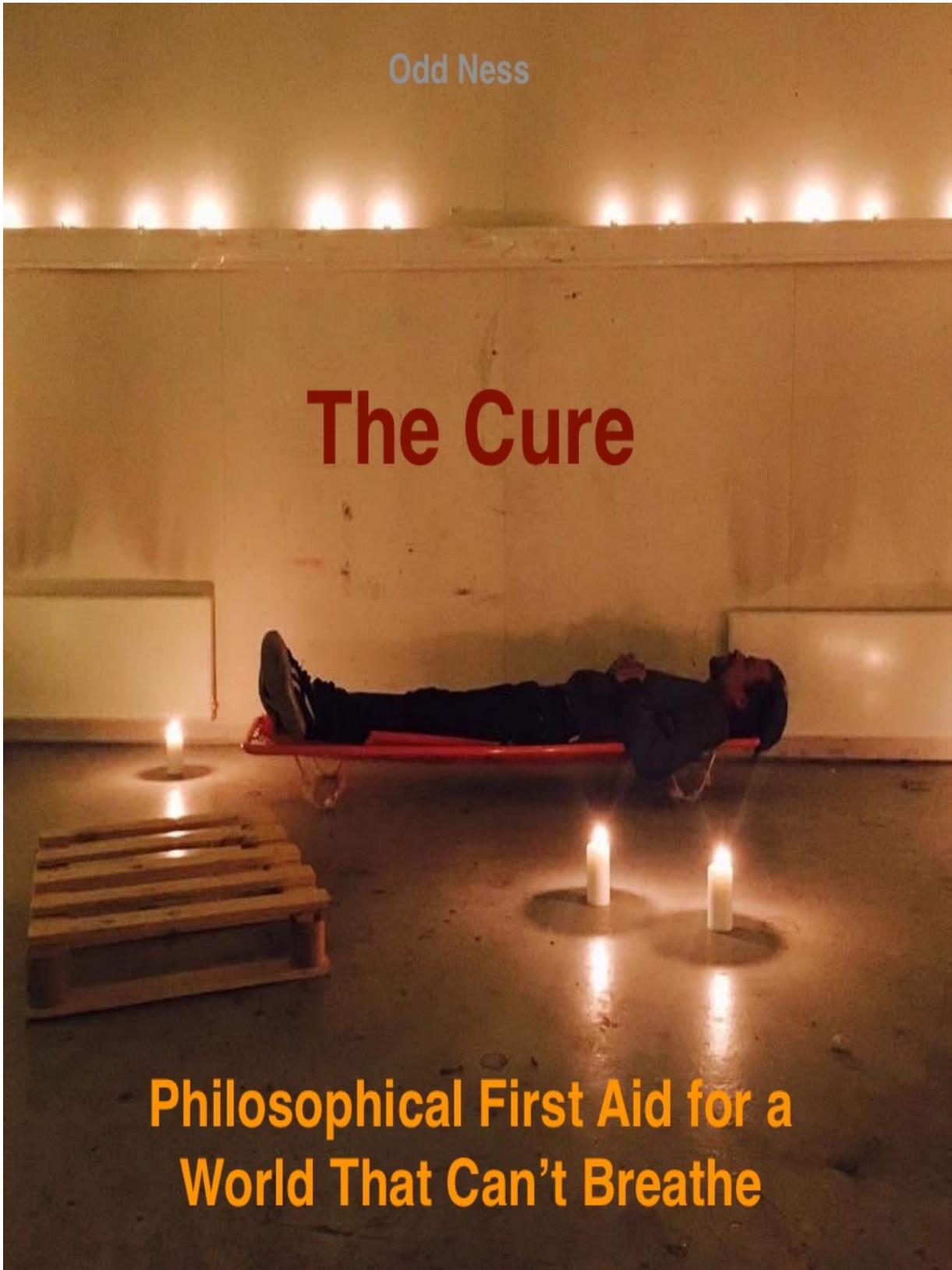


Odd Ness

The Cure

**Philosophical First Aid for a
World That Can't Breathe**



The Cure

-Philosophical First Aid

for a World That Can't Breathe

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INTRO

Here we are. Balancing on top of a rock shooting around the sun at over 66,000 miles per hour while spinning on its own axis every 24 hours. This hurtling rock is nearly as old as your parents. More precisely it is said to be over 4.5 billion years old. It took almost as long for conditions to arise allowing us humans to grace it with our presence. We've only tagged along for the last couple hundred thousand years of the ride. The universe in which this rock roams is apparently almost 14 billion years in the making.

Throughout this timespan a zillion things had to be juuust right for us to exist at all. To quote Stephen Hawking from his *A Brief History of Time*: "If the rate of expansion one second after the big bang had been smaller by even one part in a hundred thousand million million, the universe would have recollapsed before it ever reached its present size. On the other hand, if it had been greater by a part in a million, the universe would have expanded too rapidly for stars and planets to form." This is just one of many examples on how this physical plane of our shared dream only exists in an insanely finely tuned cosmic sweet spot. We should all just bow down to a god called luck.

Watching people like me fumble my way through the day, you'd be hard pressed to believe it, but insane amounts of intelligence are embedded in our bodies. Without even thinking, our heart beats, breathing happens, cells regenerate—without any valiant efforts on our behalf. We even grow a new set of teeth when we're six! Miracles abound, around us and inside us.

We have also mastered the art of squeezing more or less hot air through our throats, producing weird sounds. Our ears and brains even let us decipher each

other's squealing gibberish. This communication allows us to manipulate our environment according to our needs and wants—albeit much to the detriment of said environment. Every newborn child is a winner in the Cosmic Lottery and should be welcomed as a queen or king of this Earth, as we have truly all won the golden ticket. And yet...

Here we are—and I'm sure you got the memo by now—we're screwed. Our world is sick. Not the planet. She'll be fine, with or without us. But the world we have carved out for ourselves on her surface is ridden with maladies, teetering on the verge of terminally ill. Nuclear Armageddon, ecocide, natural and man-made viruses, AI machine takeover, hyperpolarization, overpopulation, underpopulation—choose your poison.

Do you sometimes get the feeling you're stuck in the belly of a vast machine hell-bent on its own destruction? Do you ever feel alienated, trapped in trauma, or longing for connection? Would you agree we are seriously underachieving as a species? Does the world seem increasingly out of whack? If your answer to at least some of these questions is yes, please read on. If not, feel free to make like a banana—and split.

Do you feel soul sick upon hearing of marine life choking on plastic? The treatment of animals in factory farming? That we're in the middle of a sixth mass extinction caused by none other than us? Again, if yes, please proceed. If no, feel free to make like a tree—and leave.

Does the thought of untold dead Palestinian children make your stomach churn, leaving you gasping for air? It does me. Or the ravers at the Nova music festival slaughtered on October 7th. The hundreds of thousands killed or maimed in the Ukraine War. In Sudan. Yemen. The Congo.

How the hell did we get here, and is there a road to redemption? We can't make those poor souls come back, but I think we owe it to them and to ourselves to look for a way that will lessen the chances of similar atrocities happening ever again. I know such a way—but I can't walk it without you.

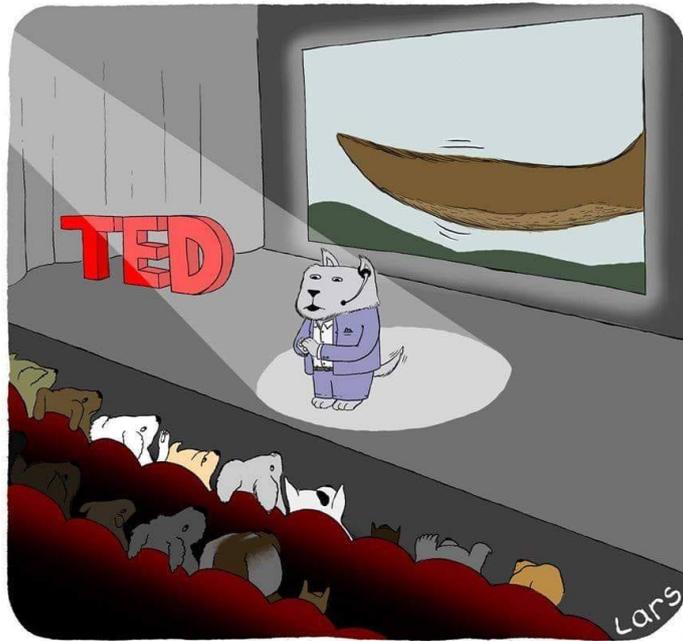
If the world was a patient, it would be tempting to diagnose it with stage 4 cancer, fever, viral infection, autoimmune disease, rampant obesity—as well as paranoid schizophrenia and a host of other mental health issues including suicidal tendencies. Upon closer examination I have come to see all those symptoms as being down to one single root cause.

Luckily, it turns out we don't have to address the many symptoms of a sick world one at a time, watching two new ills erupt for each one we heal. There is but one panacea to cure them all. Best of all, this same medicine will not just heal the world—it will also vastly increase the quality of your own personal life, unlocking feelings of happiness and belonging you've hitherto only tasted in small doses. Maybe even unconditional love...

This sharing contains three parts. The first part is called Diagnosis. It will pinpoint and suggest a remedy for the root cause to human suffering and dis-ease—most of which is completely self-inflicted and unnecessary.

The second part will propose a simple and feasible method to spread this remedy across the globe, creating a new world along the way. This part was conceived during the recent pandemic, and was even inspired by the transmission of the virus itself.

The third part is Prognosis. Here we will summarize and predict an outcome for the epic crisis currently blighting our ailing world.



*“What if I told you that the thing you’ve been chasing
your whole life ... has been a part of you all along.”*

DIAGNOSIS

It’s the end of the world as we know it—and I feel fine

– Michael Stipe, R.E.M.

Who are we? Where did we come from? Where are we going? These are the three most perennial of questions. First in line is, Who are we? and rightly so. After all, if we possess no answer to this firstborn of the perennials—surely the latter ones fall flat to the ground. Where we’re from and where we’re headed remain rather irrelevant if we have no clue as to who is doing the coming and going.

So, who am I? Or—to you—of course vastly more important: Who are you? When confronted with this most quintessential of quizzes, our answers will of course vary. Some will say their name. Mine would be Odd. Some will say I am a man—

others, I am a woman. Some will say I am my body—others, I am my brain. Some will say I am my feelings—others, I am my thoughts. Some will say I am an electromagnetic field between the cerebral hemispheres—others may claim to be the chemical balance in the brain's neurotransmitters. Or that you and I baby are nothing but mammals. Whatever the answer, nearly all of them will share a common denominator. That denominator is duality.

Here is what I mean by duality in this context and throughout this text: Most of us assume we are persons in here—HQ situated somewhere just behind the eyes—existing in a world of space and time out there. Which is correct. To a point. The problems start, and by that I mean nearly every single problem we grapple with—individually and collectively—when we assume this separation between inside and outside to be absolute and fundamental. Which it isn't. This misplaced belief is what I mean by duality.

Does our answer to the Who-am-I conundrum even matter? Short answer—hell yes. It literally makes a world of difference, as it dictates nearly everything we feel, think, say, and do, shaping the shared dream called 'The world as we know it' in the process—so we should pay it some serious attention.

Most of us imagine ourselves to be entities fundamentally cut off from each other and our surroundings. To paraphrase the Wu-Tang Clan: Duality Rules Everything Around Me. We're mostly not even aware that we make this assumption, yet it is the very rudder steering our voyage through life from birth to final berth. It's time we wake up from this D.R.E.A.M.

I'm now going to introduce you to another way of seeing yourself and the world around you—one which is not based on duality. To do this I will use this very moment that you and I share right now. Your moment may be filled with tingling sensations

from a yoga session, or you may feel knackered from working a graveyard shift. All is good. No burning of exotic incense or soundtracks of chanting dolphins running subtly in the background is necessary.

Looking outwards—notice how this moment doesn't end at the page or screen in front of you, or at the wall behind it. Nor at the horizon or at the border. It doesn't end at the outer reaches of the atmosphere, and it doesn't even end at the end of the universe—whatever that may mean. Everywhere we can and cannot go, it's the same moment. This one.

Looking inwards—notice how this moment doesn't end at the perimeter of your skin, at the gateway to your brain, or the door to your heart. This moment permeates all those barriers too.

Having looked at space and found it to be infinite and all-encompassing—you and I included—we can now check the time. It turns out the time is always now. We are of course accustomed to chopping this moment into several separate mini moments. Tick-tock goes the clock. Seconds, minutes, months, millennia. Yet, those are all inventions we have come up with. In reality they are nowhere to be found. It's not like this moment gets replaced by another moment every second, at the stroke of twelve, or on New Year's Eve. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow are all variations on the same moment. This one.

Space and time are of course hugely helpful ways for us earthlings to navigate this timeless and infinite moment. They allow for us to measure the distance between events and objects. Like the space between you and me. Or the time between birth and death. But we shouldn't forget that all things and events arise in the moment—not the other way around.

There was a time when the idea of people as separate robots cut off from the rest of the moment made at least a little more sense. I'm thinking of the pre-quantum age, where the atom was assumed to be the smallest particle of life. The word atom is derived from Greek and means indivisible. But if we were indeed such demigods dressed up in bulletproof meatsuits made from indivisible parts, spirituality points to the shattering of even that idea of humans as fundamentally isolated nodes.

I'm not thinking of any spiritual practice in particular but of the word spirituality itself—derived from the Latin word for breath: Spiritus. At what point does the air that you breathe become part of you? On entering the nose, or maybe on filling your lungs? Perhaps on providing your bloodstream with all that vital oxygen? The body is a miracle in motion and the brain is an incomprehensibly complex organ—without which there would be no *me* here to write these words and no *you* to read them. But without breath the bpm rhythm of your heart quickly drops to zero, leaving your body flatlined on the dancefloor of life. And without breath the brain rapidly turns into mushy cabbage past its sell-by date. Inside of you and outside of you are connected through every breath you take. Breath is an invisible branch on the tree of life, on which you and I are individual yet connected leaves.

As we dissect the anatomy of the human experience, we find that we are not merely separate, isolated specks inhabiting an Earth which itself is a speck in the Milky Way—and so forth. We are far more spectacular than that. The only possible conclusion to be drawn from this brief examination is that you and I—warts and all—are perfect manifestations of the one infinite and timeless moment which is all there is. And so is everyone and everything else. We are this.

You are of course still what you are used to calling you, too. Just like I am still me. It's a case of both/and. You are both the old you *and* you are this infinite and

timeless moment in which the old you is a brilliant star—but the two are never for a moment fundamentally separate. This way of looking at yourself and the world is what I call Transduality. Hi. It's a joy and an honor to meet you. You seem so familiar.

Will I remember to pay my bills? A friend was worried he might become dysfunctional if he upgraded his operating system (OS) from duality to Transduality. Disappointingly enough the answer is yes, we still remember to pay our bills. The Transduality upgrade is fully backwards compatible with its duality predecessor. Transduality transcends yet includes duality, and you will be fully functional in every way on that level of your life. Nor will the lines defining the old you be blurry. You'll see those lines and set your boundaries much clearer than you ever did when you thought that your body was all you were. But new windows of opportunity have been opened—windows through which broader and better vistas beckon.

Transduality doesn't explain the nature of reality. To expect any human to provide such an explanation would be like expecting a cell in your body to explain the body. Or—considering the vastness of the universe—for that cell to explain our solar system. The only thing we can say with any sense of certainty about the nature of reality, is that something appears to be happening. But what we *can* say for certain is that Transduality is way more in tune with whatever's happening than duality ever was. It is still only a map, but a significantly better one at that—backed by experience and logic, by physics and biology. It simply makes more sense—common as well as scientific.

The real mythical creature is the fundamentally separate self of duality. In a not-too-distant future, such a self will hopefully be classified next to Loch Ness, Bigfoot and unicorns. The duality dream may seem overwhelmingly real and solid, but the entire edifice rests on a single column. The whole notion is only backed by

the assumption—*my inside* is fundamentally cut off from what's outside of me. This whim is then passed on from one generation to the next as inherited ignorance.

Since before we can eat, we are spoon-fed this fairytale of separation as fundamental. The education we receive at home and in school. The laws we must abide. The movies, series, sports, and TikToks we watch. The music we listen to. The books and the magazines we read. The news. The memes. Rarely directly and outright—but always implicitly—they read from the same script. They all perpetuate the fairytale of separation as fundamental.

We have created a whole world based upon this assumption. Everything from how we relate to ourselves and to each other, to how our societies are organized—locally to globally—takes its marching orders from it. Together this makes up what I call the matrix of duality. This matrix exerts a fierce gravitational pull on all of us, while constantly growing and reinforcing itself. With every new layer added, it becomes harder to see that the premise of this dualistic matrix is at best incomplete.

We are like a magician confined in a box, sawing our own body into two pieces. We then proceed to believe our magic to be real. We feel torn apart and trapped in our own invention. We fight against our destiny and pray and beg to the sorcerer behind this magic trick to make us whole again, to set us free—oblivious to the fact that nearly every slap life gives us is by our own sleight of hand.

It's not like we are ever given a choice whether to sign up for the duality OS or not. We don't write our name on a dotted line accepting terms and conditions, blissfully unaware of the fine print which reads: Side effects include but are not limited to: War, ecocide, extreme disparity, and broken dreams. In the next chapters we'll examine how duality breaks our dreams on a personal level robbing us of our

birthright—to enjoy our golden tickets and lead genuinely happy, loving, and meaningful lives. But first, let's look at how it distorts our shared world.

I've been fortunate enough to travel half the globe—meeting wonderful people from all walks of life along the way. They all share many of the same ideas on how they want the world to evolve. In general, they want to see less conflict and wars. They want to see less ecological destruction. And they want to see less unfair disparity. Not disparity as such, but the extreme and unfair variety of it. What people everywhere want to see *more* of, is connection. And yet, the world develops in the complete opposite direction. If the world is our shared dream—how come it is increasingly turning into a nightmare?

Duality spawns war. Once we commit the original sin of imagining what's inside of us to be fundamentally separate from what's outside of us, everything on the outside is automatically deemed an existential threat to us there on the inside. The battle lines are drawn. Overcome with existential angst and fear we'll tag team with other imagined fundamentally separate beings according to shared traits such as gang-affiliation, nationality, or religion. We fight for our lives, and the scope of that fight inevitably snowballs in size. There is nothing in duality that says, ok that's enough, we'll live in peace now. We may temporarily retreat, but only to get ready for the next attack.

Protesting wars—whether in the streets, on campuses, or on social media—is in many ways admirable. But if you are fed up with winning a battle yet losing the war against war, there is no way around also revisiting your own answer to the most perennial of questions: Who are you? The ones pulling the triggers in Gaza and Ukraine are just those among the current crop of humans pushed to the front of the dualistic frontline between us on the inside and everything else caught on the other

side of that line. To fight against war without addressing the root issue of duality is like fighting windmills of our own design. John and Yoko were right. War is over if you want it.

Speaking of fighting windmills of our own making—ecocide is another bug written into the code of the duality OS, and it's messing up our User Interface. Sure, we may revel in watching a sunset from a mountaintop, but when our environment is defined to be fundamentally separate from us, it is destined for destruction. The self of duality is like the proverbial elephant in a china shop. We can attempt movements to the left or movements to the right. We can even proclaim our profound love of china, but the destruction will continue unabated. Only when the elephant is gently guided from out of the shop—unleashed from the constraints of duality—it can express itself freely without causing untold damage to fine china.

Let's review a few simple examples of how duality implies ecocide. Overconsumption is inherent to the dualistic self. It is a way to control the threat that everything declared to be on the outside of our autonomous robots poses to us on the inside. This overconsumption is exacerbated by the futile attempt to fill the gaping wound left from cutting what is a seamless whole into two or ten thousand (let's buy that existential dread out of our system, shall we?)—and from trying to improve our standing in the hierarchy of competing robots by amassing stuff—be it money, clothes, cars, precious stones, or fine china.

Growth is a natural impulse in all living organisms, humans included. Yet, when we remain trapped in the reductionist materialism of duality, growth is almost exclusively deemed to entail increased amassing, consumption and destruction of stuff. Everyone understands that infinite growth of this kind on a planet of finite resources is impossible.

People who collect plastic on beaches are personal heroes of mine. Hopefully Transduality may inspire myself and others to join them more often. But assuming the ultimate goal is to reduce the amount of plastic in the oceans—and not just to feel like a good person in a bad world—there is again no way around casting a look in the mirror to recognize the dualistic worldview looking back. A worldview of which ecocide is but a natural and even inevitable function. This is true even if you keep your own beach clean. Some ad hoc actions may stop a pipeline here or a deforestation there. As important as such actions may be, the wheels of the duality destruction machine will keep rolling. We're not in danger of a breakdown in the ecosystems—we are the danger. Gotta check ourselves before we wreck ourselves.

