

THE PENDULUM IS A CYCLE
REDUCED TO A LINE.

Arrow and pendulum, line and cycle, spiral or
pointillist clouds of moments:

every image of time creates

a different philosophy,
a different perception of life, tradition, space,
past, future, truth, trash, intelligence, eternity,
wisdom, random and morality - to name but a
few related concepts.

We may think that our linear perception of time
is 'the truth', but even our physicists argue about
time as a dimension and its presumed
properties. There is no experiment to prove any
concept of time, since we cannot 'step out of
time' to observe it objectively.

Time's not a line but a woven wonder, tapestry of mystery. There are many promises in the study of time: immortality and time travel are only two of the most exciting examples. But beware: a "disturbed sense of time" is characteristic of almost all major psychoses and drug intoxications. To another human culture or an alien alienist, our linear arrow of time may herald even worse psychopathology: the Armageddon syndrome.

In this digital age, the time is a number, a free Kabbalist oracle to those who want to get rid of the numbness inside their brainwashed sandblasted hourglass-carrying skulls.

The dancing dead of the late Middle Ages echo in the ears of Western people as they march toward progress in Riefenstahl's choreography, in the 1st of May parade on the Red Square, in the march of mad males of all nation states, sects and churches.

Somewhere in the Renaissance, Western man made a pact with some diabolical entity. It gave us a lot of goodies, but we lost our soul, or we have at least leased it to money making madness and related social diseases. The trumpets of the Last Judgement trigger the ugly Will to Power, stopping the flow of free creation.

**THERE IS
NO END.
SO BE FREE
TO EXPERIMENT.**

Time is rooted in chemistry and biochemistry. To understand complexity, you need some 'arrow of time' showing the sequence of events leading to greater information content. Increasing and decreasing seem to have meaning only within some time frame, with a defined 'direction' connecting the moments.

Time may be a semiotic thing, and languages may mould our squared time perception. They say the Hopi Indians have a language that allows for a lot less assumed continuity. We assume John is the same now and in forty years, and so is his wife, his home, his etceteras. To a Hopi, this notion is as absurd as it is to a biologist or a biochemist or a physicist (or a sociologist, as far as the continuity of relationships is concerned). The Hopi language describes states, moments, contexts as they are, without reference to any continuity in time.

It would be interesting to discuss time with the Hopi - preferably in a bilingual and open dialogue, using whatever rituals both sides feel comfortable with.

Not our body is our prison, but our concept of time. The key to freedom is to go through the time barriers and grasp the meaning of gravity and complexity, step through the mirror and reunite with the other side.

This is the equinox. Now spring has begun. The flowers already provoke a smile on my face and the smell of fertile promise is in the air. Let's join forces with the season and produce our best bluffs, our most precious thoughts as food for other brains, seed to existing virtual eggs.

Accepting the cycle, we know about autumns as well - they are accepted in this spring feeling of juvenile joy. How about it, youngsters? Do we enjoy life as we should?

Peruvian vines and precolumbian grapes should teach us the mandrake rules of Western magick:
change channels often.

If time is a five-dimensional system with acceleration and deceleration as separate dimensional entities, it is hard to grasp it if you're an average 21st century human being like me. All I can do is try to ask the right questions, trigger the right quests in the minds of the daring. All I can add is my own courage to go beyond my own concepts of safety and sanity.

EVEN TIME ITSELF IS TEMPORARY.

Being 'in time' and 'on time' are two different worlds altogether. The clock is a strange saw through time circular speed transferred to the sinus waves of our biorhythms and the demands of a silicone-driven society. All wristwatches are four-dimensional handcuffs. To some, they are the epitome of functional jewellery.

EXPOSE ALL FRAUDULENT
ESCHATOLOGY AND COMMERCIAL
ESOTERICS!!!

Linear time justifies the concept of an end justifying the means. But apart from our individual mortality, the end is a vague concept full of theological mind-mongering and the induction of fear into the masses. Later on, we projected heaven on earth in consumption: if you use our product, you will participate in the bliss of our commercials. Still, we fear the end and the meandering of means is meant to turn away the spirits of meanness and finite existence.

Instruments of time: chronometer, horoscope. Literally, a horoscope is an instrument to look upon the hour (of your birth), just as a telescope is a 'far-looking' device and a microscope is a 'very little thing looking device'. Maybe in some more enlightened past the horoscope was such an instrument. Nowadays, there is more humbug than wisdom on the market. Especially on the market. Beware of the dark angels of commerce, prophesying all kinds of good and evil they can help you achieve and avoid - if you pay the bonus package deal price of only \$ 195 plus shipping costs.

THE STRENGTH OF A PRANKSTER IS TO ADMIT HE IS PULLING YOUR LEG

Maybe the Laboratory for Experimental Metaphysics is just my Dutch Coffee Shop irregular cash expense account. Do you care? It is time you learn about time, so join me in my private universe and read the science section of yesterday's papers in a haze of free illegal smoke, listening in to the conversations of dropout philosophers, and intelligent school boys trading Web secrets.

TIMING IS STRONGER THAN TIME.

Are you in uptime or downtime? Are you there, or are you somewhere, someone some time else? There is nothing better or worse in either of them. It just is vital to know which is which and why you switch one to the other, the other to the One.

BEEGINNINGGH IS FORRRHEVERRRH

Candid camera alertness checks are rare, so a lack of awareness will not be noticed. But stagnant time is wasted time and time waste is more toxic than most external chemicals. Dissociation is a useful weapon, but only to be used sparely by a master of mind. As an epidemic, it is destructive to the whole of the biosphere. Dissociation kills without pain on the part of the killer. Dissociation coagulates into alienation as a state of stagnation.

I REPEAT MYSELF ABOUT
TIME AND AGAIN,
WEAVING MORE TIMES

IN AN OPEN UNIVERSE,
THE LOG PHASE OF EXPANSION
CAN LAST FOREVER

Memes are immortal in principle. Immortality of the body is hard to conceive as we know the human body. But immortality of memes is conceivable, knowing information and life as we do, deep down in our prescientific guts. If the memes of magic counteract the laws of entropy, we may accept the outcome. Whether they can reverse the expansion of the universe - let's try.

Pulsations of life are the ground force of time as we experience her, Hora, flowing through us, leading us to the inevitable end of file. <EOF>, Amen, whatever. Linear language, linear causality, linear time, end of the line.

Pulsations teach us otherwise: be now in time, do not try to look down upon her. Within the river, it is not the blue line on the map you know so well, but a living being, playing with you inviting you to dance or die, the choice is all yours every single moment from the sources to the delta.

Awe-inspiring are the questions of time.
Allow them to stir in you the finest talents of
exploration and expression.

Being creative, mankind participates in creation.
You are mankind. No one else will do the job of
being you, being in time, being in a body, envied
by immortal Angels and discorporate aliens.

To have time is a deadly sin. Not to have time is
even deadlier. Time and having are mutually
exclusive categories. Try to catch the wind in a
box or put the blue colour of the sky in a bottle.

One can be in time, or even outside time,
uptime or downtime, one can change in time or
remain essentially the same in spite of the laws
of chaos - everything is possible, but there is
nothing to be 'had' or 'managed'.

Control freaks are the killers of time,
the Mad Hatters at Alice's Tea Party.

‘Time management’, if successful, is worse than Stalinist tyranny. It is the way to escape life by ordering a palm top organiser. Don’t buy their crap. And don’t buy an organiser. Allow the meow of your spinal feline reflexes to rise and transform the neocortex into a better brain. This may take time, precious time. Who gives an excrement?

The cycles of the female and maybe the male, 28/23 seems to be the rule here, the synchronicity of moon moods and gravitational pull against our grains - to resist is a male prerequisite, rightfully claimed by women in some situations, but to give up the ability to follow the flow is a loss to humanity.

