

Excerpts from the book:

QUANTUM SOCIETY: from 'Another Hole' to 'More Holes'

by Sara Gebran (2021)

The link to buy the book will be announced in Facebook, instagram & www.saragebran.com

Colours by Emotions

Range of pink: feeling happy and playful

Range of brown: feeling shitty, ugly and desperate

Range of red: feeling hot, sexy, attractive

Range of blue: various degrees of feeling sad and lonely

Range of yellow and whites: feeling hopeful and revolutionary

Range of grey: feeling hopeless and as if there is no way to go

Range of green: feeling neutralized by the status quo but continuing with some sort of crazy ideas of hope

Pure orange without a range: being in rage, like fire

EXCLUDING MOBILITY-2: COVID-19: (16 March, 2020, 3 days after the isolation began). I am writing as if today is the 16th of April 2020, on the day we exit our homes in the supposed end of quarantine, as it was announced. We are out on the street, walking freely. I am trying to remember how life was before, in order to walk differently today. I am trying to imagine how people met in the street after a four-year lockdown imposed in WWII. It's hard to imagine a four-year long isolation. Our small quarantine can't compare with that, I know, but how did people look at each other when it ended? How would we do that today? Did they stop to salute one another? Did their eyes become softer, as if the only way is to hug and caress one another through the eyes? Could we start the day without the panic of our differences? Start with a soft living by eyes-hugging first? (About eyes-hugging, check the above chapter: EXCLUDING GAZE: BLIND SPOT PENETRATION)

EXCLUDING FREAKING OUT ARSE HOLES. (Day 6) What could we people of the world say? I'm gonna watch another romance, my nerves are a float. Problem is, almost all TV series and films are built on a drama manipulating our nerves, so that we keep attention and focus. Meditation should be the way to calm down today. But I can't stay still this week. Isolation is not like a self retreat for mediation. This is a freaky fucking time. I am freaking out big time. Its time to re-think what we have done, how have we become witnesses together of this mass extinction. What else we don't know, or tried to hide in these many silent years?

EXCLUDING ROCKETS: BOMBED NATURE: (October, 2019) take a pose, you and I. Place your hand on this page, close your eyes, let these sentences enter your hands, imagine all the people touching this page too, and that you are touching other people's hands by touching this page (we are all touching it now in bended time). Feel the heat of the hands of others. Take the book by this page, or rip off the page, pass it over your naked body, anywhere you like. Feel the touch of all those hands caressing you, the heat of them, the sensation of being touched by many. Touch yourself with the page as you want those hands to caress you. Then touch the book's page imagining how your hands will touch other readers, doing the same caress you wish to receive, but also what you think they might wish. Enjoy the pleasure of giving and receiving a touch. This too is an anti-speed therapy, and an anti-disappearing tool. (By your window sing out loud the Sound of Silence until your neighbors hears you)

EXCLUDING GAZE: BLIND SPOT PENETRATION: (8 January, 2020) Your eyes are reading these words, and my eyes read these words. Outside time, our eyes meet on these words. Words then enter our eyes, until the ball of your eye touches the ball of mine. Then, we have to stop reading and blinking to prevent the ball of our eyes separating, to stay in touch. Holding this touch makes our eye's liquid secrete down our faces as if we are crying out of one eye. Then, an inverted distance begins, a negative one, like a negative bank rate (I've no idea what the word is for that, or how to call it when banks have minus interest

