

A Magical Kingdom



Michelle looked up as her brother Ethan reached for the knocker on Mr. Trumbull's door. With the other hand, he held a suitcase full of magic money – one hundred thousand dollars' worth. The little boy could hold a suitcase of magic money because it weighed nothing, or next to nothing.

"Can we buy your house and yard?" Ethan asked, opening the suitcase and showing Mr. Trumbull the shimmering stacks of golden coins that seemed to disappear, if you looked really hard.

"Shoo!" he said, "Go away! I'm sure your mother wants you at home." Then, glancing and squinting into the suitcase, he looked up puzzled, "What is that?"

"It's magic money", chimed Michelle. "In lands where the magic money flows, everyone has good food – even pizza and dessert, and nice warm beds that are safe from dragons and monsters. Mommies and daddies come home from work happy or work at home with their friends and neighbors, whistling while they work like the little people. Farmers have all the land they want to grow the finest crops. There are kings and queens and princesses and knights in shining armor roaming the countryside looking for adventure."

"But never any battles," Ethan hastily added.

"No," agreed Michelle, "There is no war."

"Oh, pish tosh", said Trumbull. "Now scam!"

While Ethan's little sister Michelle turned away, Ethan wasn't done. Putting his right hand on his heart, clearly displaying that there were no fingers crossed on the left, he said to Trumbull, "Mr. Trumbull, I promise you can still live in the house, even after selling us the house."



But Trumbull rolled his eyes and started to close the door in Ethan's face, while Michelle tried to pull Ethan away by the arm. "We will give you the house back", Ethan pleaded. "We just want the yard!"

"You come back when you have real money", Trumbull said, smiling at them like an adult would smile at daft little children. He closed the door with a loud thud and the locks snapped shut.

But just then, a gnome with pointed ears came along singing a happy tune, "I love magic money! I love magic money!"

Ethan whispered to his sister, "This is Spec, be careful not to mispronounce his name, he is sensitive about his ears."

"Hey Spec", Ethan called out.

"Yes, that's Spec, not Spock!", he proclaimed, shaking his rear end like a drum roll.

"Spec", said Ethan, "We can sell you one hundred thousand dollars in magic money for only ninety-nine thousand and fifty United States dollars."



Spec was in a buying mood. He whistled and gave Ethan a high-five. "This is my lucky day", he said. "It's like getting almost a thousand dollars for free!" Spec counted out ninety-nine thousand U.S. dollars from his backpack, nine hundred and ninety Benjamin Franklins, in convenient packs of one hundred, pulled a fifty out of his ear, and traded them with Ethan for the suitcase full of magic money.

"You're not going to sell that magic money to the treblers, are you Spec?" asked Ethan's little sister Michelle, crossing her arms and warily viewing the transaction.

Spec winked at Michelle. "I might not." He grabbed the suitcase, ran down the lane and turned around. "But then again I might". He cackled, threw the suitcase in the air, did a full body flip, caught the suitcase, and ran off into the woods.

Ethan and Michelle smiled at Spec's departure and returned to Mr. Trumbull's yard.

Beneath the front window, Ethan shouted, "Mr. Trumbull! We have the real money!" Michelle nodded in agreement. She was back in the game.

Trumbull came to the window looking mad as a monster, but when he saw the packs of neatly stacked one-hundred-dollar bills, his jaw dropped. "Where did you kids get that kind of money!"

"From our friend Spec, and it is all yours if you sell us your yard!"

Trumbull's eyes bored into Benjamin Franklin's, as though the 250 years between them was a mere inconvenience. "Let me get this straight", he said. "I sell you my house, but I still get to live here, nothing changes?" Michelle nodded enthusiastically. "What exactly must I do to earn all this money you're giving me?"



"You have to pay us rent", Ethan started to explain.

"Aha!" Trumbull said, pointing his finger toward the sky like he had all the answers in the world. "And just how much is this rent?" he asked, smirking with self-satisfaction.

The smirk did not have the desired effect, since it reminded Ethan of the expression on Adam Smith's face when Adam put the whoopee cushion on Ms. Marshall's chair. "Five thousand dollars", replied Ethan.

"A year? A month? How fast can it rise?" Trumbull shouted, pointing the finger at Ethan. "I've heard of this scam before! Every year the rent goes up by leaps and bounds, until one day, all the money you gave me is gone. After that, I have no money **and** no house!" Michelle stopped nodding and looked around nervously.

