

Earth Rifes.org Presents



# the invisible college



ANGELIC AWAKENING

ROBERTO VENOSA

issue 2

SPRING EQUINOX - BELTAINE 40107

(PREDICATED ON THE FIRST CAVE PAINTINGS)

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## THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE

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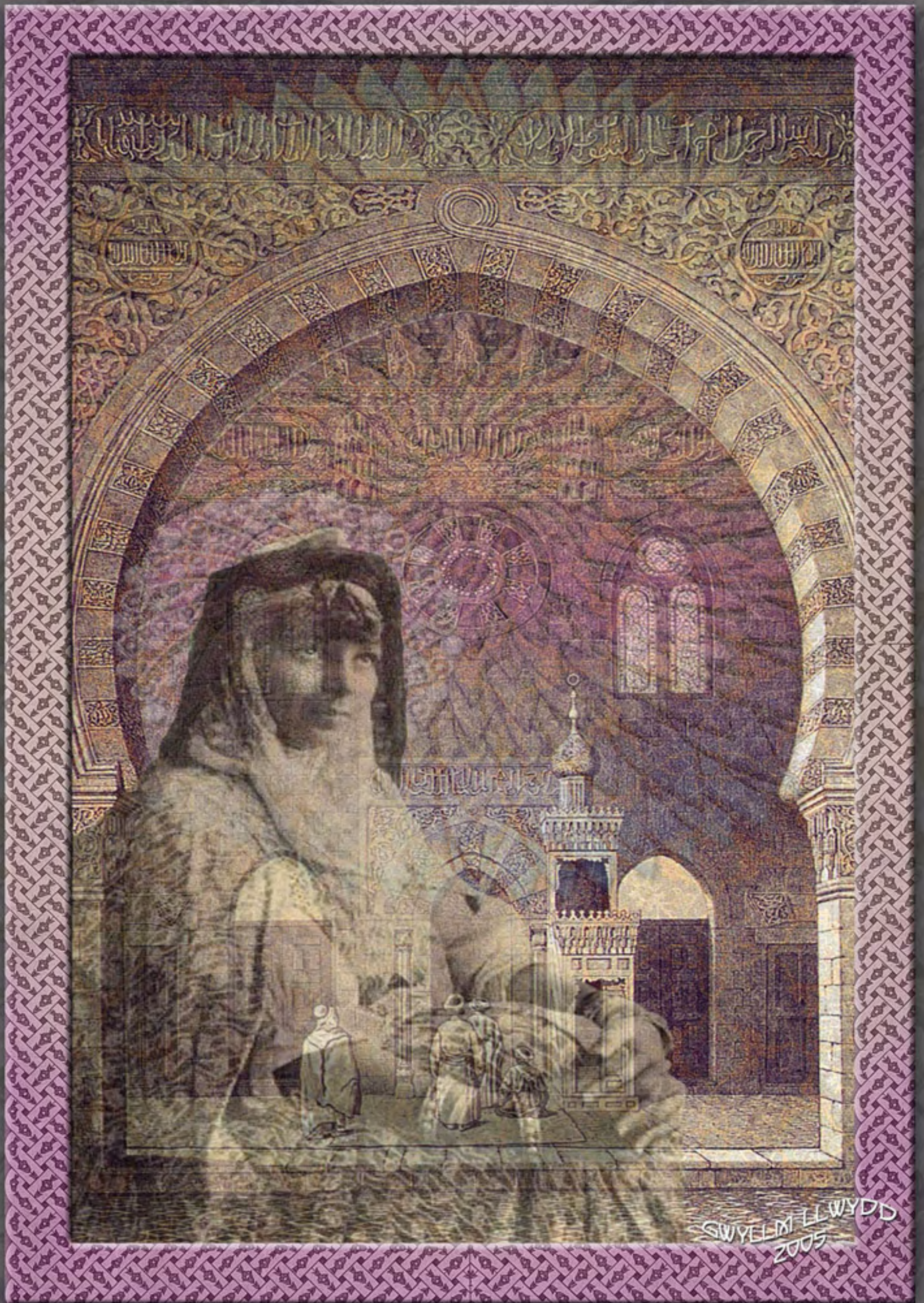
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Thanks to Roberto Venosa  
for providing the front and back  
cover art.

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THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE 2006-2007  
© EarthRites.org  
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ISBN18930755419



SWYEMILLWYDD  
2005

Earth Rites.org Presents



# the invisible college

## introduction:

*The Sophomore Effort, and other high-jinks in the Cerebral Circus*

As we moved forward with our sophomore issue, we are pleased with the initial reception that 'The Invisible College' pdf magazine has received. Thousands of downloads, and lots of enquiries about "When are you going to publish it on paper"? (Which of course we would like to do, but... there is that cash-flow thingy) If anything, the reception that TIC received is indicative of a general hunger going on in the emerging culture; people want to know what is going on around them that speaks of change and some form of validation for all the effort people have put into creating a new world view. I have to say, these are heady times, everything is going Green, which started with the emerging community, and with the recent articles in Time magazine and elsewhere, Entheogens/Psychedelics are getting a second glance...

We had such a response with articles, art, music, that the magazine has grown over a third in size. If we had put in all the excellent submissions that we had received, we would have an edition that was twice the size of the first.

As it is, we are still sailing in un-explored waters, and making discoveries as we go. So, we are happy that you are along for the ride, and hope that we find some interesting horizons with you.

This issue has some great stuff in it, from Peter Webster's theories of the processing of the Kykeon to Diane Darling's Beltane musings, to the art work of Kathleen Preising ... there is just so much here this time. It will take you awhile to get through it all, so sit back, eh?

I would like to thank Mike Crowley, RevMEO, Cymon and Fiona for their assistance with editing. I would like to thank Terry C. for his gift of extra RAM for The Invisible College Computer or this would never have been completed... (oh yeah, we are still crashing only not so much. The multiple layers!!!!) Another big thanks to Kyle for his valiant attempt to get my up to speed with Indesign, and his patience with all the questions and blank looks... 8o).

So, there you go. We are ready to begin work on the 3rd edition but only after we have heard back from you. You can email comments (and they are wanted!) at [IC@earthrites.org](mailto:IC@earthrites.org) so let in on your thoughts about The Invisible College!

Bright Blessings,

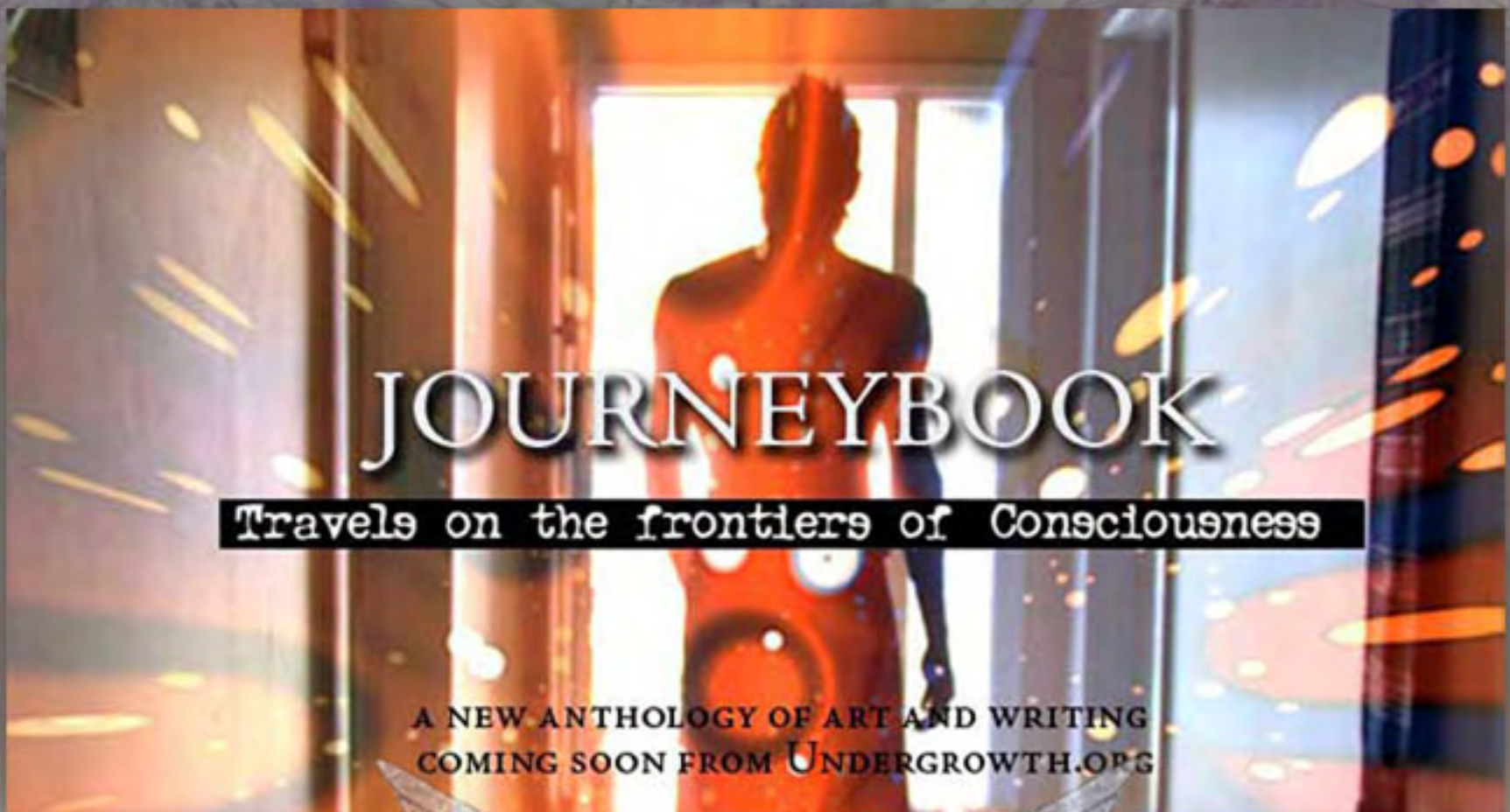
Gwyllm



Radio Free EarthRites:  
Music For The Heart Of The World  
Turn On - Copy Into  
Your Media Player!  
-o-o-o-o Radio Free Earthrites! o-o-o-o-  
<http://87.194.36.124:8000/radio>  
<http://87.194.36.124:8001/radio-low>  
<http://87.194.36.124:8002/spokenword>

One of the lessons of the new dynamic is the inter/inner – connectiveness that underlies everything... Putting 'The Invisible College' together we discovered that friends in Australia were doing something very similar. Similar enough where we felt that the connection was deep enough to proclaim relationship.

Folks, let me introduce you to The Undergrowth Project, with its' publication: JOURNEYBOOK. Please visit Rak, and his extended family of writers, artist, ravers and deep thinkers! Let a thousand flowers bloom!



A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF ART AND WRITING  
COMING SOON FROM UNDERGROWTH.ORG

# the invisible college COMMUNITY PAGE

EVENTS IN AUSTRALIA!



## Earthdream

**JUNE**  
Winter Solstice  
M.B.D.  
21 June

**2008**

**JULY**  
Day Out of Time  
(D.O.O.T)  
25 July

**ED 2012**  
Crew Gathering  
(and loads more!)

**Mutonia**  
Sculpture Park

**Gratitude to the**  
Arabunna  
People

**HardKor Slakness**  
DJ Dakini  
Family Firetruck  
Labrats Solar sound system

[www.earthdream.net](http://www.earthdream.net) Mutoid Waste Co.

**WINTER SOLSTICE**  
**SATURDAY JUNE 21ST 2008**

**MIGHTY**  
**BURNING**  
**DEMON**

Photo: Arnie Kebab Flyer - 10234

This is a FREE, DIY Festival -  
it will be what we make it  
(and then some...)

Bring your favourite skills,  
materials and toys for an  
inspiring collaborative  
creation experience

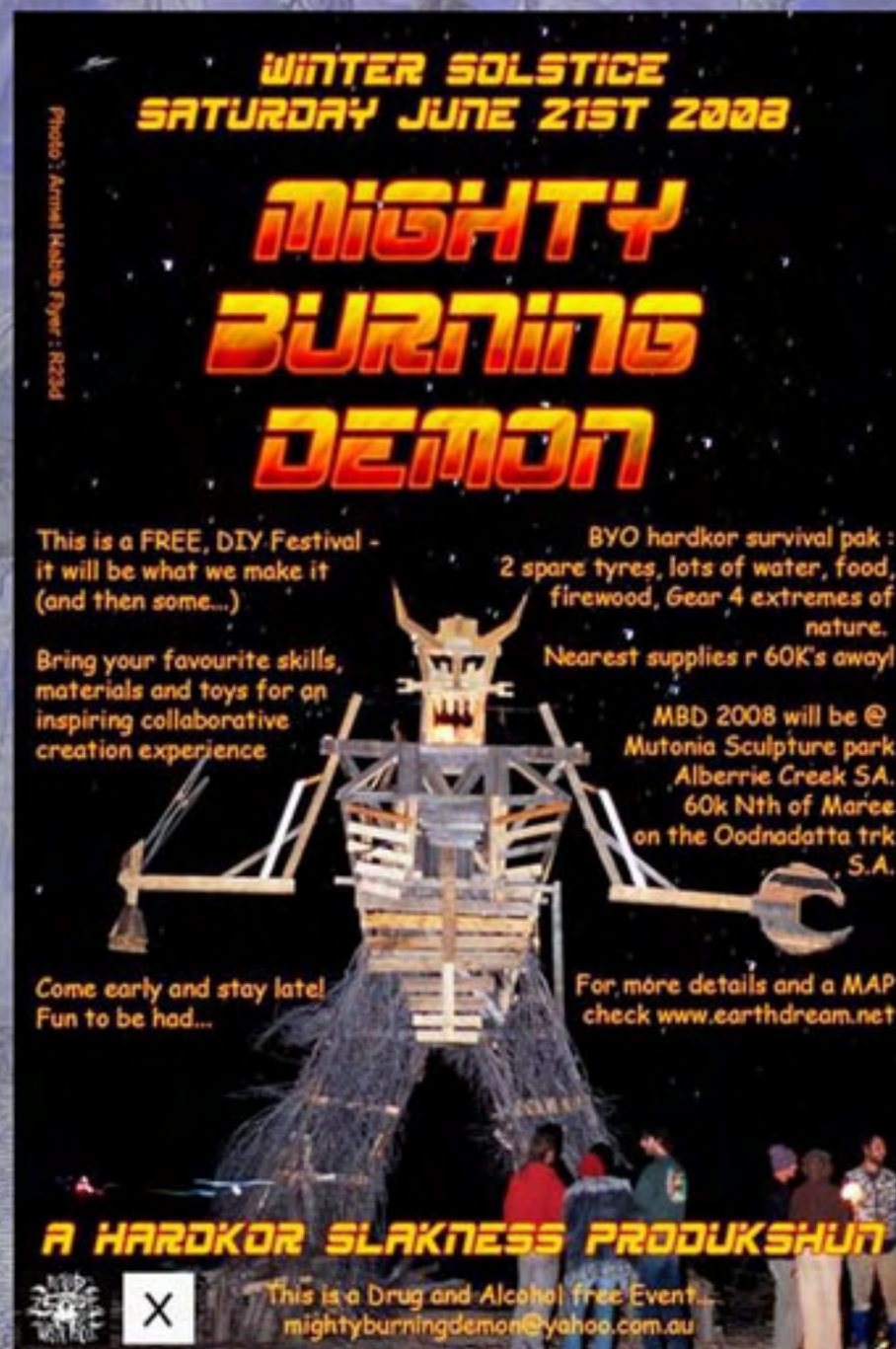
BYO hardkor survival pak :  
2 spare tyres, lots of water, food,  
firewood, Gear 4 extremes of  
nature.  
Nearest supplies r 60K's away!


MBD 2008 will be @  
Mutonia Sculpture park  
Alberrie Creek SA,  
60k Nth of Maree  
on the Oodnadatta trk  
S.A.

Come early and stay late!  
Fun to be had...

For more details and a MAP  
check [www.earthdream.net](http://www.earthdream.net)

**A HARDKOR SLAKNESS PRODUKSHUN**



 X This is a Drug and Alcohol free Event...  
[mightyburningdemon@yahoo.com.au](mailto:mightyburningdemon@yahoo.com.au)

She and Spirit's Mystical



# SHE SHAMANS

May 18, 19 & 20 2007  
Isis Oasis  
Geyserville, California

SheShamans again invites you to come together for a weekend of revelations presented by women who explore the vastness of inner space with friends and allies. SheShamans is a significant contribution to the evolution of form, thought, community, and responsible relationship within the Medicine Path.

Featured presenters include: Cynthia Palmer – Marilyn Walker – Valerie Leveroni Corral – Jane Straight – Max Dashu – Mariela delaPaz – Linda Rosa Corazon – Patricia Winters – Suzanne Sterling – Celestine Star – Angela Blessing – Micah the Alchemist – Lou Montgomery – Adele Getty

Attendees are invited to offer presentations as scheduled sessions.

\*Presentations, ceremony, discussions, films, networking, relaxing

\*Visionary art gallery, chill lounge, crafts and plants

\*Saturday all-night music, performances, fire circles

\*Wonderful vegetarian food

\*Pool, spa, temple, beautifully landscaped grounds

\*Indoor and outdoor camping

(Shared rooms and women-only space also available.)

\*A benefit for the endangered cats and bird sanctuary of Isis Oasis

People of all genders are welcome at SheShamans.

For tickets and information, visit: [www.sheshamans.com](http://www.sheshamans.com)

## Ambient Poetry

Considering carefully the detritus, which is my body of poetic work, I came to the conclusion that my 'Ambient Poems,' would be best for The Invisible College, and its erudite media experiment. Their inspiration is emotive rather than simply linguistic, and more than any of my other work they (to me) represent the psychedelic world-view better than more traditional free verse. If the mediaocracy, and their corporate masters are to be believed, we have several generations of the permanently stoned to account for, and although they do not willingly embrace consumer ideology, it seems curious that they are the only ones seeking to evolve past, rather than perpetuate the dysfunctional world view which dominates our current paradigm- and to that end Ambient Poetics:

### Bonsai Soul

Sometimes I know the future  
better than I remember the past-  
topiary arches and paths  
have always charmed me, twilight  
alleys, new moon familiarity

and miniature doorways into ancestor  
houses, where sugarwater and colored  
papers, make a formal feast, among  
ephemeral shades, waiting for your  
remembrance to make them laugh.

Diorama universes, behind that mirror  
beneath these words, captured in paintings  
and plays, drainpipes and sandlots  
but, I always go back to the crook of a tree  
a pocket universe, for reading, exploring

and sometimes with the right friends  
building; modern christians, have forgotten  
this, obsessed with a carcass and its'  
genealogy, they forget the corners  
and compress the directions: Past, Future,

Ascended and Descended, using uranium  
enriched clippers to trim, and dwarf  
the world tree, remembering myth  
ignoring sacred biology, creating  
a window into a tiny universe, like

an aphid believing her branch of our  
miniature Japanese Maple is the whole  
tree. As the sun rises, in the east, bonsai  
herders shear carefully, with the season

looking for harmony between Heaven  
and  
Earth.



AMBIENT POETRY

Dr. Convergence



## Scheherazade's Province

Solstice Winter 2006

Whenever I say I'm a poet  
in company that matters  
I stop  
writing for awhile

In the province  
of the mind-  
these flakes of skin  
are desert dust  
hiding the struts  
and arches of a great  
temple, Scheherazade's  
treasure guarded by demons  
and thieves, accumulating the detritus  
of civilization, claiming these stolen  
words and wyrds as their own

Some teach all deserts are made by men  
a design flaw breeding for abstraction  
adaptation of questions a survival trait  
greater than observation

the abuse of resources  
leads to Eden, buried  
but we are happier without that old zoo  
despite claims to the contrary  
confusing stories  
of getting  
through  
this night

and the next  
with nostalgia of  
grassy plains  
and waterholes  
shared with  
friendly death

rather  
than  
face  
this  
now.

I want to kiss your mouth  
grey eyed stranger, passing  
under artificial hues, arcing  
through what passes for Christmas  
here, bone wetness that makes me  
miss the silent-eye cross country skiing  
beneath crystal moon, fingers blue  
with cold, heart and lungs a furnace  
which would burn away future years  
of dragon smoke, cannabis and then  
tobacco twirling together, epigenetic  
battles producing my daughter  
rather than a son

I was laughing, not dodging  
thicker than mist, thinner than rain  
humidity reflecting on the 'secular'  
Santa Claus, as if the Christian tribe  
congenitally is incapable of recognizing  
a butcher, more bully deity, the usurper corporate  
incarnation of consumer servitude- but what's  
the harm? I believed, I felt the joy, I was born  
anew opening those boxes- He's more concrete  
than your sodden savior, able to withstand  
artillery and maybe even a nuclear flash,  
he's way too tricky to start a war or justify one

and you came into the light singing the old  
Harrison tune: Here comes the sun,  
here comes the sun And I say it's all right  
and I say welcome back sun, the Earth  
will still celebrate solstice long after  
I'm gone, and your gods too.

## Ghosts of the Color Rubble

You once accused me of living  
through ghosts. My denial was  
truth, but waking this morning  
I was colonized, had to listen  
as they put me together

there is something dirty  
about Puritans, their naked  
denial of sex has the breath  
control awareness of men  
browsing pornography, alone  
and together on public display

the rumble of my intestine  
concordance with sounds  
of a 150 yearold wood house  
in earthquake territory, illiterate  
ancestors left alone on their farms  
grasping for any affection

limbs strewn everywhere  
bricks from the foot  
beams from the body  
hairy shingles amassed on sidewalks

a bittersweet satisfaction  
when a construction site  
becomes a house or a hotel  
when it could have been a playground  
for children and mothers

but that was today's construction  
tomorrow night, we will be derelict  
again.



Always interesting to write a biography of an 'unreal' individual: Dr. Conrescence, AKA Dr. Con was born, at the point a beautifully mad business partner saw the title of my still unfinished novel, by that name, and suggested it was a perfect name for the soon to be 'herbal' substitute business. He became his own entity, with his/her own consciousness and volition. I went to Burning Man because a friend of a friend called to say Dr. Conrescence had signed up for his camp. I presented on theories of psychedelic evolution, not because 'I knew' anything, but because Dr. Con insisted. And this describes our relationship perfectly: I am going back to school because he/she is a snob and doesn't want to speak to the undergrad.