Time has a double face: Januarius.
Timing is moving in grace: Stradivarius.
Time is taking place. It’ll carry us.

The monsoon season tells the forest fires to stop every year. But each year, more is destroyed. This is the time of loss and to weep is our natural condition. The rains of the monsoon however are better than our feeble tears. Pray for the rains, ye atheists, pray for the rains to be early this year. Meanwhile, fight the enemy at home: convince your neighbour who owns stock in a forest-burning company to help you turn on or burn that company.

COMMERCE IS
KILLER NUMBER ONE.
IT ALSO SEEMS TO FEED US.
SO: WHAT?

THE MATTER HIT: MAINLINING MONEY

Times change and a global economy means 24 hours of man-eating commerce drumming around the tiring tam-tams of faraway markets affecting our daily bread.

‘Faster, faster!’ scream the sergeants of authority, captains of industry and other speed freaks. But they are too spiritually lazy to really change humanity’s clock speed to match the vibrations of the heavens. Which is our only destination, no matter your petty profit-and-loss calculations.

Dear citizens of the Earth. An asteroid is due to collide with your planet in exactly 37 years. All you can do to avoid extinction of 99% of all Earth species including your own is to achieve mass Enlightenment on a species level. This will give you the PK powers to divert the collision course of the asteroid and capture it as a second moon. So do go ahead, teachers of Tantra and other arts of liberation. You have a young man’s lifetime to succeed.

Sect check: Are you allowed to doubt? Are you encouraged to laugh? Is your 'level' independent of the amount of money you have paid? If one of the answers is 'no', keep asking questions. Dare to claim your first birthright: doubt. The second is to laugh, solving the riddles of time.

The Demiurg created his own shells of time. Time of the fallen, time of clocks and chains sawing the trees down. We can see now what man-made disasters can be. We have studied the 20th century, and participated in its ups and downs. Please think it over and decide. Your choices are vital to the vitality of our biosphere. Your time will come. Beware. Be ready. Empty sets. Go.

Chains in time in my double Dutch home land:
smoke, drink, dope, work, money, virtual fellatio
and cheesy philosophy. Let them go, please,
Houdini Boddhisattva Sensimilia, for the
survival of sanity may depend on it.

Aping the tricks of nature, let's create a lot of redundancy and triple check every copy to avoid the noise inherent in time. The crazy clockworks of civilisation will strangle all life if we don't learn to cope with the vital powers beyond the boundaries of social consensus. The shroud of the dead God smells of money, and there is no evidence that the illusory nature of our world views has changed since His departure.

Heal the serrated edges of time, the broken surfaces of the grid, heal the pains of those living in times of upheaval and general adaptation failure, taper off the tranquillisers and open our eyes to the false alarms of mass panic disorder. Learn how to ignore the wrong signals, learn how to cope with the real stresses of life without dissociating into some lukewarm artificial vagina to crawl backwards into the sterile womb of plastic surrogates and Brave New World fantasies come true.

Resist the temptation of sedation. Avoid the stupor of stupid benzodiazepines but be gentle in withdrawing all veils at once. Step by step, sister, you can learn to find the real fear and overcome the core of craving for soft safety, escape the bondage of servitude and passive lust.

Looping the loops of the right rhythm time and again shaken and stirred into new patterns of taste beyond the clichés of a killer mentality and whale hunting genes. Big blue bubbles rising tell beings to be and have-nots to be more and the possessed to get rid of all possessions and addictions, step by step. Easier said than done, you easily say. Well, give it some try. It won't hurt any body, it may hurt some minds and it may save some souls.

Try to sound the depths of the Other, the one beyond the monad or dyad or other limited thought forms. Increasing size and speed is only one way to accomplish the transformation of all forms, the lapis of myth changing the fabric of time, weaving other rhythms of blue origins and

orgone wavelengths into the system - don't deny
you try, prophet of non-profit psychotherapy
and the alleviation of all hereditary sins by mass
retroviral VD gene therapy. Spread the viruses
of change, for better or for worse!!!

Fast forward, fasting on bread and water
without consecration or verbalisation: empty the
set, free the setting, lower the dose. Take the trip
through all corners of time's many fractal
models, sets of predictability dissolving to the
lapis feeling superior to all other artifacts.

Avoiding the pigeon holes in other people's
mind maps is quite a karmic burden, especially
since time is running out already. Please allow
me another chance to convince you I'm only
partly mad, a mind split into ten thousand
parallel universals to avoid the destruction of the
core by the spectre of time. In a very limited
way, I am a Moses or a Messiah, giving up the
hope to ever see the Promised Time, but
showing some gems from the other side to
inspire those who will follow and lead in time.

LIKE FISH WITHIN WATER,
WE'RE MOVING IN TIME.

Jesus is in Hell, watching CNN to see the results of his teachings on mankind. 23 genes plus 24 hours is the magic number of Exhaustion, the 47th chapter of the Book of Changes, using the triplet method of DNA to define the Cosmos.

These are profound observations to someone who understands already. Their relationship with the time theme is obvious only to the one who wrote these lines, these Lion's lemon lies of soft drink commercial addiction.

Time is supposed to be Money, so investing a lot of time understanding these words is like throwing away your money on dope. But I tell ye, money is most people's dope, so time is dope to the dupes of the duplicate universe.

**Mickey Mouse is our Messiah
and Bugs Bunny rules divine.
Lazy stupor divinorum,
tripping trickster draw the line!**

The International Date Line was changed by the Millennium Event. This has been the only important change on this planet as we sailed through the magical limit of 'Y2K'. No Russian missiles joined in the fireworks, no nuclear reactor went up in flames, not even a single hospital world wide went down - nothing at all happened. Champagne bottles were distributed among the survivors of a non-event - or a major breakthrough of global white magic over the forces of doom.



Timing is the big difference between fun and utter madness. To play with your brain can be a source of joy or the beginning of terrors everlasting. Take care what aces you hide in the sleeves of your magician's cape, tuning the timing machinery of those within the Circle.

No excuses for boredom are acceptable, no credits, no spitting and no sharing of nose-picked biomatter.

Why go and pray at the Temple of Gloom, why pick your own nose, not someone else's?

Snorting the illegal talcum powder, show yourself to the masses as a host of many fireflies. This is the 5 o'clock chalk show, featuring the fading faces of 4-D travellers and the Doormen of the Portal Dimension.

Content, you know. Something to shove around the globe in glitzy gliding superfast fibreglass digital interactivity, hyping the hopes of the illiterate to be included in the graces of the New Economy.

IN AN HOURGLASS, TIME
EQUALS GRAVITY.
HOW HEAVY
IS
THIS
SECOND?

IF YOUR MIND IS FLOWING
BACKWARD,
LEARN HOW TO
UNTANGLE THE KNOTS.

Jumps into the quantum equilibria inside our poised pea brains may shake the foundations of our universe. The small and the superlarge are not unrelated. The humane and the galactic move in parallel spheres, however different their outer appearance. You are star dust, gathered in time out of supernova implosions, alchemical furnaces of the cosmos creating the carbon and the oxygen, the iron and the sulphur, phosphorus and potassium and even the rare bits of gold and plutonium involved in the existence of your body. Not to mention the Big Bang, the Moment of Unity, giving us hydrogen and gravity to begin with and lots of unknown 'dark' matter in unknown movement.

Quantum stardust we are, vibrating with the stars, living our lives in time and out. May the messages hidden in time bubbles and between the lines of madness receive you in time to envisage the woven wonder, tapestry of mystery.

... AND THEN MEANING ITSELF WENT NOVA AND IMPLODED...