like those in Japan,... send me an email if you know it? I love receiving messages or phone calls. People think calling someone without previous notice is not respectful of a person's space, but who needs more space these days?). The moisture of your eye and mine starts to blend. The olive colour of my eyes and the brown, green, or blue of yours are glued together, exchanging colours, a telescopic gaze of a microscope gazing virus. But here we lose all perspective, and we see nothing. You have no idea who I am, or me you. Together in estrangement. Too close to know. We feel instead, between what you are feeling, what the other is feeling, what is inside the molecules of the eye ball, the heat of all the parts in the eye, the eye's colour, veins, oxygen, the imagination of the other, the two skins heating up faster and dissolving, the confusion of the blood pumping away into the other, in an unspoken, unplanned blood transfusion without technology. To keep the eyes touching is not easy, we need to squeeze our noses on each other, the chin, the legs, half of our breast, penis to penis or to cunt or cunt to cunt or to penis. We need to hug to maintain the two bodies in balance, because this proximity, this entering each other's body beyond its limit, puts our gravity line outside our own equilibrium. Our new balance is in between. The only way is to stay more than close, more than touching, more than holding tight, to pass the threshold of what divides us, of what separates each other's organs: the fascia. We need to push the skin and fascia inwards so part of you enters part of me, an uncanny, consensual penetration. When this happens we won't need any words, we will know what we need to know of each other, through the silence of this penetrating eye-hug. (Go for a long walk with this book, take poses to read)

EXCLUDING FF (FF STANDS FOR FOSIL FUEL) COLLECTIVE FINGERING YOUR ARSE FUCK PARTY:

(February, 2020) about the heat of the planet Earth which incorporates and states don't give a damn fuck about, I am thinking that since we do have new extra planets in the Solar System, or dwarf planets like Pluto and its moons, which are mainly icy places, we could perhaps import some icebergs to place back in the North and South Poles? Light from the Sun takes about five and a half hours to reach Pluto at its average distance (39.4 AU), so from Earth it might be about four hours (28.7 AU). This trip to Pluto or its moons could be called: "*Import of Goodies 1.*" In a couple of light days we could restore the problem of climate change and then continue as if nothing happened to planet Earth. I just hope that if this import can't be done, at least planet Earth's heat won't rise, so its heat won't reach the new dwarf planets and Pluto. I can't even begin to imagine what would happen to the Sun for example, if our planet would be then a binary planet to the Sun, and as hot as it is? Would this mean that the rest of the planets of the Solar System would have to re-align around either the Sun or the Earth, forming two Solar Systems? In that case, we would have reached the goal of becoming a completed Anthropocene/centric, with everything turning around the earth and its men, perhaps not women, because I won't be here for that, neither would I like to participate in this. I stopped voting in 2001, after 9/11. It was a premonition I had back then, about not being represented by anything, being in constant exile, like a quantum event, outside everything, in no time and no space. Another disappearing mode. (Open the window, sing out loud 'The Sound of Silence 'for your neighbours to hear)

EXCLUDING NEIGHBOURS, GET LAID THEN EXIST: (20 January, 2020) Looking and listening as one and the same act, a simultaneous form of perception, the spectral.... I learn the world by looking, followed by endless repetitions, because I see mainly in pictures, like animals and autistic people do. So, I need to repeat what I can't see, learn it by heart: thoughts, feelings, sensations, voices, names and knowledge, all have to be written down many times; also songs and specially empathy. Yes, I have to memorize empathy, or else I would forget, as if it doesn't exist, as if I can't see you, then you disappear. I disappear too, because I can't see myself in you eyes, through empathy, towards you or myself. We become two missing persons in the world, without witness, locked in the invisibility of one's own private sphere, the loop. Sometimes, the choice of being locked away is not ours - or most of the times actually, or all the time? The consequence of alienation is disappearance. The consequence of not looking into each other's eyes is disappearance. To get rid of disappearance we need to begin by looking into each other's eyes for a long, long time. Disappear in the eyes of the other, even strangers, so that we do not disappear in the world, so we stop this strange alienation we often find ourselves in. The other night, in the club, I managed to look into his eyes for half a second straight, not because I couldn't stare more because I am shy, but he couldn't hold it back, not remotely enough to know anything about each other but enough for

all kinds of misunderstandings. I gave up and went home alone, again. I suck at staring into the eyes of strangers. To fix that, I created these exercise for staring at strangers' eyes in order not to disappear:

△△△ Try to stare once a day, every day, into someone's eyes for 10 seconds, in a public

△△△ After some days, try to stare once a day, every day, into someone's eyes for one minute

△△△ After some weeks, try to stare once a day, every day, into someone's eyes for five minute

△△△ After some months, try to stare once a day, every day, into someone's eyes for fifteen minutes

△△△ After some years, try to stare once a day every day at someone's eyes for 30 minutes.