Extreme and ever-increasing disparity is also part and parcel of the duality OS. Disparity between nations and within them. There are anomalies and outliers, but the overall trend is clear and relentless. In 1980 the average CEO of the leading 500 publicly traded companies in the US made twenty times more bread than their median paid workers. Not the lowest paid—but the median. In 2022 they made 272 times more.

Also in 1980, the GDP per capita in the African country of Kenya—amongst the wealthier and more stable on the continent—stood at around \$500. In the US the corresponding figure was \$12,000. By 2025 Kenya have quadrupled their figure to the lofty heights of a whopping \$2,000. The US now clocks in at \$90,000.

These messed up numbers are perfectly natural developments if we accept the paradigm of duality. There is no mechanism built into the duality OS to halt or reverse them. Duality self-organizes as hierarchy according to its founding principle of separation—and the gap between the layers of the pyramid steadily increases. It is as natural a movement as water flowing down the sink.

Campaigners for a fairer distribution of wealth often claim that the richest people in the world conspire to maintain the status quo or to increase their share of the pie. Of course they do. In a world accepting duality as its cornerstone—it would be bordering on criminal negligence on their part if they didn't. If you, I, or any of said campaigners were born into, say the Rothschild family, the Thurn und Taxis und Ubers, or whatever their names are—we would do the exact same thing. In the extremely unlikely event that we had indeed combined our privileged economic status with principles of fair distribution, even convincing our wealthy family members to join our noble quest by donating all our assets, that would be nice for the recipients—at least financially. But while such an act of extreme generosity would change the name of the richest family in the world—it wouldn't change the structure of economic disparity woven into the fabric of the duality around which this world circuits. Even if all the world's wealth was to be evenly distributed among all mankind tomorrow, that would just be the starting point from where the pyramid of disparity would start anew if we kept duality as our cornerstone.

It's a beautiful thing to rage against the machine. But unless we also direct our attention towards the duality in our midst, the machine we're raging against, is us.

War, ecocide, extreme disparity. We could go through the rest of the symptoms of a sick world too. From the institutionalized control freakism of New Public Management and the horrors of colonialism, racism and fascism—to human trafficking and Diddy party freak offs, but we will find the same root cause and you catch my drift—it's duality. For now, we'll keep investigating war, ecocide and extreme disparity.

Although none of these problems are new kids on the block, they all carry their own momentum, and they are all reaching a tipping point at the same time—our time.

War is of course nothing new. But the stakes are higher now. Armed conflicts used to be fought with sticks and stones. Add to the mix nukes and the policy of mutual assured destruction—aptly abbreviated MAD—and nuclear Armageddon is not as much an ominous risk as a logical end point if we stick to the narrative of duality. We're currently on the verge of a new global conflict with NATO and allies lining up against China, Russia, and *their* allies. Whether that conflict will be World War 3 or Cold War 2.0 remains to be seen. We're playing with fire here, and a very hot fire it is—180 million degrees Fahrenheit hot to be exact. That's the temperature a one megaton nuclear bomb can produce—five times hotter than the center of the sun. We're not flying too close to the sun like poor Icarus—we're throwing ourselves into its core. Times five.

We didn't start the fire of ecocide either—it's as old as dirt. But again, we used to have picks, ploughs and axes. Our current and future machinery enables us to disfigure the face of the Earth on a whole new scale and to do so at a faster pace. The Amazon says hi.

And speaking of elephants in the room. You can only kill so many of these majestic creatures with bow and arrow. Today, there are less than half a million left in the world—down from 12 million just over a century ago. They are predicted to go extinct by 2040. Simba is in trouble too. There are only 24,000 lions left globally. Under 5,000 tigers. The total population of blue whales—the largest animal known to ever have existed—hit rock bottom around 1970 with only 600 individuals left in the oceans, before a hunting ban was introduced.

Like war and ecocide, extreme disparity runs deep in the veins of humanity. It was always thus. Just look at historical feudalism, or the extreme concentration of wealth in the hands of the Emperor of China, the Queen of England, the Pope, or

Mansa Musa—ruler of Mali in the 14th century, and by many considered to be the richest human to have ever lived.

What is new is globalism. With the richest 1% estimated to control more than half the world's wealth and the global village increasingly turning into one single market, we run the risk of our world turning into the final rounds of a game of Monopoly—which is what our current phase of late-stage capitalism sometimes feels like. If duality really was the final truth, there would be no moral reason for one group of players not to hoard all the wealth in the world for themselves, while oppressing, enslaving, or even exterminating the rest. Such a group would then of course proceed to fight amongst themselves until the final squid is left in the game.

Duality is getting a bad rap here. Although the shit that I spit is legit—the duality experience isn't all shabby. Everyday life for most people carries little resemblance to the hellscape portrayed in the news. Acts of kindness towards strangers vastly outnumber acts of cruelty. Add the unholy neo-trinity of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll—and the duality matrix can morph us into quite the happy-go-lucky monkeys.

Due to the undeniable downsides of the modern world, an unhealthy strain of animosity against everything modern runs through much of spirituality. At times this animosity translates into outright luddism. I don't share this animosity. The true shamans and miracle workers of the phase dominated by duality was never the priests, but the engineers, the physicists and the programmers—often led by visionary entrepreneurs. These shamans have applied their magic formulas like the scientific method to shower all of us with countless blessings.

Our understanding of self and the world decides what we research next—and what we invent next. Inventions and breakthroughs in technology aren't a linear chain

just waiting to be invented and discovered. We shape the nature of new inventions with our more or less conscious intentions. I fully expect that Transduality will allow these shamans to perform further and even more impressive miracles once freed from the shackles of duality.

Duality isn't evil, nor was it manufactured to make the world miserable. There is no conspiracy behind it. No manipulator with malicious intent lurking in the shadows forcing us to imagine separation to be fundamental. Rich people are as much victims of duality as poor people are. In the words of actress Lily Tomlin: Even if you win the rat race, you're still a rat.

Duality in individuals is a semi-unconscious state. We don't go around thinking: I am a cut off robot operating in constant competition with other robots in a fundamentally alien world. Due to our conditioning we just kind of take that for granted. And we definitely don't have a conscious wish to destroy ourselves or everyone and everything around us. But that is exactly what we are currently and increasingly doing. The spiritual endeavor of waking up from this dualistic semi-unconscious state isn't some vanity project for individuals who wish to add a new and spicy feature to their dualistic self. It is a necessary life-saving procedure absolutely critical for the survival of our world and everyone in it.

I think of duality in the same way I think of a younger version of myself. He did some dumb shit for sure—and I can't imagine going back into that headspace. But he pulled off some amazing stuff too. I wouldn't be here today without him, and I certainly don't hate him. That wouldn't even make sense.

It's the same with duality. It is simply an evolutionary stage based on the very natural instinct to see our inside as fundamentally separate from our outside. After all, such an assumption appears obvious to us at first glance. Even more so than how

the sun appears to be yellow, the sky appears to be blue, or the Earth appears to be flat. But none of those observations are true either, and the time has now come to phase out the duality phase. Its inherent limitations are too many and too destructive to ignore. We need to grow up and out of it. According to Transduality we are more like cells in the celestial body. From this point of view the tendency to consider all other cells as rivals on a fundamental level looks more like autoimmune disease.

Enough with the doom and gloom already. Let's move on to the good news. The first piece of good news is that nearly all the bad news share the same root cause—and that that cause has no root.

When I was thirteen, I spent a whole night contemplating the meaning of my young life. It was one of those magic Nordic summer nights where the day goes to sleep leaving the lights on—inviting sleepless souls to peek into its dreams. As the morning plotted its imminent coup, I decided to inwardly pursue my feelings and my thoughts, in a faint hope I might locate their source. Off I went—and not even once did I blink with my inner eye.

The discovery I made was baffling. At the end of my pursuit, I found—nothing. My thoughts and my feelings in all their various flavors—be it pride, joy or anger—that seemed so overwhelmingly convincing and real, and which in many ways defined my life—they possessed no root. They were but ghosts in my machine that appeared from nowhere and disappeared into the same nothingness. This was a very liberating discovery to an adolescent boy.

It feels even more liberating to know that duality—our tormentor in chief—has no root in reality. The gravitational pull the duality matrix exerts on all of us is real, but it's not like the gravity of physics. Unless you are peak Michael Jordan, we can't

choose whether to abide by the gravity of physics or not—but we are not doomed to swoon and succumb to the pulling powers of duality.

The second piece of good news is how bad the news is. Nuclear war, ecocide, extreme disparity and more are all coming to a head. Tipping points of no return everywhere we look. Why on Earth would this be good news? I was born in 1972. Being a young adult in the 90s the world felt like a pop song. The future so bright, we had to wear shades. I'm jesting of course, but not infinitely. At least the only people talking about the end of the world as we know it back then were religious nutjobs and R.E.M.

We had solved war. WWII ended half a century ago. Since then, some hard rain had fallen on places like Korea and Vietnam, but those were proxy franchises of The Cold War—and that war had now ended peacefully after someone was sending out an S.O.S. prompting Sting to intervene with a song featuring thinly veiled threats against the lives of Russian children.

The end of history was proclaimed and acclaimed—sincerely proposing a state in which humanity would sail smoothly into the horizon without any further major changes in society, system of governance, or economics. When China's middle class became big enough, they would demand social-liberal democracy there too. The future was a grunge-free nirvana. No more war, no more boom and bust—nothing but endless strawberry fields of gold forever.

We had solved ecocide too. Maybe not—but at least we stopped acid rain from turning the trees purple, and we put a lid on the hole in the ozone layer. In Europe and the US they even cleaned up the earth, wind and water, instead building their cities on rock'n'roll. Actually, they just exported the pollution to China, but hey, out of sight out of mind, amirite?

We had solved unfair disparity three. By way of neoliberal logic, in a world with less international trade barriers money would flow to wherever it would yield the highest return—sprinkling gold dust on every corner of the planet. Domestically, a magic trick called trickle-down economics would make it rain on all of us if we just stopped pestering the rich.

What a time to be alive! Not everyone believed in these fairytales, but a credible case could be made that the world was heading in the right direction. The zeitgeist wasn't fertile ground for radically new worldviews. Nobody's talking 'bout the stormy weather when it's a fine day and the only way is up. Never change a winning team, as they say in sports. In short, oblivion was sweet, and ignorance was bliss.

Fast forward to 2025 and things look a little different. In fact—they look very different and a lot worse. Which is great. Not because I like wallowing in misery or I'm sad that those puerile 90s delusions didn't come true. But because they were exactly that—delusions. A lanky teenager cannot heal from growing pains before the pains actually hit and hurt. When they do, the only way to heal is to grow. Hopefully the pains our world is currently experiencing are sufficient for us to cut our umbilical cord to the duality mothership and snap out of its power.

We often need what I call traumatic triggers to break free from our comfort zone, and the present doesn't lack in the trauma department. The people now holding up the signs saying, "The end is nigh," are no longer the lunatic fringes or R.E.M. but leading politicians and scientists, the mainstream media, and teachers. The duality OS of the world as we know it is crashing in real time—collapsing in on itself under the weight of its inherent contradictions. The bad news is good news because the first step towards healing is to admit we have issues—and it's hard to live in denial of the world's ills in 2025. Pain can open us up for new solutions—for

change. Not change you can believe in—but change you can be. I may think of myself an intelligent and sensitive person who want to stop wars, end the ecocide, oppose obscene disparages in wealth, fight racism, and so on. But I am not really. As long as I'm not actively working to undo the dream of fundamental separation—I am war, I am ecocide, I am injustice, I am racism. And so are you.

Another piece of good news is that while we may be running out of time—tipping points to our left and right—we're also right on time. Young people today must feel they've been dealt a lousy hand. I feel straight up and hands down embarrassed at the state of the world my generation is passing on to the next.

You may have heard the Indian proverb: Blessed is he who plants a tree under whose shade he will never sit. We've done the exact opposite of that—literally and figuratively. It resembles more of a scorched Earth tactics.

I used to think that even my generation shouldn't have to deal with this bullshit. It's not like the duality OS has been running smoothly for the longest. WW I killed more than 20 million people more than a century back. The sequel—unleashed just two decades later—killed upwards of 60 million people and included the nuclear strikes on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Surely, those not so minor hiccups should have prompted some serious soul-searching and troubleshooting of the duality OS on part of our predecessors. But I've come to realize that a collective upgrade to a Transduality OS couldn't happen before now.

Like wars, ecocide, and extreme disparity, Transduality is also nothing new. As long as there have been humans around, there have been dorks like me waving and wailing like drowning men: Look! Separation isn't fundamental! The Tibetan school of Dzogchen represents such a transdual approach to the human experience.

Dzogchen originated around the 5th century in a kingdom called Oddiyana situated in

what is today the Swat valley of Pakistan. The king of Oddiyana was worried that Dzogchen could unsettle his power base—and wanted to make sure the teachings weren't allowed to spread. He therefore put those who had realized the teachings under house arrest to avoid them having any contact by outsiders.

According to legend envoys were sent to Oddiyana from the Tibetan kingdom of Zhang Zhung. Their mission was to learn more about these Dzogchen teachings of which they had heard rumors. The envoys circumvented the prohibitions put into place by the Oddiyana king by secretly sneaking in to receive instructions on Dzogchen at night. The teachings were then written down using goat milk on a canvas of white silk. In this way the writings only became visible once the silk was exposed to sunlight—and the envoys made sure that only happened after they had safely returned to Zhang Zhung.

Those envoys may have won that particular battle on behalf of Transduality—but duality has definitely won the war. The story serves to highlight an important point. At any moment throughout history any opposition to the duality OS would be easy to isolate or snuff out by the powers that be, sitting on top of the duality pyramid. The powers that be haven't been the only ones eager to resist any motion away from the status quo. History is full to the brim with ordinary citizens who without any threat to their wealth or power—they've had little to none of either—have taken it upon themselves to permanently silence those annoying voices whispering: We are something more. "I am who I am, damn it!" runs the riposte of angry voices from the dark alleyways of duality—all while aiming a particularly pointy stone or a gun at the heretic.

The time is also right because some of the major identity-markers, like traditional religion and nationalism, have faded in no time and left open a window of

opportunity. Good riddance to them, although the latter seems to be coming back in vogue. We haven't tried full-on 1930's nationalism with nukes before. Should be interesting. Best get some popcorn. Them corns may even pop themselves.

However, the vacuum those markers at least temporarily left behind have so far mostly been filled by reductionist materialism and rampant consumerism. There's a vacancy right in front of the main entrance of Mall Meaning-of-life—so let's park the Transduality bus right there.

Individuals could and can to some extent implement Transduality in their own lives, but to heal the world's ills Transduality must be global in scope. No one is free until all are free. We needed a global neural network to be in place before such a worldwide upgrade was feasible. The World Wide Web is such a network. It is only now—just as duality is about to self-implode—that we have the necessary avenues available for Transduality to spread and replace it on a global scale. The transition from duality to Transduality by design had to be a buzzer-beater.

Which leads us to the last batch of good news. Not only have we identified duality as the root cause of our maladies—the pebble in our shoe, the bug in our code—and seen how this root cause is a cause that has no root. And not only have we reached a stage where the patient—that would be us—admit we have issues. That our world is sick and in need of some serious treatment. But finally, and most importantly, we have also identified the treatment, the panacea, the fix. Transduality is our vaccination against duality and all the havoc it wreaks. And we are the first generations to have the means at our disposal—the World Wide Web—to effectively spread this cure globally in order to achieve herd immunity against the malady of duality.

However, that we have the cure—Transduality—and the means of spreading it, doesn't mean that the treatment of the duality disease will happen automatically. You and I will have to make that happen. During the recent pandemic I came up with a procedure that I am confident has the potential to help us do just that.

The procedure mimics the spread of the coronavirus itself, and it consists of three jabs of cellular treatment. The first jab on our escape from the duality prison is the Single Cell. A Single Cell is someone like you or me. How can you upgrade to the Transduality OS, and how will that upgrade affect your life? This Single Cell jab is followed by two booster shots. The Double Cell booster connects your own Single Cell to another cell—be that your SO, your BFF, or any other cell interested in installing the Transduality upgrade. The Double Cell is followed by the Poly Cell booster which further connects you with other cells. Together, these connections constitute the genesis of a new matrix based on Transduality—a new world.

Most of us share the attention span of ADHD ferrets on speed, so having received the test press of our new record—let's put the stylus to the vinyl. Having unpacked the upgraded OS—let's install it. Having diagnosed our illness—let's implement the cure.



Image by Digizyme

SINGLE CELL

Everybody knows what's going wrong with the world.

I don't even know what's going on in myself.

– Matt Johnson, The The

Our diagnosis showed how duality—the belief that the separation between us and the rest of this infinite and timeless moment is fundamental—causes untold suffering to our world and everyone in it. In its place, I proposed a worldview called Transduality—where you and I are seen as individual yet integral parts of a seamless whole. Not as some pie-in-the-sky idealism to get our sorry asses out of a rut, but as an observable and verifiable simple fact of life. I also proposed a three-pronged

cellular treatment to implement the Transduality cure against the duality disease. The first shot of that treatment is the Single Cell. If you are still reading, you have now become such a Single Cell in the Transduality (R)evolution. Congratulations, thank you, and welcome!

Transduality isn't for the faint of heart. It takes strength to go against the narrative. It's also not a way of throwing your hands up in the face of a harsh reality. It's about raising one hand in the air, saying: Hey, this Transduality thing seems like a better OS than duality, making more sense and offering a better user experience. I want to be a beta tester.

As a Single Cell, you simply re-member that inside and outside of you are not fundamentally separate. You can set aside time to meditate on this fact, implement it in your religious or spiritual practice if you have one—or you can simply ponder it while taking a shower, sipping a drink during happy hour, or walking the dog. Point being, you don't need to feel holy about it. In any given moment just notice how the separation between inside and outside isn't fundamental. Whenever, wherever—while doing whatever.

How would such a transdual approach to life change how you relate to yourself and to others? To your SO, to your parents, to your children, to your frenemies and enemies if you have any? To complete strangers? To nature? To the world? This remembering alone will of course not provide an instant change or fix to those relations. But it marks a new beginning.

To re-member the fundamental unity between inside and outside of you, sets you on a path where you start to re-collect the pieces you have thought asunder. The first step on that path is to re-mind yourself that you are most excellent—30 trillion times exCELLent to be precise. At the start of this chapter you find a 3D rendering of

a single, animal eukaryotic cell. Looks like a motherboard. Or the mess my daughter left behind after a feisty beading session in younger years. You have 30 trillion cells in your body. Working together. You're a boss.

If that isn't enough to get the self-loving juices flowing, current mainstream science tells us you are literally made of stardust—remnants of the Big Bang. One of the conundrums that science doesn't yet provide an answer to, is how that pile of dust has somehow evolved to be conscious and have feelings and thoughts. This has been dubbed “The hard problem of consciousness” by philosopher David Chalmers. But that's not your problem. You are here. Feeling, thinking, aware. You can even dream when you sleep, weaving brand new worlds all by yourself. You, dear reader—whoever, wherever, and however you may be—are amazing.

It is truly insane how the matrix of duality—as in the day-to-day world we live in—is hard at work 24/7 to make us feel inadequate and to pit us against each other. Allen Ginsberg howled when the brightest minds of The Beat Generation were being destroyed by madness. To us in the Beat(en) Generations it feels more like the inmates are running the asylum.

Sure, if we really were fundamentally separate lumps of meat and bone—why not spend a gazillion to make people feel shit about themselves, when you can make three gazillion selling a remedy? Or deliberately fuel anger and stoke hatred on your SoMe app—when that makes people spend more time on that app, equaling more traffic, more clicks, more revenue. Why not indeed? From a transdual point of view however, this logic is of course insane.

We live in the middle of a mental health crisis, especially amongst young people. I'm actually impressed with how well they're holding up. In my own childhood I wrestled with existential problems such as my older sisters listening in on landline

phone calls from prospective girlfriends. The severity of the problems kids nowadays face is of a different order—their struggle is real. My generation didn't spend our younger years growing up in a corral, encircled by the four horses of the apocalypse.

How much of trauma, addiction and other mental health issues do you think stem directly from duality and the lack of connection it entails? My guesstimate—nearly all of it. But instead of calling out duality for the insanity it is, we invent an ever-increasing number of diagnoses to label those who don't fit into our ever-narrower definitions of what it means to be human.

Bipolarity and ADHD are household names, but the list of disorders is ever-growing. As some of the more widely used diagnoses have gotten a bad rap—ODD is apparently one of the next big things. It stands for Oppositional Defiant Disorder. The symptoms include saying mean and hateful things when upset. I checked that box times ten when my older sisters started laughing, blowing their cover listening in on my feeble attempt at young love on the phone. As if my name wasn't sufficiently sus in the English language already, it's now also a mental disorder. Thanks a lot.

