

I'm going in the courts of heaven and I ask that my angel in the courts of heaven assigned to me and my family goes into the book of records and brings my book into the mercy court. and may it be written today that I decree, in Yeshua's, name: I will put your kingdom and your ways of righteousness first. I bless the lord, o my soul. I will do it your way. Even when I don't feel like it, I will do it your way. I made a choice, lord. keep me in your way and you'll bring all things. I decree: I will not worry. I will be happy. don't worry, be happy; don't worry, be happy. Thank you, lord. Tonight pour out the joy of the lord that's in me, that is my strength. I have no lack; I have an **abundance** because of your covenant. In Yeshua's name I seal it. Give the lord a shout. Hallelujah – you may be seated. And now I'm going to bring a prophetic word for fellowships and seven mountains and churches. Did this help anybody tonight? give the lord a shout out. **[Curt Landry sermon, 10/29/2021]**

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Four years ago here at TED, Ray Kurzweil and I started a new university called Singularity University. And we teach our students all of these technologies, and particularly how they can be used to solve humanity's grand challenges. And every year we ask them to start a company or a product or a service that can affect positively the lives of a billion people within a decade. Think about that, the fact that, literally, a group of students can touch the lives of a billion people today. 30 years ago that would have sounded ludicrous. Today we can point at dozens of companies that have done just that. When I think about creating **abundance**, it's not about creating a life of luxury for everybody on this planet; it's about creating a life of possibility. It is about taking that which was scarce and making it abundant. You see, scarcity is contextual, and technology is a resource-liberating force. **[TED2012, Peter Diamandis, "Abundance is Our Future"]**

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Are we just the delicious dream fart of biology? Amorphous writhing beauty and not beauty and all there is // are all our thoughts and anguish and searching a meaningless fart of beautiful DNA biologies inching towards the next phase of that biology and we can't see over the mountain top because we cannot because we haven't gotten there yet and all this – human existence – is to move us that way and every inch and wriggle contains multiverses and is glorious -> what glee to know we don't, that we live in paradox, that we are paradox that life is a paradox trying to understand itself while (sometimes) knowing we can't

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Continuum of cold dead bones flesh shrinking straight draining
The gaping maw of death is the universe & everything we ever see is light and life joy and sorrow surging from the belly, warm throbbing flesh a chimney blast that ignites all the chimneys of the world
(& the first power grid for street cars & lights in downtown New Orleans in the snow of 1911.)
The irony of 'Crónica de una muerte anunciada' is that all our deaths are foretold - plainly - dispassionately - all at once - from the moment we're born-
& we don't listen - not mine, I say. Or - but that's a long way off - there will be time there will be time-
but I heard the eternal football hold my coat & snicker.

long cold unchanging nights of bone & chill & moon & the huge gaping pit of the cosmos all around in every direction for ever

hell is the vast distance to travel between the cold points of light alone in the dark

& we should love it!

& also we should love now & light & flesh & heat & color

goose honks & fire-engine sirens

We get so lost in the details of the mechanics of what are essentially comforts that we keep forgetting that the discomfort is the joyous gift of possibility, to learn even while we get so lost

the last holdout of shame & the last holdout of life itself are the same: Release the sphincter, shit the bed & you are there.

the cold distant Moon God lives deep in space always receding expanding away through into the dark vast spaces between stars & novas & nebulae & black holes, swallows them all, forever receding, engulfing in all directions more than 3 dimensions while still shining down on us the perfect brilliant white light that pretends to be the sun & gives no life

Scrooge is dosed with LSD & Death visits him 3x, trying to show him 3x different ways that he's been living dead, long since 'given up the ghost'. It's not the Christian moralizing of the story we know. It's one lesson: In every step our death walks with us - embrace him dance with him love him & make joyous every step - & turn to his final embrace

Sitting in the space of exile, a small room, dimly but warmly lit, not sure when. A kind of ongoing night, from exile to eternity. It's inevitable. Machinery unfolding itself. Duplicating its building blocks and making itself anew, making others of itself. What is the soul underneath? he writes in a little notebook a papyrus a smartphone a tablet. Groan. Rubs eyes. Feels soul so far from home. After the noise of the day subsides, he can hear her longing. A small plaintive voice. Almost a song. Maybe a song. A song.