△△△ After a decade, try to stare once a day every day at someone's eyes for 1 hour. If you can't find any person in the public or semipublic space, then stare at a rock, tree, animal, or the asphalt. Try the same exercise above with small variations:

☾☾ Don't think about what the tree, rock, tree, animal, or asphalt, would think of you staring at it. Just do it without judging yourself or the elements you are watching. Think that you are staring into the core of this element's eyes, even if it has no apparent eyes. Everything that exist vibrates, as we are all made of the same stuff, so deep down their eyes are there, perhaps way too small for human perception, or looking like a NON-EYE?

☾☾ Try at least once a day, every day, to go out to a public or semi-public space and stare at any element for more that half a second

☾☾ After some days, try to stare once a day, every day, at any element for one minute

☾☾ After some weeks, try to stare once a day, every day, at any element for five minutes

☾☾ After some months, try to stare once a day, every day, at any element for fifteen minutes

☾☾ After some years, try to stare once a day, every day, at any element for thirty minutes

☾☾ After a decade, try to stare once a day, every day, at any element for 1 hour

Soon you will notice how things appear in the world.

EXCLUDING ORGIES HERE & THERE: (Day 9) In the last 1.9 years I have been thinking how much I miss to be touched. This enclosure is doing something else - it super-much speeds my need to another level. Yours too, each time I talk or chat with one of you uncoupled people, sex topics come first. The 21st of March, police stopped an orgy party with eight men in Barcelona in the midst of the worst pandemic spread. Tears of laugh felt down my cheeks. I wished I was there.

EXCLUDING ALL MOVEMENTS: HIS IMGINARIES: Oh kill me now God!!! That thing you did with your tongue, sliding it around the clit, was never on the right spot. I am out of you for good. (Stand up, bring your head down, release your anus, fart)

EXCLUDING MICRO SCI-FI SHITTY ECONOMY: (Still day 9). Panic is stronger today. Economical collapse is evident. What can we do, excluding me having to pay from my pocket? Force the rich!!!!

EXCLUDING COWARDLY TOUCHING MY SPOT: (Day 13) How to touch one another separated? Some pages above, before lock- down time, I wrote about ways of using our eyes, to stare at each other, for a long time, eye-hug, eye-caress, to soften the body revealing things to each other, talking eyes, inviting eyes... But that won't work live-streaming. Live-streaming makes 3D go 2D, unless, perhaps, eyes are combined with the voice, for a 7D depth, to include all senses, up to vibrations and extra-perception.

EXCLUDING DIRTY COWARD PHONE CALLS: Up until pandemic time, no one called each other, not even for emergencies. Our language has shrunk to a nano-language of speedy, snappy sms, most of the time leading to misunderstandings and time waiting to clear things up. We lost the habit and courage to speak our thoughts and feelings in front of each other, for fear of our own self, our own confrontation and of non-consensus. Cowardice is hidden in chats. How do we get intimate again? And how to do that digitally? First, I suggest we stop selfies, it's such a disruption. Then, to combine the voice with the eyes, together. The eyes' absence in chatting is a lack of presence, and the lack of representation of the body and the self (people could read your soul through the eyes, as I wrote above before Covid-19). By using our eyes and voice at the same time, we could discover the multiple possible combinations of our expressions. Imagine each tone of voice (vibration, speed and intensity) combined with each facial

expression, which is also generated by millions of muscles that hold the face together. If you multiply these two landscapes across each other (I am not using the word *intersectionality* but *landscape* to avoid falling into the horror-fashionable name dropping of theories in the arts, which is also producing the included and excluded ones) and it will result in infinite new expressions and feelings, yet to be named. Then, we could practice softening our eyes and faces into new compositions, to find expressions we never knew. We would be able to live-stream a touch, a hug, a thought, a wet passionate kiss, sex making, or any other feelings. While I am busy thinking of this, I hope someone will invent the hologram, so your body could show up in my spot, because, really, nothing replaces the material contact, not even my hands on my breast, neck, down to my stomach, legs, toes, pussy, neck... I need a variation to this loop.

