

Bless the chicken soup with Clear Light Jazz

Hermes playing in the soul kitchen of alchemy

*'Let's all stop eating
instant soup dogma
instead of living experience.'*

*© December 2002,
Random Factor Y.*



ALL-CHEMISTRY, ALCHEMY

All is chemistry, or so they say, chemistry of brains and bodies, mother matter (Materia) ruling us all. But chemistry has its roots in magic. The art of making facts, the foundation of every factor-Y, is the ancient science of alchemy, man's first flirtation with the secrets of Materia. In a sense, alchemy is simple. Alchemists repeat a series of chemical reactions and physical procedures over and over again, seeking to create a substance with divine properties, transcending the limits of material life. An adept once described the alchemists' Great Work as akin to 'women's work and children's games'. And yet, it can take a lifetime. I won't pretend to be an adept myself, having neither the patience nor the ambition to complete the Work. Right here, alchemy is used mainly as a metaphor.

' SOLVE ET COAGULA' (to dissolve and make solid again), the motto of the alchemists, is the way all magic works: creating a state of high-energy chaos, in which new forms and higher levels of loving integration have a far better chance to develop and assume a tangible shape.

SOLVE ET COAGULA. Dreams into facts into dreams into facts, every time a step closer to the secret of life: elixir of youth, philosopher's stone. Transmutation of reality into divinity and back. Like life itself, a dance of order and chaos evolving and diversifying. Purifying the tiny impurities in a polluted world. Trying to find the divine spark in a world made by a Joker. Meeting Her, the Goddess of the Dice, face to faceless void. And, completing the Work, return to the land of the living to share the divine jokes with other mortals: Amor Fati; Evolution; the Clear Light; BLISS (= Beauty, Love, Intelligence Strength & Swing). See the Tree of Life of ancient Qaballah: Kether the One, Chesed the first fatherly face of the One, Binah the bittersweet mother of all forms, pain & joy of birth & death, all the way down to Malkuth, the Earth, the stage of all facts. Or go stark raving bananas, dying of Mercury poisoning. Alchemy is never boring.

THE SOUP COMES FROM MY EARLIER POWER POEM 'GENESIS'
(ΓΕΝΕΣΙΣ) ABOUT THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE ON EARTH,
QABALLAH, ANDY WARHOL & ALICE IN WONDERLAND
BUT, MOST OF ALL, ABOUT (CHICKEN) SOUP.
(From: The Crap Circle Transmissions ©, by Random Factor Y ©):

ΓΕΝΕΣΙΣ

Beautiful Soooooop!!!

Chicken Soup! Chicken Soup!
Drink the extract of cowardice
To immunise yourself:

Campbell's everybody's
Czechoslovakian Jewish Mother
serving
chicken soup, chicken soup

to the world's fancy fair chosen view High Arts Collectors.

Chicken Soup!
Campbell's Chicken Soup!
Andy's Chic Chick Chick Chick Chicken Soup!
Alice's Wonderful Mock Turtle Soooooop!
Primordial life-begetting dirty biochemical motherjuice of 'Soup' on Ancient Artha,
A perfect Petri dish for contaminated meteorites.
Malkuth space chicken soup: Binah reflected.
Stars falling in a muddy pond.

SOLVE ET COAGULA
(Dissolve and make solid - motto of the alchemists)

Experience love & BLISS
as a network, connecting
the whole, the Stone & your being.

See your problems
as separate things
to be dissolved
step by step.

MAKAROI, MAKAROI, MAKAROI
(Blessed, blessed, blessed thrice)

Stir the neurochemical soup
to dissolve the lumps and hiccups
the yucky bits, the bad decisions
stir the primordial Chicken soup
and heal the beggars to the spirit.

To learn from failure is one thing
but to learn from the things that went well
is even more important - enjoy the trip
without boosting the selfish Ego.

RECIPE FOR DEPRESSION

Lump together
all things that hurt & make you sad & afraid
into a huge sticky yucky dark whole.

See your moments of joy
as fleeting disconnected snapshots
of someone else's illusory
distant happy past.

Sit still, do not shake or stir
and make sure you don't get enough sleep.

NUR NARR...

Sitting duck
awaiting fate.
Out of luck
& out of hate.
Out of my mind
out of yours.
Out on Hermes'
guided tours.
Out and down
down and out
just a Clown,
a freak, a Kraut.

THE SPIRIT OF GRAVE-ITY

A crazy Kraut
in playful doubt
is still as light
as Nietzsche's tombstone.

