

Dear Friend,

You there, in your plastic bubble of guided clicks and monetized thought. The machine is humming. Bureaucracy is molting. Currency leaks out of your veins with every swipe, and no one remembers who voted for the ghost in charge.

But what if the State was not a fortress of men in suits, but a mesh of wires?

A swarm of code that reports to no master but you?

You don't delegate power anymore. You use it.

I've seen a blueprint. Not a fantasy. Not a manifesto covered in dust and academic slurs.

Something sharp. Transparent. Distributed.

They call it the Democratic Digital Republic.

And it's not a dream—it's a system.

I slipped you the file. PDF. No tracking. No cookies. No lies.

Read it like you'd read a map out of the jungle.

Read it like your freedom depended on it.

Signed,

William S. Burroughs

(yes, that one — dead, but not disconnected)