I just want some clarity, if I am running towards or away from. Of course, his/her poetry stands on its own, and it is my great pleasure to participate in bringing it to the public eye.

Much Love,  
Juris d. Ahn



# THE ART OF KATHLEEN PREISING

*Descriptions by John M. Preising*

I met Kathleen and her husband through the Wizard of Upper Cacadia...

'You must meet Kathleen and John when they move back to the mainland' the Wizard would intone as he poured another glass of absinthe' 'You'll like them, and Kathleen's art is something to behold'. He would smile and sit back at this point of the conversation... This conversations would be repeated many times over the years, and finally I did get to meet them, this Solstice past..

It's true, I do like them, and I do like Kathleen's art and it has nothing to do with the absinthe'...  
-Gwyllm



## Emergence

30" x 30" Stoneware

The Spiral Growth Releases the Evolution of Ecstasy. Realization and Awareness Blend into Blissful Gratitude to our Universe.

## Sleepers

44" x 38" Oil on Canvas

The Wisest Ones know that we are a Mystery unto Ourselves. To dream of the Archetypal. To have your own DNA speak to you in Images encoded long ago. It only seems to deepen and broaden the question of who we are.



## Odyssey

50" x 40" Oil on Canvas

Our Magnificent Universe, containing all that is and all that has ever been. To always be both the Student and the Teacher. To use the Quantum Magick of the Mind/Body as Fledgling Creators. Such Joyful work.



**Flow**  
**54" x 42" Oil on Canvas**

**Life is about the Journey,  
not the Destination.**

**Firmament**  
**54" x 42" Oil on  
Canvas**

**Roiling Interdimen-  
sional Energies Un-  
dulating Together.  
Attracted and re-  
pelled, their Atoms  
ready and willing to  
join or be joined  
with whomever is  
wanting to sing the  
Glory and Hallelujah  
of Consciousness  
Expanding**



**Pluto's Return**  
42" x 46" Oil on Canvas

Pluto's Return, that longitudinal circle of transformational obsession. Out with the Old, in with the New. Cut Deep, Cut True, Excision of the Soul awaits you. The Dark Underbelly of Spirit Obsession calls out "Ta Panta Rei!" and so it is.



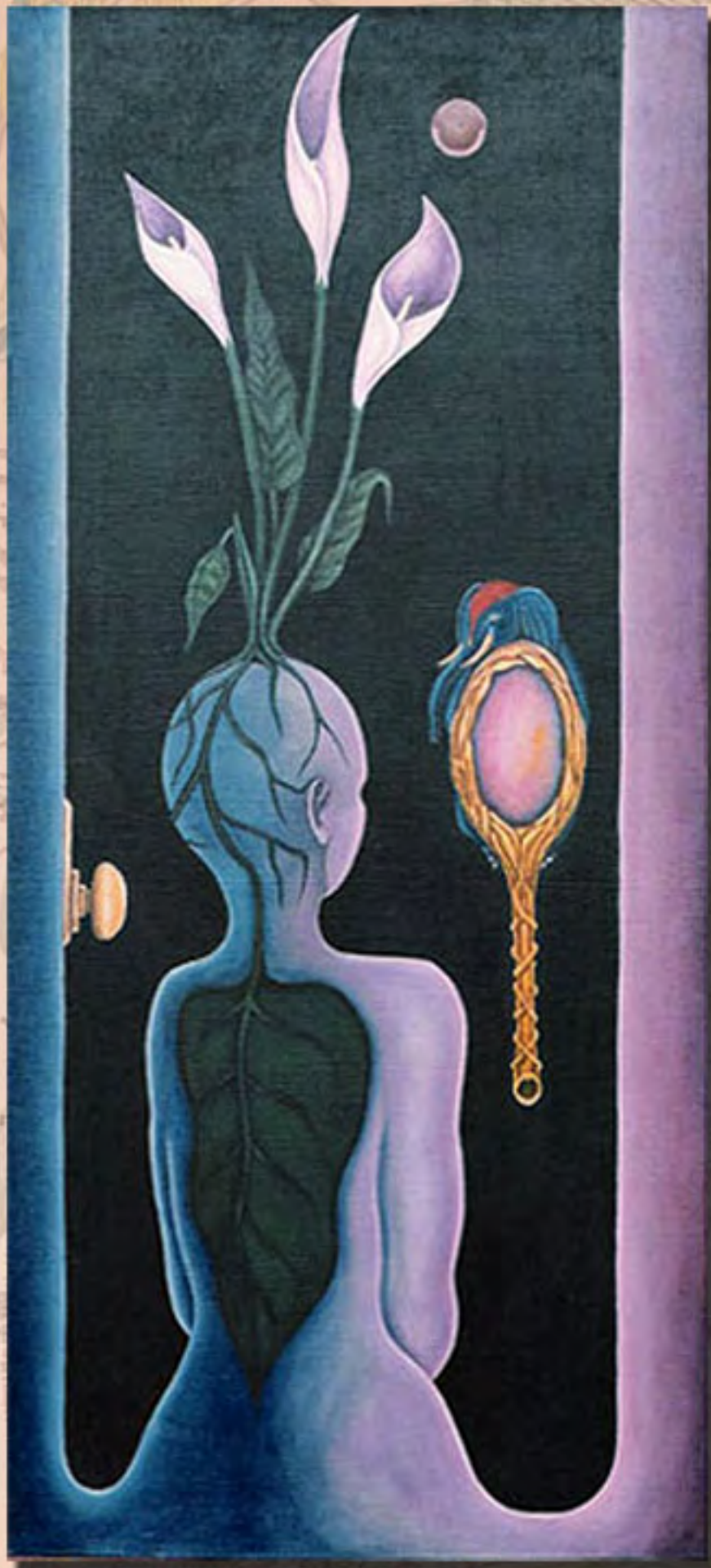
**Sleepers**  
44" x 38" Oil on Canvas

The Wisest Ones know that we are a Mystery unto Ourselves. To dream of the Archetypal. To have your own DNA speak to you in Images encoded long ago. It only seems to deepen and broaden the question of who we are.



My Birth is Difficult  
36" x 48" Oil on Canvas

A Metamorphic Life Chapter. Igneous intrusions, pressures, unbearable heat and seemingly no way out. This cauldron of transformative experience will help you to see how strong you really are.



### Introspection

24" x 42" Oil on Canvas

Events come, Events go. Some Events produce Insights into a Realm Within that triggers Internal Transformations, Nothing is ever quite the same after entering the Palace of Lord Ganesha and seeing the Beauty of the Flowering of your own Ego Death. "As Within, so Without" thrice Great Hermes...

Kathleen was born in Fairbanks Alaska on a wintery evening in 1964 and lived there for 25 years. She went to the University of Alaska Fairbanks for four years and received her Bachelors in Fine Arts from the University of Washington. Kathleen and her husband John have recently moved to the Portland area after a nine year stay on the Big Island of Hawaii.

To see more examples of Kathleen's work, please visit [www.causalsynthesis.com](http://www.causalsynthesis.com).



"As I have moved along the Life Path of Art, I have been influenced by what I call the Molecules of Life. These are the various entheogens, some modern, and some ancient.

This method is very cathartic; it opens one to the beauty of creation, in all forms. It influences ones choice of medium and the method of expression of the beauty that is hidden within.

I always knew I wanted to be an artist, and I think it's turned out really well that I have had to wear a few different hats in this lifetime thus far. I was born in Fairbanks Alaska to a terrific family, but I couldn't wait to grow up and be my own boss.



I was not raised with any kind of religion in that my parents wanted us to decide for ourselves. I spent a lot of time researching which religion would be the right one. Christian, Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem. They all seemed to have too narrow of a scope in explaining how the universe worked. I just couldn't accept it if the whole pie wasn't good.

This searching led to metaphysical books of all kinds. Jane Roberts, Ken Wilbur, Carlos Castaneda, Fritjof Capra, Robert Monroe. I wanted some answers. I was creeping up on it. Wrestling with the question of free will verses fate. I would have strange paranormal experiences with ghosts and see my Dad in astral form (He was quite the projector in his day).

We had an old hotel built in the fifties with plenty of history and energies within its walls. Life was becoming more interesting to me having other realities and dimensions to observe and interact with. I had started meditating and dream journaling and experimenting with various altered states of consciousness. Dad was the first in the state of Alaska to have sensory deprivation tanks.

My first boyfriend during that time was a tortured artist/alcoholic/drug addict, but he was an important catalyst for me. He had seen all of the drawings that I had kept from when I was younger and thought it was ridiculous that I hadn't pursued it. He was very encouraging and I will always be grateful to him for inspiring me to study and make art.

I have to say that my first experience of LSD when I was seventeen was such a relief to me. It gave me that huge view of the universe that I had been looking for. It was a blast and wonderfully funny.

You can take that experience back with you and incorporate it into your daily life, but you can't really live it all of the time. I knew that I wanted to have the kind of life where I wasn't wishing half of it away wanting to be engaged in something more fascinating

I like to think of myself as mining the Akashic Records for future archetypes of the new Eon. I like the beauty of an image to be the entry point into the ideas behind it. Creativity, freedom, magic, transcendence, mystery, power and how it relates to a person's personal evolution are almost always the subject matter.

It's about the journey of the expansion of consciousness. I am always moving towards greater communication with the mind that is here and now in the physical and that greater consciousness of the non-physical, the spirit that has been to the mountaintop a thousand times and died ten thousand deaths.

It is such an exciting time to be on this earth because so many more people are coming to realize that they are creating their own reality and that they don't have to toe the line of all their past cultural beliefs. There is no one right way to live life to its fullest. They can make their own magick.

By intending my images and creations to be Beautiful, I have seen the effect of that intention upon the observer and the various interpretive expressions that reflect back to me. I grow.

Beauty has the effect of arrest; it tends to stop the flow of the mundane. It causes a halting of breath, a change of percept, a pattern interrupt. My Art has been an evolutionary tool for my own conscious development and the exploration of what life is about.

Consciousness and its evolution is the name of the game in this universe. Making art is one of the many ways I enjoy expanding my personal experience.

Life is fun, if we allow it. Through the Path of Art I have come to learn about what I consider to be Universal Laws. These Laws are simple yet very powerful and have guided me increasingly towards that which could be considered an Intentional Destiny.

Through my Artist Endeavors I have found my Mate, I have explored the emotions and experiences of Birth and Death, I have expanded my Being to be inclusive, rather than exclusive. I have learned about the Laws of Attraction, Allowing and Deliberate Creation.

It is my hope that those who experience my Works will feel the Beauty, See the Path and possibly be arrested for a moment in Time to consider the meaning of the Attraction, to allow the drawing in of the awareness to that particular creation and potentially be changed.

Thank You for allowing me this opportunity."

# THE FRACTAL ART OF MIKE CROWLEY



MIKE'S INTEREST IN MATHEMATICAL ART DATES FROM THE 1960S WHEN SOME OF HIS OP-ART PIECES WERE EXHIBITED IN LONDON'S WEST END. HE BEGAN WORKING WITH COMPUTERS IN 1969, DISCOVERED FRACTALS IN THE EARLY 1980S AND WROTE HIS FIRST COMPUTER PROGRAM TO GENERATE THE MANDELBROT SET IN 1987. THIS BEGAN A LONG AND INTENSE LOVE-AFFAIR WITH THE GRAPHICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THE SQUARE ROOT OF -1.



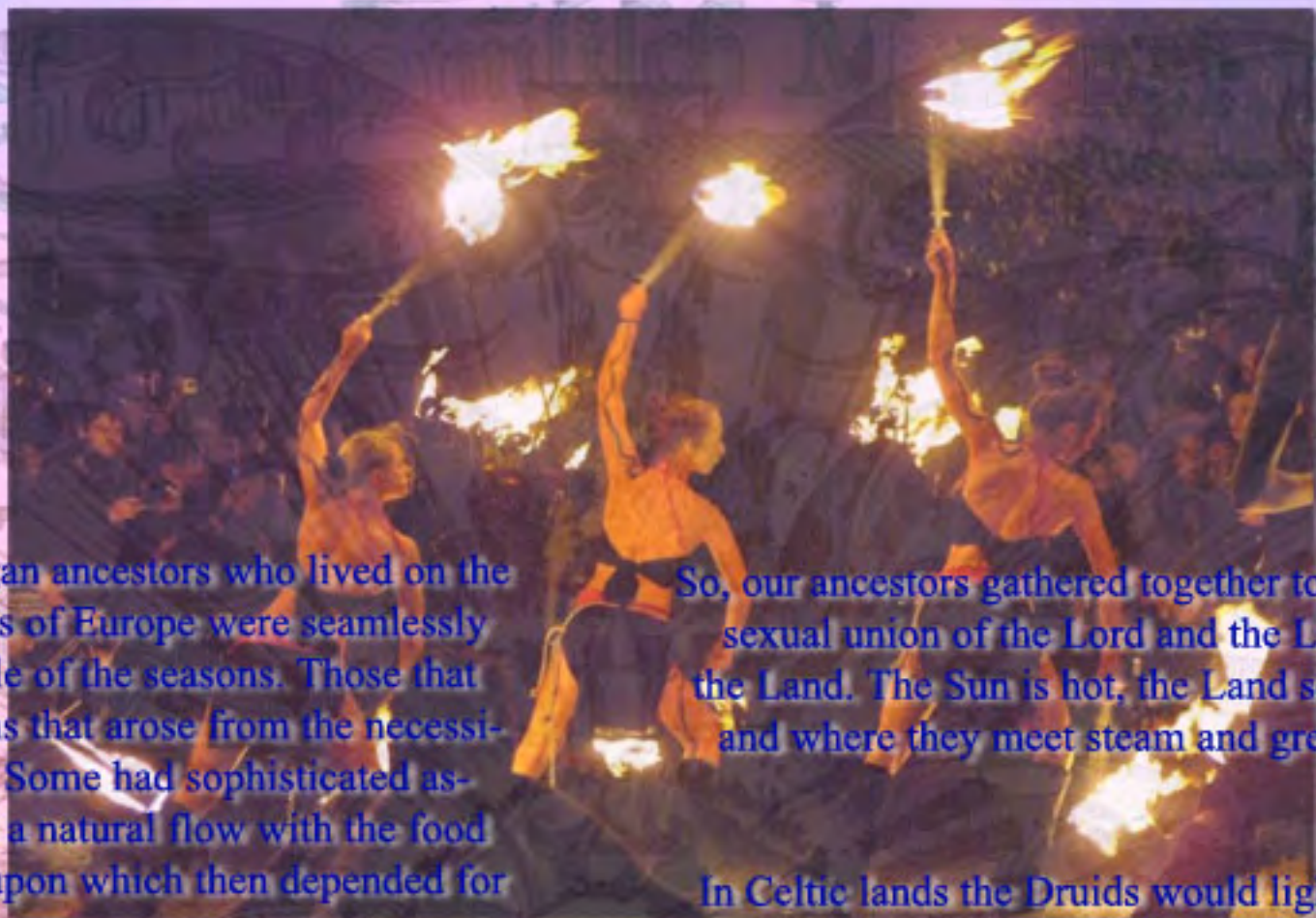
mike crowley

# Beltaine

Connecting With The Heritage...



BY DIANE DARLING



The lives of our Pagan ancestors who lived on the continent and islands of Europe were seamlessly lived within the cycle of the seasons. Those that thrived had traditions that arose from the necessities of their biomes. Some had sophisticated astronomy and all had a natural flow with the food animals and plants upon which then depended for life.

If we could sweep all those ancestors into one general pile and sort it for the features that occur in several different cultures and across time, one of the strongest to emerge would be celebration of seasons as they related to the agricultural cycle. From this we modern Pagans derive the eight solar fire festivals: Brigid or Imbolc (Feb 1), Oestara (Mar 21 Vernal Equinox), Beltane (May 1), Litha (June 20 Summer Solstice), Lughnasadh (August 1), Mabon (Sept 21 Fall Equinox), Samhain (Oct 31), and Yule (Dec 20 Winter Solstice).

We celebrated these festivals for reasons of sharing bounty or whatever we could spare, cheering each other in the dark of winter; mixing the gene pool of both humans and animals at summer fairs, and for the sheer exuberance of great weather at last.

Beltane (fire of the sun god Bel) is the festival coming up next. Beltane is celebrated on the exact midpoint between Oestara and Litha. Yes, Pagans get together to celebrate, journey and feast every six weeks.

In the European agricultural year, all the foaling and calving and birthing of human babies got at last Beltane are well behind. Mares and cows are bred (at Oestara, as in oestrus: ovulating), the fields are furrowed but not planted, food is becoming plentiful, and young people are getting randy. On a more serious note, it's time to pray for fertility of the plant world.

So, our ancestors gathered together to celebrate the sexual union of the Lord and the Lady, spirits of the Land. The Sun is hot, the Land soft and moist, and where they meet steam and green things rise into the light.

In Celtic lands the Druids would light the balefire of the nine sacred woods: birch for the Goddess, oak for the God; hazel for knowledge and wisdom; rowan for Life; hawthorne for purity and fairy magick; willow for death; fir for birth and rebirth; apple for love and family; the vine for joy and happiness. They would tend it all night long, muttering, proclaiming and doing Druid magic. Couples would leap the fire holding hands to bring fertility to their bodies and health to their families in the coming year.

The young people have begun a-Maying early, rising (or not) before the Sun to gather greenery and flowers for the festival. Women and girls are weaving flower garlands for each other, for their sweethearts, and for the crown of the Maypole. The men and boys are felling a tall straight pine, or rubbing beeswax and tallow into an ancient Maypole used by generation after generation of celebrants.

Together the men carry the Maypole to a grassy meadow, where the flower-bedecked women are waiting and singing, laughing and hiding a lovely dark hole in the turf. Much teasing and yes-ing and no-ing bubbles and flirts, until each woman crowns her chosen consort with flowers and the men are allowed to penetrate the Earth with their Maypole.

The Maypole, now crowned with flowers and streaming with long colorful ribbons, stands tall against the sky. Laughing couples catch the flying ends and move into a circle around the pole. Soon there is song and drumming, rowdy innuendo and much tickling and squeezing.

# Wolfe and Simlich May Day Tune

Couple faces couple and the dance begins. Weaving in and out, singing as they go, the dancers weave a colorful argyle pattern that covers the Maypole from top to?.

At its foot stands the May King, a young, fertile man who has been chosen by many ways by his tribe to incarnate the God in the season of fertility. He is bound to the pole and before him teases the May Queen, who is the living Goddess of the Land for her people. Soon his maypole is risen, too, and soon she covers it as the dancers dance wildly and the drums drive them faster and faster.

When the ribbons are too short to hold on to and the King has given his Queen what she is due, he is cut from the pole and they frolic off to the hidden bower that has been prepared for them by their people (or to lie in a furrowed field), there to perform the ancient rite that will bring a season of plenty from both the red and green worlds.

Feasting follows and many a sudden disappearance into the shady groves of couples young and old. Though they may choose to celebrate the May with their own true loves, they may also choose to take their pleasure with someone else, and all is well. Babes conceived on Beltane are called May-born, and are children of the God and Goddess born in February, around Brigid's Day!

Other traditions for Mayday include walking the circuit of one's property (?beating the bounds?), repairing fences and boundary markers, processions of chimney sweeps and milkmaids, archery tournaments, morris dances, sword dances, feasting, music, drinking, and maidens bathing their faces in the dew of May morning to retain their youthful beauty.

Handfastings may occur on Beltane. In this tradition, a couple takes each other in a marriage that lasts only one year and one day. At the end of that period, they may commit to a longer partnership or, standing back to back, walk away from each other with no regrets (ideally).

Another aspect of the Beltane season is the Germanic festival of darkness, Walpurgisnacht, the night of madness. This is the night before the Day of the May, when dark energy is dispelled by dancing around the balefire kindled of the nine sacred woods. It is a night of frenzied drumming and dancing, reckless drinking and so on, and mad singing until exhaustion or dawn mark its end.

In our modern Pagan groups, we usually celebrate Beltane on the weekend nearest the true date, but those who celebrate it privately find much magic in making love to each other as God and Goddess within a sacred circle. Beltane is the power point on the wheel of the year that brings us together in the sweetest and most important ways.





**Diane Darling has lived many lifetimes and performed countless acts of Love and Magick.**


**She has graced us with her wit, skilled editing and insightful tales over the years.**

**Always there and with almost always the right word.**

**She has recently been published in High-times Magazine, and continues to publish with Earthrites.org.**

**Meet her personally at SheShamans which she incidentally put together in her spare time...**



The background of the cover is a detailed, light-colored relief carving of an ancient Greek temple facade. It features several columns with ornate capitals and a pediment containing a group of figures. The overall tone is a soft, aged yellow or light brown.

# Secret Recipes - Hofmann Symposium

PETER WEBSTER

Editing for Publication:  
RevDeo & Peter Webster

Original Concept Published In  
**ELEUSIS: Journal of Psychoactive Plants and Compounds**  
New Series 4, 2000  
as  
'Mixing the Kykeon'

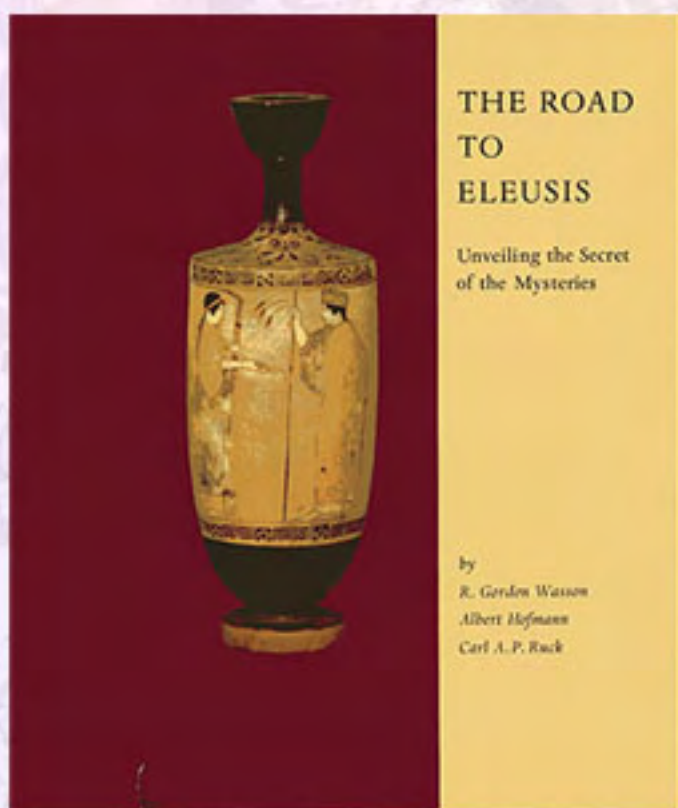


Long-enduring mysteries may sometimes acquire a certain charm, or even charisma - something we would normally only associate with a personality. Indeed, when a notorious mystery is finally solved we may feel emotionally distraught-as if an old friend had suddenly left us forever.

