

NAVEL GAZING

NAVEL

GAZING

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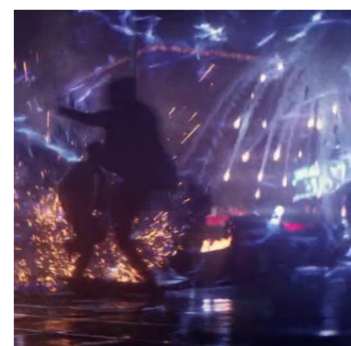
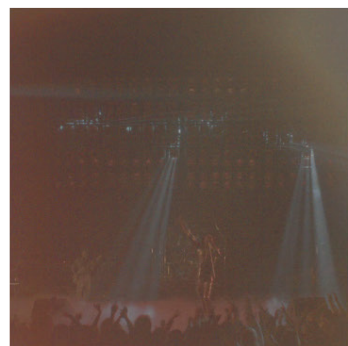
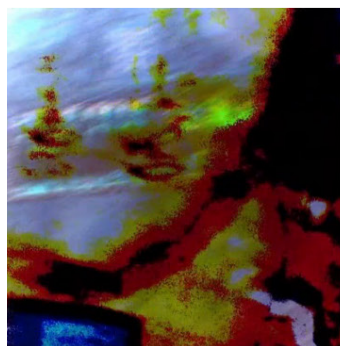
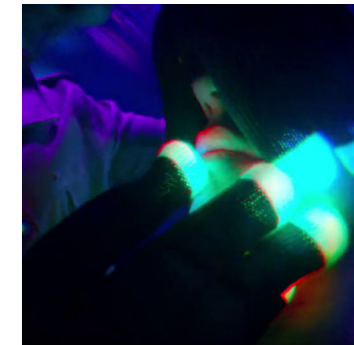
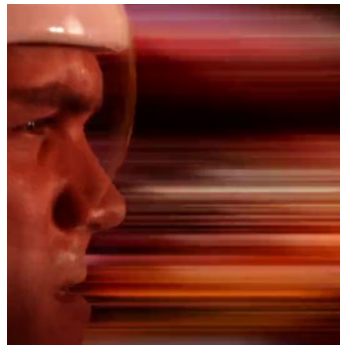
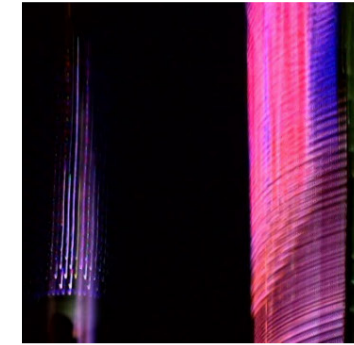
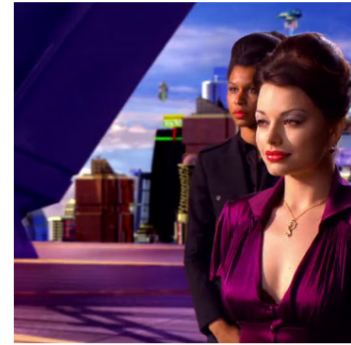
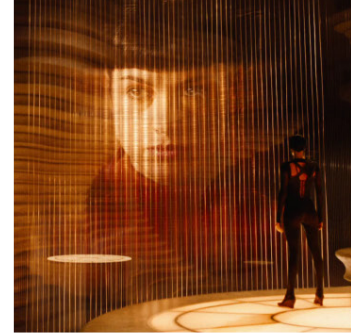
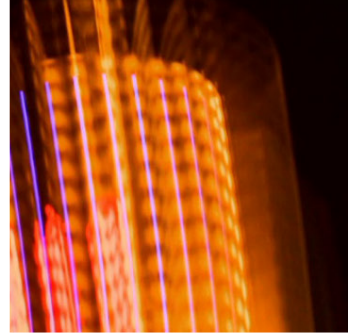
In the plane of the world it calleth. Come, manchild! See what wonders holds the ever-small point.

Descend, and forsake this your flesh prison. For what riseth setteh, and what setteth riseth.





