

In the domain external to our flesh our real and whole body is continuing to take shape STOP

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin 1920 stop The latter part of the 1940's was a good period for the reconfiguration of the relations between man, machine, sex and nature. In 1948 Norbert Wiener opened the groundbreaking era of cybernetics with the book by the same title, and in 1950 published a popular account in *The Human Use of Human Beings*; in 1949 Simone de Beauvoir released the constructivist sex bomb with *La Deuxieme Sexe*; and does anyone actually recall that Alan Turing's famous account of the »imitation game« (a.k.a. The Turing Test) in fact begins with a description of a test where you should decide whether the person who answers your questions is a woman or a man?

Something else spots the confusion stop johanneshelden stop Moreover – in 1947, the Jesuit theologian and paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin writes a letter to UNESCO, suggesting a new definition of the Rights of Man, since the definition of Man – due to the change in social, economical, ethnical and technological couplings – could no longer be based on the individual. The biological body, Teilhard claims, is not the container of the self; the collective and the individual are not to be regarded as opposites, but indeed as each other's prerequisites.

The Within Of Things Stop Teilhard was a theologian who not only believed in Darwin, but who also thought of Man as *not* being the final state of the evolution. Everything in Creation strived to the unification in The Omega Point (that is, to put it short: Christ). To achieve this synthesis of the theory of evolution, theology and »proto-posthumanism«, he had to deconstruct the notion of evolution itself. And quite brilliantly so:

Interiority, the rudiment of consciousness, exists everywhere; it is only that if the particle is extremely simple, the consciousness is so small that we cannot perceive it; if there is an increase in complexity, this consciousness comes out into the open and we have the world of life.

Darwin observed the evolution from the outside. chemistry starts asked stop Johanneshelden stop This observation, the paleontologist Teilhard claims, is good, for sure, but not good enough. Because in the same way that species and bodies developed and reshaped

When evolution turns to invention, so Teilhard argues, Man starts to create the tools that will ultimately reshape her, first by mechanical devices, then by extensions of our consciousness, striving to the final state of one single unified mind, The Omega Point. The extended consciousness – already surrounding the globe – has a name: *the Noosphere*.

And even today, to a Martian capable of analysing sidereal radiations psychically no less than physically, the first characteristic of our planet would be, not the blue of the seas or the green of the forests, but the phosphorescence of thought.

The signs are all over Heldén's poetic and artistic output. Computer supported lyrics about nature and environments, graphics and audio paint *urbanatural* land- and soundscapes, *cybernetic* in the initial use of the term: »communication in the animal and in the machine«. **cannot stop writing stop** Technology. Nature. Communication. Evolution. The cybernetic anthropologist Gregory Bateson used to ask his students the following: »Suppose I am a blind man, and I use a stick. I go tap, tap, tap. Where do I start?«. Replying »the stick« or »the skin« will only manifest the initial fault of the question, since there is no »start« to the »I« in the cybernetic sense: all living things establish themselves, not as bodies or closed entities, but as communicative systems.

It all ends up in one conclusion: Johannes Heldén, the poet, *cannot stop writing*, he *cannot* be eliminated from his creative process, since the avatar created by this process indeed *is* within the communicative system of Heldén the poet. We witness the (always already ongoing) merge of artificial and biological consciousness. Exit the exit author. And there's nothing peculiar about it. **will-o'-the-wisp stop** No more strange than poetry itself.

thephosphorescenceofthought Stop

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