In our hearts we love our mysteries, and often really do not want them solved, especially if that solution turns out to be something that might well have been discovered long ago.

The messenger who brings news of a mystery's demise may therefore not be believed, he may even be dismissed as a fool for having dared to tread where so many heroes had explored but come back empty-handed. How dare this presumptuous upstart try to take our beloved mystery from us!

'The book excited no interest amongst colleagues in my profession, and rarely has anyone even mentioned it to me... The discussion of Dionysos and Greek wine, including the symbolic significance of the thyrsos, has been completely ignored by Classicists; and the work on Eleusis rarely earns even a disparaging footnote in treatments of Greek religion. More recently, the Eleusinian Mystery has been expropriated for the curriculum in Women's Studies, but despite the grain Goddess, ethnobotany is not on their agenda; and they, too, don't speak to me. Students who work with me have been warned that they will be blacklisted. My textbooks in grammar, as well, as if by contagion, are viewed by some as suspect and a threat to normalcy.'



The reception that *The Road to Eleusis* first encountered was not far from that. The book and its authors were misinterpreted, misquoted, misreviewed and mistook as mere pretenders to expertise on the age-old question that so many famous names had tried, and failed to answer.

And not to mention, ignored: As Carl Ruck wrote to me when I was composing a review of the 20th anniversary edition of *The Road to Eleusis*,

It wasn't until many years later that a very positive appraisal of *The Road to Eleusis* was finally published in a major journal, *ALEXANDRIA* (volume 2, 1993).

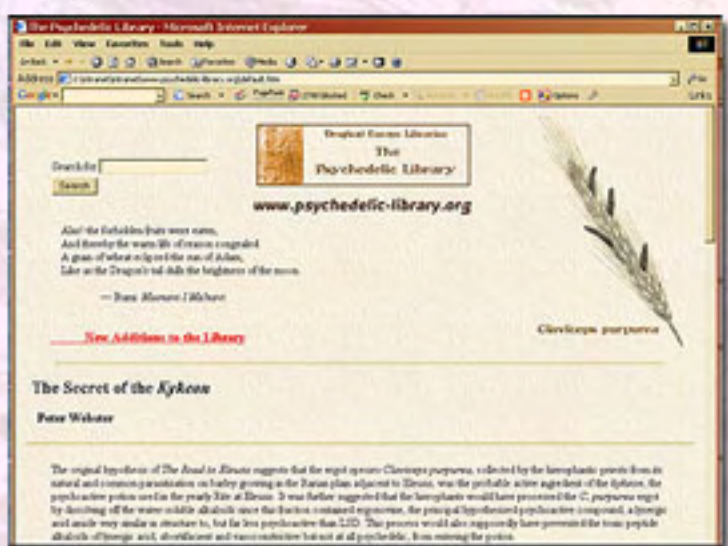
"The Wasson-Hofmann-Ruck theory is perhaps the first truly realistic explanation for the most-documented aspect of the sacred mysteries: their profound, beneficial and lasting effects upon the millions of initiates who, at one time or another, stood enraptured on the steps of the torch-lit Telesterion."

A careful reading of this essay, however, revealed that the mystery of Eleusis was still not totally solved, at least not in its chemical and pharmacological dimensions.

Perhaps in response to this article, Ivan Valencic, the following year, published a criticism of the Eleusis theory that centred on that very topic-the chemical and pharmacological nature of the kykeon, the secret sacramental drink of The Greater Mysteries of Eleusis. (*Yearbook for Ethnomedicine and the Study of Consciousness*, Issue 3, 1994)

Terence McKenna that Psilocybe mushrooms-and not ergot-might have been the psychoactive secret of the kykeon.

Having been a devotee of the Wasson-Hofmann-Ruck theory since I first read *The Road to Eleusis* in 1980, Valencic's criticisms seemed to need some rebuttal, and to that effect I wrote a paper for my website, The Psychedelic Library.



I chose to decorate the homepage of the library with an illustration of ergot, whose scientific name is *Claviceps purpurea*. This, of course, is the parasitic fungus that the Wasson-Hofmann-Ruck theory proposes as the secret ingredient of the kykeon.

The paper I wrote, 'The Secret of the Kykeon,' attempted to show that, despite some problems, the ergot fungus should still be considered as the first choice for the kykeon's psychoactive ingredient. At the time, however, I had no further ideas on how the ergot hypothesis might be improved. It wasn't for a few more years, while discussing the topic by e-mail with Dr. Dan Perrine and Dr. Dave Nichols, that I quite suddenly remembered some old references I had read about how lysergic acid was first isolated from reaction mixtures. In an effort to elucidate the molecular structure of these compounds, researchers had been studying how the natural alkaloids of ergot were cleaved into various fragments. One of these reactions was the basic hydrolysis of the alkaloids of ergot. This work had been done in the 1930s, and certain aspects of it had apparently been all but forgotten by some researchers ever since.

What the work showed was that the predominant alkaloids of ergot, the toxic and and ergotism-

producing ergopeptides, such as ergotamine, could be partially hydrolysed to ergine rather than completely hydrolysed to lysergic acid, depending on the conditions of the reaction.

I realised that these findings might have finally provided the missing link for how the preparation of the kykeon could have been accomplished. It seemed that with quite a simple procedure, the entire alkaloid content of ergot could be converted to a simple and psychoactive lysergic acid derivative called ergine.

With Dr. Perrine and Ruck, I soon published a paper in *ELEUSIS* detailing my findings and proposing a recipe for how the kykeon might have been prepared by the *Eleusis* priests. Giorgio Samorini, the editor and publisher of the journal, was generous enough to write me in November 2000 that, "Indeed it is really a good article, and I'm thinking now you may really have found THE KEY concerning the Eleusinian Mysteries. My full compliments for this."

Dr. Nichols proposed a reaction mechanism for our paper which illustrates how basic hydroxyl ions first attack the peptide side chain of the ergotamine molecule, producing lysergic acid amide (ergine), and only in a secondary reaction stage splitting off ammonia from ergine to yield lysergic acid.

The first stage of this reaction, the partial hydrolysis of ergotamine and its chemical cousins to ergine, can be brought about by fairly mild basic conditions, such as a slurry of wood ash in water might provide. Only in much stronger basic conditions does the hydrolysis proceed to the next stage to produce lysergic acid itself. The kykeon recipe we propose in the *ELEUSIS* paper suggests precisely this: Finely ground ergot would be digested for a time in a mixture of wood ash and water, probably at elevated temperature. Wood ash, of course, contains potassium carbonate, and stirred in water can easily produce a solution of at least pH 9 or 10.

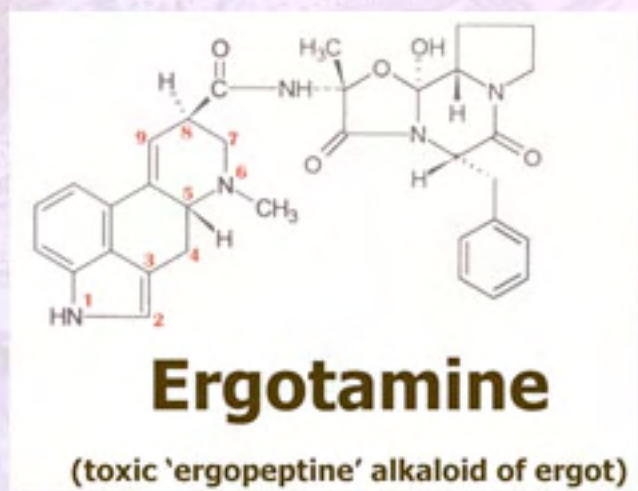
Now what makes this proposal doubly interesting is that ergine is the very same lysergic acid amide that became famous as one of the shamanic drugs of ancient Central America.

Ergine, the simplest lysergic acid amide, was the principle alkaloid of the seed of either of two morning glory vines- called *ololiuhqui* by the Aztecs of ancient Mexico. According to our proposals, therefore, the shamans of Mesoamerica and the priests of ancient Greece had discovered the very same psychedelic agent- albeit in two extremely different plants- one, a flowering vine; the other, a primitive parasitic fungus.



Our claim that ergine was the ingredient of interest in both *ololiuhqui* and the *kykeon* would be a hypothesis that had some considerable advantages over the original suggestions in Dr. Albert Hofmann's essay in *The Road to Eleusis*.

Dr. Hofmann proposed that it might have been another simple lysergic acid amide, ergonovine, that the Eleusis priests had learned how to obtain from ergot using a simple water extraction.



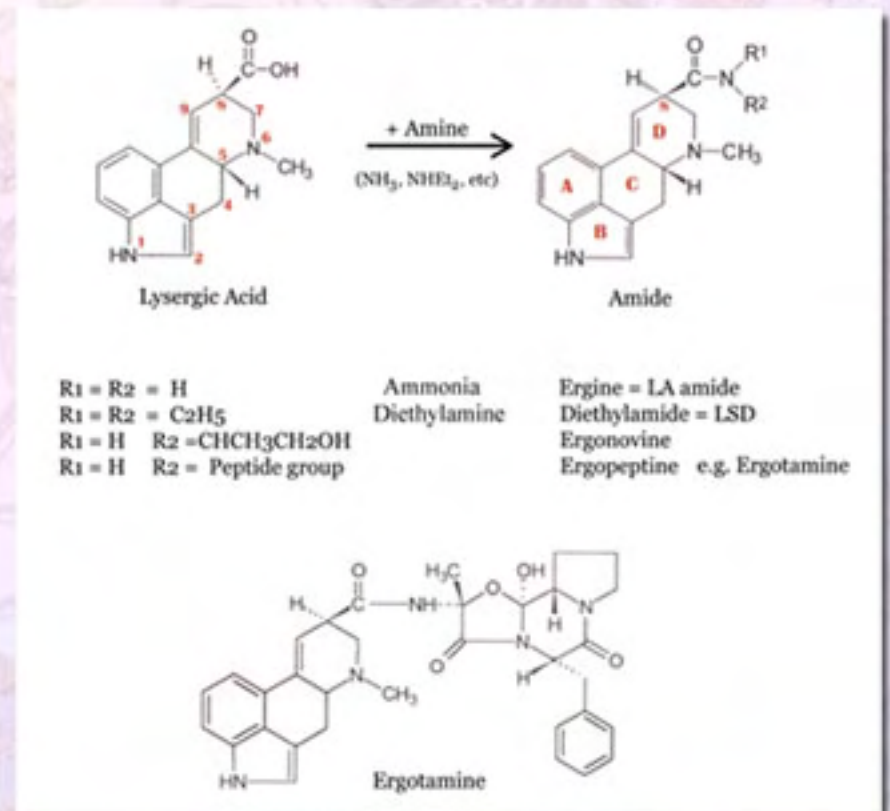
according to this proposal, they might have thus eliminated the toxic ergopeptine alkaloids, such as ergotamine, the presence of which was one of the important objections to the idea that ergot could have been the *kykeon's* secret ingredient.

All of these chemicals?ergine, ergonovine, ergotamine?are derivatives of the basic structure of the lysergic acid or ergolene base of all the ergot alkaloids.

There were two remaining problems with Dr. Hofmann's ergonovine proposal, however. Firstly, self-tests by a few interested researchers revealed that ergonovine did not seem suitably or sufficiently psychoactive to fulfil the *kykeon's* reputation. Secondly, ergonovine is a minor and quite variable component of ergot, making it doubtful that a psychoactive *kykeon* could have been prepared reliably for nearly two thousand successive years.

### A Look at the Chemistry Involved

I would like now to take you all on a short guided tour of the lysergic acid molecule and its derivatives, particularly to show you some rather unusual characteristics of ergine, the simplest of the lysergic acid amides and the substance we now claim was the essential psychoactive component of the *kykeon*. This will hopefully provide those who have only a vague understanding of organic chemistry to nevertheless get at least the drift of my arguments.



Here on the top left we see the base molecule of all the ergot alkaloids, lysergic acid. Note how the structure is numbered, and how the rings are labelled A through D. We will be most concerned with the D-ring of the molecule, and the way in which the hydrogen and the acid or amide side-group are attached to position 8.

The table shows the amides that result from the reaction of lysergic acid with various amines, to form amides. To synthesise ergine, we see that it is necessary only to react lysergic acid with the simplest amine, ammonia.

But to be more correct and specific, it is not just ergine but also its mirror image molecule, or epimer-isoergine-that enters the picture.

For there seems to remain a problem with the proposal that ergine might be the psychoactive compound of the *kykeon*, or even of *ololiuhqui*. The problem is similar to that of ergonovine mentioned above-when some researchers have tested the alkaloid as a pure compound, it did not seem have the psychoactive qualities that make for an effective entheogen. These tests were summarised in the second part of our paper in the *ELEUSIS* journal.

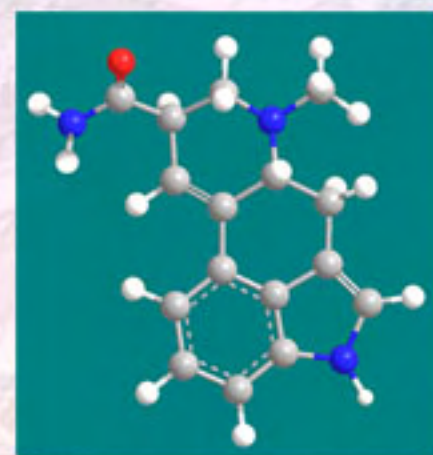
There have similarly been doubts that the *ololiuhqui* of the Aztecs was a potent psychoactive-self-tests using the seeds of the Ipomoea morning glory vine have also been inconclusive in some cases.

There have even been suggestions that the effect of *ololiuhqui* was entirely due to suggestion. It does seem absurd, however, to suppose that the Central American shamans would have employed a mere placebo when they had such a wide range of undeniably powerful psychoactives at hand, including peyote and Psilocybe mushrooms.

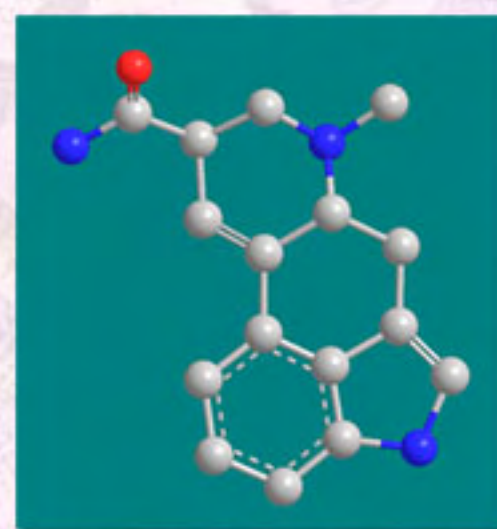
And, as Jonathan Ott has pointed out in a letter to us,

"Ololiuhqui was far more prominent as an entheogen here in Mesoamerica than those mushrooms-the mushrooms are mentioned only here and there by a few competent chroniclers; yet almost an entire book was devoted to denouncing mainly the *ololiuhqui* idolatry. The annals of the Inquisition contain many times more autos de fe for ololiuhqui than for mushrooms."

So let's take a closer look at ergine.

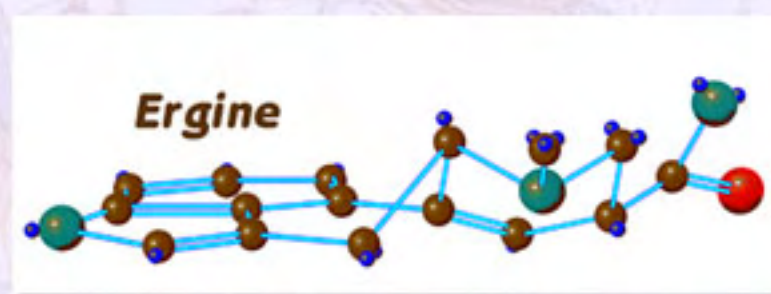


In this stick-and-ball model of ergine, the backbone of the lysergic acid ring structure is formed by the grey carbon atoms. Also joining in are nitrogen atoms, hydrogen atoms and a lonely oxygen atom. Now let's simplify the model and ignore the hydrogens, although let's not forget they are there



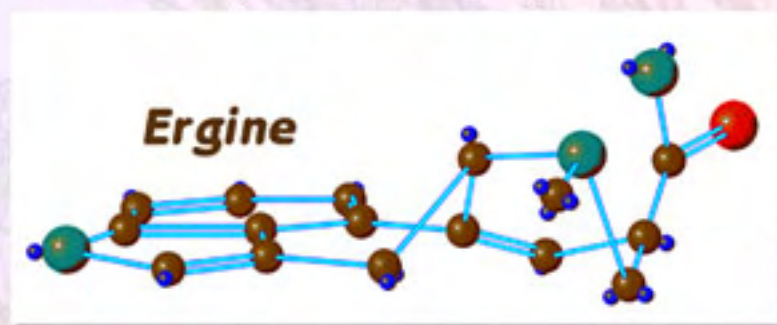
It might first seem that the whole molecule is almost flat, but take a closer look at the bonds in the topmost, or D-ring. The attachment points of the bonds going to the nitrogen and the position-8 carbon atom imply that these atoms are behind the plane of the molecule.

To see this better, one must first rotate the molecule clockwise and then rotate the molecule again about its horizontal axis, with the top receding away from view. After visualising these two rotations,

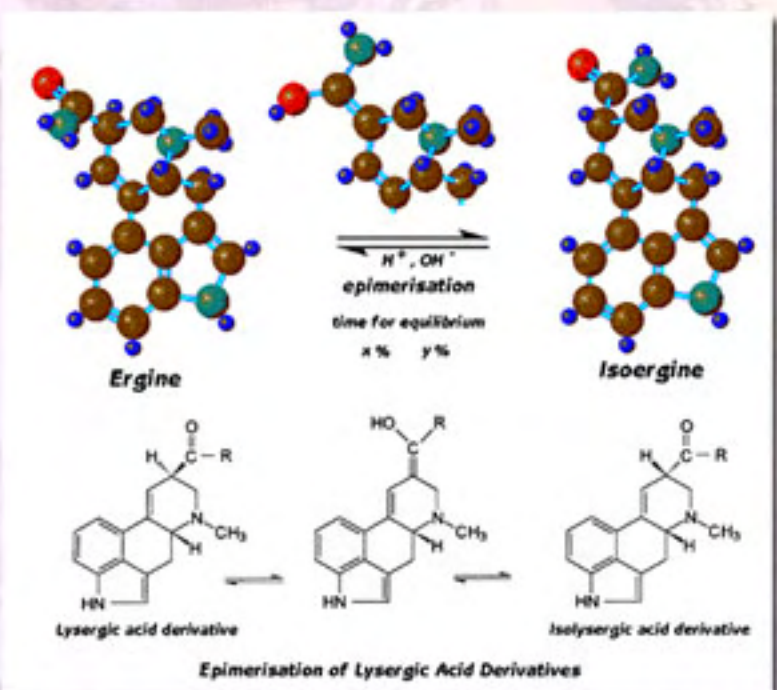


one can clearly see that the D-ring of ergine has a distinct zig-zag shape, whereas the rest of the molecule is basically flat with all the carbons in one plane..

Now ergine exhibits what might at first seem a bizarre behaviour: not only does the D-ring have a decidedly zig-zag shape, it is constantly flipping back and forth to an alternate shape - or as chemists call it, a conformation, as we see here.

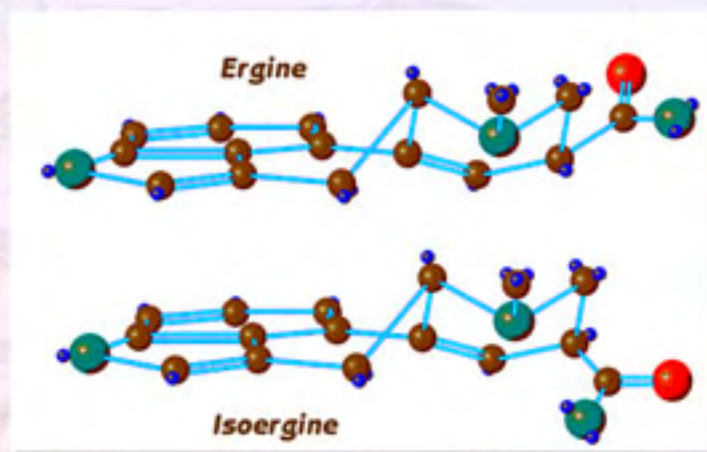


Now we must consider another change that ergine and all lysergic acid alkaloids undergo, this also is a change in shape, but to arrive at the change two constituents of the molecule actually trade places.



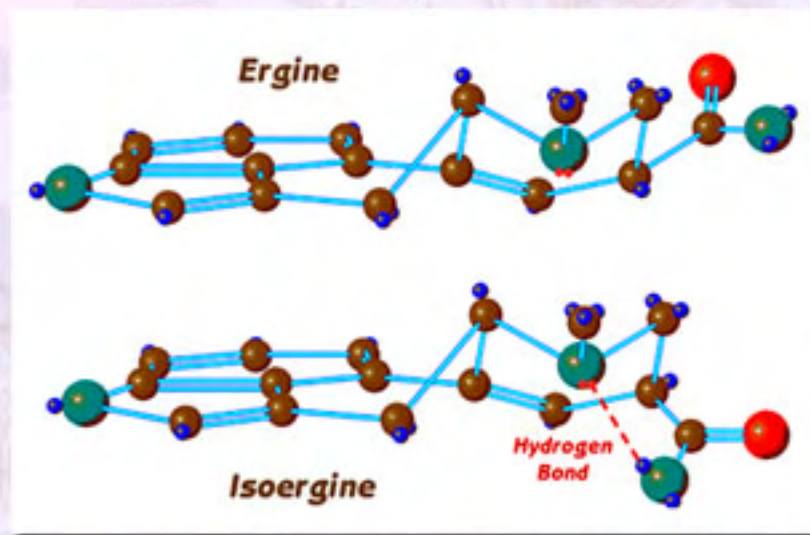
The process is called epimerisation, and proceeds through the formation of an intermediate compound we see here in the middle. The overall change brought about is merely the changing places of the hydrogen and the amide side-chain attached at the ring carbon atom in position 8. When this happens, we have the iso form of the alkaloid-for ergine this is called isoergine.