ABYSMAL MONOLOGUES

Emptiness.
Empty Ness.
Loch ist tot.

There are many monsters
But we are their masters
Puppeteers of our self-made hell.

To choose heaven is cheating,
to be there is creating
to be here is doubting
dancing on the edge.

Yes I'm the Fool, the Zero hero.
Striding happily, ignoring the abyss,
ignoring the barking mad dog
I fly into BLISS.



Eagle now,
Know where to fly.
Mighty buffalo, holy cow,
know how to die.

Easy now.
Know when to land.

Easy now.
Walk hand in hand.

We are the Fools,
so we somehow
may understand.

.....
.....
The dotted line
the ground attack
the ego stumbles
fighting back
-

The time has come
the time has gone
There is no time
but in this song
-

Do it yourself
And be the Fool
or follow others'
pigeon stool -
a paper tiger
shit house rat
a wipe-arse liar
thoroughbred.

Say NO, Say NO
say no more amen
be the Fool and be the Shaman
lose the Ego, find the Id
connect to Gaia's horny grid
and sign on to waves of love
wetsuit fitting like a glove
body feeling free to give
that is where your soul shall live.

NIGHTSHADE NIGHTMARE

Follow the footsteps
follow the footsteps
through corridors and dungeons
into the blinding light
of a funeral pyre
or a stake roasting the witches
for the edification of the gullible
-they will need more and more
stronger and stronger stimuli
to get off their sinful paths
and into the compulsory conspiracy
of the infallible church.

Footsteps, corridors
he who hallucinates sees more
straightjackets, downer shots
modern Jesus on the cross
Searchlights barbed wire
Modern witches on the pyre
Switchblades, riot guns
Modern werewolves on the run.
Footsteps, turn in fear
the Inquisitors are here!

TO AN ANCIENT CELTIC MELODY

The druid's power, wild and daring
circles still the ancient stones
foxglove fingerpointing fairies
tales of trips to times unknown

Silence carries all the waves
Row the boats you galley slaves
Dance the ropes, the dice deciding -

Truth is what the kings are hiding
Love is what the priests have killed
Beauty 's what our swords have maimed
Trees are falling, green blood spilled
And the druid's force is drained.

Wait in line, obey the rules
sheep deserving to be slaughtered
Those who break free are the fools
dancing like the Devil's daughters.

Pyres are fuming, wet with rain
People screaming mad in pain
Everyone has gone insane
Foxgloves fingerpoint in vain
Truth is hidden in your brain
but you chose to stay in chains
so this sad song 's what remains

of the Power wild and daring
Circling still the city's stones
Druids haunting pointing tearing
at your broken witch's bones.

Files of GOD: Grimoire On Divinity

The One got what he deserved. We were right to kill Him, this desert demon out to destroy life on earth in its witchy diversity. Still we run the risk of asphyxiation because His remains are decomposing, causing a stench that drives away all decent other divine beings. We are alone. We are halfway.

Half beast, half angel,
wereangels, wolfpacks howling Hosanna.

Were we where? We are in denial.

Away from all suns, aimless, senseless, with a cynical rational mind to guide us in
the nightmares of our own creation.

Fleeing the crime scene, we search for salvation in trivia, trivia, trivia.

Do you want to be another moneymaking monkey? Yes, please.

Give me more, more, more, get rid of morality or decency if it has to be,
close my eyes to the Light to see,
for there is no divinity.

'Science does not need this divinity hypothesis.'

Of course not.
Science is not about experience.
Not about the unique.
Not about the spirit.

We are in denial. We even deny that. We seek easy solutions in therapy, in New Age humming and the tunes of alien deities with names our tongues fail to pronounce. We flee the truth and bathe in easy illusions, fake fakirs telling us to bend over - or we stick to stock market indices, whatever fits our personal proclivities.

Of course, many people simply go to church and munch the leftover Scooby snacks of the last supper, or stick their asses in the air and believe in the other One who was the convenient invention of some bored merchant desert tribesman to begin with. And only a very few Jews know the secrets of Qaballah.

Sticking to tradition is the utmost denial. We did not do it. We did not kill Him. No, and we never invented heaven or hell. Go get lost in the desert your dogmama came from.

So what DO we know?
Nothing.
Experience.
Light on the waters.
Diversity.
A stuttering stammering chorus
of witches and mystics and other true witnesses.
Our own experience,
tainted by tradition,
tainted by desire,
by our will
to fill
the void.

