

how
worlding
practice
how to
worlding
practice
how to
how to practice
worlding

worlding
practice
how to
worlding
practice
practice





"What is a worlding? – a generative way of being in the world?"

Becoming-with, not becoming, is the name of the game; this 'worlding' is a process

process of staying with the trouble in serious multispecies worlds.

travel and shift the world, be attuned to its differences, positions and juxtapositions,

become the by-product of response-ability;

see intertwined worldings – they do not pre-exist

challenge the universalizing ideology and materiality of planetary capitalism

with counter-worlding tactics, including art, also

emerge from the active, productive, and continual weaving of the multiplicity of bits and pieces

know where 'worlds' emerge from such active, productive and continual weaving

our engagement with the materiality and context in the world is

a certain process of human-non-human enmeshment.

In particular, 'worlding' occurs from a being to a doing

this 'worlding' is a state of being 'cast out' into the world.

worlding from above must not be confused with counter-worlding from below

'being in the world' is available to all locations in the world, and it becomes difficult

we reflect usable forms of collective solidarity and global collaboration

to enact a world from inhabiting it, effected by Worlding and reworlding practices

that may provide a certain experience of an active, embodied and enacted

'being in the world'.

¹ Helen Palmer and Vicky Hunter, *Worlding*, 2018, in: <https://newmaterialism.eu/almanac/w/worlding.html>.

² Helen Palmer, Vicky Hunter, *Worlding*, 2018.

³ Donna Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble. Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, Durham and London 2016, 12.

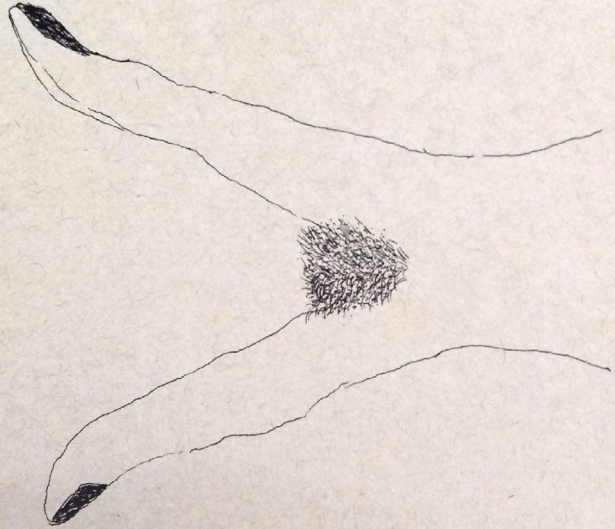
⁴ Ben Anderson, Paul Harrison (eds.), *Taking – Place. Non-Representational Theories and Geography*, Farnham 2010, 8.

⁵ Ananya Roy, »Worlding the South. Towards a post-colonial urban theory«, in: Susan Parnell, Sophie Oldfield (eds.), *The Routledge Handbook on Cities of the Global South*, New York 2014, 9-20, here 17.

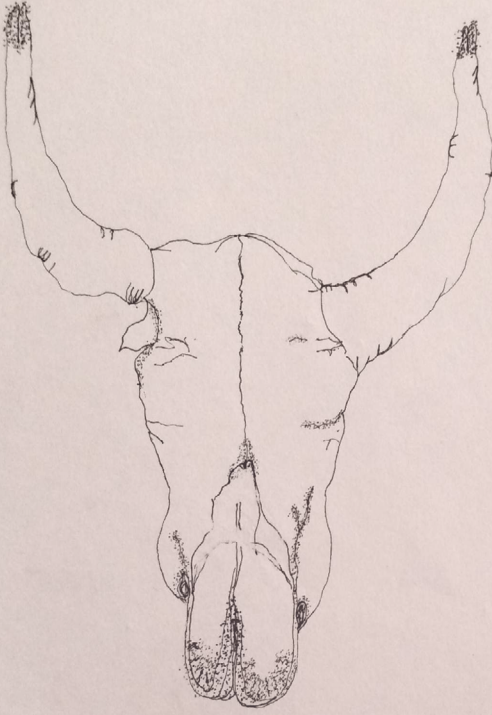
⁶ Ong Aihwa, »Introduction: Worlding Cities. Asian Experiments and the Art of Being Global«, in: Ananya Roy, Aihwa Ong (eds.), *Worlding Cities. Asian Experiments and the Art of Being Global*, Malden 2011, 1-26, here 11.

⁷ AbouMaliq Simone, »On the Worlding of African Cities«, in: *African Studies Review*, Vol. 44, Issue 2, Sept. 2001, 15-21, here 17.

⁸ Simone 2001, 18.



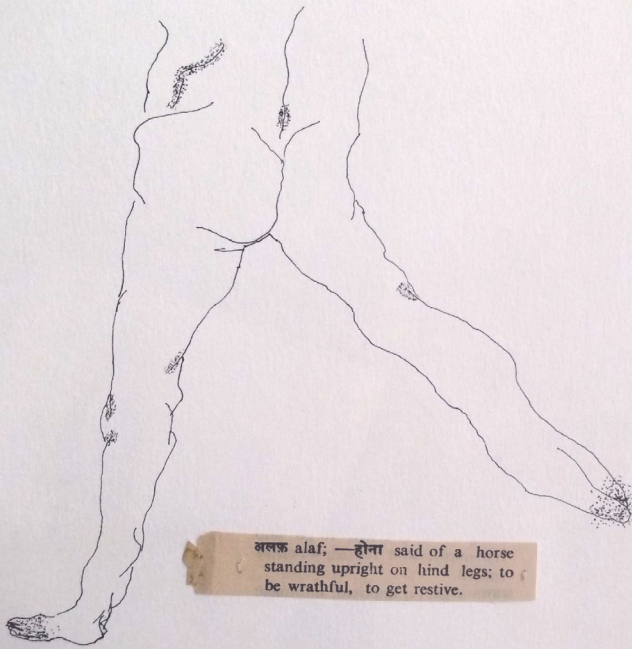
अनलहक analhaq—an Arabic phrase
given currency by the Sufis in
mediaeval India—meaning 'I am
God; I am Truth'.



अथर्व atharv ; ~वेव (mm) the fourth
and the last of the *Vedas*.

