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# Entangled Futures

by

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&

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VINCENT

# Archive

Name:

Year:

Coming of age ceremony:







Seven moons after my 21st solar orbit and the invitation arrived for my Wolf Moon kin and I. A call to preparation, collaboration, den making and mothering; the call to entanglement.

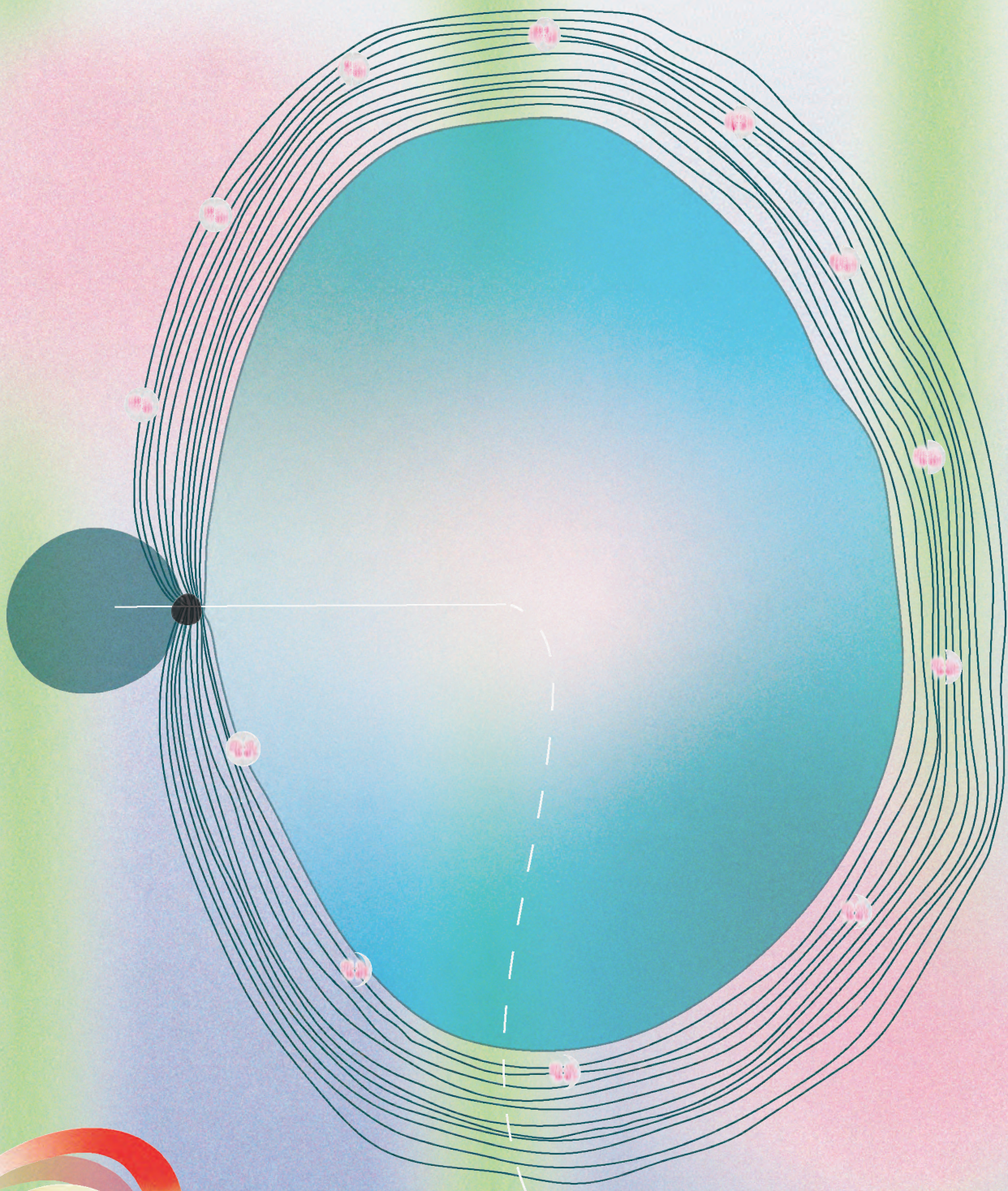
It was all anyone could talk about. A few failed attempts at entanglement practice and preparation in the meadow behind the hydro-mill were fun, but really nothing more than kids experimenting, as kids will. Without the Q-Fib (quantum defibrillator) it's little more than psychonauts in a field, marvelling at the grass, the ants, and the universes contained therein.

