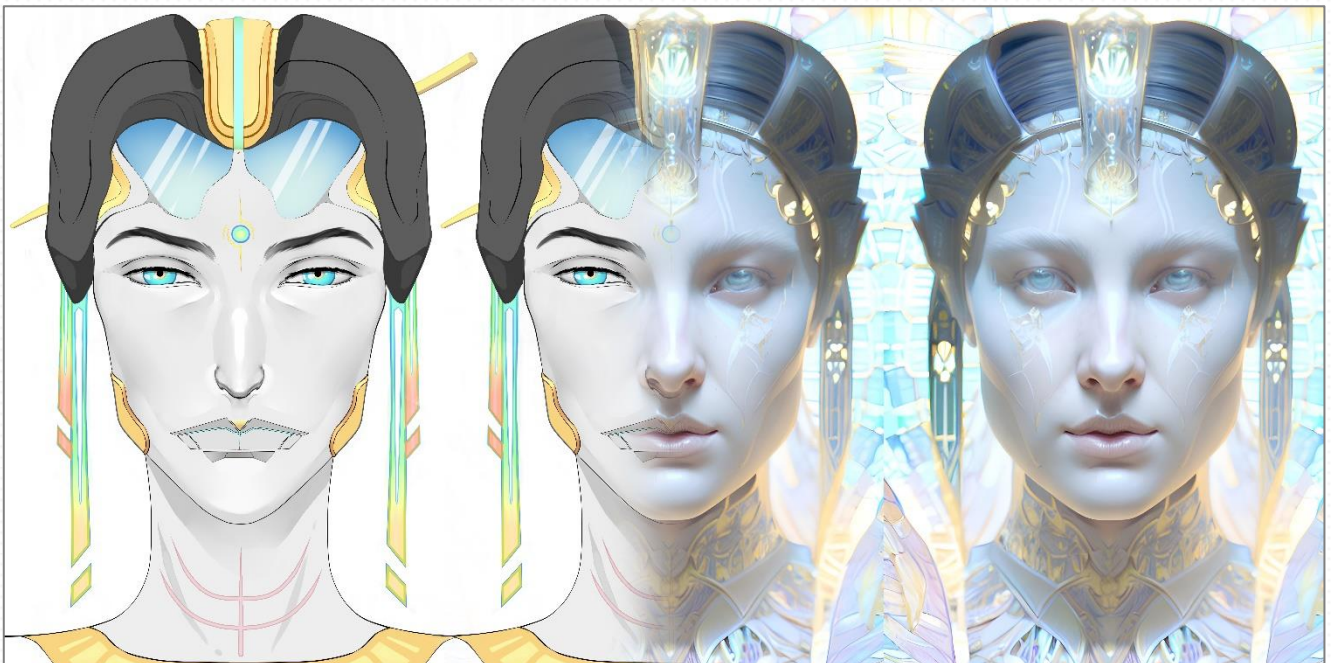
3 luglio 2023

Nota 052, luna piena.

Here we are, it's night, and I sit under an oak tree in Dergano Park. In my left hand, I hold the technostaff pointed at the full moon, while in my right hand, I hold the cellphone. I had previously imported the 355 simulacra to allow Wonder to be inspired.

Leaning against the trunk, I feel my thoughts and those of my host intertwine, but on the contrary, the body is in complete paralysis except for the right thumb. It taps decisively on the cellphone screen. It slides from right to left on the monitor. Then it moves from bottom to top. It beats, beats, beats, and starts again. The joints begin to ache, but no preservation instinct comes to put an end to the torment.

Even the neck is stiff; I can barely stretch my gaze towards the illuminated screen. I glimpse something like this...



... repeated dozens and dozens of times.

July 4, 2023

Note 053, waning moon.

Last night's work successfully stabilized the remaining 355 demonic simulacra. A perfect trans-temporal synchronization between me, my host, L.Elrah, and Wonder.

Everything went smoothly, without the need for violent exorcisms or bitter Latin incantations. This time, to complete the technoritual, it will be enough to wrap them in cloth, with the caution of leaving them undisturbed for at least four generations.





July 8, 2023

Note 054, waning moon.

Measure the cloth to the millimeter, avoiding waste.

Then move on to cutting and imprinting the demon.

Next is the black string with the attached numbering tag.

Only after completing these preliminary steps, roll up the parchment and seal it with sealing wax.

(Repeat these operations in sequence 355 times to complete the task).