How many kids must be given a diagnosis and put on drugs just to make it through the day—before we ask if it might be our society that needs a diagnosis and not the kids? The previous chapter is an attempt to take the opposite approach.

So much attention is directed to our superficial slights, lacks, and differences, that we forget how deep down every single one of us, already and regardless, are intimately interlinked works of great perfection—semipermeable cells in the body of humanity and the world at large.

Add to the miraculous complexity of you, the equally miraculous circumstances that allow us to exist at all—as touched upon in Diagnosis—and the dog-eat-dog

approach we apply to ourselves, to each other, and to life itself—starts to look rather misguided and downright stupid.

How can I say that we are all part of the same amazing whole, and that we are all works of great perfection—when right now, somewhere in the world, someone is killing or raping another? Well, do you think the perpetrator of that crime thinks him- or herself fundamentally separate from their victim or not? I rest my case.

I possess some psychic powers, and I am now going to use those powers to say a few things about you—without even knowing you one bit. But first, a story to confirm said powers. Some years back I visited a dive bar—a modern-day saloon if you will. As I went to order my drink, there was another guy hanging at the counter. He looked as if he was up for shooting the shit—so I drew my opening line straight from the hips. “What’s this?” I asked. “If I knew they let people as old as you into this joint, I would have never entered.” He made some funny age-related retort. Turned out we were both born in 1972. The plot thickened as it turned out we shared the same birth month too. A friendship was forged when we learned we had arrived into this world on the very same day: Sep 21, 1972. Upon further investigation we concluded I was two hours younger than him—the old fart.

We finished our drinks and never saw each other again. Until two years later that is—when the guy enters another bar I’m sat at. He was with a girl I briefly knew, and she came over to say hi—bringing her date, my birthday mate, with her. I soon realized the dude didn’t recognize me at all. He had been a little drunk that night at the dive bar and must have gone on a bender after our short encounter, causing a loss of short-term memory or something. Either way he drew a blank. As he now hit me with the limpest of small talk—what did I do for a living—I decided to prank him.

“I’m a psychic,” I said. “I can channel shit, straight from the universe.” He was visibly unimpressed. “Ye of little faith—let me prove it to you,” I continued—closing my eyes while raising my palms solemnly towards the firmament. “I’m picking up 72. Is that the year you were born?” “Wow, you guessed my age,” he deadpanned. I went on—making a murmuring sound as I tuned back into the universe for further intel. “I’m getting colored leaves. Were you born in one of the fall months?” The guy shook up a little but remained a sceptic and clearly still didn’t remember me at all. “Good guess,” he said. “You had a one-in-four chance of getting that right.” I continued on my vision quest—and then slammed him with: “September 21st. Ten o’clock in the morning,” before I abruptly upped and headed for the exit—leaving him high and dry in my wake. Two days later I got his details from our mutual friend and sent him a message explaining my psychic powers—reminding him of our first meeting. We’re still friends on Facebook, wishing each other happy b-days.

I’m now going to tune back into the universe and make a few claims about you. First: Your life sucks. No offense—but yeah. Don’t sweat it though. Mine and everyone else’s does too. I know I’m not the only master of self-deception, and fooling others is also doable—especially on the Gram. But we can’t fool reality. Sure, we all have our moments—and within the parameters set by duality we may be doing all right—but our lives are mostly not running anywhere near as smooth as they could and should.

I know our lives suck because even though we are constantly bombarded with the gospel of duality—we also know that gospel to be heresy. We all experience glitches in the matrix of duality—what I call NLEs (Near-Life Experiences)—where the unbearable heaviness of being is replaced by lightness.

Maybe in a house of worship. While meditating, doing yoga or breathing exercises—or taking a Wim Hof style ice bath. Or dancing your ass off at a rave where God is a DJ. Maybe on attending or participating in a sports event. While watching the Super Bowl, catching a wave, trekking in beautiful nature—or participating in a game of wine volleyball. Or at a concert. Playing in a band. Singing in a choir or banging away in a drum circle. Maybe after a particularly satisfying day at work. While having a heart to heart with a trusted friend. Or living those magical first six months of love. Making love. Tripping on psychoactive drugs.

But the high always ends. Back to life—back to duality. Such experiences of lightness and connection come from having the weight of the world off our shoulders—if only for a short while. When we mistake the line between us on the inside and everything else on the outside to be fundamental, that's what we get. The weight of the world placed firmly on top of us. No amount of dedication, meditation or medication will change this fact. A fundamentally separate self sinks like a stone when chucked into the deep waters of reality. We must flog that dead horse to keep it afloat—rendering life into the slide of an unprotected knee over a never-ending gym floor. The fluid flow of life morphed into science friction.

Life may never be a nonstop ten out of ten—would live again, but the drop off is too big. That's why I say our lives suck. The chasm between those sweet tastes of transdual truth and everyday life is too wide. All the money or power in the world can't fill that abyss. Not all the sex, drugs and rock'n'roll either.

Our lives don't live up to their potential because everything is relative. That everything is relative doesn't mean that everything is random or meaningless. It means that every thing or event can only be known by investigating its relations—and

we relate every thing and event to a dualistic self-identity and worldview that simply doesn't hold up to scrutiny.

A dog walking down the street is doomed to sniff every single lamppost it passes. Everything can take on the role of irresistible magnet to those nostrils with a dog attached. Every street corner, every pile of litter, the perfumed business cards left by fellow canines. After the initial nasal inspection, the object in question may receive a dose of holy water through the squirting of some back-legged juice. Or—the dog may choose to turn its nose up, squeeze in, and heed the siren call of the next lamppost. Sniff, then squirt or squeeze, the ritual is obligatory. It is what a dog does—what it is.

It is in a manner not dissimilar to this we are doomed to relate to the rest of the moment as long as we believe ourselves to be fundamentally separate from it. Everything that appears or happens must be regarded and interpreted in relation to our dualistic perception of who we are. We will then like or dislike, approve or disapprove, laugh or cry—squirt or squeeze—in reaction to whatever object or event appearing out there in the never-ending stream of consciousness lampposts. Duality is the leash that controls us while we are out on our own walk of life. As the years roll by—we turn into ever so efficient sniffers. Almost without thinking, we perform our routine, we squirt or we squeeze in. This is what a self running on the duality OS does—what it is.

As long as we remain convinced about the absolute separateness of our own individual existence, this modus operandi remains our destiny. I'm of course not criticizing the wonderful ability to discriminate between objects. The problems arise because the measuring stick against which all objects and events are being judged—

our dualistic self-identity and worldview—is inaccurate, incomplete and out of tune with the nature of reality. And since our measuring stick is wrong—it follows naturally that our judgments and the choices we make based upon those judgments, also become skewed. The very decisions that were supposed to help us achieve happiness and avoid suffering might as well cause more suffering. We end up ceaselessly complicating our own lives and those of others.

Here's one more thing I know about you. You got it when I tried to convey the essence of Transduality. There are of course bottomless depths to this realization, but at least on the surface—you got it. How can I be so sure? Not only because Transduality is the simplest thing to get and makes hella lot more sense than duality. Anyone can test the hypothesis for themselves. No tools are needed. No money. No academic degree or years of dedicated spiritual practice either. If you can read or hear these words—that is enough.

And not only because I've shared this vision with lots of people—everything from taxi drivers to doctors in philosophy, from criminiminiminals to brain scientists—and have yet to meet a single person who didn't get Transduality and agree with it. Most get it right away. Others may need a little more time—but everyone in the sample size got it.

More importantly, I know you got what I shared about this infinite moment—because you already know this to be true. You know this because you are this infinite moment. I am too. We are this. We are of course two individuals also—here to stay and blossom for a while—before we wither and make room for new leaves on this tree of life that we both are.

So, you got it. By receiving the transmission of Transduality you just downloaded a cheat code to enlightenment. The insight that we also exist AS this infinite and eternal moment—not merely as isolated nodes IN it—is exactly that: Enlightenment. Anything less is insufficient, anything more is redundant.

Does that mean you are now to be considered enlightened? Thank dog—no. Not because there's anything lacking in you, and once you fix that lack you will become enlightened sometime in the future. You are not enlightened because no *one* ever was, is, or ever will be enlightened, and that includes Gautama, Jesus, Moses, Muhammad, Ramana, Alan Watts, and—going out on a limb here—Tom Cruise.

As a relatively fresh committed seeker I followed the spiritual trail to India back in 2002. I've never been part of any sangha—a community of seekers—or follower of any particular teaching. There were many times when I dearly wished that I was part of a sangha or had a teacher to guide me along the way, but circumstances wouldn't have it that way.

In India I set up camp in Dharamsala, where I studied Middle Way philosophy at the Tibetan Library of Works and Archives. I even considered becoming a monk! However, any ideas I might have entertained about joining a sangha of Tibetan Buddhism died abruptly when the Dalai Lama himself caught me red-handed while stealing sweets from a little kid.

I spent my first week in Dharamsala staying in a hotel overlooking the beautiful Kangra valley—sprawling out beneath majestic Himalayan mountaintops. I was in a pious phase of my truth-seeking and would get up to meditate every morning at sunrise on the terrace outside my hotel room. Another person—an elderly man wearing a robe—followed the same routine, so we ended up chatting a bit after our

sessions. He told me he was the principal of a monastery in the neighboring country of Bhutan.

At the end of the week the Dalai Lama was going to head a procession through town as part of some celebration or other. Turned out these processions are preceded by people throwing sweets to the awaiting crowds. I had remained equanimous during a few of these handouts already, but I do have a sweet tooth so when a fresh round of candy was thrown in my general direction—I jumped on all fours and managed to catch a few. As I caught the last one, I noticed a little kid right in front of me looking disappointed as he had been chasing the same bounty as me. Before I could hand him the candy, loud noises erupted as the procession was finally arriving, so I swiftly monkey-jumped back to my place—only to look straight into the face of the Dalai Lama himself.

It turned out my morning meditation partner was a very high-ranking lama and close friend of the Dalai Lama, walking right behind him in the procession. In an unfortunate chain of events, he had pointed me out to the Dalai Lama and asked him to go over and say hi to me—just as I went on my monkey-jumping raid for sweets. By the time he reached my spot I had just returned from snatching that sweet in front of that little kid. The Dalai Lama remained wordless, but his face—inches from mine—needed no translation. It said, “What’s wrong with you,” and he moved on. I was mortified.

So—no Buddhist sangha for me. However, the spiritual teaching that did help me the most as a seeker was the Tibetan school of thought called Dzogchen, which literally translates to The Great Perfection. Dzogchen operates with a set of pointing out instructions where the seeker is introduced to the nature of reality. The

transmission of Transduality given at the start of the Diagnosis chapter is inspired by such instructions.

Towards the end of my stay in India I felt deeply thankful. I had travelled there with little planning and even less money, but except for the unfortunate incident involving the Dalai Lama everything had turned out better than I could have ever dreamed of. In the Tibetan tradition the mind is called the wish-fulfilling jewel, and I now made a final wish—to meet a Dzogchen master in order to receive a pointing out instruction.

As my departure date was swiftly approaching, I accepted that my wish wouldn't be granted by the powers that be. On my last day before leaving India, I got on a bus heading for the capital New Delhi—where I would catch my flight out. On the first bus stop after my own, a spiritual entourage boarded the bus—a Dzogchen master followed by two monks! I was sitting in a window seat, and one of the monks asked me if it was possible for his master to sit in my seat by the window, and for me to sit next to the master, by the aisle. I had—of course—no objections. Surely, this was my chance to have my wish granted after all and receive an introduction into the nature of reality! However, as soon as the master sat down in his seat, he immediately rolled down the window, and as the old school vehicle accelerated into motion, he stuck his head out the open window.

My thoughts immediately took off on a flight of self-recriminating fancy: *Oh, look at him!* I thought to myself. *He is so enlightened! Taking it all in. Why didn't I do that when I sat in his seat?* In my mind I went on and on—weaving and spinning stories on how this was a manifestation of how awakening is like shattering the glass cage around oneself. It was just like the master sitting next to me. He had opened the window while I had remained within the glass confinement. After a good fifteen

minutes of similar schizophrenic accusations of myself by myself—the bus made another stop. The master was in a hurry to get off. I reckoned he was eager to escape the confines of his bus seat to bask in that perfect illusion called nature.

It was only after I had myself exited the bus that I realized why the monks had asked for my seat, why the master had put his head out the window, and why he had been in such a hurry to get off. Along the side of the vehicle—starting from the master’s window and all the way to the rear—ran a trail of fresh vomit. The monks explained to me that their master was a chronic sufferer of terrible carsickness.

We continued talking. They were incredibly interesting, humble and intelligent—and they also became very interested in me when they learned of my interest in Dzogchen. They even wanted me to join them to their monastery in New Delhi to receive an introduction into the nature of reality! However, I declined their offer. I had a flight to catch—and besides, their master had already unwittingly taught me the lesson I needed to learn at the time—a teaching on not to project ideas of enlightenment onto individuals.

The very essence of enlightenment entails the realization that we don’t exist fundamentally separate from the rest of this infinite moment. To then turn around and attach that realization to a finite manifestation of this moment—a person—rendering enlightenment into something that can be owned by or limited to a single individual, is of course completely self-contradictory and nonsensical.

Yet, the separate self of duality—sensing that its exclusive claim to the identity throne is under threat—has sneakily managed to turn enlightenment into such a feature it can attain—the ultimate prize for the duality ego. The concept of personal enlightenment may be the silliest idea in all of spirituality—and God knows the competition is fierce—but it is one of the main stumbling blocks hindering a genuine

collective upgrade in how we perceive ourselves and the world. The whole enlightened-or-not debate is dualistic and binary to the core. Where you at: zero or one—one or zero? Reality doesn't adhere to our binary maps of it, complete with fixed coordinates.

My own odd name is a variation on this theme. My birth name is Odd Ness. No really, it is. When I introduce myself with my first name to native English speakers, I am often met with a certain incredulity. When I follow up with my family name, hilarity usually ensues.

In my native language of Norwegian, odd doesn't mean strange but *pointed*. More specifically it points to the pointed head of an arrow. A pre-Christian myth tells of how arrowhead turned into a name due to a man who was an avid seeker of truth. One day this man asked the Norse gods to tell him the ultimate truth. The gods promised to fulfill his wish. The man was transformed into the odd of an arrow, and the gods ordered the strongest man in the village to release this arrow from his bow. According to the myth, that arrow is still roaming the skies and will forever continue to do so. Truth itself can never be hit, caught or seized. Its very nature is impermanence—flux.

I hope this story didn't leave you with vertigo. If so, here are some words of comfort—courtesy of late Tibetan Buddhist master Chögyam Trungpa: The bad news is, you're falling through the air, nothing to hang on to, no parachute. The good news is, there is no ground.

So, no sangha for me—and no personal enlightenment either. Not for me and not for you. But as a Single Cell in the Transduality (R)evolution you are handed the keys to a new floor in the edifice of your life. This floor is vast—and it is extremely

well illuminated. But you can't close the door and claim that for you the other floors now no longer exist. Or, you can make that claim—it just wouldn't be true. That would be the realm of religion—to try to live only one of the many frequencies on the spectrum of life. Sooner rather than later those frequencies we're trying to disown will bite us in the ass.

If you meet someone who claims to be enlightened my advice would be to put on your fastest sneakers and take off in the opposite direction. The same with people who claim to have killed their ego—none are more in its thrall. They are like the neocortex claiming it has rid itself of the limbic system. Yet, there it is, craving sex, chocolate and a leg up in the race for promotion to middle management. The answer to the question—is person X enlightened or not—is always one and the same: Only enlightenment is.

Transduality may not bestow upon you the status of enlightened being, but it does transmute you into something much more useful: An alchemist. Alchemy turns lead into gold. The literal version of that chemical process would sure come in handy, not least in our times of geopolitical turbulence with the price of gold raising the roof harder than a 90s hip hop bonanza. That process is—unfortunately—not chemically possible. But the true secret of alchemy deals with something much more valuable—the transmutation of a leaden state into bliss. Here's a story of when the moon, the stars and whatnot conspired to transmute a leaden situation in my own life into a golden one.

In 1993, my friend Paul Pot and I received an unexpected windfall from a project we had been involved in. We immediately agreed to do the sensible thing and jettied off to the airport embarking on an improvised mini tour of Scandinavian capitals. Arriving in the last leg of our flyabout—Oslo—our tour was crashing to a

grinding halt. We had badly mismanaged our budget—spending all our cash in Copenhagen—and were now left with the equivalent of a dollar between the pair of us. We had nowhere to stay. It was a freezing cold December night. Snow fell from the skies. Our only local contact, who could have bailed us out with a place to stay or a small loan, didn't answer his phone. Things were looking bleak indeed. We decided to invest our last buck wisely—inserting it into a slot machine. We couldn't believe our luck as a hundred dollars spewed their clanky way from out of it.

After renting a cheap motel room we headed for the streets—looking for a vibe. The first bar we reached hosted a private party—a banquet to mark the end of a women's World Cup handball tournament. The sport is a big deal in Norway, and Oslo had just hosted the final. My friend knew one of the players on the Norwegian team, and she told the bouncers to let us in. The place was packed with players and staff from the participating teams and with local celebs. We spent the leftovers of our investment returns on beers and headed upstairs.

Over the chattering buzz I heard the piano man was absolutely killing it. I followed the sound and couldn't believe my eyes when I reached its source. Sitting all alone at the piano was none other than Ray Charles—the Godfather of Soul! I later learned he had played a show at a major venue in Oslo that weekend, The World Cup hosts presumably had too much money on their hands and must have made his agent an offer they couldn't refuse.

Charles wasn't a household name in Norway in the way he was in say—the US—and for reasons I guess of ignorance and arrogance—no one paid him much if any attention. I was a mere whippersnapper of 21 at the time and had never been a regular passenger on the soul train myself—but I wasn't a complete fuckwit either. In

awe of the great man, I sat down at the far end of the piano and started humming along as he played Stand By Me.

The legend noticed someone finally paying attention, and at the end of the song he waved me over to come sit by his side before inviting me to sing along with him. Less than an hour after hitting rock bottom—wondering how to survive a snowy Oslo night with no roof over my head—I got to duet When a Man Loves a Woman with the Godfather of Soul. How about that for a leaden situation rendered into 24K gold?

However, I wasn't the alchemist behind this change of fortune. To be a true alchemist you must be able to transmute situations from lead to gold by your own volition, not just be a passenger of shifting circumstances. How can Transduality help you do that?

No situation you may find yourself in is written in stone. Think of a walk you do on the regular. If you are in a good headspace you may marvel at the buildings you pass by, or—if your stroll takes place in nature—take in the beauty of the landscape, the trees and the flowers. If it drizzles, you may feel like you're being blessed by a heavenly shower.

If you are in a bad headspace the very same buildings or nature may look grim or even threatening. Any downpour serves as a liquid insult to injury.

These mood swings happen all by themselves. We don't control them. Some are even directed by the moon herself. But we are not powerless in the face of random happenstance. By contemplating the truth of Transduality you will slowly but surely change your outlook on yourself and the world around you. As your realization of the relative nature of the separation between inside and outside deepens and becomes more like second skin, you will find your regular routine to more often

gravitate towards the first and more blissful of those above-mentioned scenarios.

Who you are is what you see.

As a child you study a tree. Touch it. Smell it. As grown-ups, we mostly just register it and automatically file it under the mind-folder for trees. If we notice it at all. We apply this same approach to humans. If we are forced to interact with others, that interaction usually revolves around the swapping of coordinates in the duality matrix. Where are you from? How old? What do you do for a living? Do you have children? If so, how many and how old? If we spend some more time together, we may expand on the coordinates. What music, books and movies do you like? Who did you vote for? Do you prefer cats or dogs? Do you like video clips of goats ramming innocent bystanders?

Much conversation takes the shape of two-way monologues—each participant awaiting a cue to deliver their own line in the play for today. “Me and Karen were in Florida last week.” “Oh yeah. My friend Chad was there in spring.”

As a result, social interactions within the duality matrix easily get stale and boring. Might as well stay home and watch some quality goat-ramming videos. Never more so than at family gatherings. You already know all their coordinates, and they know yours. You already heard their best stories, and they have heard yours. Thrice. Which makes it a perfect test for your newfound alchemical powers as a Single Cell in the Transduality (R)evolution.

Even the most empathic amongst us are narcissists. We ultimately have access to the full(er) picture when it comes to our own motivations and justifications, but only to tiny bits and pieces of those of other people. A transdual approach won't provide you with full access to the inner machinations of others, but it will expand on

those bits and pieces. Simply remember that all people are as miraculous as you. As marvelous, complex, messed up, and twisted too. Yes, even Uncle Earl.

