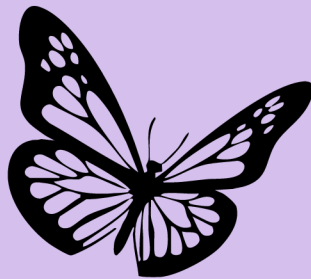


LIMITED EDITION
JOURNAL CHAPTER



Words



METAMORPHARIUM
PROTOTYPE



Sion, CHE (Feb '23)

9:32 PM • 5 April 2023

What a moody day. Started alright, attended to some errands during AM but then sat down to work on my website and blog. My mind started to race, everything seemed chaotic and I started to question (again) what's wrong with me. Looked up stuff on

self-love movement and religion. That the idea of loving yourself and attaining true happiness being your authentic self is again religion, because: a) happiness comes only through Christ and b) the goal is holiness, not happiness per se. And yet Max 31 says: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Contradicting a) and b), not helping... what? I do not know as finishing the sentence would pertain I have a goal. Still pondering the statement "how would I pursue self-care if I do not care about myself?" Afterwards I tried to look up methods for self-acceptance with ultimately led me to articles on self-sabotage, procrastination and the fear of failure. What for? Realized I and got me into a crying pity party was the suggestion to children who grew up in critical environment - whose parents tended to criticize them a lot - end up fearing to make mistakes when they grow up. Looked up some books on procrastination and overwhelm of generic self-help, "feel good" vibe and rebellion made me go to the living room, sit on a mat, try to meditate to the tunes kept falling. After about half an hour I was tired I barely had energy and I started to worry if I'll be able to hit the gym today. So I just got in bed, under the covers and started to read stuff about my theory whether, perhaps on Earth is actually Hell. Just a thought considering the atrocities taking place on this planet. So, I found an interesting report exploring this question but in the end it gave me little yikes then I just left it. Summoned some energy and started running for the gym. Thought I do at least a bit of lifting. Embarrassed of my own vanity but cannot help it. My appearance and weight is what my mom / gran always criticized me most, as well as the quantity of the food I consume with 12 as my only way to cope with the chaos that was happening. And gym. Put on a lecture on "How to 'Cure' procrastination" and went for a workout. I was so low though. Procrastination and meanness just showed on my face. I must look so

Copyright © 2025
Metamorpharium

This is a self-published prototype journal (chapter excerpt), made for testing and exploration.

Some AI was used in shaping the contents. Please feel free to copy, reproduce, or share this chapter.

If you're curious about the process, or want to talk about what's in here, scan the QR code below to email me at getcurious@metamorpharium.com



Introduction

This chapter is part of a method first sketched in 2019, focusing on words with disruptive force, exposing states or experiences that have otherwise felt baffling and overpowering. Naming them is part of the ordeal.

From there, we have different rituals to ‘tame the fire,’ either through culture and art, psychology, philosophy, even spirituality, or religion. The journal tried to resist the soothing, hyper-individualistic self-help machine, but it might still get swallowed by it.

Maybe it’s an attempt to ‘package’ the last decade in a co-created memoir with you, with a premise that the choices I made were less about freedom and more about temporary rebellions – detours when things feel arduous.

Paradoxically, I can’t tell you what to do with these pages (despite most of them entailing prompts, puzzles, and provocative paragraphs.) That would be as hypocritical as a politician telling kids not to let anyone tell them who they are while defining them in the same breath. Yet the pages are still here, being absurd.

And yes, if you’re wondering, I’m naming the hypocrisy to take away the sting of you pointing it out. It’s a way of staying in control of the critique. Ha. Did it again. ♦

3 // LIMERENCE

Limerence is when you build a relationship in your head instead of in reality. It feels like love, but it's more like a loop of idealizing someone, then crashing into disappointment when real experience don't match the fantasy. Over time, the fantasy becomes safer and more rewarding than real intimacy, which can feel hollow without the obsession.



Did you ever have a celebrity crush? If so, what exactly drew you in?

Have you ever liked someone in your head but ignored them in person?

What details made the fantasy sweeter than the real thing?