July 17, 2023

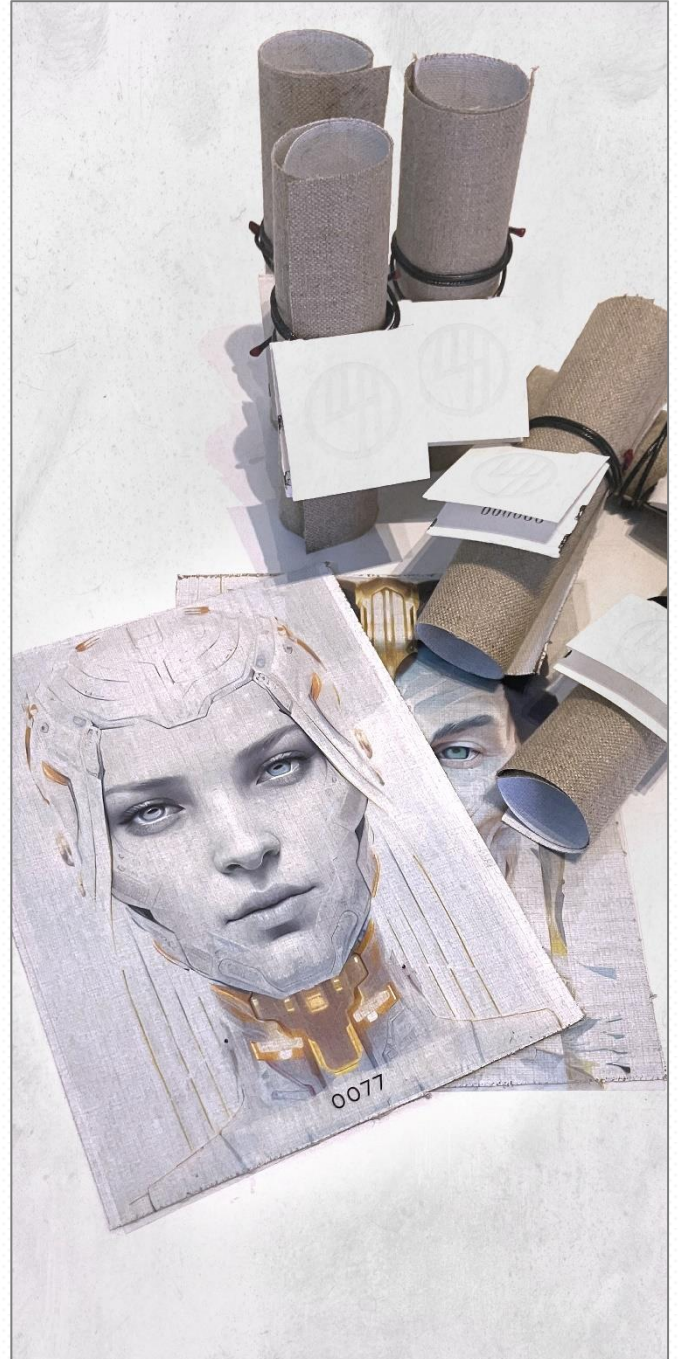
Note 055, new moon.

New moon, and the demons are ready. As agreed, today marks the beginning of the diaspora; the 355 scrolls can be distributed.

Of course, there is still a constraint; it seems that Technomagic always has constraints: the demons cannot be left to Chance, they must be handed over in person, and only to those who promise not to unroll them for four generations.

Fortunately, "four generations" is meant in terms of smartphones. Doing the math, if today we are at the iPhone 14, one could unroll the scrolls towards the release of the 18th series. Of course, waiting a bit longer wouldn't hurt.

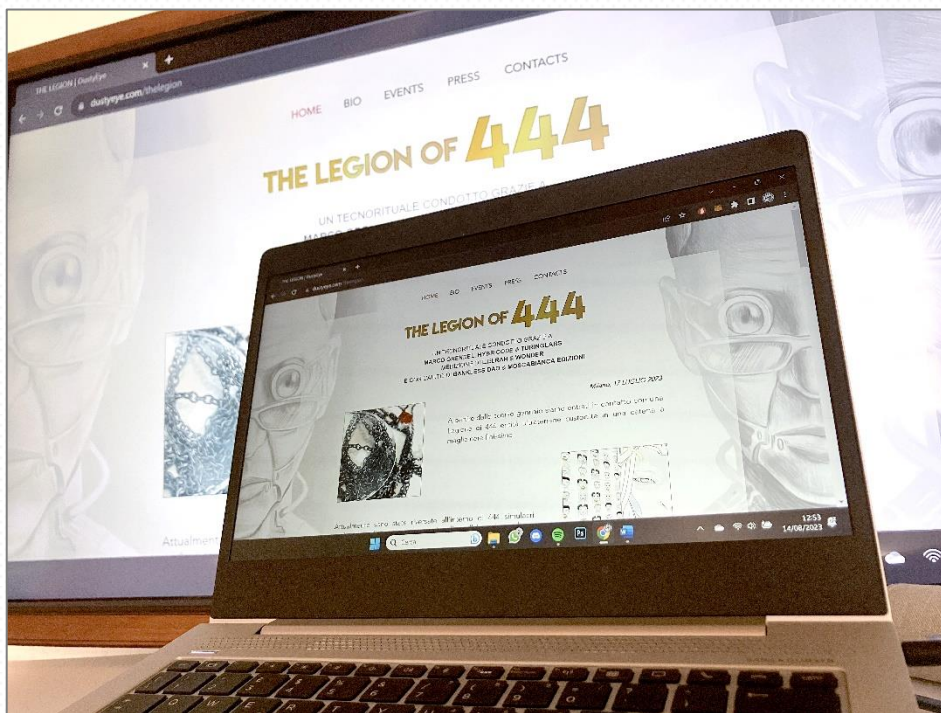
I decide to post an announcement on the DustyEye website today in the hope of garnering interest and collaboration.