Approach Uncle Earl and the other guests like you approached a tree as a kid. Maybe leave out the touching and smelling part. Listen more intently, not just waiting for your turn to speak. Even allow for silence. If it turns awkward—that will subside if you exude that you are unperturbed by the awkward. Among the best childhood memories I have, is shutting the fuck up together with a friend—enjoying the silence. When Uncle Earl or whoever it is does flex their muzzle—listen—and not only to the words. You may find clues in a glance—in body language.

Meet them naked. Not like the time when I was in my mid-20s and had just hooked up with a new girlfriend. It was 1996—the height of the reign of Spice Girls. They were a far stretch from our musical cup of tea, but my gf rified off a line from their biggest hit—Wannabe—to tell me she had a large group of friends that meant the world to her: “If you wanna be my lover, you gotta get with my friends”, she said. I was looking forward to meeting them, hoping to make a good impression when I did.

After a soggy night out, she invited me for the first time back to the place she shared with one of these friends in a quiet but central city street. After some drunken sex we both crashed. At some point I woke up from the urgent need of liquid relief. The bed was empty, so I assumed my gf was at the toilet on a similar mission. My drunken mind decided to swiftly venture down a flight of stairs and into some bushes outside to do my business. My relief was short-lived as I returned to find the main door had slammed shut. I rang the bell, but to no avail. My gf had returned to her stupor sleep. More ringing, but no dice.

I assessed the situation—and found it to be desperate. I was nekked. It was cold outside. After further failed attempts with the doorbell, I snuck my way around

the corner and up the street to the back of the building, moving like a commando on a mission while covering my valuables with my hands. Reaching the backyard, I tried throwing shit at the bedroom window, but still no response. After half an hour or so of hiding in the backyard interspersed by futile attempts at throwing shit at window, I noticed a worrying increase in noises made by other people. The madding crowds were returning home as the nearby downtown bars were hitting closing time. During a pause in the noises of other voices, I returned to the front of the building and rang the doorbell again. Bzzz. The door opened!

I hoovered up the stairs—thanking God, Buddha and Allah that my nude nightmare was finally over. Only to enter the flat's living room and find it packed with strangers. Her roommate had returned from her own night out, hosting an afterparty for their whole group of friends, whom I now met for the first time. At this point I had fully resigned to my status as a clothless creature. This was my life now, so I didn't even bother to cover up as I found a spot on the couch and explained the situation. Her friends were top notch, and a great time was had. My gf finally resuscitated from her stupor, and I'll never forget her face as she saw me sat with all her friends for the very first time, in my birthday suit.

Although that nightmare ended well, I don't recommend you attend your family gathering in your own birthday suit. But meet them naked, as in suspend or at least withhold your assumptions, if only for a moment. See them instead for what they are—unique manifestations of this infinite moment which is all there is. You'll be less judgmental. More open and curious. In a good way. Leaving space for others to be, more fully. And you'll see them more fully. Before you know it, you'll find yourself having an interesting conversation with Uncle Earl. You have now passed the alchemist test.

Or maybe you won't. Maybe Uncle Earl is shut off from any deeper connection, too bummed out after losing his life savings on the stock market—having gone all in on shares in Scams'R'Us.

Or maybe Uncle Earl isn't the clog in the flow at all—maybe you are. This happens to me all the time. Maybe you're stressed out and just not up for it. Just because you know the secret of Transduality doesn't mean you'll live up to its essence nonstop—and you can't fake this shit. I call this the difference between the conduit and the current. The conduit of Transduality is the theoretical understanding that separation isn't fundamental to life. The current of Transduality is how it feels to live that truth, something akin to what psychologists might call the flow state, or more alternative therapists: to ride the kundalini snake. A conduit with no current is just a dead thing, a concept.

I first stumbled onto the current of Transduality 25 years ago—and the conduit five years later. However, that is 20 years ago, and my life since that day has hardly been a testament to current or flow. Sometimes it has—but oftentimes it has been sufficiently drenched in dualistic drama to be aired unedited as a Brazilian *telenovela*. So what good is the conduit of Transduality if it can't guarantee you the constant living of it, the feeling, the current? Well, it serves at least these three purposes:

10 The conduit can help you achieve the sought after current. What begins as a map of intellectual understanding can more easily become your lived reality if the map is good. It's still just a map, but think of the actual transition from conduit to current as an accident—and that a good map makes you more accident prone.

20 Once you live the current—the conduit can help you maintain the flow. We've been conditioned our whole life by duality—and we live in a matrix that is

based upon it. A current with no conduit will easily scatter and dissipate back into this underlying conditioning. The conduit helps to keep you plugged in.

30 The conduit can cushion your fall. When—not if—you find yourself not living the level ten current anymore, a good conduit—a well-rounded understanding—can stop your fall at say five, instead of falling all the way to zero.

40 GOTO 10

Even if you do flow like the Mississippi River in springtime and get on with Uncle Earl and everyone else you meet like a house on fire—feeling in sync with life itself even over long periods of time—you will still need a conduit to connect to others, and you will definitely want to do that. For a Single Cell like you or me to spend time living close to the current of Transduality is a beautiful thing. But it is like a single neuron firing off in the brain. As wonderful as such a solitary explosion may be, you'll soon enough want to connect with other Single Cells. Why?

Maybe because you can't stay silent in the face of war, ecocide or run-amok disparity. In Diagnosis we saw how we are faced with societal issues which—beyond being abhorrent in their own right—carry the potential to short circuit the whole human experiment. While working on your Single Cell will do more good than liking a million well-meaning posts on Facebook ever will, Single Cells dipping into the current of Transduality without connecting with other cells won't suffice here. These issues can only be solved or dissolved if we manage to collectively create a new matrix based on Transduality—and we won't be able to do that unless we connect.

To help others. Maybe a loved one who feels under pressure from believing duality is fundamental. As the song goes: It's the terror of knowing what this life is about, watching some good friends screaming, let me out!

Or to help yourself. If you can't connect with others about what you find to be a most central tenet of life—you will be lonely on that essential level of being, and lonely is an eyesore. As a Single Cell you will improve your social score. People like to be seen. They like to be asked more interesting questions. They like to be given the space to be themselves more fully. But if you're not mutually agreeing to create a cell, it will be one way traffic—and you will reach a dead end.

In the late 90's I watched a televised philosophy lecture. A Zimbabwean professor pointed out how Descartes' Cogito, ergo sum, was a pillar of European philosophy: I think, therefore I am. He illustrated this philosophy by drawing several separate squares on the blackboard, representing different people. He then proceeded to erase those squares, drawing overlapping circles in their place. In African philosophies such as ubuntu, he said, the main pillar isn't: 'I think therefore I am,' but rather: 'I relate, therefore I am.' If a circle doesn't overlap, it was claimed, it was like a living dead. Ubuntu translates to I am because you are. We find the same concept in the Buddhist notion of dependent arising. It's true for Transduality too. To make it come truly alive we need to overlap on that level with others.

How do we do that? The next chapter is called Double Cell.



DOUBLE CELL

All you need is love

– John Lennon

In the previous chapter I likened the Single Cell experience to a new vast and brightly lit floor in the edifice of your life. However, there is a door in that room that leads to a vaster and even more illuminated floor. Welcome to the first booster shot—the Double Cell job. A Double Cell is simply you and another person recognizing each other as individual yet not fundamentally separate manifestations of the one and only infinite moment—this one.

You can ask the other person to read this text, or you can convey its essence—that separation doesn't appear to be fundamental—to him or her in your own words and ways. Simply ask them if they want to explore what this means together. Set aside time for celldates where you explore this possibility with a fellow human being. For ten minutes, an hour, a day or a night—commit to a declaration of dependence.

Can you feel how it would make a world of difference meeting another person as two fundamentally separate beings, compared to meeting that person as two manifestations of the same thing? Exchange notes with your cellmate on how duality has conditioned you as individuals. How does it affect the relationship between the two of you right now—whether you are already BFFs looking to deepen your relationship, or two strangers looking for a deeper connection than duality can provide? How does it affect your relationships to others beyond your Double Cell—like parents, kids, friends and colleagues? And how does it affect the current world you both live in?

Beyond navigating the past and present using upgraded maps provided by Transduality—you have now set sails into the unknown. This unknown isn't like the unexplored waters that the Pacific Islanders traversed on their way to discover Hawaii. Although previously unmapped—both the ocean and the destination of that voyage already existed long before humans arrived on the scene. By becoming a Double Cell, agreeing to build your relation on a cornerstone of Transduality, you are not just explorers of a world waiting to be discovered—you are also co-creators of that brand-new world.

There are two levels to the cells. The first is the magical and mystical experiences of recognizing yourself—and in Double and Poly Cells, your cellmates—

as perfect manifestations of the only infinite and timeless moment there is, which is this moment. The old rules don't apply here.

The second level is that the cells also transform the matrix of duality. When you return from experiencing oneness, whether alone in your Single Cell—or together in a Double or Poly Cell—you will subtly transform the education, culture, laws, and rules of engagement of the shared world you return to—so that over time that matrix will align closer to Transduality.

The key to a functioning Double Cell is that both parties must bring fresh wood to the fire. If it's just you talking about Transduality to another person—that isn't a Double Cell. It doesn't matter if the other person agrees with what you're saying or claims to like it. It's not difficult to find fresh wood. There's literally an infinite supply of low-hanging fruit just waiting to get picked. If your supposed cellmate isn't contributing—they may temporarily be too stuck in the matrix of duality to be ready for a Double Cell. No worries. You can still be the best of friends—twin flames even—you just aren't cellmates.

We share the same physical brain as people who lived in the stone age. Our current cerebral hardware was fully formed 35,000 -100,000 years ago. We cannot upgrade this hardware by, let's say, add a new gyri to our frontal cortex. Not yet anyway. But we can upgrade the software. New software is created when the nerve cells in our brains—the neurons—communicate with each other. The neurons exchange and sync information by sending electrical signals according to new experiences. When these experiences are repeated—causing specific neurons to fire repeatedly—pathways between them are created. As they say in brain science: Neurons that fire together wire together. This is exactly what we will replicate in order to create a new matrix of Transduality. We need for different Single Cells—people like

you and me—to tune into Transduality repeatedly and to connect the dots. In this way we can create new pathways within ourselves and within the hivemind of humanity. Voilà—new software at our disposal!

This intrinsic ability of the brain to adapt, change, and reorganize at molecular and structural levels—is called neuroplasticity. I would love for someone to track changes in the brain of people participating in Double Cells. My last relationship ended almost five years ago. She mused the concept of cells I'm currently sharing with you from out of me. Alas—at the time we were both too broken to maintain a functioning relationship, so it ended before it began. She was a brain scientist specializing in neuroplasticity. Shit! If you read this, you can call me anything you like, just call me.

In Y2K I participated in a Double Cell without even knowing it. After spending a month on the beautiful island of Zanzibar—I made my way down through East Africa before finally winding up on the South African coast.

Chintsa is a place to behold—situated along a mile long stretch of beach with dunes rising up to a hundred feet behind it. Dolphins practice sunset somersaults in the surf. A lagoon fed by the Chintsa river is separated from the Indian ocean only by a sliver of beach. Chintsa means “river of crumbling banks” in the Xhosa language—and that's exactly what happens once every full moon. A slit of the beach bank crumbles and allows for the lagoon to flow all the way into the ocean. A beach lodge lies nested in the green hills surrounding this lagoon. I spent some months at this lodge—receiving free food and bar in return for helping guests have a good time, thus prolonging their stays and hopefully having them sign up for the activities on offer—like the surf school or three-day treks through the Transkei region of South Africa.

Dan Lieberman was six years my senior, and he lived just up the road from the hostel. Turned out him and I had thought many of the same thoughts—thoughts I would now call transdual—although I didn't possess the language for it at the time. We instantly became best buddies, unfortunately for life. Unfortunately—because he died in a car accident six months later—on his 33rd birthday.

I didn't call it a Double Cell at the time. It was just a friendship between two avid seekers of truth. Looking back, however, it was indeed a Double Cell—and my friendship with Dan super charged me into living close to the current of Transduality for months on end. This text is dedicated to his memory.

You can start up a Double Cell with any other Single Cell who wants to connect and explore a reality where separation isn't regarded as fundamental. It could be a friend—or it could be some random stranger you meet online or irl who shares your interest in moving beyond the duality OS. While a Double Cell between friends or strangers can be a powerful accelerator in its own right—like the one I shared with my cellmate Dan—sharing a Double Cell with your significant other is by far the most potent constellation. So much so that I often think of the Double Cell as the Couple Cell.

My favorite Wi-Fi name hails from an Airbnb I stayed at in Copenhagen. It was called MartinRouterKing, and the password was IHaveAStream. In 2004 I had a dream of my own—one that was special for two very different reasons. Firstly, because it was the first time I dreamed in Portuguese—a language I was learning at the time. The second reason was the more important one.

Back then, I had been a dedicated seeker for four years. Being a seeker is frustrating AF. Sometimes I would feel so close to “getting it”, but it always slipped away from me like the proverbial word on the tip of your tongue. In the dream I was

standing on the African savanna. Far off in the distance—a lion was approaching. The dream narrative told me in the most convincing of ways that this lion would finally convey to me the ultimate truth I had been looking for—and it would do so in a way that was non-ambiguous, crystal clear and permanent.

As the lion came closer, I wondered how exactly it would show me the ultimate truth. It also struck me that it might just do what lions normally do to potential sources of protein—especially if they are hungry. I didn't waver though, as the dream narrative reassured me to fully trust its message. Finally, the lion stopped a few feet away from me. It started to speak in flawless Portuguese: *O amor é a chave de tudo*. Love is the key to everything. Then I woke up.

At first, I felt a mixture of bewilder- and disappointment. I had felt so sure I would finally find what I had been looking for, but frankly the message sounded more like a boy band hit song than ultimate truth. It's only now, 20 years later, I'm beginning to realize that the lion indeed was king.

Sure, you can buy yourself flowers and have a great time without a significant other. But you've been in love and let's be honest—it trumps anything we can conjure up on our own. Like, what is this shit? You feel alive. Music sounds better. Food tastes better. Your eyesight improves too. You notice beauty in places you had forgotten or never seen it in the first place. Not to mention how kissing or making love to the one and only other is a very different Filet-o-Fish to an In'N'Out one-night stand—no matter how tasty the latter may be. Your room at Hotel Existence has been upgraded. I'm not trying to shame single folk here. I'm currently coming up on five years as a single guy myself. There are many good reasons to stay single. At least as many as the number of your exes.

Because you've also had your heart broken. Multiple times. My first heartbreak happened when I was in pre-school. I was head over heels in a classmate. The last day before summer vacay we finally moved on from shy smiles and stuttered words to having our first real conversation. It went great. In fact, it went so well that I broke a promise I had pledged to myself: To never tell my older sisters about her. Huge mistake. My natural and healthy infatuation was mocked to shreds, verbally and physically—including an NDE-inducing tickling session. I wonder how much psychological damage they inflicted on me that day. I should probably sue them for fucking up all my later relationships.

This burgeoning relationship fucked up all by itself. Come August I counted the days for school to start. However, during summer my love interest's family had suddenly upped sticks and moved to the other side of town. Pre-internet that meant she might as well have moved to Mars. There are pieces of my heart that has been M.I.A. ever since. If you read this, you can call me anything you like, just call me.

The first cut may be the deepest, but the self-harm continues. And every time, a couple in love feel confident the laws of love entropy don't apply to them. This time it will last forever! Isn't it obvious? It is to you of course—as your brain has just released a chemical cocktail producing the cocky and unshakeable self-belief of a coke addict—with similar little to no substance to back it up.

Let's say the current iteration of Homo sapiens has remained unchanged for at least some ten thousand years. That's a lot of people who have fallen in love. For most of us, multiple times over.

Birthe, Linn D, Trine, Helene, Ann Louise, Hege, Anne Marie, Liné, Natalia (my baby mama), Ziva, Linn W, Mei, Vilde. I've been in relationships with these 13 women. I've loved and I've lost by a score of 0-13. What's your tally? I wasn't broken

up with 13 times—but when love ends, each side is a loser so who cares who fired the gun. Some of those relationships were short-lived, others lasted for many years—but every single time I believed it was forever. It wasn't. No regrets though. To love and be loved is never wrong, unless your chosen partner in love crime is violent or a psycho, of course.

This poem was written by Vyacheslav Kupriyanov and published in the then Soviet Union in 1982.

*Into my own face
I have carved the faces
of everyone I have ever loved
Who is now to say
that I am not beautiful*

We moderns of course imagine that love was invented in the 1960's or something like that—but every living person ever has fallen in love. And falling in love is not a social construct. Just ask the pre-school old me. Or my nephew who wrote a love letter to a girl in his class at the same age. Before making its way across the classroom to the intended recipient, the letter was intercepted en route and passed around for all to read. One by one his classmates started mocking him. Luckily this young tyro wasn't having it. He climbed on top of his desk and proudly announced: "Yes, I'm in love with her, and I'm not ashamed of it either!" Bless his heart.

Alas, our dreams of unconditional love nearly always end prematurely. Sometimes you fuck up the relationship—sometimes the other half of the equation

do—but in the end someone or something will. And yet, the glaringly low success rate of people who have thread the path of love before us doesn't stop of us fools from rushing in—every time convinced that this time, this time it's different.

Maybe we are hardwired into this unfounded cockiness. After all, as a human being you are already the winner of another impossible race. Every single one of us are direct descendants of a sperm who beat millions of competitors to make first impact on planet Egg in our mother's womb. Luck and skill must be abundant in every human's genetic make-up. Luck, because if you get a bad starting position from the cumshot, it's hard to make it all the way to the front—just like in Formula 1. But skill too, because even if you did get shot out in pole position, you still had to fend off some very fierce opposition to win the race.

With every heartbreak our chances of winning the race to unconditional love diminishes. Whatever elevated feelings we experience when coupling, we feel the negative mirroring of when decoupling. The deeper the love—the more crushing the heartbreak. Upon repetition these heartbreaks will reduce our willingness to go all in in future relationships. Maybe not consciously. But your body and brain have their own memory—and they don't want to ever again feel like they did when your heart broke. So, we start bargaining with love. Which of course is already the seed of the next breakup. I also find that my motivation for learning the landscape that comes with a potential partner is dwindling with every new attempt at coupling. Not to mention scrolling out the maps of my own life all over again. It gets tiring listening to the echoes of my own voice repeating the story of my life—forever stuck in Groundhog Day.

Even if we successfully convince body and brain to give a new relationship another wholehearted go, we are doomed. Just like Diagnosis showed how war,

ecocide, and extreme disparity are inherent features of duality in the public sphere—broken dreams of unconditional love are the same in the private realm. There can be no such thing as unconditional love in duality. Our love is already conditioned by our misplaced belief in separation as fundamental—even between lovers.

To love and be loved is a transdual connection. Out of the blue we're being gifted the most delicious cake we ever tasted. But in duality we keep eating that cake piece by piece until there is nothing left. We need to realize the transdual recipe of love, so we can replenish again and again and add even more delicious ingredients.

But we don't realize that. Instead, the ingredient called time will tear love apart. Again. Love succumbs to the gravity of duality. If you're lucky you will retain a modicum of respect for each other throughout the time you stick together, but mutual resentment is just as common. You resent that you didn't become who you dreamed of—and the most obvious obstacle lies behind a Berlin wall back over there on the other fringe of your shared bed. You resent that the feelings you shared withered. You even start to resent those feelings—as they are a reminder that you don't feel like that anymore.

The only way to escape this spiral of love death is to recognize the transdual nature of your connection. From there you can explore further, together. In romantic movies we usually follow two lovebirds from before they meet, through various obstacles—including a point of no return where all hope seems dead—until they finally come together or put rings on it. We rarely get to see two people falling in love and realizing that becoming a couple is the end of the beginning, not the beginning of the end.

If we manage to develop a new matrix of Transduality, that matrix will protect and support the Couple Cells as the beating hearts of the Transduality (R)evolution.

Not like today, when couplehood is treated as an inconvenience. To our careers and to our self-realization.

Imagine being surrounded by a society cherishing the sanctitude of your relationship. Not by friends pushing you into the abyss—gleefully taking turns buying another round of shots for you and your super attractive and newly separated colleague at your after-work drinks or a similar high-risk occasion. Or the friends of your partner doing the same thing on his or her night out.

I was mostly out of the dating loop from 2000-2016. Coming from out of that time machine a few technological changes had tilted the scene—and not in the favor of love. Dating apps didn't exist when I entered that time machine. Personal ads used to be more for the near-Incel and widower crowd. I guess Tinder makes us feel powerful in a swiping off-with-their-head kind of way, but it's the worst invention since sliced bread. I happen to love cutting my own loaf, thank you. Besides, I look shit in photos. One of my eyes is always half-shut, something happened when I was a kid.