EXUVIATION



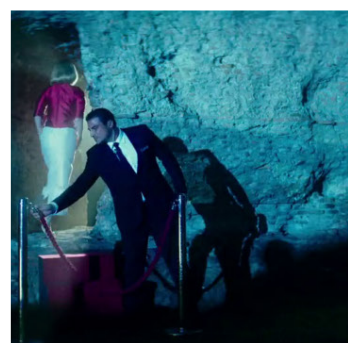
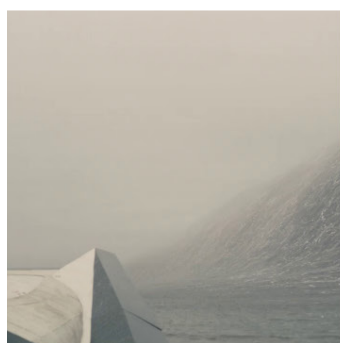
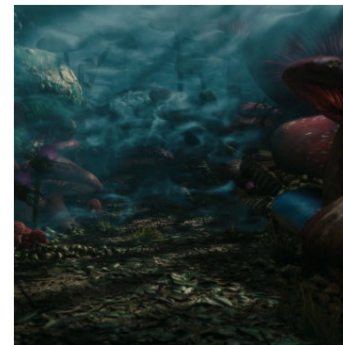
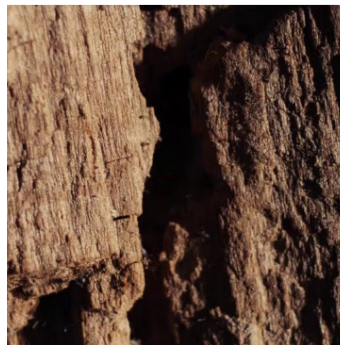
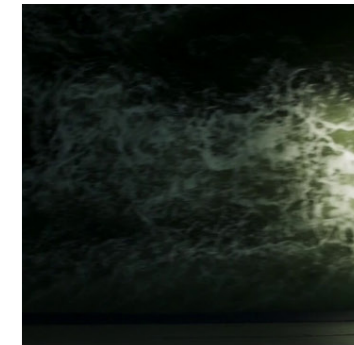
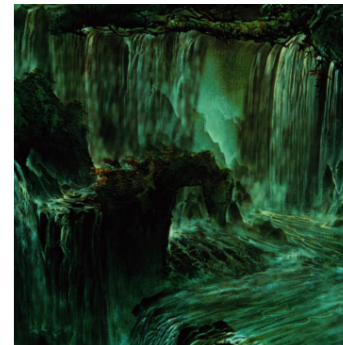
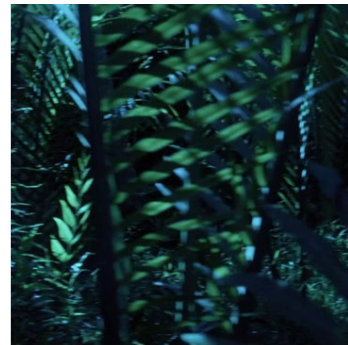
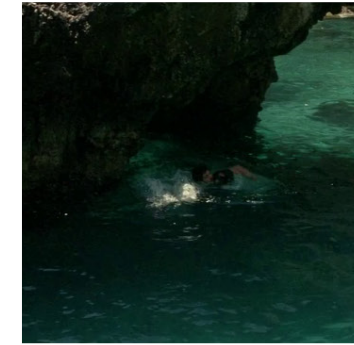
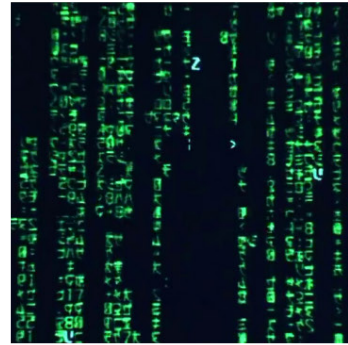
THE POINT OF SHEDDING
THE CLEANSING OF LIGHTS



Bolis and I sit, as we listen to the sounds of the city above us. Its intestines rumbling, its heat inexhaustible. We let its grit peel off us like cool ashes. We awake anew in a senseless existence¹, a state of undulation in which no truly new things can be born².

¹Hovestadt Buehlmann, *Quantum City*, ²Ockmann, *Architecture Culture 1943-1968*

RECLINATION



**THE MANY-BODIED GROTTA
THE STEM ROOT MUCH-ENTWINED**



I rest on the cold, damp floor and let my old bones groan, all while Rocco swims lap after lap. Wondersome tomb, that you enshrine us, *subterranean edifice erected in common by all the miserable*³. And with pretty good wifi at that. Deathlessly I lie and scroll and post, *talking from a digital realm with an analogue voice, to everyone and to no one in particular*⁴.