Our Sage, Juye, guided our month of preparation; into the wild we went. Morning meditations on our societal philosophies of deep ecology, followed by a swim in the creek, the cold water cracking it's whip across your body, in equal measure of pleasure and pain, I can't start my day any other way now. Foraging and gathering for meals that day. The cosmic cleanse was pretty intense at the beginning but after a week you feel celestial, a full body energy surge. The rest of the morning is spent building. We build to bond, and bond to survive. Interdependent on one another for the next month. Lunch, prepared and eaten together. Den making, our own personalised wormhole to the unknowable. Then Solitudes for journalling and reflection, and 1 on 1's every other day with Juye. It was all so reminiscent of school, which I suppose was early preparation for the ceremonies.

Before the ceremony, we had to completely purge ourselves of any animosity we may have had towards each other. Born and raised together in this community, you can imagine the baggage, the broken hearts and bruised egos amongst us. That was hard, and harder still before it got easier. I feel it was healing for Noma and I, a lot had been left unresolved. Knowing the work and doing the work are two very different things. I think of the time of our elders, in the early 2000s, their stories of apathy, disconnection and loss. Unable to tend to the heartbreak and pain, suppressing and burying. No space or time to look inwardly when so much was broken outwardly. It was challenging work for us, in this emotionally evolved temporality, what must it have been like then? I'd heard good things about this part of the process, but still remain astounded at how well it worked, eventually. Now we wear our scars like decorative ornaments; seen, heard and held. Now we were ready.

# PREPARATION







The entanglement with an elder community member is standard for the first journey; it's designed to help us process our societal, philosophical, political and cultural evolution; how we got to where we are now and why we live as we do. In the old world they consumed all sorts of medias about the happenings around the world. But this was riddled with biases, truth manipulations and the absence of marginalised voices. Quantum entanglement with another human allows you to experience their consciousness, recognise the complexity of another's existence, with all its messiness, both the joy and the pain, and hear another soul's story, as it has been experienced by them. And as my first time, it was a fucking intense, but that's the only way it can be. Life is intense. To say otherwise would be denial. That's why the entanglement process is so carefully managed; it has to be approached with a healing, gentle touch, contained in such a safe space to hold and process the intensity, prepared, guided and integrated by a Sage and grounded in the wisdom tradition of deep ecology.

