Invisible College / Earth Rites

the invisible college



untitled — Leo Plaw

ISSUE 5 SUMMER SOLSTICE - SAMHAIN 40108

[predicated on the first cave paintings]

The Emerging Goddess



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Artistic Content:
Thanks to Leo Plaw for providing the front and back cover art.

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If you would like to submit art / writing or just say hello, please contact us at: IC@EarthRites.org

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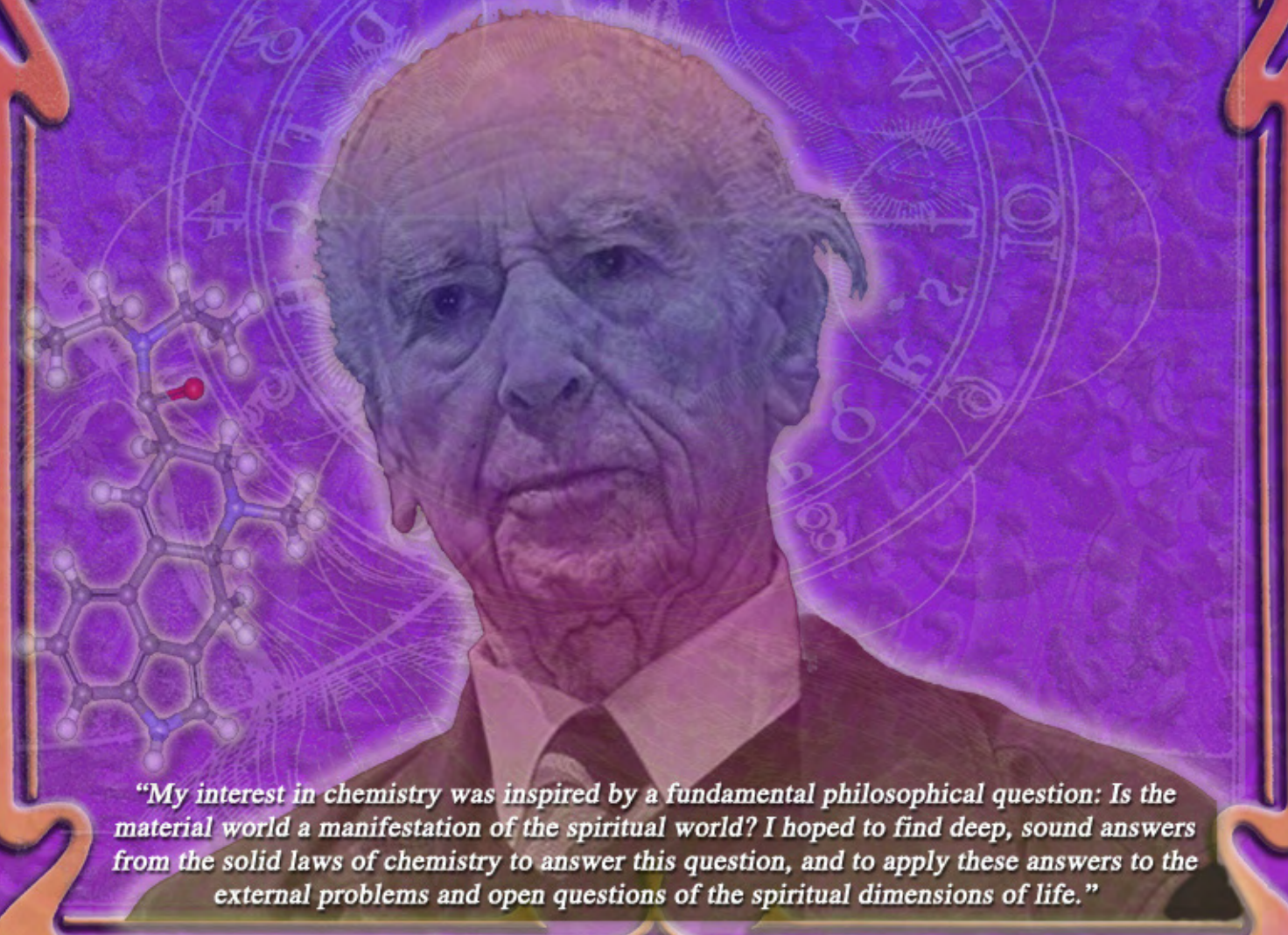
Dedication
Albert Hoffman

"It was an April day and I went out into the garden and it had been raining during the night. I had the feeling that I saw the earth and the beauty of nature as it had been when it was created, at the first day of creation. It was a beautiful experience! I was reborn, seeing nature in quite a new light."

I would like to dedicate the 5th issue of The Invisible College to Albert Hoffman, who passed away this last spring at the age of 102. Not only a remakable age but a most remarkable man. Without his influence, we would live in a far different world than we do now. A world less vibrant with creativity, and a world probably with far less hope. Yes, hope. Albert's wonder molecule wrought a creative change in the later half of the 20th century that carries on still . Some say his discovery of LSD was the counter balance to the discovery and misuse of atomic power, and that seems about right.

Much could be written about the influence that Albert Hoffman had on the later half of the 20th century, starting with his discovery of LSD 25. It has been noted that at the end of his life much of what he'd wished for his problem child was coming about; renewed research, and a certain amount of peace being made with the legacy of his divine molecule after the turmoil of the 20th century.

I suggest that Albert's legacy will reach far past current times, and will touch many who have never heard of the bio-chemist from Switzerland.



"My interest in chemistry was inspired by a fundamental philosophical question: Is the material world a manifestation of the spiritual world? I hoped to find deep, sound answers from the solid laws of chemistry to answer this question, and to apply these answers to the external problems and open questions of the spiritual dimensions of life."

"Everyone has been made for some particular work, and the desire for that work has been put in every heart."
Rumi

A Short Letter from the editor/publisher:

Dear Friends,

This edition has taken longer than it should, as it has survived transitioning changes in computers, software and myriads of situations. If it weren't a work of love, we'd tossed in the hat quite awhile ago. I would like to thank all that helped it along, and who have shown great patience with this outcome. Perhaps with the new software, and the new systems we will be a bit quicker on the next go around.

A big tip of the hat to Leo Plaw and Amanda Sage for their fantastic art work, and immeasurable patience during the interview process. Really patience is indeed one of the least understood of gifts. Leo's gentle reminders have helped kept the Invisible College ship on course to completing this edition.

I would like to thank Clark Heinrich & Juris Ahn for the poetry and for gracing our pages again with their insights and thoughts.
For without the poets and their poetry, where would we be?

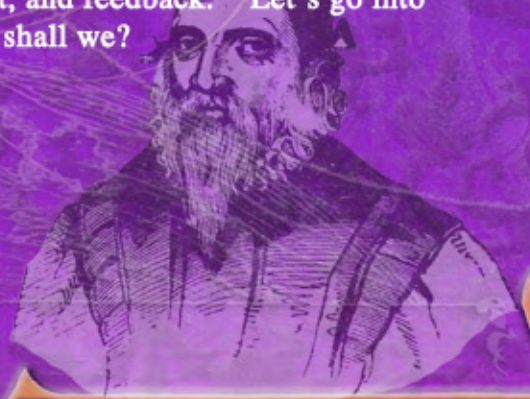
I would like to welcome and thank Jon Hanna for sharing his photographs and words about his last encounter with Albert Hoffman in his "Photo Essay: A Visit With Albert Hoffman". You may know Jon as the editor for "The Entheogen Review" and organizer of the "Mind States" conferences. He is now working with Erowid.org where some of the photographs in this article first appeared in Erowid's "Extracts".

It is nice to have Will Penna back with us sharing his thoughts on inter-generational connectiveness with his article "Shamanism & Magick Heal Elders & Youth". Will always delivers the goods! It has been a great pleasure watching the development of "The Serpent And The Light Part" articles by Lyter Photos. Lyter's third installment brings us more revelations and theories.

Last, but not least, we bow in gratitude to Mike Crowley for his engaging "Four Helpful Emotions" and editing work on the Invisible College as well. Thanks Mike for your thoughtfullness, and ever ready musings and thoughts.

Last, but not least, I want to thank all of our readers that fill out the Invisible College Community. thank you for your support, and feedback. Let's go into this bright future together, shall we?

Gwyllm Llwydd



A Message From The Editor: Moving Past Our Second Year

As The Invisible College moves past its second year, and we continue to search for new horizons, it is good to look back over where we have come from.

The idea of a magazine was first broached with the creation of EarthRites.org several years back. At first, it looked as if it would be an html affair, but after three or so years, the idea of doing a pdf magazine took shape. (This of course after the founding of Radio Free EarthRites and Turfing which though it appears to be a magazine is really a glorified Blog after all, just a very long winded and out of control Blog...) The Invisible College emerged from discussions with Mike Crowley, Clark Heinrich, Laura Pendell and others. First the ideas were bandied about and Roberto Venosa and Martina Hoffmann bravely offered their art for the first two editions. This gave an anchoring and direction that was timely and crucial to the rapid development of The Invisible College early on.

The first two PDF editions were fraught with an initial learning curve as the size of the magazine expanded from 52 pages to 90 pages. They also were rendered at 150DPI, which has made it near impossible to print without going through and reconstructing them again as print files really are workable at 300DPI and up. This is of course is with a sense of 20/20 hind-sight, we would of loved to have the first two accessible for print. Hopefully, we can reconstruct them this year to do so.

Our first foray out was wildly successful, some 5,000 people viewed the magazine. On the second one, our ISP at that time decided to screw over our static IP for a month, frustrating thousands of people from downloading the PDF's, and when it was pointed out to them (Bluehost.com) they shrugged their shoulders. We have since moved on to another provider. It was quite the storm of criticism that was weathered from all sides. It made going forward from two issues an interesting proposition. After all, with all the criticism, The Invisible College was being provided absolutely free of charge to anyone who wanted it. With that in mind, we talked with our next artist, A. Andrew Gonzalez about P.O.D. (print on demand) He suggested LuLu.com, and with that, the 3rd issue, featuring Andrews art was produced, taking about 2 months longer in the process striving to get everything right, after all, it was going into print after all.

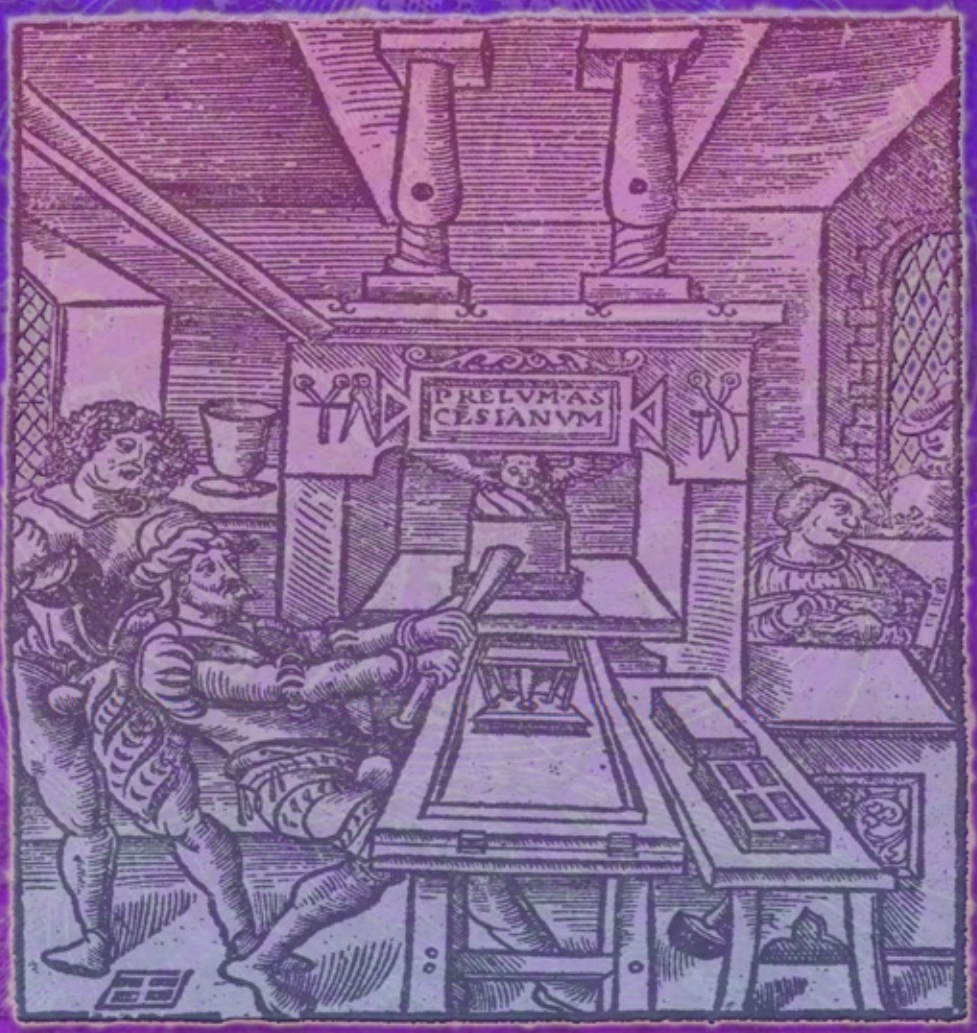
After the 3rd edition we had a successful 4th edition, again sinking many hours into it, but finding the results quite pleasing. Everyone was a bit worn down, and we walked away from the goal of producing 4 issues a year. As it has been noted many times, The Invisible College is not so much an exercise in journalism as it is of a work of art. Each page is crafted, and wrought individually in photoshop, sometimes going through some 24 hours of work to achieve the look that we want. One reader suggested that it is more of a tapestry laid out on paper, and we can accept that. At times it is a bit frayed on the edges, but the weave is beautiful.

We are looking to move more to full on printing as we move into our next phase. As it stands, POD is wonderful on the enviornmental side, and intitial layout of funds (except in hours of course) but with LuLu.com's recent elevation of prices, it puts the P.O.D. version out of touch for many people. We would like to remedy that, and are pursuing publishing the magazine in more traditional ways.

The Invisible College is now looking to find a way to be sustainable, and economically viable. We are playing with several scenarios, and will let you know what we have come up with once we arrive in the correct scenario. In the mean time, we will continue as we have for at least a couple of issues until all the kinks are ironed out.

We were very close to finishing the fifth edition, when the economic melt down accelerated. Suffice to say that little situation combined with other events helped to derail the finishing up of #5 earlier. We find ourselves in a world that is rapidly going through changes, and we would be mistaken to think that what comes after will be anything like we imagined. It seems the event horizon has taken a new and novel twist as of late. This begs the question, will there be room for art and independent media? As opposed to some (like the RNC reps in the US Congress) we say: Yes! Your reading this is proof that people want something other than the official channels.

The next couple of years should be interesting for The Invisible College, and its allies (see the info on The Journeybook!). Through these type of publications and the efforts of the emerging press in whatever form it takes, the coming years will be exciting times, so stay tuned, and we thank you for your continued support!





Introduction to The Journeybook:

The Metaphysical Cartography

A few months back a friend went on a psychedelic pilgrimage to California for his first Grateful Dead concert sans Jerry Garcia. By bizarre coincidence he'd parked his car right near the Googleplex: a series of suburban blocks with interlocking offices and parklands that serves as the global headquarters for Google, the world's most popular search engine. Tripping through the Googleplex at night he said: "there was this inescapable feeling that we were in a maze... You couldn't help but feel you were *in* the search engine." Neither Google nor the acid could help him find his car, but his story does highlight what is potentially the biggest issue facing planetary culture in our turbulent times: the need for a map. What exactly does that mean? And what does all this have to do with psychedelics, you might ask?

Well the type of map we need to help steer us to a sustainable future can't be drawn by hand. We need to see beyond the contours of the collapsing global paradigm and the reality tunnels we have inherited – and we need to do it fast. Psychedelics, hallucinogens, entheogens, sacred plants, spirit molecules: whatever you want to call them, they function at the level of dreams, poetry and magic. Under their spell the invisible landscape becomes visible and the profane world is once again understood to be connected to the Divine.

Psychedelics are one of the change agents that can help us make this connection back to the sacred, but they are not the only one. Unlike meditation, prayer, or art, however, they have been made illegal by the temporary laws of the day. Why? This is one of the central ethical questions which must be answered. As anarchist-theorist Hakim Bey has said: "Global Capital and universal Image seem able to absorb almost any 'outside' and transform it into an area of commodification and control. But somehow, for some strange reason, Capital appears unable or unwilling to absorb the entheogenic dimension. It persists in making war on mind-altering or transformative substances, rather than attempting to 'co-opt' and hegemonise their power. In other words it would seem that some sort of authentic power is at stake here."