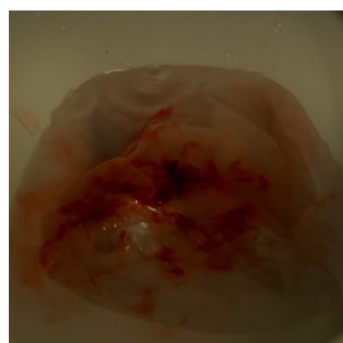
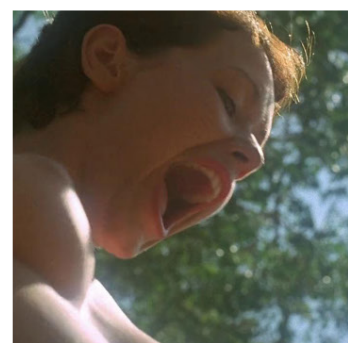
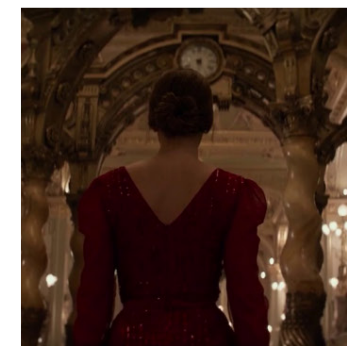
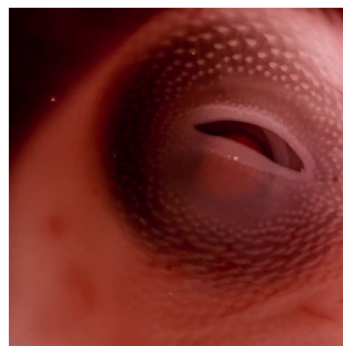
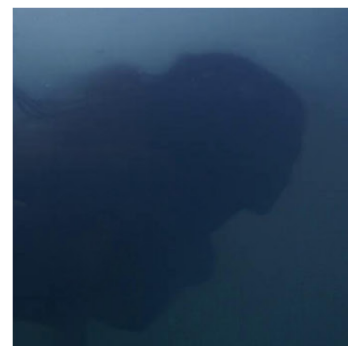
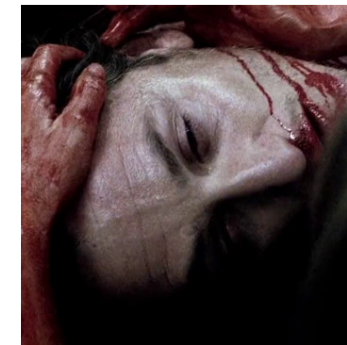
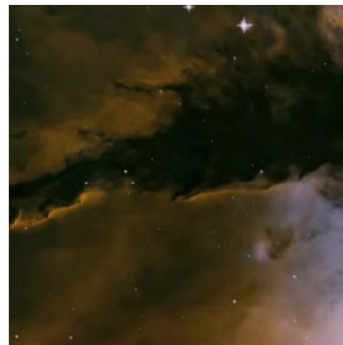
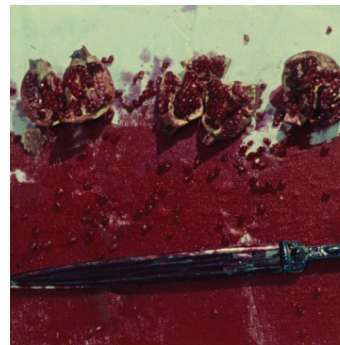
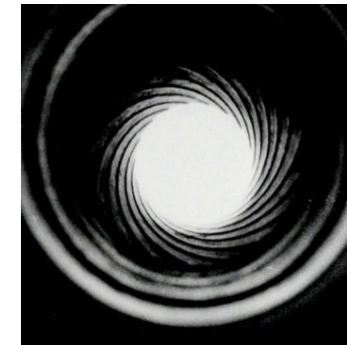
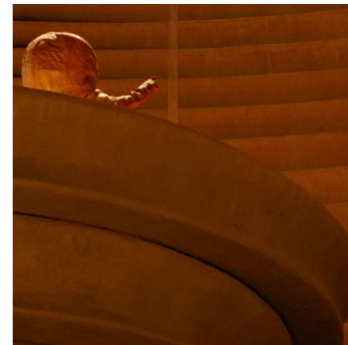
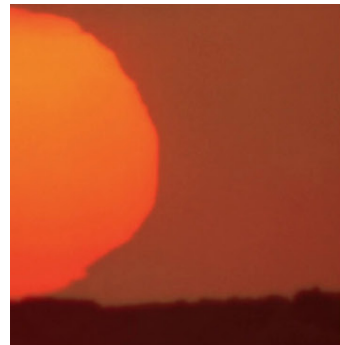
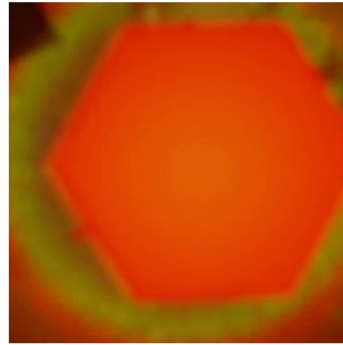
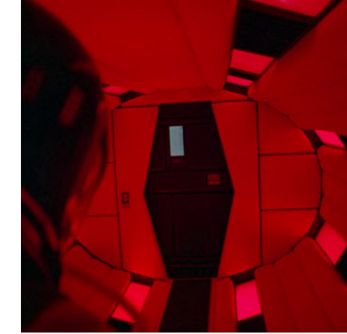
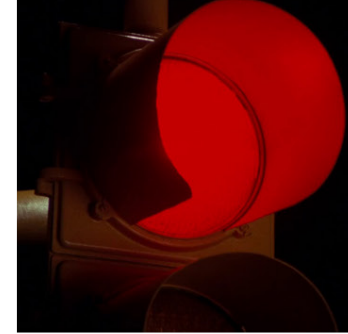
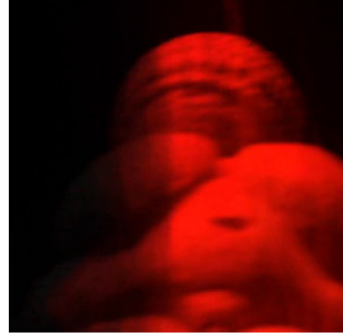
³Hugo, *Les Miserables*

