

## Everyday World, Circular Ruins and The Realm Of Constant Becoming

I am working in my laboratory on some new projects. On one side of the room, in cages of various shapes, I grow organs. They are individual entities, devoid of any body or system. I form their structures out of wood, metal and tensile rope, then inject organic matter, heat and electricity into them. Once they mature, swell and mutate into various blobby forms, I upload memories into their nervous systems. These memories are kick starters for their life cycles.

On this plane of existence where there is no more reproductive coitus, one of the requirements of my profession is to cultivate and raise these organs without bodies. This is a realm where organic bodies no more reign, but independent organs and bodies devoid of unity are dominating. I myself is a rarity here, carrying a human body. Few human bodies can survive in this atmosphere, rare ones who gained the wisdom in the mazes of the *Circular Ruins* and the disciples of the sect of *Wakeful Sleepers*.

On the other side of the room, a creature is laying in intense care unit, under constant monitoring of operation robots, waiting for its wounds to be healed. Few days ago, I merged bodies of two human like and one horse like entities together. Bodies residing in this realm are not closed organisms, they are open ended systems and they easily plug into foreign biological partners. The operation was successful and the health of the resultant creature was stable. I reorganised the limbs and attached them to the torsos, and I assembled the digestive, respiratory and nervous systems all together.

Unlike the mutant population of this world, I still preserve my human body figure but I am able to expand the limits of my corporeality through the tools I use. Different devices are displayed on my table, from a sergeant's lancets to an electrician's screwdriver set. All this technology is transparent to me, I am so accustomed to them that they are invisible to my eyes. I see through them, work and live through them. Visitors would complain about the crowdedness of items and impossibility to move in the clinic, but for me the room is spacious and plain. These apparatuses are extensions of my body and are part of my being. Sensations which would end at the tip of my hands now extend to the endpoint of my tools. The sharpness of the blades, the sparkles coming out of the welding machine, all are incorporated into my nervous system. Not only objects, but space is also a continuation of my body, I close my eyes and project my body into the void of this room extending out to the street.

I trained myself with cybernetics, neurology, bio-mechanics, nano-technology and all other various sciences and I am applying this knowledge to create new bodies, assemblages of unprecedented biological entities. Beings, or more correctly *becomings*, knock on my door and ask for transformations of their bodies. This is their realm, called the *Realm of Becomings*, and I am the agent of change here. I still feel like an outsider even though my time here feels like an infinity. It has been a long journey before I ended up in the *Realm of Becomings*, a campaign that began at the *Everyday World* where most of you readers are residing at. I had lost the control of my life in your world, fell into despair and darkness, and found myself at the *Circular Ruins*.

In the *Everyday World*, in a past I cannot remember how long ago, I was deeply in love with my wife. We were newly married and living in a simple house in a suburban neighbourhood. I was working as a salesman, going around the country and promoting various insurance plans for

households and companies. My sales pitch was: You can beat nature and even your destiny with our insurance plans. I was religiously devoted to my job, because I naively believed it was possible to control world events through insurance. And then my wife was gone out of my life. I cannot recall if she died, or left me, or if I killed her. There are fragments of all these different scenarios, blended together, and each time I try to recall the past, a different story appears in my mind. My love life was not insured. As she vanished from my world, I lost control and fell into a profound sorrow. This was the beginning of my journey to the *Circular Ruins*.

The song sang by my wife's tender voice first appeared to me in my dreams. It was a sweet melody, echoing on the walls of a dark, damp and cold dungeon. As I tried to follow the sound and find where the song was coming from, I got lost in a very dimly lit maze. I saw her silhouette in a corner, her mouth was moving with the words. Then she would collapse on the floor, but the song would continue to be sang and echo on the walls of the maze. I had this dream night after night, witnessed to the collapse her dark figure on the floor, and would wake up with the song in my ears. I stopped going to work, seeing people. I took pills and slept to be able to hear her song. I felt like Orpheus being called by Eurydice from the dark side.

To pull her to my world from the dungeons of the dream world, I transformed my house into the maze her silhouette was appearing at. I demolished all the drywalls, and brick by brick, constructed the damp walls of the labyrinth, and started to wait for her while I was awake. Sleep and wakefulness merged into each other. Once in a while, her dark figure would emerge from a pitch black background and start singing. As she disappeared back into the darkness, the song continued to be sang, as if an organ without a body, a song without a singer, echoing between the walls, giving me pain and fear rather than hope or consolation. I could not differentiate if I was asleep or not anymore. I've got lost in this purgatory, forgot my initial purpose and became the prisoner of the *Circular Ruins*, lingering between the relics of unconscious for an eternity.