Over forty years ago another generation tried to seize back the power of defining their own reality. We forget in this day and age of fast breeding social networks, virtual economies and Second Lives, that we are living in an altered technological space birthed by the expanded awareness of the 60s generation. Modern media would have us believe that the psychedelic experience is something intrinsically bound to ageing hippies, tie-die, acid tabs and cosmic pronouncements, but nothing could be further from the truth.

As the stories in this collection show, the shamanic perspective has existed in all indigenous cultures, and it is now slowly resurfacing in the West in what underground philosopher Terence McKenna has called an 'archaic revival'. The Journeybook allows you to travel through time and space and partake of mushrooms at Harvard, hemp in Nimbin, DMT in the Amazon and anti-depressants in the suburbs of the West, toname but a few of the experiences which await you. Dance at Dionysian festivals, meet alchemists in the laboratories of Switzerland, trippers in the corporate highrises of Brisvegas, and journey to the edge of the universe within our anthology's pages...

As the observant reader will also note, The Journeybook has a different format than the traditional linear reading experience. With the 'flip-book' format you can start your journey with the shamanic history of altered states, or begin with the chemical stories of the 21st century. The page numbers count down from the edges and both pathways lead to the centre.

Rak Razam
Editor

www.thejourneybook.com





PUBLISHING ON THE FRONTIERS OF CONSCIOUSNESS:
an interview with Rak Razam, editor of The Journeybook
by Jennifer McMahon

JM: Rak, you're editor of this little nugget of consciousness…

RR: It's a big journey Jen, it's the journey of a lifetime.

JM: How did the idea to compile a psychedelic anthology come about, and why is Undergrowth.org publishing it?

RR: Well Undergrowth has always been about promoting and discussing alternative memes and consciousness issues. We have a focus on activism and ecology and the like, but all these themes arise from consciousness, so psychedelic issues – and solutions – have always been part of our publishing endeavour.

I co-founded undergrowth.org with Tim Parish, my fellow editor and art director in early 2004, so this is our fourth year in business as a not-for-profit organisation. Undergrowth has done eight independent press books (one of which was a DVD, another an art book), many of which are still available as e-books online at our website [www.undergrowth.org/e_books] and The Journeybook is the eighth one.

Each different book we've done has explored different themes about contemporary culture or the underground – or counter culture – or progressive ideas with art, literature; sort of the crème de crème of Australian alternative artists and writers and media makers.

So issue eight has been no exception, except it's a full coffee-table size book with a print run in the thousands, and we're targeting it at the larger global psychedelic and counter-cultural community. It's called Journeybook: Travels on the frontiers of consciousness. We do have a number of authors from Australia and overseas exploring issues about psychedelics, hallucinogens, sacred plants, shamanism, our connection to the earth and spiritual awakening. There really is such a tremendous amount of top-quality writing and art in this book that I like to call it "the world's best psychedelic anthology".

We have over 50 pages of full colour art by professional photographers and artists that really help convey a sense of what the psychedelic experience is all about. We also have a carefully curated selection of Non-fiction articles, first person narrative trip reports and interviews by Daniel Pinchbeck, Eric Davis, Stanislav Grof, Dennis McKenna, brother of the late Terence McKenna, who also has a previously unpublished interview in the collection, and a lot of new material by well known and new writers and artists.

In curating the selection of material we wanted to take the reader on a journey through the history of altered states, and also into a firstperson travelogue type account of the main plant sacraments and modern chemicals that alter our consciousness and at times can bring us closer to the planet and a sense of the divine. We cover most of the main plant sacraments from ayahuasca, marijuana, san pedro, datura, salvia divinorum, magic mushrooms, etc; and modern substances like LSD, ecstasy, DMT, DMX, ketamine, and a slew of polysyllabatic recchems, but all are fresh first-person accounts of people's journeys of discovery.

The Journeybook also has a fun "flip-book" format and an "innerspace timeline" charting significant dates in consciousness, both of which lead the reader on a journey through the material in the book. It's really a self-contained "primer" not just for the converted, but for those who know nothing about these materials. It's designed to be able to show to your parents, friends – anyone who is open to learning about the shamanic and the other in a lush, well-written compilation.

JM: Why did you do it?

RR: We felt the time was right after 50 years of hallucinogens being put in the class A or 1 category of illegal drugs, they're now being reconsidered by medical science and also by the establishment as a whole, for what they can do for our species. I guess, especially in this time of global warming, financial collapse and rapid paradigm shift we wanted to connect people to the awareness of the earth through sacraments, not necessarily drugs, and have some type of spiritual awareness.

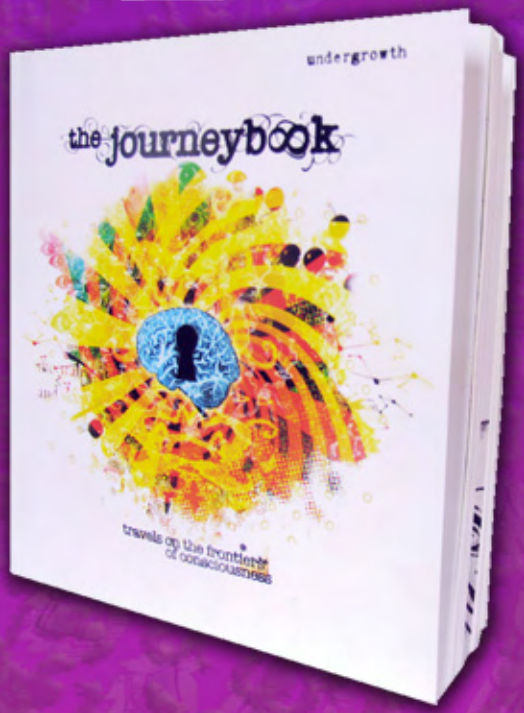
A central tenet of The Journeybook is that this has a long cultural history not just for the last 50 or 60 years, but all through time immemorial: all indigenous cultures and tribes have had a connection with the earth through the plants and sacred interfaces. We wanted to showcase that history and awareness in a professional, cutting edge package presented in an artistic manner.

JM: Your own experiences in that realm have been quite profound as elucidated by your articles. Do you think we need to go to South America, for instance, and train with the shamans there to find enlightenment?

RR: There's two stories – "Jungle Fever" (recounting the ayahuasca tourism movement in Peru) and "Surfing" (a detailed report about a DMT incursion whist wired to an EEG machine reading brainwaves) which recount my gonzo reporting experiences in Peru in 2006. But ultimately I believe there's a 'jungle in our soul' and I don't think we have to go to some far-flung country to find it. I think we just have to touch that part of ourselves which wants true meaning in life and quests for something authentic and you don't have to take drugs to get that but you have to try to connect in a spiritual sense, which is where indigenous knowledge is invaluable. That's what this book is getting at.

Its getting at consciousness itself and that's on the rise at the moment across the planet. We've gone through eight years of the War on Terror and there's an equal and opposite thing as the paradigm shifts and the planet awakens and the people awaken themselves and want to live more sustainably. All these elements are talked about in The Journeybook. We're not advocating anyone taking anything illegal. We're not advocating doing anything illegal. But we are encouraging people to think for themselves and look at breadth of history behind these ideas and how these models of awareness may help us chart a course towards a sustainable future.

PRESS RELEASE



Undergrowth # 8: The Journeybook: Travels on the frontiers of consciousness
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www.thejourneybook.com

Undergrowth #8: *The Journeybook* is an essential map of hyperspace for the contemporary psychonaut and the uninitiated alike. Travel through time and space and partake of mushrooms at Harvard, hemp in Nimbin, DMT in the Amazon and anti-depressants in the suburbs of the West, to name but a few of the experiences which await you. Dance at Dionysian festivals, meet alchemists in the laboratories of Switzerland, trippers in the corporate highrises of Brisvegas, and journey to the edge of the universe within our anthology's pages...

The Journeybook is an anthology of altered states, essays, history and manifesto for psychedelic culture in the 21st century. It covers the modern usage of sacramental plants and offers insights into traditional and contemporary shamanism, as well as analysis of the current state of global psychedelic culture and its place in a sustainable future.

It features interviews with Terence McKenna (previously unpublished), Dennis McKenna, Daniel Pinchbeck, as well as articles by Rak Razam, Erik Davis, Graham St John, Tim Parish, Tim Boucher, Dave Cauldwell, Des Tramacchi, Brummbaer and IS. At 250 pages, it is fully illustrated with over 50 pages of colour paintings, photography and digital graphics from the Undergrowth art collective, including new works by regular Undergrowth contributors Gerhard Hillmann, Oliver Dunlop, Izwoz, Ahimsa, Tim Parish, Rak Razam and others. The Journeybook is an essential handbook for those interested in the subject of consciousness, spirituality and understanding the rich pharmacopia of thought that exists beyond the confines of mainstream cosmology.

Read on. Tune in. Discover.
www.thejourneybook.

EDITOR: Rak Razam
ART DIRECTION, DESIGN & ASSISTANT EDITOR: Tim Parish

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:

Tim Boucher is an itinerant scholar pursuing mastery in the personal and party sciences, with a focus on cultivating shared value communities and connecting creative people to the resources, inspiration and collaborators they need to make things happen... timboucher.com

Brummbaer is a German-born digital artist living in LA, noted for his signature hallucinogenic style. In 2003 he wrote the autobiographical novel: On The Street – DXM in 1964 – or My Best Friend Jesus, which recounted his experiments in the 1960s with the drug dextromethorphanhydrobromide (DXM). brummbaer.net

Dave Cauldwell is a freelance writer and photographer with a plant bent based in Melbourne, Australia, who decries the cultural wall as one thick concrete and steel sucker. Let's see if we can make a few cracks... He is currently writing his first novel.

Darpan is a healer, musician, performance artist, and vision quest facilitator and probably Australia's best known shamanic practitioner. He has devoted himself to learning the ways of ayahuasca and using its wisdom to heal and enlighten a wave of Western spiritual seekers. - darpan.com

Erik Davis is an award-winning journalist, independent scholar, and lecturer based in San Francisco. He is the author, most recently, of The Visionary State: A Journey through California's Spiritual Landscape, Led Zeppelin (33 1/3) and TechGnosis: Myth, Magic, and Mysticism in the Age of Information. - techgnosis.com

DSM-V is a Layman Psychedelic Hobbyist and dilettante amateur entheonaut, specialising in the textual and procedural potentiation of the psychedelic and entheogenic experiences. Interests include the collision of research arrogance and precision humility, and the intersection of psychedelia and entheogenesis with the potentiation of active conscience.

Kevin Furnas was a spiritual seeker from San Francisco who spent many years exploring and learning from various cultures around the world. After training with ayahuasca and other native plants at the Sachamama Ethnobotanical centre In Peru, Kevin began practicing as a shaman before his untimely death in April, 2007. - kevinfurnas.com

Stanislav Grof, M.D., Ph.D., is a psychiatrist with over forty years experience of research into non-ordinary states of consciousness (induced by psychedelic substances and various non-drug techniques) and one of the founders and chief theoreticians of transpersonal psychology and holotropic breathwork. - holotropic.com

DJ Krusty was one of the first wave of doof/ trance music technoshamans in Australia in the 1990s, spreading the psychedelic vibe at events such as ConFest, Earthcore, Earthdance, Every Picture Tells a Story, and more. Cofounder of the Green Ant label, he was also one of the driving forces behind the Australian trance festival Rainbow Serpent.

IS The mysterious entity known only as IS is an enigma wrapped in a riddle. A spiritual seeker on the fringes of consciousness, he could be all – or any of us. And maybe that's the point.

Dennis McKenna is one of the leading figures in the global psychedelic and scientific communities investigating plant entheogens and indigenous plant medicines. He was involved with the 'Hoasca Project' studying ayahuasca usage by members of the Church de Vegetal and recently issued the manifesto 'Ayahuasca and Human Destiny'.

Terence McKenna was a writer, philosopher, and ethnobotanist who helped give voice to psychedelic culture throughout the 80s and 90s. He is noted for his many speculations on the use of psychedelic, plant-based hallucinogens, and subjects ranging from shamanism, the development of human consciousness and novelty theory. levity.com/eschaton/hyperborea.html

Terence McPhillip started eating tree bark in 2003. The rest is history: present, and future, and occasionally time. If you find him in your blind spot, keep turning your head – but you'll never quite catch up... And if The Domino Has Dropped TM, the party's started... so get off your ass and P.

Daniel Pinchbeck has written features for The New York Times Magazine, Esquire, Wired, Harper's Bazaar, The Village Voice, Salon, and many other publications. His books Breaking Open The Head and 2012: The Return of Quetzalcoatl have defined him as one of the pre-eminent voices in the new psychedelic landscape today. - breakingopenthehead.com

Rak Razam is a new wave entheogenic researcher and the co-founder of Undergrowth.org. He writes and edits on counter-culture, spirituality and technology issues and is currently the gonzo reporter-at-large for Australian Penthouse. His forthcoming book on ayahuasca culture: Aya, a shamanic odyssey will be out in 2009. - rakrazam.com

Graham St John is a cultural anthropologist with an interdisciplinary research interest in contemporary youth, techno and dance cultures, the anthropology of ritual and performance, and the sociology of the newest social movements. He recently edited Rave Culture and Religion and also Free NRG: notes from the edge of the dancefloor, amongst others. - edgecentral.blogspot.com

Des Tramacchi is a doofologist and occasional lecturer in religious studies at the University of Queensland. He has published articles and chapters on psychedelic dance cultures and entheogenic experiences. He has recently completed a PhD about DMT visions.

Ustaath is a mystical-atheist-panprotopsychist-gaianist and a member of the Chilluminati. He is involved with the Consciousness Cafe in establishing dialogues about human consciousness and understanding the transhuman future of the 21st century.

Peter Webster is an independent psychedelic researcher, chemist, creator of The Psychedelic Library, review editor and writer for the International Journal of Drug Policy (1997-2003). Published articles in: Journal of Psychoactive Drugs, Journal of CannabisTherapeutics, Ann. Med. Interne, Eleusis, International Journal of Drug Policy, Cannabis Health Journal. - psychedelic-library.org

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS:

Ahimsa: Love AKA Daish Malani was a dreamer.. although mainly while he was awake. After studying visual art and design and taking part in many exhibitions using many different mediums, he got sucked in to the world of 3D graphics, overlaying patterns and images to create something you saw somewhere once, if you'll admit it! - ahimsa-creative.com

Dirk Bonsma is one of Switzerland's most productive poster artists. He startedback in the late 1970s, doing posterart and has enjoyed a prolific career as visual artist ever since. His picture of Albert Hofmann's first bicycle ride was a highlight of the 2006 LSD conference in Basel.

John Bowman has travelled to Peru three times now to connect with ayahuasca. He has a growing collection of audio recordings and photographs of curanderos and ayahuasca ceremonies which have been published in Australian Penthouse.

Oli Dunlop is a photographer/ filmmaker/ painter/obsessive dabbler on an Ahabstyle mission to plunge into the pulsating infinite and document the acceleration towards the tipping point of global entropy. His artwork beholds the quintessence of mind and the elegance of reality.

Vance Gellert is a photographer and curator whose work has been exhibited and published internationally. His recent exhibition Smoke and Mirrors: On Ritual, Ceremony and Medicinal Plants documents the use of medicinal plants with indigenous shamans in South America. - vancegellert.com

Gerhard Hillmann (Naturesface) is best known for his organic photo montage style of creating vibrant images. He has been absorbed in his artwork now for over fifteen years. With a background in photography he has travelled to many countries in search of experiences which trigger the imagination and inspiration in people. Music and nature will always be his biggest influence. - naturesface.com.au

Izwoz creations have been inspired by the fusion of nature with technology, ancient myth and future prophecy and the comical transformation of earth species into new life. Every Izwoz formation is created with intent to reflect the holographic quality of universal creativity and the twisted mystery within. - izwoz.com.au

Gwyllm Llwydd has swum through the seas of art & enthogensia since 1966. His early artistic influences were Wilifred Sätty, Rick Griffin and various schools of Buddhist Mandala Art, the secrets of which have been the basis of his art ever since. He currently publishes The Invisible College magazine on earthrites.org

Maria Calem Louro is a Portuguese gypsy-media-maker. At the Basel LSD conference in 2006 she photographed the creme-de la creme of the global psychedelic elite, including Albert Hofmann, with a small cuddly green alien plush toy!

Robin Mutoid is best known for his sculpture and activism. Co-founder of Mutoid Waste company, a UK crew that turned scrap into art during the free festival 80s, Robin has become a mainstay of the doof scene in Australia with his Earthdream convoys to the red centre as a build up for tribal convergence there in 2012. earthdream.net

Tim Parish is the art director and co-editor of Undergrowth.org and it's sister site Nomadology. His hybrid art practice moves across painting, screen arts, creative writing, and graphic design. Art from this book are selections from two exhibitions of paintings, 'Visions of Mu' in Tokyo 2007, and 'The World Tree' Melbourne 2008. - undergrowth.org/user/verb

Andy Ross – Self existing White Dog, Fire Dragon, Aquamarine, clear quartz, Poska's, spitfire wheels, Ironlak, Independant Trucks, Mum, Dad, Brother, Girlfriend, fluorite crystal skull, healing, yoga, sometimes, always, todayoist, self taught, here and nowist, merkabah, shapes, colour, sound, manifestation, activation, learning, evolving, gratitude, the internet is collective consciousness for the unevolved, LSD...