But Ethan was more confident. "No, Mr. Trumbull", he said. "Five thousand dollars is all you have to pay. The money we give you will last forever."

Suddenly Mr. Trumbull looked confused. "That makes no sense. How could you possibly make any money?"

Ethan was on a roll. "Did I tell you that in return for the rent, we promise to take care of all property taxes? You will never again pay another penny in property tax."

Trumbull smiled. "Okay, what's the catch? Is there a hidden camera somewhere?" He looked around. "Are you making a fool of me on TV? Come on. Fess up. There has got to be a catch."

Michelle tapped Ethan on the shoulder, looking very serious. "I think it's time we told him about..." She paused. "...the treblers".

"For the love of Lucy," shouted Trumbull, "Who in tarnation are the treblers?"

"You're right Mr. Trumbull", Ethan said, deflating his chest. "There is a catch. The treblers scour the countryside, hunting for people who aren't paying their fair share of rent."

"Or people who allow their house to go to seed," added Michelle who was eying the crumbled siding beside the window.

"Ooh, I'm so scared" mocked Trumbull, though his eyes showed disappointment that his beloved Benjamin, somehow, would not be coming home to papa. "What can these treblers do?", he asked.



Ethan looked from side to side carefully and took notice of three eyes staring at them from the wood. "Treblers" he muttered, low enough so only Michele would hear, as he shifted his eyes to the trees. Michelle gasped, alerting Trumbull, who quickly pivoted to find out the source of their anxiety.

Trumbull saw three eyes, two brown and one green, forming a small triangle and peering out from thick foliage. He suspected a prank, but he couldn't shake the feeling that something odd and mysterious was about to happen. Trumbull asked the question again, but his nerves were clearly shaken. "What can these treblers do?!"

"It's like this Mr. Trumbull," Ethan said, glancing toward the foliage. "The trebler looks you in the eye..."

"With all three?", gulped Trumbull, before remembering he was probably being bamboozled by a bunch of kids having fun at his expense. Yet, he was certain the hundred-dollar bills were real.

"Yes, with all three", Ethan replied. "The trebler then plants a flag on your lawn, takes a sheet of parchment from their pocket and reads, 'In the name of the Federation, I do hereby capture your land by trebling your measly annual rent of one hundred dollars a year to the grand sum of two thousand four hundred dollars a year!'"

"But I paid you five thousand dollars", exclaimed Trumbull.

"That was advance rent," said Michelle. "Every month, 1/12 of what's left in the advance rent account is taken out as rent. Every year the rent falls by two-thirds, so the advance rent account never runs out. But the rent you are paying goes lower and lower..."

"And lower and lower", added Ethan.

"Is there nothing I can do?" asked Trumbull, pretending he was terrified to hide his actual concern.

Ethan picked up a stick, like a sword and brandished it in the air. "You can say, 'I, Mr. Trumbull, will defend my home and defend my yard and match you, trebler, dollar for dollar, for every penny of rent you are planning to pay!'"

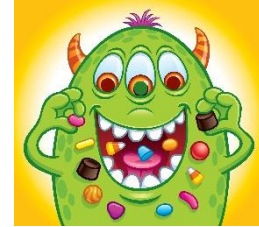
"And that will work?" questioned Mr. Trumbull.

Michelle chimed in. "Probably. You never know with a trebler. They might promise to triple the rent again, if they think it is still too low. In your case, the trebler raised it twenty-four times, so another triple is probably not going to happen."

"But why are they here now?", asked Trumbull. "I haven't taken your money yet. I haven't agreed to a thing."

"I'm afraid they follow us around whenever we offer a suitcase of magic money", said Ethan, "or in your case a stack of packs of Benjamin Franklins".

"And they watch and wait," added Michelle. "They can spot their next meal from a mile away." Trumble involuntarily shivered. Michelle noticed. Her eyes brightened and she smiled. "Here's a good one. Troubled Mr. Trumble trembled at treblers trebling".



"Wow," said Ethan.

"Enough of this nonsense!", shouted Trumbull.

"I hear", said Michelle, ignoring Trumbull's objection, "that in lands where the trebler roams free, they have captured entire villages, even entire kingdoms."

"What about the house?" exclaimed Trumbull. "If I can't match the trebler dollar for dollar, will I get nothing when evicted?"

"When the trebler captures your yard", said Ethan, "You must sell the house to the trebler for one third more than it is worth."

"More than it is worth?" asked Trumbull.