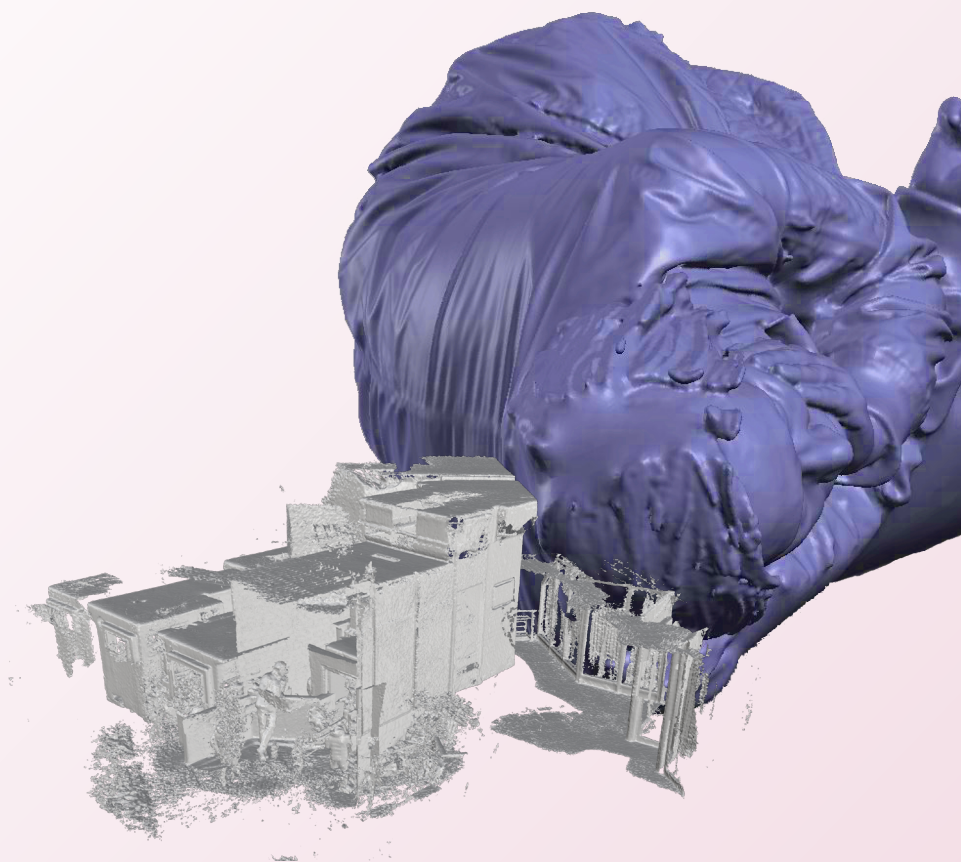
अत्याहारी attya:ba:ri: (mm) a glutton;
(a) gluttonous.

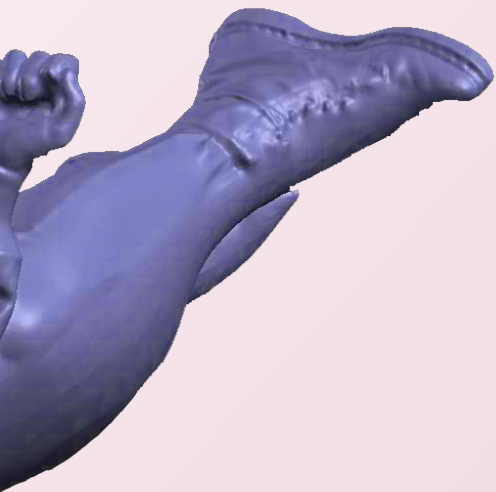




अलफ़ alaf; —होना said of a horse
standing upright on hind legs; to
be wrathful, to get restive.







[Dream - or two meditations]

by Edith Lázár

•» An acidic smell enveloped the room. It was a familiar odour to all growing up on the outskirts of Greeneries. It takes an instant to recognize it, to know what it is: skin heating up, just a bit more stringent than when you sit too much in the sun. Sun-kissed. What happens is a chemical imbalance. Silica marina, which usually conserves the epidermis, starts to wear off. In shortage of any pinkish salt infusion, the skin has to fight back by itself. [•] On an ergonomic pod, Nauka, the long-time Skin Trader, was shimmering in sweat, in subtle convulsions, preparing to emerge into chaosmosis. Half asleep, the body kept trembling while the mind was running around. They were crossing the deep lush greenery of the most flourishing of lands, and this was by far the most inopportune moment for such a fever. 'Here we go again' – said the Skin Wearer in a soft voice, looking with concern across the room – 'I was supposed to be your fair, not the other way around. And yet, this familiarity of events is strange, but we'll see where it leads.'

At the beginning was the program.

When the screen opens, you want to pull yourself through it. There is a longing as the one of swimming the warm sea in the summer nights. The digital sings to you; the anticipation and the touch. It maps the body in weavings of cells, tissues and loathing and craving and pulsating pleasure. [•] Traveling a shifting landscape as you walk, as you speak, you think you are here, but you are actually there, and there and there again.

Meditation 1

set your inside timer and let go

Sit in a relaxed position and breath up slowly. Open yourself to the powerful energy-beats connecting all that is around you, reaching through every cell in your body. These powerful beats made of light are an energy that travels in you. Born from one, you reconnect to it. From the top of your head to fingertips and toes, a gift unchains your body to

[•] skin transplants use to make for an everyday practice among the sub-colonies, in the struggle to present oneself proper. Everybody got their first iridescent skin then, but genetics is genetics. Generations after the great Waste Deluge, the stuff of the body remained still contaminated, turning them into lovely shades of blue, the underclass. The smuggling of shinny Skin-Wearers for the highest bidder was just about to begin.

[•] After the year 2000, every piece of technology become closer and closer to us. Almost like a person that would assist you whenever you need it too, you just asked and it was there, rubbing against you. From sex toys to doctors, the desiring machine was there to fulfil your demand. And so, we got assimilated into their smooth surfaces and candid voices.

[•] iridescent blue was just skin reacting, differently, having a particular acidic smell due to the stuff of the body being contaminated. Seamstresses in factories were genetically bounded to get their skin damaged in the first place. »» Yet, they did the kneading of skin like their ancestors did the sewing, the cleaning, and care labour for the so-called 'civilized-world'.

receive energy, and feel its flow. Repeat to yourself: I am healthy. I feel Great. I am grateful for the privilege to be here. I have a prospect to share with the world. I belong to the community. I am an artist of ecology. Creativity flows through my body.

Start listening to the sounds around you – don't look for mastery, but to encounter the mystery of life itself – Side A

The United Greeneries of Europe might have been just that, an accidental possibility of many others that ended up reconverting the wasteland from the last half a century into bio-matter. Growing over, overspill, flourishing, they covered the lands in vegetation. In the sun-soaked gardens, near Danube's waters following their path towards the Black Sea, high-quality iridescent skin keeps being tailored in what was once the Romanized sub-colonies. Still affected by genetic contaminations of Waste Deluge era, the workers fade away slowly, turning in the same hues as the blue light of ON screens. [•] Everything gets entangled in the language of an ever-expanding algorithmic structure, as some sort of odd sorcery.



•» 'It hurts when you become. The skin multiplies like fire pushing the cells further and further to coordinate, to coagulate the flesh. A silk-like skin is generated by an inner heatwave that, almost as a machine putting together tissue after tissue, triggers responses in synapses and stores in them memories - memories of growth. An entire system calculates how you are going to end up. And then, by a single touch of the fingertip, you make the transfer into yourself.' – the Skin-Wearer thought watching over the body morphing, contorting, becoming, almost screaming from the other corner of the room. There's not much to do now then wait. Glittering like magic, most days, my skin carries natural iridescence, the prismatic covering biologically produced when light hits humid matter. It's all that Prestige that makes a life of well-being. [•] Never limit yourself and never count yourself out. Just breath, poor body, just breath. We will get through.