Shiptu Shaboo AKA Hayden Peters is a visual artist working in 2D, 3D, animation, web design, fashion and print. He also works in film and video making music videos, and VJing for The Big Day Out, Exodus and Earthcore.
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Web: www.thejourneybook.com



Poet In Transition

Juris Ahn / Dr. Con

end

today
I will hear
a new story
be told:
we were light
long before matter
learn that dance
is a form of return
feel sympathy
for a friend
whose brother
has lung cancer
see someone get lost
his knots effecting
interactions, that young
males are often unnecessarily
cruel, stuck in learned fables
of acceptable roles
transferring anxiety
to anyone who can bear it
see slides of Peru
embracing the tension
between already failing
western paradigms
and shocked indigenous
wisdom

But right now
on my way to get coffee
the clouds stack just so
against a house and tree
lined hillside, the air is cleaned
by last night, and the warm
chill expanding my chest
reminds me how this perfect
end is why we even bother
with beginning.

Sermon

The end of a relationship
is never easy. Some like Tobacco
and the Christian God
linger for years, a subtle power
that informs all interactions
unless you are willing to stand at the gate
and declare: "I am Human"

All poisons have a purpose
sometimes cheap Astrology
makes perfect sense, personal not vague
calls to a shared humanity
an eerie sense the columnist investigated
your pillow, before announcing: "Unwanted
friends will come for advice today"

On Sundays, I sit unshowered, half dressed
on my bed, watching Old Reruns
my Partner and I, drink beer and share cigarettes
in communion, one by one they come
proof that we never suffer alone
bringing snacks and more drinks
speaking their truth during commercials
enumerating the pitfalls of apparent free-will
and its influence on those who do not have it
or jury how we use it. When the Holy Fever
sets in, Dead Soldiers and fast food wrappers
become a wall, easily destroyed
with one blow from a horn
other times we can only murmur:
"This Irritation too is Spirit"

Monday morning
and there are more unopened bottles than empty
the congregation has gone home
and we are still
to this no judgment is appended.

Metate

Grinding through the young hipster Yaqui
tells us that "Metate is used by my people
to designate the time of stirring up the Spirits"
transgressing borders, mixing things up, invitations
abound for this activity

know it all, running from friends now become enemies
wraiths dominate feminine discourse on television
a friend asks for my input on potential girlfriends, "Fat
I can't stand, its just the way I'm built," excuses echo
across the space between, yes and there, no there there

We were talking about the elections and dreams of collapse
the oddity of big historical events in the Panopticon Age
the second shooter fades into missing planes and oil barons
try to kick by sending their post traumatic stress disorder
butlers into MDMA therapy, outlaws chuckling on the irony
of it all, handing bankers the keys to Fort Knox, expecting
as Newton did, to alchemically change lead into gold. And
it all makes sense from a certain angle- starting a sentence
with 'and' being one example of liquidity

just didn't expect to be slapped back down
Ein Soph ain't just a veil, its a teaming
barrier filled with grammarians
guarding endless nothing
evil seems meaningless
here, STOP, Reboot
now it all makes
sense again.



Tidal

Fire truck, shoots by, sirens wailing
the car won't start. I'm thinking
of waves, melting glaciers, and cities
buried in water, cultures, families lost.
You're impatient,
eager to go into the mountains
another head to be washed, initiation
into the mystery, a re-birth
fresh eyes cleaned with herbs and songs
and dance. The mechanic is stealing time-
I should be packing for redwoods and river,
you are already on the road, just your body
paces here. We see smoke, another fire, or
just remnants of coastal fog?
Wondering how one stops the moon from
drowning what our civilization holds dear,
he arrives in a gust of apology: Been a busy
morning No doubt. As your car starts
and body and mind arrive at the same motion
I send this message to the oldborn:
Recognize the tide when you see it,
and say Hi to the moon.

When you get there

When you get there
you will know what to do
on meeting a Stranger
always use a mirror
to make sure it isn't you

no use in pointing out the subtle beauty
of those narrow leaves against the violet
blossoms, as I share it the moment is gone
back to taking responsibility for what you know
games of denial, are what keeps us here
ten by ten, should be so simple to map

I'll take this wall
you take that

the sun burns
in the air between us
cognitive disarray

a rattle, a key
back to writing nothing.

First Person Plural

I feel bad when entering a new home
and fail to greet the House Gods
but part of me will take care of it
not the Atheist, or the Horse

or even the Priest
a failure of language
or an emergent necessity
when exploring Interiors
learning to greet any Voice
that emerges carrying Light
that illuminates the pretend Darkness
surrounding the Singular-

We does not cut it
after all, it denies the Source
but Me's or I's, is a mess
or is it? Walking down
a single lane road
beneath towering Redwoods
and Summer Fern smells

a Woman walking her dog
greets me, and points to a Rose
I smell it and we laugh and signal
the impossibility of description
we part and the day continues
but I know that at that moment-
I turn and walk both ways.

Dr. Concrescence Bio

Dr. Con in Transition: a fictional assay on the poet Juris d. Ahn

About 20 years ago, Juris d. Ahn began to write a sci-fi novel based in the time after the 'end of history.' Faced with the conundrum of Terrence McKenna's 'End of History,' the always inquisitive amateur scholar guessed that since history is a record of death than the logical meaning derived from Terrence's glyph, was an end to death. Although the novel was placed sometime after 2012, as the years passed it became apparent that something a whole lot weirder than such an eschatonic moment was in the works.

Our poor half baked hero Juris was just trying to sort out his post death visions, the YHVH Interstellar fleet, the preemptive kundalini strike, the in-jokes of death, etc.— Instead he had created a sub-personality whose inherent strange attractor was the 'Coming together of parts to make a whole.' With this burden he stole the name from his now abandoned novel for a small nutraceutical company he had created with a unique psychotropic 'medicine' called DZ. Initially developed as a safe substitute for the then popular Herbal Exstacy, it became a favorite of self help gurus and group therapists. A little too subtle for the hyper-real of a rave although just entheogenic enough to open otherly communications. By the time the project had been abandoned Dr. Con had emerged as a voice willing to talk about the 'Big Picture' the inherent dis-ease of the postmodern condition.

As the world began to shake with destructive eco-practices, end stage capitalism, and the techno singularity bomb, the name Dr. Con gained his own notoriety. DC was invited to Burning Man because his name appeared on camp list while Juris tried to sleep trying to stave off the nightmares induced by his life choices.

DC had a cult following, one that was a little more insidious than Juris's first attempt at Guru. The seriously damaged responded to his half drunken shimmered whispers with a sometimes cloying desire to shift their shadows onto the other: Friendships ended, curses were part of the collage, and Guest Friends spread thrilling rumors and lies.

There was a time during Juris's first stab at guruhood, when the sacrament flowed freely, confused and bemused during a confessional acid test, he found himself on a water-bed with about 10 to 1000 people in the room — all asking questions and without any hesitation, he would answer. Until a trickster in the guise of a well-meaning friend appeared in the doorway and shouting through the spirit limbs asked the most profound question (The reader will of course see the parallels to the myth of Genesis) "What the fuck is going on here?" The party ended, but with such a delicate personality structure, as this is it any wonder that Dr. Con became as real as Juris? And what was he to do but mount a rebellion before the promised excrescence came crashing down upon our heads. As it nears, obvious questions arise about community, who we can turn to when the collapse happens so when Gwyllm asked me to contribute to this issue, it all seemed so obvious. Dr. Con and Juris have been dealing consciously with community for many years, have bought and passed the CIIS cohort test, and generally cherish and hold dear my odd friends and family. And yet the depth of what seems to be happening to the personal and global perspectives causes ripples across our multiple assumptions about who and what we are. It is time for shadow work, to examine our fundamental beliefs about culture and communities. We have all been betrayed, little demons poke there heads out of the strangest corners, unifying perspectives that were once

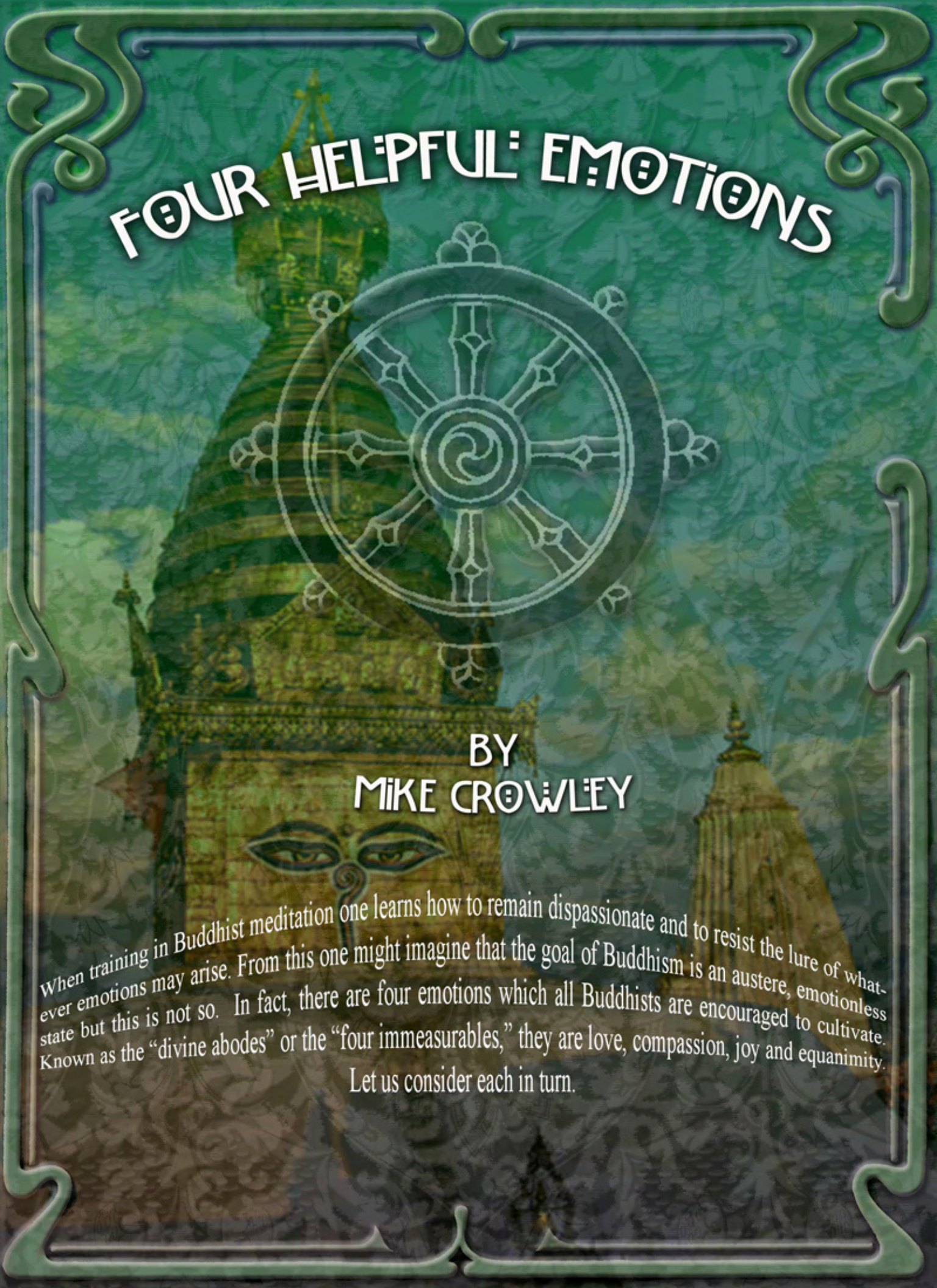


Shoulder to shoulder or good neighbors and clear fences — Nothing remains in its box: we are complicit, we are both responsible and not, the sound of drums echoes from caverns that went too deep, and we are constantly invited back to the surface by infinite distraction. Dr. Con and Juris need to be reunited, but so must we all in communities and ecologies.

The fleet is coming. Or they are not. The self is a host or it is some interior unified global conception. May you live in interesting times, the old Chinese curse, with luck these poems will help to find a response. Or not.

Dr. Con & Juris d. Ahn

FOUR HELPFUL EMOTIONS



BY
MIKE CROWLEY

When training in Buddhist meditation one learns how to remain dispassionate and to resist the lure of whatever emotions may arise. From this one might imagine that the goal of Buddhism is an austere, emotionless state but this is not so. In fact, there are four emotions which all Buddhists are encouraged to cultivate. Known as the "divine abodes" or the "four immeasurables," they are love, compassion, joy and equanimity. Let us consider each in turn.

Love

Before proceeding further we must be quite clear that this love is not *romantic* love, the emotional Pandora's Box of infatuation, unrequited love, obsession and rejection. (How could any of those mental states be remotely beneficial?) Rather, this "love" is defined quite simply as "wanting someone to be happy". That's all. If you want someone to be happy then you love them. At least, in Buddhist terms you do.

Obviously, the opposite of love is ill-will. In the traditional terminology of the divine abodes, this is known as the "far enemy" of love. As we might imagine, if love has a "far enemy" it also has a "near enemy." For each of the divine abodes, their "near enemies" are far more insidious than their "far enemies." In the case of love, for example, it is quite possible to believe that we love someone while all the time we are merely fixating on them for our own, selfish, gratification. This is not love at all but love's "near enemy" – selfish attachment. One way to avoid selfish attachment to a person is to consciously broaden the scope of our love until it includes all beings.

Begin with loving yourself. Go ahead, wish that you were happy. Now, don't you think everybody else would like to be happy, too? Well, let's wish they could be. You might start by wish happiness for all the people you know, your family and friends. Then consider acquaintances and those who are indifferent to us – neighbors perhaps and workmates. Let's wish they could be happy too. Next, there are those who actively dislike us. It is very important that we wish them happiness, too. They may not like us but that's no reason not to wish them well. Then there are all those people we've even never met. You don't know them but, come on, they've never done you any harm - let's wish happiness for them, too. Now you have included everyone on the planet. You are radiating your love, your wish for happiness, to all human beings but why stop there? We can extend our love beyond humans to all creatures, on land, below ground, in the air and in water. One may even include beings on other planets. Perhaps you believe in gods, ghosts or goblins. Fair enough, include those too. When love is extended to all beings in this way it becomes the practice of "universal love."

May I let go the bounds of the heart-mind, awaken, and be free.
May I open to the joy in others, and be happy.
May we open to each other's joy, and be happy.
May we be happy. May we be peaceful. May we be free.



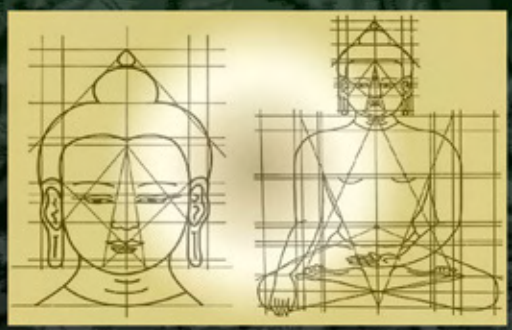
Compassion

The complement to "wanting someone not to be happy" is compassion - defined as "wanting someone not to suffer". The true meaning of compassion is evident in its etymology: in Latin, *com-* meant "with" and *passio* meant "I suffer". Thus, if we really have compassion for someone we suffer with them. We truly feel their pain. Incidentally, sympathy is exactly analogous but is derived from Greek (*sym-* "with" + *pathein* "to suffer"). The indigenous English equivalent is the splendid yet sadly underused word *fellowfeel.*

As one may imagine, feeling someone else's pain is... well... painful. It's not a barrel of laughs. It's hard to maintain. In fact, it's much easier to indulge in mere pity while telling ourselves that we are being compassionate. In effect, pity distances us from the sufferer and we tell ourselves, "Poor thing, thank heavens I'm not suffering like that". Now, pity is not necessarily a bad thing (it can motivate us to contribute to a charity, for instance) but it's no substitute for the real thing - truly suffering with someone.

So, just as it is possible to mistake attachment for love, pity is the "near enemy" of compassion and it has the same cure. Beginning with yourself, think how much you dislike suffering and wish that you could be relieved of all pains, physical mental and spiritual. When you are firm in your wish not to suffer, consider that all beings share this dislike of suffering. Then you can repeat the same sequence as before (friends, family, those who are indifferent to you, those who don□t like you, those who don't know you, the animal realm, aliens, supernatural beings) and this time, as you consider each group in turn, make the wish that they not suffer. When
compassion is extended to all beings in this way it becomes the practice of "universal compassion."