Mememes dance across the screen of our parallel square world. Scripts are written on wall paper, but no one will see the finger of light writing the lines in time. This is the moment of mosaic magic, the apparition of the One and Only. Paradox of time, space and individuality, a piece of shrubbery burning without being destroyed, St. Elm's fire moving in mysterious ways. Rocks are covered with weird laws and destroyed, replicas appear with doubtful content - maybe someone else interfered in the data transmission - and we are bewildered and awed and like cave men watching a 21st century talk show about the sexual habits of depraved American citizens, but we fail to comprehend the context. So what, suckers. Let's make up a nice decor and start the

Divine Comedy, part 46. Join the chromosomes divided in meiosis, bring back home all the particles divided in the Big Bang!

ANTICIPATORY FEAR AND
RETROSPECTIVE REGRET
ARE OBSOLETE

In the rapids of the time river, do not try to contemplate your fate, but react to the moment. There will be other times to open up to those different dimensions close by at any moment, feeling their influence and choose, increasing freedom.

The snapshots of pain are hidden in my backbone, the movies of multicellular ecstasy have been destroyed by the akashic cops. Movement is frozen and my spine tells the tales of torture, the outskirts of Hell. This is a lopsided view of the world, induced by the time warp greenhouse addictions of the author. Please reset whatever systems have jammed and proceed, finding your own forked definitions of writing and wrong.

NEVER TIME FLIES LIKE AN ARROW
NEVER FLIES, A GREY ARROW IN TIME.

Alien snakes are speaking in tongues and the lizards preach laziness as an art form. Do we fall into the Paradise Pavlov Trap or can we change gears fast enough to remain human? This is time. You are surrounded, a single shipwreck survivor on Cartoon Island. A monad in time. This is the worst escape manual ever written. And yet, it may be the most comprehensive one. In retrospect, that will be, oracle-wise.

Caution, taking care cultivating your garden, will be honoured. At the same time, some urgency may become an emergency, just because timing is everything. Allow yourself the space to decide.

CREEP THROUGH THE
CRACKS
IN THE TIME WALL CODE
& EXPLODE IN JOY

Lapidary statements, little pebbles thrown into the river, changing the surface of the slow flow, adding circles and little waves to the rich patterns of past events fading out into the inevitable noise. Dimensions and surfaces, codes in the crack of time's walls, messages, prayers, amulets, psychokinetic machinery. An enhanced infograph movie of your brain in action.

The stare to stop all watches, the double delusion bending forks before the television set, defeating the laws of rationality and yet the forked tongue of fame forgot you, Horus' child. The millennium went by without mass panic. How come we have forsaken you, O Lord of mayhem and Armageddon? Now we have to do it (Doomsday) on a random rainy Tuesday.

We still wine and dine on the time tables of the Past Supper, the orchestra playing on the steps - an alternative version of the Marche Funèbre, in a major key and with electronic sound effects.

Ghosts plug their phoney ears and a curl of smoke matches perfectly the outline of galaxy XR-2323 ascending above the local horizon at exactly that moment, but unseen to human eyes.

In the Hawaiian observatory, an astrophysicist loses her virginity and detects a major gamma ray burst on the same routine clear night. Facts

happen in patterns we almost fail to see. Only the very easy bits like 'causality chains' are sometimes revealed to our lowered eyes. There's whole sandwich dimensions of connections, technical floors of the universe full of astral cable, sending the scripts of existence to the many multiverses interacting like a Bucky Fuller Russian meta-doll, but down in the uncertainty guts, our Quantum Goddess feels the free play of molecules and the buzz of electrons. So be a bit of both: order on the edge of chaos / chaos organising itself and opposing order / chaos and order in the eternal love dance of opposites...

Put your mind in the spherical dimensional shock wave front of the last Big Bang, the borders of curvature, the whole time edge of our local universe. (Assume it to be there, just for meditational purposes. If space distorts the Doppler effect itself, the Big Bang would be an artefact). Now try to find out what matters. Life seems to. Cohesion seems to. Dark matter seems to. And most of all: the unknown properties of the non-existence ahead. Try to focus on the centre of attention, the region of interest within the realm of reality. Feel both the centre and the Globe. Breathe on.

Time is the dimension of biology. One can conceive of a physics without time, but there's no life without history. Time creates density, material existence, curvature, resistance, beginning, rising, staying and maybe finally ending - who knows all the tricks of the trade and who will tell others? Alchemy still is a shadowy art, only partly connected to the upper world of recognised sciences.

Tuning the Grid, we swing with the electronic wavicles transmitting our messages, we swing with the ionised flow inside our precious nervous system, we swing with the eternal currents of change. You're in *charge* now, determining the flop-flip of some topsy-turvy part of reality, the underground Grid moving to telluric bass drums and tectonic plate scratching. Make it happen. This is your chance.

Survival is the first thing about time, or maybe it was the last, I forget. Switch cars and trances often, be hard to trace, wear no phone they can connect to you and stay out of the way of major mobs and companies, including the ones running on laundered tax payer's money.

Eschatology is the science of laughter. This is not something we make up, but a fractal yoke of channelling burden to be carried by the brave. Razorblades and everglades and funny shades telling us stories about growing up, allowing our Shadow to be and acknowledging the sources of Light in the Darkness. Shuffle the syllables to achieve the right formula,

proceed by finding out the truth about matter and mind and set and setting. You need not eat it to know, but it can help - or ruin your mind forever nevermore...

Try to test the hypothesis of early cultural diversity - find the Burgess Shale of paleo-anthropology. Or go fishing for the solution to later riddles, like the supremacy of male white humanoids over other life forms, resulting in the mass destruction of biodiversity and cultural diversity. What are the triggers for long-term disaster? Why do we have to go through these cycles of narrowing down, destroying so much that was beautiful and perfectly in swing with the pre-catastrophic environment? Why is our Goddess whipping us?

Are white men the meanest gang, so all try to join them 'cause they can't beat them? Are we the descendants of the Huns and other hordes who went West because the saddle itch drove them this way? West, the current arrow of development, is counterclockwise.

The first Great Migration of Man took place in an almost entirely Eastward progression. Even the Americas were first colonised by Asians, the ancestors of the Indians. (Or so we're told. Ancient Olmec portraits of African warriors and bearded Caucasians make one wonder about official history, but then again maybe those Olmecs were perfect clairvoyants, using a superb and forgotten recipe to cook ayahuasca vines and/or dry-smoke Oaxaca mushrooms.)

FAR TOO MUCH TIME HAS BEEN LOST TO WORRY AND REGRET

Will the time crimes go unpunished, will the community of cellular saints withstand the slow destruction of the years, what mutagen viruses or other information destruction can we take without giving in to the Noise Almighty? Backups in different media enhance the possibility of gene survival.

Orgone morphogenetic synch fields help to restore the world time and again from akashic scratch. But lots of things are lost as the backup frequency is not a uniform variable, but a local result of conscious witnessing.

We are magicians, creating and synchronising dimension systems without knowing it. That's why a lot of lives are so messy.

We are new to the game of playing with time, so take care with the subtle bits of the machinery. Some dials are too easy to twist in the wrong directions altogether, losing precious timing powers and becoming 'out of phase' with the rest of the world. This is all about swing and sympathy (or antipathy) influencing the whole in a roundabout way. It is hard to measure 'hard' results, since we always operate in the twilight zone of probable synch and Q uncertainty.

Clocks imply cultural choices: we seem to prefer the crystal vibrations of quartz to our own biorhythms. Western civilisation makes a point of being 'on time'. And we sell our concept of time together with our quartz clocks, Coca Cola and quantum uncertainty. So we also offer a way out of the trap, but we fail to understand ourselves the meaning of our vision of the universe. There is no simple linear inventory, no Cantor list of elements - it's rather like those probability clouds where electrons are thought to dwell, if one can visualise the 7-dimensional math.