**You press the button, and we do the rest
You press the button, and we do the reset**

- that's how any primary screen functions.

•» A long time ago, the Skin Trader remembered through feverish dreams, there were still paranimals running free in the regions once flushed in dark liquids of petroleum and cyanide from gold mining and water testing. They were the most curious thing these creatures, for they oriented themselves by subtle sounds, echoes, and vibrations. They recognized me in a split of a second ... crystals glistening and limbs trembling while they were about to fall in their own head around me. We were inhabitants of the same land, that was it. 'I am an artist of ecology/ creativity flows through my body' – I spit on that mantra ruling you all well-behaved 'healthy/great' bodies. We, however, we were genetic proof of all the shit that, for better or worse, designed itself by accident. [•] The bio-algorithms growing over wastelands have pushed some of the machines into a new shape, things of vectors and bio-matter expanding themselves in and with our discarded devices. As the first and second law of thermodynamics state, nothing is lost, everything gets transformed, disorder increases. The energy just changes into something else.

[Biometrics – the translation of bodies to data for later identification and verification (...) relies on a set of previously collected data, stored in a database to be later compared with a photo or a scan, it functions as a binary identification of a pass or fail... The data, as the pre-recorded translation of the body into bits, cannot be wrong. The digitized face can be transported to places far removed in time and space from the body it belongs to.] - Simone C. Niquille

And I open thy as a space splitting the nucleolus that keeps space and time together and let matter find its own way.

For you see, monitoring the body became foremost a question of molecular understanding. In the Empire of Stuff, right before the Waste Deluge, genetic codes started to be patented, secretly, by private owners that choose to dispose of them as business assets. Akin to computational models, these codes were to weight performance, abilities, and the evolution of life. Cells are nothing else than biological operators, intelligence within, that can optimize responses to environments by regenerating. The body was about to be a corporate territory, a mold for pouring efficiency into – a forever rechargeable tool. Yet life functions more in the guise of open systems,

[•] a Skin-Wearer was the brut material for the biologically produced SKIN45^A, launched by Derma Neue – an iridescent skin – the requirements and emblem of a well-being life and access to higher positions and free time. The Prestige within a community.

[•] waste and chemical spills, they all became nest for micro-algae colonies feeding on them. The wasteland species. Aided by artificial knowing operators – systemized by algorithms in the most proficient formula – they were an accidental design, that ultimately shaped the Greeneries and the skin of people. The lushest, as one imagines, was the one that used to be most damaged, the easterner part.

chaotic and uncertain. Cells may as well code new alliances by themselves. Cooperation and coercion are the two faces of the same coin.

•» I was crossing the lush lands once known among travellers as the Romanized sub-colonies, my homeland. I could still see the CutOff mountain at the feet where I grew up. It didn't mean much anymore, it was just an image that I supposedly kept returning to. What I carried was some sort of 'stock' feeling passed on to me, multiple waves of anger for all those years drenched in hunger, economics meltdowns, and predictive algorithms deciding who is going to survive and who not. I ingested all the data given to me. And the data has to flow. I am what it makes of me – a vessel, make-believe. When you open the screen with a gentle touch, your imperceptible fingertip stays on, imprinted. Where do you think that goes? Skin flakes, dissipating into the air, carried around, and oily prints the base for other biomatter to develop, a kind of microclimate facilitating spontaneous vegetation. Your body does not end when you are, you are already made of all that it's transmittable, sharable, and stored. We build screens, and they build us back – around and around, and around we go. Can you be forgotten, when your DNA has spread across so many surfaces you've touched? You don't always live just once

[•] The Greeneries were to function according to the sovietry economical model. A top down model that imposed balance and planning for what it is produced and consumed – the production of goods equal to the quantity requested by its users. The no-waste rules have served us well during these long decades of transformation. »»But genetics is genetics. The most precious and searched for product, the object of smuggling and racketing is none other than skin. Everybody wants it. The Prestige of so-called 'beauty within'.

It's a clog you have to deal with. Paranimals included, we share in genetics the same biospores and the will to outgrow.

§And blood-black nothingness began to spin... A system of cells interlinked within cells interlinked within cells interlinked within one stem...

Meditation 2

set your insight timer and roll the dice

Find a luminous space. Calm your breathing. Now, imagine all the textures of your body, a fabric made of so many soft and elastic layers: fluids circulating through your veins like rivers pulsating softly under the skin; the air rhythmically opening out your chest; the bubbling and gurgling processes at the centre of your own inhabitable system. Then the colours and densities of the organs, each of the ones you can

remember, the elasticity of your tendons, the stretchy tough. Waved together just like a coat, they hang over you. Would it flow like water, stretch and curve like knitwear, bend or break you?

Just walk the line – side B

The torrential strands of information run lose while, with extraordinary precision and delicacy, push information into form. Whatever the events we find ourselves in, we have to evaluate the circumstances of the world we are given. And that is still an algorithm, but one close to a rhythm landing in the Indeterminacies – what turns out from it, might be a roll of dice.

Through Osmosis
Through Cosmosis
Through Chaosis

Around and around and around we go.

'Stretch, relax, unwind, refresh. See where in the body you grip, and let go – keep your body fit and make it glow! And you know I'm satisfied.' [•] Was this the medicine for all our discontent? Was this the medicine we were looking for?

You press the button, and we do the rest
You press the button, and we do the reset

Now, if you ask me, all meditation seems to do is make you visualize the mental plane of your body. Embodied. Interlinked. So, tell me what you see my beloved one, tell me what you see when the body grows cells as an intuitive archive? All memories are archives and archives are data flowing in different rhythms.

And around and around and around we go.

§Do you feel that there's a part of you that's missing?
Interlinked.

•» The screen opened out of nowhere. There was no

[•] Iridescent skin was a mutation, an aesthetic camouflage that made skin color and gender irrelevant, a cloth of light. Yet it ended up becoming the signifier of a well-being life. The body should be kept as bio-/as eco- as possible – feeding on vegan food, oils, and the only surviving element of older diets – snails. If your skin fails you, there's always SKIN45[^], attaching and becoming your own skin – the outgrowing skin of shiny Skin-Wearers, tailored to fit you – that if you can afford it.



projection, just a blue light invading its entire surface. Every time the machine had to restart, which happened ever so often, since that's the price for feeding too much data into its driver, the screens would go blank. Then, the calming blue light would go through. Slow. As the night passes into day, where the first rays of light meet the dark void of the cosmos matter.

