

Selections from
The Charge in the Global Membrane
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C215 Annotated, Barcelona, 2016

BREAKING

the NEW

**We're Updating
In the Now Alert
Bulletins**

On Opening Time and Closing Time, Generations of Electricity, Emerging World Consciousness and Light-Dark Energies, the Donald Trump Phenomenon and the Spectacle of His Election, the Threat of Nationalist Movements and Separatism, Refugees, Pilgrimages of the Soul, Teilhard de Chardin's Noosphere and Gaia, Identity Crises, Empathic Conditions and Conflicts in Sensibility, Media Wars, Clicks, A-literacy and ESP Literacy, Dark Posts and Trolls, Nervousness and Shock, Shattering Instants of New Vision and the Sparks of New Myths, Paranoia and Conspiracy Cults, Silence Breaking, Wave-Free Zones and Tiny Houses, Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Patti Smith, David Bowie, Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock," Net-gens and the iBrain, Sex-sites and Eros, Transformers (the movies), Fire, and the Expanding and Contracting of the Global Heartbeat

Here's /

a seizing of moments /

a venturing into the vibrations /

a poetry collage essay / a journal diary /

a gathering of aphorisms /

a thought experiment that's an attempt /
to put my finger /
on /
the pulse /
the passion /

Again / journeying on the waves / cycling back /
into the current /

Yes / I admit /
to following my fascinations / my obsessions /

“Within a Moment, a Pulsation of the Artery”

William Blake, *Milton*

“Recycling is a key to media ecology”

Anonymous Post



Future Shock, Barcelona, 2016

Hey / wait / I hear your voice saying /

this sounds / weird /

Look at your home fuse-box /

Symbols / codes /

Re / presenting the Invisible /

Flux /

The voltage /

gripping us /

deeper /

into /

its fields /



Antenna Head, Havana, 2016

March 8th (International Women's Day)

Deep into night again. My home almost quiet. I should sleep, but I can't. In our bedroom my wife rests peacefully. I get up and return to my work room. Taking out paper: opening my PC. Pen, keyboard. Our house stirs through the vents. Sites on my screen multiply like cells. And I'm writing things down, trying to find pathways to truly perceive...

This is Genesis in overdrive

Once there was the Earth... through communication technologies the Earth became the global village... with the advent of satellites, the village became the Cosmopolis, and it became the global theatre... then PCs and handheld devices, the rule of screens and smartphones: vistas of mobility, instant messaging...

What's the background of these recognitions? The books on my desk: Richard Maurice Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness, Harold Innis's "Minerva's Owl", Simone Weil's Gravity and Grace and The Iliad, or the Poem of Force, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's The Future of Man, Elizabeth Sewell's The Orphic Voice, Norman O. Brown's Closing Time and McLuhan's The Book of Probes. But these origins are not the point, because the charging of our lives and environments reveals the communal experience of thought and perception, of pulse and light.

In the crucible of this experience we find consciousness expanded, sensibilities stretched. We ravel the threads, the wirings that are conduits for streaming the rush and overflow of transmissions.



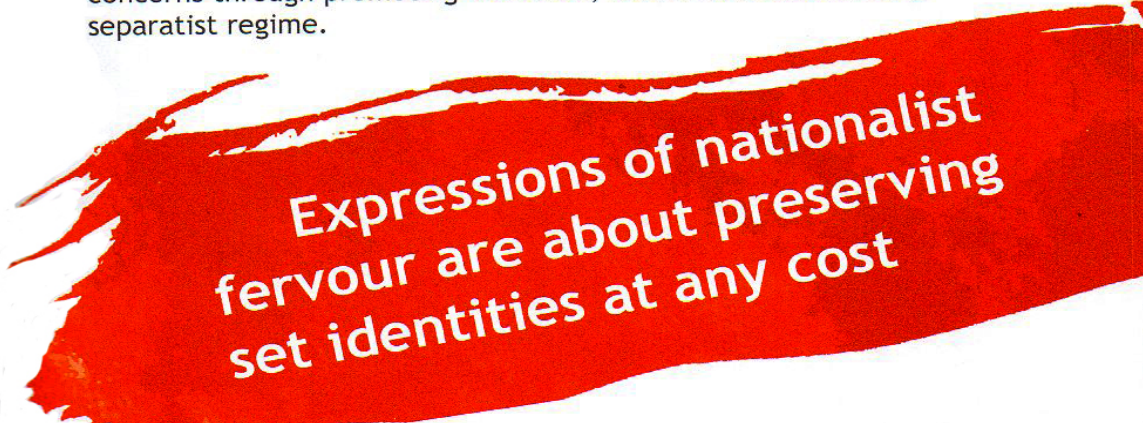
Charged Attraction, Havana, 2016



Piaf's Eyes, Paris, 2016

And thus constrictions begin. And so begins the territorial outcry, "This street... my street." And so starts the talk of bloodlines, who's pure in their lineage and who isn't.