May I live with ease and in safety, free from physical affliction.
May I open to any physical suffering in me with courage, caring, and kindness.
May I live with ease, free of physical suffering.
May I live with ease, free of mental anguish.
May I open to any mental suffering in me with courage, caring, and kindness.
May I live with ease, free of mental suffering.
May I live with ease, free of suffering and the roots of suffering.
May I open to the suffering I see in others.
May we open to each other's suffering with courage, caring, and kindness.
May we live with ease, free of suffering and the roots of suffering.

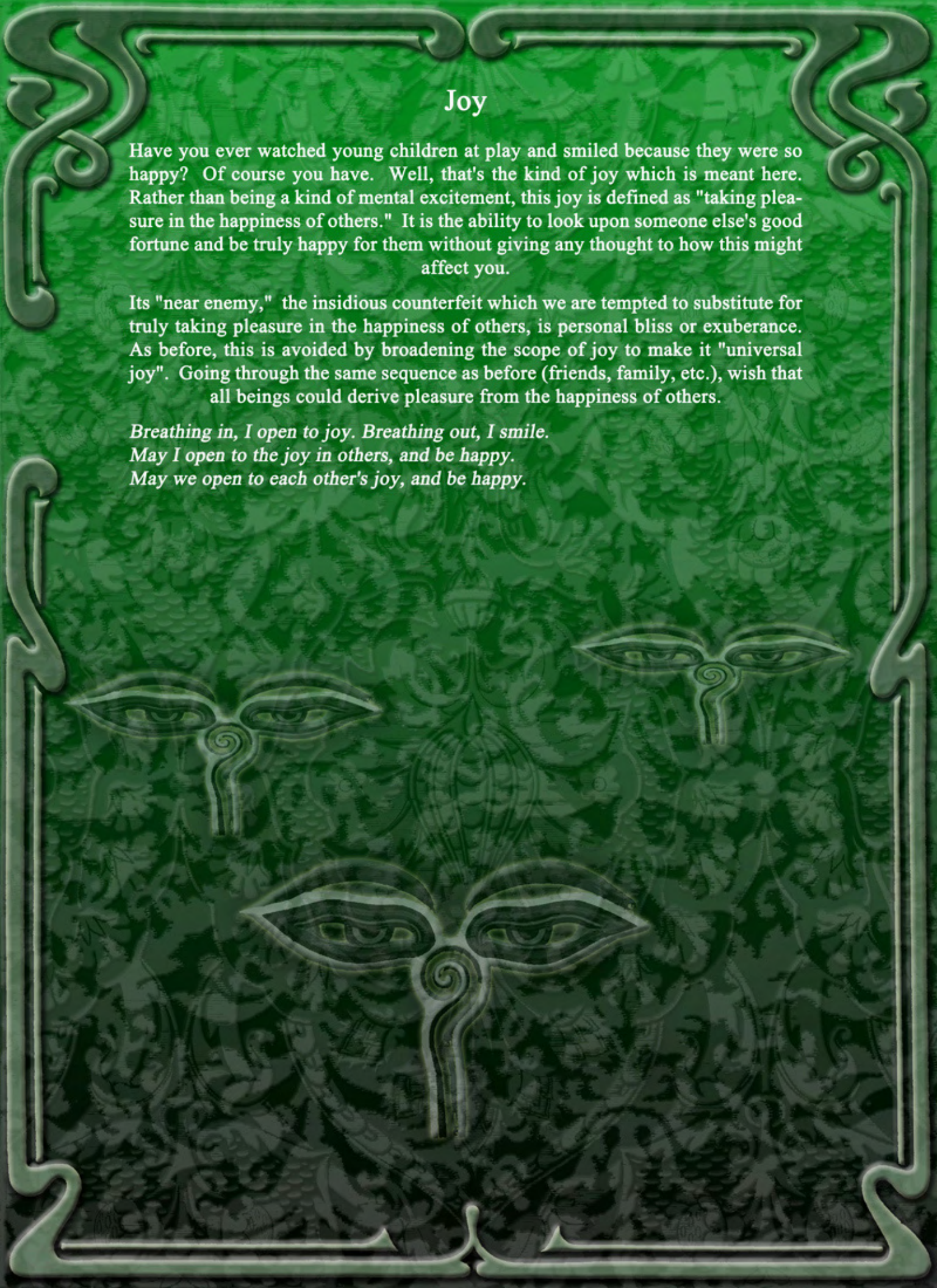


Joy

Have you ever watched young children at play and smiled because they were so happy? Of course you have. Well, that's the kind of joy which is meant here. Rather than being a kind of mental excitement, this joy is defined as "taking pleasure in the happiness of others." It is the ability to look upon someone else's good fortune and be truly happy for them without giving any thought to how this might affect you.

Its "near enemy," the insidious counterfeit which we are tempted to substitute for truly taking pleasure in the happiness of others, is personal bliss or exuberance. As before, this is avoided by broadening the scope of joy to make it "universal joy". Going through the same sequence as before (friends, family, etc.), wish that all beings could derive pleasure from the happiness of others.

Breathing in, I open to joy. Breathing out, I smile.
May I open to the joy in others, and be happy.
May we open to each other's joy, and be happy.



Equanimity

A truly great mind, rooted in awareness, is not swayed by the instinctive impulses of attraction and aversion. It is indifferent to the "eight extremes" of gain and loss, fame and infamy, praise and blame, pain and pleasure. Those who practice quality of equanimity or even-mindedness are beyond the extremes of attachments and resentments.

It should be stressed, however, that what Buddhists mean by equanimity is not apathy. There is no benefit in cultivating a state of indifference to one's surroundings. In fact, quite the reverse is true. Apathetic indifference is the "near enemy" of equanimity. The remedy? You guessed it - "universal equanimity." As before, one considers friends, family, etc. in turn and wishes that each group could enjoy the merits of a calm, stable mind, free from extremes.

May I open to the silence and stillness within me, and be at peace.
May we open to the silence and stillness in each other, and be at peace.



Conclusion

The practice of universal love, universal compassion, universal joy and universal equanimity is known as "the four immeasurables" and was taught by Buddha Shakyamuni himself. This powerful tool for developing a healthy mind is fundamental to all schools of Buddhism and many varieties of Buddhism have developed their own traditions. For instance, a Tibetan tradition states that each of the "near enemies" is corrected by one of the four immeasurables. Thus, compassion cures attachment, joy cures pity, equanimity cures excitement and love cures apathy.

While some form of "the four immeasurables" is practiced by all Buddhists, there is nothing in it which requires one to be a Buddhist. It may be put to good use by anyone of any, or no, religion. I recommend it to all as a daily practice and many have found it invaluable in curing depression.

May all sentient beings have happiness and its causes,
May all sentient beings be free of suffering and its causes,
May all sentient beings never be separated from bliss without suffering,
May all sentient beings be in equanimity, free of bias, attachment and anger.



THE WONDROUS ART OF



LEO PLAW

An Introduction To The Art Of Leo Plaw...

In my view, Leo Plaw's artwork bridges many different worlds of art... from Turner to Venosa, from Classical to Visionary.

I stumbled upon his art on the web about a year ago, and was struck by the sheer elegance of his work, its execution and finely wrought subject matter.

Leo's art strikes me as being is a hybrid, full of diverse elements but rooted in part in the English Romantic School (that is where the Turner comes in, you can see it in the use of light), yet it is absolutely modern, and presents quite a vibrant example of the modern School of Visionary Art.

Perhaps it is the choice of medium, being that he paints in oil. There is a sense of life present in his works, no matter what the subject is. I find his paintings full of motion and emotion with an edge of chaos floating just below the surface. Some might find the mention of chaos odd, but don't let the term misleasd you; the edge where chaos resides is where creation unfolds, and the struggle for the mind is to see the underlying patterns of perfection that is inherent in all chaos. This is where beauty erupts, unfolds and in that moment the Muse strides forth.

I hope to observe Leo Plaw's work as it unfolds in the years to come. His explorations, and honing of his skills promise much; I am very pleased to present his art to The Invisible College.

Blessings,

Gwyllm Llwydd

GANESHA



SOPHIA



IMG-028



HANUMAN



MANIFEST



DISSOLUTION



COLLISION-II



THOTH



Was painting an early passion? Was there a mentor who stimulated your passion for art?

Art has always been a passion for me, even as a small boy. For most of my childhood, I was drawing. Painting was something that came later. Although the passion for painting was always there. Drawing was always more immediate as the materials were easy to come by being often at hand.

No, I had no mentor. I was born into a farming family where there was no time for creative things. There was certainly no encouragement to pursue what was considered an insecure career in art. Other than the utmost basics I learnt in school, I'm self taught. So I'm self driven to create.

Do you use oil, acrylic?

Oil! The Rolls Royce of painting. Ok I might use an acrylic ground. I am also now using casein paint for my white underpainting.

Is there a subject you have been unable to capture?

In the beginning my paint technique was rather limiting. So when it came to luminous, glowing or energetic things, I was somewhat at a loss, and struggled for a time. Since being here in Europe, I have had the chance to see the Old Masters techniques first hand and talk to painters to practice it. I feel everything is within my reach given time and dedication.

You left Australia for Europe, does living in Berlin help inspire you, and if it does, can you put a finger on it? Ever miss Australia?

I wouldn't say Berlin inspired my artwork directly. It certainly is very interesting and creative place. There is a strong creative culture there. So it's very vitalizing. Visionary artwork isn't a big feature where everything is dominated by "contemporary" art. I live in London now, and the city itself doesn't hold much, but there are a few Fantastic and Visionary artists here.

Miss Australia? Ah the oft asked question, why are you over here (insert the cartoon bubble of the questioner dreaming of beaches, surfing and sunshine), and my short answer is, Europe has what we don't have, and Australia has what Europe lacks. Europe has the people, history and culture,Australia has the open spaces and lack of people. Everybody wants what they don't have.

All of that said. Having now lived here for five years, I do miss the mountains and rainforest. The grey skies and rain in Europe doesn't bother me at all.

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Would you say there is a spiritual component to your work?

I am inspired by spirit. It has always been the driving force of my artwork ever since I saw the works of Rosaleen Norton, the "Witch of Kings Cross". When I first saw her works, I realized that there were others out there who had the same impulses, choosing to render them to a visual form. Up until that point in time, I never knew of any others, but slowly a world of alternative spiritual outlooks opened up to me. Even so, after meet other people of similar persuasions, and meeting various groups, I found my own experience was still somewhat different. It was not until that I finally met others, who were also outsiders of the outsiders, people of their own personal experience, their own path, mystics, that I came to epiphany, that we all ultimately walk our own way.

Some time after arriving at this point of clarity, I had a vision. It happened out of the blue, on the street. Following this vision I finally committed myself to rendering my inner word to canvas.

Can you name some of your influences?

Rosaleen .....snip..... her inner spiritual life, and her conviction to follow it regardless of how others interpreted or misinterpreted her work.

James Gleeson is Australia's finest surrealist painter. The dark brooding atmospheres of dreamlike landscapes have a similar quality to some of the places I've ventured to in my dreaming. His virtuosity of colour and freedom of form (not freedom from form!) are awesome to behold. I have seen many of his works hanging in galleries.

William Turner is also a painter of atmospheres, but ones of more of light than forboding. Atmosphere, the emotion of the painting has always been important to me. I've always wanted my own works envelop the viewer.

A turning point in my technique me, was when a friend of mine introduced me to the works of Robert Venosa. This was for two reasons. The first being his technique. It was unlike anything that I had seen yet. It was so luminous and fluid. Here at last was a painter who truly painted with light. I only had access to reproductions of his artwork, so it was very hard to understand how he constructed them. This then lead me second reason being that in attempting to understand Venosa's technique, I started to discover his influences, and finally his teachers. The world of Fantastic Realism and Visionary art now awaited me as a undiscovered world.

Since relocating to Europe from Australia, I have had the opportunity to meet many wonderful artists and see their work first hand.

Has psychedelics had any influences on your art? And if yes, how so?

Psychedelics have not had any direct influence upon my art. While they may be great or certain inspiration, I find they also interfere. Psychedelics can be a useful tool, a sign post, but ultimately, it is the calling of our evolution to walk our path unaided, to allow the mind unfold, to blossom consciously.

Psychedelics are useful for illuminating the aspects of our selves that need work.

I found a glass of wine far more conducive to my painting than any psychedelic substance. It loosened me up, so I was not so controlling or cautious in my artwork, I discovered how to be fluid. In the process of letting go I discovered something very magical. I discovered the Muse. When not focused with my Ego, I found I was painting things that I considered beyond my skill. I was shown by the guiding hand, something greater than myself. At last I began to understand those inspired artists that we call the Masters.

It also became a spiritual lesson for me, I was being show the way of the mystics. Those who follow their own individual paths, with no filters, no middle men, a personal communion with the source.

Have you found certain themes drive your creative urge?

My themes are often shown to me. I often have no idea what the final painting will be until it starts to take shape. There have been also occasions where I have not come to understand the painting until after the painting was completed. I have had to learn patience to allow things to unfold.

I will on some occasions, see an image that will take me in a direction, that I will plan. So planned or unplanned, it always relates back to my inner life.

Do you ever work with other painters, say as muralist?

I have done a number of collaborative projects in the past and found it to be fun. Painters are usually solitary creatures, so its great to do something creatively together.

I've done a number of collaborative paintings with friends, and my previous lessons in letting go helped me immensely with this. I can approach such projects unattached, so I'm not too precious about the artwork, so I have no reservations if some one alters or paints over my addition. I have done one mural project with a stencil spray artist in a government office, but most of the others were on canvas.

The funniest collaboration was between myself and three other artist friends. We had four canvases, which we rotated amongst ourselves. The final day came, and Garth was late. The rest of us had three canvases standing against the wall. Finally Garth arrives... with something wrapped up, half the size of the other three. In sheer frustration, he had slashed the canvas. After calming down he came to the very lat eral solution of cutting the whole canvas up and collaging the pieces. It worked extremely well!

2008 has been an interesting year for me. The world has grown smaller with me finally meeting face to face with many Fantastic and Visionary artists I've been in contact with over the internet. It is because of this medium, the internet, they we are starting to see what were isolated artists coalesce into a worldwide movement. People are reaching out to each other and organizing. There is a collective vision that is being given shape.

What is that vision? While one of the defining features of Fantastic or Visionary art is the individual expressions, what unifies us is a sense greater than ourselves, that our existence is more than the perceptions of our five senses, the perception of linear time, or specific space, hard physical "reality".

These inward looking expressions (microcosmic) usually resonate to a macrocosmic grains of truth. I say grains of truth, because there are no total truths, only commonalities of experience or perception. That is why this art generates the interest it does, because people see mirrors reflecting truisms.

This is the difference between Surrealism and Fantastic Visionary art. Surreal is the absurd and irrational, Fantastic Visionary is ... and structured meaning. The subconscious versus the conscious and super conscious. Fantastic Visionary is more akin to the Symbolism than to Surrealism.

That is not to say that Surrealism is the antithesis, rather so it has been a beginning, one of free association, upon which the later Fantastic and Visionary has been inspired and built.

Fantastic and Visionary art is a journey of self discovery.Along with discovering ourselves, we are discovering, that we are not alone. We are seeing this when we search the internet and see the artwork of others. It is this empathetic recognition that is bringing us together to build our collective website projects. But the truly interesting part is when we are tempted to bridge our physical divides and meet others.

Now, there is a real synergy happening, where virtual friendships are deepening as true relationships. Fantastic Visionary artists are gathering, with a real presence and ultimately showing others of less artistic bent, those not blessed with skill to render what they see, or even to those who inner creative vision is not yet fully awakened, that there other possibilities, limitless ones, if we allow ourselves to dream.

By dreaming, I don't mean the autonomous nocturnal ramblings, I mean to day dream, or lucid dream - creative visualisation.

"We should respect dreams as much as we respect reality and sometimes our dreams are more powerful than reality."
Wolfgang Grasse.

We are the community that is unafraid to dream. We are creative people that recognize this in each other. That is the community of Fantastic Visionary which is taking shape.



Into The Zone
The Poems
of
Clark Heinrich



WHAT NOW?