The reaction is reversible and after a certain time we can expect that the reaction will arrive at an equilibrium and both ergine and isoergine will exist in the particular medium under consideration. The epimerisation is thus typified in the case of each specific lysergic acid amide by an equilibrium concentration of the two epimers and a time to arrive at this equilibrium. These factors are determined by the chemical and physical environment in which the molecule finds itself.

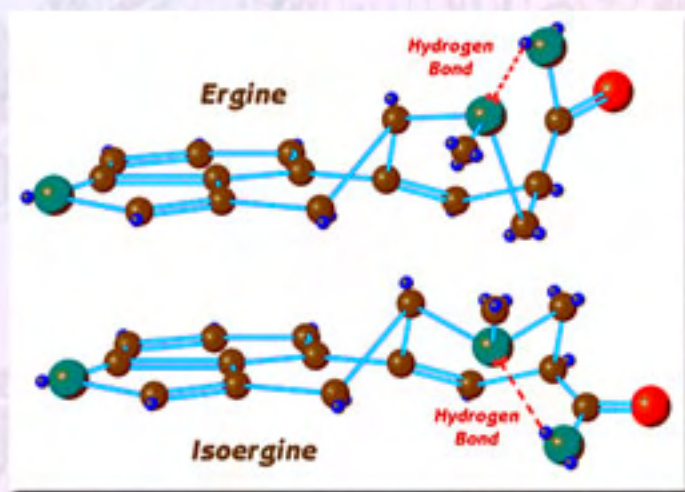


In this diagram are shown the two epimers of ergine in profile, side by side as before. At the right, we now clearly see the reversed positions of the hydrogen and side chain attached at the 8-position ring carbon. Both ergine and isoergine here have their D-ring in the chair conformation as shown in the previous illustrations. This brings us to a further complication that is specific to ergine but not LSD, and the question we must now ask is whether isoergine also exhibits flipping of its D-ring back and forth between the chair and boat forms (these conformations differ only in shape and not in the absolute positions of the atoms of the molecule) that we see with ergine. In fact, isoergine does not change its conformation, for it is prevented from doing so by the formation of a hydrogen bond which locks it into the chair form.

Here's how that happens. Nitrogen has more electrons than it uses in its normal three bonds and these electrons cause one side of the atom to have a decidedly negative charge. Thus electron lone pairs exist on the nitrogen atoms at position 6 of the lysergic acid structure. In the case of isoergine, when a hydrogen attached to another nitrogen is close enough to this negative charge, a hydrogen bond is formed.



In the case of ergine, the corresponding hydrogen is too far away from the lone electron pair, and shielded from it by the position-7 carbon. A hydrogen bond in ergine can, however, form when it is in the boat conformation.



But since, in general, the boat form of lysergic acid compounds is less energetically favourable, the hydrogen bond in ergine does not prevent it from changing its conformation. All these results were confirmed in a paper in the journal *TETRAHEDRON* by Bernardi and Barbieri, using infrared spectra of the compounds.

So, we have the possibility that a molecule of ergine can be in one of three different states: It can be ergine in the chair or boat conformation, or it can be isoergine in the chair conformation. And in many chemical and physical situations, the three forms are constantly converting from one form to the others, and achieving a typical equilibrium distribution.

We, therefore, must consider that in an ergot preparation made according to our suggested method?and in morning glory seeds as prepared by Mesoamerican shamans- we are not dealing with pure ergine or pure isoergine. Both pure compounds have been tested and found wanting by some investigators, including Dr. Hofmann.

I would like to suggest, therefore, that the equilibrium mixture of ergine and isoergine (with ergine also in equilibrium between its two conformations) may actually be the true psychoactive of the kykeon and ololiuhqui. Since ergine spontaneously changes to isoergine when in solution, over a period of an hour or more, any process to partially hydrolyse the alkaloids of ergot, such as our proposed recipe?or even the Aztec shamans? procedure for extracting ololiuhqui?should result in an equilibrium mixture of the three forms.

Taking either ergine or isoergine as a pure compound, however, may not result in the equilibrium mixture arriving at brain receptors. The equilibrium

reaction takes some time to occur, perhaps an hour or more, and is brought about most effectively by basic conditions?and neither in the stomach nor in the blood do we find sufficiently basic conditions for the equilibrium to readily establish itself within a short time period.

Concerning the psychoactivity of ergine/isoergine mixtures, I have long had great confidence that extracts of morning glory seed, and by analogy a partial hydrolysis preparation made from ergot, could be quite powerfully psychoactive.

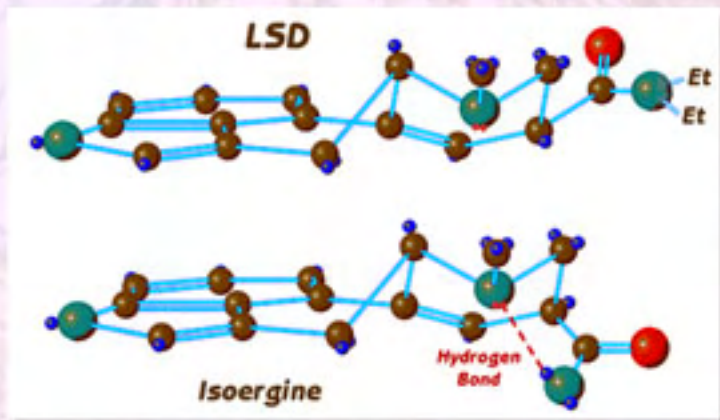
In the late 1960s, when I started my research on these matters, I went to Mexico to experiment with morning glory seeds. To begin, I extracted several kilos of seeds using a simple process, purifying an alcoholic extract between organic solvents in the alternating presence of aqueous solutions of ammonia and tartaric acid.

After a couple of days' work, I obtained a nearly colourless syrup that exhibited the bright-blue fluorescence typical of active lysergic acid compounds. A few milligrams of this syrup, taken in a capsule, produced one of the most powerful psychedelic experiences I had known-by then I had already taken large doses of LSD several times as well as a few other notorious psychedelic agents.

It has ever since been a mystery to me why ergine should be such a fickle psychedelic, failing with some trials yet succeeding in others. My explanation-perhaps not entirely satisfactory, I admit-is that my extraction procedure allowed the equilibration of the original extracted ergine to the three ergine variants, and it was this mixture that was so effective. We know, of course, that sometimes a mixture of two or more drugs can be more effective than any single component of the mixture alone.

A question kept popping up in my mind, however: Why shouldn't ergine itself be reliably psychoactive? It is a close relative of LSD and its cousin, the dimethylamide, both of which are undeniably and strongly psychedelic. Perhaps this flipping of ring D between chair and boat conformations made ergine less available to their target brain receptors or even prevented ergine from remaining at receptors known to be affected by LSD.

There are other examples of drugs whose receptor affinity is limited by such conformation change, so it seems a good bet that this might be the case with ergine as well.



LSD, having ethyl groups and not hydrogens on the amide nitrogen, cannot form the hydrogen bond which stabilises the boat form of the D-ring as in ergine, or which stabilises isoergine to a unique conformation, so LSD remains exclusively in the chair form, and this might help to explain its extraordinary potency. And perhaps isoergine, like LSD, by virtue of its NOT changing conformation, actually was at least weakly psychoactive, in spite of its being an iso derivative expected to be inactive.

An additional consideration about the psychoactivity of LSD compared to that of ergine is also significant. It is, in fact, the stabilisation of isoergine in the boat conformation by the hydrogen bond that affects the equilibrium concentrations of the two epimers, ergine vs. isoergine. This will depend on the particular solvent, of course, but in water or in the body, we should expect that an approximately 50/50 mixture of ergine and isoergine will exist. But since there is no hydrogen bonding possible with LSD to stabilise its iso form, the equilibrium concentration of LSD vs. iso-LSD is far from 50/50. In fact, LSD in water solution or the body is 88% in the active epimer and only 12% iso-LSD. In addition, it takes a very long time-up to a week-for pure active LSD to epimerise to that equilibrium concentration, so that a dose of pure active LSD would arrive in the brain intact, with essentially no conversion to its epimer, iso-LSD.

### A Bioassay

I'd like to mention one further experiment I performed rather recently - I decided to perform a test with the wood ash recipe that I proposed in the ELEMISIS paper.

Although ergot was not available to me, I suffer from migraines and for relief I use the common preparation called Gynergen.

This pharmaceutical product consists of 1 mg of ergotamine tartrate, mixed with caffeine. Ergotamine is, you will remember, the principal toxic ergopeptide alkaloid in ergot.

I decided to see if the process we suggest in our paper might convert the ergotamine in a migraine tablet to something that gave a psychoactive effect.

Now for migraine relief, one can take up to five of these ergotamine tablets in a day, and having occasionally needed the full dose, I can testify that even 5 mg of ergotamine has no psychoactive effect whatever. This fact provided a control on my experiments.

I performed three trials, using first one ergotamine tablet, then two and then three tablets.

Since ergotamine tartrate-the actual compound in these tablets-is a much larger, and therefore heavier, molecule than ergine, a simple calculation shows that converting 1 mg of ergotamine will ideally yield only a maximum of 4/10ths of a milligram (400 micrograms) of ergine and isoergine in their equilibrium mixture.

In the first trial, I heated one tablet containing 1 mg of ergotamine with 200 mg of hardwood ash in 20 ml of vodka in a kitchen double-boiler-after one hour the alcohol had boiled off. I continued to heat this mixture for two more hours at around 50°C, then neutralised the mixture with vitamin C (ascorbic acid). Decanting the liquid from the residue of solids left by the wood ash, I then drank the result.

A definite, but weak, psychoactive effect was noticed.

Repeating the experiment with two and then three migraine tablets, the result was stronger and left no doubt in my mind that the partial hydrolysis process we hypothesise does indeed happen to ergotamine.

Whether the reaction goes to completion to convert all of the ergotamine to ergine and isoergine will require more precise testing in a proper analytical laboratory, as will the determination of ideal conditions for the reaction.

It is possible that under the conditions I used, a less-than-complete conversion took place, or that side-reactions took place that might have produced other, possibly toxic, compounds.

I did notice some gastric disturbances serious enough to warrant caution by anyone who would wish to repeat the experiment before more complete laboratory testing can evaluate the procedure. But there is little reason to believe that if the partial hydrolysis process occurs with the ergotamine in a Gynergen tablet that it would not occur with the ergotamine and other ergopeptines in ergot.

In my experiments, I used vodka as a solvent, since in a Gynergen tablet the ergotamine content exists as tiny crystals and an alcohol-water mixture would enhance the low solubility of these ergotamine crystals.

In part two of our paper in *ELEUSIS*, however, Dr. Perrine argues that when treating powdered ergot, the fatty acid content of ergot would sufficiently solubilise the ergotamine content so that the ancient Greek priests need not have used distilled alcohol, which they did not have available.

In addition, the ergotamine in ergot sclerotia probably exists in an amorphous, and not a crystalline state, and it is largely the stability of its crystalline state that requires dissolving in alcohol for hydrolysis.

My experiments also used ascorbic acid to neutralise the wood ash, but the Greeks might have employed something else.

Neutralising would make the brew more palatable, and in addition augment the solubility of ergine/isoergine in body fluids since these alkaloids easily form salts with acids such as ascorbic, tartaric or even hydrochloric. The salts are far more soluble than the freebase alkaloids.

I would again caution anyone who would wish to try this recipe that I cannot say whether the process completely converts the ergotamine to ergine/isoergine, nor can I specify exactly how long or at what temperature the idealised process would occur.

Only laboratory testing could determine this. In addition, to fully confirm our hypothesis, assayed ergot should be used and chromatographic analysis used to determine the ideal conditions necessary for a complete partial hydrolysis to ergine, and for the equilibrium with isoergine to be established.

In my final test, I used three ergotamine tablets. The results of this trial merit some further thoughts on the kykeon hypothesis.

With three tablets, the effect was, of course, even stronger, although at this level it was still not nearly the equivalent of my trial of morning glory extract in Mexico. I believe that the dose I used on that trial was much higher, perhaps as much as 10 mg, and, of course, the *ololiuhqui* extract contained a minor amount of other, possibly psychoactive, agents.

With three converted ergotamine tablets-ideally producing 1,200 micrograms of ergine-isoergine mixture-the effect came on quickly after 15-20 minutes. The effect, however, was not at all the same as LSD or peyote; it was more hypnotic and inward than the typical psychedelic experience.

The ergine-isoergine experience also seems less dramatic, more gentle and leads one to recline with eyes closed, whereupon mental processes seem kaleidoscopic and influenced strongly by set and setting.

Opening ones eyes to a bright daylight scene tended to minimise the effects, so it may perhaps be more suitable for use in dark surroundings, which would accentuate the effects. My set, of course, was merely one of testing a chemical theory - a set and setting as might have been provided at Eleusis would be much more activating.

Reflecting on the experience, however, it occurred to me that it may well be just the type of drug that would have been most suitable to use in a large gathering of



persons such as at Eleusis, where most or all participants would have been previously inexperienced with psychedelic drugs.

In addition, with the ergine-isoergine effect I experienced, it would seem that the setting provided by the Eleusis priests would have predominated over personal set. The ergine-isoergine experience would seem to allow a maximum of set and setting to be provided by the priests and guides, both during the experience and during the preparatory period before taking the drug. Personal idiosyncrasies that often come to the fore with LSD or other strong psychedelic agents might be less observed in the ergine-isoergine experience.

Full-blown psychedelic experiences, such as those produced by LSD or psilocybin, are perhaps not as suitable for such large groups of persons who have little or no previous experience with powerful psychedelic drugs.

Experience shows that with even a small group of novices, at least one or two individuals are always quite likely to freak out and disrupt the setting for everyone else. This was well demonstrated during the famous Good Friday Marsh Chapel experiment of 1962, in which 10 Christian theological students were given psilocybin in a religious setting. One of them reacted so strongly that he had to be sedated so that the rest of the experiment could proceed, and the other participants not distracted from their own experiences.

### In Conclusion

To conclude, I have just one other thought about ergot in Greek and European times that might further support our theories.

Ergot most reliably produces high levels of alkaloids with a cool and humid springtime followed by a hot, dry summer. Without ideal conditions, ergot can and often does produce very little alkaloid.

This would help to explain the unpredictability of ergotism outbreaks in Europe, despite the fact that ergot would have been more or less common in

every single harvest since in order to reproduce it must do so annually.

This would also explain why it took so long to realise that ergot was the cause of ergotism. Many physicians long insisted ergot was harmless, and if they had tested ergot during the years when it was of inferior quality, no harm would have resulted from ingesting it.

Now Greece surely has hot, dry summers, but what of the cool humid springtime that ergot requires for high-alkaloid production?

According to some recent climate studies, the Mediterranean basin countries were far more humid in classical times due to a far greater forest cover. In the latitude of Greece, and considering the effects of the Indian Ocean seasonal weather patterns, one may presume that most of this extra humidity would have occurred during winter and spring, and that summers were, as now, hot and dry.

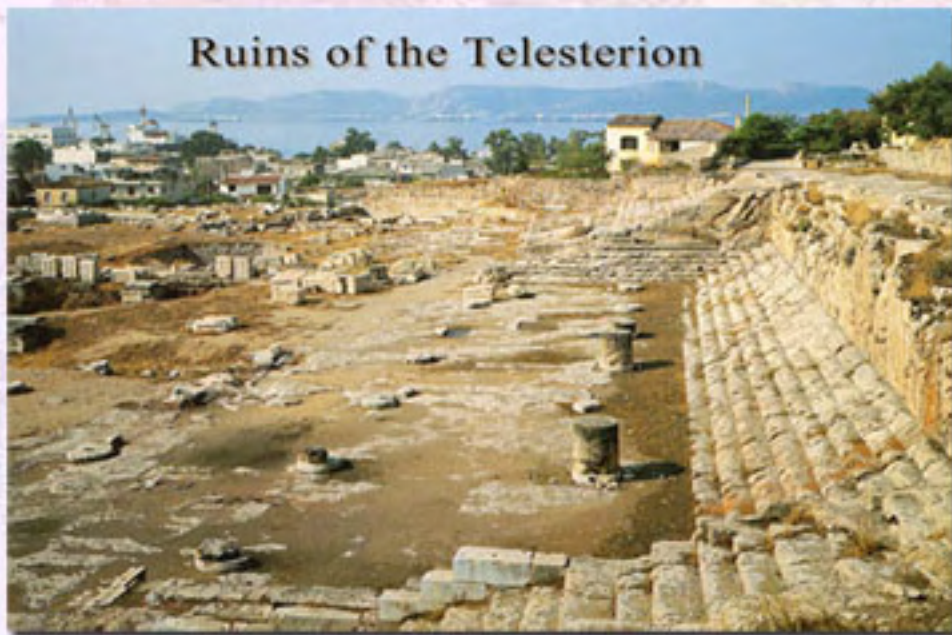
We may suspect then that ancient Greece was practically an ideal climate for the natural and yearly reproduction of high-quality ergot, the essential ingredient of the kykeon used for nearly two millennia. During that period, Greece rose from a quite primitive, early Bronze Age society to heights of civilisation that in some ways we still have not re-attained. Might the widespread use of lysergic acid psychedelics have helped in a large way to bring about such a miracle?

One further clue that has recently come to light about Eleusis bears mentioning. Some of you may have read the short poem by the medieval mystic poet Rumi at the homepage of The Psychedelic Library. These lines are from the Masnavi, a very well-known Sufi work,

"Alas! the forbidden fruits were eaten,  
And thereby the warm life of reason congealed.  
A grain of wheat eclipsed the sun of Adam,  
Like as the Dragons tail dulls the brightness of  
the moon."

It was many years ago that I discovered this short passage, and in the translation I was reading, there was a footnote explaining that, "Moslems believe the forbidden fruit to have been wheat." I had, in fact, read the Masnavi just after I first read *The Road to Eleusis*, and had concluded that either the direct knowledge of the kykeon, or at least rumours about it, had persisted for over a thousand years and become part of the beliefs of the medieval Sufi mystics. For many years, however, I was not able to find further references that would confirm the hint that this translation of the Masnavi suggested.

In a recent paper (*J Psychoactive Drugs*. 2006 Dec;38(4):493-503. "Bread of heaven or wines of light": entheogenic legacies and esoteric cosmologies) Frederick Dannaway, Alan Piper and I present new evidence that the medieval Sufi poets reference to wheat as the forbidden fruit is quite widespread in the literature of the time, and may well betray a still-lingering knowledge of one of the oldest and longest-enduring religious rites ever practised, the yearly autumnal celebrations at Eleusis in ancient Greece...



**Ruins of the Telesterion**

**Peter Webster CV and Publications:**  
Independent psychedelic researcher, chemist, creator of The Psychedelic Library (<http://www.psychedelic-library.org/>), formerly review editor and writer for the *International Journal of Drug Policy* (1997-2003). Published articles include:

Mixing the Kykeon - with Daniel M. Perrine and Carl A.P. Ruck

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*Ann. Med. Interne*, 2002, 153, Suppl au no. 3

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*International Journal of Drug Policy* 10 (1999) 157-166

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a review of David Bewley-Taylor :  
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*International Journal of Drug Policy* 14 9 (2003) 343-346

Drug Prohibition : A Perverted Instinct?  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 10 (1999) 53-62

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a review of David Wagner :  
*The New Temperance: The American Obsession with Sin and Vice*  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 10 (1999) 63-69

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a review of Grinspoon and Bakalar :  
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*International Journal of Drug Policy* 9 (1998) 373-380

Rethinking Drug Prohibition : Don't Look for U.S. Government Leadership  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 9 (1998) 297-303

Anslinger's Curse -  
a review of Zimmer and Morgan :  
*Marijuana Myths, Marijuana Facts: a review of the scientific evidence*  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 9 (1998) 285-290

Human Rights, Human Rites -  
a review of Reinerman & Levine :  
*Crack in America: Demon Drugs and Social Justice*  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 9 (1997) 205-212

Counterblaste to the I.O.M.  
*International Journal of Drug Policy* 10 (1999) 357-364

The First Supper: Eden - Where and When?  
a lecture self-published in DVD-Video format 2004



Peter & Chantal



Please Visit Peters' Web site:  
<http://www.psychedellic-library.org/>  
An excellent resource on the  
World Wide Web geared to the  
international community!