And thus the bonds of love and justice are broken. And so wars begin over language use, who speaks for their group. These appear when people demand a nationalist status because they feel their identities are under threat, besieged by waves of transformations (psychic, sensory, cultural, financial) that can't, apparently, be shaped except by closing borders and by narrowing concerns through promoting the harsh, reductive delusions of a separatist regime.



Expressions of nationalist fervour are about preserving set identities at any cost

and about shutting down or retrieving borders in a world that is jumpstarting towards the communion of souls.

By this I mean we are sharing pilgrimages towards understanding and enlightenment, solidarity with the experience of estrangement, humiliation, abandonment, sorrow and suffering. This communion and these pilgrimages incarnate the yearning for justice and generosity, our need to participate in abundance and to spread the wealth, our desire to break free from loneliness and incessant fatigue, our longing for kinship, our fervent attempts to care for people who suffer from raging storms and rampaging killers, the faith that in the communications' spectrum we could be sending-receiving waves that seek what's best in us, our sense that we're at our bravest when we participate in the spirit of trust, empathy, salaam and love.



The Heart's Journey, Barcelona, 2016

We go into streets and to sites finding the experiences and the images of hounded, hurt people, and sympathy may stir. The current of compassion may rise—and could keep rising—when people respond to horror and crisis by finding ways to help, to feel a route through blinding disaster towards awakenings: these are signals that the amped current of mania and violence is (or can be) met by our capacity for tempering sensitivity and kindness, reconciliation and mourning.

Let us make a leap in thought and look into the appearances:

Migrants and spiritual pilgrims share this in common: they make desperate journeys. Why desperate? Everything is at stake. Outcasts flee across the globe, often bringing a suffering so intense that they move us with their pulses of grief. Injured souls long to break away from what wounds them. Spiritually avid pilgrims go wandering, craving enlightenment (travelling in their imaginations or on sacred pathways), to be moved towards sympathetic vibrations. Ecstatic souls tend to look for open ground, frontier places to explore (going on the road to find meaning). All are in flight.

Are exoduses and pilgrimages manifestations of the urgent flow and our unmooring in the global membrane-cell? They can be geopolitical (physical) and psychic (emotional)... People painfully participate in forced voyaging, trekking into fate or destiny, leaving the familiar behind, sometimes clinging to their memories of home and roots, often suffering over their longing for restorations of what they knew. People use social media and search engines to de-familiarize, becoming untethered from the ordinary isolation of the day-to-day self, to find newsflashes and images, avid for relations and profiled communities yet sometimes railing against the sense of uprooting, looking to belong to something that's hard to define.



City on My Mind, Havana, 2016

"The new electric environment is a collective poem," McLuhan said.

This means we sample together what poets and visionaries have perceived and prophesied: all is vital, permeating, amorphous, shape-shifting, in a stream of shimmering electrons (atoms): all things radiate, interpenetrate: everything connects and can be sensed anywhere: time is mercurial: everything endures in new forms because energy is being constantly transmuted: the effects of energy will be directly felt and absorbed through the material fields of technology: matter is reshaped because of technological manifestations: we struggle for clarity, definition, form, precision because we know existence is in flux: our created realms are sites where the Spirit and our spirits roam, because we know that our rooms and clocks don't have a radical hold: now we send-receive, screen sites turning us into hyper-angels and hyper-demons, though truly we're new mythic creatures, part flesh, part energy-currents, often masked avatar beings, often released to flit like Shakespeare's Ariel.



In a Foreign Tongue, Rome, 1995

Advice to readers: another pause for thought...

People are told not to publish or post long broodings or reflections in the public domains of book and screen, especially not on the web, because few have the time or the concentration to read them. Attention spans are drawn to the brief interval, the turn (and return) to screen magnetism and its ionic agitations.

ADD has become a natural state of reception

And where do we jump next?

In what form are you scanning this?

I'm writing and reading in freefall

(And if we could sit still; and if we could unplug and breathe... Meditating, breathing... We'd nourish our dreaming, our reveries: maybe we'd absorb the magnetism—the pull into the polarizing, the extremes.)

Let us go then you and I

Texting in the scattering


Fusions of hyper-speed



Compassion, Barcelona, 2016



In the Heart of the City, Havana, 2016



Yes, we can hear the beat and feel
the beating we're taking...

The global membrane is a heart, its effects like tides in our ears, felt on our skin. Simultaneously, its effects can be a noisy, invasive drive that incites a need to arrest and even kill its pull. Opening time... Closing time... Will one effect prevail over the other? I pray for courageous souls willing to embrace openings and closings. I pray for hearts that can perceive dark energies and dimensions of possibility. I hope for the language of the communion of souls.

We're turning in this whorl, this emergence of planetary consciousness, the time of the galvanized atmosphere of thought and feeling, the impetus and pressures of vast meaning. It's meaning coming to us, from the atmosphere, and a meaning we're projecting, creating with our machines and communicating devices.

Does it matter if any of us like the rapid processes of transformation?

The evolutionary pulse throbs on, in hyper-speed.



Dream Funnel, Havana, 2016



Making Movies in My Head, Havana, 2008