} Design Became a Ghost in the Cloud, Jan Boelen in Notes on Ghosts, Disputes and Killer Bodies, Design Academy Eindhoven, 2017

+ Ghost Crawl, Simone C. Niquille in Notes on Ghosts, Disputes and Killer Bodies, Design Academy Eindhoven, 2017

[] Molecular Colonialism, Margarida Mendes in Matter Fictions, Sternberg Press, 2017

[] Thinking Matter. Representational Breakdown at The World in Which We Occur, Jennifer Teets in Matter Fictions, Sternberg Press, 2017

[] Kimine Mayuzumi's '5 minutes Meditation Before Writing'

+ The Unstable Body [microbiome-prosthetics-plasticsurgery-drugs-biodesign-chimera], Beatriz Colomina & Mark Wigley in Are we human? Notes on an archeology of design, Lars Müller Publisher, 2016

^ Cyborg Clothing, Alexandra Warwick & Dani Cavallaro in Fashioning the Frame. Boundaries, Dress and the Body, Berg, 2001

_ Building a Wilderness with Louis Le Roy, Julian Raxworthy in Slow Reader: A Resource for Design Thinking and Practice, Valiz, 2016

{ } So this is where we meet, Lotte van Gelder in Slow Reader: A Resource for Design Thinking and Practice, Valiz, 2016

< The Word Made Fresh: Mystical Encounter and the New Weird, Elvia Wilk, e-flux journal #92, 2018

+ The Carrier Bag Theory, Ursula K. Le Guin

> Iridescence, Intimacies, Tavi Meraud, e-flux journal #61, 2015

[] Iridescence: a Functional Perspective, Stéphanie Doucet & Melissa Meadows, in Interface, Vol. 6

} From Here On It's About Capital – Object Petite AI and the Ethics of Inflection, Patrick Jones in Clog 16 – Artificial Intelligence, 2018

* Embassytown, China Melville, Pan Books, 2012

^ Introduction to Fiction as Method, John K. Shaw & Theo Reeves-Evison, Sternberg Press, 2017

: The Second Body & The Second and the Multiple Outsides, Florin Flueraș and Alina Popa in Unsorcery, 2018

'Dream in 2 Meditations' is a fragment from the non-linear story **SKIN45**[^] that tries to make sense of a biotechnological world where things might have gone a bit wrong. Set only decades after the Waste Deluge, when the Earth started to heal itself enhanced by bioalgorithms and aided by communities of non-waste and ecological production, it gives a glimpse into a new-born society for which your shimmery, iridescent skin becomes your best asset. A Skin-Trader and a Skin-Wearer find themselves traveling across the most flourishing lands of the United Greeneries of Europe, weaving together an emotional map.





A REFERENCE OF A POSSIBLE FUTURE

If there's a possibility of wandering into a future,
that is four thousand light-years away,
Are we then able to see the spaces we live in,
would they resemble who we are?

How would we then use the sources of our nature,
as infinitely growing seeds of our respiration?
Are they algorithmic gardens,
with floating flowers in space?

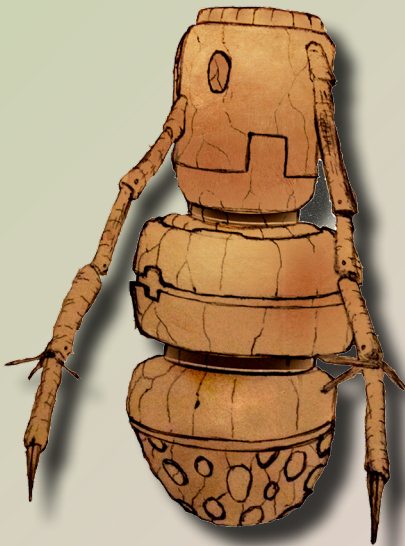
Can we then live in a world without borders,
as an infinite body of completeness?
Are we then able to wander around in our freedom,
within the computational garden of Eden?

How do we then speak the words we listen to,
that tremble how we feel?
Are they words without origin,
who speak in science fiction?

Can we then celebrate a non-existence of time,
but still be present?
Are we able to travel within space and time,
into different dimensions?

How do we then own economical and political systems,
that leaves behind plunder and exploitation,
Are we then a global nation of species,
constituted by non-human babies?

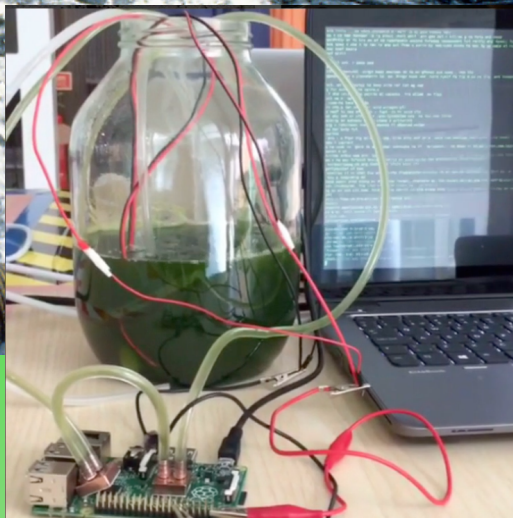
If there's only now,
can we then still have a future?
Are we able grasp a glance of tomorrow,
can we then still shape our world?







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ime/batch = 4.7505s  
116/150 (epoch 38.64)  
ime/batch = 4.7363s  
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117/150 (epoch 39.00)  
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118/150 (epoch 39.33)  
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sahejrahal 31m