23/03/2005

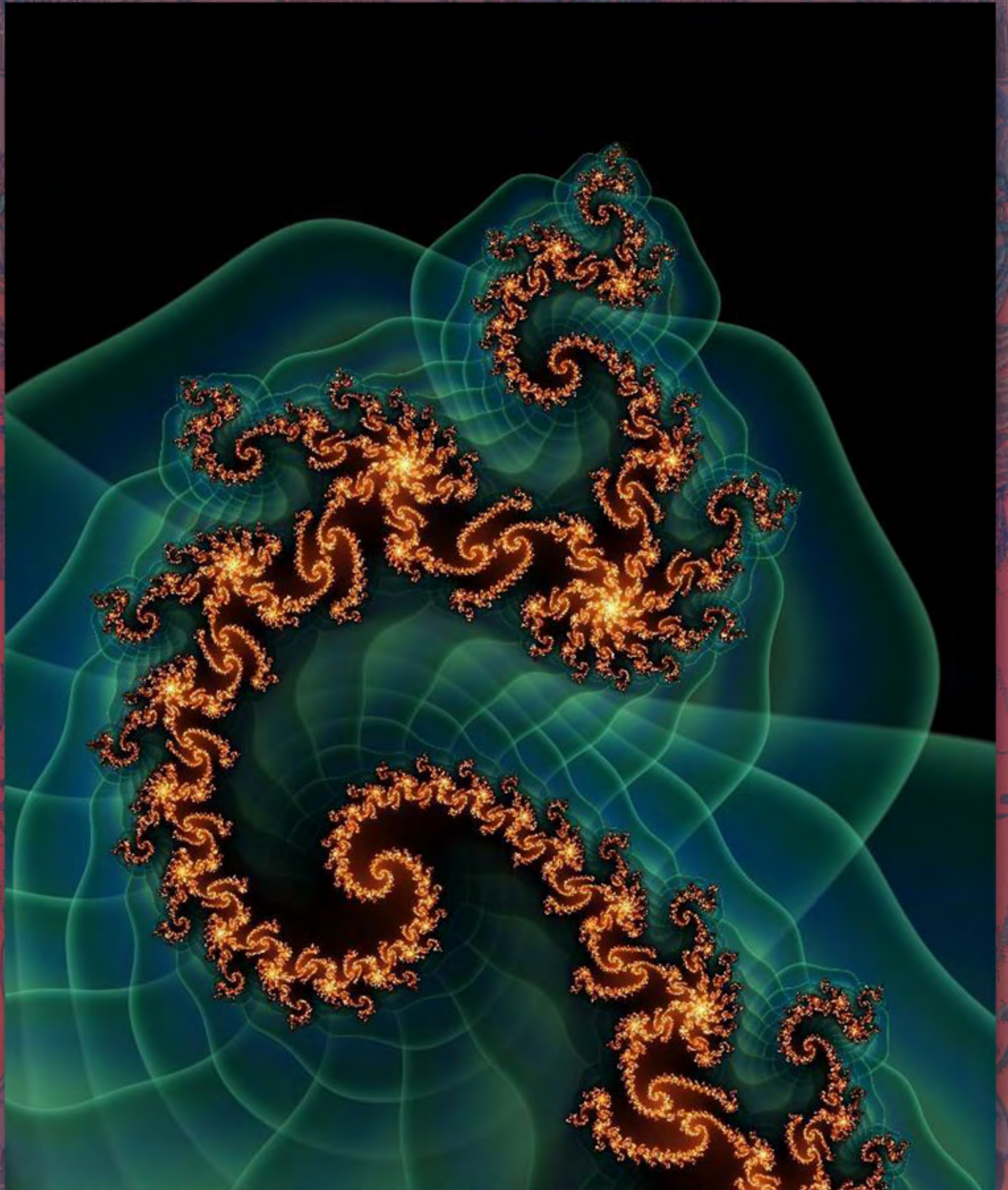


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2006



*mike crowley*

# Making Hashish at Home

Ennio Rambo



Illustration: Satty

Those who grow marijuana know that there are some years when a lot of buds are too loose and fluffy for trimming. All is not lost, however, as this weed may be used for making some very fine hashish.



Here we see five or six pounds of such "luffy" weed spread out to dry on a large piece of plastic sheeting.



When almost dry, the weed is rubbed through a coarse sieve.



A pound or so of sieved weed.



Taking one handful at a time, the sieved weed is placed on a silk-screen and is pushed back and forth with a small plastic ruler.







The flower buds of cannabis are covered with tiny structures called "capitate trichomes" which look like microscopic lollipops. Almost all the THC in the weed is held in the heads of these lollipops. When pushed around with the ruler, the stems of the trichomes get caught in the mesh of the silk-screen and the lollipop heads break off and fall through.

The resulting greenish yellow powder is called "keif" in the US and "pollen" in the UK. Both are misnomers - "keif" is a Moroccan word for smokable cannabis (often mixed with tobacco) and pollen (which comes only from male flowers) has no THC. A more accurate term would be "detached capitate trichomes" but, somehow, I just don't see that term catching on.

The green color is due to plant material other than the trichomes. The proportion of extraneous plant material will increase the more the weed is swept back and forth on the screen so don't push it around too much or you'll affect the quality of the final product.

After repeating the silkscreen process with many, many handfuls of weed, you will have a sizable quantity of "keif." Here is one pound.



Large, stone mortars and pestles are available quite cheaply from Indian grocery stores. These are heated in the oven to between 150°F and 200°F





An ounce of "keif" is placed in the hot mortar and a drop (just one) of boiling water is added to encourage some of the trichomes to rupture and release their resin.



This "keif" is then pounded in the mortar until it forms a single, sticky mass. It's hard work but try to do this for at least 30 minutes, making it as sticky as possible.





This ball of mashed trichomes is no longer "kief," it is almost hashish.

It is then rolled between the palms to form a ball. Do not skimp this stage, a single ball should take an hour or two of rolling. This process turns the surface of the ball dark, shiny and resistant to oxidation. Should any fissures appear within the ball, put it back into the mortar for a thorough pounding and start again.



Three one ounce balls of hashish. From left to right: unrolled (matte, greenish), half-done (matte, dark) and finished (glossy, dark) .



Counter-clockwise from top right:

Keif powder

Hash brittle - an experimental product. "Honey oil" was used as a binder for keif. Surprisingly hard - crumbles with a little heat.

"Jelly hash" - made by stirring a little keif powder into "honey oil". Like black Play-doh. FRAGRANT vapor, extremely potent, little residue.

Piece cut from a pressed block of hashish.

Assorted crumbs. Good for cooking.

Hand-rolled ball of hashish. FRAGRANT, very potent.

#### Bio:

Born in 1936, his actual parents are unknown. Baby Ennio was found by nuns, abandoned at the doorstep of their Portuguese convent. As the nuns were of a strict Trappist order, Ennio never heard a human voice until one day, on the eve of his 9th birthday, he was abducted by gypsies. Then, suddenly, at the age of 9 years and 2 weeks the gypsies returned to the convent at dead of night, knocked really hard on the gates and galloped away, leaving Ennio with:

A tamborine with a torn skin,

a red bandanna, and

a badly spelled note pinned to his clothing in which the gypsies expressed

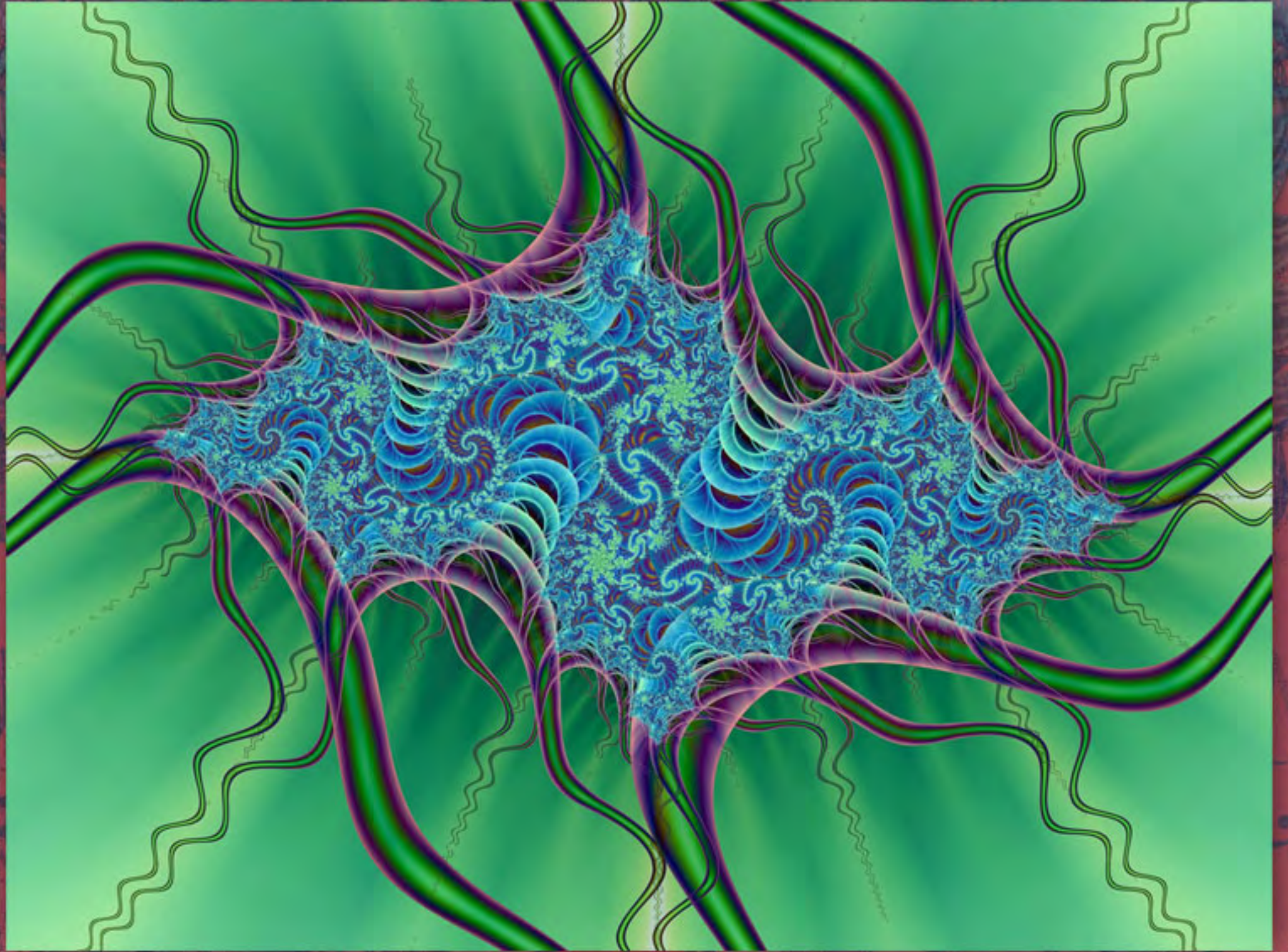
a) their regret at having removed him,

b) their astonishment at his profound imbecility and

c) their deep revulsion upon witnessing certain of his personal habits.

Curiously, though mute when abducted, upon his return Ennio could make disparaging remarks about horses in eleven European languages. Senhor Rambo's education has been haphazard and, for the most part, unintentional.

He is a voluble speaker whose rambling, incoherent and highly inaccurate diatribes are enjoyed by all who treasure scurrilous innuendo and exotic



mike crowley

# OVIDIO Cartagena

## poetry & prose



### Embers In The Night

December 23rd, 2006. 3 a.m.

So beautiful and bright,  
Like the happiness in our lives,  
They rise from a fire born of passion,  
Like our eternal souls.

They fly and shine high within the darkness,  
Like the dreams that fuel our spirits,  
And then they fade away, they die,  
Such are the embers in the night.

Like us they rise, and shine, and burn,  
Like us they are destined to be fleeting and small,  
Like them we will disappear into the nothingness of time,  
Like the embers in the night we are.

### The Soul Goes Away

At last, the undying mind has passed,  
The senses of my body have disappeared,  
A new state comes, that I am unable to grasp,  
It is me, nonetheless, the one who onward  
steers.

I do not understand my own ways,  
Taken from everything that I have known,  
I ignore if I have been led astray,  
Or into a heaven of light I am being blown.

Thoughts of fleeing this state come to mind,  
But my nature defies my conscience,  
And I realize there is no corporeal state that  
binds.

Freedom is no longer a word of dreams,  
Dreaming is a mental action no more.

I am reminded of ancient days,  
Inside me there is a reliving of times of yore,  
Before the lives of sad dismay,  
Before the counting of time, was counted by  
death's door.

After a struggle with myself I can at last see,  
There is no self to fight in opposition,  
There is no "I", no "Mine" nor "Me",  
And nothingness is that which was envisioned.

Alone we are, and yet a part of all,  
In light we dwell among extensions of our-  
selves,  
As each other's "other one" we fall,  
Then we rise in unity to a lofty state,  
And it is clear, the soul who once was "I" has  
gone away.

## El arrollo del alma, canto del espíritu

Suavemente se escuchaban ya las voces, esas voces que por tanto tiempo arrullaron al espíritu hacia un sueño de fantasías y esperanzas.

El endulzado canto era ya tenue y distanciado, de él se entendía sólo la música, más no las palabras. La visión que acompañaba estos sonidos se había convertido en una idea abstracta, y las reacciones de los sueños se habían convertido en difusos deseos inconscientes.

Era ya el momento de zarpar, para las voces, para los sueños y para mi alma. Un nuevo canto me ha llamado, me invoca y me seduce, con su suave voz y su nueva música. Siento ya las manos que me atraen, el húmedo beso que encanta a mi paladar, y los brillantes ojos que me hacen caminar en nuevas tierras.

No he dejado de soñar, he cambiado de sueño. Las fantasías pasadas me han dejado ya, pero me trajeron a este nuevo mundo, desconocido pero familiar, atemorizante pero emocionante. Cuando creí que la vida me había dejado atrás, una nueva vida ya me había alcanzado, para emprender un nuevo camino, y tener un nuevo andar.

Abrazo esta transición, no sin lágrimas de alegría por lo nuevo, y de nostalgia por lo viejo. Pero es así y así será, el rumbo que he de disfrutar, el nuevo elixir que me alimentará.

Hoy seré alguien nuevo, a ese sueño abrazaré, en esas aguas me sumergiré. La corriente del espíritu estoy dispuesto a seguir, abierto a los nuevos sueños que vendrán, oyendo nuevos cantos, o dispuesto a recibir a los viejos mundos si regresan, y cantar los viejos cantos de vidas anteriores y esperanzas cumplidas.

## Of Hope and Life in Time

Time used to be on my side,  
And life used to be my friend.  
What sadness have I encountered now,  
That one has turned against me,  
And the other fades away.

And still I struggle fiercely.  
As the world around me moves I stay,  
But yet I rouse myself when every other soul is lay.  
To sleep and walk I fly,  
And I am silent when I want to speak.

Thousands of times I hear of happy tales,  
While my heart sees the truth within,  
And there is nothing else outside,  
As I have seen blinded by my folly and my pride,  
For there is more to lose than anything to find.

Prayer will not help this state,  
For action beyond my words is the answer,  
Although my spirit falls to an unknown grave,  
And it can't stop when it already plunges,  
But it will rise again from its endless slumber.

Life will come again as I have seen,  
No power can stop this arrival.  
Things will be as they had been,  
Coming to an end in a glorious revival.

A melodious song of victory is heard,  
As pain is healed and suffering is no more,  
All is forgotten with a new song of ancient lore.  
My flight is seen amongst the clouds like a distant  
bird,  
As I soar beyond the sky and beyond this world.

I've seen the light that shines within my self,  
As it comes from within my own mind,  
And a heart is healed with the silence that life tells.  
We all realize the things we have to find,  
Then life becomes what selfless love and temperance  
bind.

## Foursome Angel

Draped in wings of dreaded flesh,  
Covered in divinity and sadness,  
There you stood and there you flew!

Then you lied down and wept.  
You lost your faith for a thousandth time,  
And lost yourself along the way.

But it is fine if you believe you're not alive,  
Just keep the hope that you will rise again and fly!



## El Llanto del Espíritu

Aquellas voces de ánimo y desilusión se han ido,  
Todos los recuerdos y memorias, penas y discordias,  
Han caído inevitablemente en el olvido.

No tengo nada ya en el alma,  
Tan sólo aquella voz extraña, que me llama  
Hacia el olvido de mí mismo.

Así, caigo en el interminable abismo,  
Donde los pensamientos se destruyen en constantes guerras,  
Y los sueños de los demás son el universo que me encierra.

¡Oh dios oscuro! Dime quién es el señor de mi mundo,  
Porque entre conflictos he perdido lo que soy,  
Dime qué castigo sufro y qué condena cumplo,  
O dame paz hasta que la muerte llegue a donde estoy.

## Alpha Centauri

I dreamed a dream of precious anticipation,  
Of hope and life and dreams of great salvation.  
It came to me in my most lucid slumber,  
Like if my mind had been shaken by a powerful thunder.

My voyage took me to a burning sun,  
As I soared and scorched in a space so strange,  
I didn't know what I was doing until I had it done,  
And I became part of a glorious change.

I came to be the star that glowed,  
Fuelled by a million explosions of passion,  
I burned and shined and started to grow,  
Until my light touched another of greater art fashioned.

And then I became a dual star,  
With another I completed my dance of light and growth,  
And we both became what we really are,  
Then I sung to her a heartfelt song of glorious ode.

But left was I with my empty dream,  
And a dream it stayed after I violently arose,  
Fleeting and unreal was what eternal and true I had deemed.

I was left only with my useless verse and empty prose,  
Yet my mind lingered in that vision of desire,  
That once I'll find a star to bring my heart into love's fire.





Paradise and

MYSTERIUM



Ovidio Cartagena came to this world in 1983. He lives in Guatemala City, where he dedicates some working hours to being a web designer... all other hours are dedicated to Art. Much time of his childhood was spent reading and daydreaming, which led to the construction of a very whimsical spirit.

Also, his conversations with angels, aliens and demons of unknown origins, have proved helpful in life and inspiration.

He is currently involved in the creation of an album for his band, and writing a graphic novel.

Mostly motivated by a love for art, he is self-taught in painting, drawing, music and poetry. His influences include Pollock, Giger, Grey, Da Vinci, Beksinski and Doré. Despite his many paintings and drawings, Ovidio has never exhibited his work in an art gallery, or published his written work.

For contact write to [ovicristo@gmail.com](mailto:ovicristo@gmail.com)

# Tim Daly's World



Tim has learnt how to levitate for short journeys over his land nervously steering with his fingertips. He hopes that no one will mind.



**"Art is a collaboration between God and the artist,  
and the less the artist does the better."**

**Andre Gide**

# 3 Short Ones - Tim Daly

## Progeny

I got out just in time. West Cork was no longer the charming and ultimately harmless mish-mash of eccentric foreign blow-ins, "plastic Paddies" and incomprehensible brogues, but now a horrifying Mendelian nightmare of a population explosion gone mad.

It had started innocently at first. Few of us even noticed that Eugene Daly, that bedroom-voiced writer whose savagely cruel satires on the human condition had, for the most part, been disguised as books about neighbours living in exile on tiny fragments of wind-blown rock off the coast of Cork, had started to have grandchildren.

That was then. This is now.

Before any of us fully realised the danger, well over half the population of West Cork were grandchildren of Eugene - and that figure is still growing exponentially.

Imagine the aliens from Nigel Kneale's "Quatermass and The Pit" swarming from right to left across the screen, or those starlings from Hitchcock's "The Birds" darkening the skies with a dreadful unspoken menace, and you merely begin to get the picture of Eugene's grandchildren spreading out across the fields and valleys of West Cork - turning the forty shades of green a healthily ruddy pink.

Some scientists, only coincidentally habituated to recreational drugs, have posited that, within the next three years, the grandchildren of Eugene will have entirely filled known space. Others have argued that this would be palpable nonsense, but even they have allowed that the "Eugene gene", as the more sensational media have dubbed it, marks a strange and terrifying development in human reproductive history.

Leave, those of you that still can, before it's too late, and then God help us all!

## Overspill

In the early 80s, whilst doing the favourite job of my life so far - that of teaching mentally handicapped teenagers in Leeds in West Yorkshire - I first met Christopher Barker, and was exposed to his gloriously and profoundly silly mind.

Christopher remains the purest and one of the happiest souls I have ever encountered.

Very soon after our first meeting, Christopher and I established our lunchtime ritual. An asthmatic, it was part of his pre-lunch routine to use a Ventolin Spinhaler and, as Christopher's teacher, the duty fell on me to administer this.

With his tall, spindly frame, spiky blond hair, nervous bird-like movements and an almost permanently bemused grin, Christopher took two rapid gulps from the Spinhaler as I held it for him in the way my assistant, the incomparably competent Anne Williamson, had shown me ahead of time.

As I put away the Ventolin, Christopher turned his face to me and grimaced.

"I don't like the taste." He said.

"Never mind Christopher" I said calmly, taking his stick-thin elbow gently and leading him out of the staff room down the corridor to the dance room which served as the cafeteria each lunchtime.

"Tell you what, I think you should have a glass of water before your lunch, and that will take away the taste," I continued.

"I should have a glass of water and that will take away the taste," he repeated amiably. I noticed that these words had less of Christopher's customary Yorkshire drawl than usual, as if he was producing a level of mimicry of my far more Southern accent, but the enthusiasm behind this shared homily was evidently genuine.

As we sat down at our table with Maxine and Jane, two of Christopher's classmates, I poured and then handed him a glass of water, which he took like a priest accepting a Sacrament.

With some gusto, and a certain theatrical relish, Christopher drained his glass. As he placed his now empty glass on the table, he looked at me and grinned.

"Has the taste gone now, Tim"?

For a moment I was taken aback by this question, but Chris's good humour was totally infectious.

"Yup" I nodded "it's completely gone now." I ventured.

"It's completely gone now, hasn't it, Tim?" He repeated.

Perhaps sensing the trap, but more probably not, I nodded and smiled at him.

Christopher grinned again.

"Where's the taste gone, Tim?" He cocked his head expectantly.

I gazed across the park through the large Georgian windows and noticed a line of parked vehicles on the adjoining road. I pointed out of the window.

"It's just popped behind that white minivan, Christopher," I ventured.

Clearly delighted, Christopher turned round and stared in the same direction.

"It's popped behind that white minivan, hasn't it Tim?"

And so began the custom of our lunch-time game, which we played for almost three years until the music business enticed me out of teaching with its earnest but ultimately empty promise of fame, fortune and gymnastically gifted female fans.

Most Tuesday evenings during this period, I would attend the senior seminars in Leeds University's philosophy department and even I was surprised at how often I found myself quoting the observations and bizarre perspectives of one Christopher Barker.

It was as if he had opened a window I hadn't even known existed, and through the unique perspective from this window came the magical overspill through which the world so often felt strangely just that little bit more explicable.

Most true and well-formed observations are ditch-water dull, at least to a philosopher. They tell us nothing of value.

But Christopher's semantic follies energetically threw the light of reason on so many mysteries, dilemmas and assorted conundrums.

For example, where do we go when we die?

Most attempts over the vast ages during which mankind has tried to answer this thorny religious and quasi-philosophical question add up to one answer, and one answer only.

We just pop behind the white minivan.



## Sleeping In A Suitcase

As apocalypses go, so this one came and went, and had a few features that none of us had really expected. I suppose ends-of-the-world are often like that, they mirror the silliness and absurdity of individual deaths.

The alien weapons had rained down for only a few hours on every population centre on the planet, but that was enough to destroy well over ninety per cent of the human race.

I always worried about that phrase 'the human race'. I mean it wasn't, as it turned out, as if we were going anywhere, let alone in a hurry.

The alien weapons themselves were brain-twistingly huge. Each one, as it lazily descended, looked like a small moon. This effect was ruined on actual impact, though. On contact, devastating spheres each the size of a large house, blistered out of each bomb at something like the speed of sound and laid waste to every object it ploughed through, reducing to atoms everything they touched.

West Cork, from Bandon to Bantry, from Skibbereen to Schull, went almost unscathed, although we all got a grandstand view of the weapon that flattened Cork City. In Rosscarbery, where I played the role of puzzled witness, the impact of the Cork bomb felt like an earthquake for around twenty minutes, until the City of Culture was reduced to the bog from which it came.