It's hard to put your finger on
You know it's there
or I should say here
but it's hard to catch
As soon as you notice it
it disappears
It's enough to make you think
that maybe it's not

maybe it's not really there
I mean here or maybe it is
poised perfectly
right between was
and will be
where it belongs
It all depends
on what the meaning
of is is, I suppose,
and where here is,
and definitely
when now isa
nd especially who is
and finally
who is where when
and ultimately
as if there's an answer
why



POLES APART

Solar magnetism

I'll say it again:
Solar attraction

Give me liberty
or give me solar attraction
I think Jesus said that once
to a waiter

Sitting in this restaurant
waiting for my father
the sun is pulling for me

I change the waiter into wine
and drink myself dry

ON MY TOES

Get vertical

Horizons stretch farther
when seen while standing
Dreams stretch farther than horizons
even though seen while lying, it's true

But my strange polarity -
my perpendicularity -
is the crux of seeing

My verticality,
as opposed to supine reverie,
is rhapsody in rising,
a standing wave
that won't take it lying down

So up on your feet
Stand up and get wavy
Even in the grave
we can take a stand
if our heads
are in the right place

DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE

I don't know

I look around and say
there's so much beauty

Then I look around and say
there's pain in every other step

If there were joy as well
in every other step
I might be more balanced

I might walk straight and narrow
rather than meander like a river
with bank failure

It is possible
with proper footwear
to stand in heaven and hell
at the same time
although walking that way
can be a problem

Even so
it must be the reason
we have two feet



GET THE LEAD OUT

The man of light awoke
and in time became restless
and began to notice where he was

That's when he saw her
The woman

She was small and dark
and attractive as hell
and looked as though she abode
in the very heart of things

He liked what he saw
and stretched out to her,
lighting up everything
and casting shadows everywhere

He saw in her sheen
the reflection of himself,
saw his own beauty
instead of hers

But that did not matter to the
woman
She had the power to stay around
and take whatever he could give

She took it all
and hid him underneath her skirt
until she thought he was dead
And then she bore him like a son
and he popped out of her side
and he lies here now
upon the green earth
like a drop of blood

He knows by instinct
what has happened
He knows the feeling and the smell
of where he is
Now he needs to figure out
what to do about it

He wants to know:
What would you do?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Two become one and it starts,
a new blend of all the old ingredients.
Just another person but a new one,
a different one.
Why and where dont matter now;
the process has begun.
Now it is *who*.
We all began this way.

Two become one and were on.
We're going.
We're running.
There is no *pause* button
and theres no turning back.
We are engaged.
We are here.
We *are*.
This takes some getting used to.
Some never do.

Two become one.
What can it mean?
Sleep seems to divide our lives
but it doesn't, really
-each life is a seamless whole,
one continuous moment
of constant movement.
Thats how it is.
It's not a theory.
The only thing that makes
one life distinct from another
is the way it is spent.

Two become one
and the curious one seeks meaning,
even where none is apparent.
The clever one crafts meaning,
even when none is found.
The wise one looks and listens;
watches joy and sorrow pass
like phantoms;
creates love and beauty
out of plain goodness
and becomes meaning itself.



LEARNING THE HARD WAY

Those big rocks in the river
told me something
They always tell what they tell
but this time I was listening

They told me about endurance
and integrity
and spoke of insignificance
with meaning
They said order in chaos
and chaos in order

My bones ached
from the hard truth
the rocks were telling
of the terrible pressures
of being earth itself

As the sun rose higher
the rocks began to soften
They tried for hours
to get hot enough
to become suns once again
but all in vain
Once again the sun set
and the rocks grew harda
nd cold,
orphaned corpses of a sun
that never left
but always returns

SEARCHING FOR AUTO-PILOT

Pilot lights,
that's what we are.
We're lit for one good reason only:
to light a bigger fire.

What else would you expect
of atoms from a star?

Vimana - IV

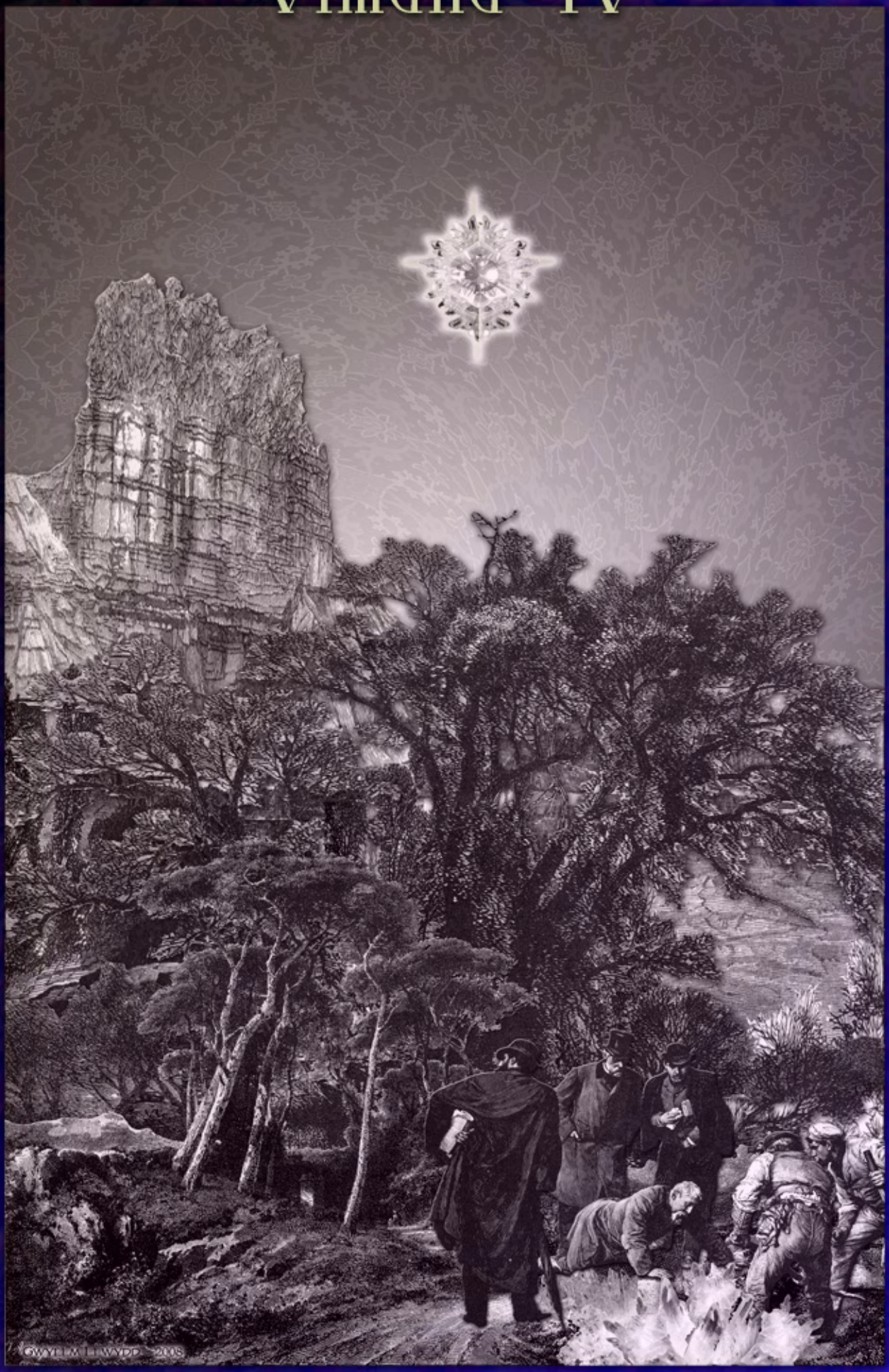


Photo Essay:
A Visit With Albert Hoffman



Jon Hanna



This is an extract of an article that Jon Hanna wrote for Erowid Extracts... 8-) The first part of Jon's article was about The 2008 World Psychedelic Forum, and the second part about his visit (along with Jonathan Ott and Andrew Sewell) to visit Albert Hofmann, one month before Albert died at the age of 102 years.

We are featuring Jon's commentary and photographs of their visit with Albert. When I saw these photographs I was quite taken by what I was seeing. It is remarkable what Jon captured in these pictures; Albert's intense intellectual curiosity, his great sense of engagement with the world and others, and that these Photographs may well be the last (or some of the last) photographs taken of Albert. Here Albert is, less than a month before his death, playing host to friends and associates, with grace and deep dignity.

I want to thank Jon Hanna, and Erowid for allowing the Invisible College to publish the written extractions and photos from the article, and a very large thank you for Jon for sharing the other photos not published previously.

We are honored, and profoundly moved to share these with you all.

-Gwyllm Llwydd

A Visit With Dr. Hofmann

After the conference, on March 25, I was fortunate enough to visit him at his home in Rittimatte, with Jonathan Ott and Andrew Sewell. The picturesque drive up to his property—a portion of which extends into France—was straight out of Swiss calendar art with snow-capped chalets dotting the mountainside. Albert was spry and sharp as a tack, speaking to us fluently in both German and English. There was no indication during our visit that he only had a month to live. His home contained an indoor swimming pool and multiple staircases, so he clearly had ample opportunity for exercise, even inside during the winter months. Pointing out an inversion table, Jonathan Ott mentioned that Albert had constructed his own gravity boots in order to obtain the health benefits of hanging upside-down. Albert just smiled. We took in the breathtaking view from his office, and he showed us the shelf where he keeps the many translations of his book LSD – mein Sorgenkind. He was particularly tickled by the cover art on the Czech translation depicting a bare-breasted woman with a 1970s hairdo. We then went upstairs to his library, where he showed us some of his visionary art collection.



Later, back downstairs, a ceramic cat that Albert had sculpted was accompanied by an occasional mew from his pet cat. He proudly offered us schnapps that he had distilled in 2004 from plums he had picked off of trees on his property that grew from pits he had planted some thirty-seven years earlier when he bought the place. Now that's going the whole nine yards to make some booze! Jonathan declared it to be "Hofmann's other elixir"; the taste was clean, clear, and potent. Albert joyfully recounted stories of past exploits as we sat enthralled. Eventually we said our goodbyes, and drove back down the mountain. I feel honored to have been able to spend some time with Dr. Hofmann at his home.



Albert & Andrew Sewell

“I share the belief of many of my contemporaries that the spiritual crisis pervading all spheres of Western industrial society can be remedied only by a change in our world view. We shall have to shift from the materialistic, dualistic belief that people and their environment are separate, toward a new conciousness of an all-encompassing reality, which embraces the experiencing ego, a reality in which people feel their oneness with animate nature and all of creation.”



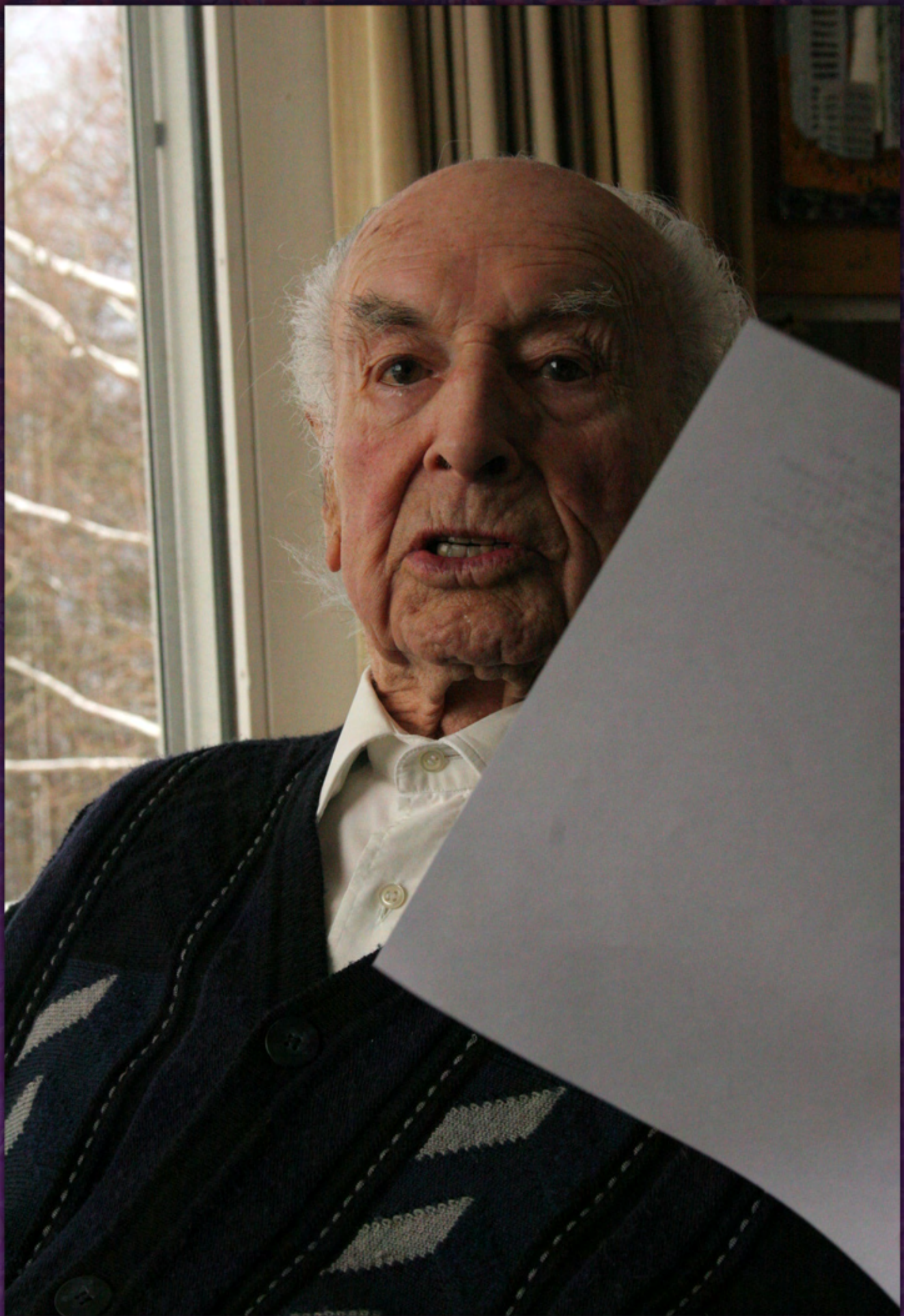
"I believe that if people would learn to use LSD's vision-inducing capability more wisely, under suitable conditions, in medical practice and in conjunction with meditation, then in the future this problem child could become a wonderchild."



"I suddenly became strangely inebriated. The external world became changed as in a dream. Objects appeared to gain inrelief; they assumed unusual dimensions; and colors became more glowing. Even self-perception and the sense of time were changed. When the eyes were closed, colored pictures flashed past in a quickly changing kaleidoscope. After a few hours, the not unpleasant inebriation, which had been experienced whilst I was fully conscious, disappeared. what had caused this condition?"
- Laboratory Notes (1943)



"The characteristic property of hallucinogens, to suspend the boundaries between the experiencing self and the outer world in an ecstatic, emotional experience, makes it posible with their help, and after suitable internal and external perparation... to evoke a mystical experience according to plan, so to speak... I see the true importance of LSD in the possibility of providing material aid to meditation aimed at the mystical experience of a deeper, comprehensive reality. Such a use accords entirely with the essence and working character of LSD as a sacred drug."



"Kaleidoscopic, fantastic images surged in on me, alternating, variegated, opening and then closing themselves in circles and spirals, exploding in colored fountains, rearranging and hybridizing themselves in constant flux. It was particularly remarkable how every acoustic perception, such as the sound of a door handle or a passing automobile, became transformed into optical perceptions. . . . There was to my knowledge no other known substance that evoked such profound psychic effects in such extremely low doses, that caused such dramatic changes in human consciousness and our experience of the inner and outer world."



"Deliberate provocation of mystical experience, particularly by LSD and related hallucinogens, in contrast to spontaneous visionary experiences, entails dangers that must not be underestimated. Practitioners must take into account the peculiar effects of these substances, namely their ability to influence our consciousness, the innermost essence of our being. The history of LSD to date amply demonstrates the catastrophic consequences that can ensue when its profound effect is misjudged and the substance is mistaken for a pleasure drug. Special internal and external advance preperations are required; with them, an LSD experiment can become a meaningful experience."


RITTIMATTE

The Serpent And The Light
Part III



Lyter Photos

Believe it or not, the leap from the Judaic faith found in the broader culture today may be but a small step from classical serpent worship. In fact, much evidence points to the idea that for at least several hundred years a central idea of this, the first of the Abrahamic faiths, was one which revered the serpent more than reviling it. Of course the Torah and Pentateuch have several stories of serpents which perhaps seem innocuous in the context of a larger father 'god' figure, but closer examination of several facets both within the canon and within other historic documents point to a much more central and positive role for what many consider to be the 'tempter of Eve' and the bane of humanity. Specifically of interest for this chapter in our story is the tale of Moses: liberator, lawgiver, savior, and perhaps snake god!