Time to a politician is the number of months (in Italy) or years (in most democratic countries) between two elections. Time to most civil servants is the number of years (or months) to the next holiday and the blessings of pensioning. Time to a pregnant woman is the number of weeks or days until 'The Day'. Time to a fetus is the big unknown connection to some outside world. Time to an old man is the cold quartz metronome of Death - or the vision of future generations, spanning the centuries.

Let biology overcome dead physics and killing economics. Even e-conomics won't work unless they acknowledge the facts of humane physical existence. Keep it simple, but allow for life's complexity. Sketch the outlines, but do not try to rule every synapse in your subjects' brains, o mighty King or other law-giving body, scientific community of sanctified sinners and skimmers of rats.

The individual escapes all ISO quality protocols, rules and regulations. That's what makes life bearable.

Staggering back against the walls of some old dungeon, we recognise the setting: the Inquisitors are here. Their faces may be hidden in the mask of the scientist, the doctor, the civil servant, the slaves to the system - but deep down inside, revenge is their only driving force. Revenge on life, revenge on female multiple orgasms, revenge on the fertility of Her precious wombs. They are the drones of rationality, the futile sperm wasting minority of nerds with robes or lab coats or whatever cloak of authority.

Thank Goddess, there are real priests of humanity and real scientists on this benighted planet. Let's support their brave craving for truth, cheerleaders of evolution!

Quiet now. Godzilla may exit. Lurking in all of us, a slime mould paradigm of war, self-organising destructive chaos in cells of temporal, but time-ending existence. We see it even in disease, in the spread of an epidemic through a population (watch the scythe touch the cities) or the evolution of a tumour in its destructive victory of cellular immortality. We can see it in the evolutionary triumph of economical man to the detriment of species diversity, cultural diversity, and the average number of minutes a day you spend laughing. It is relatively easy to formulate a diagnosis. But the quest in search of the cure has only just begun. Ninety-nine percent of all easy answers are a part of the problem. And most difficult answers are bogus too, so watch out.

Evocations, sound bytes, words lost to the storm of perception, sensation, buzz - please allow yourself your own experience in time and space and all the other dimensions mathematics can handle. Fill them with your fantasies, spike the kool aid strobe the brain - with increasing knowledge of DNA blueprints to happiness and disaster we can heal the specific pains of a being, information relating to environment, consciousness rising to the surface of reality itself...

Lust is a strange addiction. Rats keep pushing the lever feeding their lust centre small shocks of pure and undiluted joy. It's the shortcut to the reinforcement system of behaviourist rat trainers. So use it well: escape the conditioning by bad luck and lousy circumstances, accept the gifts of karma and stop the interconnection of obstipation, the hyperlink of shit, stop the Wheels of Fortune and relax to the facts you perceive right now: time, place, social security number, relative survival potential. And then, proceed to the changing part of the manual. Make sure to wear the right gloves to touch those compartments of your brain. Accept the danger, accepting the odds.

Ectoplasm of words, a flow of meaning and nonsense woven into patterns, tapestry of mystery. They flow from my body and yet... It is not mine, nor someone else's. The intercalating discs of my tired spine yawn as I try to push out another sequence, another thread through the grapevine of shared experiences, sanctified oil on a Waldorf word salad - Ensalata = Merde Cee Squared. Squaring the circle is

caging the squirrel - and it will quantum jump
right out of my mouth again, Open Sesame
undertow of magic within the grain of language
spoken & decoded.

Without relaxation, love will be just another
catch phrase. Don't get caught. Calendar girls
and clockwork arousal are the means to keep
you under the spell of boredom, never even
dreaming about real change within the racing rut
of 21st century economy. There's no shortcut,
but there are roads that do not lead anywhere
positive. Getting stuck is the first step; to get out
the next.

We pretend to plan the future, to learn from the
past. But how can we do it if we fail to perceive
the moment, *hic et nunc*? Past and future are sets
of possibilities, matrices of chance. This
moment is as much certainty as our failing and
limited senses and equipment are able to
guarantee. It is no stable foundation, no solid
rock - but it is all we've got to bathe our choices
in. And the choice always is in the moment,
deciding the course of the yoniverse.

Study the Celtic knots, the arabesques, the patterns of abstract insights across the ages. Time is Yang, space is Yin and the Tao is the unseen weaving of dimensions. Christianity however fails to see the traps of linearity and dual crossroads. The cross and the square and the swastika are all human inventions. Fractals and mountain ranges, the pattern of lichen growing on yonder rock - those acts of creation are almost beyond our comprehension. It takes an artist or two to bring feeling to a world full of star dust and cosmic fusion, wrapping up time and space and synchronicity in superstring accolades of meaning.

The best reason not to build a time machine is that people will pay lots of money to buy one. Wherever money becomes a driving force, the stale breath of steel soldiers takes away the Force, the energy of love, so the Empire rules our minds. To break free and destroy the Death Star we first need to relearn our basic conditioned reflexes. "To switch gears in the mind, relax" says the poet. Do you believe him? Don't. But do give it a try and pay attention,

relaxing into attention. And don't forget to pay the poet, inventor of timing machinery, his moderate due.

The child eternal, taking mortal risks to learn about life: he is the chosen one, he is the one to receive the blessings of Legba, Hermes, Loki, Anansi, Bugs Bunny, Mercury: lords of roads, lords of tricks, lords of perception and deception, lords of timing and wholehearted laughter, healing the stiff and changing the distribution of powers. No revolution, just the topsy turvy changing of everything without a drop of involuntary blood.

**Take that grin off your face or share it with us,
Boddhisattva.**

No one has the right to claim your attention, but you are responsible as far as you are able to respond in a potentially relevant way.

Really? Is sawdust a result of stardust and is the way in the way out or the way to get stuck the way to get out or is there no way at all just some vague indication on the map and some GPS operator on LSD showing you the co-ordinates towards some unknown Gobi desert Open Sesame of other dimensions? Please believe just as much as your scepticism can handle and keep a really open mind.

We are on the right track, we are. On a right track, forwards, warriors of progress, march! But maybe the swamps changed position and maybe our mosquito nets wear out in the eternal dampness of an imaginary Venusian rain forest. Accept the flow of energy and be aware of all random dangers and potions of luck. Ayahuasca, here we go. Jaguar hunter predator wise guy - see the patterns in the sky.

Escape the dangers of the dagger and proceed to
dance, not stagger into BLISS a new dimension
full of love and subtle tension solving and
coagulating
PRECIOUS
STONES OF THE WISE.

Fossiles. A record of past times, past lifes.
Irregular result of accidents - animals caught in a
mudslide, tree leaves conserved in an anaerobic
pond, insects sticking to the juices of pine trees,
asphalt lakes drowning many an unknowing
giant. We, the witnesses, are lucky to receive a
Burgess Shale, a Gibraltar cave, the many layers
of time in subtle lines of mud, red ochre,
paintings of our ancestors and other intelligent
beings, footprints and lower jaws of beings who
dwelled this earth like we do, experiencing
different aeons. Touch these precious stones of
the past and shiver.

TOUCH THE BONES AND STONES OF THE PAST AND SHIVER, HUMAN BEING!

The first rays of spring defrost the windows of winter, we open our doors to the sweet smells of flowers, the dance of the season is back to the eternal beginning, opening up, up with a grace that transcends the inevitable down that will follow in autumn.

The barrier in time is the speed of light, Einstein's crazy crash car cops stopping every particle trying to exceed c . Put matter in its right perspective, but remember the electrons passing through both slits at the same time and other freak behaviour at the elementary level, dear Watson. Helices of matter make up my genome, patterns of myelin and synaptic enzymes make up my mind and still we can't see the knots in the superstring memory of the multiverse.