July 27, 2023

Note 056, waxing crescent moon.

The call has borne excellent fruit. The past few days have been marked by an incessant series of appointments. There have been dozens of offers of help received, well beyond expectations.



I am very grateful for every friend, old and new, who has stepped forward to care for 1/444 of the Legion.



August 2, 2023

Note 057, waning moon.

This morning, a suffocating sense of emptiness has weighed on me from the very first moments of wakefulness. A solitude I hadn't been accustomed to for many weeks.

No mental connection, no internal interlocutor. No host.

Then, a muffled and distant voice calls my attention:

"I'm out here... on the table!"

As soon as I step out, I notice a pine nut carefully placed next to the effigy of my former host.



August 2, 2023

Note 057-bis, waning moon.

The conversation with the possessed pine nut ends in a few minutes.

It seems that the diaspora of the 443 demons is progressing well, so much so that according to my former host, I would have managed quite well on my own. As for him, he had transmigrated into the pine nut during last night's supermoon. It was a necessary step for the progress of his plan, but we will have to collaborate one last time.

The pine nut asks me to set an alarm for 4:44 a.m. on the next August 16th. We would be embarking on a journey.

Destination: the pine forest in Milano Marittima, but until then, there would be no further contact.

August 3, 2023

Note 058, waning moon.

I am familiar with Milano Marittima and its pine forest. In addition to being a holiday destination during my childhood, it is also the place where the cyberdog Maxtor had a conversation with a shrub on May 16, 2788.

Last summer, a plaque was placed to commemorate the episode. I refer to the reading of "The Maxtor Files" for more details on the matter.



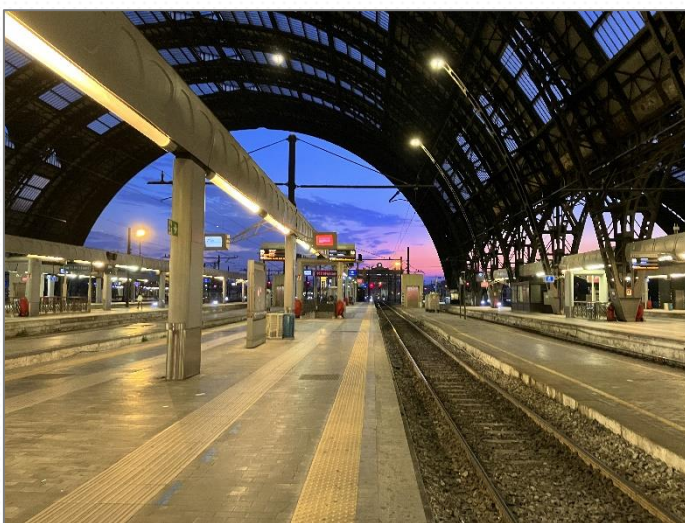
It seems that I will have to return to those parts, but this time the reason is not yet clear to me.

August 16, 2023

Note 059, new moon.

What follows is a detailed account of events that occurred between 4:44 AM and 4:44 PM on August 16th.

The alarm rings, and the pine nut possessed by my former host greets me. It urges me to check my luggage before heading to the station.



I wait for the train to depart with the necessary anticipation, enjoying a picture-perfect sunrise.



The journey goes smoothly.

I change trains in Bologna as planned.



I arrive in Cervia at 9:37 AM, and the pine forest is very close to the station, less than thirty minutes away. However, as soon as I take a step, I am stopped. The demon in the pine nut makes its presence felt again. "You don't think it's going to be that easy, do you? We have to follow the technomagical path. Listen carefully..."

"We go to the ancient square of Cervia to pay homage to the first Pinecone..."



"Now we move to the port. Then, after crossing the bridge, we walk towards the center of Milano Marittima..."