To provide cohesion to the story of Moses and his relationship to the serpent perhaps it is best to start with outside sources, which many have not perhaps heard of. The first of these, and perhaps the most famous, is Titus Flavius Josephus' account of Jewish history portrayed in his Antiquities of the Jews (Josephus c. 94). This account of Jewish history is arguably one of the most cited scholarly sources from this period. This is in large part due to it containing what appears to be the first extra-biblical reference to a certain Jewish Rabbi known today as Jesus (Josephus 18:63-64). The connection between Christianity and the serpent will be explored more fully within a later chapter of this work, needless to say however, Josephus' work is considered virtually synonymous with gospel for many religious scholars. What many don't realize however is that these same Antiquities contain an account of a very interesting familial tie for the founder of Judaism, the prophet Moses. In book two, chapters nine and ten of his epic Antiquities Josephus retells the Jewish story of the early life of Moses. In many ways the account is similar to the accepted biblical canon and thus some details are easily and understandably over looked.

When examined closely however it expands on the story in a way the Torah account does not, it does this by actually providing a name for the adoptive mother of Moses which the canon overlooks. The alleged mothers name in Josephus' account is Thermuthis. Even given the name, without some historical context and knowledge of mythology Thermuthis becomes lost in long lists of difficult genealogy and at best becomes a marker to try to solve which pharaoh's reign the alleged events took place under. With a bit of knowledge of Egyptian cosmology however, Themuthis takes on a whole new life and meaning, making basic syncretism between Judaism and Egyptian paganism a very easy leap and even perhaps pointing to a startling beginning for the Judaic faith. The reason for this becomes clear when it is understood that within Egyptian mythology Thermuthis is synonymous with Renenutet, goddess of fertility, the harvest and child rearing. More importantly, Thermuthis / Renenutet is always depicted as a benevolent serpent deity. Thus, to make the connection absolutely clear, according to the most respected historian of the time (Josephus), Moses, the founder of Judaism, was considered to have been raised by a snake goddess. This however is but the first clue among several from the period and by itself may serve as nothing more than an odd bit of syncretic folklore passed down and captured by the historian. There is more however.

The second historical document I will point to is from an early Greek Magical Papyrus (PGM V:96-172). Though I will not make the argument that magical invocations should constitute solid scholarly references for historical facts, I will make the argument that several passages contained within the larger verse point to what was most likely a contemporary (c. 200 C.E.) association for Moses. The invocation in question is none other than the 'Bornless Ritual' made famous from its incorporation in magical rituals in the late 19th century C.E.



The text of this ritual is often altered significantly from the original and the name or either Osiris or the practicing magician is actually substituted in the modern versions for the original 2nd century name Moses or "Mosheh." The following are some relevant excerpts from the ritual which can be read in its entirety in the previous edition of the "Invisible College."

"I am Mosheh thy prophet, unto whom thou didst commit thy mysteries, the ceremonies of Ishrael… I am he the Bornless (or Headless) spirit having sight in the feet… The Heart Girt With A Serpent Is My Name…"

As can be seen here, the magician, identifying with Moses, invokes him as one would invoke a god. In addition, the invocation carries the epithet 'Heart girt with a serpent.' While this seems obvious enough, the other point of interest lies in the phrase "with sight in the feet. This seemingly strange symbolic allusion may very well have referred to a syncretism with the Gnostic mythos and specifically the anguipede deity Abraxas. Thus within the "Bornless Ritual" we find two references which point to the connection between Moses and serpents.

As to the anguipede connection with Judaism, further support for the speculation on the Hebrew god's relationship with Abraxas can be found when it is noted that often the Greek 'trigrammaton' (Greek version of the three letter name of the god of the Israelites) can be found on amulets bearing the image of a snake legged deity (Nagy 2002). Thus, not only does the 'Bornless' ritual provide a connection between Moses and the serpent in several places, but depictions of the Hebrew god, often referred to by the letters IAO in Greek, as an anguipede can be found on amulets of the period. Again, taken alone or even together with the ritual statements, this evidence constitutes little more than confirmation of an already well know syncretism within the region and the use of "Moses" as a deity archetype is hardly surprising. The more surprising fact remains however that this invocation and the amulets provide further support for the idea that not only was the Hebrew's religion and Moses as its founder being accepted as valid spiritual fodder for the period's magi, in addition, Moses was considered to be especially known for his association with snakes.

By way of biblical canon there are multiple allusions to Moses' connection with serpents. The first of these can be seen as the first 'miracle' of Moses where he is instructed by 'god' to throw down his staff. This staff when striking the ground immediately becomes a serpent.

2) And the LORD said unto him, What is that in thine hand? And he said, A rod.
3) And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it.
4) And the LORD said unto Moses, Put forth thine hand, and take it by the tail. And he put forth his hand, and caught it, and it became a rod in his hand.
[Exodus 4:2-4]

Later, when Moses and Aaron confront Pharaoh and his magicians, the staff once again displays its serpentine power when it again becomes a snake and devours the serpents invoked by the court magicians.

10) And Moses and Aaron went in unto Pharaoh, and they did so as the LORD had commanded: and Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh, and before his servants, and it became a serpent.
11) Then Pharaoh also called the wise men and the sorcerers: now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments.
12) For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods
[Exodus 7:10-12]

Once out of Egypt, while leading the exodus he again saves his people by way of Nechushtan, the brazen serpent. With all due respect for the emerging idea that all the snakes in the story were Amanita mushrooms (Heinrich 2002), another story, one actually involving snakes, may have credence.

6) And the LORD sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died.
7) Therefore the people came to Moses, and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the LORD, and against thee; pray unto the LORD, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people.
8) And the LORD said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he look-eth upon it, shall live.
9) And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived.
[Numbers 21: 6-9]

Though this story on its own can be seen to perhaps capture elements of 'sympathetic' magic, taken with the feats of the Hebrew 'god' in Psalm 74:14: "Thou brakest the heads of leviathan (coiled or piercing serpent) in pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness" one can begin to wonder exactly what the Jews were doing with snakes?

Of note it will be remembered from the previous chapter in my historical rant that snake venom can actually serve as a protective medicine against the effects of further snake bite. In addition, similar venoms from different species can serve to cross inoculate. One of the more common attributions for the Seraphim (fiery serpents) is the Echis Colorata or "Saw Scale Viper." The bite of this species is known to cause an incredibly 'fiery' pain followed by death. If however Moses had learned of self-inoculation with venom from the Egyptians (a debatable but plausible idea given the prevalence of sympathetic 'magic' and the odd Psalms passage), he could very well have began a course of inoculations for his people with either a less fatal species or a literal 'brass' serpent which served as a hypodermic carrying small doses of the Echis venom. Again, I'm not saying this was the case, but it provides a potentially logical link between the symbolism and the utility while also pointing to the distinctly serpentine idea that the poison can be the cure.

Finally regarding Moses specifically, there lays an interesting etymological coincidence. Moses was considered to be part of the tribe of Levi. Though there is some debate over the historical uses, it seems strangely coincidental that Levi forms one of the two roots of Leviathan (aka The Coiled or Piercing Serpent.) In actuality the Levi portion is not the serpent



specific portion but refers to either the 'joining,' 'piercing,' or 'coiling' nature of Tan or Dan, the serpent bearing tribe of the Jews.

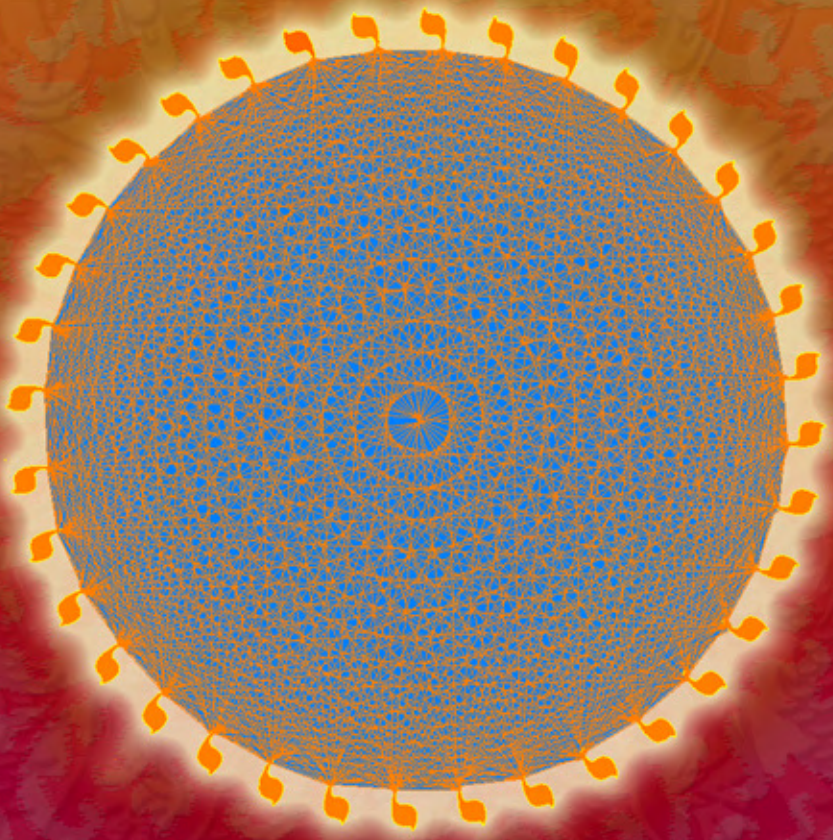
Much of what has been presented thus far could be considered early coincidence or latter syncretic blending of culture and there is of course ample evidence that the latter is true. The former however carries much less weight when history is put into linear perspective. Moses' alleged erecting of Nechushtan upon the pole most historians argue occurred somewhere between 1500 and 1200 BCE. Again, the historical reality of Moses or his connection with Nechushtan are irrelevant, what is relevant is that in Jewish myth the symbol stood until it was torn down by the Jewish reformer King Hezekiah somewhere between 740 and 687 B.C.E. In 2 Kings chapter 18 verse 4 the King James Version of the Bible states: "He… brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made: for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it: and he called it Nehushtan." Perhaps this is unremarkable… until it is considered that "unto those days" marks a minimum of 400+ years that the Jews made offering to a serpent idol.

Finally, for a bit of mystical fun with the idea presented thus far, I will turn briefly to Jewish Mysticism in the form of the Kabalistic discipline of Gematria. Gematria is the practice of associating words with their numbers. This is easiest and most common within alphabets that serve as both phonetic and numeric symbols. Hebrew is unquestionably one of these languages and the practice of Gematria has a long history of relevance within mystical Jewish culture. For our purposes I will draw upon this methodology to make one final point. In this system the word Nachash, or Serpent, has a numeric value of 358 (Nun=50, Cheth=8, Shin=300). This is the same number associated with the Hebrew word for savior Messiah (Mem=40, Shin=300, Yod=10, Cheth=8). Thus, using Gematria, the Serpent can be seen as the Savior, and in Jewish tradition none other than Moses can be seen as the first savior of his chosen people.

Lest it be considered that I'm arguing for the monopoly of the serpent cult in the Abrahamic faiths within the Jews, a later installment in this series will look at Jesus as an arguably serpentine allegory, for "…as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up" [John 3:14]. First however, in the next installment, we'll take a brief jaunt into Greece and Rome in their pagan glory to look at the role of the snake in "The Serpent and the Light Pt. 4: Aesclepian Staves to Dionysian Raves."

Joines, Karen Randoloph. 1968. "The Bronze Serpent in the Israelite Cult." Journal of Biblical Literature. 87: 245-256

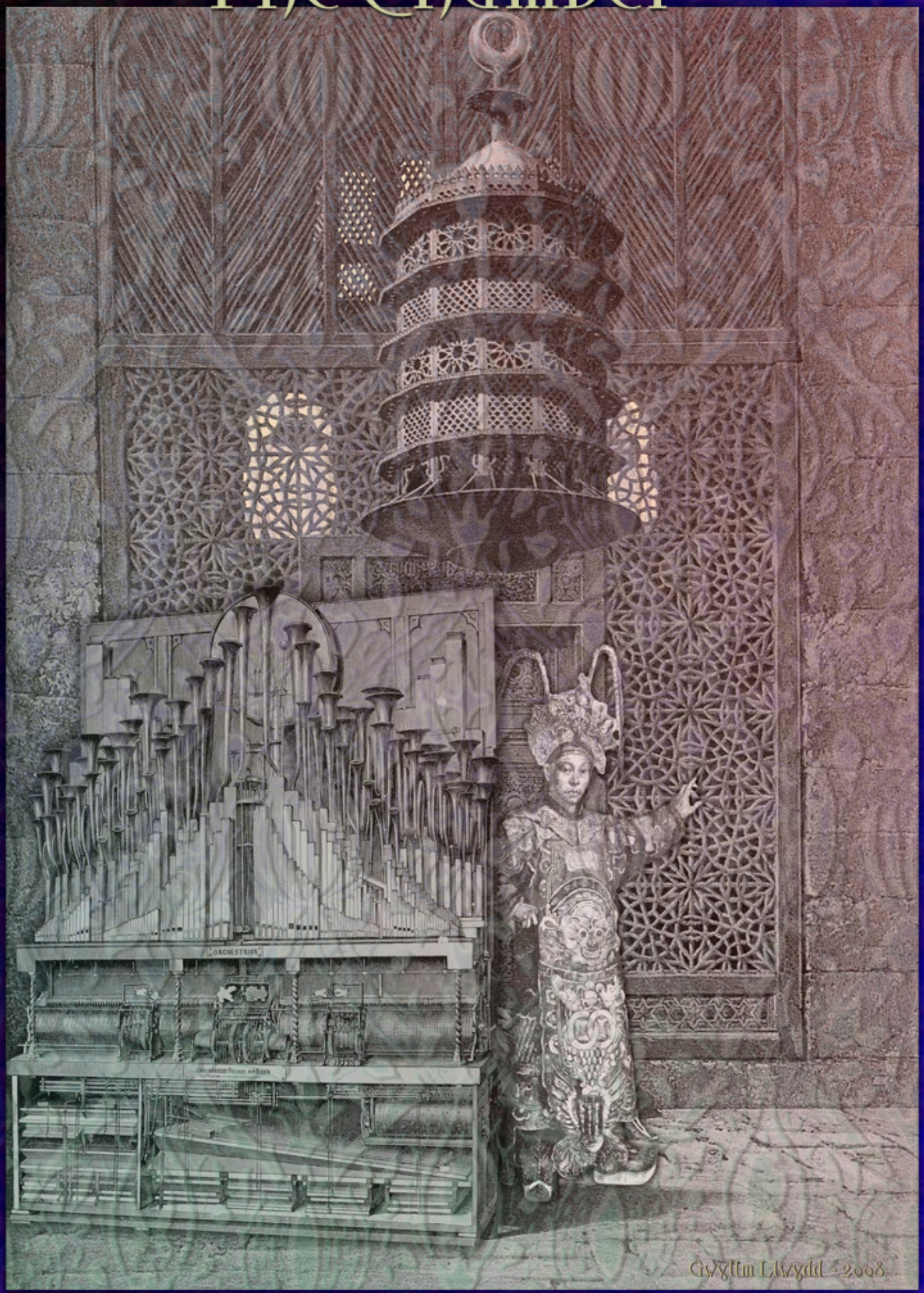
Nagy, Arpad M. 2002. "Figuring out the Anguipede ('snake-legged god') and his relation to Judaism." Journal of Roman Archaeology. 15:159-172.



Lyter Photos
is a pseudonym roughly
translated as "Releaser of Light."
He resides in the Northwest and
spends his spare time studying the
Hermetic Arts and obsessing over
conciousness.



The Chamber



Shamanism & Magick Heal Elders & Youth



Will Penna

I am an elder male in my 70th year on planet earth. For 35 years I was a high school teacher of English and ESL. In my fifth year of teaching, 1965, when I took LSD for the first time it became my greatest teacher. Later in 1966 its use was made illegal. In what follows I want to show you how I realized once again on that occasion, as on many before and after, that I was an outlaw in my native land America.

But that realization also led me to understand the force that elders and youth share and how our dominator culture robs it from both of us. The elders of America project so much of their light into the future that they forget that youth need it to show them humanness and to grow on. I think you'll also understand why I am writing this to you, whether you're elder or youth, and why I use my spiritual pen name here.

Will,
with thanks as always to Merlyn

Modern Culture Alienates Elders & Youth

The famous anthropologist Margaret Mead saw that modern western culture pits elders and youth against each other. To illustrate this view she created an imaginary encounter:

Elders say, "I have been young and now I am old. You cannot know what I know because you are young."

Youths reply, "You have never been young in the world that I am in. You cannot know what I know because you are old."

Sound familiar? It sure does to me! But I'm equally sure you and I will never come out and say this to each other. I understand it because at times, as a modern elder, I have professed the first point of view, and earlier, as a modern youth, I usually held the other. We each "know" what we know as something that either the previous or the next generation cannot possibly understand.

We know we live in a world that is changing faster for us than for any generation before us, at least technologically, economically, politically, and socially. But in gaining that knowledge have we surrendered anything? If each generation "knows" that it understands the world in ways that the others couldn't possibly know, are some of us "right" and others wrong"?