"You must", added Michelle in dead seriousness.

Trumbull looked confused again. "Haven't I already sold you the house?"

"You sold us the yard Mr. Trumbull," Ethan reminded him. "We paid you for the house, but that was a freebee. Now you must sell the house again for one third more than it is worth."

"You must", chimed in Michelle for a second time.

"That's not so bad then," said Trumbull, looking calmer. "But what if I love my property more than all the money you are promising? What if I don't have the money available to fend off these treblers? Are there no other options?"

"There are," said Ethan. "You can build a castle!"



Trumbull was perplexed. "A castle will protect me from the trebler?"

"If it is big enough, and beautiful enough, it will", exclaimed Michelle.

"That makes no sense," said Trumbull. "A big beautiful castle will make the trebler want my property even more."

“Au contraire mon frere”, Ethan said precociously, “the trebler must give you one third more than your house is worth. Not a big deal for this...” He knocked a small piece of loose siding off the house. “No offense Mr. T, but your house isn’t in the best of shape. One third more for this isn’t much. That’s why the trebler is waiting out in the wood.”

“They smell dinner,” added Michelle with mischievous eyes.

Ethan coughed and she picked up on the subtle cue. “One third more for your house isn’t much,” he repeated. “But a castle? No way your yard is worth paying one third more for a brand-new castle. With a castle, you’d be safe from the trebler even if you let your rent drop to nothing.”

“Your ninety-nine thousand dollars would not build a castle. Even as a down payment, the property taxes on a castle would kill me!”

“Remember what I said, Mr. Trumbull. Take our money for the house, and you will never have to pay property taxes again.”

Trumble stared at them in confusion. Ethan could tell he was having a difficult time wrapping his head around everything the two of them were telling him.

But it would have to wait until another day, for just then, Ethan heard his mother calling him and Michelle for dinner. Michelle ran off and Ethan turned back to Trumble. “Sorry Mr. T, but dinner calls. My mom bought some Big Macs in Turkey and invited my two friends Henry and George, so I can’t miss it”. Trumble shook his head in confusion. Two kids dashed out of the woods and followed Michelle to the house. One had an eye patch. Ethan turned to follow Michelle as well.



“Wait”, said Trumbull, “I have one more question. The rents. What do you kids do with the rent money?”

Ethan turned around. “Oh, that’s easy. We divide it up equally and give it to everyone in the neighborhood. Even Willy the Wino and Bertha the Bag Lady downtown, and we will give some of it right back to you Mr. Trumbull, and even Mr. Diamond who lives in the mansion.”



The book you are about to read is also a fairy tale. At least it has all the ingredients of one: a hero, a quest, and a damsel in distress. There's plenty of magic, royalty, cheerful workers, and in the end, everyone lives happily ever after.

Less romantically, this is also a text on unconventional economics, new political organization, the foundation of a business plan, and an application of logic.

The damsel in distress is Lady Liberty. And, although it should not need to be said, the gender of the hero is not yet known.

The conventional wisdom in political economy is that the tradeoff between equity and efficiency, or democracy and freedom, are fundamental properties of the universe itself. This is hogwash.

One need look no further than the "you cut, I choose" procedure employed by children all over the world to see a case where both equity and efficiency are maximized.

Rather than being natural, any conflict between democracy and freedom is exclusively the result of ethical and moral failure, principally the desire to impose one's will on another or take what belongs to another. These moral failings are not just a cause of Lady Liberty's distress, but a symptom as well.

The United States, emulated around the world, is a political economy originally designed to maximize both equity and efficiency for white male landowners, and to eliminate any conflict between their freedom and their democracy. This is nothing more or less than historical tragedy. Trying to shame others, or conversely show pride in this simple fact, is extremely unproductive.

The sad fact of life that nobody on the left, right, or center can get through their heads is that political economies can never be changed. Every advance is met by new contradictions that cannot help but grow to the point where no more change is possible.

If you think this sounds like Marx, you are correct. But I am no Marxist. For while his generalized analysis of the Hegelian dynamics of political economies is spot on, his solution proved to be the most heinous disaster in human history. Even in its pure form, communism is morally bankrupt, and it cannot help but degenerate into what it became.

The moral bankruptcy and degeneracy of the far left and the far right will not stop people from joining their prospective revolutions when the existing order is incapable of change.

It is tempting to hide and pretend, or to take sides and refight the Battle of Stalingrad, before the nukes herald a Judgement Day, one that comes long before climate change does us in.