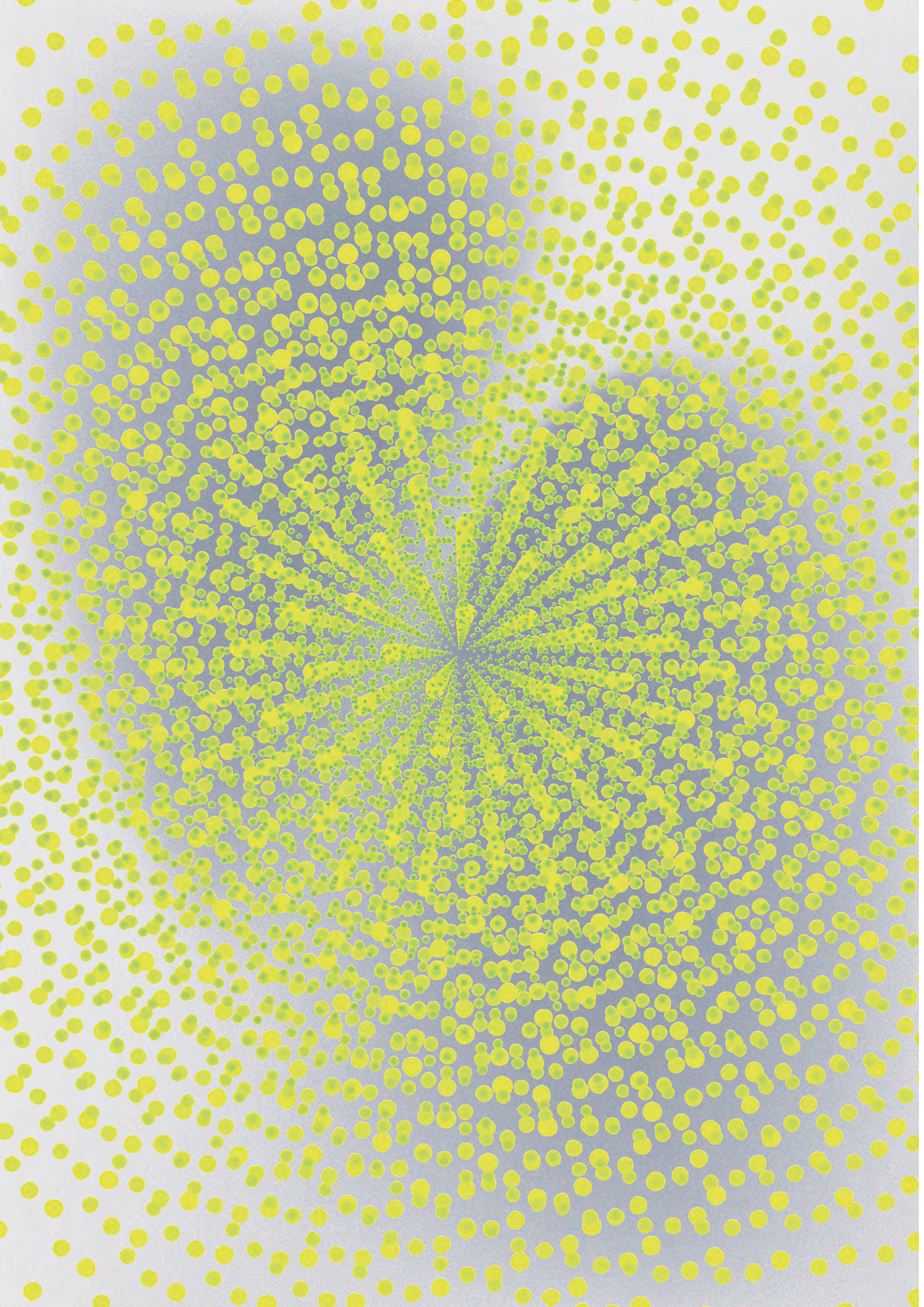
I'd known Tukan since I was born to this world, and he'd been born to this world 105 years earlier. This was his 12th coming of age ceremony - his first happened in the early research days when the scientists were only just experimenting with psychedelic-enabled quantum entanglement, back when they still needed the psilocybin catalyst. Since then he has shed and evolved his consciousness 12 full involutions. Of course he's by no means perfect. We are continuously coming of age, but he's really been through it all. He's shared stories with me about growing up in the post-crisis, early-entanglement days. The resistance against the entanglement movement, the side effect of permanent entanglement, the back alley entanglements and the use of entanglement as a form of torture. But we've come a long way since then. I had a vague sense of what happened in the early days, but it was only during entanglement with dear Tukan that I could connect with the truth of it.

When I used to imagine the world pre-entanglement, I imagined a whirlpool where individual psyches were thrown together, swirled around and spat back out again ~ confused, lost, floating. An inability to truly understand one another, oneself or the Earth, a symptom of a world suffering from a deep crisis of connection. It made me shiver, cold.