EXCLUDING NANO-LANGUAGE-MAKEUPSEX: Besides, when we use our eyes and voice we confirm our presence in the world, to our own selves and to others, we become our witness and witness for others, even digitally (and even if the problem is not the medium analog/digital dilemma, but us, I still want the material stuff or the hologram of you by my side.

EXCLUDING 1 % FADER FUKA: (Day 14) Among the new institutions we need in the future are ones that recuperate the money stolen and accumulated by the bad politicians, bankers and private multinational investors. These institutions will re-invest the money into public social care: hospitals, schools, homes, one basic salary for all the people in the world, and good green farming conditions so people get fed properly. Institutions will replace banks too, to make sure banks do not play and inflate the economic bubble into any crisis again, because I don't like balloons - banks as we know them will disappear.

EXCLUDING DOGGING TAX & FUCKING THE FUCKERS: (Still day 16, I think I wrote for 18 hours today) For months I have been thinking how could we complot together to actually make the revolution functional: *The people* (The noun: *people*, excludes the fuckers evading tax) should never pay tax, while making the fuckers return all the years of tax evasion. Or at least COVID-19 should kill the fuckers first, and by the time COVID-19 should start taking down *the people*, a cure will save *the people*, not the fuckers of course. Then, the money of the dead fuckers will be confiscated by *Institution* (which I wrote about 16 chapters above) and redistributed among the people, as for example, a planetary basic income to 100 % of the people (excluding fuckers) and the three days of VIP fame day for all each 20 years.

EXCLUDING MACHO WITNESS, UNITED AT LAST: (Day 20) the lack of touch is like the lack of witness. It lacks reflection, presence, recognition of the one over there, or the ones closer, even. These days everything seems impossible. Hands and eyes on our bodies don't work anymore. It hasn't worked for some lonely years already, but this quarantine exacerbates it. Since that break up, I thought of the many people who never receive a touch, the too weird, ugly, old, sick, fat, etc., no one looks at them, or if they do it is to confirm that state. This incubation is uniting us in the lack. Equality at last. I hope this lockdown is extended enough so we start to create a transversal system of support, imagining other ways to relate to my neighbours, start eating less - considering that an excess of ingestion always implies a lack for many - buying less cloth, drinks, nights out, books, flights, VIP, exclusivity practices, app-dating consumption. Travel less: do holidays by Googling map distances (virtual moving), or electrical trains, if they will ever open up again. Recycle every thing except bad macho boyfriends - they should not be used at all, nor tampons, its chemicals produce vagina allergies (go for the Diva-Cup). How do we want to touch one another when we meet again? Whom do we want to touch when we get out? If we think of the youngsters and the beautiful, begin to consider the ugly, the fat, the old, the dark, the different bodies. Think of what the migrants and prisoners are going through. What can we do for them (doing as an act), invite them for dinner once a week, take them to the park or the beach once every month, invite them home to sleep a few nights until they are settled in a new home (but don't use as excuse they are sleeping over to have sex with them, unless they want to, of course). Make a house for them together with all the neighbours in your block. How do we want to include those others when this curfew is lifted in some months from now?

EXCLUDING SMALL TINY DINGALING: (Day 25) Wait, small pause to see that series, now finally he'll kiss her, I am so far from being kissed I get so excited knowing it's coming. My heart is pumping, memories of

another life are back, with an extra-sensation all over the body, as if nostalgia is my permanent condition.