**Everyone has to weave your own magic
carpet
and ride it out on the ether of non-existence.**

**Everyone who wants to eat spaghetti the
right way
has to practice first.**

Hysteria rules history, as long as we let it affect us. To detect it and to stop it in its evil ways is an important task for any spiritual warrior worth her salt. You can start within your own mind and expand the search to the communication patterns around you. Be gentle, be subtle, but be ruthless and strong.

Hysteria is cheating in the game of attention, giving and taking. It tries to take without giving, to exploit without nourishing, to fuck without kissing. To stop it, no is enough. No explanation, no statement, just no. Non serviam.

Hysteria sucks, it drains your energy. If you reverse the flow, you will no longer feed it and it will wither and disappear. A whole web of illusions is broken and reality shines through with brighter colours, happier sounds.

Realaxation becomes an option. It's 1:01. Just one last beer / And I'll be gone.

But now, I'm here.

Withdrawal symptoms and hangovers are the pains of Mara's arrows, the obvious mourning for the loss of an artificial paradise gone sour and deadly, the endless cogwheels of suffering and rebirth without mirth every morning a sleepy Phoenix chicken trying to kindle the flames of last night...

...but it can be all right, learning to unite the visions of dream time with the patterns of daytime progression, switching gears and shifting fears telling the tales of the long succession of dreamers and aboriginal sleeper agent shamans, genes of another world hiding in our diverse genome. Human thought, too, has its introns and exons, nonsense protecting the signal, noise from the past interfering with current needs.

To bind time, to connect Now to the future, we need acts of creation, procreation, re-creation, relaxation. Most of those will happen without conscious premeditation, but humans like to choose, so they pretend to create options and

forget about a thousand unknown factors influencing their behaviour. There may well be not one Subconscious but then, there are many relevant influences we cannot be conscious of, by logical necessity. Like Goethe's devil put it: 'You've got rid of the Evil One, but the evil ones remained'. We've exorcised our 'Id', but the impulse to destroy, the drive to fuck and the revenge of the toddler are still operational.

ART IS EITHER A TODDLER'S REVENGE
OR SUBLIMATED FEAR OF DEATH.
A SMALL PERCENTAGE IS REAL PURE
UNDILUTED LUST FOR LIFE
EXPRESSED.

WILL LIFE FINALLY OVERCOME TIME?

Wouldn't it be nice if organised dust like us
would one day change the very process of
weaving time, knitting superstrings and echoing
the Big Bang in a steady vital pulse of a new
flash of creation, a fulguratio, a synchronicity
contingency emergency immortality
SINGULARITY!

Floating around in perfect equilibrium we may
seem to be monads, disconnected and
dissociated. But in reality, we will wake up,
maybe sooner than you, to the swift swing of
the new golden dawn. Omega waves are
building in our EEG's and we walk upstairs in
an uncharted castle built by the random factors
of alien magic and earthly reality - relaxed and
aware, cool cats of the higher realms, heads of
the hydra called Heavenly Blue, acid rain junkies
or teletechnical meditation officers, whoever
gets there first. Join the gold rush for the mind.
But please let me advise you: find a strong link
to reality before you start to experiment, my
friend.

*Time is money, so stealing time is a capital crime.
Capisce?*

WILL LIFE FINALLY OVERCOME MONEY?

Ora pro nobis, pray for the Omega mega fun party of the skies to descend upon us and share their joy flow with our humble sensory channels. The mythical Monkey of the Chinese - metaphor of Man - participates in the Celestial Party sneaking in through the back door of Paradise. Maybe the angel on duty is off on a smoke. Would you join the Monkey or prefer to stay in money misery?

Argonauts of time, embark on your journey. Sound out the currents, make pacts with dolphin packs to guide you through the intricate web of times and spaces and the speed of light and sound. Join both your brain hemispheres in a dialogue on space and time and effect and mind and dimensions and real random and mythical magic and all that horny jazz over Coming and

Second Coming and the Holy Celestial fertility principle impregnating the Virgin Mary and boy scout masturbation fantasies and impurities in the gnostic KKK world view of a few chosen ones and a lot of genetic garbage, awaken to your African gene origins and pay the price of an enlarged world view. Next joint, consider Gaia, our time frame within the gravity well.

Meditate on the cradle-to-grave time line rail road track, see the silver reflection of destiny and decide to switch metaphors altogether. A woven wonder, tapestry of mystery. To speed up the transmutation and natural selection of the elements, the alchemist needs to meddle with time. Did we learn from the mistakes of the martyrs, or did we just leave the field in fear and confusion? Did we escape through the safety exit of security regulations and good laboratory practice? Just tidy up those infected Petri dishes and forget about penicillin. Tolerate no fungus among us, accept no random factors in our life and we'll die too soon, but in perfect order.

Take a trip to Serendip, country of unexpected discoveries. Looking for the needle, find the pin point pupils eager to learn another way to get high without the sneezing haystack of junky fever. Acumen and alertness can be a reason to become an alcoholic, if only for the alliteration of alphabetic anarchy.

Tiptoe through the tulips of flatland insanity, take a trip to the interdimensional conference on the abandonment of squares in mathematics and come home in time to kiss your children goodnight and enjoy an evening of relaxation and the sharing of laughter with those you love.

FOUR SQUARES ARE EVEN MORE A
SIGN OF EVIL THAN THE SWASTIKA..

SOMETIMES THE SYNCH MACHINERY RUNS AMOK

It can be hard to make sense of the signs to the freelance augurs and pentecostal sophists of these times. Most New Age hogwash is old hat warmed over, and the very few new insights are drenched in commercial shrouds and the stock market pep talk of time travel agencies and other noisy instances of white fraud. A nomad's gonads and a sedentary lifestyle are the ticket to sudden death to some of us, susceptible suckers. And we'll never know for sure, not even with a bombardment of DNA information, the complete genome or a selective set of mutations on a couple of laser-readable microchips. Learn to interpret the statistics. Do not shake or stir. This is no license to die.

To transfer bits of knowledge gained in another brain mode, find common pieces of language, help to generate a flow of meaning towards the right triggers within our synapses. It is possible to connect; we have continuity of a certain kind of memory throughout most states of

consciousness. Only in the extremes, our hippocampus seems to black out and fails to store the facts we found. But this may be a learning curve, too.

To be rational about risks, one must know how to interpret statistics in a way that convinces his guts. It's no use to just look at the figures, for you do not know where they come from, how they were designed to fit a certain message, how they might well be a very good sample, with perfect methodology but this one in a hundred example of the hypothesis being wrong in spite of the data. There are so many variables you do not even check, let alone control. So much about being sure versus being rational. Especially about risks.

Hard data are the touchstones of the blind. But those who see know they do not fit the data glove of global 'normality' perception. To exchange video data means to be there in a way not possible before, like the facet eye of a new global bug being. We witness the April 2000 general elections in Peru, we can watch the fraud going on, we can be there on the streets with the people, we can be a guest in a slum in Calcutta, in a rich mansion in Seoul, watch a forest in the Rocky Mountains, be there at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, spying for signs of lost sea faring pyramid building nations. It also means a means of manipulation never available before. Cameras plus computers can lie like the Jesuits. Spare us God's dogs who burned the witches. Spare us their cheap voyeur locker rooms and commercial porn site spam.

Dali's watches drip off the surface, time in a post-atomic world everything broken down as the unbreakable itself is undergoing fission and fusion sizzling neutrons and gamma rays and heat waves and the destruction of orgone. We need illegal infusions to keep the spirit going, in-

dividual atomic survivors of a slow war, soldiers on the markets of a dying capitalist paradigm.