As Tukan and I entangled, I felt whispers of darkness tease me towards them, as Tukan invoked the memories of the post-crisis years and my consciousness slipped into the river of his. The crisis of 2042; 2 billion dead from a viral pandemic, major cities washed away, grief tangible in the air, the water and the streets. People said enough was enough. Mixed amongst the sorrow, people started to mobilise in ways never seen before. A new political party emerged and was elected; an assembly of mothers, teachers, scientists, therapists, permaculture farmers, designers and artists. A manifesto of healing, care and community. They decentralised power to local communities, making decisions through citizens assemblies, with pillars of diversity, inclusion and justice. They vowed to create a radically different world for their children. Tukan was one of those children; his mother a founding member of the political party. I felt the pride he felt for his mother's revolutionary thinking as well as the trauma he held of his ancestors having lived through so much death and destruction. I understood the look he sometimes had on his face; a wistfulness, mixed with a fiery optimism and a complete contentedness of what is.

#01







# ENTANGLED

Entangling with the more-than-human. Designed to experience the vast interconnectedness of all things, this journey can manifest in plant or animal form. Typically the most highly anticipated and competitive of the entanglements amongst friends. Initially, I was a little disappointed; Zente had an Octopus and Kimba, a Starling. I wanted to take flight. To experience the weightlessness and mystery that the depths of the ocean held. Feel my body unrestricted by bones and breaks. Experience 3 heartbeats at once. Turns out that jealousy and disappointment was a little misplaced, as it usually is.

Dandelion, dandelion, dandelion. How golden you are. How I underestimated you.