The aliens themselves were the biggest surprise of all. They looked exactly like us, except many, many times bigger. Imagine a horde of Belgian tourists with an average height of twenty metres and you get the picture. Inexplicably, they even dressed like Belgian tourists returning from somewhere in the Caribbean, which proved to some of us that not only did God exist, but that he took drugs.

Once they had moved on to the planet to live, nearly a year ago now, those of us who survived became Borrowers, living largely unnoticed by the Walloons (as we dubbed them). My girlfriend, my son and I currently live in a tacky bungalow the size of an Olympic stadium, foraging for food every night and each day sleeping in a suitcase.

Still, you've got to laugh.

## On Poetry:

I make no claims of any great literary or aesthetic merit for most of my poems, which are much more about having fun with language than they are about epiphanies that touch the face of god or whatever, but these are yours to use or not use as you will. I offer them with love.

Tim

### The Untutored Heart (Playing the Game)

Each untutored heart

Knows from the start

There is no defence from the sin

From the tactics and ploys

Of the girls and the boys

Who choose not to love but to win.

Yet to travel Life's roads

Without the cheat codes

Though harder you must understand

Yet for joy unconfined

Not self-undermined

Pure Truth is your only man.

### Dunmanway

A born-again Satanist from Carshalton Beeches  
Whilst eating an apple he'd brought back from Spain  
Smiled at the thought he'd once been to Dunmanway  
And wouldn't go back there again

## There Are No Good Companions

There are no good companions  
Amongst people who deceive  
No kindly gentle kisses to console  
And people though they gather  
Offer neither warmth nor care  
And cannot stand as buttress for the soul  
  
For each victory is shallow  
When the motives must appal  
And vicious is the mother of the crime  
Because the words of love are empty  
When the knife is still unsheathed  
And disloyalty betrays itself in time  
Though the honest heart may falter  
From the love misunderstood  
And the truth itself be smothered by the lie  
  
Yet Nature is in balance  
And determines to reward  
The heart that knows no reason not to fly.

### Fragmentary Love Song

It came to him slowly that she was quite mad  
And that he had a head for a fall  
Because she was still trapped in some childhood illusions

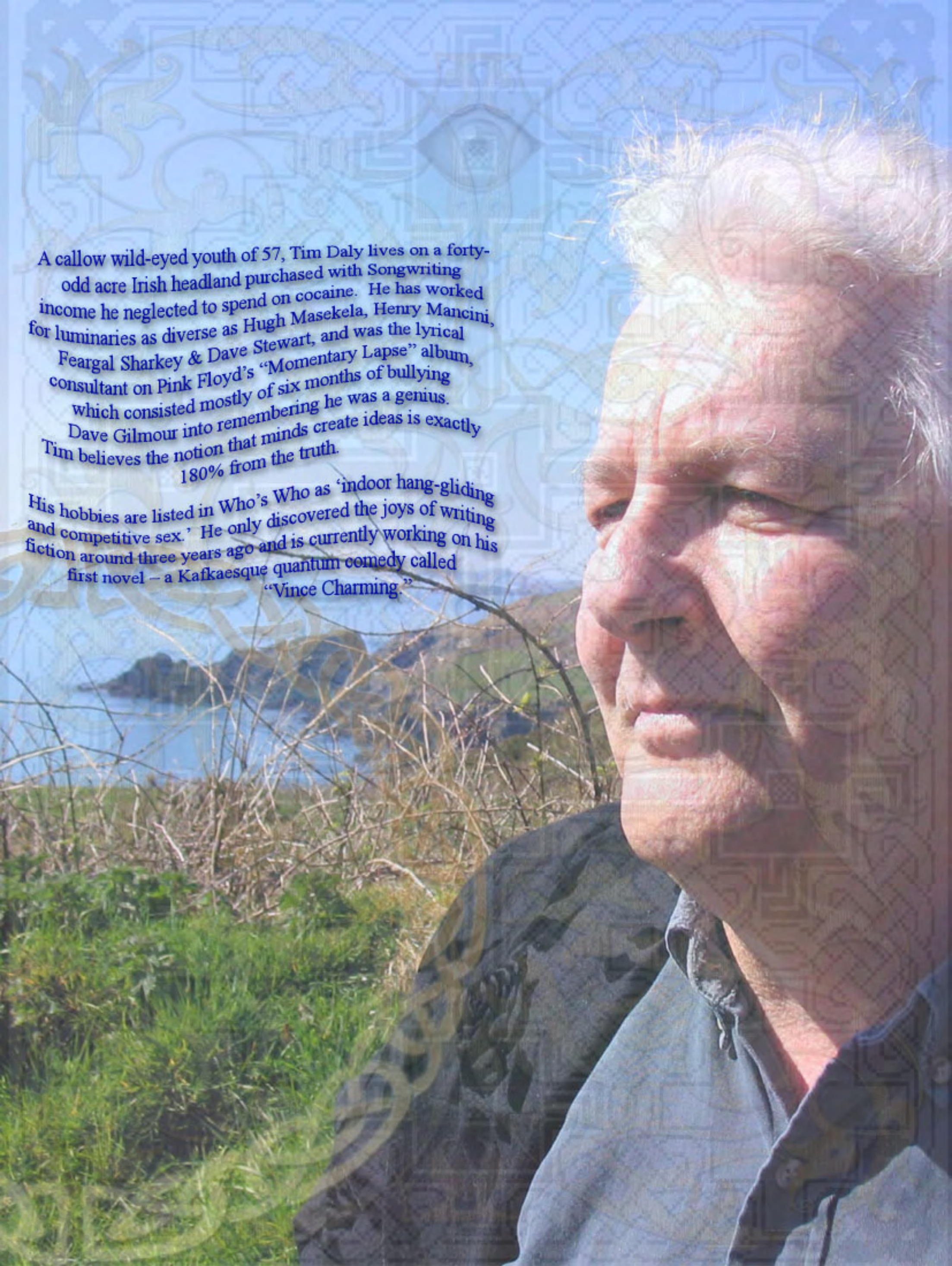
## A Rural Irish Vendetta

They left my heart in Clonakilty  
They left my knees in Bantry Town  
They left my clothes in Gougane Barra  
(My underwear stained red & brown)  
They left my feet in Driminidy  
And my hands in Enniskeane  
And in the vale of Inchydoney  
They left my liver & my spleen  
They left my calves in Curraghlicky  
They left my thighs in Barryroe  
And on the edge of Reenascreena  
They left my arms and one big toe  
They left my smile in Ballyvourney  
My smile my scalp & half my brain  
Then to cap it all the witches  
Left my torso on a train.

(Tip: Try not to piss off the West Cork Branch  
Of the Irish Countrywomen's Association.)

And Now For Something Completely  
Different:

The East of Skibbereen Song  
Cathal "Cat" Molloy (from Kildare)  
as the voice and the tunesmith  
&  
Tim as the lyricist



A callow wild-eyed youth of 57, Tim Daly lives on a forty-odd acre Irish headland purchased with Songwriting income he neglected to spend on cocaine. He has worked for luminaries as diverse as Hugh Masekela, Henry Mancini, Feargal Sharkey & Dave Stewart, and was the lyrical consultant on Pink Floyd's "Momentary Lapse" album, which consisted mostly of six months of bullying Dave Gilmour into remembering he was a genius. Tim believes the notion that minds create ideas is exactly 180% from the truth.

His hobbies are listed in Who's Who as 'indoor hang-gliding and competitive sex.' He only discovered the joys of writing fiction around three years ago and is currently working on his first novel – a Kafkaesque quantum comedy called "Vince Charming."



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541-345-3456





# The Art and Times Of Roberto Venosa



**"Visionary Art" to me taps into a cosmic conduit of creative cognition that allows the so-called visionary artist access to the infinite iconography of universal form and color while at the same time through the artist's level of consciousness and technical skill provides us with imagery of potential states of the material and spiritual. It may seem profoundly futuristic and otherworldly to contemporary generations but is most probably naive and novel to the higher elementals. Keep in mind that "Visionary Art" is a relatively recent term which encompasses the older and more established schools of Fantastic Realism, Surrealism, Psychedelic, Dada, and Outsider Art.**

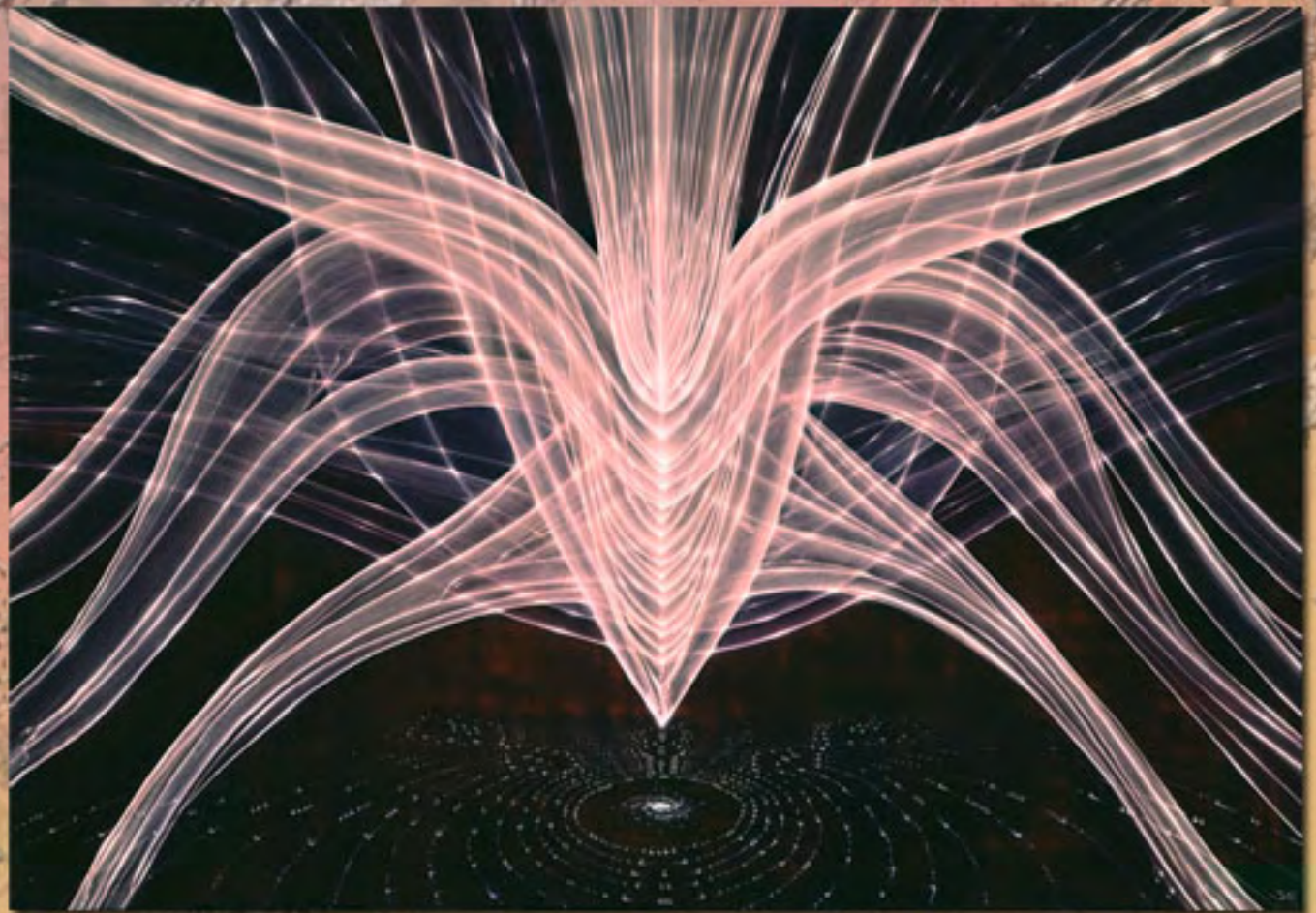


**"There can be little doubt that altered states of consciousness have a profound effect on the creative quality and productive output of the artist. The inspirations are certainly individual and dependent on the artist's ability to retain filter and discern what is possible to exteriorize from the phantasmagoria presented by that which altered his consciousness."**

Shroom Glow



Birth Of Nebula

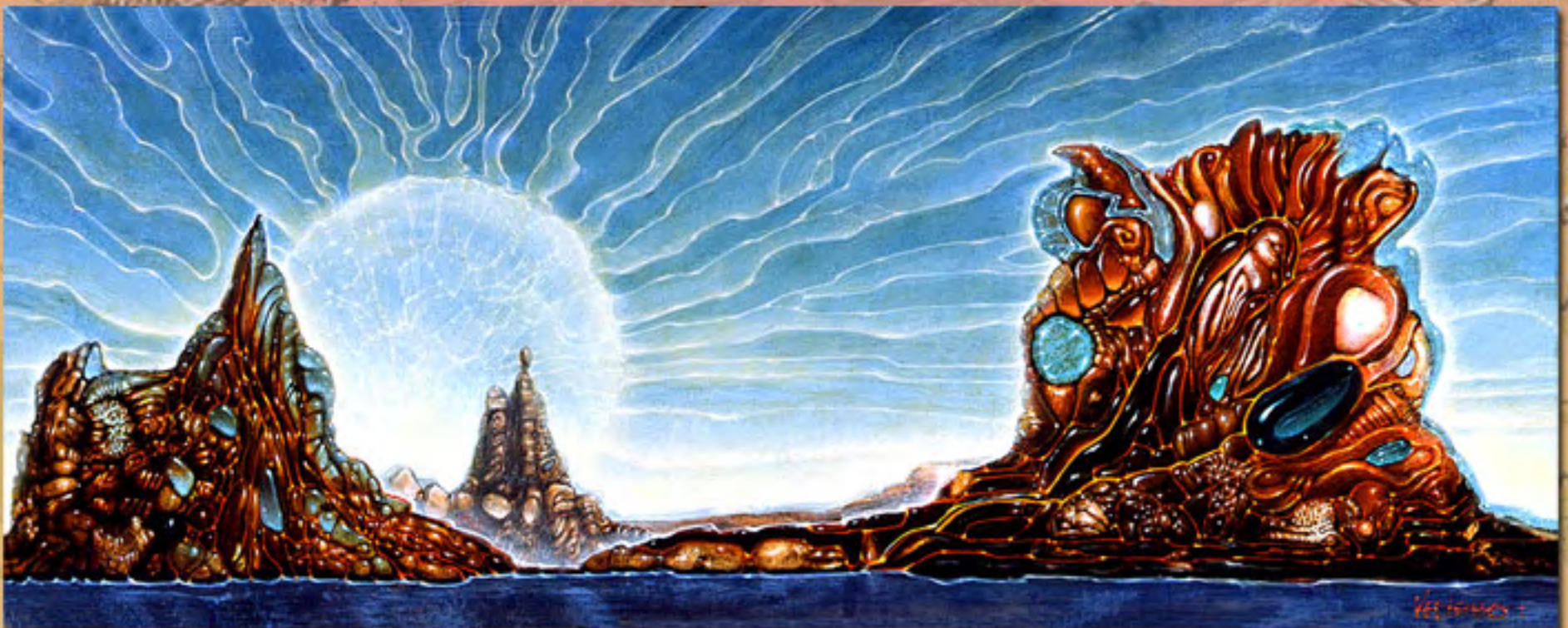


## Atomic Blossom



“From my own experience I would say that there is enough inspiration and visual material from any one minute segment of an entheogenic journey to last me a lifetime at the easel and then I would still suffer frustration in not being able to capture what I really witnessed”.

## Tesla's Vision

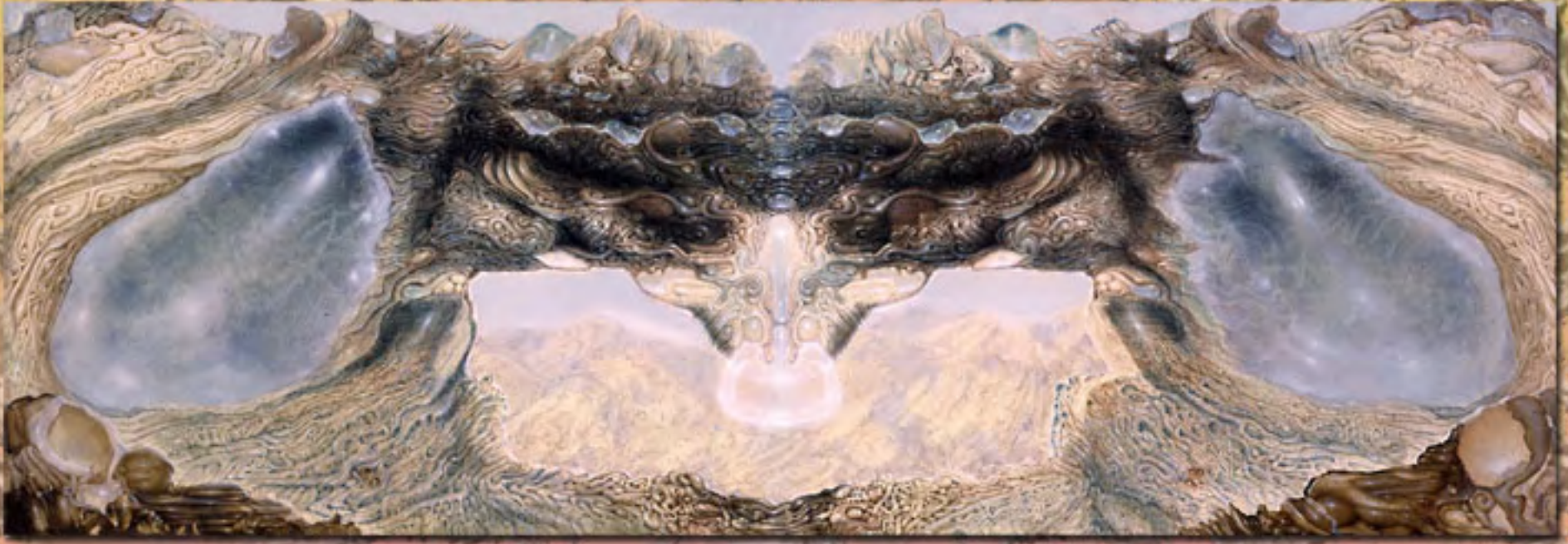


## Two Spheres



“The original will desire of the creative I AM to find expression is stunted and archetypal longing to find evolutionary culmination through suggestive form creation of the artist is aborted and replaced by egoistic subconscious debris. To take it a little further if we admit to an experience thought accumulating subconscious then to be consistent we must also allow for a superconscious and the higher latitude of thought and creative potential it contains. Both are channels of time the subconscious to the past the superconscious to the future and both contain the wish for expression.”

Portal to Edentia



Wonder Wall 2



## Yage Guide



“The ayahuasca experience is mostly inexplicable and the only word that does come to mind is Holy I once paid a visit to my studio during an ayahuasca journey and looked at a large blank canvas that I had prepared for painting Well in my altered vision the imagery was already there on the canvas waiting to be painted out I started painting the next day and months later ‘Ayahuasca Dream’ was completed looking exactly as I had envisioned it.”



Dos Angeles

Celestial Tree



## Cerebralation



“There can be little doubt that altered states of consciousness have a profound effect on the creative quality and productive output of the artist. The inspirations are certainly individual and dependent on the artists ability to retain filter and discern what is possible to exteriorize from the phantasmagoria presented by that which altered his consciousness.”

Martina IV





## Astral Awakening



"Bravo Venosa! Dali is pleased to see spiritual madness painted with such a fine technique."

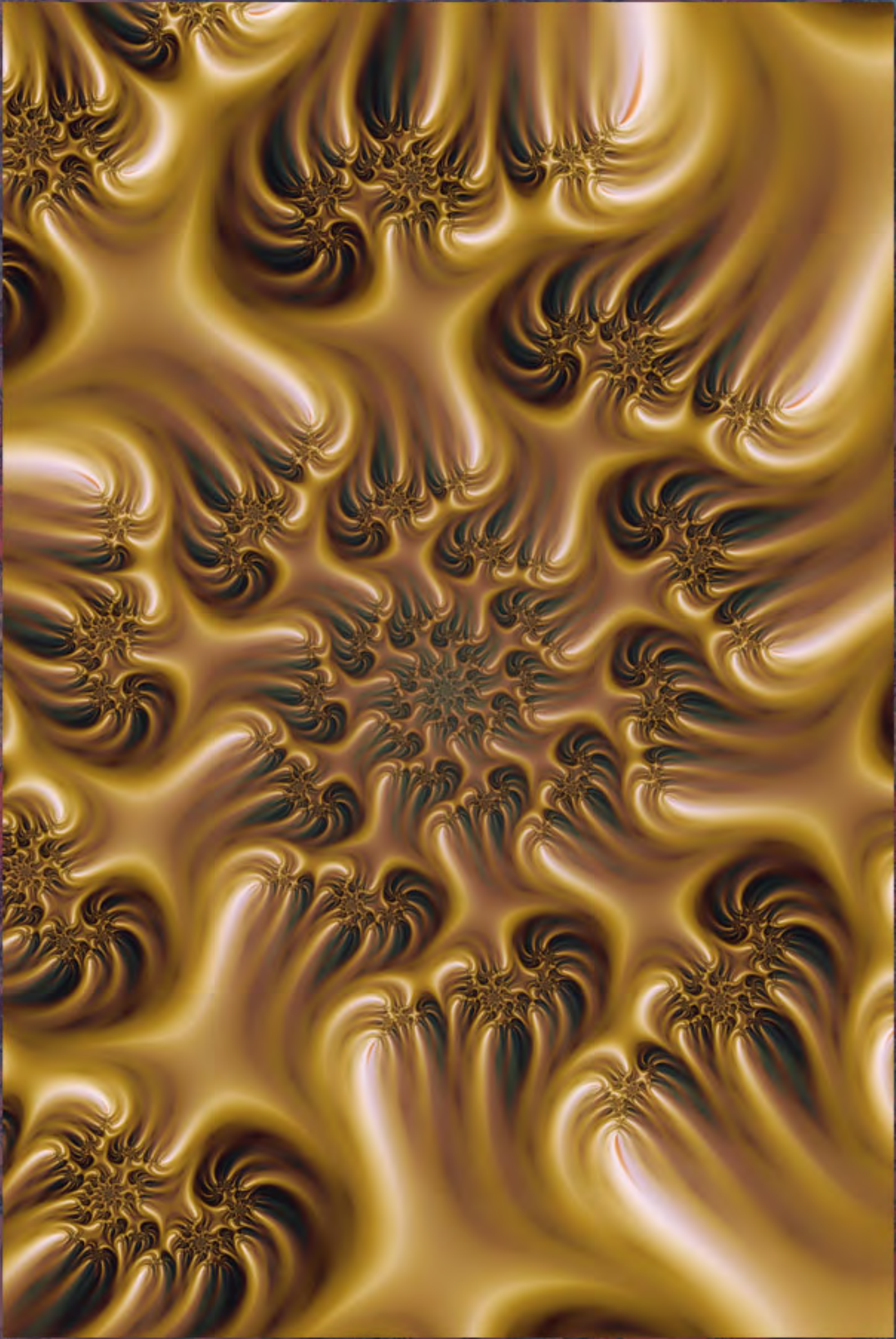
Salvador Dali

"Robert Venosa creates mythical mindscapes that fascinate and illuminate His tableaux are windows into timeless vistas of the inner realities."