Information is about something. Content is the real bonanza, for the resources of the mind are virtually endless compared to oil or beeswax or clear drinking water. If a new economy can be designed, it's ideas, content, human and other species' creativity that will be the driving force. Moving toxic materials around the globe and polluting the waters is the old economy. To write new brain software, healing the minds of the walking wounded is the challenge of tomorrow.

Do not confuse wisdom with information or information with technology. Tech makes it easier to gather resources and to distribute your thinking patterns through words, images, sounds, tactile output, neuro-electrical stimulation or whatever. But the old bards did essentially the same, beating their sticks to the rhythm of their epics, moving the hearts of men and women with familiar tales of the divine.

The great oral traditions surpass time. There are few survivors into literate times: Mahabarata, Odyssey, Gilgamesh, Eddah... and some secrets of adepts...

BE BALANCED, GIVING & TAKING, SWINGING WITH LIFE

Tachyonic amplifiers all switched on, match the maker before the facts and observe the weaving of maya, veil of perception and illusion.

Stepping in and out of phase the magician influences subtle flows of events. Call it seriality call it synchronicity, call it Kairos - words like that are the flags and national anthems of diverse and sundry tribes of the mind, not real differences in the world of facts and fakes.

Eat the cake and have space to think about the future. Not some cheap silver body suit, not some easy computerised copout, but real life, real experience of flesh, blood and maybe some enhancing cyberchemistry and neuroelectricity, maybe new particles like the orgone, maybe new

technology based on synchronicity, a way to really learn the wisdom of our cat or a dolphin, maybe. But first of all the place your feet are resting on, this very moment in time, space, flesh and blood.

Hallelyserginia Deoryribonucleic ACID TRIP: personal experience of time warps, weird eddies and alleys in the supposed continuum of space, time and the lot. Not easy to share, like going through the time barrier entering the sound of

His Fifth hand clapping: Dadada DA!. The extinction of the dodo is a sign to humanity. I love that weird duck in its lack of adaptability. We, as a species are evolutionary very close, in spite of our current success. Yeast in a closed bottle with enough water and sugar will grow, but eventually poison itself with alcohol. Man on a crowded planet will do the same or something very similar. The self-appointed shaman ingests the chemicals of power to be in tune with the signs of time. Hurry before you destroy the body. Hurry before your genes destroy you.

Down the stairs is where your heart should be.
Close to the earth, we are in touch
with the breath of life.

But the moments of eternity are rare.

Starfish regenerate an arm or a leg (they don't bother) and snakes shed their skin. Metaphors can help us visualise the potential of DNA in connection with the world. So polarity of information and chaos works. And whether we like it or not, after zillions of years of unicellular life, things got organised and exploded in a perverse diversity of species. Most of them did not make it. Beauty was lost forever, and only partly preserved in the Burgess Shale and the Chinese bonanzas of their fossilised bodies. A lot of lovely creation was lost, as art is not eternal. But the experience goes on, reverberating the breath of the first daredevil animals crawling and mating and reproducing on the shores of some shifting continent. In another atmosphere, in other times. To travel, if only in the mind, through past and future is a prerequisite of global love.

Touch my cyberglove, Pavlov, and rearrange my reflections.

There are gold mines of what-iffyness and there are as many pitfalls of self-pity and tears of alcoholic neglect, or video addiction, whatever means of escape you torture your surroundings with. Dream time itself is poisoned with the sick visions of violence projected on your and my retina, silly soap operas and police brutality glorification movies trying to turn your guts into the uniform of violent society. Buy a gun, be a man. Teach your children how to shoot the Other, sealing their monad with ear protectors and semiautomatic guns. Or do you know how to tell the technology without the mentality of using it subconsciously without a conscience? That is what being a parent may be about: to give some set of values, a tool kit to begin with. Please leave out the guns and the ear protectors.

THE CHANGING MOON IS THE ONLY CONSTANT IN THE SKIES

Watch her sail through the clouds after the thunderstorm, gun smoke on the battle field, in her serene detached ways, feel connected to generations of generous shamans and sky-skrying magicians seeking connection to the akashic memory, the genetic memory, the signals hidden in the noise of the past. 'Tapestry of mystery' I say and she weaves her answers in the cold clear sky.

Noisy distractions come between us, cloud layers fallout noise layers the world wide yelling of stock exchanges and other temples of global doom. Economy is an unstable system ruled by the greed and fear of some emotionally handicapped human males and a few female semi-autistics. A world ruled by the synergy of fear, greed and hatred is doomed to oblivion. Maybe we need a big crash to reallocate the cash. Please make sure you survive the aftermath. You can never know how nasty things will get if the waste hits the winds.

Let the whales whistle warm air into the polar light reflections, watch the oceans wax and wane with the moon, change the charm of all snakes waking up out of monetary madness, horror vacui on all spiritual wavelengths a long scream of extinction as the gods retreat to other realms beyond our collective curse. You can still hear them laughing in their Homeric joy, finally free of the petty restraints of human minds. Now we are lost. This is our chance to become what we are. Aporia is the beginning of all wisdom. No way to go is better than dualistic choice.

Our prayers and email to the Gods remain unanswered, our letters are left unopened on the doormat of fate. We may be no more than a trick of the dust, but there is no logical limit to
lust.***

Some things fishy, some things fiery, some thoughts high and some words low - feel the hooks of being caught and feel the pull of catching the catch beyond exaggeration. So swallow the next one, enter turbulence and turkish baths foggy wisdom of the body groping for some support in this world of illusions and dangerous predators of all sizes (especially the unicellular, viral and prionic ones). And don't forget their virtual counterparts: the patterns of fear and boredom we're used to. Find the right way to be aware and relax, to be there without loosing your freedom.

How much do you want to know? Genetic risk factors may shape your life more once you know them than in their unknown state. You may well become a slave to your health, avoiding life in order to live a few years longer or be killed by a streetcar that isn't in your genes. Maybe it's wiser not to let Schrödinger's Cat out of the bag, lady.

Experience time warps, weird eddies and alleys in the supposed continuum of space, time and

the lot. Take care of your physical body stumbling through the waste lands and deserts of abuse and no one listening - sometimes you have to do stupid things to get stupid money.

Enjoy the good times right now, not just in retrospect. Rolling along the shores of subtle touch, play with the detachment buttons of your brain, play with the noise level, the association level, the greed level, and discover the dance of being a pure flame, confluence of constancy and change, chaos and order, Tao, Yin and Yang.

To be out of touch is not the same as being detached. Out of touch, you do not feel the many puppet strings attached to each and every synapse of your brain. In a detached, cool compassionate swing, the psychosurgeon shaman cuts the strings that hurt most and the ones that limit your development in time. But to learn to dance requires a certain touch. Do not be without it.

ABSTRACTIONS POINT THE WAY YOUR
PHYSICAL FEET MAY WALK

Shift bits of meaning through your brain and feel your mental space widening, options sublimating to palpability out of thin air and an orgone blue sky. Just sit and pay all the attention you've got and more: the awareness you are. The roots of your spine point towards earth, your corpus callosum unites the hemispheres of the sky, day and night, right and left, north and south, west and east. Swing it out in your karmic wheel chairs and swivel exec thrones of frustrated powers and illusory illumination. Feel your body, feel your nervous system, feeling itself in happiness.

Feel it. Feel IT. Feel ITCHING. Feel ID. Sublimate it all: Tat tvam asi. Even those divine and pure patterns can become boring, a chore, a rotten routine without real sharing, heart to heart, voice to ear, DNA-laced spittle and come. Even a CD-ROM recording won't be the final medium, although it may help spread the Message - whatever message you have in mind in these messy ramblings through the spring

time of a developing year called 2000 by most post-Christian civilisations and organisations.

