

DR KOKO BJÖRKZADEH



Name: Dr KOKO Björkzadeh (full name KOKO Björkkvist Hazrat-e Ellieh Aalieh Shaahzaadeh Khanoum)

Age: 42

Place of birth: Övertorneå, northern Sweden.

Family: Unmarried, no children. Mother Stina Björkkvist (Swedish), father Hazrat-e Ellieh Shaahzaadeh Azad Rezazadeh (Persian). Half-brothers Bengan and Kjelle (mother's side) and half-brothers Arash, Nariman and Alireza (father's side).

Residence and occupation: Residing in Tribeca, New York, since ten years back. Founder of a Sufi-Science center where she teaches on parallels between modern physics and mystic traditions of all denominations. Holds a PhD in subatomic physics from Stanford University. Also a professional dancer.



Dr KOKO was conceived of on a meadow under the midnight sun in Northern Sweden during an awkward and drunken summer evening. Her mother Stina Björkkvist— a very tall and broad shouldered Swedish woman of peasant origin – was giggling and speaking dirty Swedish during the entire act. Her father Hazrat-e Ellieh Shaahzaadeh Azad Rezazadeh, a Persian tourist of royal descent, was not amused, but since he always finished what he had started he brought the act to its end in a noble and sophisticated manner. How they ended up on the meadow only the cows overseeing the act would know. Azad was the first to wake up the following morning, bothered by the heavy breathing of Stina. He begged Allah for forgiveness for his impulsive behavior, and quickly scribbled down a note saying “All my good manners have moved a thousand miles away. The stars and the moon are envious of each other. Because of this alienation the physical universe demands the bazaar of my existence to go. Don’t call me”. He then left the village never to return.

Eight months later, in the midst of never-ending winter darkness, Dr KOKO was born on the same meadow where she was conceived. It was a big day for the village. Never before had they seen a child with black bushy eyebrows, clear blue eyes, and hair made of black curls and golden locks. The child was named KOKO after the village pig which Stina had a special relationship to.

Dr KOKO turned out to be quite a strange child. Not only was she caught with mannerisms very alien to the simple-minded people of the village – such as folding napkins, reciting poetry to the pigs, and playing classical music while watching the sun and the moon shift in value and quality of light. She also tried to open or dig into everything in her close proximity, with an intensity far beyond any regular child. She would try to force open any door she could see, wiggling the door knobs for hours on end if she did not get her will across. She would dig deep into the mud of the pigsty to try to get to the bottom, creating enormous piles of mud that Stina had to take care of. Tear off the bark of entire trees to see what was underneath. Lick the sweat off the cows to try to properly understand the sensory qualities of cow sweat compared to human sweat. Once she was caught trying to open her own head with a stone. In secret, when she was not caught up with the shifting nuances of the moon or the sun, KOKO would stare at her own face in the mirror for hours on end, wondering if there was anyone on this earth that could possibly understand her vastness.

At age 8, Dr KOKO met her father for the first time. It was a strange experience for her, quite delightful. She had found him on the Internet, and told her mother that if she did not put her on a plane to the mountain regions of Zagros in northwestern Iran where he resided, she would scream on the top of her lungs until her own head exploded with exhaustion. Stina knew she was not kidding. Azad greeted his newfound daughter with a great deal of embarrassment at the thought of the moment that led to her existence. Nevertheless, he pulled the bazaar of his existence together, and welcomed her into the family. Dr KOKO would go on to spend the summer in their castle, fully delighting in her inherent royal sensibilities of explicit taste, poetic appreciations and impeccable table mannerisms. In secret, she would conduct experiments on the house camels, peeling off their skin while they were tied up and muffled to see how their muscle structure compared to Swedish cows.