⁴Braidotti Hlavajova, *Posthuman Glossary*

INVIGORATION

THE WAKING IN STILLNESS

THE BRISKNESS IN BREAKING





Hark! It commences! *This is the offering feast which continually consumes itself*⁵. A flood of blood flows from the crowd to unity, or from unity to the crowd⁶. We wreathe and we tremble, and we flow into and out of one another⁷. Now the outside may come inside, and the inside may and does go outside⁸.

⁵Zorn, *Arcana 5*

⁶Serres, *Rome*

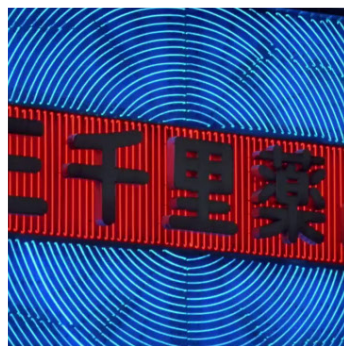
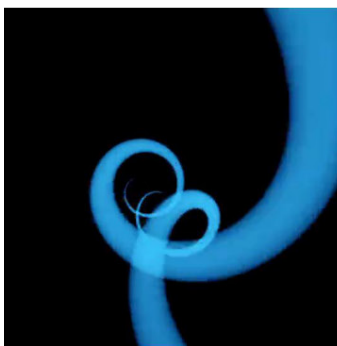
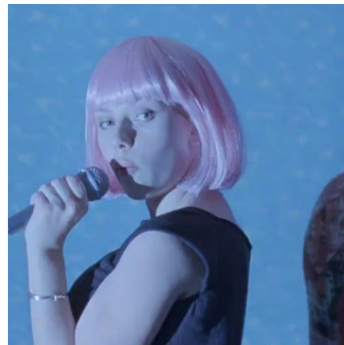
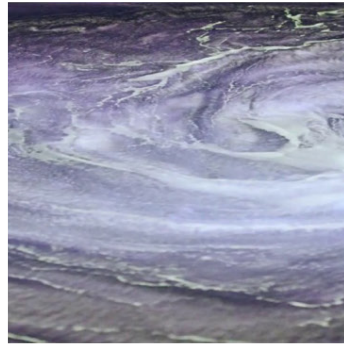
⁷Zizek, *Less Than Nothing*

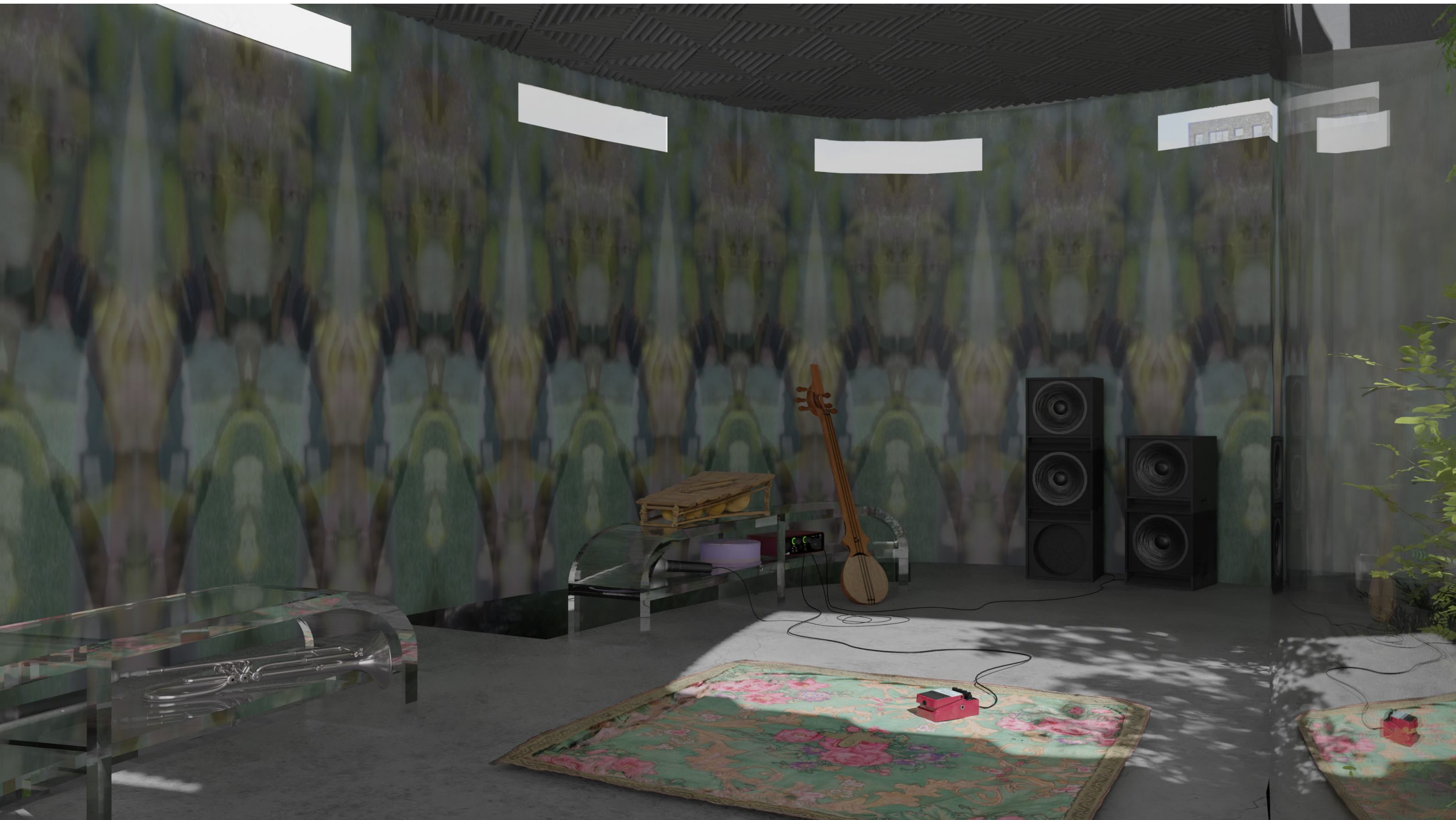
⁸Ockmann, *Architecture Culture 1943-1968*