There is a third way beyond extremist revolution or a futile effort to promote change from within.

That is the good news found in this book. There will be no more depressing commentary on the existing order. Our new world will rise from the ashes of the old. With luck, we will create a new sense of hope that forestalls the inevitable – until our wings are ready to fly. So put on your rose-colored glasses and say “I do believe in magic”.

Magic is not supernatural, but a long-established art of creating effects that appear to be scientifically impossible. In our case, magic is a newly discovered way of creating effects that appear to be economically impossible.

Presto! Chango! There is no more poverty! Everybody has a right to nutritious meals, warm and safe shelter, quality medical care, and unlimited free education!

Abracadabra! There is no more taxation! No more regulations on businesses for adult consumers, save one. Enterprise is maximally free, and starting a new business is easier than it was two centuries ago. Most firms enjoy monopoly profits and this is a great benefit to workers.

Open Sesame! Sovereignty is reclaimed by the individual. A cellular democracy protects objective rights. Equity and efficiency are always maximized. Democracy and freedom are no longer at odds. Sovereignty can be surrendered and reclaimed at will. Exit rights and the right to life of children are inviolate.

Mumbo Jumbo! All content is free, including movies, software, songs and journals! Drugs under patent are cheaper than generics! Trusted news sources profitably revive. Artists and inventors are paid far better than they are under current intellectual property law.

Hocus Pocus! A new form of competition ends mutually assured destruction in business. Violent war is replaced by a more efficient alternative for capturing land.

Refugees are welcomed with open arms everywhere. There is no more involuntary loneliness. Coercion exists in neither the means nor the ends.

There is not one among you who believes that most of these could ever be true, let alone all of them. If there is magic involved, you would say it is certainly a dark art! Perhaps mass hypnosis or Brave New World's Soma.

But no, there is nothing but kindness in this magic, which will be the main objection from our critics. For when those who have everything are the first to benefit, some will be rightfully upset by such deference to the super-rich. But it is an essential part of the illusion, and the critics will applaud when during this spectacle of servitude, they will watch the meek inheriting the Earth.

But don't be overly concerned. Serving the rich is not the critical magic dust. It might barely be noticed. It is a necessary prop like the magician's wand, but hardly the essence of the trick.

Let me assure you, the plan to bring these wonderful changes to the world is scientific and logical. The rest of the book is about business plans, technology, economics, politics, mathematics, and logical consequences. Some of the modules may bore you to death. That's okay. Feel free to read only those that interest you and skip the rest. There's a good chance that most of it wasn't written for you, anyway.

But please, don't be insulted. The magic of this plan does not rely on convincing the average person of anything. Skepticism often is the magician's best friend. Those who understand the book will discover that it opens the door to great opportunities to enrich both their wallet and soul. But the book isn't written primarily for them either.

Let's go back to the world of fairy tales. In fairy tales, the hero, a knight in shining armor, rescues the damsel in distress.

This book is written for a knight in shining armor, or perhaps for the Knights of the Round Table. Not some dictator, some Caesar, some Charlamagne who would unite the people through populism and charisma. I have already told you there's absolutely no coercion in either the plan or our future world, so a dictator is out.

This knight or circle of knights should be businesspeople, magicians, who will understand the meaning of everything in this book, as though they themselves

had written it. Using the magic dust, they will conjure up all of the impossible outcomes listed above; the end of poverty, war, taxes, and so forth.

In doing so our hero or heroes will save the world from its almost inevitable destiny, while becoming the wealthiest people on the planet in the process, and richly deserving that honor.

Let me make one thing clear. I am not needed. Now 70 years of age, I graduated at age 69 from the University of Illinois with a master's degree in science in policy economics (3.76/4.00). I did so for no other reason than to rephrase the magic in words an entrepreneur could understand. I am just a messenger. For as long as I'm able, I am proud to serve as a think tank nerd or document reviewer on this great endeavor.

Beyond entrepreneurial skill and keen intelligence, our heroes will need to have something that most of us do not possess: millions of dollars. As demonstrated in a later module, in the best case, an investment of \$28 million is necessary to begin the metamorphosis.

But there are also landmines in our path. Not mines that can slow us down, mind you – no economic factor can – but instead mines that can speed things up so much that smoke comes out of the gears and we run for cover. As a matter of fact, more funds may actually be needed to slow down the pace! Although, while \$28 million could be enough, no hero should step up to meet the challenge without a comfortable margin. I don't believe that fear of failure is an asset in performing the metamorphosis.