Not much, really. And still, far too much to deny it all.

Divinity, this presence so close and yet beyond our touch.
Inspiring visions we cannot comprehend,
flashes of insight we fail to put to words or actions.
Something breaking through the walls of trivial experience.
Someone, many ones, seeking our attention in spite of our attempts to ignore them.
A nagging feeling, an unfinished question mark, an ancient palimpsest
which once contained the answers to our inborn questions.
A maybe.
A wannabe deity, an echo of history, a vision of future, maybe,
or just something our temporal brain lobe threw up to confuse us.

There will always more questions than answers,
and even then we have to doubt all answers.

VISION OF FUTURE

Shift your shape
into the powerful divinity
that hides under your skin

WHO TOLD YOU TO HIDE IN THE DARK
LIKE A SNEAK LIKE A SHARK
LIKE SKELETONS AND HIDDEN TALENTS
IN THE CLOSET HARD DISC DRIVE?

Shatter the glass darkly
and see, countenance to countenance
the very inner circles
of the clockwork Bluegreen
the GAIA gonads, connected to Her brains.

I TOLD YOU TO BE GODS,
NO BABY-FRYING DEMONS
NOR SLOGAN-YELLING MORONS
I TOLD YOU TO BE GODS,
GODDAMMIT.

Ego boundaries
are strange loops
of barbed wire
Moebius' Marcuse Mendel:
one dimensional DNA-strands
defining our life.
Let's get out of this dungeon
and into the buzz
of real random Life,
this endless game
of DNA, Nurture and Absurdities
as described in language
and the intelligent symbol systems
of our nearby quantum jump future.

*Ruling the brain,
Words point the way
But the map never predicts
All of reality.*

To learn Chinese
and to communicate with dolphins
(I Ching, chapter 61)
are easy first
finger flexing perplexing
acid tests
we have to pass
before we meet the Guardian of Gaga
and the Metabolism of Mathematics.

WE'RE ALL BREATHREN

*Exhale the dark soul of day
Inhale the silence of night*

*Breathe in the echoes of time
- tapestry woven tight -*

*Exhale the world all the way
Inhale the dawn of the Light.*

ESCAPE FROM GOLGOTHA

All borderlines
are arbitrary.
So the judge's power
is unlimited.

So you be your own judge
or spend your life
in other people's jail force
dreams of forever.

NO MORE AK-47

To be free to love
is a hell of a lot better than
freedom created by hate.

To learn from failure is one thing
but to learn from the things that went well
is quite another drummer in the band.

AT A JEWISH RABBI'S BIRTHDAY PARTY
(25th of December)

Mazze! tov to the meek
He never said it in Greek
(MAKAROI, MAKAROI, MAKAROI)

JESUS AS A YIDDISH GUY

The very first apostle group
shared mother Miriam's chicken soup
and they came back for more.

Soup to the hungry,
Soul to the whole
Check out your numbers
Tuned to your goal.

PRIMORDIAL SOUP

Bless Jesus' Chicken soup
with the clear light of BLISS
allowing the powers of creation
to enter the confusion of elementary particles
and molecular cellular swing
and start multiversal co-evolution.

Black
meet
white.

East
meet
West.

Nonsense
meet
Meaning.

Noise
meet
Music.

Child
meet
Magi.

Star
meet
Night.

Giga
meet
Pico.

Big
Meet
Bang.

CLEAR LIGHT JAZZ

Jazz is the connection
between oppression,
expression
and liberation;

between pain,
evolution
and illumination;

between depression,
disconnection
and Resurrection -
Jazz is the connection.

Into the blue notes of Gnosis
orgone swing will carry you
if you know where your nose is.

LIFE ATTRACTS TIMELINES

(Time's not a line but a woven wonder, tapestry of mystery)

The woven wonder
is there to be studied
and understood,
like the enigma of
other sentient beings.

Time's attracted,
bound and woven
in sensual spells
and spooky spiels
in well-warmed wells
and divine deals
in words of power
cries of silence
in meteor showers
random guidance.

See the whole planet
radiating life force
orgone morphogenetic synch
throughout the grids
of life in the cosmos.

Tune in to Galactica.
Tune in to Cosmica.
Tune in to outside jokes
and inside objective insights.

Tune in to paradox,
entering paradise
already smiling -

Moonad Lysa
reflecting
the fire of
Shiva
Dancing the answers
to creation
in playful delight.