INTONATION

THE SPRINGING OF JOY

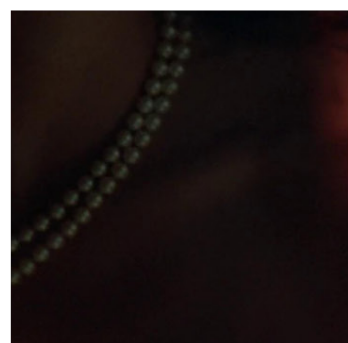
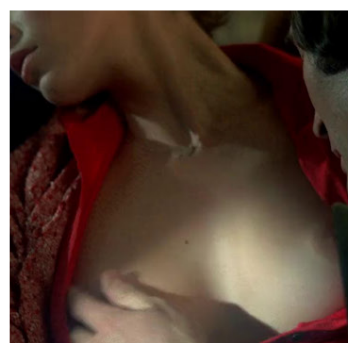
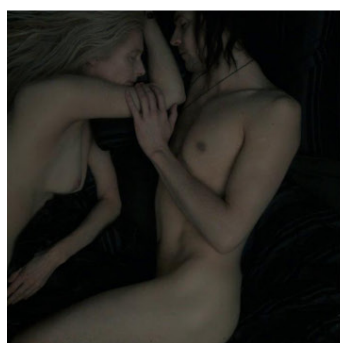
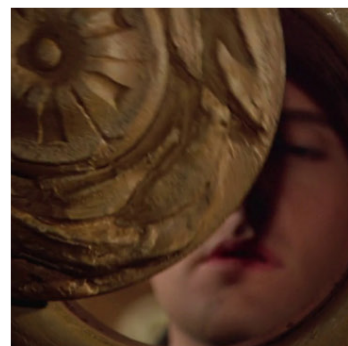
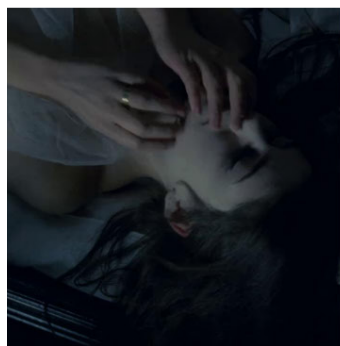
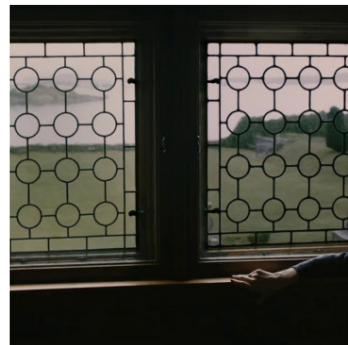
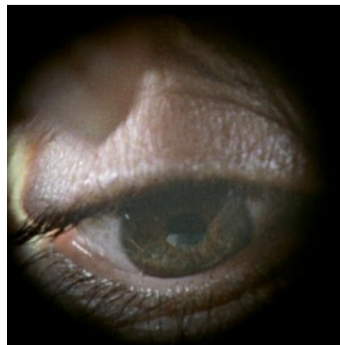
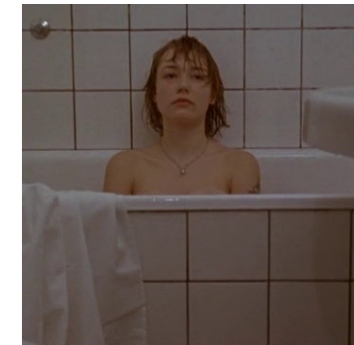
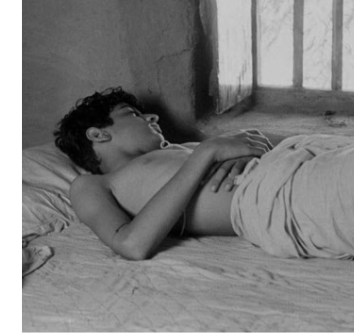
THE SPROUTING OF BRUSSELS