As Dr KOKO returned to her Swedish village she came home with a sense of pride and superiority. She would scowl at her mother’s slurping at the dinner table, call her brothers out for their simple-mindedness, and bully the other children into treating her like a princess. With time she grew very lonely, and she resorted to her experiments as a safe haven in her unsophisticated existence. When summer came

again, she was delighted to return to her father's castle. After the initial week however, she found herself incredibly bored with everything. The politeness and well-mannerisms suddenly seemed shallow and strange. She thought of her younger brother Kjelle, and how he once sat down on the ground and pooped in his own hand with a big grin on his face, then tried to throw the poop at her while their mother was laughing herself red and blue. She tried to tell this story to her brother Nariman, who made a subtle face to show his disgust, then changed the topic. Dr KOKO was suddenly overwhelmed with an existential loneliness she had never experienced before. It was a loneliness that dug so deep into her very being that she could not but scream with despair. She did not stop screaming until she was put on a plane back to Sweden.

Shaken by the vulnerability of her own existence, Dr KOKO came back to her village confused and attention-craving. She did not know how to express this in a way that others would understand though. She would ask her mother: "Mother, have you ever experienced the moon and the sun orbit in ways that bring oceans of rage and love to the surface of your sense of self?". Stina just stared at her. She would then go to her brother Bengan and ask "Brother, I look at myself and I look at the world, and the intersection is not there, have you ever experienced such a groundlessness?". Bengan would laugh and walk away, leaving Dr KOKO with an anger that now turned inwards, raging against her own weakness.

With time, life started going back to normal for Dr KOKO but as her body changed – growing breasts, hips and hair in strange places – her alienation only grew bigger. People would suddenly start treating her as a woman, and she did not understand. Why did they look at her with such strange eyes? Why did they talk to her differently than her brothers? She would feel things also – strange things, like tingling delight when a certain boy looked at her a certain way – but when her girlfriends talked about it she did not understand them. They said this boy was cute and this one was not, do you think he likes her? and KOKO wanted to scream "This is strange! This is all very strange! It is strange that we have bodies! That we have brains! That we feel these things! We don't know anything about this universe, do you not want to understand the orbits of our existence? The root of all this? Where we come from and where we will end?". Dr KOKO grew increasingly quiet though, shameful, sad, all this force that was before used to violently explore her surroundings pounding silently in her chest, waking her up at night, making her twist and turn in discomfort and anxiety. She thought to herself; if this existence is all a machine of separate parts in a competitive struggle for survival, where do I fit in? Where does my body fit in? How can I understand this play and assert my dominance? How do I protect myself? She had watched the boys play, she knew their games. You either ended up a winner or a loser. Dominate or be dominated. In the midst of her anxiety she decided she would never be dominated. She would be like the boys.

The only person Dr KOKO felt like she could be herself with was a young boy from the village named Johan. He was five years younger than her, a child. He was an intelligent child though. She would speak to him about the universe and what she learnt through her investigations and he would nod, sigh in amazement at her words, stare at her with big wide eyes. She quite liked that he looked up to her. Dr KOKO would tell Johan about this boy she liked, Challe. Johan would listen to her and say that she's like a princess, surely this boy would do anything she wished. Dr KOKO would agree. One drunken teenage evening Dr KOKO so declared her interest to Challe, by grabbing him by the arm and forcefully pushing herself towards him. Challe pushed her away, screaming "What are you doing you dark-haired freak?". KOKO looked up at him in astonishment as he went on. "Yeah, you heard what I said! You're a freak! Girls around here don't behave like you, you get it? I've seen you dig through those mud piles, or lick cow

sweat, talk about crazy universe shit. You're not even a girl, you get it?". Dr KOKO stood shocked as Challe went off. She felt tears streaming down her cheeks, heard Johan's voice in the background. "KOKO! What happened?". Dr KOKO turned around, with hatred in her eyes, grabbed Johan and pushed him towards the ground. "You're a freak! Do you understand? You're a freak, you tiny little fuck-up who made me believe he would like me! How could I be so stupid?". Johan started shivering "What? I don't understand, I...". Dr KOKO pushed him again and watched him fall to the ground. "Stop looking at me like that! Stop looking so goddamn hurt! You are the freak! You are a freak for being so weak!". Dr KOKO's eyes were sparkling with disgust as she threw herself over Johan who was lying silently in shock. She started tearing his clothes off in wild rage, pushing her finger nails into his skin, slapping his face, his genitals, screaming in his ear, rubbing herself against him, swimming in anguished despair until the wave of anger finally wore off and she lay silently over Johan, breathing heavily. She heard him crying silently, trying to swallow his tears. In this quiet moment she suddenly realized what she had done and her heart was filled with shame. She got up quickly, without looking Johan in the eyes, she could not stand to look him in the eyes. She simply took off, without a word, walked with a frivolous speed towards the bus station, got on a bus and left her village behind.

