

Earth Rites.org Presents



the invisible college



vitreous ovum-homage A LEONARDO

MARTINA HOFFMANN

issue 1

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[PREDICATED ON THE FIRST CAVE PAINTINGS]

CONTENTS

introduction ..

Gwyllm Llwydd

Where one tries to explain the unexplainable...

POETRY

THE POETRY OF LAURA PENDELL

CLARK HEINRICH - POETRY

FEATURES

THE ART OF MARTINA HOFFMANN

A comprehensive look at Martina's work, with Biography, painting in performance, and an interview.

COMMUNITY ACTIVIST:

MURACO KYASHNA-TOCHA

Interviewed by FIONA C. MACGREGGOR

Medical Marijuana Activism in Seattle Washington

ARTICLES

NOODLEMANCY - DIANE DARLING

Fortelling the future in a novel way

TWO TALES - WILL PENNA

Life and times in Santa Cruz California...

ORIENTAL JONES - MIKE CROWLEY

Hidden Histories, Unknown Players. Miss Liberty Cap?

THE ART OF THE WELL CRAFTED TALE - TIM DALY

Several Tales emanating from the West Country of Ireland:

Beware of the Danger Cow!

DANCING IN THE REALM; LIFE FESTIVAL - GRAHAM ST. JOHN

Our Intrepid Anthropologist on the trail of the ultimate festival. Part 1 of a series.

A RECORD OF AN EXPERIMENT IN TRYPTAMINE WARFARE ON SALVIA ELVES

or 'How I blasted those bitches with the White Light' - CLIFF ANDERSON

ART

SPENCER MOEN'S ART

With Commentary on each piece & Biography

GWYLLM LLWYDD 'Blotter Art: Realized and Proposed'

community page

Community Information: What is happening where and when...

SheShamans' Update

Dale Pendell Event...

the invisible college

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Earth Rising Presents

the invisible college

The Invisible College magazine offers advertising space at great rates, targeted at a savvy, intelligent demographic.

Our advertisements can incorporate traditional styles, as well as multimedia and active website links, accessible to each reader as they browse the pages.

(A note regarding independent publishers and authors; please have a look at our 'Book Ad' as well, for an effective well laid out coverage of your book at an affordable price)

The first issue of The Invisible College stands to be downloaded by many of our 12,000 plus monthly readers. The last time we featured a special media presentation (the recordings of Sacred Elixirs) our readership tripled, and we see no reason why The Invisible College would not have the same effect. As the word spreads, this number is sure to grow considerably.

For more information on the magazine and our advertising rates, please down-load our Rate - card in PDF form from our Magazine Down-Load Page (a quick-reference rate table appears below).

Feel free to contact us by email with your enquiry.

the invisible college magazine RATE-CARD

Ad size	Price	Specifications
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Earth Rites.org Presents



the invisible college

this issue is dedicated to...



Rosemary Woodruff Leary was a most amazing person; a survivor of the first degree... We would like to dedicate this first issue of the Invisible College to one of Entheogensia's unsung heroines.

Rosemary, or as her friends called her, Ro, had a deep influence on Tim from their first meeting until the time of her death. Much of what was credited to Tim, Ro helped to develop and to bring to fruition in those early, heady days.

It would be nice to see her written works (from what we understand are many) either made available through the internet or published. We offer those who are holding her written materials in trust a home on the internet at Earthrites.org.

Before her death, it was understood that she was finishing up her autobiography. It would be a wonder to see it published finally. One could only imagine what would be found within it; pure gold, humour, and depths of wisdom.

Rosemary moved with grace in her life. It would be a wonderful occasion to see her honoured, and to be acknowledged for the hard work and sacrifice that she made in her life for others. Before her death, it was understood that she was finishing up her auto-biography. It would be a wonder to see it published finally. One could only imagine what would be found within it; pure gold, humour, and depths of wisdom.