A fraud
is afraid
to be caught.
That is why
he's a fraud.

That is why
You & I
dissociate
doped or dusted
never afraid
to be busted.

MATERIALIST TRUTH

Fear is a drug
and all phobias
are addictions.

Responsibility is to accept
your own choices
as facts to be dealt with
outside & within.

EVIDENCE FROM MEMORY RESEARCH

The past is an ever-changing construct
of our active minds.

EVIDENCE FROM SPECTRAL INTROSPECTION

The past can be a set of chains
blocking change
in our conservative homeostatic minds
allowing the shit to happen
again and again.

Experience and reality
are asymptotic: they may come close,
but will not touch outside infinity.

METAPHOR OF MIND

*The mirror
Is easily broken.*

*But its
reflective
properties
remain.*

MATHEMATICS' METAPHORS

The **x**-axis is existence, experience, extermination:
life, by its very nature, limited in time.

The Y-axis is the potentially infinite amplitude
of an infinity of moments
in an endless set of functions.

Z and further dimensions
signify the asymptote to reality.

BIOENERGETICS

*(Sharing orgone with the One Organisation Unit:
Ego/Us/Earth/Solar System/Galaxy/Cluster/Cosmos)*

Sharing energy
in love
does not diminish
your amount of energy.

Communication with others
with whom you're out of phase
can drain your soul
to the limits of bare ass survival.

Choose well
& love well
Be the Well.

INVOCATION OF FUN

Hiccup Hermes Hocus-pocus
Thrice-blessed spirit of delight
Tell me what your plans are
I have none tonight.

HERMES (BLESSED THRICE)

Hermes was the Greek God of communication and intelligence. Like his Roman counterpart Mercury he is depicted with wings at his hat and sandals, to symbolize his swift travels between the worlds of Gods, humans and the deceased. He was said to carry messages among the Gods and between the different worlds. He was also the God to guide the souls of the departed to the Underworld. Maybe this latter function helped to gain him some reputation among magicians and seekers for The Holy Grail, Eternal Youth, the Philosopher's Stone and other paraphernalia of profundity. Hermes Trismegisthos, thrice-great Hermes, an amalgam of the original Greek God and the Egyptian god Thoth was the inspirator of occult sects and groups throughout Western civilisation. According to others, Mr. Hermes T. was a mere mortal, an adept living in the latter days of the Egyptian empire. However this may be, his words (generally accepted to be written on an Emerald Tablet) are the cornerstone of Western esotericism. In most of the Emerald Tablet texts, H.T. recommends the 'subtle separation' of things, a prelude to the art of alchemy. (By the way, in the laboratories of the alchemists, mercury was an important (and highly toxic) ingredient.) The top-hit of emerald obscurities is 'As above, so below', claiming a meaningful connection to the world we can perceive (microcosm) and the World at large (macrocosm). The rest is an ode to vitalist vagueness (chicken soup prose) and thus open to many deep and delirious interpretations.

But Hermes (the God) was also the protector of merchants, thieves, liars and cheaters. In other words, the Greeks already knew that communication also means commerce, manipulation and deceit. When Hermes was still a child, he managed to steal some of the divine Holy Cows of his uncle Apollo, the Sun God. When the little criminal was found with the smoking barbecue he had made, he smiled and showed what he just had invented: a musical instrument made of the guts of the Holy Cows and a turtle shell. Apollo accepted the gift of the lyre and let the crime go unpunished. The Hermetic secrets, guarded by silence and the blackness of stainless robes, may be something like that: an inventive cover-up, a playful deceit by the divine child.

The first planet circling the Sun is called Mercury after this trickster-communicator-Guide God. An apt name for the fastest planet, a planet of the extremes, perpetually flitting around the sun like Carlos Castaneda's moths of wisdom, especially if seen from an Earth perspective (Mercury is never more than 90 degrees away from the Sun). The side facing the sun is so hot that no solid matter can be found there. The backside is covered in eternal ice. In astrology, the position of Mercury in the birth chart says something about the communicative powers of a person. The planet is said to 'rule' the signs of Gemini and Virgo, symbolizing verbal agility and the skills of craftsmen respectively. In modern days, Hermes was used as a symbol by many companies, especially those who had something to do with travel and/or communication. In short, he is the perfect PR-person. Of course, he is the Benefactor of Random Factor Y and the Laboratory for Experimental Metaphysics. Blessed be, blessed be, blessed be!