The following few years were spent in a haze. Dr KOKO moved from city to city to avoid being found by her mother. Filled with shame and confusion, she started letting men do things to her for money as a way to survive. Sometimes they would ask if they could pee on her, and she would let them. She spent several years letting them do things to her and then one evening in a small town in southern Sweden one man called her "freak girl" while doing his thing and she could not stop the rage that pushed him towards the wall, grabbed the knife that was hanging from the pocket of his trousers, and stabbed him ten times. The man survived but Dr KOKO was sent to youth prison, her mother crying violently during the trial while Dr KOKO sat silent and still in her chair.

Staring into the ceiling during her first night at her new locked up home, she saw her life pass by in front of her. She saw her mother, her father, her siblings, the mountains of Iran and the springs of Northern Sweden, the cows and the pigs. She saw Johan, the multitude of men that had touched her, the man she stabbed because he called her a freak girl. Breathing heavier and heavier in intense shame and anger sucking her deeper into a state of numbness and a feeling of being suffocated she felt the panic attack coming. Her body shivered and spasmed beyond her control, tears streaming down her face as she screamed in anguish, dug her nails deep into her own skin, hit her own face, shoulder, throat, felt her breath come to a halt. For a moment everything was quiet, in suspense. "So this is how I will die" passed through her brain, "this is how I will die". Then something else: "If this is how I will die, I'm at least going to be here to experience it. It might be interesting". And with this thought, Dr KOKO suddenly saw herself as if from above. Watching herself crumble in pain, she was filled with compassion for this fragile creature embraced with so much darkness and so much light, so much violence and so much life. In this moment, she also had a sense of familiarity. Had she not had this thought, that "this is interesting" before? Had it not been present somewhere even in her most shameful, outrageous, painful and most alienated moments? Was this not the voice of an aliveness that had been there throughout her entire life? Was this not her very nature, her innermost core? She watched her breathing return. Slowly, painfully. Felt the warmth from her beaten body. Felt her body, maybe for the first time. And she thought to herself: It's all an illusion. These power struggles. These divisions. This violence, inner and outer, it's only manifested because it is believed. It is made manifest because of the way we see. There is a space where all these forces can play, not violently, but joyfully. Where that intense curiosity, the strangeness, the alienation, the

shame even, can play, transform itself. It's all a big misunderstanding she thought to herself! It's not the truth! At the root of everything she had been digging so deep to get to there is joy! KOKO started laughing, loudly, banging the walls with joy, free at last, finally she was free at last!

Waking up the next morning, Dr KOKO felt beaten and weird. Not so free. But the spark was there. She wrote a long letter to Johan, apologizing for her deed. She wrote another letter to the wife of the man she stabbed (yes, he had a wife), reaching out a hand in shared grief and full responsibility for her own actions. Then she went to the prison library. Picked up the first book she could find on subatomic physics. Physics! Digging into the very nature of our material existence! The very root of things that she could never get through via her eyes, her hands, her smell and her senses, her forceful ways of entering bodies and material structures that had not given their consent! She jumped into the knowledge of the books as a swimmer who had not seen an ocean in ten years time, splashing, jumping, pushing against the waves of the words to let them wisp her away the next moment!

What she found was a worldview quite different from the separate entities defined by power struggles, winners and losers, an outside observer forcing themselves onto a dead material world which is separate from them. She read about the competing forces within the atoms – the electrons bound to the nucleus by electric forces which try to keep them as close as possible, but also responding to their confinement by whirling around. She read that they settle in orbits so that there is an optimal balance between the attraction of the nucleus and their reluctance to be confined. How delightful this dynamic of forces and counter forces! Could her whole existence not be described as force and counter force – the desire to understand and the constraints of the world, her royal manners and her village crudeness, her intense vulnerability and violent force? She also read about matter as energy, or energy as matter, simply different ways of describing the same phenomenon, suggesting that particles are processes rather than objects! “The truth is relative!” she yelled out loud, making the prison librarian hush her. “It's relative! And it's all interconnected in a cosmic dance! It's not static! It's a dynamic equilibrium!”.