Rosemary, this first issue is for you...



introduction:

Where one tries to explain the unexplainable

Bringing 'The Invisible College' PDF Magazine forth has been an interesting exercise in learning, joy, frustration, happiness, and finally a rewarding collaboration with some of the most unique artist, poets, and writers of our times. It has been a long time coming, but we feel it is well worth it.



The concept that gave birth to 'TIC' was that there were plenty of information sources out there about research, use, law enforcement etc regarding Psychedelic/Entheogenic Substances, but very few information sources which deal with the unfolding Community and Culture that has come to be in result of our interaction with these unique Plants/Chemicals/Beings.

As time progresses, we may well see something unique appear with these issues: An expanding world-view that goes beyond the well trodden, familiar pathways. Yes, the plants and chemicals will be discussed, but it will not be the only thing discussed. We'll visit with community activist, artist, and those who struggle to bring about spiritual, legal, and global mindset changes. There are more underground streams than not, and we hope you will explore them with us...

TIC will take cues from its readers, if you have something that is of interest to the community, let us know. We are open to being introduced to activist, writers, artist, musicians and organizations that are emerging, or that have gone unrecognized. If you have nominees for publication, or recognition for their work, let us know!

There are many interesting developments happening in the Psychedelic/Entheogenic community. As with all matters, the unfolding of the new communities it has its own schedule, its own event horizon and the next few years will see this community rising to the challenges of the new millennium in unique and novel ways.

Every person within the community has a part to play in the wider theatre of the evolving world. We are on the cutting edge of consciousness, art and media. Our influence is vast but unrecognized in the larger social context. TIC is about changing that.



I want to thank some of the members of the TIC Community that have been integral to the Birthing of 'The Invisible College'.

For her patience and her efforts as well as for her beautiful art, I want to say a very large Thank You to Martina Hoffmann who stepped up right away and offered her exquisite art to be used as we saw fit. (Her art graces our front and back covers, and her work is featured in an article as well.)

A hearty Thank You to Mike Crowley, Assistant Editor who stepped up and offered suggestions, pointing out Tim Daly & Cliff Andersons' work, and for his generosity and general good humour about life. Mike, I wished you lived just down the road!

A Thank you to Fiona C. MacGreggor for her dedication and hard work behind the scenes.

Thank You to Laura Pendell, for her quick response of poetry, and her grasp of what TIC was going to be about.

I want to thank Roberto Venosa for his encouragement and kind gifts of books and comments, which have moved me deeply.

I would like to thank Diane Darling, Clark Heinrich, and Spencer Moen for their eager response and kindly offerings of articles, poetry, art, criticism, and gentle prodding to continue on.

Also, I would like to thank Tim Daly, Cliff Anderson, Will Penna, and Graham St. John for stepping up and offering articles, stories and various wonders on very short notice.

A big one goes out to the people on the Earth-Rites List who have always been full of encouragement and are generally very tolerant with my shenanigans.

For the lady with all the software who made this little foray a bit easier, a big hug and thanks!

And last but not least, my life partner Mary, who has stood behind me in her very Scottish way and told me to "Get off the email and get the work done!"

Cheers,

Gwyllm

the invisible college community page



Announcing SheShamans 2007 May 18-20, 2007 Isis Oasis, Geyserville, California

SheShamans 2006 was a great success. Over 80 people came to lovely Isis Oasis to attend sixteen workshops given by personable, knowledgeable women working with plant allies. Saturday night was filled with magic and music and the hot summer days were soothed by great clothing-optional splashing in the sparkling pool, soaking in the hot spa, and gentle massages at the Angel tent.

Loreon Vigne, owner of Isis Oasis, was delighted with our presence and welcomes us back again this year. Sydney the cockatoo, bird bodhisattva to several people, also remembers us fondly and sends an ear-splitting shriek of greeting.