Are there candidates for the heroes? Absolutely. We've all heard their names – brash, billionaire CEOs we have come to love or hate. They have the power to take this magic and use it most effectively. And when they take up the mantle, the whole world will be watching. These magnates can seek the most effective path, but they dare not stray.

I have three people in mind in particular. Should the three of them form a joint venture, it would be a magic circle. A trinity, if you will. In magic, numbers have significance.

There were the three eyes of Henry and George in the fairy tale, who played the part of treblers, creatures who capture land by, at minimum, tripling the ground rent and paying the owners a 33% premium on their structures. There are 3

phases to the business plan that takes us from where we are now to the glorious future. In a cellular democracy, there are 3 classes of constitutional law. Numerologists will probably find other instances. It is amazing how new ideas, like plants and animals in Nature, naturally evolve around numbers.

If you are not among the chosen few, you can still contribute by expanding on the revelations of this text in your area of expertise and by publishing your results. If demand is sufficient, we will develop a facility for publication and comment.

Yet all of this is ancillary, for the primary contribution that each of you can make is to dedicate yourself to a quest. A quest to find these investors. For until there is an AFFEERCE Benefit Corporation run by an entrepreneur who has the respect of the general public, polarization will increase, democracies will fall, economies collapse, and wars, ultimately nuclear, will be fought.

We have successfully spent the last hundred years warding off the specific contradictions predicted by Marx, only to be enmeshed in a new set of contradictions from which there is to be no release.

The AFFEERCE Benefit Corporation will not erase any of these contradictions or stop the decay. It will only provide hope, but hope will keep us alive. It will give us the strength to compromise our short-term ideals and keep the ship afloat.

The time has come for the climax of this introduction. The reveal of the trick. The man behind the curtain. The nineteenth century technology that projected moving pictures on a cloud of smoke before it was popularized by Edison.

Don't get me wrong. There is plenty of additional magic required. Much of it inspired by the great early nineteenth century magician David Ricardo and his Law of Rent, which provides the basis for so many of our illusions. But what comes next is the kernel. The core element of the magic that allows Ricardo's tricks to work, and allows our obsequious bootlicking to magically fulfill Earth's legacy for the meek.

Before I reveal the secret, I must say a word or two about the power of the subconscious. Many of the secrets in this book came to me in dreams, or simply were there when I woke up in the morning.

I developed this skill during my career as a software developer. Study the code, go to bed, and wake up with the bug fix. Why should I do the work, when there is a

whole crew of more highly skilled individuals sharing my brain and just waiting to take on the task? You should try it as well.

For the writing of AFFEERCE, I would say they probably deserve more credit than I do. A case in point, and germane to revealing the core magical principle beneath it all comes near the end of the fairy tale.

Ethan says, "My mom bought some Big Macs in Turkey..." For those of you familiar with economics, this is somewhat amusing. Nothing deep, perhaps evoking a light chuckle. To those unfamiliar, let me explain.

Economists, mostly for fun, maintain a "Big Mac Index". It is the price of a Big Mac in countries all over the world, taking advantage of McDonald's ubiquity. This is primarily because the Big Mac has a "no arbitrage" property. That means you cannot go to Turkey, buy a Big Mac for \$1.84, return to the States and sell it for \$3.00 at the door of a McDonald's restaurant selling the Big Mac for \$5.50.

Ignoring the legal obstacles, the shipping costs would be absurd. And the Big Mac would be a desiccated prune in congealed grease by the time it arrived. For the same reason, some people won't even do take-out. Reheating just isn't the same. Because of no arbitrage, economists use the price of the Big Mac to determine by how much the currency in a particular country is undervalued.

Anyway, ha-ha, Ethan and Michelle's mother went to Turkey to buy Big Macs. Nothing profound. Seemed like a nice way to end the story.

An hour later, I fell to the ground like Paul on the road to Damascus. Much to my shock, I realized that buying Big Macs in Turkey was a perfect metaphor for the kernel of magic that powers everything. What a fantastic way my subconscious chose to end the fable!

Arbitrage on Big Macs is funny, but arbitrage on land is hilarious. I'm going to go to Turkey, buy a small little hamlet in the mountains and bring it back to Chicago to sell. Land in the Turkish mountains is cheap, but land in Chicago is... Forget Chicago, I'm going to bring the land to San Francisco. Do you know how much I can get for that much land in San Francisco?