EXCLUDING DIXIE HUMMINGBIRDS: (Day 35) In my dream last night, the future of NOTHING had less than nothing. It was empty. It was very disturbing to be in it. No one knew what to do, how to start, what to say, or what to feel, it felt like emptiness, but that too was not recognizable. It was as if we needed a new language no one had, to construct some recognizing references. I couldn't make sense of it. My already dead dad was in it too. Was he lost in it like every one, as a representation of the dead of patriarchy, completely de-activated? In that case, I look forward to starting from zero, so that we can re-build our relations outside that, outside misogyny and racism.

EXCLUDING THE EMPTY NOTHING: I wanted to write today about the sadness and lostness that began when I woke up in that empty nothing. Even the bright day didn't help my mood. I almost bought an ice-cream to cheer myself up, but didn't, I don't want crumbs. I felt, that nothing will do anything, which is how it is supposed to be in the EMPTY NOTHING: nothing does nothing. And there is nothing to do but wait to understand how to fill this void, with better considerations than ever done before in this exhausted history of humans. My loneliness won't get a free pass into it either, that is too much for this new void. We really have to think about what to bring into the empty nothing, to make a real difference.

EXCLUDING TIRED, GREEN-PISS-OFF: The getting piss-off all the time by the injustice of the segregating institutional system would also not go into the new NOTHING. **EXCLUDING ORACLE OF THE FUTURE:** In the future NOTHING, it would not be allowed to track people through their mobile phones or any electronic device, nor make the people pay the debt. Debt belongs to the rich 3% only: the self returns to itself. **EXCLUDING WWW SURVEILLANCE:** Also, the WWW should be a free site, like it was at the start of it. Algorithms should read our mind to search for what we really really want and not what they want us to do, by getting us stuck in a loop of no choices. **EXCLUDING FORGIVENESS IN EMPTINESS:** Forgiveness will be necessary and so will pass through. In the new NOTHING, we will still be human, full of failures, so we need it. It is just that we don't know now what our new sins will be. **EXCLUDING FREEDOM:** (Day 44) How could we free ourselves from freedom? Because in the BIG NOTHING this will no go through. (Youtube this song: Loretta Lynn, Hey Loretta).

EXCLUDING DEEP-THROAT SOLIDARITY: (Day 69). Deep throat in 69 is one of my favorite positions. I am trying to be less emotional, take things less personal, but I am truly failing. I am taking everything so seriously personal. (Youtube: "Don't take it Personal", Monica).

EXCLUDING DAY CLUBBING BY FREEDOM OF MOVEMENT IN RØDEPLATS: I could try to risk my life in tomorrow's outdoor day clubbing, and get infected in this solidarity movement to eliminate camps. But what about my two-month hysterical lockdown with the paranoia of getting sick? The idea of a potential flirtaton (not even going as far as to wish for a blowjob) surpasses my paranoia. A serious contradiction. If I were a man I would jerk off on a voodoo doll representing all curators-presenters-programmers, spread my sperm over them until they dry petrified together in one body-mass-or-mess, as none have demonstrated a decent act of creative solidarity yet. All they are doing is passing everything to a shitty ONLINE live streaming. How poor is that? Creativity is also killed by Coronavirus, together with desire. I'd better stay in my own shell, put some online money support to the anti-camp campaign. Instead of 69, I will invent a position called *Spectral-6-Sex* that is: me, myself, and I, without *the other 9*.

EXCLUDING FUCK ME JESUS: Among the things you could do with plasticine is: make a ball with one of your favorite colours, make a hole in it, stick his short penis deep in it while rotating it around (screw it) for about seven minutes. PUFFF, Voila!!!!!!! Then stick your finger in it again and feel the warmth of his wet spectral cum caress your fingers and the sound of it. Mix up the dough again, so all liquid is absorbed into one smooth dough. If it stays wet, add some more flour and mix again. The colour will probably become lighter because of the cum, but who cares (record the sound of everything to hear it afterwards)