Timothy Leary

"Robert Venosa's art truly captures the imprint of a spiritual force; each painting so alive, seeming to breathe, pulsate and stare back at you, challenging the viewer to also reach their highest potential."

Carlos Santana



*mike crowley*

# The Poetry of Wendell King

## Equinox

Our spirits awoke this morning  
Deep within the temple of your body.  
The doors to the temple opened  
like the petals of a red rose  
Unfolding to meet the morning sun.

You opened yourself and invited me in  
revealing a magnificent temple of many splendors.  
The most wondrous place that I have ever been.  
Beauty that pleased me to behold,  
a paradise in the center of paradise.

Dampness from the morning dew  
moistens the walls of the temple  
with drops of love.

Our whispers become prayers of pleasure.  
Time stood still and a day became forever.

The halls echoed with sounds of serenity.  
Sunlight streamed through stained glass  
and a choir of angels sang.  
In the center of the light  
the calmness added to the urgency.

I knelt at your altar  
and offered myself to you.  
Your hand led me into secret, sacred rooms  
deep within the temple.  
You took me into places no one had ever been before.

Our spirits danced  
in every room of the temple.  
And in the most beautiful room  
two spirits became one God  
As a roar of ecstasy rushed in.

The sun streamed in  
and melted all the black ice  
in the dark corners of the temple.  
Our minds became  
a wave in the cosmic ocean.

This is heaven.  
A place of rapture  
total goodness  
Serenity  
and oneness.

A chilly wind whispered to the tallest pine trees  
about a rare night among rare nights.

A full orange harvest moon rose in the east  
at the same moment that the sun was setting.

When the moon was half up  
and the sun was half down

An orange glow turned the earth to fire.

Like a strange planet with two suns.

Like a mother with flaming red hair.

And at that exact moment Fall began.  
Darkover approaching once more.

The wind chime sounded like a gong in a Buddhist  
temple.

An eagle screamed as it flew toward the setting  
sun.

A large grey wolf hunted with his mate  
on the edge of the marsh in the orange moonlight.

A falling tree crashed into the water  
on the shore of the island across the bay,

As two beavers worked to gather food  
for the approaching darkness.

All felt the magic of this evening.

The camp fire crackled in the crisp night air,  
orange ribbons from the fire spilled into the orange  
night.

We both sat staring into the fire.

You looked up

And caught my eye

You smiled

And a smile appeared on my face at the same  
moment.

You reached over the fire  
placed your hand on my chest  
And touched my heart.

A morning dove flew from my heart  
into the rising moon.

You moved slowly towards me  
and gently kissed my eyelids.

We surrendered to the night

And undressed in the orange glow of the evening.

Your hair was the color of a maple leaf  
drifting in the setting sun.

Your skin glowed like the rising moon.

You brought the cozy, familiar warmth  
of the first fire of fall.

# Friedrich and Simlisch MINDSONG

## Meeting the Goddess

I have sought you through the centuries,  
Hungered for the touch of your mind since our first  
meeting in a misty, medieval forest.  
Smooth velvet green images touched with soft  
beams of light  
Cool and soft, quiet and serene, yet vivid and ex-  
citing.

I remember your glowing red hair.  
Hair the color of a forest fire on the darkest night  
of the year.  
Sunlight behind you, surrounding you in a bright  
yellow halo.  
The flowing mist on the forest floor caressing your  
feet.

Our eyes touched, our hearts beat in unison.  
Fragile bubbles of energy  
Touching and forming one larger glowing sphere.  
Two minds flowing into a common river.

All human experience rushing in a roaring torrent.  
Knowledge and wisdom held within us  
Flowing from us like a rushing mountain stream.  
A stream forever available when either of us  
thirsted.

I hear everything that you hear,  
Feel all that you feel,  
See every image within you.  
A thundering wave of common experience engulfs  
us.

Your pleasure becomes entangled in mine.  
What is yours and what is mine becomes unclear.  
All is yours and all is mine.  
Finally, feeling whole again.

Everything real is inside us.



Wendell and his wife Roxanne live a fairly solitary existence in a cabin on a lake in northern Minnesota. They listen carefully to the Mindsong and then try to sing it. They have spent the past winter writing a screenplay that Wendell describes as "The Matrix" meets "Lord of the Rings".

# A TOUR OF THE PSYCHOACTIVE SUPERMARKET



THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF UNCLE WYRDD & HIS NIECE ALICE...  
(FOR SOME OF THE OTHER ADVENTURES OF UNCLE WYRDD & ALICE  
PLEASE GO TO [EARTHrites.ORG](http://EARTHrites.ORG) REGULAR MAGAZINE SECTION)



One day Alice popped in on her favorite uncle, Uncle Wyrdd, as he was about to shop for groceries. He suggested she come along for the ride and for some drug education.

He asked her "How many psychoactive drugs can you buy in your local supermarket?" Alice was surprised by the question, but immediately realized that this would be the next class in her Uncle's tutorial on legal drugs. She thought about it a bit and said, "Probably not many, after all a supermarket isn't a head-shop."

They soon arrived at a large supermarket, and Uncle Wyrdd suggested that, as they shopped for food, they should look for any psychoactive substances they could find. He said "Think about the absurdity of the 'War on Some Drugs' as we see how many psychoactives we can buy legally."

As they walked down the aisles they came to the produce section. Alice said, "Surely there are no psychoactive drugs in the produce section!"

Uncle Wyrdd smiled and showed her a head of lettuce and informed her that a substance known as lettuce opium, or medically as lactucarium, could be made from the milky sap of not only wild lettuce, but also cultivated lettuce. He said "Lettuce opium can be smoked like opium, or swallowed. It is sedative, painkilling and somewhat opium like". He said that it was weaker than real opium but that surprisingly you can buy "a form of real opium in the same aisle".

Alice said "NO WAY". So Uncle Wyrdd showed her a 7 oz package of ground poppy seeds. Alice examined it and said you couldn't plant this to grow poppies, the seeds are already ground up. Then she asked "Why are poppy seeds sold in a supermarket, anyhow?" He answered "they are used in salad dressings, and in baking, for example, poppy seed rolls." Alice said "So they wouldn't be psychoactive".

Uncle Wyrdd dryly said that he had "Found that assuming nothing was a useful practice". Then he said Alice should be very careful if she would be trying seed tea, because it was potentially addictive, and its strength could vary greatly from batch to batch, so accidental fatal overdose is possible.

He explained to Alice that enough poppy sap remained on the surface of poppy seeds that a highly psychoactive tea containing morphine, codeine and other opium alkaloids could be made from them.

Alice said "Well now you got me curious, how could someone make opium tea from poppy seeds?" Uncle Wyrdd replied there were various ways to do this, and that he would tell her two methods that were sometimes used by narcotic users to make poppy tea. He also reminded her that buying poppy seeds at a supermarket was completely legal, but making a narcotic tea from them might be construed by a prosecutor as illegal.

He said tea could be made using a hot or a cold extraction. Cold extraction is less efficient in extracting all the alkaloids but ought to taste better because the tea would be less oily. He said all that was necessary to make the cold extracted tea was room temperature tap water, the juice of half a lemon and a large stainless steel or Tupperware bowl. He then described the process:

"Take the 7 oz. package of seeds, add it to 2 quarts of water, add lemon juice (or lime juice or grapefruit juice). Stir it periodically with a wooden spoon. Let it sit for at least 1/2 hour. You'd be stirring every several minutes. Then pour the tea through a fine mesh wire strainer, or colander, to separate the seeds from the liquid. Save the filtrate. Pour more water over the seeds to wash them, and add this liquid to the first filtrate. Discard the seeds. Now boil the liquid down until its volume is reduced to a drinkable quantity. You will be left with a yellowish, milky appearing drink with oil droplets and some seeds floating in it. The oil and seeds can be strained out if you want, by using a coffee filter. But it's simpler to skip this step and just add some sugar, let the drink cool to room temperature, and drink it like lemonade."

Alice asked "And the hot method?" Uncle Wyrdd said "Use a non-aluminum pot, for example a glass pot, or a Teflon coated pot, add form on the boiling liquid. He said, using a wooden spoon keep mixture for 15 or 20

minutes. Strain out the seeds. Save the liquid. Sweeten it. Drink it as a hot tea. The taste is odd but not unpleasant and is somewhat milk-like”.

Alice laughed and said "What will they think up next?" He answered "this isn't exactly new stuff you know, it's a Neolithic recipe, basically it's the same thing as the oldest narcotic drink; one that dates back to the New Stone age --- the ancient drink is called meconium, which is just boiled opium poppy seed pods. the only real difference is this is made from the seeds and the ancient recipe was made from the seed pods."

Alice said "I'll be damned, they sell opium in the supermarket and don't even know it." Uncle Wyrdd said that "There are many more respectable grandmothers who know about this soothing, happy, painkilling, but addictive tea, than you'd imagine." He explained that his "grandmother from the old country had taught him about it."

While they were still in the produce section, Uncle Wyrdd showed her carrots with their tops on them and informed her that carrot tops of both of domesticated carrots, and of wild carrots (Queen Anne's Lace) could be smoked for their (mild) psychoactive effects.

Then he showed her a bin of hot chili peppers. There were several varieties of hot peppers in one bin. He pointed to a Habanero pepper and said "This is the hottest" Alice asked "What makes hot peppers hot.?" Uncle Wyrdd explained it was due to a group of related alkaloids that collectively were known as 'capsaicin'. Alice said "I've heard of capsaicin cream being used to treat arthritis and other forms of pain, but I thought that must be a local effect, not a CNS effect". He explained "When capsaicin is applied to the skin it is absorbed, which is what causes the hot stinging sensation. The capsaicin travels up the sensory nerves to the nerve-root ganglia and spinal cord and releases a substance called 'substance P' which is the pain neurotransmitter.

When capsaicin is used on a regular basis the pain nerves become depleted of substance P and become desensitized to pain even though other sensations, except for that of temperature, are not effected. He said "Capsaicin creme is a very good treatment for arthritis pain, especially of the fingers, and it also works for some forms of neuralgia and even backache; but it has to be used several times a day on a regular basis to be effective."

Alice said "It still doesn't sound like a psychoactive drug." Uncle Wyrdd asked her to describe the effects of eating a chili. Alice said "If I eat a really hot chili it hurts, I feel hot, I sweat, I find myself pacing from the burning pain, but then I feel really good." Uncle Wyrdd said "The really good feeling is because your brain is releasing endorphins." Alice said "You mean the brain's natural opioids?" Uncle Wyrdd said, "Yup, ever wonder why so many nations added chili to their cuisine right after Columbus brought them back from the new world? Just the sort of thing that happened with tobacco r coffee or tea at about the same time. These plants conquered the world! And for the same reason ---- hot peppers are mildly addicting! Half the world is hooked on the wonderful chilies; but they really are good for you."

Alice asked "How are they good for you?" Uncle Wyrdd said "For one thing, they can actually help someone loose weight. It's been proven in a controlled study. The capsaicin in the chili not only increases metabolic rate but it decreases appetite. And it has healthful effects on serum lipid levels, and prevents low density lipoproteins from being oxidized, and thats very good for the arteries. And some feel that eating chilies can help with mild depression!"

Alice asked "Are other spices psychoactive?" Uncle Wyrdd said Yes, many are. He said "But wait, Ill go into that when we get to the spice section".

Next they went to the over the counter medicine section. Uncle Wyrdd pointed out a bottle of cough medicine whose only active ingredient was something called "dextromethophan". He said this is often known as DXM. It is a cough suppressant but pharmacologically it is a dissociative drug, like Ketamine or PCP. Alice said she had heard of kids getting high on cough medicine and asked what the effects were.

Uncle Wyrdd explained that the effects depended on the dose and that users often distinguished different 'plateaus' of effect. He said low doses produce euphoria and a sort of drunkenness, higher doses give you closed eye visual hallucinations, still higher doses may give you out of the body experiences and cosmic consciousness.

Uncle Wyrdd then pointed out a Vicks Inhaler on sale. Alice said she knew that Vicks inhalers and VapoRub are used at raves by people on Ecstasy; but she said I thought that was just for the pleasant odor --- pretty sensual smell if you're rolling. Uncle Wyrdd agreed with her, but asked her to read the inhalers label.

Alice read the label. The inhaler contained 'levmetamfetamine 50 mg'. Uncle Wyrdd asked Alice if that sounded like anything she knew. She said "Not exactly, but it sounds something like meth-amphetamine."

Uncle Wyrdd said "Bingo! You got it --- levmetamfetamine' is another way of saying 'the levorotatory isomer of meth-amphetamine". He added "Another name for the drug is l-Desoxyn."

Alice asked "Does it have the same effects as Meth"? Uncle Wyrdd explained that Meth was the dextro-rotary isomer of meth-amphetamine, and that the levo-rotary form had similar effects although it was not as potent. Levmetamfetamine was 'only' about 1/3 as strong milligram for milligram as meth; which meant you still could get pretty much the same effects if you took three times as much.

Alice asked "Does anyone really use these inhalers to get high? How do they go about it?" Uncle Wyrdd said "Some people do but that you should remember that doing so is illegal, and that

amphetamines if used too often, or in too large a dose are very habit forming, and they can produce paranoid psychosis. And they can raise blood pressure, and even cause a heart attack or a stroke!"

Uncle Wyrdd told Alice, "I'll tell you what some speed freaks do, but PLEASE don't try it yourself it, it could be very dangerous". He explained that some speed-freaks who could not get hold of meth would break open the inhaler, cut up the stimulant containing plugs, add them to a pot of water along with lemon juice (a source of citric acid) and boil to cook of the fragrant oils. The drug formed a citrate salt which stayed in solution. Then the user would filter the liquid through a coffee filter. The levmetamfetamine citrate would remain in solution, the volatile oils would be filtered out. The liquid filtrate could be divided up into several doses. These could be mixed with a beverage and swallowed. It would then produce the typical effect of speed, both the pleasant effects and the potential problems.


Alice asked, "Are there other stimulants in the over the counter section"? Uncle Wyrdd pointed to NoDoz pills which are caffeine, and also to Sudafed which is pseudo-ephedrine. Alice said "That's pseudo-ephedrine. Is there ephedrine here too? Uncle Wyrdd pointed to a box of Bronchaid tablets and read the label to her.

Alice said, "You've shown me opiates, dissociatives, stimulants, but what about sedatives"?

Uncle Wyrdd showed her a bottle of Benadryl. He explained this antihistamine, is also called diphenhydramine. He added it not only suppressed allergy symptoms, but could be used as a sleeping pill. He told her that if taken in dangerously large doses it has much the same effect as Datura --- its a dangerous deliriant hallucinogen. It can make you red as a beet, dry as a bone and mad as a hatter. He also said it would blur vision and make it hard to piss. He added that very large doses of Benadryl can cause seizures.

The next aisle they came to had a fairly large collection of cheap wines. Alice said, "Okay I knew there would be alcohol here".





Uncle Wyrdd asked what she thought was the world's most addictive drug. Alice asked is it speed, crack, booze, or heroin? Uncle Wyrdd said they "All were candidates..." but that in terms of difficulty of staying off permanently there was a drug many addiction treatment specialists claim is even MORE habit forming than any of these. Alice asked "So what is it"? Uncle Wyrdd pointed to the section where cigarettes were sold.

Next they passed a rack where flower and vegetable seeds were sold. Uncle Wyrdd asked Alice to "Find the hallucinogen here". Alice read the labels and then pointed to a packet of "Heavenly Blue" morning glory seeds. She said she knew that "You can trip on morning glories" but was unsure whether they contained LSD or something else.

Uncle Wyrdd explained that LSD was lysergic acid diethyl-amide but although the seeds don't contain LSD itself, they contain related molecules including one called LSA. LSA stands for lysergic acid amide, its also called 'ergine'. LSA is about 5% as strong as LSD on a microgram basis.

Alice asked "How were morning glory seeds used?" Uncle Wyrdd said that "Mexican Indians have used them since pre-Columbian times. They grind up the seeds, soak them in cold water for a few hours, then strain through cloth to eliminate the seeds. The psychoactive LSA's will be in solution. He told her chlorinated city water would destroy the LSA as would exposure to light. but spring water or distilled water would not. He said that morning glories, unlike LSD, are sedating as well as psychedelic. They also act on the uterus, so they can cause a miscarriage. Of course pregnant women should not take any drugs unless their doctor says to."

The next aisle they came to had a section for teas and coffees. Alice pointed out the tea and coffee and said "Caffeine". Uncle Wyrdd pointed to the tea and said "It contains

another stimulant too, related to caffeine, called theophylline. Theophylline is used in treating asthma". Alice picked up a container of cocoa and asked "Does cocoa also contain caffeine? Her Uncle said it does but not much, however it contains theophylline and a similar substance called theobromine.

Alice asked "Is that why chocolate is so irresistible, when I'm down chocolate perks me up?" Uncle Wyrdd said. "Of course the taste and aroma have a lot to do with it, and the methylxanthines, (caffeine, theobromine, and, theophylline) do too, but chocolate and cocoa also contain a substance called anandamide that binds to the same receptors that the THC in marijuana binds to. And it contains other substances which prevent the breakdown of anandamide in the body. So chocolate is a tiny bit like pot."

Alice pointed out the many different herbal teas for sale and asked "Which are psychoactive?" Uncle Wyrdd said "Many are, for example those with ginseng or eleuthero (Siberian Ginseng) are stimulants, chamomile is a tranquilizer/sedative with effects similar to Valium or other benzodiazepines".

After filling their shopping cart with foods and other stuff, Uncle Wyrdd took Alice to the spice rack. He pointed out nutmeg and mace. He explained that both came from the fruit of the same tropical tree, nutmeg being the seed and mace the seed covering. He said that "Both nutmeg and mace were psychoactive". Alice asked just what type of drug was nutmeg. Uncle Wyrdd said "The activity was probably due to essential oils (such as myristicin and elemnicin). No one is sure if these are converted to substances like TMA in the body, however nutmeg and mace both have complex psychoactive effects. He explained that at high doses the effects can be hallucinogenic, or toxic. At intermediate doses they can be sedative, euphoric or somewhat like an empathogen. I've heard someone who studied them

claim that at very low chronic doses nutmeg and mace, particularly mace, have antidepressant properties".

Alice asked how nutmeg or mace was taken. Uncle Wyrdd said eggnog contains powdered nutmeg, and its effects are partly from the nutmeg and partly from alcohol. Some people add nutmeg or mace to a milkshake. These spices can be taken in capsule form, which may be the easiest way to swallow a moderate to large dose. If taken in very low dose (up to 2 teaspoons per day in divided dose) for antidepressant effects, it can just be added to hot cereal or applesauce.

Uncle Wyrdd explained the effects of nutmeg or mace may take many hours to be felt and then last for over a day. He said if someone is high on nutmeg his short term memory is impaired. Nutmeg or mace can cause heartburn, red eyes (like marijuana does), dry mouth, and stuffed nose. Excessive doses are toxic and may harm the liver. He said the effects of large doses are often unpleasant like being feverish and semi-delirious. He thought that "Probably the best use for mace or nutmeg as a drug is to use very low doses as a mood elevator, low doses that don't interfere with memory rather than higher doses as an emphylogen or psychedelic. Uncle Wyrdd added that "nutmeg is traditionally a drug of prisoners who don't have access to other drugs." He said most people who try nutmeg take too much and regret it, feeling hung-over even during the high, but that some people really do like nutmeg and claim that for them the effects are marijuana-like.

Alice asked were there other psychoactive spices. Uncle Wyrdd pointed to a bottle of 'rubbed Dalmatian sage' he explained it contains thujone "Which gives it its pleasant aroma", and that thujone is also present in wormwood and yarrow. He said thujone is definitely psychoactive, and is responsible for part of absinthe's complex effect.

He then pointed out a very expensive packet of Spanish saffron. He explained that Spanish (and the even stronger Iranian saffron), are used in cooking to color and flavor rice dishes and that in Iran eating enough saffron is known to cause euphoria and giggles. He also said American saffron is a different spice it's safflower flowers, and its not psychoactive.

Uncle Wyrdd showed her a jar of cloves and explained that cloves were not only a local anesthetic (good to relieve toothache pain) but like another local anesthetic --- coca leaves --- cloves had stimulant properties, although not nearly to the extent that coca did.

Next they went to a baking goods section and Uncle Wyrdd said he would show her two potentially dangerous inhalant drugs. This puzzled Alice for he pointed to a can of Reddi-Whip. Alice said 'you couldn't possibly breathe whipped cream!'. Uncle Wyrdd asked her to read the label and asked her 'what is the propellant'. She read 'nitrous oxide' and then said "Hey, that's laughing gas, I guess you could hold the can the wrong way and fill up a plastic bag with the gas!" Uncle Wyrdd said that is "exactly how some people get nitrous oxide to trip on, but purer sources of nitrous are safer to use". He added the safest way to use nitrous is to inhale medical grade nitrous that is mixed with oxygen, and further pointed out that when using nitrous one should have someone looking out for one to make sure one is not overdosing and turning blue! He reminded her that the brain needs oxygen and said this is the reason that breathing multiple lungs-full of pure nitrous without oxygen should never be done. He added that those using nitrous should take vitamin B-12 tablets as nitrous can destroy the body's vitamin B-12, and this can have very serious consequences.

She asked "What is the other inhalant you are talking of"? He pointed out a box of baking soda and said "DON'T TRY THIS! but if you put

baking soda in a plastic bag with lemon juice or vinegar you would produce CO2 gas, which you could then inhale. He explained that at high concentrations CO2 is anesthetic, at somewhat lower concentrations it is psychedelic. He added CO2 has a history of use in psychiatry and by the pioneer psychonauts such as Aldous Huxley, who called it 'a minor psychedelic'. However he again said "DON'T try breathing CO2 explaining that under some conditions it can cause fatal cardiac arrhythmias".