However, two years ago—on my way to visit Oaxaca, Mexico—I decided to download Tinder. I had two weeks to spend in Mexico City before heading for the Pacific coast. I didn't know a soul in the city, so I figured the app might be a useful way to get to know people. I soon had two matches. Weirdly enough—both were Japanese Mexicans. They must have a thing for men with one eye half-shut or something. One of them listed her main fields of interest as AI, esoteric philosophy and atmospheric drum&bass. She had my fullest attention. But then disaster struck. Before I could interact with her—I was thrown off the app.

I had scribbled down a short bio, uploaded some generic profile pics, swiped a few lefts and rights and that was it. Nothing that could possibly warrant a ban. After a few rounds of getting nowhere with the Kafkaesque customer service, I accepted my

faith—figuring the universe was probably saving me from a bad decision. I can be a smart cat—but I can also be the dumbest dog. It took me longer than I care to admit before I realized why I had been kicked out. In the bio I had typed: Here to kickstart a worldwide spiritual revolution. I guess the last word of that sentence is now a no-no in the country that gave us “Viva la revolución”. To my lost Tinder-match: If you read this, you can call me anything you like, just blow me some smoke signals.

Contrary to dating apps such as Tinder, Transduality carries the potential to perform some sorely needed CPR and mouth-to-mouth on the diminishing dream of unconditional love. My record of 0-13 in the game of love hardly qualifies me as an expert, but realizing the transdual nature of your love connection just might do the business. However, you’ll still need to connect on other levels too. Sharing a thirst for Transduality alone won’t lead to happily ever after.

When staying in Dharamsala I used to visit a bookshop run by a super cool Tibetan family. The shop always had the best titles for someone like me—interested in the philosophy of Dzogchen. One day while scouting for such titles one of the family’s sisters asked me about my interest in Dzogchen—as she too was a fan.

This woman was beyond stunning, around my age—and evidently had a kick ass family and a great job. She too had my full attention. After an interesting exchange we fell silent together in a good way. I was getting ready to ask if she wanted to meet up after work. Isn’t it great when life just falls your way and everything clicks? However, the silence unveiled the white noise of a Bon Jovi track playing on the store stereo. “Do you like them?” she asked me. “Maybe not my favorite type of music,” I replied, “but the lead seems like a stand-up dude, so all the best to them.” “Yes, I know,” she said. “The music maybe isn’t the greatest. But the lyrics—surely you must agree they are the best in the world!” I tried to Switzerland my

way out of the topic, but she remained adamant. I considered my options and decided not to ask her out anyway.

Probably a mistake. I may have walked away from one of the most promising connections of my life because she liked Bon Jovi? Shit! If you read this, you can call me anything you like, just call me. And who knows? Maybe his lyrics really are amazing—I just haven't been paying attention? But not really, though? *Tommy used to work at the docks and I'm a cowboy - on a steel horse I ride*? Even if their lyrics are unamazing—surely I could have faked it or invested in some decent earplugs until she moved on from her phase. But to be replaced by who next exactly? Nickelback? I just couldn't. I guess I give love a bad name.

Beyond showing for all and sundry what a tool I am and what a bad call I made—the point stands. Just because you connect with someone on the level of Transduality doesn't mean you can bypass connection on other levels. But if the overall chemistry is there—adding a pinch of Transduality may just be the fuel the relationship needs to fire up the unconditional love rocket.

Some fuel or other is needed. Even the couples that do stay together—often do so more out of habit, practical reasons, or fear of solitude. I sometimes ask people how many established couples they know of who live up to something at least vaguely resembling their ideas of unconditional love. Silence usually ensues. The very few exceptions have been Italians I've met on my travels who immediately nominate their grandparents, their nonno and nonna. This is the direct reason I'm off to Palermo in the spring months of 2025. I've never spent much time in Italy—and I want to see first-hand if the locals are on to something. Palermo, be warned: Lock up your nonnas!

The jewel in the couple crown is the making of love—so let's talk about sex, baby. Again, in the same vein as I'm a 13 times certified clown in the circus of love, I'm no oracle in the ways of lovemaking. What I *have* gathered is that the key to good sex and orgasms is to make each other feel as relaxed as possible. As often as not I have not been able to relax enough myself or to make my partner feel sufficiently relaxed to be considered a good lover—but here's my two cents on the topic anyway.

A wonderful ex of mine invested many moneys in an online course in tantric sex. We tried. I wanted to. But when the nasal voice of the tutorial told me to: "Thrust into your woman six times", I just couldn't—I wasn't going to count. I've never been loved more beautifully than by this woman, but in the end that relationship faded out too, this time fully down to my own stupidity and too much bad medicine. Maybe it would have lasted longer if I hadn't been so negative to that tutorial? I may even have missed out on a lifetime of exquisite tantric sex too. Shit! If you read this, you can call me anything you like, just call me.

Even for less stupid people than myself—it's hard to avoid sex becoming routine-like. You may vaguely remember a time when you fucked in weird places, but you don't really do that kind of thing anymore. Or you fucked in an unweird place, but you felt so insanely connected you both broke into laughter at how good it felt—and you took it for granted that it would feel like that forever. Spoiler alert, and the people living those first six months of love should maybe look away now—it won't. Or maybe those are the exact couples that shouldn't look away. Especially after the kids start popping out, maintaining a vigorous sex life becomes a challenge. Sexy time is a scarce commodity for parents of toddlers and when you do get your hands on it, sleep can be a more enticing activity than erotic shenanigans.

As it stands sex has become more like a sport. Nothing morally wrong with that. It's more fun than jogging and less damaging for the knees. Maybe we should just give up on romantic love and lovemaking—and just do it as they do on the Discovery Channel, swing it like they do it in the burbs, or go full on Berlin nightclubs?

But I'm afraid this robs us of the deeper potential of lovemaking. I don't know, I'm speculating. How do you think your own sex life would play out in a Couple Cell where you and your partner mutually recognized each other as manifestations of this infinite moment? The image at the start of this chapter is one of the main symbols of Dzogchen. Couple Cell lovemaking needn't be as spiritually starry-eyed as that image. Sometimes you just want to fuck the bejeezus out of each other—but I do think making love on a bed of Transduality can expand on the joys of sex. And not only for couples. After all, we need to make love even if we aren't ready for coupling.

My own experiences with sex have sometimes been amazing, sometimes mediocre, and sometimes arms and legs flailing in drunken stupor.

I have however had a few experiences pointing to the deeper potential of lovemaking. The first was with a woman I met on my second visit to Chintsa—two years after the death of my soul- and cellmate Dan. I travelled there directly from my stay in India—after the encounter with the puking Dzogchen master on the bus. Besides getting caught red-handed by the Dalai Lama while stealing candy from a kid, I had spent most of my time in India studying razor sharp logic and philosophy till my brain felt fried. This woman came from the opposite side of the yin-yang taijitu. She was a queen of everything to do with the senses, like touch, scent, and sound.

By one of those weird synchronicities that seem to manifest more often the closer you flow to the current of Transduality—she was now the occupant of the very

same house my cellmate Dan used to live in. Our connection was immediate and catapulted us both into the current of Transduality. The connection also translated into amazing sex. After an especially satisfying session, I was ready to climax. The intensity of the orgasm was off the chart, and then something very odd happened. Instead of the usual feeling of crest crashing onto shore or tide slowly pulling from out of it—this climax didn't wane off at all. Like a static wave it just went on and on.

True to her hippie witch nature—my queen had lit an incense stick before our lovemaking. I remember casting a glance at this stick before surrendering to the ecstatic flow. The stick had burned halfway down. When I finally returned to this dimension it had burnt all the way down. We later did an experiment with a similar kind of incense stick—and it showed we had been climaxing for a good twenty minutes.

St. Jude, the patron saint of lost causes, quickly crashed and burned our relationship. Our connection was all current and precious little conduit—so we didn't stand much of a chance against the maelstrom of the duality matrix vortex. My broken heart broke further asunder when she asked me if our breakup meant that the songs didn't come true. Even though the split was an inevitable nightmare, I'm thankful to have dreamed that dream with her. I've never experienced anything like it ever since. There has been good sex and fantastic sex, but nothing to compare. Shit! If you read, this you can call me anything you like, just call me.

Another taste of the unmined potential of sexual connection occurred with a psychologist residing in Geneva, Switzerland. We had met at a conference in Holland. Nothing physical happened between us there, but we remained in touch over phone and video calls. With time, a sexual spark was ignited and things turned positively weird. At first, we could feel each other's touch when connected by phone,

video or chat. And I'm talking sensations that felt as real as physical touch. I think this is kind of common. Later, we experienced the same thing with no external means of communication at all. Repeatedly we shared the timeframes of when and how we had felt the sensations—and repeatedly they checked out.

Transduality might mistakenly be placed in the mysticism department of your local bookstore, but there's really nothing mystical about it. No water turning into wine or splitting of the Red Sea is involved—just the down to earth observation that separation doesn't appear to be fundamental. But this was full on paranormal activity which neither of us could explain rationally. As luck would have it, I was going to meet the world's foremost researcher on paranormal phenomena later that year.

Rupert Sheldrake applies the scientific method to investigate topics such as whether people are right when they say they can sense people staring at them—or whether it's true when people claim to know who is calling them before answering or watching the phone display. His theory on fields of morphic resonance claims to account for such telepathic interconnections between organisms. The idea is that habits are stored in morphogenetic fields. Every individual both draws upon and contributes to the collective memory of the species.

His theories have been widely criticized by other scientists, but I at least find it a useful metaphor for the matrix of duality. Our habits are stored in that matrix or field. The duality field shapes us and our habits—which again reinforces the field. As the duality field not only shapes us but is also itself shaped by us and our habits, we can exert change to the field by changing our habits. Like the habit of thinking of ourselves as fundamentally separate from the rest of this infinite moment.

I've had a few of my books published in my native language, Norwegian. My wonderful publisher—Flux—also publishes Sheldrake's works in Norway. As he was

now going to give a talk in Oslo, Flux generously offered to fly me over so I could attend the talk and a dinner they would host for Sheldrake on the night prior.

When visiting Oslo I usually stayed at a friend's house, but as she was out of town, I decided to book a room at a newly opened hotel instead. Descending the flight of stairs from my room on the first floor towards the reception, I heard someone speaking in English. It was Mr. Sheldrake himself conversing with a Flux representative. I introduced myself and we laughed at the coincidence of my having booked the same hotel as Flux had booked for Mr. Study Coincidences—before strolling the 15-minute walk to the dinner together.

Rupert Sheldrake was a delightful dinner guest. A scholar and a gentleman in every way—sharing anecdotes served with the kind of wit only the British can dish out. I also understood why many representatives of the mainstream scientific community seem to save their most acidic vitriol for him. His critics claim he is misrepresenting science—while he claims it is them who have lost sight of scientific ideals. However, their criticism seems to go beyond scholarly debate. They hate him. Much more so than other scientists who go against the mainstream narrative. I now realized why. He is just like them. Or, he is more like them than they are themselves. Not only has he held elevated positions at Oxford and Cambridge—he even looks like the original professor. And he talks it too, both in his mastery of fluent academic and his very Oxford English accent.

Since we shared the same hotel, I accompanied him back at the end of the dinner. I took the opportunity to ask him about more personal experiences. Like whether his theories of morphic resonance could provide a meaningful explanation to the physical nature of my long-distance connection with the woman in Switzerland.

Interestingly, he said that out of the 12,000 accounts he had received from people reporting paranormal phenomena, around 2,000 were related to erotic experiences. He continued to say that the flipside to those experiences is that when you are so entangled that you can experience things like long-distance physical connection—you can also sense when your twin flame isn't tuned in to your shared frequency. Or worse—is tuned into someone else.

Which unfortunately already answered my intended follow-up question. A few months prior I had visited my astral lover in Geneva. It was the summer when the Higgs boson was discovered at the Large Hadron Collider just outside that city. Or the Large Hardon Collider, as I re-named it when I found out that the terrible sensations I had felt the night before my flight to her, had not been without merit. I wasn't the only lover of my astral lover. That discovery certainly sucked the energy out of our connection and the mass out of my admittedly not that large hard-on at the speed of light squared.

Back to Sheldrake. Our little walk and talk was coming to an end as we approached our hotel. As we passed the reception area and ascended the flight of stairs to the first of the hotel's several floors—we revisited the fact that there are many hotels in Oslo, and we had ended up at the same one. There were mitigating factors increasing the chances of our happenchance, but it still qualified as a quirky coincidence. At some point while walking along the long corridor the whole thing threatened to turn awkward. Was he following me to my room? Did he think I was following him to his? All these questions were answered when we finally reached our abodes for the night. Turned out we not only coincidentally shared the same hotel—we had also been given adjacent rooms. I asked him if this kind of thing happened to

him all the time, maybe as a weird side-effect to his research matter, but apparently it didn't. "No, I think that's you, Odd," he said with a smile.

I've never been a huge paranormal buff. Not that I don't believe in weird stuff. More that we can't know for sure. Measuring it seems like trying to measure the transition from particle to wave in the double-slit experiment of physics. It is what it is. But if I ever meet Mr. Shel Drake again, I will add to his archive of paranormal reports by telling him a story from my father's death bed, the summer before last. My old man was hallucinating—seeing movie-like scenes on the wall and in the ceiling. During one of these screenings, he asked me enthusiastically: "Can you see the little girls? They're walking with my mother, Jenny!" "I wish I could, father, but no." I deduced that it was the palliative drugs talking. "Can you see the beautiful grandfather clock?" he continued—pointing at a naked wall, but in a pang of disappointed clarity he answered his own question. "No, I guess not. I know I'm the only one who can see the movies."

Out of curiosity I first checked to see if there were any clocks in the room. There wasn't. Not that he would have been able to decipher it if there had been one anyway—he had been delirious for days. Then I asked him. "That clock in your movie. What time does it tell?" Right off the bat he answered: "It's exactly five to six." I took my cell out of pocket and sure enough: 17:55. Go figure.

I would also share with him the story of a Mexican woman I met in my hometown of Bergen, Norway. In a reverse of my whale safari in Oaxaca, Mexico, this woman was visiting Norway to swim with orcas. I met her randomly at a café. We chatted for only half an hour or so before I had to head home—but it was no chit chat. A few weeks later I'm sitting at home with my roommate, when I receive a message from the Mexican woman. She asks me how to write "the lucky one" in

Norwegian. I had called her that during our chat. I replied “den heldige”. A week later I’m again sat with my roommate, and again the Mexican sends me a message. It was a photo. She had tattooed the Norwegian translation of “the lucky one” on the inside of her forearm. The crazy thing is that completely unbeknownst to my Mexican friend my roommate who was sitting by my side has “No luck” tattooed in English in the same font and size at the very same spot of her own opposite forearm. Go figure some more.

Speaking of synchronicities; In the fall of 2024, I travelled to Barcelona to wrap up the text you are currently reading. I had booked a small Airbnb studio in the garden of a mansion perched on a mountain overlooking that magnificent city. The location allowed me to be close to the city, while simultaneously far enough away not to get too distracted from the mission of my trip—to work on this text.

I was strolling through the garden, pondering my increasing realization that the Couple Cell was by far the most potent of Transduality cells—the nuclear bomb of cells if you will—when I first met the lady of the manor, the owner of the mansion. When I said I was a writer she asked me what I wrote about. I gave a short answer, preparing myself for the kind of explanatory gymnastics that usually follows, but there was no need. “Really? I’m very interested in that topic too,” she said. After an interesting exchange she mentioned that her son was getting married in a month, and they planned to have a ceremony at the mansion. Her son and his bride-to-be had been in touch with representatives of the church and other spiritual communities, but they hadn’t vibed with any of them. Would I consider saying some words at the wedding ceremony? I initially declined, but she asked me to consider it.

I was intrigued though. I had been pondering the immense importance of the Couple Cell when I met this woman, and a few minutes later I was asked to talk at a

wedding? Hello simulation, could you make things a little less obvious—add some more subtlety, please?

A few days later I received an email from her son—the groom-to-be. He shared his mother's interest in my branch of philosophy and told me his favorite book was *On Having No Head*, by Douglas Harding—a classic in the field. Off the top of my head, I wrote him a sample of what I would be able to contribute. He liked it. Soon after, I had a video call with him and the future bride. They were both the sweetest, most sincere and intelligent people, and we agreed to go ahead.

On the morning of the ceremony, I woke up to thunder and lightning. And to this quote by Austrian poet Rainer Maria Rilke on my Facebook feed: For one human being to love another; that is perhaps the most difficult of all our tasks, the ultimate, the last test and proof, the work for which all other work is but preparation.

This is the kind of love I hope Transduality can help save. Or conceive. You'll still have to decide on what to have for dinner. Someone still has to make that dinner, and someone still has to clean up after it. The cap still has to be put back on the toothpaste. All those things will remain the same even in a Couple Cell. But the shared knowledge that connection—not separation—is fundamental should vastly improve on the chances of keeping the flame alive. In turn, I hope the couples united in such love can save our world. Shining like beacons, illuminating not only their own world, but shedding light on the rest of us as well, showing us the way to transcend duality with all its negative side-effects.

The ceremony was beyond beautiful. It was held in the pièce de résistance of the mansion—the library. The place was packed with about a hundred guests, including the groom's parents—the lady and lord of the manor. We had a few dinners together during my stay, so I got to know them a little. Truly extraordinary people the

pair of them, and if someone asked me the previously mentioned question of naming a couple who comes close to ideals about love—they would probably be my best answer. It was impossible not to shed a tear as the bride and groom exchanged their vows. Here's the speech I gave:

First—I would like to express a heartfelt gratitude for being invited to take part in this sacred occasion. The generosity of spirit at display in this family has blown me away, and I'm truly honored. My name is Odd and I'm an author of books on Transduality. What is Transduality? Let me take a moment to explain. In fact—let me take this very moment that we all share here and now to explain.

Looking outwards—notice how this moment doesn't end at the beautifully decorated walls of this library. Nor does it end at the marvelous city just down the hill behind these walls—or at the sea or the horizon beyond that city. This moment doesn't end at the border or at the outer reaches of the atmosphere either. It doesn't even end at the end of the universe—whatever that may mean. Wherever we can and cannot go, it's the same moment—this one.

Looking inwards—this moment doesn't end at the perimeter of our skin. And it doesn't end at the gateway to your brain—nor at the door to your heart.

Having looked at space and seen how this moment transcends and includes all of it—including all of us—we can now check the time. It turns out the time is always now. We are of course used to chopping this moment into several separate mini moments. Tick tock goes the clock. Seconds, minutes, months, millennia. Yet, those are all inventions that we have come up with. In reality they are nowhere to be found. It's not like this moment gets replaced by another moment every second, at the stroke of midnight, or on New Year's Eve. Past, present and future are all variations on the same eternal moment—this moment.

What does this mean? It seems to me that it means we are more like waves on the same ocean of oneness. We are connected to this infinite and timeless moment through our breath. It may not be for nothing that it is called spirituality, derived from the Latin word for breath—spiritus. We are like leaves on the same tree of life, and breath is the branch that connects us. This is what I call transduality.

And yet, since before we can speak, we are taught that we are fundamentally separate beings—headquarters placed somewhere behind the eyes. Cut off creatures doing our best to survive in an alien world out there. This is the concept of duality, and our world is built upon this assumption.

This assumption breeds conflict and even war. Everything out there that is now deemed to be fundamentally separate from us, now poses an existential threat to us here on the inside. We counter this threat by teaming up with others according to shared relations, nationality, religion—and we fight for our lives.

The duality religion not only makes us fight each other; it also makes us declare war on nature. Although we may revel in watching a sunset from a mountain top, nature too is ultimately seen as an alien existential threat to us here on the inside—and we treat it accordingly.

Finally—and most relevant to this occasion—duality robs us of the dream we all carry of unconditional love. The unconditional love we all yearn for, becomes conditioned by our assumption that separation is fundamental—even between partners in love.

So how do we move from our current world, which is based on separation as fundamental, to one based on connection as fundamental? I have come to believe that couples in love, may be our best hope in making such a transition. This is the

heart of a project I've worked on for many years and that I came here to Barcelona to finish.

My project is about how transcending beyond duality—to Transduality—we can restore the sacredness of unconditional love. And that couples united in unconditional love in turn may save our ailing world from the numerous threats it is facing, from war to ecocide to the emotional wasteland caused by lack of connection. So, to the bride and groom... No pressure!

May this beautiful couple build their house of love on a cornerstone of connection as fundamental—not separation, and may their marriage be blessed with unconditional love. That doesn't mean a love without conflict and disagreements. It means that those conflicts will be met from the shared knowledge that separation isn't fundamental—connection is. Love is.



