

MAPPING THE NOISE

There are so many signals to choose from. That's the main problem: to choose the right signs, pursue the right patterns, going with the flow straight for God's own jugular. What is His best handwriting, the ultimate message? Is it in some parchment in the desert, some stone heap or megalith pattern trying to tell us something, my EEG or yours, its relationship with what you say and do and don't, the discrepancy between your laws, your morals, your own conduct and your perception of other people, your DNA, your mRNA spectroscopic nuclear magnetic resonance scan of your brain while you are having an orgasm - to pick the right signal, what is the right way to do it? Is there a Tree of Life-like road map to follow, or are we hacking away in the jungle with nothing more than a compass and a 19th century sketch? What are the ethical ramifications of the necessary empirical research? Should we plan it in advance or just let it happen (out of lust out of torn clothes and hot eyes, power fields mingling like Taoist armies invading each other's territory, dancing Shaman rain dances of generous fertility instead of destroying the crops and deflowering the maidens)? What is the way you are prepared to go to its very consequences?

Look into the barrel of the one-eyed bandit. Overcome fear, time and again. Escaping the Indian rope tricksters, hangmen of the heavens, go on carrying the earth on your shoulders without the slightest shudder at the impossibility of your world view. The hands of the subatomic clock are signifying jumps across the abyss. Overcome fear, time and space. Warp the very fabric of it all and boldly go beyond the petty house rules of earthbound physicists, victims of dark matter. The codes in our genes are too many to handle; biology is on a dead-end road to really grasp life as we live it. Maybe the morphogenetic metaphor is a better way to deal with human-size bits and bytes. Chunks of the big celestial wedding cake can be analysed and tasted by test panels, but still we are at a loss to guess the cook's secret. We don't even know if there is one. Time, fate and a space full of biochemical particles may be enough of a womb to give birth to life in its many forms. Look into the barrel of the one-eyed bandit, pyramid of the Great Seal.

There are so many signals to choose from, even if we stick to strict scientific data, which we don't. We rely on intuitions and hunches, we destroy evidence in the name of national security and we fail to recognise the lieutenants of the sadist warlords who hide in our skulls and churches, enacting their nightmares on us innocent children. Please allow us some insulation against the crappy vibrations that circulate the stone age path to wisdom. We do not want to return to the caves of primitive fear, huddled around a dying fire playing shadow games on the walls. There is every reason to reset your adrenaline levels and take care of corticosteroid receptors in the emotions and memory section of the brain: sea horse of knowledge, hippocampus camp hippy fire, place of creation in a recent past, possible source of depressions and other ailments of the soul.

FACTS CAN BE FAKED, JUST LIKE US

These are the first papers of the Laboratory for Experimental Metaphysics. Or maybe they are not. There are many forgeries in the making, and much fun in the faking. Allow the fakirs to be. They will hurt themselves badly enough proving that someone is not their Ego anymore. In short: faking Enlightenment is a waste of precious time. They may learn nothing, but teach you something in the process. World view machinery is funny stuff.

TEMPORAL LOBE CIRCUITRY ACTIVATED

Close all circuits short on love. Think tanks and talcum shows are just excuses for the extinction of the species. Bozo's headgear 's leaking exceptions to the rigid rules of the subatomic clocks. So this is my start for tonight's riddle trip, going against the very grain of our precious language, rock bottom asinine asymptote of our world view futility. Whatever points we try to make, sooner or later the eater of souls will come and make money out of it to be sent to some Swiss cheese Dutch bank account, laundered and painted black to annoy the politically correct.

After so many pages, we have suffered loss of credibility. My accountant is worried that I won't make it to the other side of the summer, losing all my credentials to some freak experiment, trying to prove that the future is a present of the past. Camomile enemas and cannabis enigmas are a pain in the bottom of rock stars and others who just want to make an honest buck. So please allow me to explain.

You are witnessing the birth of an art form or the formation of a stillbirth, an afterburst of creative feeble-mindedness burning away the bugs in our minds, shadows of a shady arthropod past. Rose leaves and Rosetta 's as stoned as ever, trying to encrypt the obvious for the pleasure of tellectual tricks - can you imagine a whore really masturbating after a day's work? That's what it feels like to be a poet and a serious writer both at the same time. My hands fight each other, brain halves short circuit on love and high hemp ropes tightropes across some waterfall abyss, Victoria falling all the way down and my corpus callosum overloads spilling the very evidence of my subatomic subconscious all over the one way screens of mad science. You may laugh, cry or collect your toe jam with your thumbs for all I care. This is what I have to do, an honest job to make an honest crop of hemp every day, ropes of the robot, strings of the puppeteer.

