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THE AUTOPOIETIC ShELF

Striving to take charge of Evolution In the Age of Self Destruction

“What is the Mind? No matter. What is the matter? Never mind.”

G. Barkeley

Asking a question, posing a paradox, taking a bite, causing an itch, directing attention.

What to do with the Mind?

The Project of The Self has not begun yet.

Understanding our own age by means of the past world, observing the inner movements by directing attention to the outside. Non judgemental observation seems to be a style encouraged around the table intended to reverberate in its further most perimeters.

I am a Lab, someone said
A host for 1 kilo of bacteria
In a bag
intense spectrum of emotions
swag
equipped with a sense making mechanism
in an ongoing motion
To take shape
While in dissolution
a Self,
on a Shelf
with many others
Do I have a Soul
or is my Soul in making?
And you are helping

Every century unfolding, held a narrative that the minds of today can only interpret based on evidence left in writing or artifacts, within the history and stories of the time. Language is a living matter though. Encapsulating the homunculus in this glass jar of the past does provide a glimpse but in no way a full picture. There is an essence of a zeitgeist that can not be captured in its entirety, but rather fragmented, multi layered and from various perspectives deconstructed and brought back into pieces. The pieces of the Ishtar Gate inside a wooden box, inside a glass box, inside Berlin's largest anthropological museum are just an attempt at capturing the ethereal beauty or violence of a time lived.

In order to contextualize the self structuring, digging into this history affords for a wider perspective and an opportunity to track the formation and development of various throughlines and interpretations.

The Self and Death

Buddha and the Self that is No-Self, Patanjali and the practice of self study, the Greeks and the Hero narrative. Man in the center and man on the edges. Riding the void, confirming from fear of the search for its own center in a world crowded by technology and endless possibilities.

Practice self study,
to commune with
your chosen divinity.

— Patanjali, Yogasutras II.44[39][40]

Searching in the depths of unknown, where Gilgamesh went and borderlining the normative as my neighbour did when she panicked because I had put a hazelnut in the desert that traditionally has been made with walnut. What did you do? - she exclaimed. How did you dare to shake the habitual and hack at the roots of our stable and fixed identities, to flicker the images of our tradition and undermine the power of repetition. Shaking the habitual can only happen by consent and only for so much can you stretch the limbs of tradition.

There is an explanation I heard of, that the wake besides a dead relative, neighbour, ruler was the last opportunity to get ancestral heritage - half a milligram of bacteria that would make it out of the corps and onto the living bodies. Does a part of the self travel on these unseen trajectories of existence? Where does the Self come from and where does it go?

The Renaissance was a turning point for the Self. The isms erupted and provided a shelter for these newly created identities splashing with colors, dimensions outwardly and in. From the masses an individual was born and its pinnacle was reached in the capitalist post modern society where the color of your glasses defined the color of your soul, so much so that the only resistance that can be given is to find ways to blend into the masses and become an unrecognizable piece in the cog in an attempt of differentiation. And in that plain-ness, with your Instagram account deactivated, maybe time can be found to sit and make.

Are we in the Renaissance Sequel? Have the new technologies accommodated for the rebirthing of the Self by placing the Human even more central than before? And how does it feel exploring this thought while being in a location that seemed to not have moved forward in time for 2 revolutions - the industrial and technological, speaking of Macedonia.

Undomesticated Self

In Macedonian there seems to not exist a word for undomesticated - the current state of undomesticated is its opposite - wild. Are the wild ones even aware and what revolves as a thought in those moments of clarity? Caught in the past and crushed by the present. What language is used in describing and what is not allowed to be spoken of in the age of domesticating humans.

The synonym of undomesticated is wild which originates in germanic wild and when applied as an adjective to people it means not civilized; primitive. Like me. As a verb it was found in use in the 14th century referring to a plant that grows without cultivation. Like the wild plum.

The word domesticated appears in the latin dictionary in the 3rd century and its direct definition encompasses 'that that belongs to the house' within a military context.

The location of the Shelf Freedom, Responsibility and Power

This now, in time and space, is the time when more than ever and awarely so, we have the capacity to take charge of this ongoing transformation of the Self through directing and distributing the task in a collective manner/way. Only through walking the liminal, an allowance for the complexity of being (individual and group identities and social contexts) to reveal itself is afforded. And how can we in such a material dimension remember to walk the liminal on a milisecond basis?