@faby0o

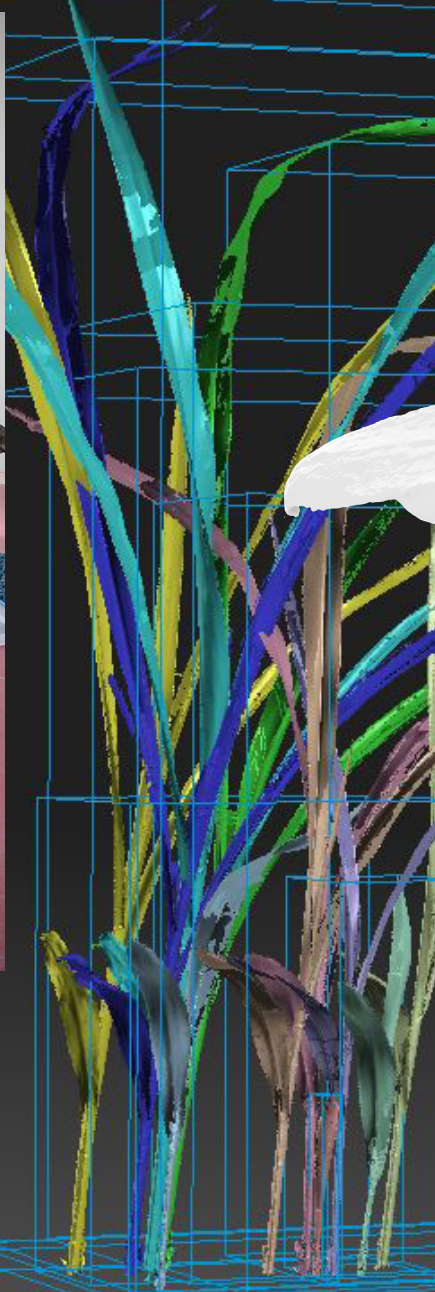
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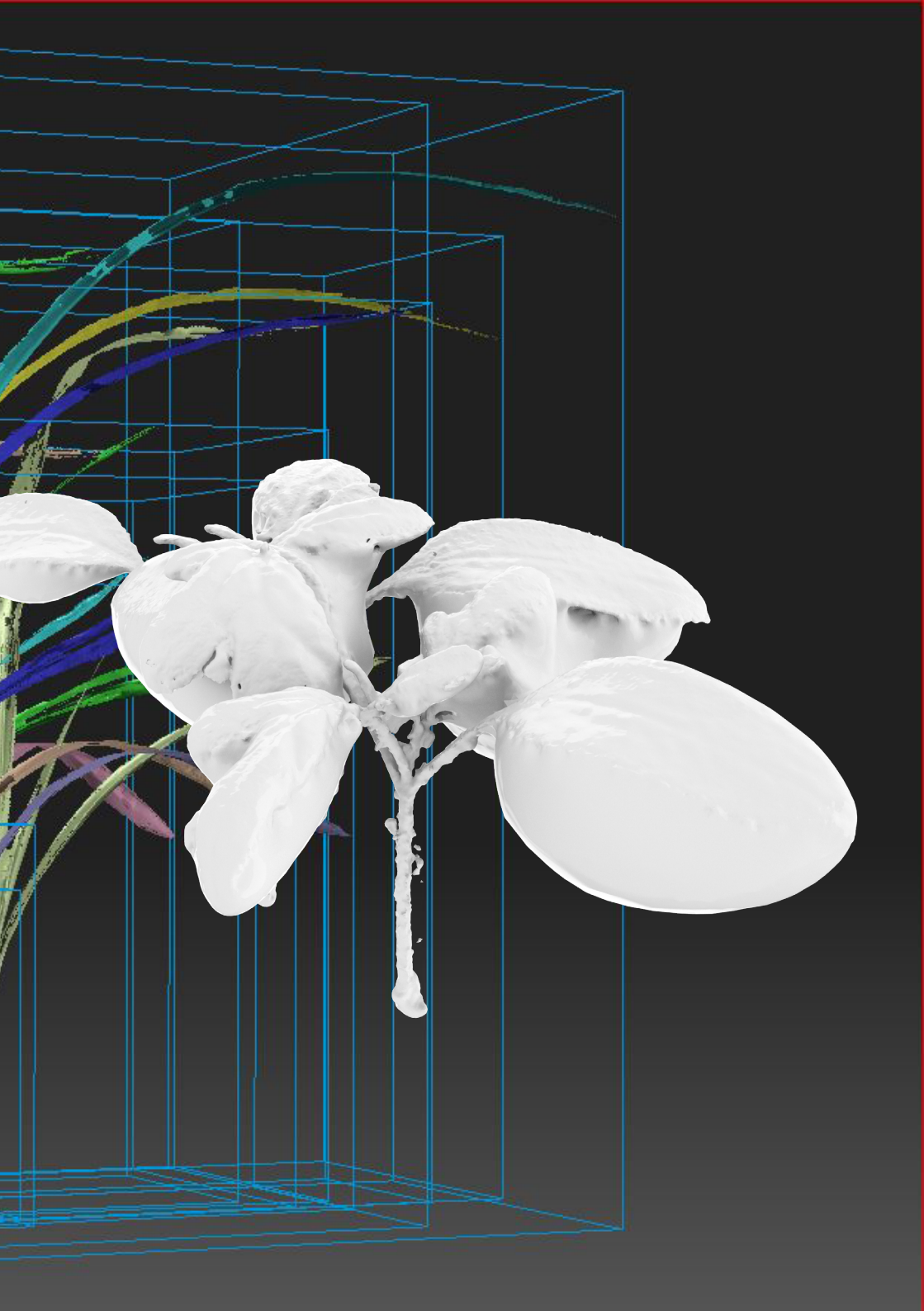


Dies in deiner Story posten >



Nachricht senden







Werner
Herzog is flying an f22 Raptor
at an altitude of 750 miles
above the Aravalis at one
third the speed of the earth's
rotation.

A defunct lighthouse leads you
into an underwater Bombay
gilded with art deco signage
and architecture, and the only
music that reaches its depths
is the evening Azaan from
Byculla.

Four Laterite towers rise
from the walls of Vijaynagar,
flanking seven gates with
spring operated drawbridges

that
span the mouth of
the Tungabhadra whose water
feeds four green canals, dividing
it into nine quarters, each with
four hundred houses. Every
fortnight the great river
shifts paths and Vijaynagar
is relocated, towers and all,
protecting it from invading
armies.

Two rival shadow cults
favouring Corbusier the
architect and Nek Chand
the outsider artist, face off
each night on the streets
of Chandigarh. When
morning comes, they return
to comfort of their careers
as teachers, historians, ISP
providers, lawyers, engineers,
policewomen, and Bollywood
hopefuls.

Within the first year,
dandelions



begin
growing slowly in
the gutters, emerging from
the cracks in the pavement
caused by the flooding.
Mosses and lichens, engulf
parking lots and town-
squares are submerged
under a carpet of clovers.
But they only exploit existing
weaknesses.

7
The Buddleia is far more
aggressive. It penetrates
through brick and mortar to
find
moisture.

It grows fast and high, scaling
law schools and investment
firms, where its light seeds are
easily dispersed by the wind,
returning to its ancestral home
in the Himalayas.

The Last
Mughal emperor is also the first, and all
the Mughal emperors in between.





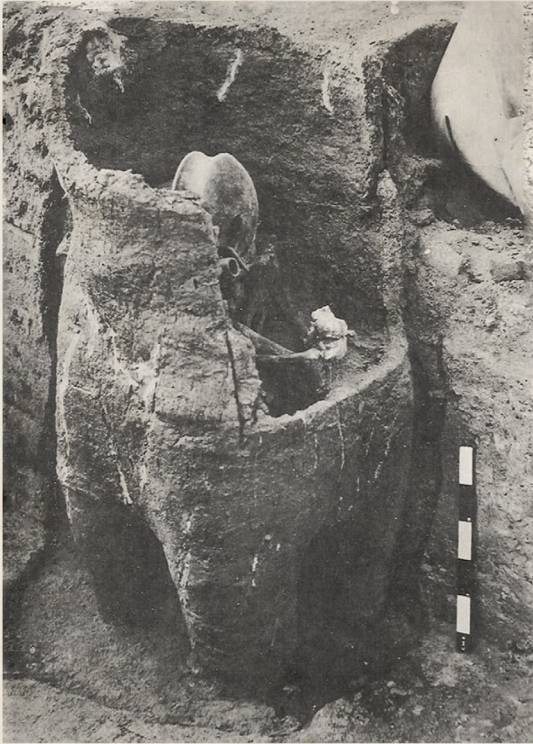
The Incident at Inamgaon

The recent spate perplexing the Indian Archaeological community, begins 88 km as the crow flies out of Pune, at the chalcolithic burial ground of Inamgaon. Standing on the banks of the river Ghod in the Bhima Valley, Inamgaon was an agrarian trade centre of the Jowre culture in the post-Harappan age. The site was discovered by a team of archaeologists led by Dr. M K Dhavalikar in 1963. What they found was a curious tradition by which the people of Inamgaon dealt with their dead.