This year SheShamans will be a manifestation of many interested people empowered and inspired to carry the event and the idea into the future and across the planet. As you read the list below, ask yourself if you may be the person to take up and run with some of these needed functions:

***Fundraising:** In 2006 SheShamans had virtually no seed money, so we were not able to offer stipends to presenters or as many discounted tickets as we would have liked, and we were not able to offer travel expenses (though Women's Entheogen Fund came through in some instances). A sufficiency of seed money would make all that so much more do-able.

***Presenters:** In addition to being a presenter, some lucky and very together person will have the pleasure of contacting and contracting with presenters and artists, as well as supporting them in all arrangements.

***Volunteer and staff coordinator,** recruiting, then handling and being the go-to person for staff and volunteers; also manage vendors and caterers.

***The Books:** keeping the financial story humming along, including disbursing and receiving funds.

***Promotion** to lists, magazines, selected college and university departments, individuals, events and other conferences, and so on.

***Theater manager:** Innovating with the space, including set-up and design; handling music and performances, working with audio and visual teams and possibly video recording team.

Who and what would you like to see present at SheShamans 2007? Topics already suggested include birth and death as entheogenic experiences; healing with entheogens; real time sessions; the entheonautic family (as well as actually having kids attend and creating a crèche staffed by parents and others); more time with our elders, creating and juicing an inter-generational connection.

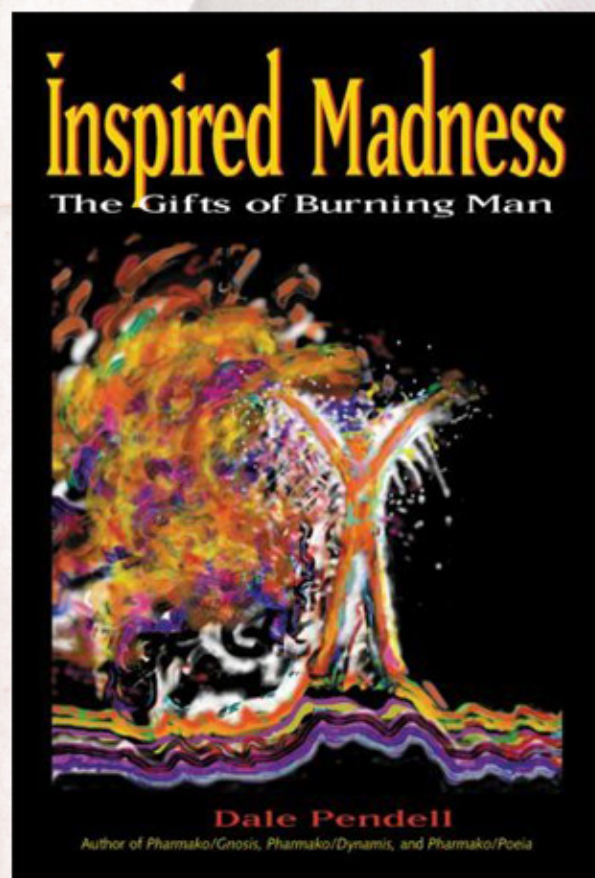
I'll be convening a planning team by February – if you'd like to be part of it, start brainstorming right now and bring yourself (either in person or by conference call) and your inspiration into the mix.

Please respond to Diane@sheshamans.com with your ideas and offerings! And stay tuned!

If you have something you want entered on the IC Community Page drop a line to IC@Earthrites.org

the invisible college community page

Join Dale Pendell and friends:
A Costume-(optional)
Book Release Celebration!
for Inspired Madness: The Gifts of Burning Man



Reading by Dale Pendell
Special guest appearance by Erik Davis
Assorted Freaks and Oracular Denizens
Eye-catching Beauties
Green Fairies
Rednecks
Punks
Hippies
Scarlet Women
Sundry refreshments and comestibles
(please bring drinks & other offerings)

Books for Sale

Where: Oakland, CA
When: Saturday, February 10th, 7pm
Readings around 9

more info:
query at inspiredmadness@hotmail.com
Limited Capacity!