EXCLUDING ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY FOR CALMING DOWN: (1. October) by now you've noticed

my constant return to the subject of love. Looping is a strategy to change things slowly, doing it again but different, until you know what you are doing, feeling, or thinking. Loops can be very small to very large, in which case it doesn't feel like a loop, like the 365 days of one year. The difference is not one of temporal perception, but the way it takes place each time. So, about how the feeling of love feels in the body, I won't loop again (go to the start of this book), but how does it feel when that feeling is simultaneously happening between two people holding each other very tight, very slow, and very intensively; it almost hurts. The feeling begins in the genitals, moving up deep into the pelvis cavity, up to your intestines, stomach, and right into the centre of your chest where it really expands towards the ribcage in a internal big-bag, making space towards your heart, which then pumps really fast, while continuing up to your lips and face until it explodes in the brain. Then everything turns into a blinding pink cloud where time stops. All you see is another body in your body, holding hands tight to stay in balance. You see another face wanting to see your face at 1 cm distance, to see your feelings, to make you feel more, to make you feel all, until that feeling belongs to both and probably to everyone around, because love doesn't belong to the lovers, love belongs to you, who carries it and shares it, if you dare to, in a contagious chain-reaction, no matter the consequences.

EXCLUDING NOT TO LOVE BLACK'S POWER: (the night between the 14. & 15. October) Don't get me wrong, the power of love and what love can do hasn't been totally explored, otherwise why do we have so much suffering in the world, the greed and poverty that leads to extreme famine, the police torture and repression, the competition to stick above all others, the egocentrism....? Maybe because there is not enough love. I am stuck with writing about love, to try to get out of this egocentric deadly state of being I am in right now...**EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE LOVE:** ...to understand love we might need to start feeling what others feel, enter their skin, learn how they feel when a hand is touching the body, even if we all have bodies with similar sensations, each body has a very different intensity of feelings and sensations, a different vibration, rhythm, frequency to touch. To learn how to touch another body is to give your own pleasure away, and contradictorily get it back, as a return, in the pure satisfaction of giving pleasure and watching pleasure. **EXCLUDING NOTHING IS FULL OF LOVE:** ...like those first two days we made love, not expecting anything from each other, there wasn't time as a limit, so all theories of love came through. Is time the death of love or its secret? **EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE LOVE PART 2:** The other part of love is accepting no for an answer, while letting go of expectations. Your feelings loose all reflection, standing still contemplating.

EXCLUDING NOT TO LOVE BLACK'S POWER AGAIN: (15th October) the power of tears and what sadness can do hasn't been totally explored, or else why do we have so much written stuff and songs about sadness and need of love in the world? Then comes the greed and poverty that leads to extreme famine, police torture and repression, the competition to stay above all others, the egocentrism...? Maybe because there is not enough love I'm stuck with writing about sadness to try to get out of this egocentric and individualistic self-centered deadly state-of-being of mine. **EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE SADNESS:** to understand sadness we might need to start by sensing how feelings enter and exit our skin. For example, how it feels when a hand is touching your body, knowing how to touch it, giving only pleasure and watching pleasure arise.... **EXCLUDING THE EMPTY NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE:** ...like those first 2 days we made love, not expecting anything from each other...there was no time limit, and all theories of love came through... is time the death of love or its secret? **EXCLUDING DOUBTING PURE SADNESS PART 2:** The other part of sadness is accepting no for an answer, letting go of expectations, so your feelings lose s all reflection, standing still, contemplating the empty void.

EXCLUDING POLITICS: (3.40 am. between the 1. & 2. Nov.) meanwhile, we get to fix global politics, please, put both your hands on this page, to caress, calm, and send healing vibes to all the sick people in the world. Feel their body heat, their heart-beat, their breath. Breathe with them through your hands. Slide your hands to the body parts where you think they need it, without tickling them. After a while, sing them a nice song, but use YouTube to follow the rhythm. People get disturbed when hearing songs out of tune. I know that since I can't sing. Keep hands all the time on their bodies, so our singing vibes pass to them through the voice and through touch across distance. This too is a quantum practice.