They found a total of 243 graves. Bodies were buried outdoors, flanked with their copper tools and wares that were embroidered in beads of jasper. Each corpse was arranged like the needle of a compass with their heads facing north. Children were entombed inside protective capsules made out of terracotta pots, turned towards each other. The feet of these bodies were dismembered at the ankles, which the archaeologists ascertained, was for the fear that their souls might leave the land.

Yet among these graves, there was one which was far stranger.



At the centre of the site they found a body buried indoors, beneath the remains of a house. The corpse was a 35-year-old man, seated cross-legged, interred inside a massive urn that was shaped like a stout beast with four legs.

This revelation had set the archaeological community ablaze. Conflicting views were offered on the identity of the seated man.

Some members of the Archaeological Survey of India maintained that this man was the chieftain of Inamgaon, on account of his solitary indoor burial urn which was laden with a plethora tools and beaded trinkets.

Others argued, that this man was in fact an outsider to Inamgaon, buried inside his peculiar tomb in accordance with the rituals of his people, who had vanished,

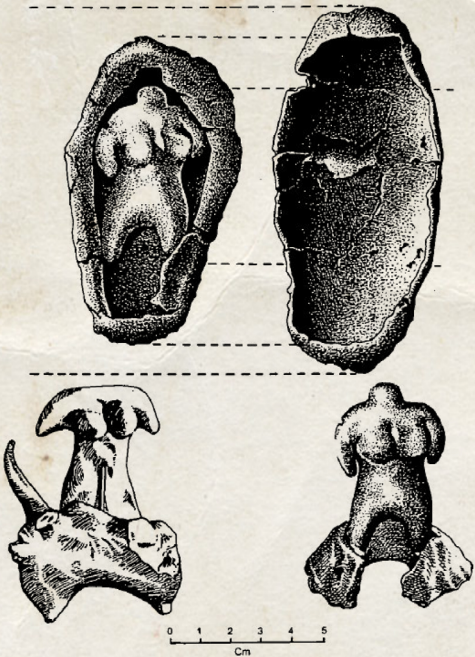
perhaps falling victim to an ancient flood in the Bhima Valley.

This view was attributed to the discovery of a boat like symbol marked on the inside of the four-legged tomb discovered by Dhavalikar himself, who briefly postulated that the motif represented the pan-civilizational belief in the possibility of interdimensional travel. This postulation was unanimously dismissed by the Archaeological Survey of India in the weeks following the declaration of the National Emergency in 1975, describing the outsider theory as "deviancies that were incongruent with the established methodologies of the ASI".

In the early hours of July 3rd 2018, a package delivered to the offices of the Archaeological Survey of India, that has brought the discoveries of Inamgaon back to light. The package which originated from a yet an unidentified source was addressed posthumously to Dr M K Dhavalikar.

This occurrence could have been easily attributed to the capabilities of the postal department if not for the strange nature of the package itself; a haphazardly-stitched cloth parcel bulging in the middle like an overfed animal, bursting at the seams.

They cut it open to find an extensively compiled docket of never-before-seen photographs, etchings, diagrams, fossils, and strange trinkets that were eerily similar to those found at Inamgaon. Each of the contents was dated to have been found in the 1960's, during the early days of the excavation.



The photographs depicted multiple dig sites that contained burial urns similar in form to the tomb of the seated man, yet far more complex in nature. Some of the urns stood on three legs, some five and some on two. that held up large bulbous shapes, each more complex than the first. The urns contained no sign of human bodies, some were bare save for a few pots.

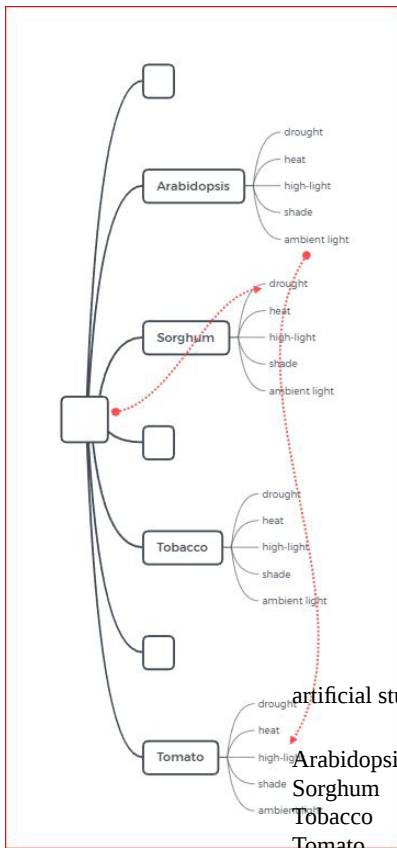
Others however, were filled with strange artefacts, large ceremonial sceptres, masks, ritual daggers, horned staffs, scimitars, agrarian tools, scientific instruments, votive idols confined inside ancient terracotta.



Given their strange nature, the origins of these objects cannot be verified with any degree of certainty. Are they artefacts of a lost ancestral civilisation, preceding the Jowre people? Or, are they in fact vessels of trans-dimensional travel postulated by Dr Dhavalikar, wandering across realms of space and time, with the weight of a million histories upon their back?

While all these questions remain unanswered, one thing is certain, they are here now.





artificial stupidity/ machine learning/ agriculture

Arabidopsis
Sorghum
Tobacco
Tomato

control1 A
control2 B
drought C
heat
high light
ambient light
shade

Navlakha, Saket (2017): *3D scans of plant shoot architectures*, Mendeley Data, v1.
Licensed under CC BY 4.0. Salk Institute for Biological Studies.
A. Conn, U. Pedmale, J. Chory, and S. Navlakha (2017):
*High-resolution laser scanning reveals plant architectures that reflect universal
network design principles.*
Cell Syst., 5, 1:53-62.e3.