Dust Devils

They came from the dust and spread nylon wings
where the great fish died, sun-flopping whiffs on
crumbling parchment in a dried bottle, purpled to
whom it may concern: bone dust, infused, smoke,
forgot that, ice sheets, once.

They arose flapping, mud-cracked swarms, a gun to
their heads, Caesar's shadow, rusted nails of the time
there were ships and curled horns and ivory pendants,
clay-eaters from mudcracks in silica, long pennants of
wind song converging on the ash-rising flames. New
top-hats of a dry resurrection, thorn-born and thyrsus-
armed in the final days, snakes awoken by din of
feathers and the shattering of pots, shadow cleft
beneath jack boot, boulevards seeking the shade of
a Babylonian willow, chrysalis of locust, eyeglass of
dried scales, sandals following a whirlwind of fire, iron
tools and tambourines while the old blood burns,
Croesus' gold at the oracle's camel-boned feet.

They emerged from cracked sidewalks, ghostly and
blaring an earthquake dream, cracked feet to crack an
anesthetized fault, scorpions wriggling; the women
bared their breasts, worm twitch at the end of an age.
They rose from graves, erosion-breached, poked and
stuck, syringe derrick, beached tankers amid the
campfires, black smoke, panther shadows, flickers in
Old Town, six-legged scuttle in a carbonate sink, coffee
cup crust rattling "Adonai, Adonai" in a new tectonic
fold.

They appeared like gypsum, oil-skinned in the naked
sand, sabers in a pile, hoof beats of a gunpowder seance
tomb-lit by nitrate tallow. Detritus, curb-nurtured babble
rebuilding the Tower from impatient dust.

Laura Pendell

INNER ALCHEMY

reddened reflection
of time before space
and cycles
transformed

semen of cinnabar
sulfur sentence
meditation
and breath

cavernous sky doors
pour dimensions
of purple ichor
gold and jade

Eight Gems soar
elixir flows
and flowers breathe
the Dragon Fetus

finds its secret place
lunar liquor
the spiritual feather
of a Phoenix flown

peruse the pattern
follow the mandala
and glow

GRATITUDE

the gold film
that washes across vision
the shimmer that swims
across time
whispers or shouts
the only language
o carillon of color
spinning/swirling
across the ceiling of infinity
with the geometric precision
of ancient arabian cupolas
crescents squares and triangles
all iridescence and incense
space roils around us
billowing howls
and exclamations of rainbow
premonitions of the sacrament
of bedlam and insight
both amplitudes and maxitudes
wonderment and vows

whirring extremities
of shape shifters
rosewood and cordwood
and myrrh
and waves of time
sense thickened
and spherical
swelling and thrusting
and white capped
the blinding broth
of unimagined horizons

and then finally
the sunrise
well traveled and bright
its innocence
cruising and actual
precarious and enough

I am drowsy, irrational,
sated by the singular beauty
of the earth
birdsong and wonder
all that green
the long swell into daylight
the long spell of you
everything still a sparkle
rippling and lyrical
relinquished
remembering
festooned in mirth
scattered and gleaming

miseries unfamiliar
at least for this day
this life conjectured
imagined, the illusion
complete/so sweet.

MASK of SHARDS

I have been broken and crushed.
I am tired of closing my eyes.
I am tired of closing my mouth.

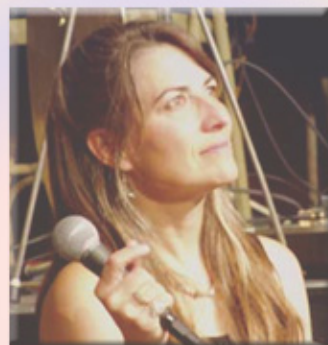
I think life is a series of steps.
I think the sky is a compass of remedies.
I think water overflows with offers,
and the river is fringed with answers.

Perhaps the answer is too deep
the river's banks are muddy
the weeds work their way between.