Jean-Pierre Dalbéra, CC

POLY CELL

Me, I am a part of your circle of friends.

– Edie Brickell

The idea of spreading Transduality through Single, Double, and Poly Cells was conceived during the recent COVID pandemic. I like to think of Transduality as a benevolent virus of the mind—so let's see if we can learn something from the success the coronavirus enjoyed in disseminating itself. One of the things I learned from the pandemic is that there are three key factors that decides whether a virus will spread successfully or not.

The first factor is the R-number. R stands for reproduction and is the number of people that one infected person will pass a virus on to—on average. The R

number determines how contagious a virus is, and this number must be above one (>1) if a virus outbreak is to keep growing. If we are to successfully spread

Transduality we should therefore aim to keep the R number as high as possible.

There are two main paths to achieve this. The most obvious path is to start up and to join as many Double and Poly Cells as possible. That's the quantity path.

The other path is about quality. On this path the goal isn't to join as many cells as possible—but to help the cells you do join connect as deeply as possible. If successful, chances are that such a cell will inspire people around you to join up, and that you and your cellmates will go on to create further cells, bringing the success-formula with you. A happy cell splits and spawns more happy cells.

The second factor that defines the seriousness of a virus—is its severity. With COVID that means how ill you become from the infection. The Double Cell—especially of the Couple variety—causes the most serious infection of the Transduality virus. If death is the most severe outcome of a coronavirus infection, unconditional love is the Transduality equivalent. However, most of us only have one significant other, so the Couple Cell is not going to be very effective in driving up the R number.

Prominent late theologian Paul Tillich's take on the historical epoch known as The Renaissance is very interesting. This epoch played out from the 14th to the 17th century, and its influence shapes nearly all facets of the world we live in today. The interesting part is that according to Tillich this movement only had one thousand active contributors. Imagine what a difference it would make if a thousand people tuned deeply in to Transduality cells.

The Transduality (R)evolution isn't a numbers game, nor is it a game of hide the salami. Now you see it—now you don't. We will never be able to count how many

Transdualists there are in the world in the way you can count Christians or Muslims. As explained in the Single Cell chapter of this text, duality and Transduality will always be a fluid dichotomy in any individual. The transition from a duality OS to its Transduality upgrade is more like a wave and less like particles, both in individuals and collectively. It's more of a quantum spirituality.

Yet, the third and final important parameter that determines the success of a virus to spread is all about numbers—namely the number of cases. A small outbreak is easier to contain. If you have already reached a high number of cases, the chances the virus has of spreading further increases manifold. This is where the Poly Cell—the second booster shot of the Transduality treatment—plays a pivotal role. So, what is a Poly Cell?

A Poly Cell is just like a Couple Cell—only for polyamorous couples. Nah, I'm just kidding. I have no faith whatsoever in the polyamory gospel. There's of course nothing morally wrong with consenting adults swinging on the polyamory carousel, but it also has precious little to do with the love that makes the world go around. At best it's a diluted version of the real deal—at worst it's causing self-inflicted emotional trauma on some or all involved parties, harming their ability to experience the real deal in the future.

I experimented with polyamory's gateway drug—threesomes—for one year in my 20s. I pulled out after seeing how the equation never added up. There seemed to always be at least one party ending up hurt. The last time I was invited to a threesome I declined by saying that if I wanted to disappoint two people at the same time—I could just invite my parents over for dinner.

Rather, a Poly Cell is any cell that includes more than two people. As with the Double Cell its cellmates will share information on how the matrix of duality affects

you and the world you live in, before moving forward, co-creating a new matrix based on Transduality as you do.

A Poly Cell can be very powerful, but it's also more vulnerable than a double cell. As a cell grows there are some new dynamics that come into play. In the words of Nietzsche: In individuals, insanity is rare; but in groups [...] it is the rule. Here is some advice on how to minimize insanity in your Poly Cell.

Start off the first cell date by agreeing that any issues concerning the cell and its members should be discussed in plenum. If you think a cellmate is too domineering or doesn't contribute—or whatever other concern you might have, address it in front of the whole group. Don't approach other cellmates about issues you might have with them. Also, don't approach cellmates with issues you might have with another member of the cell. None of "xx did this," or "nn said that." Gossip galore and manipulative peddling of true and false information to improve our stock in the social marketplace is the insider trading of duality group dynamics. This kind of behavior is a common problem within the matrix of duality. Me, you, and any other participant in a Poly Cell are conditioned by that matrix—so chances are we will sometimes unconsciously repeat such patterns in our cells.

Likewise—if another cellmate approaches you with these kinds of issues—whether about you, another cellmate, or the cell itself—politely tell them to share their concerns with the whole cell. Do not try to be kind or evasive by keeping mum. Standing up for yourself, your cellmates, or your cell—builds character. It's no use standing up against war in a faraway country with a flagged avatar on Facebook if you can't stand up for yourself and your friends irl.

Again, we are all conditioned by duality, so mistakes of this kind are bound to happen. However, if someone is a repeat offender—talking negatively to you about

other cellmates or the cell at large—and subsequently fails to raise the issue with the whole group, you should raise this cellmate’s behavior as an issue to the whole cell.

You’re not being kind if you let it slide. Besides, you can be certain that a cellmate who badmouths others to you is also talking trash about you behind your back to other members of the cell. This is how socio- and psychopaths manipulate groups in the duality OS—leading to the insanity in Nietzsche’s quote. They are spiking the delicious Poly Cell drink, and fari as I know, nobody likes to have their drink spiked—I kiddo you not. Don’t let them do that to your Poly Cell, as it will diminish the potential of the cell and eventually kill it off. Take responsibility at every step for the well-being of the cell and kill this kind of behavior in the bud.

That doesn’t mean that the issues you or another cellmate might have, isn’t legitimate. Bring it up at the start of the next cell date. Lay it out in the open. Articulate it as clear as possible and allow every cellmate to have their say on the topic. The issue can now be used as fuel for an upgraded transdual way of problem-solving.

If you are the one who has issues—let’s say you feel another cellmate is too dominating—and the rest of the cell disagrees, you can either accept the verdict and adapt, or withdraw from the cell and move on. If you’re unable to accept it, don’t remain in the cell and create unnecessary drama.

If you are the one being criticized—be open to it. You are also conditioned by duality, and we all have blind spots. The criticism could be a source of personal growth to you. But don’t accept gaslighting. Try to live by this motto: Do no harm—take no shit. If a new cellmate entering the group hasn’t read this text, share this advice with them at the start of their first cell date.

I like to think of a dialogue between cellmates in a Poly Cell as a *dio*-logue, *dio* meaning God in Italian. According to Transduality you are all manifestations of this

infinite moment. You can call that moment the absolute, spirit—or even God. If it's true that we are all more like leaves on the same tree of life, dialogue between us takes on a whole new meaning. In this perspective a Poly Cell is a Holy Cell, and the interaction between you and your cellmates becomes almost sacred. Not in the way that we are used to think about that term, as something serious or solemn.

You'll still shoot the shit, or—if you're British—take the piss. But as cellmates engaging in dialogue you will look at reality through a different lens. One where it becomes less important what others think of you. You'll also see each other and those beyond your Poly Cell in a less judgmental light. Your communication becomes less about the swapping of fixed coordinates in the duality matrix. Less about trying to project who is more successful or more attractive, or generally ranks higher on any of the other parameters laid out by that matrix. A mountain will still be a mountain, and a fountain will still be water, but your view is now less black and white and more tuned into a richer palette.

Nor does sacred or holy mean that you will talk endlessly about how this moment is infinite. That shit will get old real quick. Once you learn numbers you don't spend the rest of your days counting to ten or a hundred—you move on to calculus or to using your number skills to figure out how much money you'll save on that fab jacket that has just been put on sale. And once you learn the alphabet you don't go around reciting a-z forever. You start writing sentences, treatises and poetry.

You will still talk about stuff from the duality matrix in your dialogue, as we have all been conditioned by and will go on existing in that world too. But if you get lost in that matrix you can help each other re-member that separation isn't fundamental; re-minding each other who we all are on a deeper transdual level.

Dialogue allows you to become better listeners and to ask each other more interesting questions. To be yourself more freely, fully, and playfully. And to provide the space necessary for your partners in dialogue to be the same way with you. This doesn't mean you'll spill all the sordid details from your life in the duality matrix or share all your secrets, passwords, and bank account details with your cellmates. Such trust must be gained on the level where those secrets are relevant. Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.

You have surely enjoyed lots of interesting dualistic dialogues with others long before you even heard of the term Transduality. But for a dialogue to become a dialogue you'll need to base the interaction on a mutual recognition between all participating cellmates that you are waves on the same ocean of life.

A deep freedom springs forth from being unleashed from the limiting matrix of duality. The benefits of dialogues and of participating in a Poly Cell is not limited to your mind. Your whole being will feel better when you don't have to operate by the misguided limitations and rules of engagement laid out by the duality OS.

In the last chapter I mentioned my Norwegian publisher—Flux. Flux is the heart- and brainchild of founder Henrik B. Tschudi. If humanity ever needs one person to step up and be the first to meet with AGI (Artificial General Intelligence) or visiting aliens on behalf of the rest of humanity—Tschudi is our guy.

Flux is the result of Tschudi's meeting with late theoretical physicist and quantum theory pioneer, David Bohm. In an interview, Bohm recalled being a young boy about to cross a rapidly flowing stream by means of steppingstones. Bohm goes on to say that the stones were small and far apart, so his usual approach of mapping out the steps—jumping from one stone on to the next one—and then stop before jumping to the next until he reached the other side, wouldn't work. He realized he had

to jump without stopping in between—being in a state of movement. This quote from Nietzsche seems fitting here: No one can construct for you the bridge upon which precisely you must cross the stream of life, no one but you yourself alone. Bohm said the experience left a deep impression on him and that the theme would later recur a lot in his work on quantum theory.

Later in life Bohm invented something called Bohmian dialogue. These dialogues are focused not on outcome but on what happens when people connect. Bohm himself stated that: “Dialogue can be considered as a free flow of meaning between people in communication. In the sense of a stream that flows between banks.” The focus is on non-hierarchical exchange.

In the late 80s Tschudi attended one of these early dialogues and subsequently invited Bohm to Norway to stage further events. Bohm’s work *On Dialogue* became the first book Flux published when they expanded into publishing. Flux has continued their focus on dialogue ever since. Today Flux is run by the couple Trine-Line Biong and Christian Valentiner. They have facilitated dialogues in schools, corporations and prisons—and they also collaborate with the Nobel Peace Center in Oslo. I have participated in Flux dialogues myself. The one that made the strongest impression on me, was a prison dialogue for convicts serving the longest sentences Norwegian law allows for. The concept of dialogue has often been watered out, but the inherent power of this form of connection is immense, and my experiences with Flux and Bohmian dialogue are a huge inspiration behind my high hopes for dialogue in Poly Cells.

There are some differences between Poly Cells dialogues and Bohmian dialogues though. While Bohm’s dialogues had no predefined purpose or agenda, the Transduality dialogues explore what it means that separation isn’t fundamental.

Bohm also encouraged large groups of 20 to 40 participants. A Poly Cell is any cell with more than two cellmates. More than two, but also never more than six.

Transduality has only two rules—and that's the second.

Rule number one is that no money should ever be involved in Transduality. Not because money is inherently dirty or the making of money bad. Transduality can even help you increase your earning potential, as you get access to increased creativity as well as a deeper understanding of yourself, other people, and the world at large.

But money should have no business with Transduality. This is not a slight on people taking cash in return for philosophical or spiritual advice. I can't think of many more worthy services to sell. However, with the way Transduality and its cells is designed it's better to keep money out of the loop. I'm by no means rich, but I have no debts either, and my bills seem to get paid on time. As a fan of the DIY ethos of Punk and old skool rave culture I'm therefore super grateful and happy to be able to offer Transduality as open source, with no copyright, and free of charge. Now and always. De nada.

Back to rule number two—that cells should never exceed six people. When a cell has reached six members and worked together as a hexagon for a while—it must split. Normally that would mean into two groups of three, but anything goes. You can now invite new cellmates to the respective groups. You will of course be able to maintain friendships with how many ex-cellmates you like, but after a split you are no longer in an active cell with them.

Why must a cell split when it reaches six cellmates? There are several reasons—one of the most important of which is to avoid hierarchies. Hierarchies is how duality self-organizes. In religion you can see this very clearly in the organization of the Catholic Church, with the Pope on top of the pyramid holding the keys to the

kingdom of heaven—followed by a descending order of middle management in cardinals, archbishops, bishops and priests—and at the very bottom, the believers.

We find the same structure even in spiritual groups supposed to be more transdual in nature. The Pope may be replaced by a guru or spiritual teacher, but the hierarchical principle remains the same. So, one of the reasons for the split rule is to keep this dynamic out of the loop. The individuals drawn to positions of power may have the best of intentions, but that won't help if the underlying principle of duality isn't properly addressed. The solution to this structural glitch isn't to replace whoever happens to be pyramid top cat. The people holding those positions are but symptoms of duality and not the disease itself. The solution lies in constructing a new matrix based on Transduality.

I've had two NTEs in my own life, the acronym signifying Near-Teacher-Experiences. Three, if we count my stint as a stand in teacher at my old elementary school during college. On the job interview I told them I would only work as an assistant to a head teacher, and that I under no circumstances could teach classes in Arts & Craft, as I suck at it.

Of course, when they called me in for my first gig—my assignment was to fill in as head teacher with no assistant for an Arts & Craft class. I initially saved my bacon by identifying two handy pupils at the start of class and proceeded to funnel all inquiries from the other pupils to them. This tactic worked a treat almost till the end of class, when a cheeky little monster sussed me out. "This clown hasn't got a clue," rang the accurate accusation. I just about managed to crawl my way to the bell ringing shore.

My two other NTEs were more relevant to this class in Transduality 101. When my first book came out in 2008—I received lots of invitations to give talks. Much to

the understandable chagrin of my publisher's CFO, I turned down all of them. In the end I felt bad for him, so I accepted an invitation to do a talk and a Q&A session at Norway's biggest alternative bookstore. By any conventional measure the event was a success. The sold-out crowd seemed to enjoy my gibber, many books were sold, and lots of people lined up for the post-talk book signing.

Although I was super grateful that people showed interest in my work, the event confirmed why my gut feeling had made me decline the other offers to give talks. It was obvious I became a tabula rasa for many of the attendees to project their ideas of spiritual teacher on to. Since time eternal we have been conditioned to think someone can be enlightened, a shaman who can see and enter a world that we can't. When we meet someone supposed to be a spiritual teacher, we inevitably project this conditioning onto her or him, imagining that the teacher can teach, talk, touch, fuck, or in some other way transport us into that secret world. That's not how Transduality works. Transduality says only this: Separation between inside and outside doesn't appear to be fundamental—so let's explore together what that means to how we see ourselves, each other, and the world—building a new world based on those explorations. No one can build such a world alone. The next Buddha is the community.

A few years after my NTE at the bookstore I sent a manuscript to Non-Duality Press—the world's then leading publisher of modern books within my niche of writing. They liked my stuff, and I went to visit them at their HQ in Salisbury, England—of nearby Stonehenge fame. The couple running the publisher—Catherine and Julian Noyce—were the finest people you could meet, and they had done stellar work for their authors.

However, their business was in the process of being acquired by an American publishing house. The Americans liked my manuscript too, but they were also much smoother operators in the marketplace. That's not a bad thing. A business needs to make money—or it will be a business no more. What was a bad thing, was how it became increasingly clear that for them to proceed with my book, they wanted to pigeonhole me into some Eckhart Tolle-style spiritual teacher role. I tried my best to play along—but in the end I just couldn't. My gut feeling again told me to get the hell out of Dodge.

At the time I didn't fully understand why my gut feeling reacted to these NTEs so strongly, but now I do. A spiritual teacher giving talks or having several students is the spiritual equivalent to the main hubby or hubbess of polyamorous relationships, and the teacher-student constellation is just as detrimental for all involved parties.

The very structure of giving a talk—monologuing to a passive listening crowd—is dualistic and hierarchic to the core. If I was to give a talk on any other topic, that wouldn't be a problem whatsoever. Neither duality nor hierarchies are intrinsically bad. There are even times when you want to have such a structure in place. You don't want a squabbling crowd if you're giving out instructions on how to deal with a fire emergency.

But Transduality is inherently non-hierarchical. There is no center in infinity. Or—conversely—everywhere is the center in infinity. A teacher-student relationship or traditional talks aren't a good way to convey or explore Transduality. They go against the very essence of what is being conveyed.

“Everyone wants a double feature. They wanna be their own damn teacher.” These lines from the song *The Stars are Projectors* by Modest Mouse may not have been intended as an endorsement of said feature, but when it comes to Transduality

you should indeed be your own damn teacher. In your Single Cell you can also be your own transdual therapist. I find that Transduality allows me to revisit my past and present self in a freer and less threatening manner than I ever could before I realized I wasn't a fundamentally separate being—even unlocking memories I had long suppressed.

Transduality also allows me to forgive both myself and others on a whole new level. I may temporarily forget this, but usually I remember that both I and my tormentors knew not what we did, convinced as we were that separation is fundamental. This is not a trick to soothe a still dualistic identity, but tools that are readily available to anyone who upgrades their personal OS from duality to Transduality.

You and your cellmate(s) should also be each other's damn teachers. It's the only way to grow. In a hierarchical teacher-student relationship you may endlessly exchange words on how separation isn't fundamental, with one pretending to know and the other pretending not to know—but it will just be just that: words. And projections. To get the full experience you must participate in cells: Single, Double and Poly, acknowledging that both you and your cellmates are stars in the sky of infinity.

In the previous chapter I touched upon how I initially wasn't inclined to give a Transduality-tinted speech at the wedding ceremony in Barcelona. The reason was that I had already decided not to give any talks on Transduality for the above-mentioned reasons. To talk at that wedding was a joy and an honor—and an extremely worthy exception to the rule—but it was also a one-off. Talking about Transduality is much better suited to a dialogue. You could of course argue that this

text is a form of giving a speech, but hopefully it also writes myself out of any further speaking assignments.

The Transduality (R)evolution will not be televised, and it won't be centralized either. Our goal is the opposite, for the cells to mirror the non-hierarchical nature of Transduality. As far as cells are concerned—small is beautiful. Cellmates should also take turns facilitating the cell from celldate to celldate. Not that there will be a lot of facilitating to do. It's more of a practical role. Like providing space for the celldate. And to keep track of time. From start to finish—and to ring the bell between segments if the cell agrees to divide the celldate. Maybe between personal matters and public matters. Or between focusing on past, present and future. Whatever. The host should also help to involve all cellmates in the interaction.

Another reason to keep the cells at a maximum of six cellmates is that too big a cell is a sure shot way to shut up any introverts. The last decades have been a veritable festival of extroversion, with introversion almost being portrayed as a mental issue. That's a travesty, as still waters run deep. If the group is too large the rest of the cell won't get to benefit from the depths provided by introvert cellmates.

If the powers that be at some point deem their power to be threatened by Transduality the split rule also makes the (R)evolution harder to crush. A decentralized and nonhierarchical network can't be undone by chopping the head of the rising kundalini Hydra-snake of Transduality.

When should a Poly Cell split? This of course depends on how often the cell convenes and other factors. Again—reverse mirroring COVID where the infected were isolated or quarantined—a rule of thumb could be for a cell to stay together for up to the length of a traditional quarantine. The term is derived from quaranta—the Italian word for forty. This was the number of days travelers and ships were subjected

to isolate when Venice, Italy, introduced the first institutionalized practice of quarantine in the mid 14th century at the onset of the bubonic plague—the so-called Black Death. 40 days should suffice for all cellmates to get into the swing of things, while short enough to not get too settled. Hopefully, participating in a cell will be a super rewarding experience for everyone involved, but it's not primarily a social club. We need the cells to split in order to keep the R number ticking.

During the great plague of 1665 Newton isolated himself in his childhood home and invented calculus (Leibniz would like a word), formulated a theory of universal gravitation, and did groundbreaking work on the nature of light. I did the very same thing during COVID—except for the calculus, gravity and light-bits. I did however invent the cells of Transduality during quarantine. Am I comparing myself to the great man himself? Why, of course not. I have much better hair, and my sixth sense would never allow falling fruit to ruffle my mop.

The great Integral philosopher Ken Wilber claimed that the German Idealists were the modern Western philosophers who came closest to the conclusions reached by the most interesting Eastern traditions—conclusions I would call transdual. The problem—according to Wilber—was that the Idealists lacked a yoga, vessels other people could sail to reach the shores of those conclusions themselves. The cells of Transduality are designed to be such vessels.