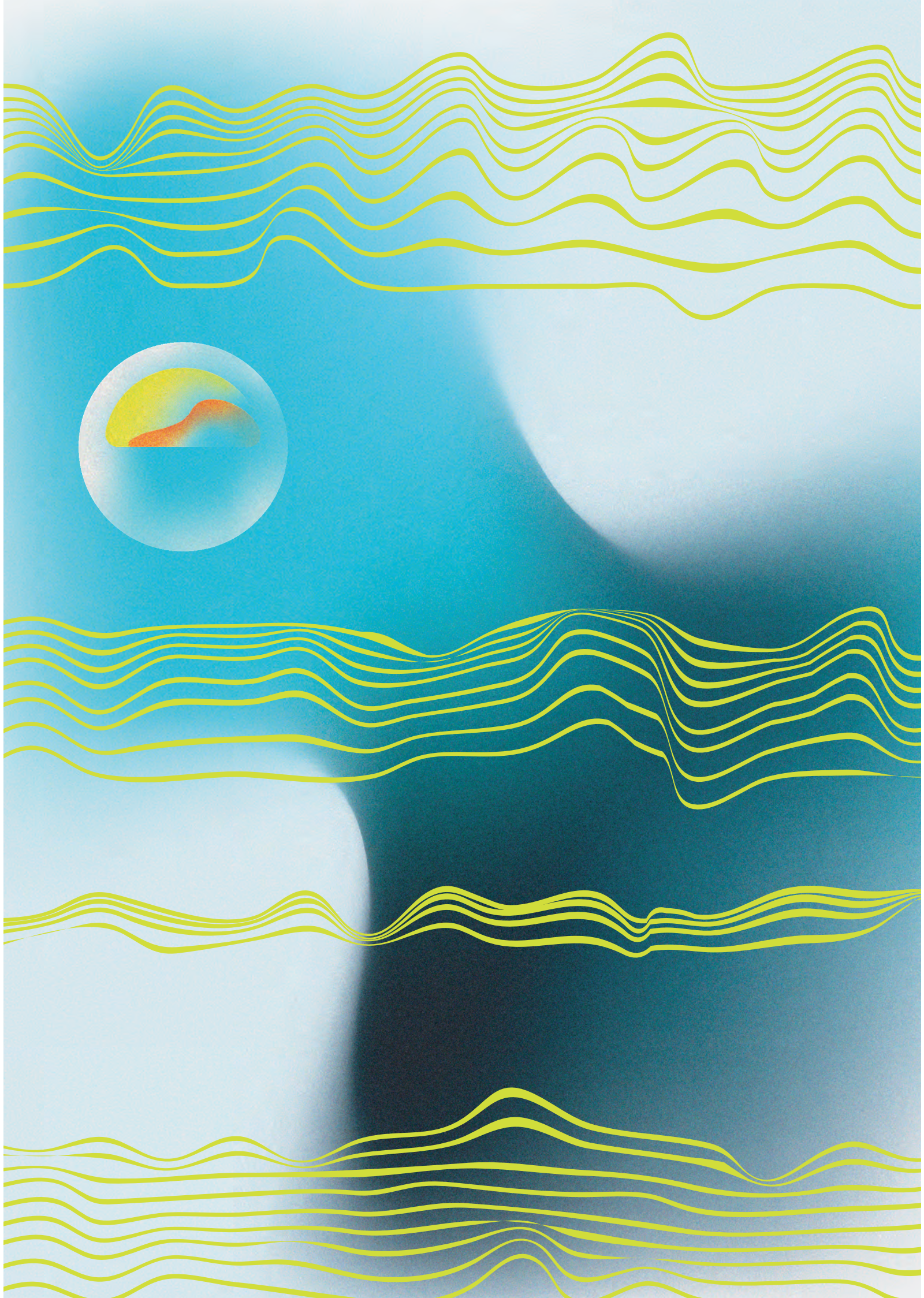
I entered, floating, free, at the mercy of the wind and slipstreams of birds passing by. There was an intense moment of spiralling, let go, let go, and with letting go gently I landed, my delicate parachute and I. What a wonder of nature's engineering, so deliberately dainty and wilfully nomadic. Embedded, it's dark but safe and I start to root, that feeling of a first waking stretch but tenfold, as I fill the muddy nooks and crannies that surround me. I fed, pulled the moisture from all around me, emerging back into the sunlight, reborn again. Unfolding to the world, held steady by my deep taproots. Resilient. Bending but not breaking. Reflecting the sun back at itself. I shone. I am gold. I felt strong, powerful, enough for myself and for others. Bees, wasps, fireflies, butterflies, they all want me. A, C, K, E. I'm vital. Folate, calcium, magnesium, potassium, iron. In the old world I was considered a weed. A weed! I'm a might! I let them have me. I feed them, share myself amongst them. Then one night I explode, a seedy metamorphosis, a quantum big bang, from in to out, my delicate parachute is back and so are 128 more. Ready to take flight. To let go again, dissolve my singular self and regenerate.

And again I'm flying. But this time a deterritorial self-scattering in 129 different directions, upwards, downwards, hundreds of simultaneous spirals. Dandelion, how I underestimated you. This repeated for several cycles, growing in number and intensity, becoming an ongiastic cataclysm. I became an infinite network, connected to every part of me that was and would be. And in the end, I flew like the starling, contorted like the octopus, experienced the mysteries of subterranean life.

# WENZ

# #O2







I'd been hoping for a glacier. And maybe the glacier had been hoping for me. I'd read that people used to see glaciers as almost stagnant, neutral things, devoid of animacy, but I wasn't too sure. It's always hard to know the truth of a thing until you experience it yourself. But how animated! How alive! So full of seemingly infinite memory, they had this feeling of all-knowing or all-seeing, which sounds like how people used to think of god. Maybe if they'd ever entangled with a glacier back in the day they would have thought glaciers were god. We know, of course, that glaciers aren't a god, yet they're holy in their sense of wisdom and deep temporal presence. The glacier took me so deep into time and so deep under the earth that my sense of physicality in the present dissolved completely.