Enter the realm of biosingularity cataclysms and de-speciation. Charles Darwin wrote about their origin. I may be the lucky Tintin reporter to wrap up the case of their global extinction. We would need outside help of course, but they may be closer than your wildest X-files have imagined. Free oxygen species are rare in an ascorbic acid environment, so you have to watch all bubble chambers and gas chambers and take care not to startle the dragon with the bad breath (Alamogordo was just its embryonic phase).

Did you ever stop to think of the atomic bomb as a living being, asking to be used at some point in history, full stop for humanity and other complex life forms? Or maybe it is just another Ice Age, Dark Age, falling back to the bad habits of eating our neighbours and feeding our wolves the bones of their children. In short: did you ever think there could be a future as well? Some people have not thought beyond the millennium bug, shadow of a virtual moth caught in the first primitive computer shortcircuiting the Intelligent Brain Module of science farting fiction. Frau Hollerith and her famous snow boards, punching her own holes in her husband's file of life, an anagram, a grim fairy tale of the noise snowing down on our binary lies. Punching out, she somehow got a cat out of its subatomic bag, and clockwork universes unfolded like growing ferns of ice. This is the ultimate nightmare: to watch it all go down without a reason or a decent randomised trial.

The nazis believed in Eternal Ice. They thought Einstein was a fraud and so was quantum theory. Reason in its most rigid form is the death mask of humanity. All attempts at purification end in the Wärmetod dead end road of pyroclastic storms. Nagasaki was a war crime. The Germans were lucky to surrender before the Manhattan eggs had hatched. But then, quantum theory may also be the end of reason as we know it: addiction to linear language and clear logic.

Crystalline clarity (Time Wave = Zero) has to be connected to human swing, the fusion of jazzy rhythms and the power of blood, sweat and bones dancing naked under the light of a reborn sun. Reason is only one element of humanity. Swing is more pervasive, soul and solace to the illiterate majority who will never read these words but hope to hear their echoes in the expanding noosphere of connective tissue, glia omnia dura mater AMEN AMEN I tell ye if you lend me your ear of corny connections and horny associations. Let's scat the perfect alien rhymes to the many dolphins who are tuning in to our wavelengths, picking out the right swing patterns in a dreary grey soup of primordial routines. Reflect on their reactions, try to establish a connection, looping the Omega loop across the Abyss.

Short circuit into fusion: whatever you hear is the truth for the moment to be forgotten at the next bite in your earlobes, black beauties surround you paralysed with lust you fall down the stairs of the power pyramid into the freedom of solid rock bottom basements, seeking out the codes of transcendental AND/ORgasm switch, swapping data with subconscious magma masters who deal in the hot currency of negative entropy. Acupuncture is sublimated Erotic Endorphin, tattooing the soul.

And rise again ultralight kite right flight to the bottom of the sky at night. Nuit reappears in your dreams one way screams black out of the blue into the green house acid rain jazz singer scatting along the lines of short circuit, borders of danger. Rachel Farrell on North Sea Jazz, 1999. Checking out of boredom forever, I step into the spotlight. Sooner or later I'll have to.

.....

Meanwhile on the main lands in cyber-psycho-space the serious pranksters are preparing for Omega, every authority's nightmare come true, that all people's minds are connected, a noosphere of global conspiracy, out in the open. Nothing can stop a telepathic swinging majority. The Ayahuasca wetware mind virus will be the first of a series of 21st century global creative rejuvenating mind-body retroviruses, opening up the strong and daring to more sharing and exploring, learning to surf the wavelengths of BLISS.

Beware however of Ego interpolations, hemp rope trick puppet string interventions. The process of generating this nonsense should be pure and free of all prejudice, Judy's punchlines, puppets, juries, laws in suits on monkeyback. I'm just reminding myself of past time bubbles and the joys of being a live in this strange and exciting cosmic freak show. You need not follow my conclusions, just don't ask your money back.

My accountant smiles. It is accomplished. Lama Sabachtani Dixi.

RETURN TO THE WHITE LIGHT BEYOND ALL TIME ZONES