Freaky. But very close to the kernel of magic that powers our transition to a new human epoch. Can land actually be moved? Not in the physical sense. But what if we could convince a landowner to sell their land away from the old dying world into our magical world of the future.

Nothing would appear to change except the landowner would gain a wad of money in U.S. dollars (we keep the magic money to ourselves). Instead of paying property tax, they pay a one-time 5% advance ground rent to the commons trust. We say that the land has been moved into the commons, or strictly speaking, a commons trust.

However, monthly rent is paid from the advance rent account, while the amount of rent owed falls as well. Unless the homeowner replenishes the account, the balance and the rent will soon be very low. Treblers will see them as prey.

This is half the magic, but not enough for an arbitrage opportunity. To complete the magic, a digital currency (VIP\$) is mined in the exact amount of the purchase price. Sellers can take the magic money instead of U.S. dollars, but they won't, nor should they.

If they really want the VIP\$, they can buy them on the market at a discount. To obtain the dollars needed to purchase land, we sell the mined VIP\$ to a currency speculator as part of a ritual called "ram and jam". In ram and jam, there are arbitrage opportunities, currency destruction, and perfect timing (and a little eye of newt as well).

Trebling is the only gotcha in the lease the homeowner signed when they received their cash bonanza such that the land on which their home rested was moved from the old world into the new.

To prevent hard feelings, we pay the homeowner 100% of the full property value, even though we take only the land. Those who allow their rent to fall by the full 67% annually quickly come to the attention of treblers.

The large buy-side forces that tend to keep the market value of the VIP\$ near the peg are discussed in detail in the module Holding 99 Percent. One of those forces has very much to do with the poor condition of Mr. Trumbull's house. Another is the qualitative advantage of the VIP\$ in commerce to both the consumer and merchant. Another maximizes both liquidity and real return in ways that have never before been achieved. However, the strongest force holding up the VIP\$ is our obligation to purchase VIP\$ when the market price hits the 1% discount exactly and destroy them.

There are sell-side arbitrage forces pushing the VIP\$ down to 99%. Not only does jacking up the price eliminate the real rate of return, but a rash of property sellers,

seeking VIP\$ rather than U.S. dollars, will come forward, should the VIP\$ ever exceed 100% of peg, increasing the supply of the currency. A year or two in, the VIP\$ market will stabilize at 99% of peg.

Only the VIP\$ has a special property that keeps it in high demand, even when supply is low. So, what happens if the market value of the VIP\$ rises above the peg and can't be brought down?

No! It can't be allowed to happen! Remember the smoke coming out of the gears? This is that smoke. The carbon rods have been removed from the nuclear reactor. Run for the hills! Magical forces released cannot be stopped as they foment a revolution more powerful than Lenin, Che, and Robespierre wrapped into one. But unlike those characters, a revolution without violence or coercion. Perhaps in 35 years' time we will release the beast, but not before. Never before!

In reality, sell-side arbitrage keeps the beast at bay. As long as there is land somewhere to purchase, the reactor will remain cool enough. Land purchases into the commons trust are the carbon rods. If there is a critical mass of land in the commons trust, and no more land purchases can be made, the smoke will begin! It is an explosion that will alter history and herald a new human epoch.

There it is. You have seen the man behind the curtain. **We mint money to buy land. The money is protected by a powerful arbitrage framework and other tools of monetary policy.** Ponzi on steroids, but the game only ends when humanity has entered a bright new future and the old dying world is left behind.

We have plenty of other tricks up our sleeves to power our transition into the future, but without this kernel, they would all be parlor games.

Here then, is the formal definition of AFFEERCE.

A business plan to create a world built on the collection and equal per capita distribution of ground rents on land purchased into the commons trust with a currency backed by land in the commons trust and available to the highest bidder of ground rent in continuous auction.

Walking on water is easy, once you know the stones beneath the surface. But don't allow instructions in the art to dim your appreciation of the magic. We have all seen the frustrated souls who try to change human nature first so that the world might be a better place. They have it backwards. We first save the world by employing the heretofore untold secrets found in this text – then experience a metamorphosis.

Yet, what is this “saving the world” but an illusion? We have moved land, without actually moving it, created magic money that has no physical existence, and created rights that exist only by mutual assent. The creation of the illusions – that is pure science. But what the illusions do to power our dreams, joys, loves and quests for truth and knowledge – that, my friend, that really is magic.