superprotein-arabidopsis

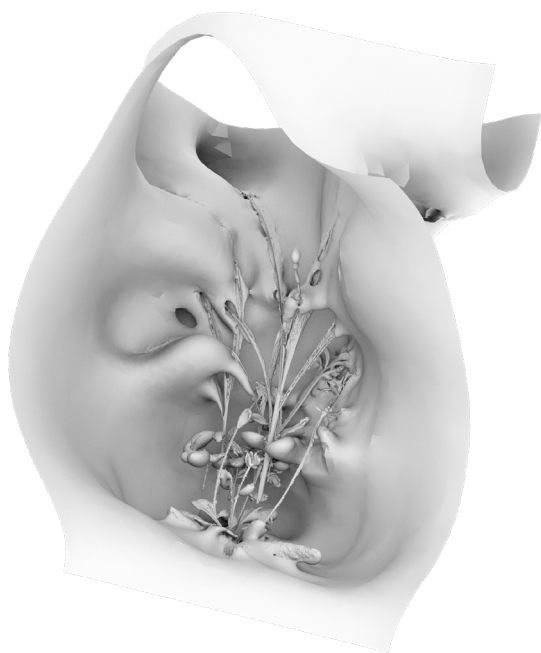


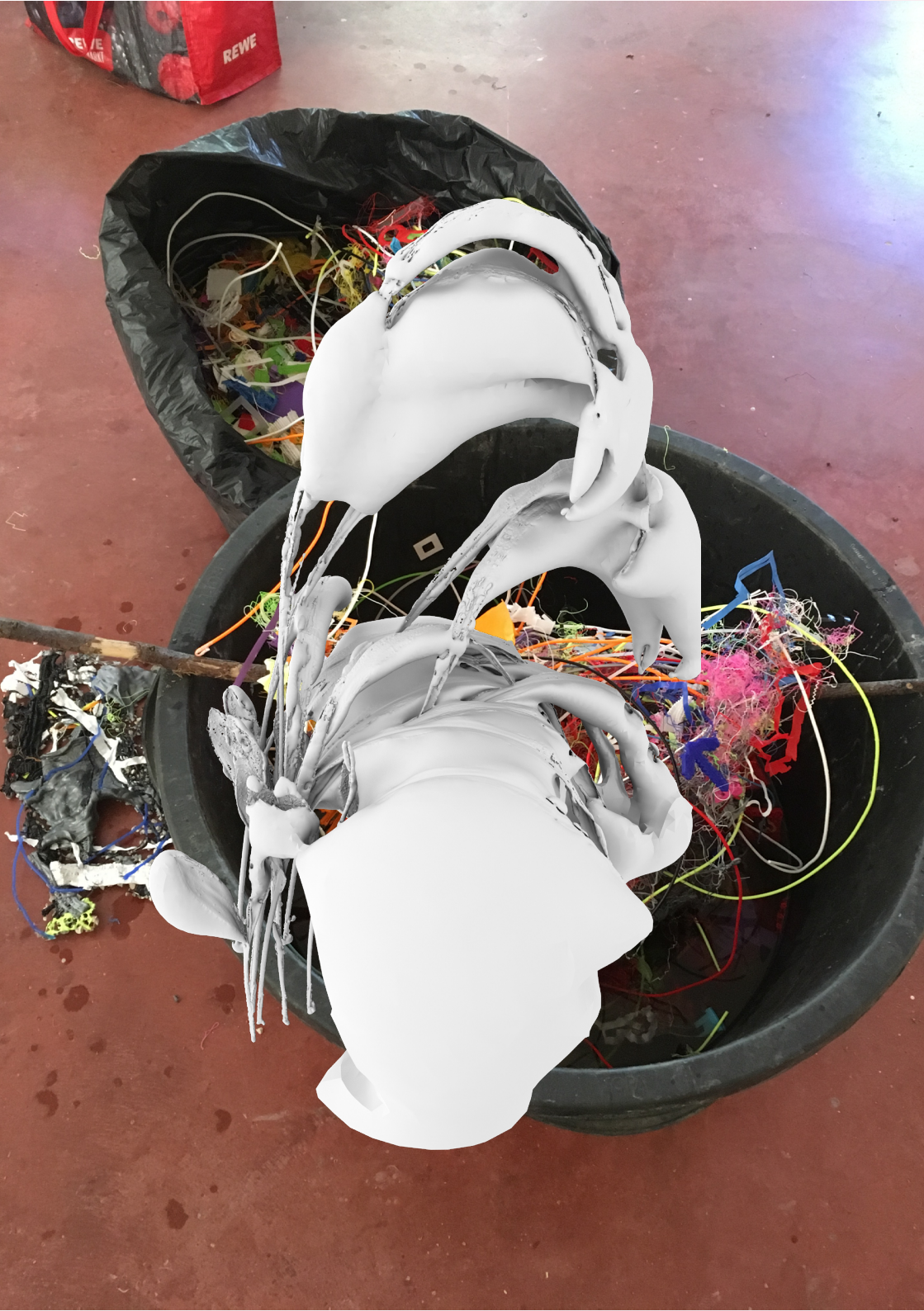


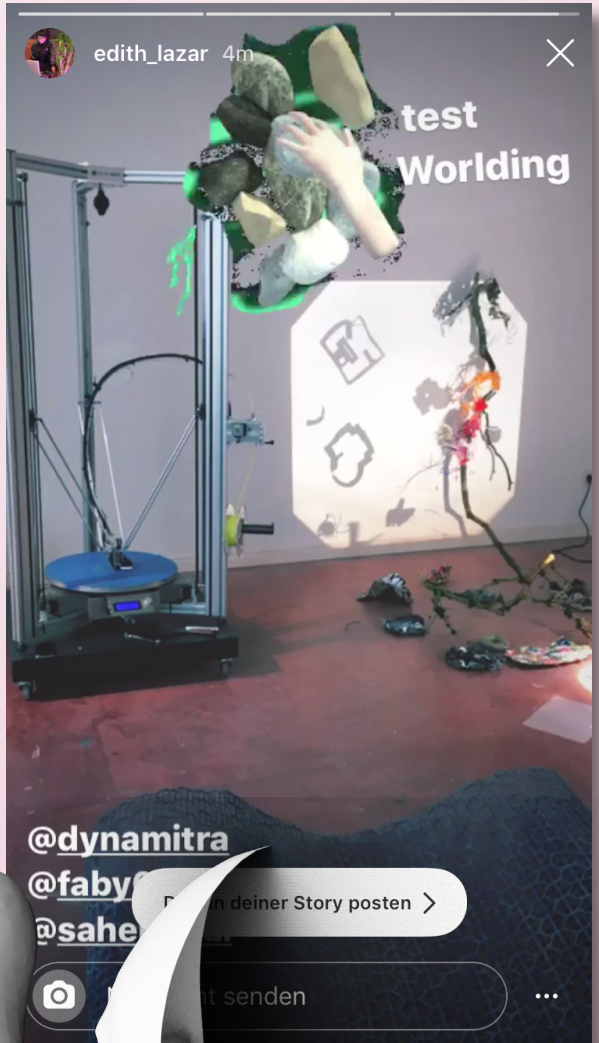
superprotein-sorghum

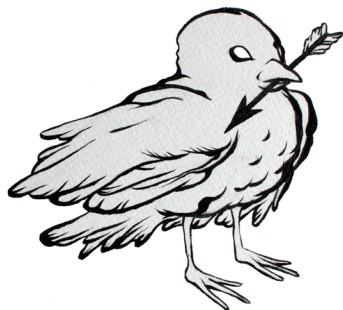


superprotein-tobacco

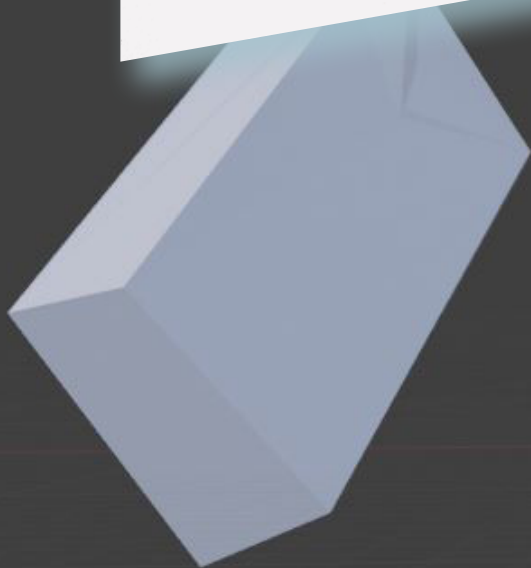


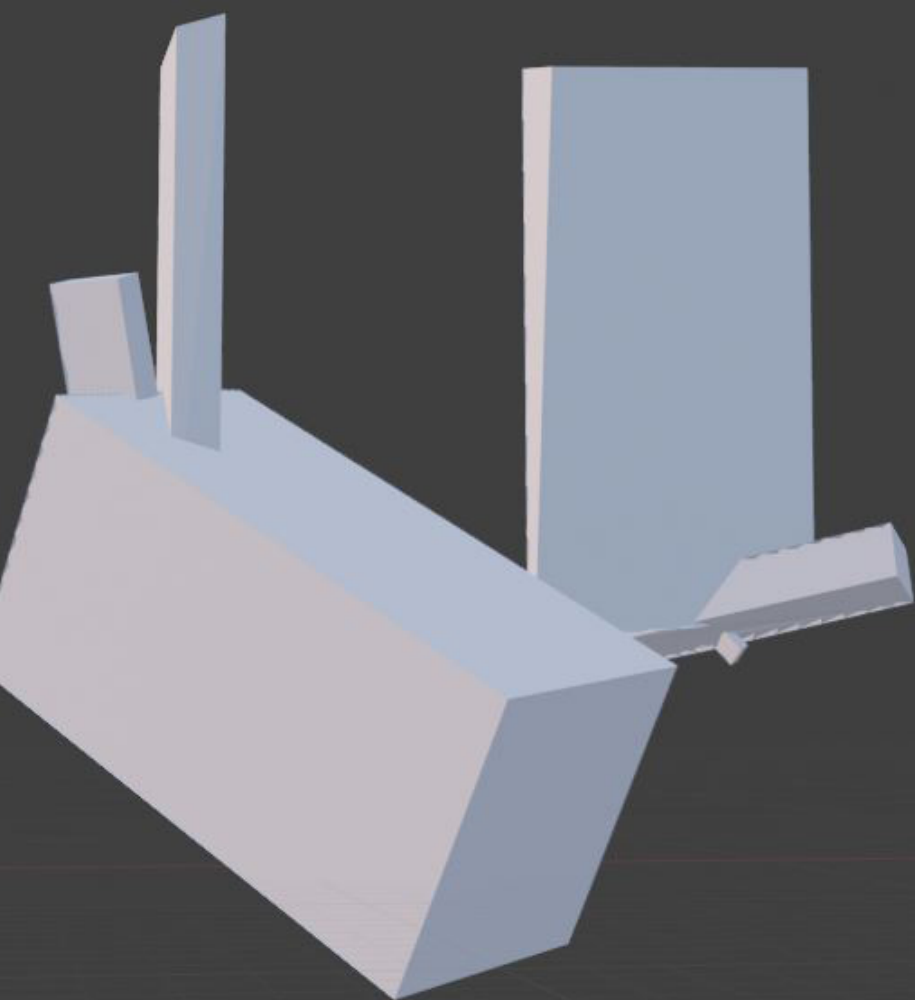












Masculinity is at once everywhere and yet nowhere, known and yet unknowable, had and yet un-have-able. In fact, it is not male sexuality but masculinity per se that **‘is a bit like air—you breathe it in all the time, but you aren’t aware of it much’** Except perhaps that we are aware of masculinity in the twenty-

first century like never before. / **Cultures of masculinity**

Female desire is crucial to our whole social structure. Even Mrs. Anybody gathering her shopping on a Monday morning knows that the fuss about David Beckham has something to do with his masculinity, or that Cruise movies are often tied up with notions of what