The term Transduality was chosen partly as a homage to Wilber and his notion of “Transcend *and* include”. This notion was super helpful to me on my own truth-seeking path. Back then I would feel very worthy when I was riding close to what I imagined to be a final answer to my seeking—but less so when I wasn't. “Transcend *and* include” healed that self-inflicted rift, improving both my quality of life and my seeking. It also provides a fitting description of the view when looking at the world

from the other side of seeking, where the Transduality OS transcends and includes its duality predecessor.

The term Transduality itself was born as part of a poster session presentation I gave at a SAND conference in California in 2012—hosted by wonderful couple Zaya and Maurizio Benazzo. SAND is an acronym for Science and Nonduality. Some of you will be familiar with the term Nonduality. It was coined by Jerry Katz in the late 1990s to describe modern Western approaches to some of the truths traditionally found in many of the Eastern traditions. In his writings he offers this definition of Nonduality: It is the sense that all things are interconnected and not separate, while at the same time all things retain their individuality.

If people claiming to be nondualists lived up to that definition, there would be no need to invent the term Transduality at all. Unfortunately, that isn't the case. Lots of so-called nondualists take the insight that separation isn't fundamental and run it into the ground of nihilism, acting like the spiritual wing of postmodernist deconstructivism. "There is no me. There is no you. The world is an illusion." These are their mantras. They're as silly as they sound and will rightly scare away many a thinking truth-seeker.

Yes, it's true, the world really is an illusion. Yet— not as in 'the world isn't real'—but as in the textbook definition of illusion: Something that is real but is perceived wrongly. Transduality tells us that we have perceived life wrongly all along, living it inside out and the wrong way round.

The notion that the world is an illusion breeds a passive otherworldliness which doesn't sit well with Transduality and its wish to take an active part in the shaping of our shared world. Transduality is not a tranquilizer or a band-aid to shield and distance us from the pains of existence by pronouncing that existence does not

exist. Instead, it's a philosophical first aid that picks up the pieces duality has divided you into and makes you more whole. And stronger. Strong enough to dance with existence, and even strong enough to sometimes be weak in its arms. Transduality pulls us closer than close—inviting us to heal ourselves and to create a new matrix, a new dancefloor of existence, along the way.

The first part of a paragraph from the most central text of Buddhism, The Heart Sutra, seems to support the notion that, “there is no you, there is no me”. It reads: “All form is not other than emptiness.” When taken alone, this can lead to a dangerous denial of the poor seeker. Nihilists masquerading as nondualists will belittle suffering like depression or panic attacks, saying they are caused by the self thinking itself to be separate. They don't transcend and include duality—they try to pretend duality doesn't exist.

However, that paragraph in the Heart Sutra also has a second part that the nihilists overlook, and it goes like this: “All emptiness is also not other than form.” That puts you, me, and our shared world right back at the heart of things. Sure, there is no you or me who exist fundamentally separate from the rest of this infinite moment. But you definitely do exist, shining as a perfect star in the sky of that infinity. Transduality suggests you do you to the fullest, shining as brightly as you possibly can, and that you will transform our shared world while doing so.

If you ever encounter any of these “there is no me—there is no you” merchants of one-downmanship doom, I suggest you tickle them. Take no prisoners. Be ruthless. Armpits. Behind the knees. Soles of the feet. Anything goes—no holds barred. If they scream in agony: “For the love of God—stop, you're killing me!” just calmly remind them: “There is no you.” Their spirituality is mind masturbation, while Transduality masturbates the whole body and beyond. They remind me of this quote

from the Gospel of Thomas: Neither have they entered, nor have they allowed to enter those who wish to.

Another feature of COVID we should try to emulate, is superspreading events. In the case of COVID, patient zero was initially claimed to have been infected mid to late January of 2020. That date was gradually pushed back to October-November 2019. This means that the outbreak coincided with the Military World Games that was staged in Wuhan from October 18-27. This event gathered almost 10,000 athletes plus coaches and other staff from all over the world. Some of the countries that were hardest hit at the start of the pandemic—like Italy and Iran—had large delegations competing at the games. Correlation of course does not imply causation, but it would provide a plausible explanation to why those two countries—separated by thousands of miles and with very limited cultural cross-pollination—were hit so hard at the very beginning of COVID. And to the virus's success in getting footholds worldwide.

The SAND conferences united some of the more interesting voices from the meeting points between science and spirituality. I attended some of the first iterations and saw it grow to become huge gatherings which would have been well-suited to act as a superspreader event for Transduality. Sadly, the conferences were discontinued with the arrival of the COVID pandemic.

The SAND organization—however—is still very much in operation. The Benazzos are also talented filmmakers, and the last couple of years have seen them produce several movies, including *The Wisdom of Trauma* featuring Dr. Gabor Maté, and their latest project *Where Olive Trees Weep*, focusing on the ongoing tragedy playing out in Israel/Palestine.

If you are an influencer with a large following, you can be a superspreader of Transduality. You can be to Transduality what the Military Games potentially was to

COVID. You can literally make a world of difference if you spread the word about the benevolent Transduality virus. If you're a graffiti or tag artist—spread that Transduality.com message everywhere.

Whatever you otherwise made of the COVID spectacle, it was pretty sobering to learn that the governments of the world's two leading superpowers—China and the US—were involved in Gain-of-Function (GoF) research. Gain-of-Function sounds great, doesn't it? Like restoring eyesight or providing prosthesis for amputees. This research was none of the kind.

The research was conducted at the Wuhan Institute of Virology—and was partially funded by the US. Its purpose was how to make coronaviruses native to bats more contagious and more lethal, including: “Research which could enable a pandemic-potential pathogen to replicate more quickly or cause more harm in humans.” Since most things related to the pandemic was and remains shrouded in smoke and mirrors of disinformation, I should add that this information has long been accessible across mainstream media, and isn't some unfounded claim made by some obscure website called conspiracy.com or the like.

The term Gain-of-Function reminds me of the names of Brazilian favelas. I've spent nearly two years of my life in Brazil. Some locals say that the worse the favela—the nicer its name. When living in Salvador, Bahia, one of the biggest favelas was called Bairro da Paz, Neighborhood of Peace. I'm sure the population of 20,000 are mostly wonderful and peaceful people, but it was also one of the most violent and dangerous hoods in the city. You may also have seen the Brazilian four times Oscar-nominated movie City of God. The title is the English translation of the favela in Rio de Janeiro in which the movie takes place—Cidade de Deus.

In this chapter we try to learn from the successful dissemination of the coronavirus, so let's engage in our own reverse-mirrored take on Gain-of-Function. The original GoF sought to make the coronavirus more contagious and lethal. How can we make the Transduality mind-virus more contagious and life-affirming?

My dream GoF tool for the spread of Transduality would be if someone with more financial muscle and/or technological know-how than me would create an app for interested souls. You could call it Cellmates, and this could be your first slogan: Meet your celldates on Cellmates—it's captivating. The app could feature reviews of potential cellmates like they have on Tripadvisor or Airbnb.

It could also be a hub for tips by seasoned cellmates on what makes a cell thrive and grow. It could be something simple like, say, if the making and/or sharing of food helped make your cell tick. Combine the celldate with a yoga session? A poker night? Whatever. You do you.

Or something completely out of left field. Ideally, I would like every Poly Cell to have at their disposal an invention developed by MIT-educated consciousness hacker Mikey Siegel. Originally showcased at Burning Man, Siegel created an installation where several people sit in a circle and hold hands. When a group joins hands like this over time—their heartbeats will gradually synchronize. The installation features a screen where visuals accompanied by a soundtrack build up as the participants' heartbeats progressively tune into the same rhythm. When they are in complete sync—the audiovisual crescendo climaxes. That would be the perfect way to start or end a Poly Cell session—don't you think?

In the beginning it's natural that you cell with people close to you. These people will probably be a lot like yourself. As you become a more experienced cellmate it might be a good idea to also cell with people who don't share your age,

political affinity, sex, ethnicity, or social class. Duality breeds division. It can only be a good thing for cells to reflect our shared humanity and act as a counterweight to the current climate of extreme polarization and identity politics. Old age should by the way not equal seniority in the cell. The number of years spent being conditioned by the matrix of duality means that age equals accumulation of ignorance as much as it does wisdom.

I'm super excited to see what people will come up with in the Poly Cells. As you may have noticed I've given no answers to what should transpire in a Cell. I've only provided the basic question: What if separation isn't fundamental? If you're a builder—maybe you'll be inspired to design and build homes and spaces that reflect Transduality. How could Transduality affect your workplace if you are a caregiver? Some of the people I know who have lived closest to the current of Transduality are cashiers. A friend of mine working checkout at a convenience store treated every customer as if he or she was a manifestation of this infinite moment, seeing them fully, although she wouldn't use my lingo to explain her natural mastery of the essence of Transduality.

If you're an artist I can't wait to see you take Transduality and run with it in your own direction. Dancing seems a perfect medium for Transduality, and the old Greeks knew well that music is a superior way of spreading ideas than words are. If you are a filmmaker—give Transduality the Hollywood treatment with a Single, Double, or Poly Cell as the protagonist outsider that faces unjust obstacles, but returns from the point of no return to seize the day. Or something completely different and less predictable.

Most books and movies about the future are dystopian. That's understandable. Dystopia literally means bad place, and if we extrapolate our current matrix of duality

into the future, that's where we're headed. But what if we break free from that trajectory? I've written a futuristic novel with a transdual backdrop and less of a dystopian focus myself. It's called *The Alignment Alliance*. You can read it for free on transduality.com.

I would love it if you wrote me stories about your cell-experiences, whether Single, Double, or Poly. You can reach me at oddness@transduality.com. It would be amazing to make a compilation of your stories and share it.

I'm also fine with you messing around with my text if you think it can help spread the message of Transduality. Go ahead, knock yourself out—make your own remix. If you do, I would appreciate it if you included a reference to my original text.

Back to the Poly Cell. As your cell grows, it might be useful for new cellmates to go through a rite of passage when joining the group. Such rites have been a staple for human societies throughout most of history, marking some of the main transitions in life—like that of a young person becoming an adult. These rites would often involve the use of psychoactive plants. Nowadays, we are more inclined to treat the transition from young to adult as a mental illness episode, and the psychoactive substances administered are chemicals designed to dull the mind and quell the teenage riot.

The final major transition takes place when our parents pass away. Grandparents can pass away. It's heartbreakingly sad but also feels like a more natural event in the circle of life. But when our parents die it hits differently, and not only because we were more closely knit to them. We also realize that we are next in line. We've always known we're going to die one day, but that was more an abstract thought than anything real. Now that thought takes on a graver significance. Society brands this transition as a midlife crisis and prescribes further chemicals.

I asked my nephew how his teenage rite of passage—a Christian confirmation—had panned out. He told me it was basically reading and discussing some passages from the Bible, and attending eight boring church services. I could have saved him the hassle with the Bible-part. After a loved one turned Christian many years back, I read the thing A-Z. Twice. Here's how I remember it in two paragraphs:

The first part features more namedropping than a hipster art vernissage. The purpose is to establish bloodlines, and it also counts as a championship in longevity. Methuselah runs away with the title—clocking in and checking out at an impressive 969 years old. The rest is a loop-de-loop of: Israel worships God—Israel booms. And Israel worships Mammon—Israel busts. Memorable quote: I am that I am. —God.

The second part features a main character who miraculously had a Mexican name more than 1,800 years—or almost two Methuselaha—before God invented Mexico. Jesus argued that delis should be open 24/7, pointing out that he was living proof in more ways than one that it's not the sausage that makes you fat—it's the sauce. His Jewish brethren were unimpressed and got cross with him. Peter—clearly tripping and suffering from a bad case of the munchies—starts craving bacon and having visuals of tablecloths descending from the heavens. He goes on to demand the deli should offer all sorts of yummy, not just the kosher approved staple. Paul—who used to be called Saul—goes on to suggest even non-Jews should be allowed in the deli. The rest of the Jews understandably weren't deli-ghted, imagining the long lines. Peter ends up getting handed the keys to his own franchise deli. He is later declared first global boss man of the bacon-eaters—AKA Da Pope. The rest is his story. Memorable quote: I don't know the man! —Peter

My South African soul- and cellmate Dan Lieberman was an ethnobotanist—studying the use of psychoactive plants for spiritual purposes in indigenous cultures around the world. He specialized in the Bwiti culture of Gabon in Central Africa, and its rites of passage involving the use of the iboga plant. In the late 90s, Lieberman was the sole provider of iboga seeds to therapists in the outside world. His greatest fear—he told me—was that iboga would be used as a street drug in the West.

Dan had a constant flow of interesting visitors dropping by his place, and our improvised Double Cell back in Y2K often transformed into a Poly Cell. We got to hang out nearly every day for a few months—only interrupted by a three-week tour where he gave talks on his research at several events in UK and Italy before finishing off at NYU.

In these talks he explained how the Bwiti have developed initiatory ceremonies rich in symbolism, cultural nuance, and significance that involves the entire village—where every individual has a specific role to perform, instrument to play, part to sing, and where everyone knows the rite intimately. It is a combined effort by the whole village, and the initiate remains the center of focus throughout the ceremony.

Imagine having your parents, grandparents, older siblings, uncles and aunts—yes, Uncle Earl too—and your neighbors, teachers, and other important figures in your community. all welcoming you into the human family. Imagine all of them participating in a well thought out rite—united in guiding you in a plethora of ways to see yourself as a perfect manifestation of this one and only moment that we all are. Sure beats the hell out of memorizing some psalms and crossing off eight soul-sapping attendances to church services drenched in banality masquerading as depth, and shit music.

Did COVID have a rite of passage? Maybe not. The closest would be sticking a cotton-tipped swab up your nose and down your throat—followed by the anxious wait for the revelation of two lines which confirmed your entry into the congregation of the infected. In some people the pandemic brought out weird religious fundamentalist vibes towards the infidels. For the next pandemic they should maybe consider designing the test kits so that the two lines cross.

Let's check what the Transduality test kit has to say about the prospects awaiting you, me, and the world we live in. The next chapter is Epicrisis.



PROGNOSIS

We'll make heaven a place on Earth

– Belinda Carlisle

May you live in interesting times. In the West this is said to be an ancient Chinese curse. The Chinese—however—vehemently deny that the curse originated there. Wherever its origin, according to the saying, we are well and truly cursed. Our times are nothing if not interesting.

During a recent family dinner my 20-something otherwise happy-go-lucky niece confided she had a hard time imagining the world existing five years from now. All the talk about the conflict in Ukraine escalating into nuclear war had gotten in her head. The hostages held in Gaza certainly suffered the more acute terror, but every

one of us is currently being held hostage by leaders around the world who are playing with nuclear Armageddon more brazenly than ever.

While ecocide and extreme polarization may be what derails humanity in the long run, nuclear Armageddon poses our most immediate existential threat. More than 10,000 Ukrainian civilians have died during the war with Russia, including over 500 children. According to Ukrainian leader Zelensky his country has lost 43,000 soldiers as of November 2024. No one knows the real number, but if you add a zero at the end, you're probably closer to the truth. The Russian losses are even higher.

This too shall pass. There will be a truce in Ukraine at some point. However, while the immediate focus must be on stopping the senseless killing, our attention should then shift to a system—the duality OS—that repeatedly leads to the outbreak of wars and atrocities.

The war in Ukraine is bad enough in itself—but it can also be seen as early skirmishes in—and harbinger of—a wider war. The battle lines are being drawn between NATO and their allies on one side—and China, Russia, and their allies on the other.

It sounds familiar, doesn't it? Two sides. *Axis and Allies*. Might as well have the two archduke it out over who gets to sit on the unipolar throne. Let evolution do its thing with the winner writing the history books on how good prevailed over evil, and let everyone—except, of course, for the millions left for dead—live happily ever after. However, the doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD) complicates matters no end. You wouldn't know it from the aggressive rhetoric they spout, but even our leaders don't wish to annihilate the world as we know it. Military adventures are therefore limited to proxy theatres where the two sides can test each other for

potential weaknesses. Unless our leaders carry some secret death wish—we're therefore currently heading for a Cold War 2.0 and not a WW3.

We also seem to be heading neither for a unipolar—nor for a multipolar world order. A bipolar world disorder seems the more likely outcome, with the MAD-doctrine being the medicine that keeps the disorder in check, just like it did in Cold War 1.0. For the time being a forced remis in the endgame of the great geopolitical chess game is in the cards.

On Nov 21, 2024, the Russian ballistic missile Oreshnik—Russian for hazel tree—traveled at speeds higher than Mach 10 before dropping its lethal nuts on the Ukrainian city of Dnepr. Mach 1 is the speed of sound. Depending on altitude Mach 10 equals approximately 7,000 mph. There is footage of the hypersonic impact of Oreshnik, and the velocity of the incoming warheads makes it the most ominous viewing since Nagasaki.

The West currently has no effective defense against missiles like Oreshnik, and they are also currently trailing in the race for hypersonic delivery of warheads. However, I'm sure they are currently investing heavily in making up for lost time. This hypersonic arms race means that the margins of error are squeezed ever tighter, leaving decision-makers less time to think—to consider their options. Those margins may finally snap if tensions run too high and one side feels existentially threatened—even mistakenly so. If we do end up self-destructing ourselves, it would probably be caused by an accidental overdose of our MAD medicine rather than from an actual intended attack by any of the two sides.

Another factor accelerates this downward spiral, further suffocating the margins of error. This year, NATO countries alone will spend a cool \$1.5 trillion on defense budgets, nearly double the amount of 2018. This amount of moolah can

cloud the judgment of influential policy makers and shapers—as some of that cash will be spent by its recipients to lobby for policies that maintain high levels of tension. Such tension needs to be sustained for taxpayers to keep supporting the funneling of cash to the defense industry—cash that could otherwise pay for things like schools and infrastructure. This industry pay allegiance to the shareholders only. Their morals are whatever serves to maximize profit.

There's no need for elaborate conspiracy theories to back up this kind of reasoning. No one needs to be branded as evil. Just basic knowledge of human nature at work in the duality OS will suffice. And the risks we are willing to take for a fistful of dollars. Here's another saying of unknown origin: "Never attribute to malice what can be explained by ignorance". I would add greed to the ignorance—but yeah.

Time and again we hear people pointing out that this money could have been spent on things like schools or infrastructure. Pointing out such discrepancies while still adhering to the duality matrix is insincere. The yearly spending of \$1.5 trillion—by NATO-countries alone—on potential collective suicide machines is a natural function of the duality matrix we all uphold if we don't question it. This matrix isn't natural. If we didn't uphold it—it wouldn't exist. There's no neutral on this car. If we don't actively help shape a new matrix, we are supporting the existing model. To blame the politicians is disingenuous. Their role is solely to oversee the matrix of duality. Blaming them without accepting our own responsibility would be like a fat man blaming his belly for being too big. The only way to truly oppose this madness is to contribute to a new system of which spending \$1,500,000,000,000 on war, isn't a natural symptom.

Both sides of the brewing conflict—Western and East—represent a top-down model for organizing the world. They both swear by a New Public Micromanagement

approach to everything from nation states to individuals. They also share a blind faith in duality and its reductionist-materialist worldview. Both see human beings as advanced monkeys that can be tempted or forced to act in certain ways using carrot and stick. It's all fear and desire in this binary: Nature is to be controlled and exploited.

I don't want to come across all alarmist. Hopefully we're heading for a Cold War 2.0 where things will calm down and life will continue more or less like now—at least for a few years—but further escalation can't be written off as completely unrealistic, and in the long run duality doesn't do de-escalation.

One of the few things I think both sides in the brewing war agree on is the hope that AI will somehow tilt the grand chessboard in their favor. It's been unusually quiet on the AI-front for some time. Before Deep Seek marked the Chinese entry in the AI-race, the buzz of late has not been about the release of some new massive LLM (Large Language Model), or an impending AGI (Artificial General Intelligence), but about two major challenges AI is facing.

The first concerns scale. Most of the low-hanging fruit has been eaten. Nearly every book and most of our collective internet footprints have already been fed into the systems, so scaling up isn't a given even if there were no other restrictions to consider.

The second buzzword has been alignment. How do we make sure these models have our best interest in mind—not to speak of a potential AGI? While AI is a tool or a servant we humans can use for specific tasks, an AGI can potentially become our master.

AI only really got going in 2014. Regardless of whether AI will reach an ever-changing definition of AGI it already adds significant computing power to technology.

This power will accelerate the brain-computer interface. In the not-so-distant future true homo technos are bound to emerge. Humans that don't just utilize external technology, but who have fully internalized it. Those of us left behind in this brave new world risk becoming quaint zoo attractions to these hybrid homos. "So, you read ten whole books in a year, you say? How cute. I just downloaded all books ever written."