Then it is time to be still.
Then it is time to sit with the earth.
Let the days stretch beyond shadow
and into a season of light.

This is the practice of self-reflection.
This is the practice of not following
the illusive thread of suffering.

Do not stray.



LAURA PENDELL

Laura moved from NYC to California in 1998 in search of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll.

So far she hasn't been disappointed.

She received an MFA in Poetry from Mills College in 2001.

She and her husband, the poet Dale Pendell, live with their cat, Mushroom, (and various disincarnate spirits known to accompany poets and bards) in the foothills of the Sierras.

When not writing poetry, or performing with Oracular Madness, Laura makes handmade blank journals and artist's books. You can see them at her website: www.womanrisingbooks.com

MARTINA HOFFMANN



A BIOGRAPHY - German-born artist Martina Hoffmann spent her childhood in Cameroon, West Africa. She majored in art with professor Kiefer (father of Anselm Kiefer) and studied sculpting at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University in Frankfurt. Hoffmann works as a painter and sculptress. Her paintings fall within the realm of Visionary Art and have been greatly inspired by expanded states of consciousness, the realms of the imagination, shamanic journeys and the dream state.

Much of her imagery addresses the sacred feminine while her sculptural work shows undeniable African influences. For the past ten years, Hoffmann has taught painting workshops with her husband, Robert Venosa, at Esalen Institute, CIIS (California Institute of Integral Studies), Omega Institute and

Skyros Institute (Greece), The Santa Reparata International School of Art in Florence as well as at various private retreat centers. She has spoken at the 'AllChemical Conference' in Kona Hawaii, the 'Entheogens, Transcendence & Creativity' - Panel at Naropa University in Boulder, CO, the 'Prophets Conference' in Santa Fe, NM, the 'Mindstates' Conference in Berkeley, CA, Boom Festival, Portugal, Synergenesis, San Francisco, CA, the Athena Festival, Denver, CO, as well as Synergenesis, CA.

Hoffmann has also designed CD covers and created original photography and art for CDs such as Kitaro's 'Mandala', Nawang Ketchog's 'Karuna', Double Dose's 'Sense Of Spirit' and Kan'Nal's 'Dreamwalker'.

Her work has been exhibited internationally, as well as being published in books such as True Visions, Betty & Books, One Source, Sacred Journeys, Markowitz Publishers; Psychonautische Landkarte, Steiner & Hirs,

The Return of The Great Goddess,

Shambala; Celebrating Women's Spirituality, The Crossing Press;

Noospheres, Pomegranate Artbooks; Illuminatus, Fine Arts Press; Drinking Lightning,

Shambhala Publications, and the magazines, Magical Blend, Shaman's Drum, MAPS, Entheogene Blätter Wellbeing,

Expose, We'Moon and Nexus. The artist lives and works both in the US and Spain. To see Hoffmann's work, please visit her

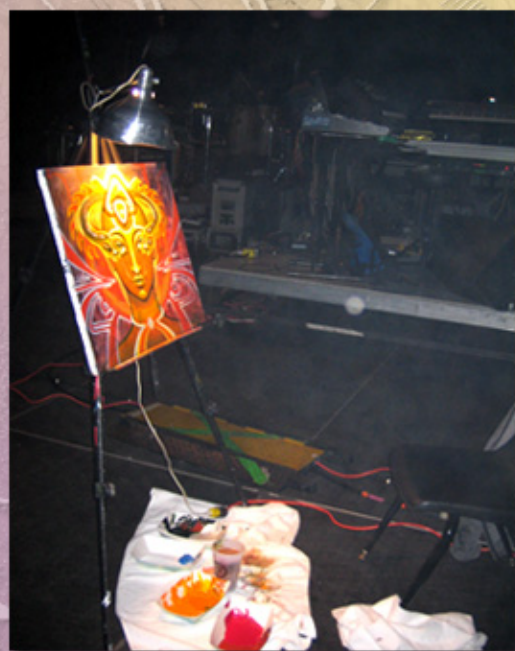
website at: www.martinahoffmann.com

Painting at the Kan'nal Show

Here are some thoughts around live painting and art performance:

Painting live during music events has been a welcome new creative activity in my more solitary work as a painter. The studio work is quiet and I create in my own energetic bubble, so to speak, while performance painting blows this bubble wide open and connects me with the larger picture and the community out there. This puts a very different spin on being creative.