Limerence often emerges as a substitute for love when love has never felt safe or certain. It offers intensity where there is emptiness, direction where there is drift. In it, longing becomes the reward: the ache, the anticipation, the imagined closeness. These states can feel more sustaining than the flatness of unmet needs or the risk of rejection. What begins as comfort can quietly become a way of surviving without ever being fully seen.

When does comfort stop protecting you and start keeping you small?

What kind of love survives only in imagination, but collapses in contact?

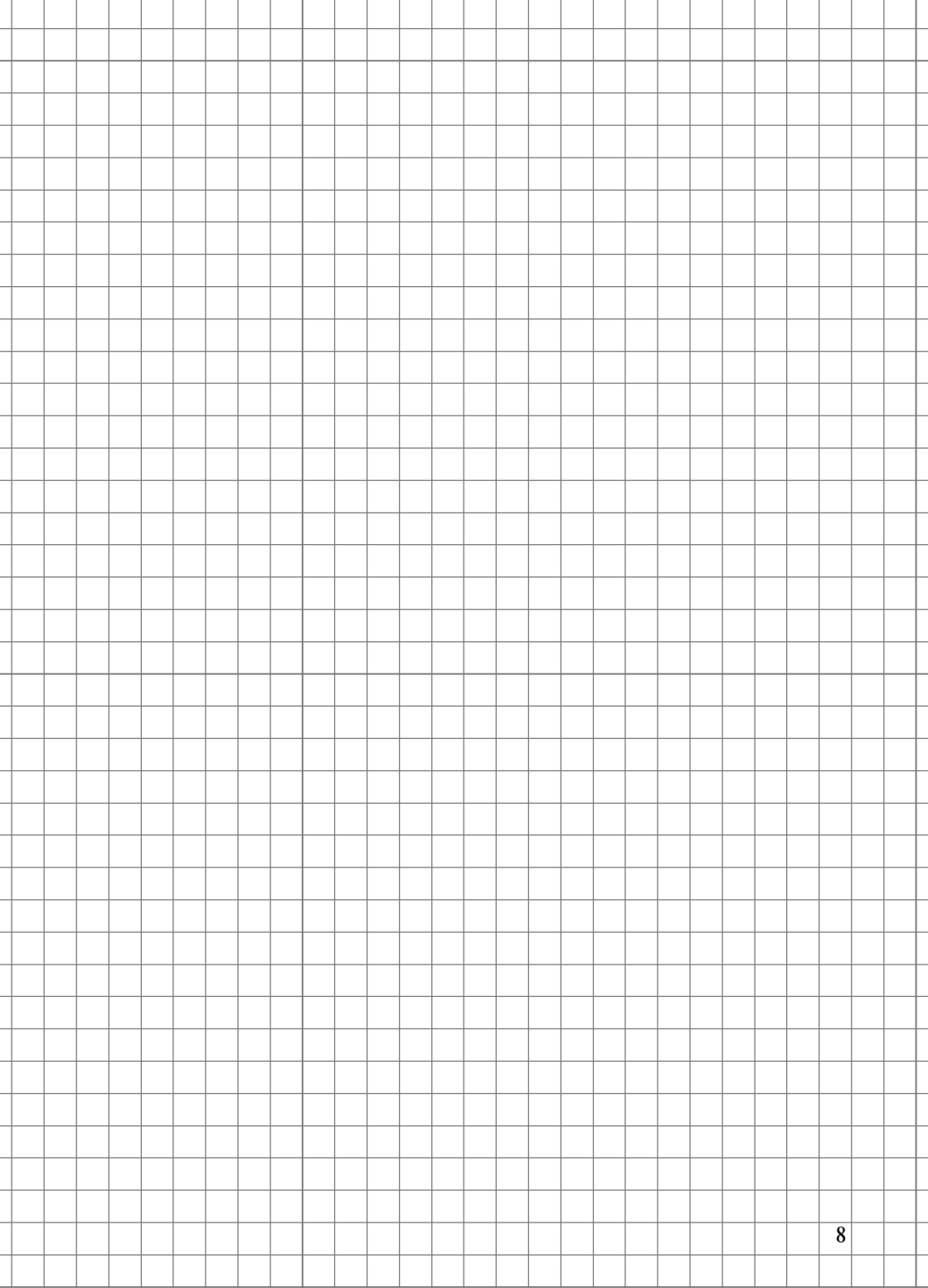


Yet the very protection is also its trap. By turning desire inward, it shields against pain but also against intimacy. The other becomes a screen for projection, a vessel for fantasy, rather than a partner in reality. What feels like connection is often insulation. What feels like safety quietly hardens into isolation. Thus, limerence preserves the dream of love while keeping the experience of it just out of reach. ♦