But what do we really "know" about these changes and how they affect us? Is it possible that our position in relation to them leads us to greater loss of respect for ourselves, each other and the earth itself? Are we actually giving up some of our power through our divisions? With our emphasis on creating our future have we forgotten how to honor our past, and vice versa? Thus, have we lost contact with the force that connects and balances the two? Here are some of my views on how modern western culture divides us from ourselves, from the world, and from one another, and how it alienates us, based on my understanding of my experience.

Today in America young and old have less inter-generational contact than ever before in the history of humankind. Elders have handed over youth's education and much of their child-rearing to state institutions. Youth warehouses its elders out of sight and out of mind away into rest homes. Elders have abdicated their traditional function for the rites of initiation, turning it over to youth itself. Youths, with boundless but unfocused energy, are increasingly killing themselves and each other. Elders have lost their respect for and role as guardians of the earth doing all in their power to kill it. Youth resents and doesn't trust elders. Elders resent and are afraid of youth. Modern materialistic western culture drives some of us to slick cynicism, others among us to deep despair, some to uncontrollable rage, and in the end it can rip a person apart, alienating one from oneself. But it also presents the possibility for growth through a powerful death -and-rebirth experience, an opportunity to finally wake up. Let me explain.



Over fifty years ago I was a teenager, growing up in an America that, like today, divided everything into good and bad. The elders said it was good to be anti-communist, like Senator Joe McCarthy, even after he was discredited. I saw the lives of thousands of innocent people sacrificed because they were supposedly "communists." Why were most of the elders blind to this wanton destruction of human life? Were they right and I wrong? The elders told me it was bad to like rock'n'roll because it was the work of the devil. They said the new music would destroy my morals. But I thrilled to the life and eros of rock, in contrast to the elders' dull sanitized music. How could they be right and I be wrong about this one? The black robed elders who taught me at the Catholic schools my folks made me go to declared I was a walking mortal sin. But how could the love and desire I naturally felt for another be evil? Again, how could they be right and I be wrong? So I learned to play the role of outsider in the guise of an insider. Like a chameleon in the desert, I found myself in the void created by modern religion, science and culture.

Now in the 00's the polarization is even greater between elders and youth. One of the most powerful examples for me is the so-called War on Drugs. Elders in power have perfected this "war," which is really a war on consciousness, a war on truth, and a war on youth. Their mindless view that cocaine, marijuana, heroin, sacred mushrooms and cacti, LSD and MDMA are all the same results in rampant cynicism and conspicuous injustice among the youth. Each year these elders expand their self-serving drug bureaucracy while greater percentages and numbers of youth find and use these substances. Woe be it to any elder like myself who risks the consequences for telling the truth about them.

In traditional cultures the elders initiate the youth, using powerful plant substances like some of these. Without honest teaching

and guided initiations, too many modern youth are learning about drugs through needlessly blind trial and error. Lacking drug harm reduction programs in this country (like needle exchange, prescribing drugs for the addicted, etc.), the number and percentage of drug deaths, injuries, dependencies and drug-related crimes, especially among the young senselessly increase each year. This "war," as much as any other, creates fatalities and fallouts, alienating its casualties from the earth, from each other, and finally from themselves. In this atmosphere, modern elders have lost contact with real power as much as have modern youth. Without each other we both are lost.

Further, this atmosphere promotes alienation from other points of view, ironically exploiting familiar mottoes. "It's a free country!" shouts a queer-bashing youth, justifying his punching out a fucken fag, thinking he is "free." But he's only a pawn in the elders' dominator culture game. I-me-my's purely individualistic and materialistic "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness" for themselves is all that matters in their narcissistic view of modern America, so you better watch out for yourself. The increasingly common cynicism that "Everybody does it!" preaches that the only rule is not to get caught. Recycling centuries of social and economic injustice, the Oppressed Oppressor orders "Fuck you, motherfucker! I want mine now!" Dis-empowered, we're all looking for it, often fighting each other for it, but it seems so elusive.

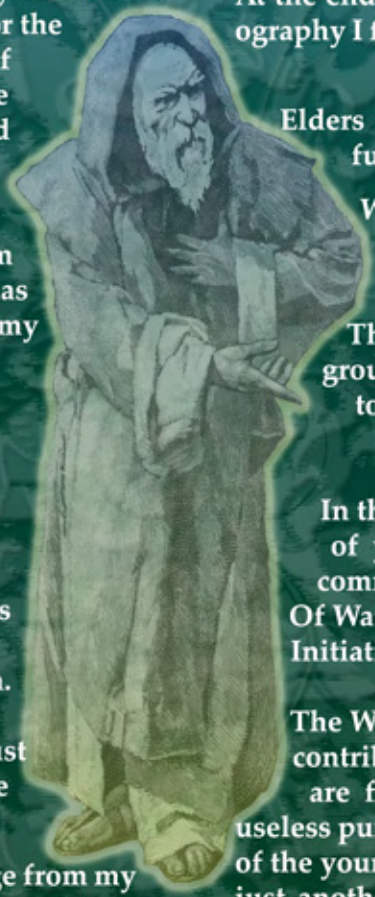
My search for real knowledge led me to traditional cultures. I wanted to be where youth and elders work together, using nature allies to initiate, cure, and explore. Starting a little over 30 years ago I began to know the communication and teaching of plant and animal allies – and enemies. I visited healers and shamans in my quest for this understanding. Native American writer Jamie Sams explains that a healer is a person who is able to use the forces of good medicine to effect a cure in the body, mind or spirit of another. On the other hand, a shaman is a person who has been willing to confront the greatest fears and shadows of physical life. Thus the shaman can guide others through those forces and initiate them by setting up suitable challenges. The healer does not use the forces of the shadow to effect cures, while the shaman is a healer who has gone to the under-world, unflinchingly confronting his or her own shadow side as well as the evil of others, effectively using the forces of both darkness and light. The shaman can cure illnesses, do exorcisms, and reverse hexes and the results of the black arts. Both healer and shaman use magick, but the shaman's way is of a more challenging nature. I have been able to experience this power, so what has it meant for me?

How does one get beyond the everyday veil of illusion of division and alienation? How can one grow in real knowledge of the force, of magick? First, I have come to experience this knowledge through using the power of clear intention in my life. Jamie Sams points out that intent is expressed clearly in many ways. They may range from my speaking an internal prayer out loud, to my clearly and carefully observing what I am putting out so I attract the kind of experiences and people I want inside my "sacred circle," people and places on my life's path. I usually follow my clear intention with rituals that may include dance, entheogenic and dream teachers, and other methods. I alter my state of consciousness in ways from astral travel to meditation, deep trance to pure mindfulness, healing mind, body and spirit, alone and with allies. There are times that I know I've grappled through a sacred kind of struggle (sometimes with my shadow side), when my putting forth my clear intention and following through has removed barriers to decisive action.

My spiritual path is something I co-create with the rest of the universe. In that way it's like contemporary DJs using sound bites and music samples in their dance sets. I have learned from Shaivism, from the Tao, from the words of Jesus and the Buddha to the Mayan oracles and the illusion of maya. My way now is like beams of light passing through the most faceted jewel, or like the wheels within wheels of fractal architecture. For me, many of the healers and shamans are the priests and priestesses of

the decks. My all-night trance dancing body is my altar; all of mother earth is my church; the healing knowledge I receive and share is my sacrament.

Since I was seven I have known and communed with the guardian angel over my left shoulder, Azazel, and an angel of light whose name I still don't know, on my right. They both have been true guardians and companions, especially Azazel. But it's only been the last few years that I've come to study and read about him: that he is shieldbearer for the angels of darkness; that my rituals of altered states and trance dancing are part of t he cosmic dance of light and darkness that we participate in together.



However, now in my life the wisdom of the spiritual path called the Tao has special appeal to me. Here is one of my favourite verses:

Knowing others is intelligence;
Knowing yourself is true wisdom.
Mastering others is strength;
Mastering yourself is true power.

Stephen Mitchell's translations of these lines and the rest of the ageless Tao Te Ching continually open to me, like flowers in an eternal garden. But I did not know that this way would be so for me five years ago, just as I do not know what ways I will be following five years from now.

Every day I learn and gain knowledge from my study and practice. I know at any time in my life when I meditate, asking and listening carefully with clear intent, I will come to realize my calling, my direction, my purpose and the ways for me to function at that particular time. I know some of the ways I can trigger myself into personal growth by realigning myself with the great universal chain of being. I know I am here as a material being in physical reality to do that which pure spirit or non-matter cannot do alone in this state.

And from my journeys into spiritual realms I know, feel, and bring back the energy of pure spirit. Indeed I have learned much from my journeys, and the wisdom and connection I have gained has aided me immeasurably in my personal evolution. The roles I have played have been initiations I put myself through (and others have put me through) in learning the lessons of self-development and spiritual and material responsibility.

At the end of Malidoma Patrice Somé's autobiography I found a job description for elders that I resonate to:

Elders and mentors have an irreplaceable function in the life of any community.

Without them the young are lost, their overflowing energies wasted in useless pursuits.

The old must live in the young like a grounding force that tames the tendency toward bold but senseless actions and shows them the path of wisdom.

In the absence of elders, the impetuosity of youth becomes the slow death of the community. — Malidoma Patrice Somé, Of Water and the Spirit: Ritual, Magic, and Initiation in the Life of an African Shaman

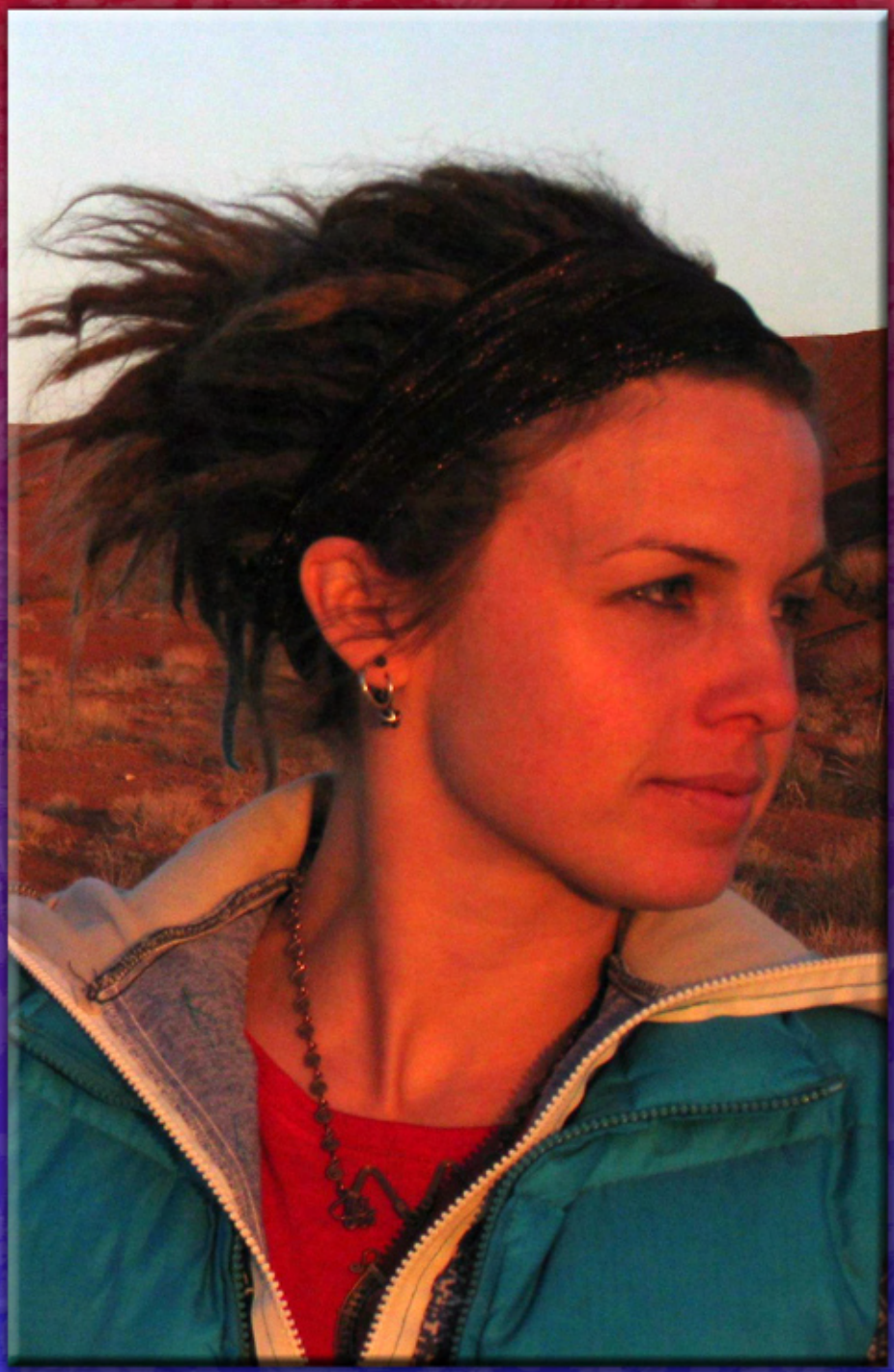
The War on Drugs and D.A.R.E. claim they contribute to saving our youth, but studies are finally showing how they are major useless pursuits, actually leading to further loss of the young. But that "war," as I said earlier, is just another example of how modern western culture has been the major contributor to our division and alienation. Together let's honor the past and create the future. Malidoma Patrice Somé is right: when elders and youth don't include each other, an inevitable slow death overtakes our community. It happens so slowly, in fact, that many don't notice it until it seems too late. But it's never "too late" and only we can fix it. Not all the King's men and all the King's horses…

You're too good to lose. You live in me through your overflowing energies, boldness and youthful impetuosity. I'm too good to be absent. I live in you through grounding the force for you, taming that energy, providing useful pursuits and sensible actions together with you, and co-creating ways for us to live together. Without each other we are empty anti-matter in the void. With each other we are compassionate beings of light. Together we are community.

Let's dance!



The Art of Amanda Sage



ASCENSION



MIDNIGHT HUMMING



BIRTH OF A PLANET



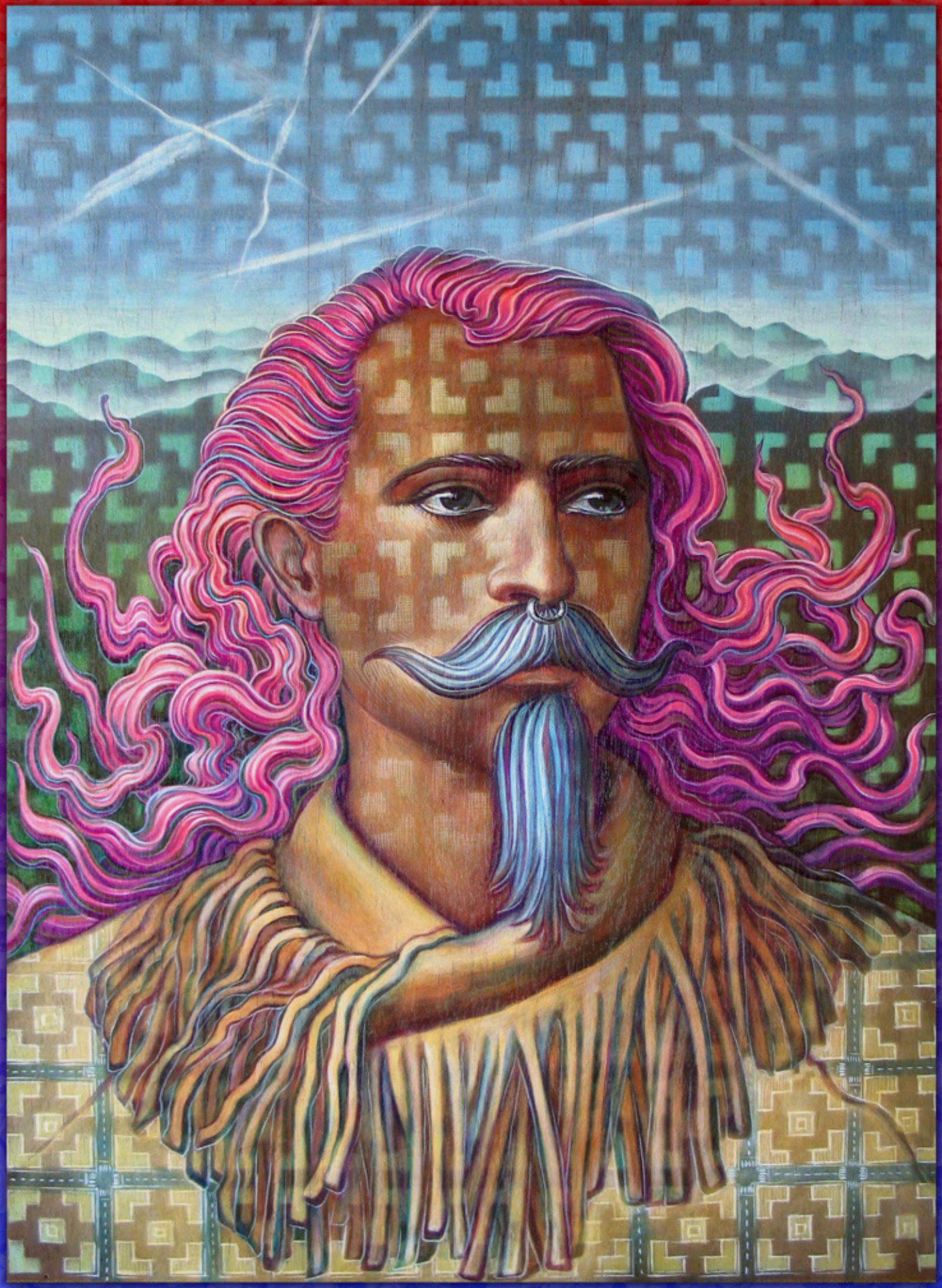
CREATION



TARA



WILD BILL



AMANDA SAGE
BIOGRAPHY

AMANDA SAGE

Amanda was born April 19, 1978 in Denver, Colorado. Starting in 1996, her travels and projects bounced her between Bali, Indonesia and Vienna, Austria. She studied traditional painting and etching for one and a half years with Michael Fuchs, and has been a student and painting assistant to Ernst Fuchs since 1999. Amanda has been blessed with a beautiful studio in the WUK, a self-governed culture house in Vienna, as well as being involved in creating new systems of group-interaction and presentation.