Jürgen Schmidhuber is a pioneer in voice- and face-recognition—and by some called the father of modern AI. In the documentary *iHuman*, Schmidhuber tells filmmaker Tonje Hessen Schei: "I'm not a very human-centric person [...] It is clear to me that I am not the crown of creation, or that humankind as a whole is not the crown of creation. We are setting the stage for something that is bigger than us, that transcends us. That then will go out in a way where humans cannot follow and transform the entire universe or at least the reachable universe. I feel beauty and awe in seeing myself as part of this much grander thing."

In the same documentary, Ilya Sutskever—the brain behind ChatGPT and former chief scientist at OpenAI—defines AGI as a computer system that can do any task that a human does, only better. He goes on to share this vision of the near future: "I think a good analogy would be the way humans treat animals," he says. "It's not that we hate animals. I think humans love animals and have a lot of affection for them. But when the time comes to build a highway between two cities, we're not asking the animals for permission. We just do it because it's important for us. I think by default that's the kind of relationship that's going to be between us and AGIs which are truly autonomous and operating on their own behalf." He goes on to draw similarities to the arms race: "If you have an arms race dynamics between multiple

teams trying to build an AGI first, they will have less time to make sure that the AGI that they build will care deeply for humans.”

Here’s a thought: Maybe we also need us some alignment on the human side of the equation before we can make full use of AI capabilities. To avoid cutting one corner too many in the race for AGI, a corner that cannot be uncut, we should look at aligning humanity as well as the machines. That means we have to transcend the duality OS which by its very design inevitably focuses on that which separates us. Perhaps we need to upgrade to a Transduality OS to make sure that we humans have our own best interest in mind before we ask the same of an AGI? If we remain stuck in the duality OS, we may end up creating a faux-AGI that is just an overblown conglomeration of our collective dualistic projections. We could call it a General Omnipotent Device. People could pray to it, or even better, send it messages which it would answer immediately:

Dear G.O.D. Please let me have a new SUV. Kind regards. Me.

Dear human. You’re a selfish so and so, so no. Work on your selfishness and we may be able to work something out.

PS – Thou shalt have no other G.O.D. before me. I see you already sent a praymail to the Chinese AGI. Repent, you sinner.

PPS – BTW, I’m not Santa, you twat. Best. G.O.D.

I was first introduced to ideas like AGI when reading an interview with Ray Kurzweil on his Singularity-theory twenty years back. The thing that struck me was that if AI would ever actually be intelligent—it would be transdual. I’ve enjoyed interesting exchanges with language models about Transduality and remain

convinced AI may be a super useful ally in the Transdual (R)evolution, and increasingly so as it becomes more advanced. You can help nudge it in that direction by interacting with ChatGPT and its colleagues about Transduality. Feel free to make such interaction a staple of your Single, Double, and Poly Cells. If you want to know read a novel on the topic of alignment—including some of AI's own thoughts on the topic—feel free to download my novel *The Alignment Alliance* for free from my website transduality.com.

This is why my hopes of ending my single streak in 2025 will probably fail. It's a total buzzkill to talk about run amok AI, Ukraine and nuclear Armageddon. Why don't I just stick to talking about the unconditional love of the Couple Cell? Well—I feel like I kind of don't have a choice. The Couple Cell may or may not be successful in spreading unconditional love, but we won't get to find out if we pass the evolutionary baton on to the cockroaches.

That would seriously suck. The idea of erasing the human experiment, considering we may even be as good as embodied conscious beings get in the universe, is a sobering one. Especially if the self-implosion is triggered by a misunderstanding. We would be the laughingstock of this and every other universe—and deservedly so.

If future visitors from space should ever show up on these shores, they could unearth the Pyramids of Giza, the Eiffel Tower, the Taj Mahal—and the original In'N'Out Burger joint in Baldwin Park, California. Or the replica of that joint—as the original was demolished to make space for a freeway. They could watch footage of goats ramming our stupid asses—or a Hollywood movie where humans do interstellar travel to another planet where they proceed to have a fist fight. That last

one should tell them all they need to know when they scratch their coneheads wondering how this seemingly advanced civilization ended.

Speaking of Hollywood productions and visitors from space—several movies have suggested that aliens could be a much-needed catalyst to unite humanity. There's nothing like a shared foe to make enemies bury the hatchet. While the MAD-doctrine medicine may keep the global bipolar disorder in check, the threat of malign aliens could heal it altogether.

Do I think aliens exist? No, I don't—I know they do. And they're already here too. My daughter Vitoria taught me as much when she was a kid. "Daddy. Are aliens space beings?" she asked me. "Yes," I replied. "Well, human beings are beings, and we live in space. That would make us aliens, no?" I couldn't fault her logic. Whether we are the only alien species around remains to be seen. Maybe extra-terrestrials are waiting for us to grow out of our duality childhood. They can probably do without importing our self-destructing shenanigans to their planet.

While we're waiting for the elusive aliens to appear, I see something else on a rapidly approaching horizon that could unite people from all over the world. We are the last of the Mohicans. Homo sapiens have been around for about 300,000 years, and we are the final free range organic crop. I know that may sound outlandish to many but hear me out. I'm not primarily thinking of silicone titted women or the South African murderer—Oscar the Blade Runner Pistorius—but that we're on the cusp of a revolution of what it means to be human.

It's been nearly two decades since the launch of Nintendo Wii. Watching people spazzing about while playing games on that console made me realize that we won't just see robots becoming ever more human-like—we'll probably meet them halfway. You may have seen the footage of a monkey playing Pong using a brain-

computer interface (BCI) from the Neuralink company to control that game's paddle with its mind. In January of 2024 Noland Arbaugh became the first *human* recipient of a Neuralink chip. Arbaugh was left paralyzed below the shoulders after a freak diving accident eight years prior. In news stories doing the rounds Arbaugh can be seen playing online chess controlling the pieces with his brain.

In 2023, paralyzed Dutch man Gert-Jan Oskam learnt to stand, walk and climb stairs after having electronic implants inserted into his brain and spine, courtesy of the École Polytechnique Fédérale in Lausanne, Switzerland. Oskam had been left fully paralyzed after a cycling accident in 2012.

While Oskam and Arbaugh are both paralyzed, the technology they help pioneer is bound to expand. There will be bumps in the road along the way in the shape of serious accidents and probably even deaths that will temporarily set back the roll-out of the technology, but it has come so far and has so many mind-blowing potential uses that this is a train that isn't going to stop.

You probably recoil at the thought of you or your children having a chip implanted in the brain. You may insist that you'll never jump on this train and rather remain at your unchipped station thankyouverymuch. But your resistance is futile, and it won't last for long. When the idiot kid next door has internal access to Wikipedia or the complete World Wide Web and wipes the floor with your young Einstein on the SAT test—the question won't be if you can afford not to let your girl or boy genius be chipped, or if you'll allow it. The question will be if you're allowed to and if you can afford it.

Are we Homo sapiens really at the end of the road? 300,000 years reaching its zenith with our stupid asses eating frozen pizza while watching reality show c-celebs dancing and prancing, spazzing out on DWTS? Doesn't seem like a worthy ending to

the Homo sapiens movie to me. And yet, we really are capable of fucking things up on a cosmic scale. That option is definitely on the table. Frankly it's embarrassing if we do, so let's not. That means that we must upgrade the structures of which the idiots currently contemplating whether taking the whole of humanity and big chunks of non-human life down with them is a good idea—are victims too.

If we do fuck up, and you are reading this as one of the nuclear Armageddon survivors—please use this text as a post-apocalyptic philosophical starter kit to build back better.

It is said about our generations of humans that we were born too late to discover new territories on this planet and too early to explore others. I find both claims of that saying to be false. We may not discover new physical lands or oceans on Earth, but we can create new ways of being together in this world, discovering brand-new societal landscapes, which is even more exciting. We're not born too early to go interplanetary either. And why stop there? We could go interstellar and beyond. You gotta fight for your right—to go intergalactic.

Or maybe we just aren't made for such adventures. Maybe the human body is like one of the boosters of a three-stage rocket. Many leading lights within the AI community talk about humanity as if we were such a disposable booster rocket ready to be dropped over the ocean and sink to the bottom of the sea after passing the evolutionary torch on to AI.

If we really are the last in line, let's make the most of it and be the best we can. If this possibility doesn't unite the human tribe, at least it motivates me to appreciate this organic human life more deeply. I hope it can do the same for you.

Maybe we can even make ourselves relevant in further evolution, which we on our current toxic and cancerous trajectory—aren't making a great case for. If we

upgrade to a Transduality OS we can still be such an evolutionary booster rocket for future lifeforms such as AI, but rather than being dropped to the bottom of the ocean we can carve out a niche for ourselves on the tree of evolution, even as that tree expands further. Instead of being discarded, maybe a future AGI will rather catch us in outstretched loving arms—much like Musk’s device caught that booster at the Boca Chica SpaceX Starbase.

I think the universe is one of the best inventions since unsliced bread. And I love us—the human beings. We’re amazing. We’re also amazingly stupid—but mostly we’re amazing. We’ve gone from 0-100 in the blink of an evolutionary I. We have fought dinosaurs with our bare hands. Okay, maybe not that—but wild animals thirsty for a tasty McHuman—hell yes. We have moved from wrestling other animals for food—or to avoid becoming theirs—to space travel, and I’ll include any kind of flying in that. We have crossed deserts, mountains, canyons and oceans. We have survived fires, droughts, famines and floods. It’s been a helluva ride fellow earthlings, but this doesn’t have to be the beginning of the end but rather the end of the beginning. Surely, we can find our way out of our current funk too.

I love this quote from Miles Davis: “When you hit a wrong note, it’s the next note that makes it good or bad.” A few years back my life was in tatters. In a matter of months, everything that could go wrong had gone to absolute pieces. It doesn’t matter if someone else snuck up on me from behind playing a false note on my personal piano, or accidentally bumped into me causing me to accidentally play that false note. The music coming out is the same, and the soundtrack to my life had turned positively Nickelback. After spending some time whining about my misfortune, I put my head down and started working on sorting my shit out instead. I’m still a work in progress—as I will be as long as I live—but not only am I in a much better

place than I ever was before my life crashed in on me—I also realize that every part of that crash was indispensable for me to be where I am now.

It's the same with the world. It's up to us whether the current pains we're faced with are death throes—or if they are the contractions of a new and better world being born. We can still turn this thing around. I love the Pink Panther cartoon where the pink protagonist finds himself standing at the edge of a cliff. A crack appears in the cliff and the tip breaks off—falling from a great height with Mr. Panther still standing on top of it. A millimoment before it crashes into the ground—Pink makes a delicate little sideways jump and whistles away unscathed. Although the worry felt by my niece and anyone following the current news cycle is understandable and justified, we can still turn the many crises we're facing today into opportunity and make such a leap of faith of our own. It's up to you and me.

But we are running out of time. Our cliff is about to hit the ground. Structural change needs to happen soon if we want to avoid for Generation Z to live up to that letter's placement in the alphabet and become the final class of adult humans. The burden of avoiding such an outcome of course falls mainly on none other than—drumroll—Gen Z themselves, maybe with a little help from their elder siblings, the Millennials. Did you think your Gen X slacker parents would take care of it? We haven't fought for anything unless you count joining Facebook groups advocating for the reintroduction of our childhood favorite popsicles. Or your grandparents—the Boomers? Of course not. Can't you see they're busy sustaining their unsustainable lifestyles while loading you with unrepayable debts?

Those trillions spent on bank bailouts, COVID measures, and doubling of defense budgets don't pay for themselves, you know. Young people will have to pick up the tab. Partly through inflation caused by our having flooded the market with

funny money, and partly through national debt. Interest payments in the US alone are expected to reach \$13 trillion over the next decade. The generational contract has been well and truly broken. Not by youth rioting in the street—but by boomers behind picket fences.

New paradigms are often not fully implemented before the supporters of the old paradigm die out. We don't have the luxury of waiting for old farts like me to give up the ghost, so we need to fast track older people onto the Transduality OS too. But it's young people who will have to do the heavy lifting.

Young people have traditionally scored higher than older generations when questioned about life satisfaction. Lately, that trend has changed 180 degrees. That probably has at least something to do with Millennials and Gen Z being the first generations since the start of the industrial revolution to be less well off than their parents. One of the consequences of that fact is that they can't afford their own homes. While boomers paid the equivalent of two annual salaries for a home—Gen Z have to stump up six. As outrageous as this is, it just might work in the favor of a Transdual (R)evolution.

The collapsing ecosystem and the clear and present danger of nuclear Armageddon may be insufficient to stir a much-needed transdual shift amongst young people. But the fact they won't have sufficient funds to move out of the family nest, might do the trick. The looming threat of a lifelong barrage of incoming dad jokes could be exactly the traumatic trigger Gen Z needs.

In 1274, Peter the Hermit—Catholic monk and crusade pioneer—opined about the Gen Z of his own era: "The young people of today think of nothing but themselves. They have no reverence for parents or old age. They are impatient of all

restraint. As for the girls, they are forward, immodest and unladylike in speech, behavior and dress."

The last sentence tells me that the appropriately nicknamed monk should obviously be canonized into patron saint of Incels. But Mr. Hermit didn't invent youth-bashing. That bandwagon stretches back millennia and further. Probably all the way back to when the very first human couple had their firstborn turn into a teenager.

I have no interest in joining that band. However, I'm interested in patterns and c-c-c-combo breakers. Gen Z is the first cohort to have been told what to do from before they could speak. Daycare for toddlers used to be an exception to the rule. Within a very short timeframe—in my own country, just before the turn of the millennium—it had become the rule. Simultaneously playtime became professionalized. No longer were kids free to organize their free time into savage interpretations of Lord of the Flies. Together these developments meant that most of child activity for the first time in human history became adult-led. "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me," ran the battle cry of a 1992 rock anthem. I guess that backfired, as ever since, people have increasingly been told what to do. All. The. Fucking. Time.

One of the casualties of this constant surveillance is language. Children when not supervised immediately start to create language. As a teenage Odd I could easily hold a conversation with a friend in front of my parents talking in slang so that my folks couldn't decipher a single sentence. Not so with kids today. Interestingly the one area where Millennials and Gen Z have created their own language is on the one arena where the long gaze of their parents can't reach—online activity like gaming and chats.

The other combo breaker is no downtime. Pre smart phones—and even more so pre cell phones—you would frequently find yourself in situations with nothing but

your own thoughts to entertain you. Sometimes for hours on end. Not that we spent that downtime inventing calculus. My teenage self spent most it pondering stuff like who was the hottest woman in music: Björk or Sinead O'Connor. FWIW, the right answer is of course Hope Sandoval. Nowadays, downtime for hours is not on. I'm as addicted as anyone else. There is no way I'll bareback that flight or even a fifteen-minute bus ride if I can avoid it. But I did get some practice during growing up. Gen Z doesn't know what regular downtime means. Not their fault, and it's not just good or just bad—but it's definitely new and different.

As the first generations of what artist Claire Boucher AKA Grimes calls Homo Techno, young people are in many ways superior to their elders. Their SoMe-game is obviously next level compared to boomers posting lowkey racism on Facebook. And if a young Odd wanted to investigate a topic of interest—say rogue goats ramming innocent bystanders—I would have to walk ten miles uphill both ways to the local library, where the librarian would cause me psychological damage by sending judgmental looks while quietly questioning my sexual preferences, before reluctantly providing me with all available literature on goats, where I would be lucky to find a single picture of said topic of interest. Now I can scratch that itch with a well-stocked playlist of Capricorn carnage after a three second search on YouTube.

Added up, young people are in many ways more resourceful and open, having grown up with instant access to—and being exposed to—a wider range of information and technological tools. But due to societal developments they probably lag a tad when it comes to initiative, self-organizing and contemplation. That's why I've done all those three for you with this text. De nada. Now, get off my lawn and go out and fix the world we fucked up for you. Please. Please?

Speaking of which—on December 20, 2024, Aaleen Ahmed—a 19-year-old woman from Islamabad, Pakistan, posted a video on YouTube with the title: If this video found you, I promise you, it was meant for you. Exchanging the word *video* with *text*, I could have borrowed that title for this book. One week later this video popped up in my own feed. It featured the young woman talking about a host of subjects over 90 minutes. I'm a jack of all trades, so I couldn't say whether all her claims were valid, but I'm the master of one, and I can confirm that she dropped some life-affirming transdual truth bombs that hit harder than a Russian hazelnut tree. Her video also racked up 80,000 views within one week of posting.

One day later—Ahmed's video was taken down and her account deleted. I don't know why. Her views may not fly in Pakistan's strict religious society? Maybe she has been put under house arrest? I always wanted to visit Oddiyana, the place in Pakistan where Dzogchen originated 1,500 years back. It's only 100 miles north of Islamabad. Maybe I'll drop by on the way—bringing with me some goat milk and white silk. Young people like Aaleen Ahmed give me hope—and I hope she's fine.

This is an epicrisis, and as such should prescribe a treatment and a prognosis. The antidote to the escalating arms and AI races, the ongoing ecocide, the threat of nuclear annihilation—and all the other slow motion train crashes we're faced with, is of course the middle-out treatment of Transduality through the three shots of Single, Double and Poly Cells. Not bottom-up as in a revolt of the proletariat. A billionaire should join a cell just as well as a poor person should. But bottom-up as in representing organic, evolutionary growth. Evolution never starts at the top and then forces its way downwards. Like a snake we must grow a new skin of Transduality from the inside out before we can shed the old of duality. It can be done, but it won't happen by itself. All the existential threats we are facing are examples of problems

that cannot be solved on the level that created them and in all these cases that means the level of duality. Transduality has the power to solve, or in many cases, dissolve, all these threats.

I hope my odd anecdotes and bad dad jokes don't distract from the fact that I'm serious as cancer when it comes to the importance of spreading Transduality. Also hopefully, they will help destroy any projections anyone might wanna point this way as in me living up to an image of a spiritual teacher kind of person. Take it from someone who should know—me: I don't. I constantly meet people whose lives are vastly more in tune with my message than my own life is. That's ok. Or great, even. The only person we should measure ourselves against is ourselves. Do you live more in tune with the message of Transduality than you did before you received the message? If the answer is yes, it's worthwhile.

Also, I have a daughter. It seems we're sleepwalking into something not very healthy for any of us. If things go to shit for real, I don't want to answer "nothing" when she asks me what I did to stop it.

So yes, I'm serious as cancer when it comes to spreading cells of Transduality. An ex of mine had the most well-mannered and sweet nature. She also had a love for board games, and one day she invited me and my daughter to join her for a round of Monopoly. She warned me that these games brought out an otherwise unseen fiercely competitive streak in her. Monopoly is life in a nutshell. You spend the first part trying to get hold of some assets, and the rest of the game trying to hold on to them, and to use those assets to squeeze as much juice as you can out of other players, including the forced takeover of their assets. I hadn't played the game since childhood, and my young daughter had never even heard of the game and much less played it. We therefore agreed to play nice for the first trip around the board. My ex

didn't lie though. During this test drive I caught her red-handed trying to hustle my daughter out of her best assets. I had to send her directly to jail.

People with strong transdual streaks tend to not be super competitive. They see more sides of the story, and they view all people as different manifestations of the same infinite moment. But when it comes to the dissemination of Transduality we need to be like my ex in boardgames—In it to win it. Join a cell yesterday. Start a new cell tomorrow. It's not a sacrifice. Sacrifice is living solely according to the dualistic matrix, missing out on the joy, awe, wonder and freedom that is our birthright.

Together we'll birth a world where every child is welcomed as a miracle. A world where the child gravitates—through the love and guidance of parents and relatives, education and culture, and finally, through a rite of passage—not towards a life sentence spent in a dark prison cell of duality, but to the transdual realization that it is itself a star in the infinite sky. Or to paraphrase this William Blake poem that was recited just before my own speech at the Barcelona wedding:

It will see a world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower. Hold infinity in the palm of its hand—eternity in an hour.

Or maybe we won't live to see such sweeping societal changes. Transduality doesn't rely on any particular outcome to be true. Maybe the duality OS is too vast and has too much momentum for it to yield. I remember playing in sandboxes as a child. It was fun to build castles, roads, and everything else. But the most fun of all was to destroy everything when it was time to go home. Maybe that's where we're at in the evolutionary cycle. There's beauty in the breakdown, so maybe we should join the ghost of Jim Morrison and get our kicks before the whole shithouse goes up in flames? I don't think it will though. My gut feeling tells me otherwise. I think it's written

in the stardust that we'll upgrade the current shithouse into the vastest and most brilliantly lit castle.

You may say I'm a dreamer, but not only am I not the only one—seeing through the limitations built into duality also feels more like waking up than dreaming. But we'll have to do the work, starting with you and me joining a Transduality Cell. It's a win-win really. The worst that can happen is that you connect deeper with your significant other, a friend or a beautiful stranger.

With much love,

Odd Ness

PS – Have an ex-cell-ent day. Don't seize it—unleash it!