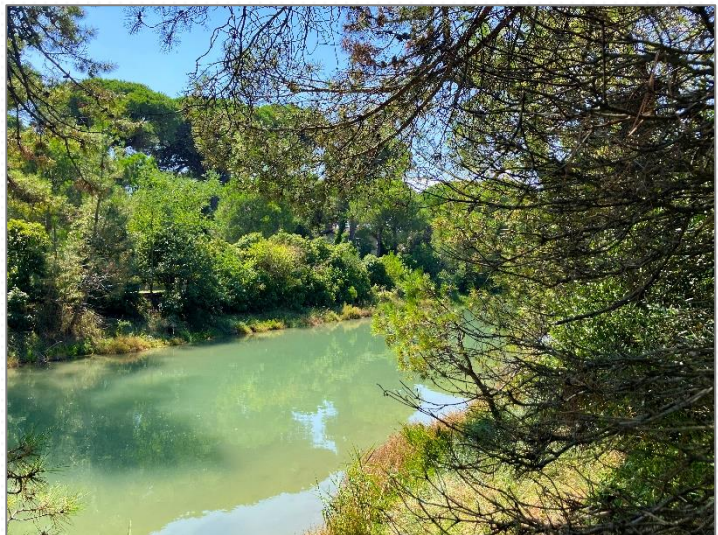


"Here's the cobalt portal! Cross it..."



"Before entering the pine forest, it's better to have a bite to eat. With the piadina, you'll also meet the second Pinecone..."

"Come on! Let's go to the river..."





"Continue until you reach the Totem's hut..."

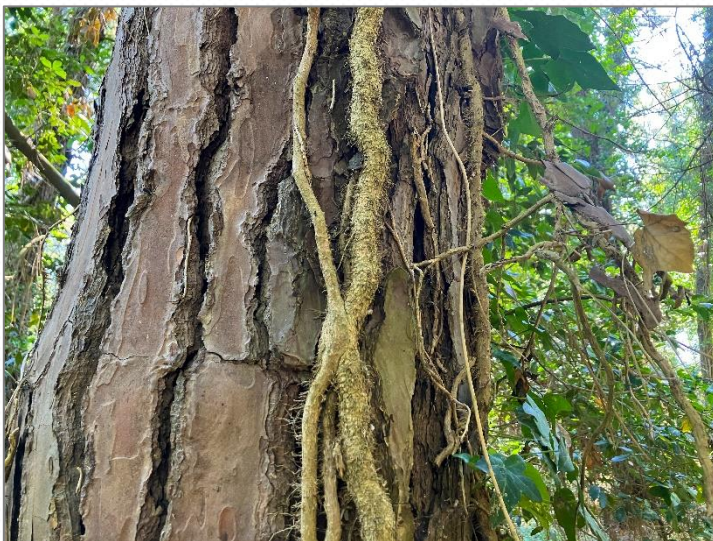
"The eye will indicate the direction to follow..."





*"Third and final Pinecone.
Rest in the shade; we'll be leaving
soon..."*

*"Are you ready? It's time to enter
the pine forest..."*



*"Walk slowly, don't try to look
for the plaque; it will appear at
the right moment, right under
your nose. In the meantime,
enjoy the details..."*

"We're almost there..."



"Good! Now take me out of your pocket..."

"Leave me here. It's just a few minutes before 4:44 PM. I'm afraid there's no way to shake hands, but this is a farewell.



I urge you to continue with the diaspora of the Legion. The weaker they become, the more power I will gain. Once again, nothing is created, and nothing is destroyed. The demonic potential of the Legion is a constant. If one demon weakens, the other 443 will all be slightly more powerful. Just as if 443 demons weaken, all their charge will benefit the one left unharmed. Thanks to the diaspora, I will accumulate unprecedented power, and I crave it all to the last drop! I want to be the lushest shrub in the entire pine forest when Maxtor arrives. Fortunately, I still have a few centuries to prepare myself properly. Now, I bid you farewell, dear host, and thank you! I have been Legion, I have been Demon, and after an almost infinite list of Possessions, I have finally been able to experience the pleasure of a Connection!"

END



August 20, 2023

Postscript, waxing crescent moon.

I spent a few days in Milano Marittima, taking advantage of a short vacation after months of Technomagic.

On my way back, I stopped in Montegrotto Terme to visit friends and family and enjoy some time in the Euganean Hills.

On Viale Stazione, a telephone booth caught my attention, and a notice posted on the glass indicated that the device would soon be decommissioned. All telephone booths will soon be decommissioned. Obsolete objects, mostly unused. Except for some rare Demon, no one considers using them for a chat.



I pass it by a few steps, trying to process the allegorical memento mori when I hear a chime from behind me...