She has exhibited in Galleries, Salons and in various projects/events worldwide, including London, Vienna, Munich, Bali, Colorado and most recently in Entheon Village at Burning Man 07.

Presently she lives and works with her husband NoMe Edonna in San Francisco and Vienna, Austria.

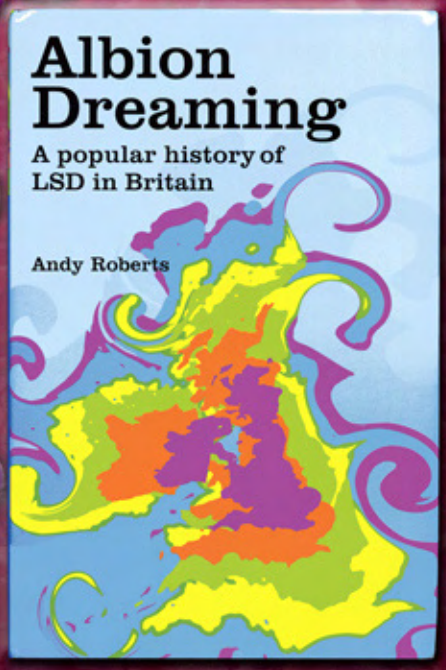
'Through my work I aim to help break apart the 'illusion of separation', to challenge the viewer to question, and evolve out of ignorance, conditioning and ingrained genetic habits. In life I strive to take responsibility for the effect of my existence, and through my actions and images, inspire others to think/dream beyond their immediate capacity. Ultimately I seek to create portals that open to the infinite possibilities of being and expressing, so that we may remember and re-discover who we are, where we originate from and where we are headed. My aspiration is to paint messages, visions and narratives that communicate with an 'older & wiser us', awakening ancient memory; as well as the 'present us', that we may grow up and accept the responsibilities towards ourselves, each other and the rest of existence on this planet now'

THE SHORT REVIEW

Short, sharp to the point reviews...
We cover newly released media-works
as well as media-works that we
have just discovered...

Albion Dreaming

A popular history of LSD in Britain
Andy Roberts



This is an impressive book. From the days of early research, started by Dr. Ronald Sandinson in the late 1940's, up to the early 2000's, Andy Roberts maps out the long strange trip of Albert Hoffman's curious chemical concoction that launched a million voyages of more across the seas of turbulent late 20th century consciousness.

I was intrigued especially in the areas touched upon the dissemination of LSD and the popular presses reaction to it. Fascinating, and Albion Dreaming fills in those patchy parts of history quite nicely.

Reading Albion Rising, I once again relived living in Britain just after Operation Julie, with all the attending fall-out from that disaster. From the hills of Wales to the squats on The Isle Of Dogs, little else was being talked about in the waning days of 1977. What comes clear to me on reading Albion Rising is the cultural war waged by the press against the emerging forces of change in Britain, with the collusion of various establishments across the strata of British society that had no idea what they were truly dealing with.

I would recommend this book to anyone with an interest in History, Drug Policy, Popular Culture, and currents and eddies of a thriving Underground that survives to this day in fair Albion.

You can order Albion Dreaming at:http://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/1905736274/

For further info, you can cruise the home site for Albion Dreaming at: http://www.lsdbritain.com

The Drunken Universe

An Anthology of Persian Sufi Poetry

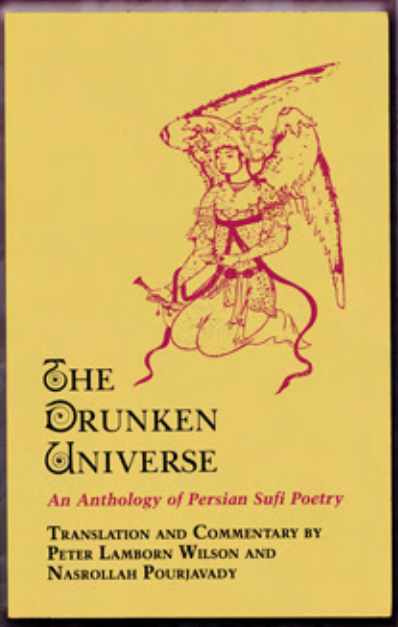
Translation and Commentary By Peter Lamborn Wilson And Nasrollah Pourjavady

This is an older book(1987), that should be found on anyones bookshelf if they are interested in Sufism, and its poetic roots and heritage.

Drunken Universe is written in such a way that it follows the student on the path to meeting with the beloved; The Godhead, realized through Sufism, with its various tools of manifestation. Many, many poets are cited in the different sections: from Abu Sa'id Abo'l-Khar, to Wahsi Bafqi, with stops along the way with Rumi, Hafiz, Nezami, Mahmud Shabestari among many, many others.

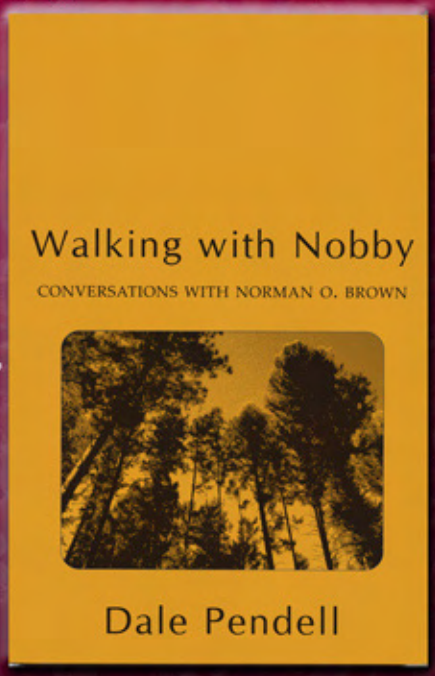
Though small (at 146 pages) DU will take you deep into the soul of Persian Sufism. The great works of these poets, as well as some of the minor stars, are truly amazing, and breath taking with their beauty.

It is not a quick read, and it will make some demands on the reader. So it should, with something so wonderfully wrought.



Walking With Nobby
Conversations With Norman O. Brown
-Dale Pendell

I had the pleasure of listening to Dale at Powell's Hawthorne in Portland Oregon talk about 'Walking With Nobby'. As Dale talked you felt like you were eavesdropping on a conversation, savoring the exchanges, and the silences between.

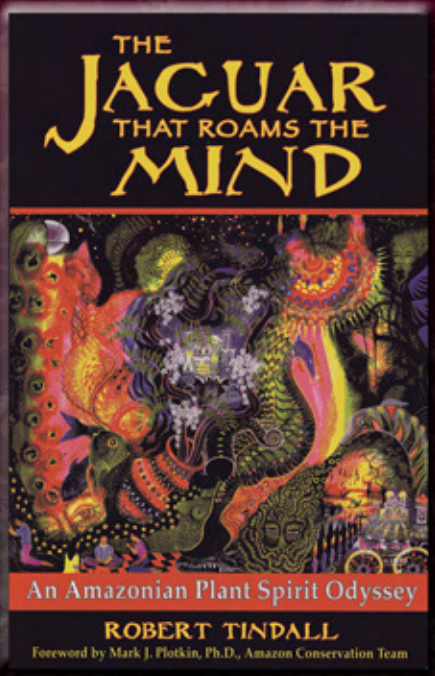


I find this book to be very rich, and complex in a way that I don't usually address unless I am reading Robert Graves,(as in The White Goddess) or Shakespeare's Sonnets. You have to have a certain amount of stillness going on to catch it all, and thankfully there is the web to help you over some of the difficult references that you may not be familiar with.

Dale takes several years of conversations with Norman O. Brown (best known for various works from Hermes the Thief: The Evolution of a Myth, Life Against Death: The Psychoanalytic Meaning of History, Love's Body among other works) held during energetic walks in and around the Santa Cruz California area. Some of the conversations are pretty much verbatim, whilst others are reconstructed from several discussions over the years. Thankfully, Dale appears to be a copious note taker, which is aptly demonstrated by the generous notes included with each conversation to help the reader follow what is transpiring. Often, I felt like I was walking behind, listening to two friends, then student to teacher having the most remarkable feast of ideas.

Though Walking With Nobby does touch on some subjects that Dale is traditionally associated with, be prepared for some wide-ranging exchanges of ideas, theories and conversation points that point out the sharpening of Dale Pendell's literate form with this latest foray. It is best read in my view on a quiet day with time to muse over all the various points, ideas and concepts that are discussed. It as I said is very rich, and should be read along with a good cup of coffee and classical music. Recommended.

The Jaguar That Roams The Mind
-Robert Tindall



This is a very interesting first excursion of a book. It covers the voyage of self-discovery, and coming to terms with ones shadow side in a most delightful way.

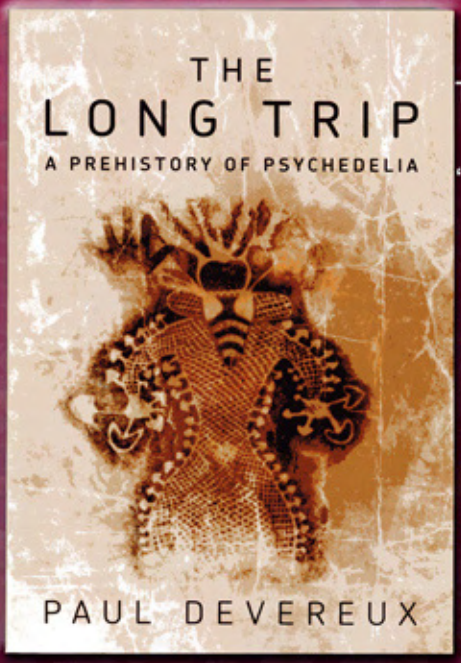
The Storty starts in Europe then onto North Africa and making its way to Brazil, Peru, with time spent in California, jumping back and forth through the life story of Robert Tindall's unfolding life and awareness with the aid of various life teachers.

The story unfolds with the aid of Ayahuasca, which as we know is the master teaching plant concoction. I like how Robert's tale goes along, it meanders through various peoples, charting a course through location, and mental states. His recollection and coming to terms with his early life is well done, and you can see him develop as he goes along.

I think this book would serve as an excellent introduction to many aspects of the spiritual path; from the examination of his life, his experiences with various teachers, both plant and human. This is a very good freshman effort, I hope to see more of Robert's works in the future. Recommended.

The Long Trip

A Prehistory of Psychedelia
-Paul Devereux



'The Long Trip' was first published back in 1997. I have the first edition, and was sad to see it go out of print. Thankfully, Greg Taylor and his crew at Dailygrail.com have seen the value of returning 'The Long Trip' to print.

'The Long Trip' has gone through some major revisions, and up-dating, which has helped it in many ways. It seems tighter, and more focused. I haven't sat down with the two editions to do an exact comparison but plan to in the future. Chapter 5 from the original book has been removed 'The Long And Not So Winding Road' maiking the book more focused. Paul covers the same territory in other books, including ''The Sacred Space' .

The Epilogue has been enlarged, and ties the volume up nicely.

If you don't have a copy, you should. I have read 'The Long Trip' some four times, and find it a fascinating read each time. The new edition is well put together, and should be on the bookshelf of every person who is interested in Consciousness, and the path that has led us to this point in time. This book is an important volume in what I would call the study of Entheo/Psychedelic Archaeology. It helps to put the recent times into a context where one can see the overview; and it re-veals the long interaction of the human and plant complex of inter-related fields of consciousness and i intent. Paul's charting of the ancient, and not so ancient past in 'The Long Trip' is an important con tribution to the on- going dialogue of inner space exploration.
Recommended.

The Dream

The Orb

Track Listing:
01.The Dream (The Future Academy Of Noise, Rhythm And Gardening Mix) 06:25
02.Vuja De 05:44
03.Something Supernatural 00:35
04.A Beautiful Day 06:48
05.DDD (Dirty Disco Dub) 05:03
06.The Truth Is... 06:43
07.Phantom Of Ukraine 00:30
08.Mother Nature 06:29
09.Lost & Found 06:19
10.The Forest Of Lyonesse 01:09
11.Katskills 05:54
12.High Noon 06:03
13.Sleeping Tiger & The Gods Unknown 01:09
14.Codes 08:13
15.Orbisonia 05:47
16.Let The Music Set You Free 07:01



Perhaps one of the best Orb Albums, ever. 'The Dream' was on constant rotation for several months at our house, and is still so on Radio Free Earth Rites. From 'Vuju De' to 'Let The Music Set You Free', this playful album bends your brain with excellent beats, samples and chordal progression. The Orb since the second Summer of Love ... Great stuff. Recommended.

Our Lady Of The Tryptamines



The Disciples at Saïs

Eastward Dawn is slowly breaking,
Antique times their youth renew,
I shall drink my deep thirst slaking
At the fount of rainbow hue ;
Drink fulfilment of life's old desire ;
Drink Love sweet, transfigured, reft of fire.

Lastly, to the earth there cometh
The Sacred Child of all the skies,
Round the earth the life-wind hummeth
In creative songs that rise,
Kindling newly from extinguished ashes
Brilliant, everlasting lightning flashes.

Everywhere from graves upwelling
See new lives, and quickened blood
In the Life Stream laves He, telling
Of our peace amidst the flood...

Hymn To Night

What living man,
Endowed with senses,
Does not love
Before all the other Marvels,
Of the vast space that encircles him,
The all-gladdening Light,
With its rays and its waves,
Its colours
And its gentle omnipresence
During th e Day ?
As the inmost soul
Of Life,
The giant-world
Of Restless Stars

Activity is the only Reality.

Light is in all cases Action. Light is like
Life, active Activity.

That swim in its blue sea, breathes it,
The sparkling stone breathes it,
The quiet Plants,
And the Animals
In all their varied forms,
In all their mobile strength.
The many-coloured
Clouds and Airs breathe it.
And above all 1
The Magnificent Strangers
With their meditative eyes
And stately gait
And resounding voices.
As the Sovran
Of Earthly Nature
iIt calls every power
To innumerable transformations,
And its presence alone
Manifests the wonders
Of the Terrestrial Kingdom.
Backward I turn
To Thee, oh ! Sacred, Unspeakable Night !
Far away the World
Lies buried as if in some deep grave.
How deserted and lonely are her high places !
Deep Sorrow moans through the Chords of the Breast !
The Memory of distant ones,
The wishes of Youth...

Hymn 67

These see farther
Than the palest
Of those uncountable hosts.
Unneeding of Light
They penetrate the depths
Of a loving spirit
And so fill the higher spaces
With unspeakable satisfaction.
Praise to the "World-Queen,
To the High Herald of the Sacred World,

The Cherisher
" Of Holy Love '
* Thou comest Beloved !

Night is here.
Delighted is my soul,
The earthly road is passed
And Thou once more art mine.
I gaze into thy deep dark eyes,
I see nought but love and blessedness.
We sink on the Altar of Night,
On the soft couch.
The mantle descends,
And kindled by the warm embrace
The sweet sacrifice
Is illumined in dear Flame.



The most wonderful, the eternal phenomenon is our own existence. The greatest secret is man himself. The solving of this endless problem is in very deed the History of the World. We seek the purpose of the world! We ourselves are this purpose.

Novalis

the invisible college



seeigel

Leo Plaw

issue five summer solstice - samhain 40108

[predicated on the first cave paintings]