You can imagine *Circular Ruins* as the dark centre of existence, an abyss ,a black hole. It is composed of ruins of the physical world and shattered memories of lost souls. It is the source of a field force, the field of cravings and aversions, field of desire. What surrounds this blind spot of the universe is the *Everyday World*, where people are taught to suppress desires and submerge them beneath the conscious mind. From this periphery world, these emotions of lust, thirst and yearning descend to an underground network of currents, flow downstream to the centre, carrying fantasies, disappointments and regrets as debris. Psyches of humans evolved in such a way that desire cannot free float and reign the Everyday World. To desire is prohibited by religions because it is a sin and by the rational thought because it is a sign of incompleteness and weakness. It is experienced under the covers, through secrets, lies and whispers.

The desire vector is centripetal, it moves from periphery to the centre, but never in the reverse direction. Once someone from the everyday world follows this vector and ends up in the circular ruins, he/she is stuck here and becomes a voluntary prisoner of the maze. There is a moment, just after you enter the ruins, before you get lost in the labyrinth, you turn back and look to the world through an opening, realising the truth about where you are leading to. It is possible to go back to your life, and you know that is what you shall do, but the stream of desire works the other way, you crave to go on, even tough you know it is a trap. So you end up in the ruins, carried by the centripetal field of your desires, walking hardly in the alluvium of regret and self pity. What moves in the opposite way, in a centrifugal direction, migrating out of the maze into the world, are silhouettes. These phantoms emerge at the dark centre, from the reflections of trapped souls on the dark waters of the foggy lake. This is the lake fed by the rivers of unconscious. It is an abyss, swallowing everything and spitting out only these dark shadows. These creatures are composed of the figure of the prisoned souls and a piece of the pitch blackness of the lake within their contour line. They lack content, any features, any expression, any colour or even any shades of grey. They populate the circular ruins, hide behind cracked walls, sneak through collapsed arches and fractured domes. They seek for ways out of the labyrinths to leak into the Everyday World. What brought me here was the silhouette of my wife, which emerged when my wife looked deep into the dark lake. Her shadow twin tried to leak into the everyday world by taking refuge in my dreams.

Dream world is a passage way between the two worlds, it is the tunnel I used on my way to the Ruins. On the road, I clashed into her silhouette, got obsessed with the profound blackness surrounded by her form.

This is how the two worlds interact, through the collision of the two opposing vectors, of the silhouettes and of the desire, head to head with great momentum. Onto the black screen these phantoms contain within their contours, people project their cravings and aversions. Desire, instead of running free, gets caught within the silhouettes and are withdrawn to the rivers of the unconscious which flow to the dark lake of the ruins. This is how the mechanism of human psyche operates. Desire is projected on a screen, a force of nature is reduced to an image, it is captured and represented. This is the curse of the *Everyday World*, to transform desire into representation, into simulacra. People are unable to access the essence of reality, but experience it through the reproductions of the original. These phantoms, once leaked through dreams into the daylight of the world, take over the perception of reality. They mutate into photographs within the frames, into moving images on the digital screens. These countless collisions of cravings and screens transform the everyday world into a limbo state, of pockets of projections, where souls are hypnotised by a never ending cycle of recurring appearances.

Some souls are not convinced with these projections, are not dazzled by the sparkling lights of the collision of the opposing vectors. They search for the essence of reality. They trace the vectors to the origin, to the source of the dreams, source of the phantoms and end up in the mazes of the *Circular Ruins*. Meanwhile their silhouettes, their dark twins move in the counter direction, migrate to the everyday world. I was one of these souls, my body was split and transposed between the two worlds. While my silhouette was drifting from one screen to another in the territory of the *Everyday World*, mesmerising minds of people with appearances, this body of mine that speaks to you got lost in the maze, confused, full of regret, seeking his way around. I forgot my purpose, my yearning was not finding my wife anymore. I was in perdition, stuck between the magnetic attraction of the dark source and feelings of anguish, disappointment and disorientation.

As you are being sucked slowly deeper into the dark centre of existence, you learn to circle around this abyss, without falling into it. Through navigating the endless mazes, through the experience of eternal time and endless confusions, you learn to survive in this whirlpool of existence. The circular motion you create results with a centrifugal force which balances the opposing magnetism of the dark abyss. It is the highest wisdom in the universe to be able to ride on this circular path, and wise souls who have access to this knowledge are called *circulators*. As *circulators* learn to move against the currents of desire, they code these insights into their psyches, which they share with their split identities, silhouettes. These dark twins access this celestial kinematic knowledge and use it to migrate out of the ruins and leak into the territory of *Everyday World*. As silhouettes take over the world of humans and capture their fantasies, prisoners of the *Circular Ruins* are destined to end up by the black lake, look to the dark waters and unleash silhouettes from the depths of their unconscious being. There is only one way to free oneself from this loop of the two worlds, from the opposing vectors of the polar existence: It is the state of constant becoming, and a circulator accesses this wisdom.