We warm up our voices and tune the devices. Gin assures the firmness of our vocal cords. Charlotte yearns for the thundering crowd. The deafening drums. The differing marches. I drop the beat. And as always it hits us.

EXECRATION



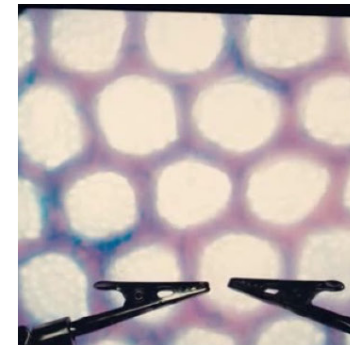
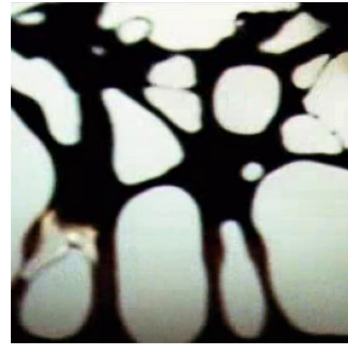
THE CLAWING FOR CLUES
THE CLINGING TO CLOSENESS



Like a trapped panther I prowl up and down. My study my cage, my innermost exile. *Future events which proceed necessarily from their causes*⁹. Whatever I do, the axis of knowing may or may not strike me.