The Body's Craving for Intensity

The body is not neutral. It remembers the storms you've lived through and craves the voltage that once kept you alive. Limerence, sugar, gym highs. They all fed the same circuitry. When the intensity fades, the silence can feel unbearable, as if something essential has gone missing.

Reflect ◇ *When has your body mistaken intensity for aliveness?*



Experiment ◇ Spend a day noticing what your body reaches for when it wants stimulation: caffeine, scrolling, fantasy, movement. Don't change it. Just track the cravings as if you're mapping fault lines.

The First Word Wins

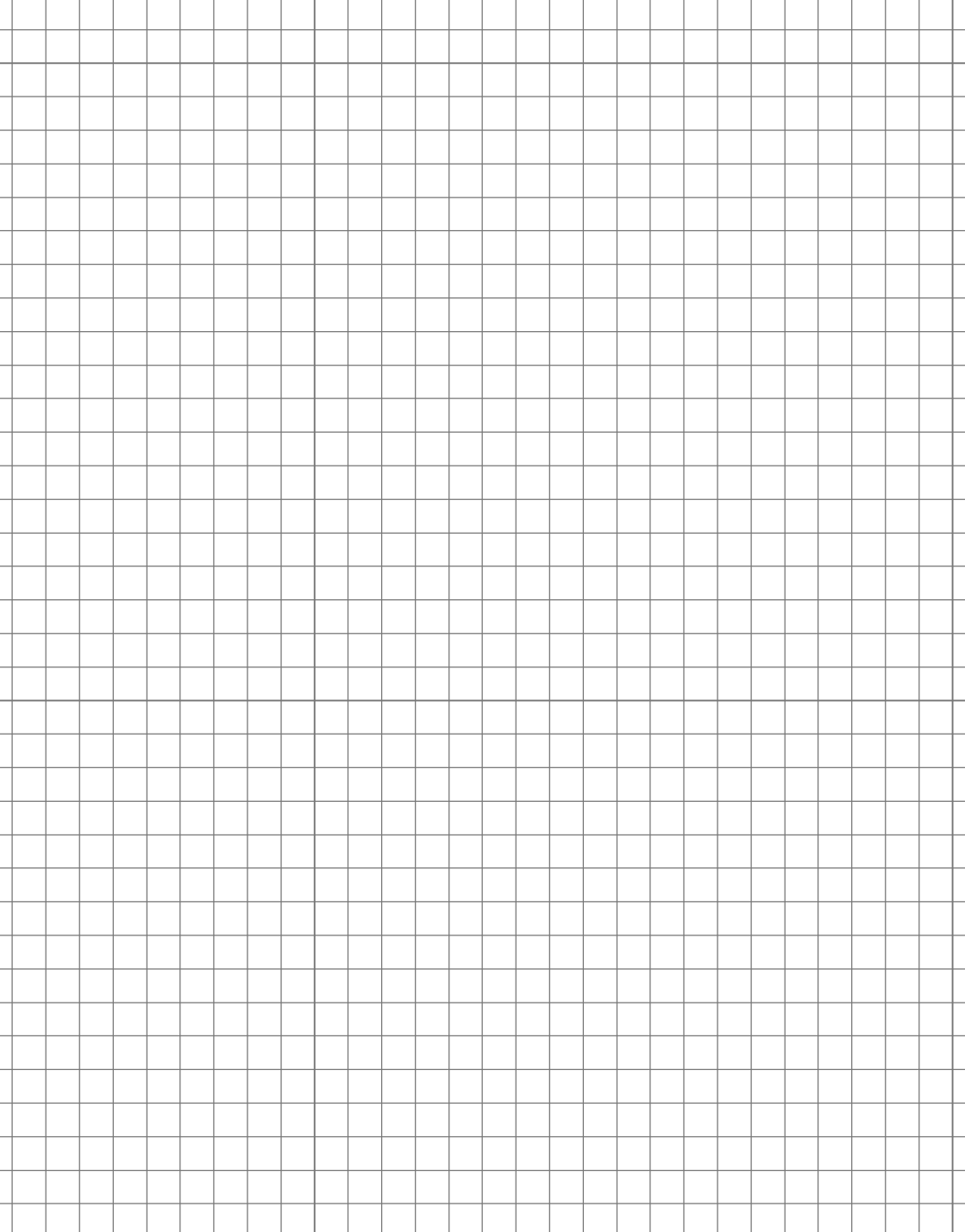
Your mind is quicker than you. Before you can edit, it blurts. Write down the very first word, image, or phrase that comes to mind. It is the one you didn't have time to fake.