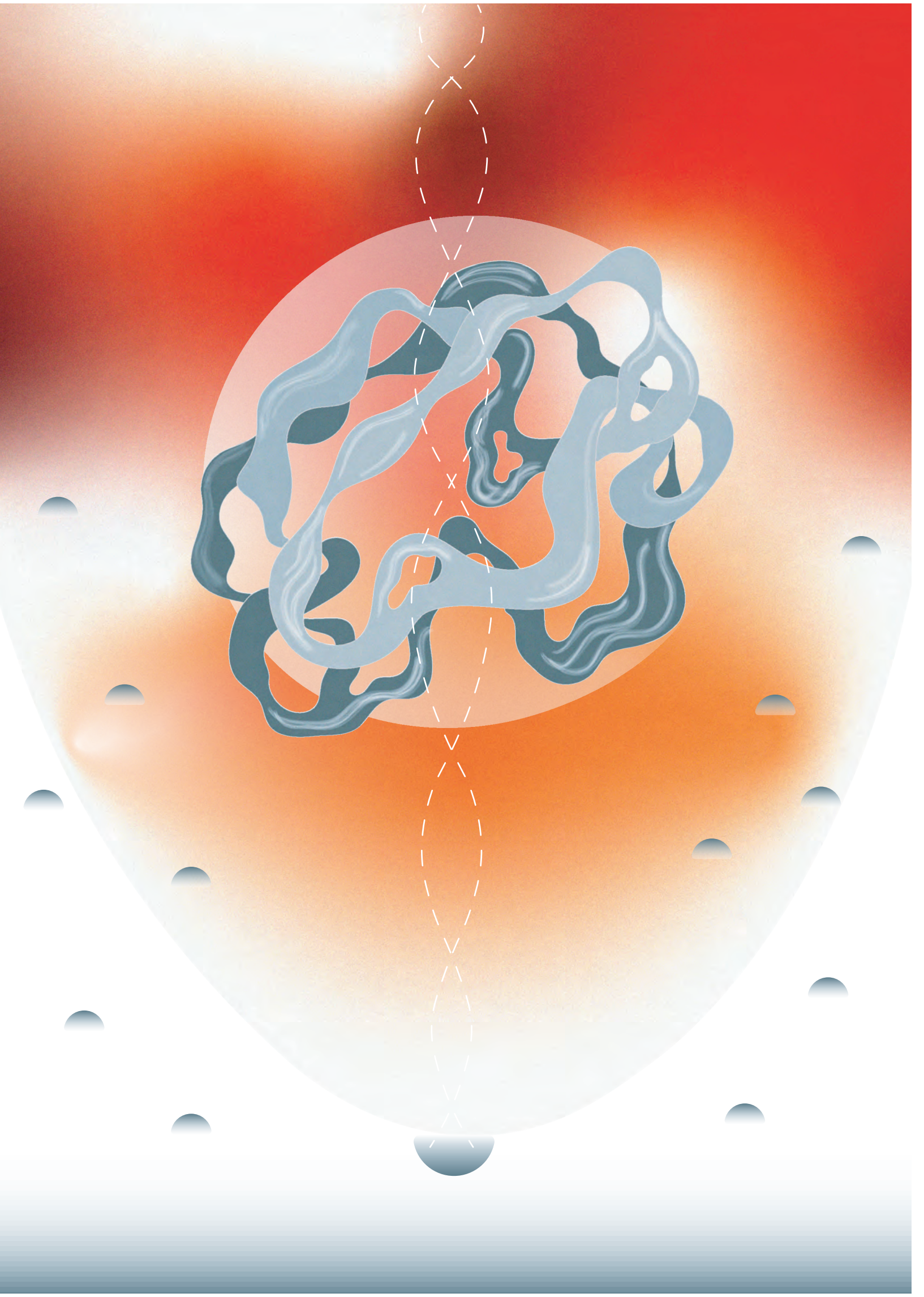
Together, we journeyed through its life, the ages of its being, born to this world, a frozen baby, 40 million years ago. We expanded into a new understanding of time. I once read an ancient text that witnessed the deep time and the memory of glaciers as the colour blue, and that "the blue of time is so beautiful that it pulls body and mind towards it". I felt the blueness, it's ethereal dimension and understood that the present day of 2153 was but a drop of meltwater in the glacier's body mass. We remembered each minute of sunshine that fell upon them 50,000 years ago. We remembered, or remember still, the chemical composition of the air around the start of the last Ice Age, 110,000 years ago. We remembered each destructive moment of the Anthropocene, warmed by the obsessive burning of fossil fuels for an intensive 100 years. We existed in the imaginations and lives of humans and non-humans alike, yet in a silo of communication, not able to speak the same language, until now; the language of quantum entanglement.

