

An exordium to bucolic other-wises by Yin Paradies

The fear-shame that may arise when faced with the radiance of radical truth is a feeling which is rarely acknowledged as such. There may be a glint of surface-mind interest, an activation of a 'belief' or two; but, underneath, our cyborg hearts bug out. Surreptitiously, agitation swells, until we find a discrepancy, ambiguity or inaccuracy that is kooky or askew; and then, ah ha! I knew this was dross. Pray ye cleave to this sagacity if/as you read on.

The etymology of techno-logy is from 'teks' (to weave) and 'logy' (to gather). So, the term literally means to gather weavings. And indeed, quite a dizzying whirl of woven webs beguile and befuddle us in late-stage cybernetic modernity. While it may be that, in essence, any form of language, art or science diminishes the human condition; it is evident, from climate derangement and the sixth (or seventh, if you count the great oxygenation event) mass extinction, that industrial consumerism certainly does.

Your life story is not your life. It is your story. Beyond the forlorn fallacy of life-as-linear-narrative is a layered pattern, not of mere meaning, but of alluring organic beauty. The place-moment-pattern where/when 'is' and 'ought' become one, as the-thing-in-itself is translucently revealed, not to mind/self/ego, but to whole-of-body consciousness. A devolution from a moral techno-bureaucratic dystopic spiel of development to a trans-moral utopic universe grounded in, and upon, an unfathomable aesthesis of beauty.

Experience isn't merely thought, and reality isn't made of things. Neither causality nor facticity exist in the real world, while being ubiquitously rife among the all-encompassing apparatus. More than relative, abstract, or even contingent, reality is the irredeemably otiose singularity of absolute aesthetic encounter via cosmic consciousness in context.

Our layered beatific depths do not come from us, which is why it is so abhorrent that we arrive in a grid-locked on-line virtual discarnate world, sinking into the threadbare edges of the fabricated couch that is modernity, choking on its caked layers of mendacious smart-dust. The individual is not the germane stranded stratum at which to alchemise worldly troubles. Rather than internal and singular, shadow work unfurls via the vast syncopated shamanic thrumming alchemy of animate aqueous celestial consecrated clamorous mandalic porous pranic pulsing hyperspheres.

Where the miraculous beating vivacious heart of un-selfish reality should be, there is, in lieu, a rootless disconsolate sack of robotic impressions, generated by the crystalline perfection of a data-driven un-originality machine. To scratch beneath its surface is to find only a more complicated version of said surface, offering nothing other than a thin bleached cheerless fare to bind us together in an echoing cacophony of starving souls.

In contrast, to perpetually dissolve on, and be metabolised by, the sublime tongue of the cosmos is to approach the apogee of aegis; that of life not being about us. It is thus that a corporatised coercive commodified control of cannibalised connections composts into an inchoate chimeric chaos at a mending edge, braiding us into whole(some)ness. Ours is a radical incoherence rapturising 'making sense of things' to sense-making, within the murmuring else-ness and is-ness of incarnate life.

Surging orthogonally to authorised irreality tunnels slips us outside the tawdry trap of urban techno-myopia, to: get your hands dirty; chop wood and carry water; forage for your own food; curate your own crops; craft the clothes on your own back; tie your own knots; apprentice to the simple elegant convivial tools of a trade; shape your own shelter; recreate your own rituals; cultivate your own ceremonies; nourish your own face-to-face relationships with (more-than-)human kin; raise your own children in-situ surrounded by the trusted trials and tribulations of tribe; which is ever-always yours and ours.

What if we dis-invested from the mirage of subjects using objects and the malaises of objects using subjects to embrace the aesthetic arrest and conjunctive union of being mantled in moonshine instead of sluicing in screen-shimmer. Contra linear dissected clock-time dwells the unruly seething palpable panoply of participatory fiercely egalitarian spacial, slushy, rippled, textured tempos of Indigena-anarchism.

In solidarity and synchronicity, betwixt iron-clad certainties and dirt-draped doubts; pathologised paradoxes and practiced parodies; convoluted contraptions and chimeric complexities; enlightened teleologies of progression and endarkened dirges of psychopomps; utilitarian usurping and ululating ungulates; abstracted automatons and petulant primates, lies radically de-centred and localised self-organising nested fractal biotic networks, emerging from the transmogrified debris of mega-appliances.

Neither internal bionic-egos nor external technobabble/baubles have authority over your tactile tangible experience. Rather, subjectivity is a communally coalescing co-becoming that swarms with fleshy articulations of rematriated rites and rituals as creative repetition and idea-breeding deeds. From device-mediated responsibility to ability-to-respond and from programmed gadget-sensibility to ability-to-sense in a human-scale world. Widdershins to an alienating technocratic-dictated scripting of realities by the machinic maws of modernity, our inheritance hearkens to halcyon days of yore wherein we exulted in exquisite sensory-perceptual ra/upturous orgasmic entanglement with(in) the living ebullient sentient cosmos.

Orderlessly and incompletely listed inspirations: Julian Langer, Josh Schrei, Charles Eisenstein, Darren Allen, Caitlin Johnston, Vanessa Andreotti, Bayo Akomolafe, Victoria McKay, Peter Gelderloos, popefred, Karen Barad, Ivan Illich, Phil Ford, J.F. Martel, Klee Benally, Brigitte Kupfer, Tyson Yunkaporta and Ramon Elani.