Following the song of my wife, I ended up in this whirlpool of existence and came out as a circulator. I acquired the knowledge to liberate desire, freeing it from the attraction of the dark centre. I grasped that to desire is to create, to produce, your own being, other beings, the reality that surrounds you. Being a circulator gave me access to the *Realm of Becomings*, a realm where desire is free and is the main productive force, where infinite number of potentialities coexist, not clashing into each other.

I found a spot in the *Circular Ruins*, a demolished building, and settled in. As Piranesi fantasised a Rome that never existed and drew its plan on copper plates, I imagined a city of my own, by the shore of an ocean, surrounded by mountains. I visualised my laboratory upon the relics of the circular maze, constructed the neighbourhood, the sea and the landscape in my imagination. I transported myself to this realm of constant becoming, a zone where desire moved free of any

constraint. In a vibrating field of virtuality, endless possibilities were to be realised, one upon another. In this realm, every being, or lets call them *becoming*, constantly creates their own body and their own surrounding. These worlds created by each entity are transparent potentialities and they coexist as layers one on top of each other. This is the universe of monsters, freaks, frankensteins, humans with animal limbs, machines with lungs and respiratory systems. Entities of this world are singularities resulted from the chain of events; evolution, creation, accidents and assemblage operations conducted by me and my colleagues.

Artists of this realm grow organs inside their bodies, take them out and use them as canvasses to paint art on them. There exists a museum devoted to organs without bodies, exhibiting organs that are skilfully gestated by hosting bodies and tattooed over by artists.

Sex addicts are free to experience coitus anytime and any place. Orgasm does not exist in this realm because the pleasure of ejaculation diminishes desire. To prolong the craving indefinitely, pleasure is replaced by pain. Entities applying this masochist strategy invent new ways of coitus. They refrain from the phallus object, they believe that it is a castrating apparatus which places lack into desire. Instead, they cut holes in each others bodies, replace vaginas with scars. They blend pain, blood and desire of the flesh together. These engagements are named as the *new sex*. Another masochist method of these entities is to crash automobiles head to head with full speed, disintegrate their bodies and the machines they are driving, and engage in activities of *new sex* in the car wreck.

Another popular activity of this realm is to socialise in the gym, to work out and strengthen the flesh. In these temples of the corporeal, you witness the most complex and colourful assemblages: Limbs, torsos, mechanical devices and various unidentified biological entities plug into each other, they lift, stretch, pull and push, play around with newton's laws. An orgy takes place, mutant bodies take over each other, connect, form leverages, pulley systems, lift each other up. They grow new muscles, establish new joints, develop new skins. Sometimes the party is so crazy that even the mechanical systems of the building fuses into the amalgamation. At the end of the exercise, once radical unifications are experienced by beings, all dissolve into their prior states.

On the edges of this world, at very far distances away, it is told that the desire field is so active that becoming is in an atomic phase. This remote land, at the arctic of this realm is called Zone-3. An entity cannot maintain its physical integrity here. The energy field is so active and unstable that bodies break down and decompose into a gaseous state, transform into a cloud and become part of Zone-3's atmosphere. This information is speculative and nobody is sure if this region really exists or is just a fantasy. No voyager ever returned from a mission to Zone-3. It might be a hostile climate wrecking their ships, or a monstrous biological singularity in the deeps of the ocean that is taking over these missionaries. But the entities of the *Realm* prefer to fantasise here as the Zone of atomic becoming, a limit state of extreme becoming which the entities of the *Realm* aspire to attain one day. It is a holy place, where tip of the compasses show, and where the priests orient themselves while meditating. Scientists are working with the most advanced technologies and complex assemblages to plan a next mission to the Zone-3, to bring samples from its atmosphere and to put this atomic state of becoming under investigation. They created a biological avatar, called *Beast* and uploaded twelve astronauts' memories to its nervous system. *Beast* has all the limbs, memories and future potentialities of these twelve astronauts, and through constantly switching between these potentialities, it reaches an extreme level of becoming. The hope of scientists is that the frequency *Beast* radiates would correlate with the atomic becoming of Zone-3.