American manhood should be, or that magazine stands are full of men with their shirts showing their six packs—beer commercials become beer commercials. Well, it’s all a bit odd really. / Male sexuality in media/ Don’t look now:

The insta-

Only

For

that

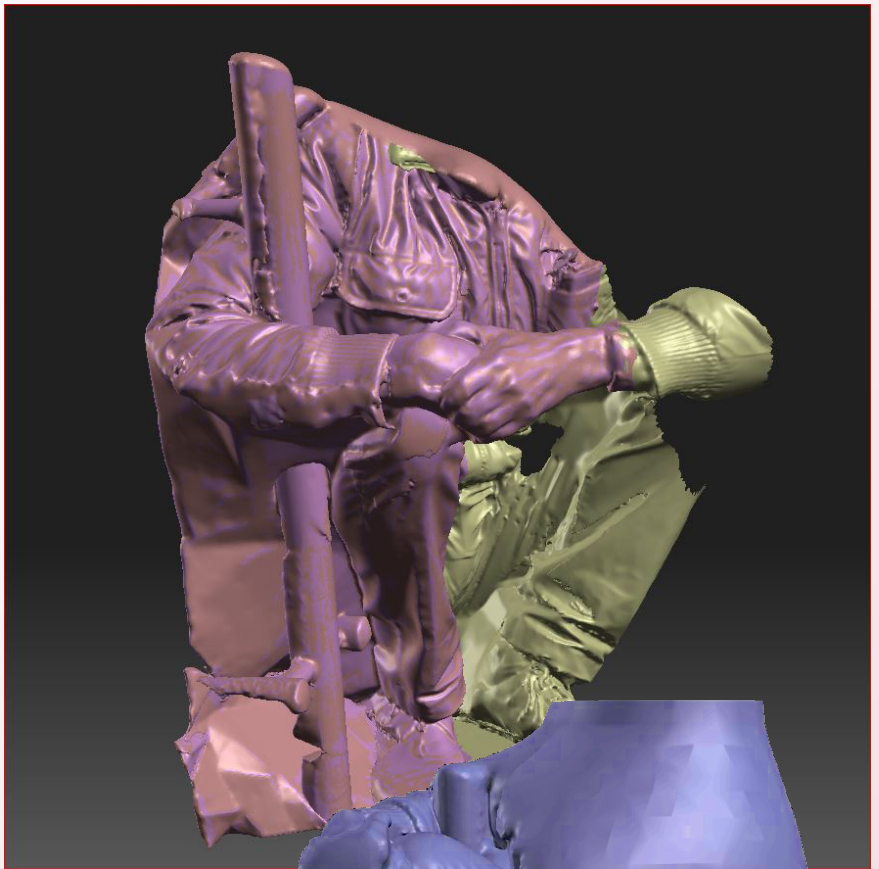
entertainment
white man’s

And in the reformist era, the eye has put it,

male sexuality is a bit like air: ‘you breathe it in all the time, but you aren’t aware of it much’

We look at the world through our concepts of male sexuality so that even when we are not looking at male sexuality as such we are looking at the world within its framework of reference.



















Supported by Akademie Schloss Solitude and
published on the occasion of the event
»Worlding – nudges for posthuman play«

on September 27–28, 2019
at Werkstattthaus Stuttgart.
www.akademie-solitude.de



In cooperation with

werkstattthaus

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