Almost or already a full Moon and still I have not found the relaxation I sought. Please help me find the road to reality without the neck-ache of artificial stress or the continuation of substance addictions. Gulp. Cough. Good midnight, brethren of the ancient oil lamp burning, let's inhale the forbidden codes of akashic highness through the ages: demons and succubi, insights and outsides, outlines and details, mixed by a virtual reality master of unknown origins, presumably alien to planet Earth.

If you want to stay in power, give the people good government and minimal interference. If you want to live, do not interfere with the flow of life. Raft its rapids in joy, or row in the gentle dream of the fertile delta, inhaling the fumes of wealth and prosperity, sharing and caring. Stay away from fatty acids and try to use those muscles and endocrine and exocrine organs of vitality & virtual virile fertility.

Stars live in another dimension, shining their light night and day on our humble statues of clay and bodies of water evolved to cross the continents. Weird distortions of space, maelstroms of matter, serendipity and synchronicity developing over millions of years and still many things are unknown and many an influence remains undetected by our crude 20th century instruments. See all their interactions on all wavelengths, explain the gamma ray bursts and be a hero, just for the joy of it.

Instruments and artefacts record the passage of time as if it exists, but we don't fall into simple conceptual traps like these, we prefer the convoluted cumulus clouds of Rorschach projection on a random screen. Will it be pornography, scotography, scatology, eschatology or metaphysical technology to see and design, to enjoy and to share? Allow our virtual retinas to be joined by our virtual visual brain centres, interact on many levels electric and magnetic and orgonic and organic.

We secretly assume every second to be like the next one and every cubic centimetre of space to be basically the same. In synchronicity and orgone phenomena this may not be true. In biological systems like our brains and bodies we know it is not true. The moments of your birth and the conception of your children are not the same nor is the moment you are waiting for a taxi on a boring suburb railway station.

STARS BLEED AND HUMANS RADIATE:
TAT TVAM ASI

THE RAZOR OF REASON AND PAVLOV'S
PUPPET STRINGS

Resist some temptations, succumb to others. The gamble is eternal and the odds are always in favour of chaos and decay. And yet, some win. Maybe they know a way to cheat in the game of thermodynamics, maybe they represent another property of matter: the generation of more complex systems. We know no way to prove or disprove such hypotheses. This may lead to nothing-buttery and reductionism, but the real

sceptic knows that she just does not know. God may or may not have pubic hairs for angels to dance on in their infinitesimal swing of spaceless but not necessarily sexless existence. Sticking to hard, proven, understood facts may be a way to escape metaphysics and most spiritual pornography. Denial however does not make things or feelings disappear. And the Fortean universe (Charles Fort's attic full of cartons full of weird facts) does exist. Just read your local newspaper or watch the world around you with an open mind.

MOTHER NATURE NEEDS NO
DRAWING BOARD (nor a Board of
Directors).

IN REALITY, THERE ARE NO TRUE
BLUEPRINTS

In reality, the future does not exist. The next moment in time is a hypothesis until it is now and the moment I wrote this is long gone as you read this. Speed of light restrictions are only the fastest limitation that we know of. Nerve signal

speed, computation speed, communication speed, system rearrangement properties, global restraints - there are many time tables and most of them are long due for revision. The traffic congestion problem is just a metaphor for the problems ahead once the information superhighway is really in full swing. Please plan ahead to keep rolling, but be flexible in your dance with the real world.

Serendipity, synchronicity, orgone patterns - there seem to be things influencing conscious matter like us. Maybe this works already on the level of genes and DNA, including the noise and repeats and discarded genes of the past, introns and exons, and/or on the neuronal level, dendrites and axons, input and output. Synchronise the swing of every single cell, dance in the glia moonlight of planetary existence, feet on the ground that is holy, bearing your family, gateway to the future. Coming down from the clouds, be there in the blossoming gardens of spring.

Dissolve the dissonants, coagulate the gold that heals, swing with the powers ruling the nucleus as well as the blurry messy surroundings containing electrons, proteins, empty space, ionised metals and watery solutions. Precious are the subtle changes towards happiness, keeping the right track between poverty and idle riches, between flagellation and megalomania. To judge your own genius against the walrus and the carpenter of your personal bible, chase white rabbits into the wormholes of the arch-absurd which is both our source and our destiny.

Pure thought is beyond our comprehension, since we are attached to time warp bodies and brains, symbols and syntax, input and output. To try to escape this situation, denying the body, depreciating sex, you end up beating women and children and destroying your ecosystem. Anti-life laws have done a lot of harm to the arts and the rats of religion will enforce them even if no one wants them. April 23rd, 2000. An artist was arrested in Senegal for painting naked models. The women were arrested too. Someone who

cuts the clitoris off baby girls is probably
honoured as a holy man in the same city.

THE DESERT IS THE ORIGINAL
SADOMASOCHIST BIBLE BELT

AWAY WITH STERILE THEOLOGY, LET'S
GET ALIVE ON THIS PLANET

Hatred and disgust are not the right rhythms to swing to, for they are endless in this imperfect universe. There even is a chance of the Puget Sound Bridge feedback resonance. The interface between intelligence and the outer limits of sanity may fail and even bombs become an option to misguided minds full of misanthropic masochist mythologies. I fail to see how bombs put an end to misery. To question their necessity may seem a threat to security, so pay attention what visions you see and if you dare to prophesy. Make sure you do not enhance the harmonics of hatred, but strengthen the swing of loving beautiful intelligence.

ARE YOU AN AGENT OF SWINGING
INTELLIGENCE?

Genetic patterns are slightly different, but there's lots of overlap amongst the tribes of men descending from this small community of black Eves in Africa, mothers of us all. How did they perceive time? How did our bigger-brained relatives, the Neanderthals? What perception of time can we deduce from the behaviour and communication of dolphins and other big-brained social mammals? Work from the hypothesis that brain tissue is timing machinery (or try to locate and understand the different timing machines within the different parts of the nervous system and their external and intrinsic triggers). Will it help us connect subjective time to the many constructs of time in human cultures, and the many maths of time in contemporary 'Western' physics? Will it help us solve puzzles like eternity and infinity and endlessness and boredom and ageing and synchronicity and religion? It may look innocent, but the perception of time is crucial to the self-definition and to the reality of man. Far from being 'a priori', they are the key to culture, the Rosetta stone of post-Babylonian times.

Many myths warn us that the enterprise may be a dangerous one. Some secrets are destructive on a biosphere scale. And there may be no backup planet, not even in the near-to-infinity number of possible planets within the equally gigantic number of possible universes. Since we cannot be sure, let's take care of this one piece of galactic debris changed into a self-organising life support system.

SATAN UNDERSTANDS. BUT WILL YOU?

Please stop projecting those action movie hippie magic plots about a key to paradise within the land of Euphrate and Tigris, ruled by a well-known mobster name of Houssain or however you want to pronounce Beelzebubs grandson's name, heir to some of the Hashishim secrets and alchemy of demonical power. Who ends up owning the secrets to the most destructive biomycovirological synergetic semi-synthetic human-genome based weapon and the most illuminating cure? What is GOLEM, and who is in possession of the ALEPH? These are questions for the restless reckless mobs, risking

their lives on the gates of paradise. To settle for swinging survival may bring more joy.

Ayahuasca, please descend upon us mortals opening the doors of time perception. Yage. Secret of the buzzing belt of life force concentrated, nectar of strange and powerful Gods and Goddesses. Return to the natural state of sleep and somnambulant 'waking state' as often as necessary to maintain life functions in the relevant bits of your biosphere.

WAKING STATE SATANIC LODGE
INVITES YOU OVER. PLEASE GO TO
FIELD 47.