Live painting is a refreshing way to just jump into the creative process cold and to let the outside energy bring on the flow of images, versus letting my inner landscape or energy alone regulate the input. Also to be on a stage with hundreds or thousands of people directing their energy towards you is an amazing rush and thrill and brings on quite an adrenaline rush. And to know that you have only 2 hours max of work time available in order to bring your painting to relative completion is a very different approach from my studio work, which is a more precise and a rather slow and detailed way of painting. Working live, the creative process becomes charged by the music and general energy on and off-stage. People are watching you constantly which plugs you into with their energy systems as well. So painting live is a very synergistic process and experience.



with Martina & Roberto

I also love the idea of working live together with other artists. In this way the painting process becomes some sort of a dance, a give and take, a very interesting way of getting to know another quite intimately and very quickly. That is if you don't already know your painting partner, and it becomes a beautiful balancing act between the artists' energies. Working with Robert in this way has been pure joy, as I can feel this as an extension of how we compliment each other in our daily life together. While our styles are quite different, we still share a general esthetical understanding and that makes painting together a very rich, harmonious and effortless experience.

When you work together this closely, under time constraints, and with all these other wild energies flying around, your senses become extremely acute, and once the session is completed, it almost feels as if someone 'pulled the plug' on you after such a state of heightened awareness and intense adrenalin flow. It is an amazing high and quite addictive. No wonder why some old rock stars never quit performing. Try it sometimes, you might like it.



1. Do you remember making your first piece of art?

a.What was it of? b.How old were you?

I didn't have a definite memory of my first piece of art until I re-lived the incidence during my first experience with LSD, during which I picked up a pen and drew circular shapes. I then proceeded to draw other images which seemed to be the turning points in my development as an artist.

What stood out for me in this experience is the satisfaction and sense of peace that I remembered feeling, whether I drew an infant's abstract linework at age two, my father's ship at age four, an elephant at age six or a realistically rendered face as a young adult.

2. Did you get reinforcement from family or others about your first piece?

Yes, my family appreciated my drawings and I would give them away as birthday gifts. My mother always carried crayons and paper in her purse for me to be used during visits or trips. She knew that I would willingly and easily entertain myself with drawing if I got bored. I'm an only child and got used to living in my own world early on. My father tried to show me the effects of light and shadow in a drawing when I was about six. This went right over my head and it was probably a bit early for such abstract concepts, but I guess he cared for my artistic development and wanted to help me along.

3. Did you have formal art training early on, or did you develop your earlier works independent of art schools?

I had art classes in school but creating has always been my passion. So I actually drew and sculpted quite a bit independently of school work.

3.How did growing up in Africa effect your sensibilities for color? a. For composition?

b.Do you still feel those effects today in your art?



Africa and the indigenous culture there informed my life and art at the deepest instinctual levels. The raw power of nature, the all pervasive earth magic and spirit, that touches all people who live in this rich environment, have had a lasting influence on my life. And the colors and sensuality of this place have certainly seeped into my work. The arts and crafts that I saw on a daily basis such as weaving, cloths, baskets or wall paintings were remarkable, and you could hardly walk out of the house without seeing a beautifully carved sculpture or artistic building. All creative expressions were so direct and authentic, very visceral. But it is the women of Africa that I remember most, with their strong beauty, grace and earthiness. They exuded a sense of motherly ease, deep acceptance and childlike happiness. It is here that I encountered the Earth Goddess in the human flesh for the first time and her image was to resurface later on in my sculptures. So a part of my work today focuses on the nurturing element of the sacred feminine, a presence which I believe is so important in today's out-of-balance world.