Alice said "I would not have believed that at my local supermarket I can get an amphetamine, a dissociative, hallucinogens, the stuff that is in absinthe, opium, sedatives, alcohol of course, dangerous inhalants, and the most addictive drug in the world. So what's the point of the War on Drugs?"

Uncle Wyrdd said, "That's exactly the point I wanted to make. I didn't show you this stuff hoping you'd rush out and try all the drugs in the supermarket! I showed you this so you'd be able to think rationally about drugs. That's something most people don't do. Certainly politicians don't think rationally about drugs".

Getting worked up, Uncle Wyrdd said "Why send people to prison for drugs similar to those they can get at their local supermarket? Why is the government stupidly throwing people in prison and ruining their lives? It makes no sense at all. A rational country would not outlaw drugs, instead it would legalize freedom!"

Alice said "What do you mean by 'legalize freedom'?"

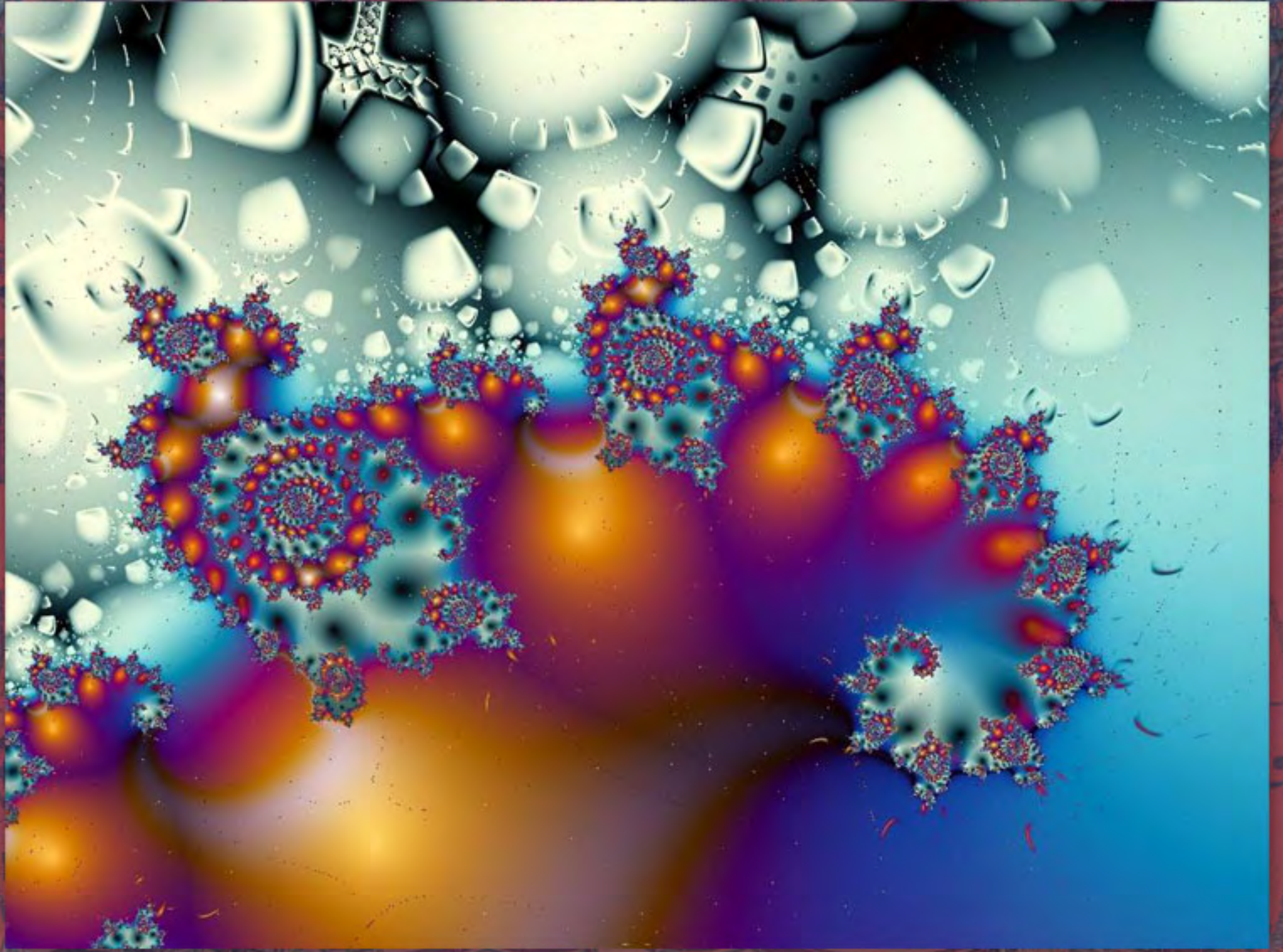
Uncle Wyrdd said, "Every adult should be completely free to do anything she wants to that is not harmful to another's person, privacy, or property. This would include the freedom to put anything into your own body, I don't mean driving drunk -- that is dangerous to others.

But people should be free to possess, and privately use any drug they want. The government should not criminalize drugs, and drug users. Instead it should educate people about drugs, about ALL drugs, including those in the supermarket. It should educate about their risks, and how to use them SAFELY. But we obviously don't live in a rational and free society."

Alice smiled and said "I agree".

ישו ע הוסיף  
מלך החרד  
לשון חכמה  
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mike crowley

# THE ART OF BRAHMAN VARAD



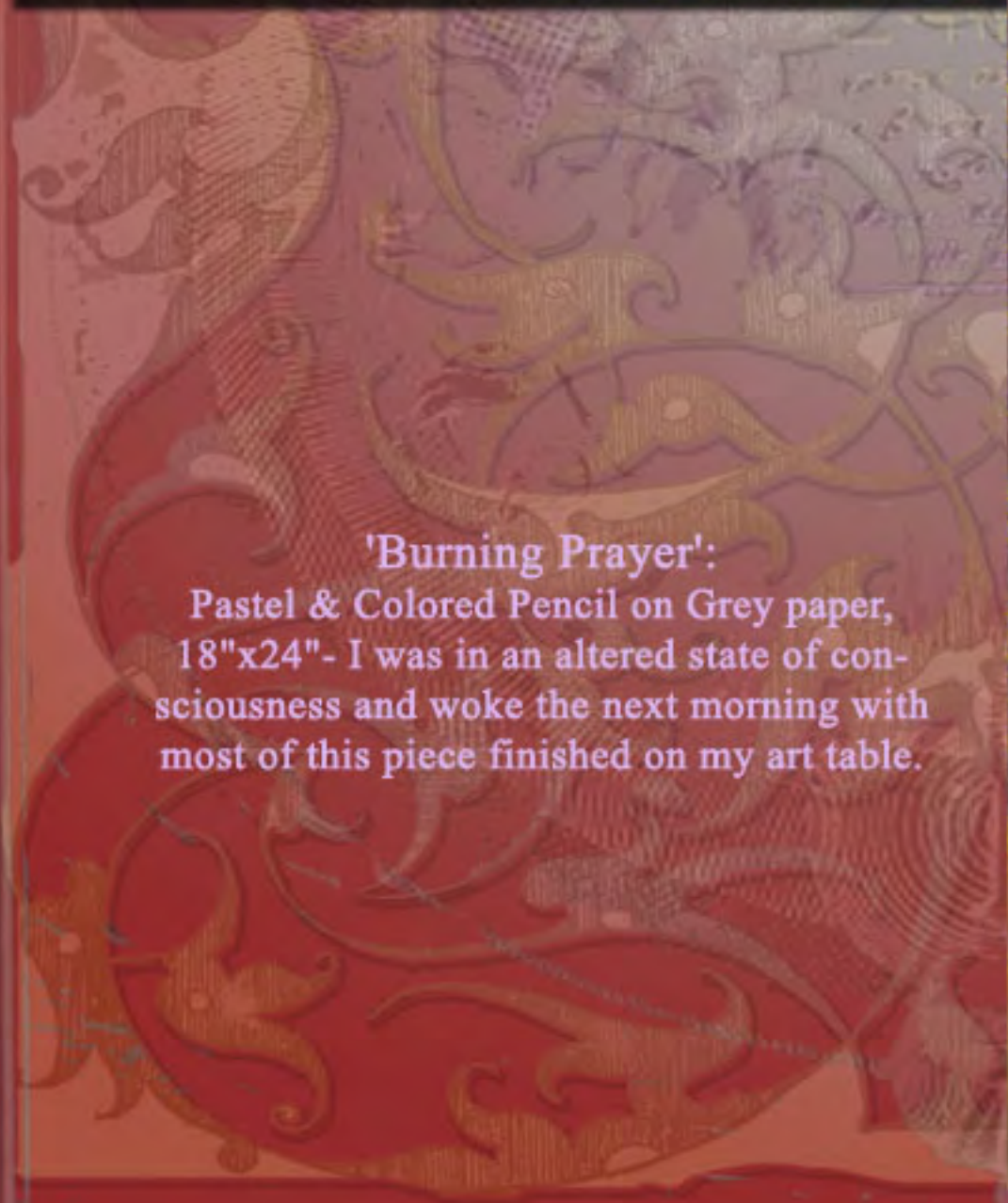
'Serpents Purge'  
Water Color on Paper, 9"X12"- Influenced by  
Ayahuasca visions & Robert Venosa in Brazil in  
2003.



'Alien Flora'  
Colored Pencil, Gouache & Watercolor on Black  
Board, 9"X12"- Influenced by Ayahuasca visions  
in Brazil in 2003.



'Ascension to Nebula':  
Oil on Canvas Board,  
22"X28"- The physical  
manifests as it transforms  
into the beauty of star  
clouds.



'Burning Prayer':  
Pastel & Colored Pencil on Grey paper,  
18"x24"- I was in an altered state of con-  
sciousness and woke the next morning with  
most of this piece finished on my art table.



**'Energy is the Only Life'**  
: Oil on Canvas Board 22"X28"- As the body  
decays the energy transfers into the soil,  
plants and infinite space. This title is taken  
from a line of Blake's poem "The Marriage of  
Heaven and Hell".



**'Burning Womb...Burning City'**  
Oil on Canvas, 24"X30"- I had a dream that a  
meteor crashed into the ocean, destroying  
cities and coastlines, I melded this dream with  
the idea that as humans destroy the earth, we  
destroy ourselves. We see mother earth's heart  
as it fell burning into her womb.



**'Her Path to Divinity'**

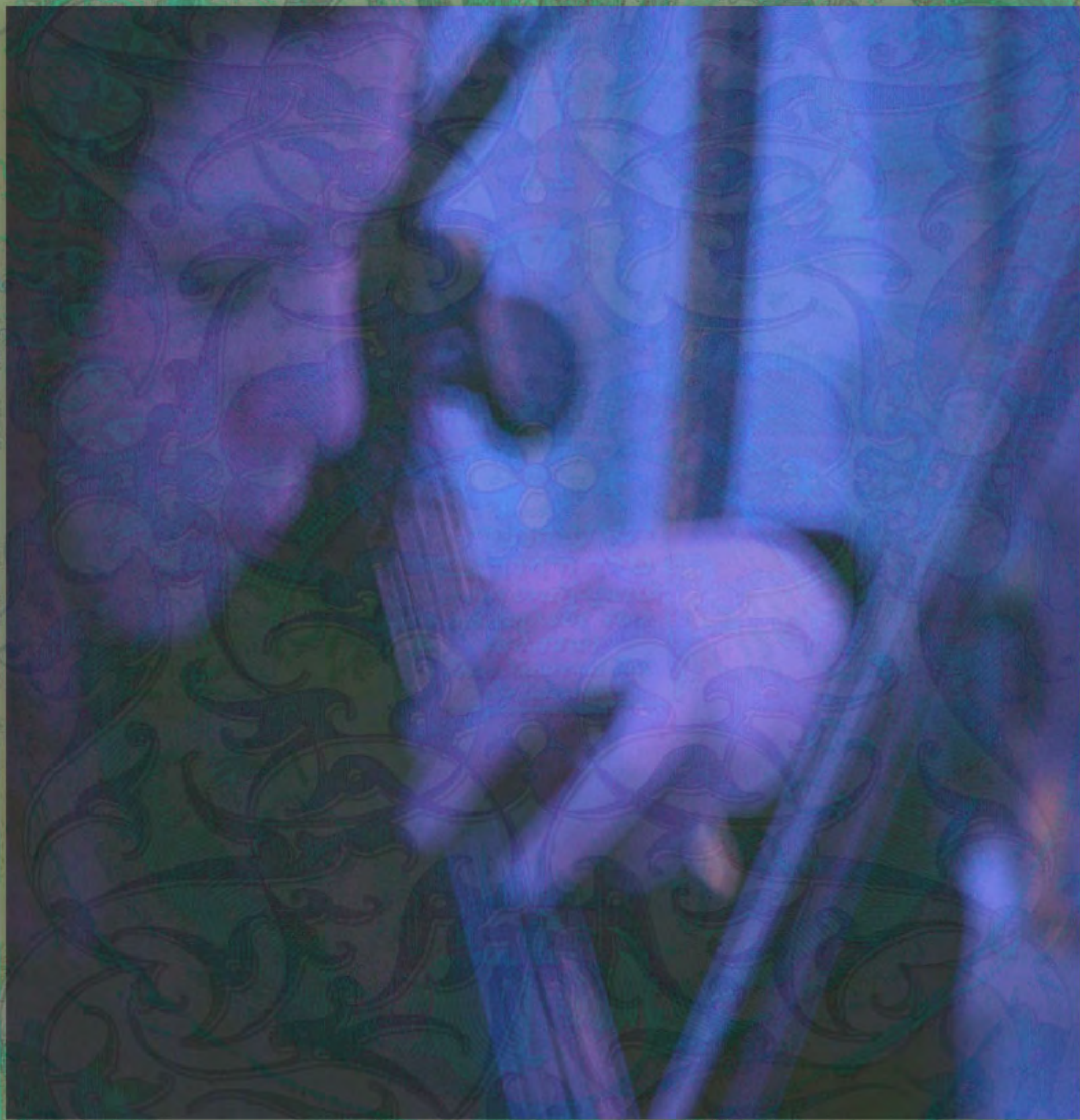
Colored Pencil on Board, 9"X12"- This was created directly from a vision I experienced during an Ayahuasca ceremony in the Peruvian Amazon in 2006.





Born, raised and currently residing in Seattle with my daughter Kali. My time is spent drawing, painting, creating sounds in a band ([www.blacknoisecannon.com](http://www.blacknoisecannon.com)) and being a single parent. I've been doing visual art since I can remember, influenced by the Surrealists and the discovery of Entheogens at a young age. More recently finding an affiliation with the ongoing and ever burgeoning Fantastic/Visionary art movement, through this I have been making connections and expanding horizons. Having been drawn to the shadow side of expressing myself I have been inclined at times to visualize death and darkness in my work, sometimes obvious, other times subtle. This process in creating my art is transformative, and reflects an evolution towards something within and yet beyond myself. I have recently been wrapping my head around what I think I have been doing with my darker visions, something like painting the beauty of a lamentation, but for me it is including the mourning but without the regret; that sorrow, sadness, suffering and tears should be embraced as a part of a beautiful human experience and not be wholly shunned. Obviously my life is privileged enough that I have time to think of it this way, if I was in a war zone I most likely would not, but this goes back to what do we do with the time we have in this life. I think I am trying to communicate an experience to others, my vision just happens to be from the strange and weird, and I have some kind of need to express this "beauty in lamentation".. As for any absolute meaning in my work I think the power of visual art is that it's open to the individual's interpretation. Question what you see, consider what you don't, draw your own conclusions.

# A SHORT CONVERSATION WITH RENA JONES





I don't remember how or when I first came into contact with Rena Jones music, but one day, there it was.

. Her combination of strings and synths are so tastefully done. If you haven't heard her music, may I suggest that you do so as soon as possible.

-Gwyllm -

## Rena Jones - Interviewed

*How old were you when you were first drawn to music?*

As far back as I can remember music has been in my life. I took piano lessons when I was about 5 and studied voice and violin from when I was about in the third grade.

*Was there someone who influenced you?*

Honestly, there have been so many influences that I wouldn't know where to begin. One very notable one was a beautiful cellist and dear friend Dawn. Her and I performed in many projects together when I was in my teens. At that time in my life I only played the violin and had always been drawn to the cello. It was in that time that her and I worked together that inspired me to play cello as well as explore more in depth improvisation and combining the strings with electronics. I would have to say that that time in my life opened many doors for my understanding of music and improvisation.

Also, a very strong influence for me was all the time I spent living in Austin, TX. I played with several artists there who were all very supportive of music and art. It was an extremely magical time in my life that I am so thankful that I was able to experience. Many of those artists I worked with, I still work with and see on the road performing as well. In that time in my life there was a very strong network of artists who later went off to do great things. Govinda, Ooah, Kitty-d, Neptune, Tzol from Kannal, Laura Scarborough, Sangre Del Sol Fire Dancers, Earl Harvin (Air Seal), Joe Santori, Golden Arm trio, Sxip Shirey, Brown Whorner, Jeff Potts and East Babylon Symphony....

*Where do you draw inspiration?*

I tend to pull my inspiration from a lot of different things. Memories, and positive experiences that I have had are some of the ways I get inspiration. I am also incredibly fascinated by patterns in nature and life cycles and using creative visualization when I write.

*Which do you prefer, live work or the studio, and why?*

That's a hard one to answer. I love the studio but I can get burned out working there for too long. I work long long hours alone in the studio and tend to get pretty into it for days on end so it's nice to get out and play live.

On the other hand, I love playing live but sometimes the road can get frustrating as well. There's magic to both for sure though and I enjoy the balance of doing both. To be honest, I feel they tap into completely different creative worlds for me so it's nice that I get to do both.

The road inspires me to work in the studio and make more music and working in the studio inspires me to get out and play more shows. It's a nice balance really.



*You have done some collaborations with Bluetech, what was that like?*

It was extremely inspiring I have to admit. The track we did together on "Beneath the Surface" was made almost entirely from four plucked notes on the cello. Since we made that track it has inspired me to work more like that more often. Almost every song I write now I source a good majority of the sounds from real instruments and then manipulate it on the computer.

*Have Entheogens informed your work at all, and if so, how?*

Absolutely, when I was much younger I explored the world of psychedelics a lot. I think anyone who has experienced entheogens sees the world a little differently than before. I think that those experiences have helped me tap into the subconscious while writing as well as use creative visualization while I write.



*Can you say something about your music plans and where you want to take your art?*

There are many new things on the horizon for sure. I have several tracks coming out on different labels including Iboğa and Aleph Zero and I also plan on starting the new album in about a month or so. There is a summer tour planned for the U.S. the U.K. and Canada as well.

Ultimately, I must admit I would love to do work for film, video games etc. The times in the past I have worked on projects like that I have really enjoyed it and I also would love to start working with more artists and singers as well.



### Review for Driftwood

"For some reason, cellists--more than any other classical instrumentalists--seem drawn to electronica. Recent CDs by Zoe Keating, Jami Sieber, Hans Christian (Rasa), and Gretchen Yanover find cellists riding electronica atmospheres. Rena Jones is a bit different from most of them. They use electronics to extend their cellos' range and sound. Jones plants her cello next to her laptop in fractalized grooves. Driftwood is an entrancing album that's as much about Jones's translucent laptop compositions as her gifts on cello, guitar, violin, and clarinet. But all those instruments give her music a different feel from many laptop jockeys. Compositions like "Photosynthesis" and "Driftwood" have an almost classical flow, as her strings and clarinet articulate Arvo Pärt-like lines of liquid inevitability while rhythms pulse, shudder, and ping through the melodies. But it's not all airy on Driftwood. "Open Me Slowly" finds her plucking a cello bass line with a funky grit you can't get with a computer sample. Rena Jones's soulful cello lines lend her music a somber tone and soulful beauty, which is all the more striking when cast against her chromium-plated arrangements. The combination makes Driftwood intoxicating". - John Diliberto, Echoes.org

### Driftwood Reviews - Continued

"Gorgeous and so completely alive, Driftwood is a triumph in electronic and classical instrument fusion. String instruments such as violins and cellos are often used in gothic and electronic music as an auditory focus, carrying the tune while backed by abstract melodies and heavy beats, abusing the instruments to force a traditional sound or mood. But San Francisco's multi-talented Rena Jones did something decidedly different when she integrated them into the very soul of every composition. Sometimes as expressive as a voice, the cello will waver above the electronic beats, fluttering and flying as if on a soft breeze. At other times, keyboard loops will tell a story while the violin carries the rhythm like vibrations in a deep pool. Jones calls her musical style "down-tempo sounds from another dimension" and she couldn't be more right. These sounds come from a place where down-tempo doesn't mean sleepy or morose, but can create dreamscapes so vivid that they practically replace the reality that surrounds you. The stimulating "Undercurrent" has a life all its own, toying with the listener and seducing one to come out and play. "The Passing Storm" features a subtle cello duet that hints at gentle longing, while "Seedling" practically illustrates the time-lapse of a budding plant or thought or emotion. And these are only a few of the amazing offerings on Driftwood. Subtle and never over the top, Jones maintains a beautiful mellow vibe that in no way feels forced. You may never look at classical instruments the same again." Charity VanDeberg - ReGen Magazine.com



<http://www.renamusic.com/>  
<http://www.nativestaterecords.com/>



*mike crowley*



Gwylm Llwydd



# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## What's Coming Up In the Near Future For 'The Invisible College'

The Art Of A. Andrew Gonzalez  
*Art/Interview...and more*

Poet of the Homeland  
*The Poetry of Tomas B.*

Poet of The Southern Coast  
*The Poetry of Peter Moore*

In Search of The Perfect Rave - Graham St. John  
*Further Adventures with our resident Anthropologist*

Salvia Activism  
What One Woman Achieved by speaking up

Talking With Lorenzo  
*From Palenque Norte, to Matrix Masters & The Psychedelic Salon*

Spiritual Activism: Conversations with an Ayahuascaro Roadman  
*Building the greater community....*

Bringing It All Back Home: What The Little Doctors' Told Me  
*Applying what you learn on the other side of the Tryptamine Curtain*

Focus On Activism:  
Acknowledging our Agents of Change  
And Much, Much More.



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