23:59 0:00 Watch the virtual jump to a new day, knowing that your computer clock is some twelve minutes off on reality timing. Watch the transition from 23:47 to 23:48. Read the I Ching to decode this triviality. Signing off, 0:02.

FROZEN FRAMES OF DESTINY, GET
MOVING IN THE DISTILLERY.
START FROM SCRATCH, FEELING THE
ITCH OF THE GOLDEN FLEA

Feel them fucking neutrinos passing through our bodies at this very moment, patterns of synch our senses fail to register, but our brains do react, sometimes, as the orgone wave hits the atmosphere and pheromones are synthesised by the rich to remain famous - we transcend all that jazz and low lighting and open up to the many possibilities of swinging intelligence, loving beauty, strength in BLISS.

There seem to be some genes involved in male homosexuality. This is interesting from an evolutionary point of view. For exclusive gay sexuality may be perfectly all right to the individual, but he will generate no offspring, so his genes are doomed. So why has evolution favoured a 'gay' gene? Maybe because in some males it helps male bonding, but they eventually project their genital sexuality on a female because of societal role modelling or whatever. Male bonding, whether homosexually driven or not, is an important part of human society. Males are by nature lazy and competitive-jealous. Both traits may render them hostile and

dangerous to social stability, so all kinds of brakes on male aggressiveness and laziness have to be invented. Some of them are social, others are sexual; some are genetic (your ‘gay genes’), others learned. To learn which is which and to switch to your own choices is both very important and utterly dangerous.

To have sailed the seas of consciousness, to have travelled the delta of the river of time may be an advantage only in exceptional circumstances. Overall, be balanced and remain the humble servant to the Cosmos every God and Goddess is.

Let’s invest in cancer research: analyse and heal the late effects of Nagasaki, Bikini and Agent Orange. Develop orgone genetics if you must. Analyse and heal the late effects of Inquisition methods in science in the middle and late 20th century. Analyse the effects of war on the gene pool of a population. Some killing is at random, but what does a war do to the relative frequency of ‘risk seeking’ genes? Will anxiety genes increase survival power, so warrior populations

have a higher incidence of anxiety disorders than societies of a more peaceful tradition? The history of psychogenetics remains to be written. Sadly, we have to include nuclear contamination in our algorithms.

Hyenas howl in the night if you're delirious so
the hounds of Artemis or barking mad
Baskerville will punish you for imagining Her
perfect body untouched by anything other than
the rays of the Moon and the foam of the
Waves, her reigns on the tides, her thighs in the
waves, high and low love united in virgin
chastity, moonlit diversity, secrets of darkness
and honeymoon gaiety.

On the Web, 'adult' means 'porn'. All the rest is forever young, experimenting and learning like five-year olds who get the first kick out of reading and counting and writing your own name in the language of the future. Still, the Web is the best playground for neophiliacs, those rare individuals who escape the usual coagulation of their world view at the age of eighteen and keep an open mind in spite of

further social integration or even procreation. Beware if the price is addiction, anxiety or depression through social friction. The social contract is a utopian fiction, the threat of starvation, emotional blackmail and double bind puppet strings are the real means of socialisation. And then there are ways of liberation. Family filter = OFF. Whose side are you ON?

If humanity is still in its 'larval' phase of development, please let's proceed as fast as we can. Current day humans are only partly adorable, and most of the time simply disgusting, especially in their abstractions and symbolic communications. Stupidity rules by majority and ostracism or worse, and mass media work faster and more globally than bits of pottery with a name on it.

MACHINERY WILL TRAVEL THROUGH TIME, BUT ITS USE MAY BE LOST

Content does not automatically follow infrastructure. We may expand our minds, but what if we find just an expansion of boredom?

The algorithm for creativity is badly needed, to start the really 'New Economy' and to save the more important bits of our biosphere. Sample the bounty of biodiversity, collect the facts about ecology, epidemiology, ethology and other relevant subjects. Chart the flows of Gaia and make sure we save her vital systems, measuring her vital sings & statistics like an intensive care nurse watching over a high-risk patient. Send it out on all wavelengths and people will watch with awe how we save her, mother of a planet.

The high cathedrals of a withdrawing divine presence create an almost erotic spiritual horror vacui. Looking up you get sucked into a celestial dimension beyond human reach, the growing Gothic communications gap between humanity and divinity. The sheer frustration sheared down the last bits of heathen communion with pantheist and Pan-theist forces of nature and we were left with the alchemists and literate magicians, scientific masters and captains of capital, wielding power without divine justification. The head is ruling the heart so torture and incineration are the extreme

sanctions of the saints. And now, they have given up on each other. The churches are as empty as the skies are full of satellites.

‘To evolve’ means ‘to turn out’. Opportunities turn out to be traps, obstacles turn out to be blessings in disguise. Blobs of mud turn out to be autocatalytic systems, the beginnings of life turning out to be a prelude to weird multicellular scenarios, including the phenotype of the author. The beginning of life is an itch in the womb of non-existence. Life is begun every moment anew.

The global myth of the return of the Gods is both a source of hope and a warning signal. Do not trust every ‘god’, like the indigenous Americans trusted the bearded pale ‘gods’ from the east, who turned out to be barbarians, bigots and breakers of their own most solemn oaths. But do not ignore the gods & goddesses who are in our midst. They may not fit into your patterns of perception, their very existence may even be dangerous to all you care about, but ignorance is not the way to deal with divinity.

Rowing the boat against the tide makes one stronger, if one survives. To go with the flow is the best way to save your life energy for worthier purposes than to quarrel with old hags in the supermarket queue. A light sabre duel with the forces of Evil Control should be won, however.

Fear is contagious. Grownups with fear in their eyes frighten children more than anything. A scared cat is scarier than one who is self-assured. So is a scared grownup. Children are right. But perfect love casteth out fear. Relaxation is one of the major keys towards perfect love. Relaxation and awareness, dancing in joy, provide feedback to the real McCoy. Come to know Kali, the dark side of motherhood, Binah reflected in Darwin's primordial pond.

The spirits of spring are upon us, a blossoming fertile interface with future seeds and potential generations. Listen to the polyphony of bird signals, a grid across the forest and suburban gardens. Solve the many riddles of co-existence,

of being dependent on the same air, the same earth, the same water and the same solar energy. If you must feel superior, act more like it. But real freedom is achieved only in acknowledging and honouring the co-dependence and interdependence inherent in physical existence.

SMELL, SOUND AND PERIPHERAL
SIGHT
ARE MUCH MORE IMPORTANT THAN
WRONG OR RIGHT.
AVOID PAINFUL ILLUSIONS. TRUTH IS
NOT THE ONLY THING THAT HURTS.

Connected on many wavelengths, and yet a solo player, almost a solipsist in my monadic attic. I pray for my first release into the world, and yet the moment may be scary as well. On the planet of the apes, it is dangerous to reveal the illusory nature of clockworks and buzzwords and orange agents of biodestruction. To show the double bind nature of nations and religions, to test the strength of belief systems, probing the sense of humour of other humans - all these activities have historically been associated with pyres,

prisons, gallows, exile and purgatory torture. And yet, it takes a lot of witches to undo the errors of a bigot past, and maybe the time is right. Tonight's the first of May, 2000. Hooray, hooray. Outdoor fucking starts today.

It is one thing to pity the witches, the natives of both the Americas, all the other native peoples and Goddess religions who were destroyed by the phallic force of Western civilisation. It's quite another to imagine or arrange a world surpassing our lopsided Renaissance, in which civilisations have taken a radically different course, balancing the passive powers of the earth and the progressive powers of the heavens, weaving a pattern of dynamic balances.

*Will
we
be
in
time?*