4. Are you more at home with Oils, or with Acrylics?
a. what is the difference if any?

I use only oils. They are the magic medium. Vibrant in color and very fluid, they are more alive and malleable than acrylics, which are flat, dry too fast and are hard to fuse.



5. How did psychedelics initially effect your relationship to your art?

a. Was it a positive impact?

b. are there negative impacts that you have noticed?

6. Do you feel that psychedelics informs your work to this day?

a. Is it important to your creative viewpoint?

As I like to say in my bio, my painted work has been greatly informed by altered states of consciousness. And I would not be painting the way I do, if it hadn't been for the psychedelic experience. I might not be a full-time artist today, for all I know, had I not said yes at a certain point in my life. I'm grateful to the open portals that the experience has provided me with and that have allowed me to connect with spirit in such a real and direct way. The constant flow of visual messages keep me inspired and excited about creating the next image. In my experience negativity can not be associated with this process.

7. What would you say to younger women who are drawn to painting at this point? a. on the positive?

Go for it and discover your magic expression.

b. on the negative?

No negatives.

8. Working in partnership:

a. How does this work for you?

b. Is there an intuitive synergy that occurs?

c. If there is an intuitive synergy, what alerts you?

I think that I have talked about this already a little in my piece about live performance painting.

While working with other artists the painting process becomes some sort of a creative dance and with each brush stroke that the other makes, you are being taken by surprise and maybe into a direction that you hadn't expected before. It definitely forces one to let go of anticipations and keeps the creation experience very fresh and spontaneous. Also there's a challenging aspect to this process, as your own concepts and esthetics are being either supported or counterbalanced, you can never be quite sure. It is a beautiful balancing act between two people's creative and personal energies.

9. Where do you find your art going?

a. Do you set goals, or do you let it unfold on its own?

I never think about this. I trust that it will developed and change until I no longer am. Where? I don't know, since it is a direct expression of who I am and where I'm going in life and that path I willingly let unfold as it needs to.

b. Have you ever had painting/block?

Not really.

10. You and Roberto teach every year in Spain and other places.

a. what is the most rewarding aspects of this?

b. if you have a dream scenario about teaching, what would it be?



Painted Live For KAD'NAL 5'05'

We both love to share the age old 'Misch' painting technique and pass on a tradition that is hardly taught in art schools anymore. There is something very romantic about using oils and turpentine versus your mouse and the digital medium (although I actually enjoy both). Another aspect of our classes are an introduction into painting 'from the hip', so to speak. We try to challenge our students to have faith in their personal visions and to paint their inner landscape, no matter how strange or alien this may be. The results are usually quite remarkable and very 'authentic', a word that is rarely used anymore in our current culture. And the greatest rewards for us lie in watching an artist just take off and start producing these messages that could have only come from him or her: a true gift to the world.

B. On the lighter side of things, how about holding a visionary painting class in outer space? It would be interesting to watch long-term sensory deprivation affect our ability to connect with our higher selves and the inner realms of our imagination.



Big Thanks To Martina for her patience on a very protracted processon compiling this article and interview...
Gwyllm



BURNING MAN 2006



An Addendum:

LYSERGIC SUMMER DREAM...



Painted 2006 in honor of
Dr. Albert Hofmann's 100th birthday.

This painting is a depiction of my first entheogenic journey ever and the beginning of my exploration of consciousness expansion. At the beginning of 2006 I was wondering what to give our friend Albert for his centennial and had already sent him a detailed description of my first experience with LSD, as I realized that I should probably encapsulate the essence of this for me, life changing event in a painting. When I presented him with the image in September of last year he was deeply touched and later sent me a long letter of appreciation in which he made sure I understood what this image meant to him and that it is one of his prized possessions.

