

More Ways Than One

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“There are as many cubes as there are observers constructing cubes. And when you look away your cube ceases to be... The probability that any of our perceptions match the structure of reality are zero.”

- Donald D. Hoffman

“The state of Being is one of pure consciousness, completely out of the field of relativity; there is no world of the senses or of objects, no trace of sensory activity, no trace of mental activity. There is no trinity of thinker, thinking process and thought, doer, process of doing and action; experiencer, process of experiencing and object of experience. The state of transcendental Unity of life, or pure consciousness, is completely free from all trace of duality.”

- https://www.reddit.com/r/transcendental/comments/kavoi4/what_does_transcending_feel_like/

A building ages through time on a whole range of irregular registers. The ceiling fans are removed, air-conditioners get installed for the first time, the walls get plastered, the walls get painted over, the wall-paper comes off, again, there's a resurgence in exposed brick. A new staircase creates a steady flow of carpet stains and third generation torn jeans. A lift grants access to a cement encrusted glass jar with a pre-market handle welded to it; bought in an upmarket London homewares store with a Naples street value of five cents.

Manageable phases of renovation cycle through administrative solutions. Mesocycles of paper shredding, redactions, official documents burnt, people tossed out of the building. The blood gets washed away. Hay is swept out onto the street from a Cafe. Spiritual awakening occurs on the floor above. The shredded-paper is recycled into a planter box in the shape of a cooking pot.

The walls plastered, wallpapered, lived in, flooded, cum on, and then suddenly stripped back to brick again in 2016. Paradigm shifts alluding political unrest. An act of God. An image of Rita Hayworth covers over a hole. The hole gives way to a mirror and an idea for a film.

Doubt is retroactively measured through a strata of faecal matter in illegal septic tanks. Selves, others, objects, entities, spirits, gods and software merge into matter and mind variably according to contemplations of base reality. Someone on the second floor takes their big toe off the trigger.

The past becomes understandable, intelligible, and meaningful based on the tenants' conception of how Panpsychist the building is. The structure often doubles as a printing press, open-heart surgery clinic, Jurassic Park film set, construction site toilet block, community art centre, checkout counter, Euthanasia holding pen.

The new owners become aware of all levels of material culture. The pipes are deemed conscious and ponder over a recent surge in SSRI's and Flat Whites. A baby eventually gets thrown out the bath water. The ocean drains the earth, draining the swamp. Forever chemicals and SSRI's make their way back to the building via Canadians carrying smoked Salmon. The facade tries to reimagine itself every forty years based upon the prevailing notions of "periodisation" at the time.

The entire building ponders demolishing itself due to the psychological state of the city. The State is in a coma. The backyard is a bloodbath. Concrete floors sporadically tune in, turn off and drop out, revealing huge gaps in the housing crisis. One thousand square meters of reinforced concrete semi-consciously displace fifteen families and some tenants make stuff to eat, some tenants eat to make stuff.

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<http://thewig.xyz>