And I was looking for a structure to adopt for the performance I was cobbling together, seemingly in the dark, searching as I tend to do for well-worn structures and dynamics of related cultural properties of the past. Having started with contemporary Christian and crypto-millenarian, pseudo-scientific preaching (TED talks, etc.), I decided to finally ask myself about Jewish preaching traditions, which, the many limpid contemporary practices notwithstanding, are robust and ancient. But studying these, mostly through the detailed and extensive work of Mark Saperstein – being lit on fire by one sermon that, perhaps inadvertently, gave me a wild experience of Abraham as a raving, sunburnt, sand-devouring lunatic who founded a human sacrifice blood cult – I came to realize that the many documented and still-mysterious structures and sermonic practices of medieval European Jewry would not serve as a blueprint for this ... performance. That it was something much less regulated and deterministic. That it mirrored more the aimless process of its making.

That century was shit

Shit full of holes
Holes full of shit.

Fue un siglo de desastre y avances

De todo hecho en un tamaño más grande que nunca — la innovación y la destrucción — y la innovación que nos llevaba a la destrucción — las consecuencias inesperadas del siglo de luz llevado a su fin natural y horroroso

Murder and hatred writ large across the skies

First on the huge scale of broadcast spectacle and then, most insidiously, dissolved into our cells — from international TVs we gathered round down to nanotechnology attached to each of us, built into us

I wonder how it comes out in the wash

[And how much worse it is — or if it's just more of the same and, like we do with the end of days, we think it must be the worst because it's the one we know

{Vile incandescent manifestation

Amalfi lemons rotting in Jersey trash dumps}]

For every Goebbels a Nina Simone?

For every Ty Cobb a Kaepernick?

For each divider a unifier?

Or are we still swirled and battered by a wicked century riptide that won't let us go.

Divided by micrometers united by vast sweeping distances I want to lock my toothy yawp onto yours and howl glories

Let's shoot ecstatic fraternité from all our pores and inundate this new century with artbeautylovejustice a new flood to fill the earth and sky and heavens and sweep out all the shit

[traditional prayer]

עַץ חַיִּים הַיָּא לְמַחְזִיקִים בָּהּ. וְתַמְכִּיהָ מֵאֲשֶׁר:

דְּרָכֶיהָ דָּרְכֵי נֶעֱמַם וְכָל נְתִיבוֹתֶיהָ שְׁלוֹמִים:

הַשִּׁיבֵנו ה' אֵלֶיךָ וְנִשְׁבַּח. חֲדָשׁ יְמֵינוּ כְּקֶדֶם:

"I am going to the Lordy, I am so glad. I am going to the Lordy, I am so glad. I am going to the Lordy, Glory hallelujah! Glory hallelujah! I am going to the Lordy!" [Charles J. Guiteau, assassin of Pres. Garfield, on his way to the gallows]

Fool (*stops just before exiting, aside*): I don't really know how social media works. I'm intermedial. And pretty stupid. And glad to not get too into it. And judge myself for thinking that makes me better than all the people way deep in it. It feels like taking a stand for my independence; but, it's just self-delusion, which is more of the same, and inflating the gulves between me and as many other humans as possible while I just want to squeeze them close and make my whole body feel the heat from their whole body, so I pronoun and try for good things for the Others and fail -- even though they say, Well you have to know you can't know if and how you succeeded, unless, maybe you switch and go into finance and just keep fixed on the bottom line, which is in red or black like in Les Mis or like the anarchists -- or one of the kinds of anarchists -- and Stendhal, which not one single person has actually read, and it's fucking stupid -- not reading, yes, not reading is fucking stupid, so I don't care don't care don't care-- THERE'S A WAY OUT OF THE DOLDRUMMY CHASMS OF SELF-INDULGENT DESPAIR AND IT'S SO FUCKING LAME!!! People are great and nature is great and holy moses mary of log is ecstatic and shining and connected, just billions of puds of the same giant mycellium (current love of the hippest artists) and in a constant process of eruption disruption like the magma and the tectonic plates. I can balance a plate on a sword that's balancing on my chin as I dance. What do I dance? That's macabre. Life and flowers and people are the best. Just eat the fucking drugs and love. Why write a play?]

Selection of texts for The Wonderful World Tomorrow [a small fraction of the materials]
all texts written by Jeremy Goren unless otherwise noted