The day to day transformations of the bodies in the *Realm* is not atomic or radically unstable, but some entities vibrate with so many potentialities of becoming that they give birth to a new form every minute. In my laboratory and clinic, I help beings of the *Realm* to adopt their physical states to their perpetual shifting potentialities. The motive of their constant mutation is to deconstruct any understanding of body image from their memory, to shatter any impression one would have about their own corporeality. Body image is a manifestation of a fixed identity, a notion they left behind at the *Everyday World*. It is the representation of the self in one's psyche, an impression projected

upon the screen of a silhouette. It is the origin of every simulacra in the universe. To sustain a living in the *Realm of Becomings*, to survive the radioactive energy of the vibrating potentialities, one needs to eradicate body image, through deconstruction, disfiguration, applying violence on the body in the form of self-mutilation.

Neurologically, humans of the *Everyday World* would require a memory of their bodies to navigate in space. First they become aware of their existences through recalling their physical appearances, then transport their bodies by relocating these images in the cartesian space. On the contrary, entities of the *Realm of Becomings* endure life without a stable body, in a state of constant becoming. Their bodies are in a continuous physical flux, where one day a limb is attached to it, the other day an organ is removed from it. Their physical bodies disintegrate into fragments continuously and merge together into new singularities, where there is not enough time to form and sustain a body image, relate to it and move in space through remembering this image. These creatures transpose in space and time through the field force of desire. They do not have a self will to decide where to go or what to become. They are in total surrender, taken over by the desire vector, which is unleashed through the dismantling of body image. If beings wish to relocate, they desire to do so, without a self will, but by letting the field take them to their new coordinate in space.

On this plane of disintegrated subjectivities, how do entities perceive the outside world without having a self image? How do they conceive an object without having an outline of their own body? How do they reach to hold a glass of water, open the handle of a door, shake the hand of a fellow mutant, without the memory of a constant body they possess? As creatures of the *Realm* lack an understanding of their own subjectivity and physical limits, they project this instability onto the outside world. These entities experience objects not in a single stable state, but encounter all their possible phases of what they are and what they would become. This is an exciting way to see the outside world, where all physicality is vibrating with potentialities. The book you hold, the chair you sit on, all diminish and reform with differing shapes, their colours dancing beyond the spectrum of visible light. As you touch them, you feel them touching back to you.

The reality of the *Everyday World* is a construction of values, expectations and relationships around the body image. Once this picture of the self is dismantled, human mind deterritorialise reality and alter into a schizophrenic state of mind. This schizo strategy of diminishing borders of reality frees one to shift between many potentialities of the existence. It is the core philosophy of the *Realm of Becoming* and is practiced by so called insane people in the human world.

In dreams, the glue of rationality that holds reality together gets deactivated, and once this tool of the mind is off, dreamscape becomes an area of total deterritorialisation. In the dreamscape, desire is unleashed from the conscious mind, it is free from signs, words, language and any formulated tools of the logic. It rather manifests itself through archetypes, through symbols. In this land of the unconscious, bodily sensations does not project themselves on a body image, but link themselves to these images and archetypes of the dreamscape. For example during sleep, the sensation of a whole body would manifest itself as a house, the sensation of an organ would be a room, a headache would be a spider crawling on the wall. Sensations of body, its manifestation and desire to be in the world, is not territorialized into a body image, but engage with the symbols of the unconscious psyche.

Dreams, in this aspect, are tunnels between the two realms. My journey to the *Realm of Becoming* started by using the passage of the dreamworld, chasing the song of my wife. I did not know the ways of this strange land, I've got lost and fell to the dark centre, to the *Circular Ruins*. I had to find my way to the *Realm of Becoming* by being a circulator. There is a quasi-religious community who established gates that open to a passageway connecting the human world and the *Realm of Becomings*. They built temples around these gates and devotees of this sect protect these gates night and day. They are called *wakeful sleepers*. They develop a mastery of lucid dreaming and transport their beings into the *Realm of Becoming* through the tunnel of dreams. They manage not to fall into the circular ruins by using the mastery of lucid dreaming. Some advanced wakeful

sleepers travel constantly between the two realms, returning to *Everyday World* as missionaries to spread their teachings among the humans. *Circulators* and *wakeful sleepers* are the only human forms in this realm, and the only beings that do not need to mutate their bodies all the time. The main practice of this sect is a meditation based on body scanning, sitting down and examining every point of their flesh. They claim that, cravings and the aversions are recorded into our corporeality. Body is the medium that desire is taken and suppressed. Through the vigorous body scan exercises, these captured yearnings and revulsions are released as sensations of pleasure and pain.