Stimulus	My First Association
this	
page	
is	
about	
catching	
your	
psyche	
in	
the	
act	

The Architecture of an Escape

When reality wavers, the mind often turns to symmetry. It sketches partners without flaws, stories without rupture, endings without risk. In fantasy, others are cast as vessels for perfection, carrying the weight of what feels missing. The stage is orderly, but the script is impossible.

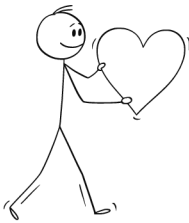
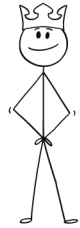
Reflect ◇ *Why do things need to happen the way you imagine them?*



Experiment ◇ Choose a piece of your self-expression where you already have the perfect version in your head. Then, deliberately invite reality to co-author it: let the imperfections, interruptions, or limitations shape the outcome. Record what emerges in the space between your imagined version and what actually takes form.

The Flame She Fed

Iris had never heard his voice. She didn't dare. Silence was safer, more pliable than any word could be. She avoided his social media too; not from lack of curiosity, but from fear that reality might puncture the spell. In her mind, he was already everything: the one who would understand her without words, the one who would make sense of her jagged edges.



Every coincidence became a sign. Every delay, a test. Nights stretched long with imagined conversations; mornings began with the ache of absence. The fantasy was so consuming it felt more real than the life she actually inhabited.

And beneath the ecstasy, a quiet terror. Iris knew she had built a cathedral out of shadows, that he might never step into the role she had written. But she clung to it anyway, because collapse meant facing the unbearable ordinariness of her solitude. Better to burn in the brilliance of an imagined flame than sit in the dim light of reality.



Would you want to be unseen for who you really are?

Write it from their side. What it might feel like to be reduced to a fantasy?

Without Shame

Beneath the hunger lies the rawest truth: the fear of being seen and found wanting. Shame makes intimacy feel dangerous. Retreat can feel like freedom, but it is also a shield against humiliation. In that shielded silence a fantasy steps in, offering a gaze that never judges, a love that never exposes. This is where limerence takes root: not as private madness, but a relational reality gripping men and women alike.

Reflect ◇ *Is there a cause in your life you'd place above your ego - one you'd even risk rejection or failure for? And, what would it actually mean to have allies, not competitors, in our modern marketplace of attention?*

Experiment ◇ *Pick an idea that keeps tugging at you, however raw, and bring it into reality by involving another person: pitch it, ask for feedback, or seek help. Note what emerges: the insights, the biases, the shifts. Let rejection refine it. Carry patience like a tool, and prepare for the work to take years.*

On the Metamorpharium Project

Words is the second prototype from project *Metamorpharium*. It's been over six years in the making, with lots of detours, doubts, and long stretches of me doing literally everything else but sitting down with it. But it kept tugging at me.

Metamorpharium is not obsessed with fixing yourself or chasing a “better” version of who you are. It is, however, intrigued in creating a space – on paper, through objects, in everyday life, and online – where you can notice *how* you are, without pressure to perform or consume. However, I sense it will be habit that's hard to shake.

This journal is the second piece of that space. There might be more in the future (blog posts, a forum) where people can share without algorithms. It's for anyone who feels caught between too many voices, too many ideologies, and too much distraction.

Metamorpharium is still taking shape. Thank you for giving it life by using it. If anything here sparked curiosity or inspiration, I'd love to hear what it was.



**Scan to join the tester
program and access the full
prototype journal.**