Three years later Dr KOKO was released from her youth prison. By then, she had gone through everything there was to know about basic physics, and decided to pursue a career in subatomic quantum theory to further explore the energy dance of subatomic articles. She wanted to get to the bottom of the pulsating process of creation and destruction, understand its dynamic. She was accepted into Stanford University in California, where she ended up finishing her PhD. During her studies, she was delighted to delve deeper into the subatomic world, where she found herself quite at home in its paradoxes, shifting perspectives, forces and counter forces and knowledge spanning the very micro to the very macro. She did however sense a restlessness, or a sadness, in relation to her everyday life, still struggling with human relationships and how to be in this world of polar opposites and power struggles. She was in a way more comfortable in the subatomic world than in the one she shared with her fellow human beings, and did not understand how to connect the two. She would reluctantly join the social get-togethers of her academic department, and was once found sitting annoyed by the dance floor by a random person who fancied her extravagant look. He asked how she was doing and Dr KOKO said “I don't like the music”. The man then smiled mysteriously and responded “If you don't like music, fight the music.” Dr KOKO stared at him. “Yes, fight the music in your movements. Just don't stop moving”. He smiled and left and Dr KOKO sat silent for a while. Then she stood up, filled with new power and insight. And she danced! She danced the entire evening to music she did not like. She danced awkwardly, passionately – accidentally kicking people or slapping them in the face while doing so – countering the force with her

counter force, shifting her perspective with it, transforming her annoyance in the process of her movement. She danced happily to music she did not like and as she at dawn lay down to sleep it hit her. This is it! This is how the truth of the subatomic world – or the planetary scale for that matter – translates to this material existence of ours, this limited world of perceived opposites and awkwardness! Through movement! Through dance can we *live* the cosmic dance of the subatomic particles! Through dance can we *transform* our human weaknesses, our shame, our reluctance, through dance can we participate in the dynamic equilibrium that is the ultimate reality we cannot touch or reach the very core of through static observation! Dr KOKO was very happy and giggled her way to sleep.

She woke up the next morning annoyed. Fearful and overwhelmed with her own insights. Then she reminded herself: “This is interesting!”. Very interesting. So she kept dancing, moving with her annoyance. Laughing at herself and the world, how crazy it is, how mystical and mad and ugly and beautiful.

Dr KOKO dances still. Shortly after her moment of revelation on the dance floor she started practicing Persian sufi dancing. Also study mystic knowledge of all denominations, link it to modern physics. She moved to New York. Founded the sufi-science center, where she teaches about subatomic rhythm, everyday rhythm, the interplay of perceived opposites and the fundamental unity that underlies the conflictual dynamic of our material existence. Her mother moved in with her in New York, brought one of the pigs. They argue quite a lot, but it’s all part of the play says Dr KOKO. Stina laughs at her, all she knows is shit happens sometimes cause shit happens sometimes. Dr KOKO says she has alzheimers anyway, so what does she know. Sometimes Dr KOKO’s boyfriend will join them, the random person who once told her to fight the music. He was so touched by Dr KOKO’s strange dance that night that he decided she was going to be the one he would marry. She refused. He then proposed perhaps they could go out on a date. Dr KOKO said maybe. He said “I will wear my high heels. I find high heels stunning”. Dr KOKO laughed and said yes. They also argue quite a lot, she says it’s part of her studies. He says “that’s very interesting” and they both laugh at the silliness of it all. Oh, and what about Johan? Did Dr KOKO every hear back from him? No, Johan never responded to Dr KOKO’s letter. Her mother says he’s known to not treat women so well in the village. This has left a hole in Dr KOKO’s chest. She has written him many more times but no response. She knows also show must go on. Regardless show must go on.

Written at the front door of Dr KOKO’s center is the following text:

“The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness. Only when there is stillness in movement can the spiritual rhythm appear which pervades heaven and earth.”

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k5p-gYVACcs>