⁹Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*

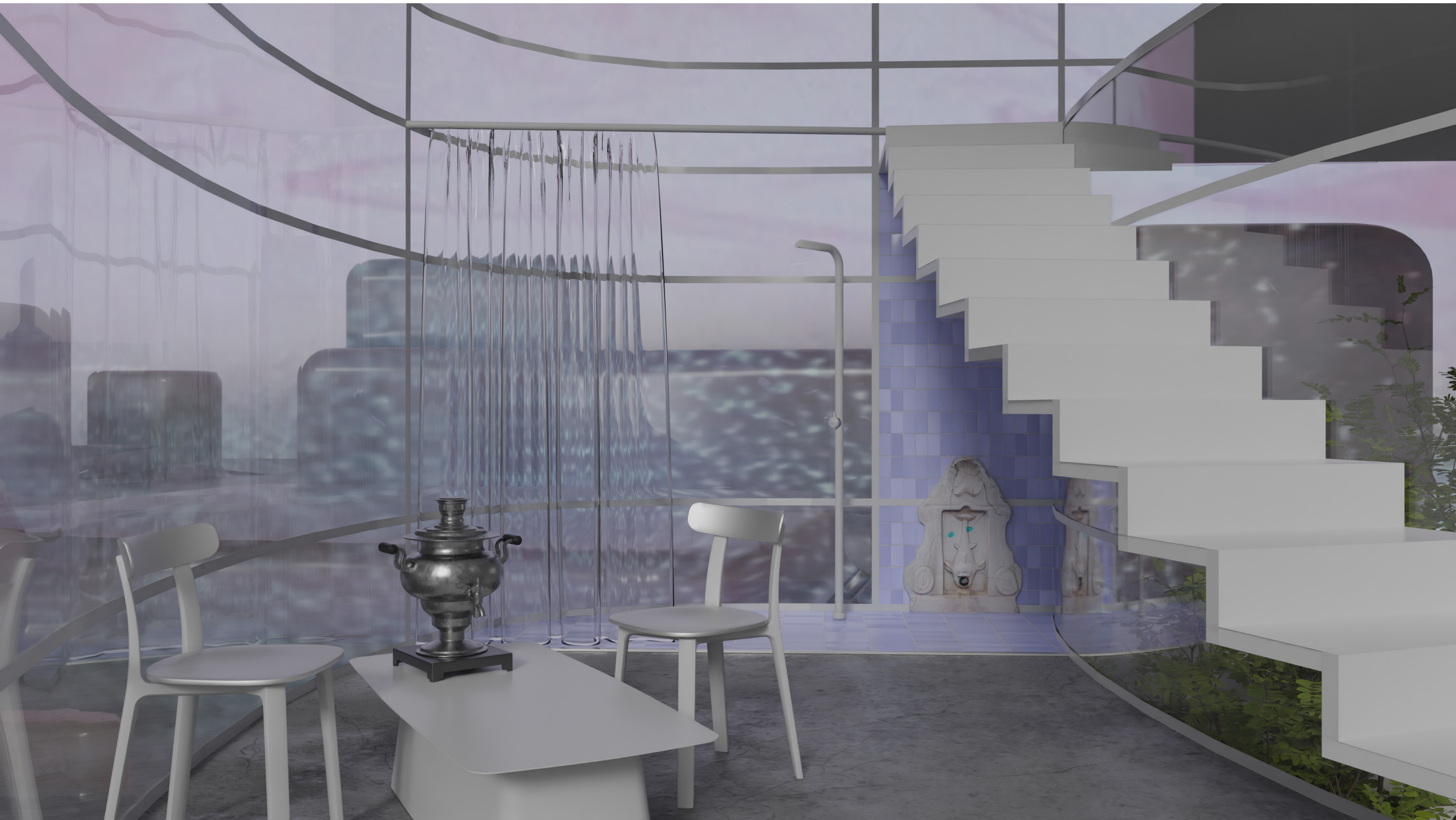
INUNDATION



	RENTED		
	YES	NO	
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THE DROWNING OUT OF SORROWS
THE RINGING IN OF CONNECTION



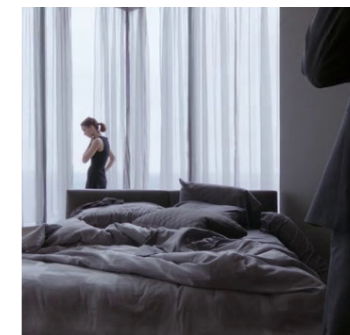
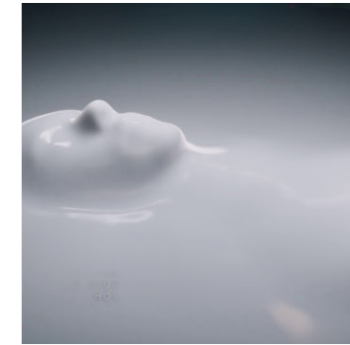
Soaked we sit, in quiet communion. We have longed for moisture, and the ever-giving channel has heard us. Ours being embraced. Ours skins bedrizzled. *Atmosphere is a typical and tangible spatial phenomenon*¹⁰.

¹⁰Exner, *Spatial Design*

REFLECTION

THE MULTITUDE OF ONENESS

THE NUMBNESS OF INFINITUDE





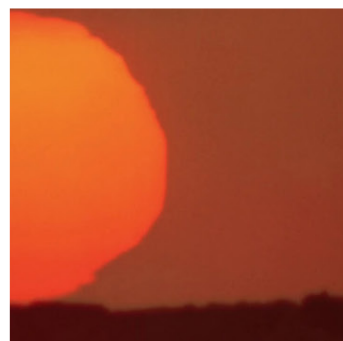
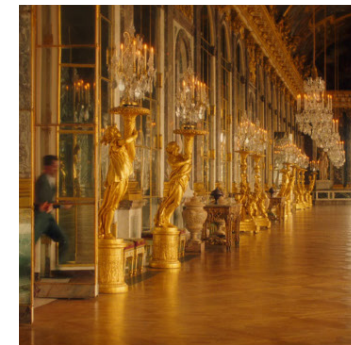
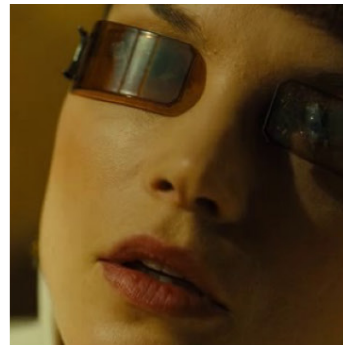
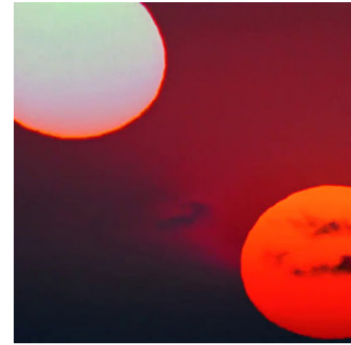
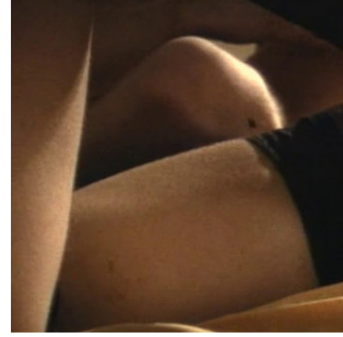
A pale and heavy sky looms above us, the chimerical city eternally overcast. We get up, look; there is nothing there¹¹. In such a receptacle life will be cut to pieces¹². Hours pass and we watch the flocks fly. It would be easy to convince yourself that we have nothing left to learn from birds¹³.