We understood ourselves as a gigantic, dynamic museum of time, recording the atmosphere of each new snowfall. We felt the ice, our collective body, compress under the weight of itself (ourself), losing grip on our oldest memories as our deepest layers compressed under the immense pressure. We creaked and roared as we shifted and slid. We breathed. Breathing in the winter and breathing out the summer. Expanding as we inhaled the snows of winter, and diminishing as we exhaled in watery flows.

We felt the primal brutality of our existence, part of nature and so impartial to the human form. Blind and indifferent, a sum of animate forces, perpetually at work in the physical world. Not only did we travel backwards in deep time, we were propelled forward into a deeper blue, time no longer linear. I couldn't quite translate the glacier's "words", I mean I don't know any human who creaks, drips, murmurs and shatters, but I came away from the entanglement with slithers of ice running through my veins, compressed air bubbles of deep time, bubbles of air breathed out by giant sloths and cave bears, sitting under the surface of my skin.

# ENTANGLEMENT

## #03





We haven't used dualistic words to describe experiences or emotions in decades, and this was one of those times I truly understood why; the multiplicitous sense of emotions, energies and embodied sensations I felt in the den could never be done justice with broadly categorising words like good or bad. And yet, part of the programme is to produce a creative expression of our entanglement, and words have always been my tool of choice. Funny that, recognising the simultaneity of potential and limitation that words hold. Noma's making a 10 part song of their cerebral journey, Tula's whittling a wooden sculpture and Flé's glitch-moving. We'll keep each of our outputs at home, on our altar and return back to them on the yearly anniversary of our entanglement, like one of those birthdays they used to have.

It was kind of as I'd imagined it would be, but so much more and then even more. Somehow both gentle and surrounding, yet also fierce and liberating at the same moment. The space had a stillness alive with energy; enticing, curious and yet so profoundly safe and surrounding. I'd done so many guided visualisations in preparation, but we can never be ready for the reality of a space until our bodies are there. Noma said how they felt it would be a homecoming, a rebirthing, and I think they were totally right. There was a moment just before I felt the force of it wash over me when I felt the deepest sense of arriving home, my body, my mind, my spirit, my ancestral DNA, my microbes.

The entanglement space vibrated with the sense of possibility and expansive worlds, and yet all within the safe, warm embrace of an imagined motheren. An orbing, dappled light played across my retinas. As we began the process of entangling, semi transparent, fluid materials seemed to brush across my skin, organic shapes hovered in my periphery, the sound of our beating heart and a low, vibrating murmur, all within a deep stillness. Being in touch with the sensory energy of a space is something we've learnt to do since we were young, but they tell us that people used to move through the world disconnected from their organic surroundings.

Juye asked us to express what we learnt from the entanglement. Learning almost feels like the wrong word. More of an uncovering, discovering, unfolding of what we've always known but weren't accessing yet. Reflecting on it, the space was truly a gift; our entanglement contained so safely, held by its gentle curves and its firm energy. It's strange to think I won't return for another seven years, but I can feel that something within my consciousness has shifted, an opening, an evolving, a deepening, a sense of connection to something much, much bigger than myself, but also something so microscopic within.