The boundaries, distinctions and silos within which we coexist and sense make, in our minds and on our lands, are the very same mechanisms that help us achieve some sort of structure and order, while simultaneously destroy the beauty of chaos and its emergent properties. That exact same sweet spot, where existence whirlpools is maybe where the Self can be found, for a brief moment in time - as it shrinks or grows or blends and imitates. It is on these territories where a revolving door exists, and if not, can be build, a highly flexible, transformable, smooth like the mitral valve, a door that spins and does not squeak under the pressure of retaining awareness and functioning at full capacity, with high clarity and connectivity, in integrity and with continuity that in itself is fragmented. Being an exceptional being is not a small task.

The World is whirling in flames as the excess of plastic is crowding our tactile environment, while noise is polluting our mental scapes and non native? chemistry making a splash in our blood stream. In this technological acceleration, all latitudes at a different speed of development. No wonder the organizations navigational mechanisms have lost compass, as the

individuals are drowning in their own inability to compute the density of data streams. This depression is non local and all encompassing.

Macedonia is attempting to enter the EU, which is a dying institution, but in any case contains a higher functional mechanism, whose direction and intention seems unpredictable, yet its more concrete than the political crisis and identity crisis that is overpowering the already starved mentally and physically population that is holding on to nationalism as a solution to this deep dive on the darker side.

It is inevitable that within a humans lifetime, a sense of self, a belonging, an affirmation of being, an identity is to be seeked. The already predetermined and highly walked pathways are quite often the common choices, because of their seemingly proven success - or simply - because of habit. It is here where all the isms have come to die. It is now.

Freedom and responsibility as the hack that jamms the autopilot programming and creates space for reorganization and reprioritization of the actionable being.

The identity and the dissolution of these fixed identities as a tool to fight the highly controlled pathways we came from and the intensifying of the same ones in the near future with the help of technology. Decentralized identity will be the end of centralized power.

Sense making is the primary process that we adopted for

On Pleasure

Ataraxia (ἀταραξία, literally, "unperturbedness", generally translated as "imperturbability", "equanimity", or "tranquillity") is a Greek philosophical term for a lucid state of robust equanimity that was characterized by ongoing freedom from distress and worry.

The exultation achieved by any experience can be addictive and addiction nowadays has become an overused term that does not necessarily come with a negative connotation. We are addicted to are phones, to our machines, to our specialty drinks, to our healthy foods and the reward mechanism that has started to function in shorter and shorter feedback loops. Within these neural pathways and fast firing neurons, very little silence can be found for a non judgemental steadiness, for a steady state of unperturbed flow. How is happiness to be achieved when the fear of missing out rains on us from all possible directions?

I dent ity
Berlin, February 2018.

It feels like the past future.

The apocalypse just ended and we are remaking the world, but not from scratch. All different areas marked with their own 'identity', the different crowds with their their tastes, the different ways of looking out, the different substance that you can access once you've been in any place for longer then a week. Gentry spots, Dads pushing carts, Middle Eastern Jungen dancing in the Ubhan on a music played from a boombox, a man recording the sound of the city with a huge boom mic, Balkan people on the grill, Polish dance floor in the corner bar, whispers and questions about Berghain, talk of politics of gender and identity in a way that quotes a lot of the already existing language, gloves and hats and thick coats that makes everyone appear bigger. The beer bottles replace the walking cane. West and East as pronounced as it gets. Art as a political act. Ritual. Artist as the network and impact it makes. Activist. Appearances.

A good place to hold the second Lab for Intelligence Culture, doing independent research on mind and consciousness, identity, dreaming in chaos.

Desire is everywhere. Wanting it, it not wanting you, being wanted, wanting something, something is everything, endless cycle of acquisition.

And then the I. The ultimately non eco friendly, yet highly ego centric invention of our civilization. If Musk was to truly take us up onto other formations, can this question of identity be one of the main considerations for anyone who boards that shuttle.

There is no more powerful landscape then the one of our internal state. The intimate, raw, deep, wide, fiery, interior setup comprised of our becoming. It is a place to dance to the melody that understanding is. There is so much work to be done. And then - bridge it to the cosmos and admit your own insignificance, if a comparison is in motion.

Here is a proposal, lets build a Lighthouse while we are in entire silence. It doesn't matter if we just met, or if we have so much to say to each other. Let's build a lighthouse made out of our presence and just see what happens. Let's see if for 30 minutes we can make a space where anything is possible. It's a pop up Autonomous zone.

eye
see
insight



My mom last night told me “Marija you need to channel yourself into a system of normality.”
Sifting through and sitting with the mis/interpretations of others and your own.

Lucid and Liminal

Bloody Patriarchy - or - When Freedom Crushes Upon You

Or how to learn to lie to ourselves better?