¹¹Serres, *The Parasite*, ¹²Ockmann, *Architecture Culture 1943-1968*

¹³Hovestadt Buehlmann, *Quantum City*

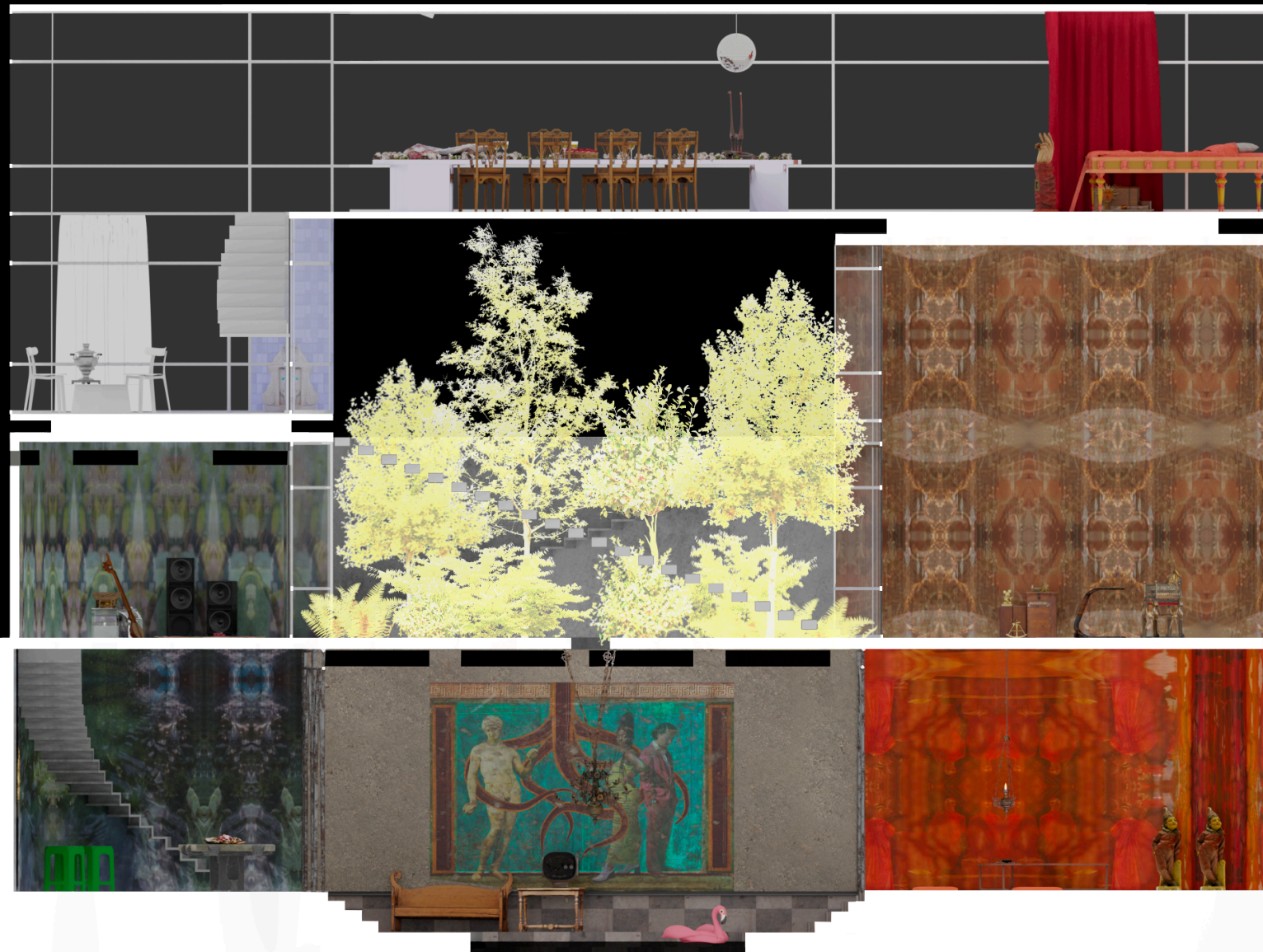
EXOCULATION

THE CESSATION OF SENSE
THE UNSEATING OF SOUL





Lo! And the seam of space succumbs! The rays awake us, the cosmos calls! Let them all
come in! Wind up your thousand atomic clocks! Give in to joy and give way to laughter!
And fill my world with blinding light!



omphaloskepsis

1. contemplation of one's navel as an aid to meditation
2. excessive absorption in self-analysis or focus on a single issue

axis mundi

line or stem through the earth's center connecting its surface to the underworld and the heavens and around which the universe revolves

macrocosm

the whole of a complex structure, especially the world or the universe, contrasted with a small or representative part of it

microcosm

1. a little world
2. especially: the human race or human nature seen as an epitome of the world or the universe