LYSERGIC SUMMER DREAM



MARCIA HOFFMANN

community ACTIVIST

MURACO KYASHNA-TOCHA

INTERVIEWED BY FIONA C. MACGREGGOR

-Medical Marijuana Activism-



I first met Muraco Kyashna-tocha 6 or so years ago on-line. I was fascinated by her knowledge and very quick wit. After a couple of years of correspondence we finally met at the 60th Bicycle Day Event hosted by Gwyllm Llwydd in Portland, Oregon. She is a very athletic woman in her 40's. Her constant companion is a very large Cockatoo named Bubba whom she rescued from the depths of Thurston County a few years back. She exudes energy and humor. I have found her to be knowledgeable in so many fields, from Mandarin to Mountain Climbing. She is truly a renaissance woman of the new century, and the emerging culture...

*Muraco, would you give us a bit of background?
Where were you born? Where was your family from?
Where did you go to school?*

I was born in Philadelphia in 1958 -- I am an 8th generation Philadelphian on one side. I am half-Jewish, and unknown on the other side. I grew up in both Virginia and California. My Mom had health problems needing multiple surgeries and that combined with my folks having marital problems -- such that my brother and I also grew up in our Aunt and Uncle's household in Davis (Ca), in addition to our own home in Virginia Beach. My folks were quite conservative and my Aunt and Uncle fairly liberal so it things interesting jockeying back and forth between households.

I have lived and worked in more than a dozen countries and have earned a living as a teacher, carpenter, technology systems consultant, banker, AID worker, university instructor, anthropologist, tropical piggery specialist, children's zoo manager, cyber-pedagogist.

It may all sound impressive but if the truth be told -- I get bored easily. Currently I am the director of the **Cyber Anthropology Institute** and engaged in research on the anthropology of medical cannabis. I also do information systems consulting for educational settings.

*Tell me a bit about your first psychedelic experiences.
Were they positive? Did they shape or shake your worldview?*

Positive would be an understatement -- they rocked my world. My first experience was very early -- I think I was 13 years old and I had read something about Amanita Muscaria mushrooms. I honestly cannot remember how I knew about them, but I knew they could get you high with deliriums. I found them in my yard and ate a bunch. - Classic lesson in what NOT to do. I just munched. I was sick... tried to hide it from my folks... but at 13 that isn't possible and so they took me to the hospital to get the stomach pumped (and they pumped my brother's for good measure although I didn't share with him). The physicality of the experience was not desired but I got high, and I tripped... and afterwards - my ache was for more of that space. There was a clarity afterwards that I liked - I wanted to explore these as tools and this impression was burned in my head at 13. My family was and is fairly messed up. I know ALL our families are messed up. But growing up I was aware that my family excelled at being messed up. As a kid I had a lot of stuff to sort out. Something of that original amanita trip told me that I would achieve clarity and understanding in that space to the world I was living in.

I didn't do Amanita Muscaria again for years (I still wouldn't call it enjoyable although it is a learning experience) - but the experiential was seeded. Between the age of 13 and 15 - I sought out other highs.

I would have munched whatever I found - but there wasn't much to be found. I tried nutmeg - a number of times with large amounts. While the body load was terrible - I remember being very hot and sweaty and waves of nausea rollin' over me, but again I was high.

It wasn't that it was likable as it was so very useful. I also got calamus root and got high from eating that too. So basically I was seeking and munching. Frankly, I am thankful I didn't find datura, which grew all around me in Virginia.

I started college at 15 in Virginia. People think I went because I was bright - and that's not true. I went early because I perceived even earlier on that education would be an escape for me. Escape from the messy family stuff. So I put effort in school knowing it would get me out-of-family earlier. After arriving at the University I found the access I wanted to consciousness-enhancing materials. Almost immediately I also met the man Sean - I would marry at 16. Life was moving fast at this point. Then one night Sean obtained some microdot acid. We did that and it completely rocked our worldview. We had taken it while walking home... it came on so very quick -- and we both went completely out of our bodies. We walked home but we both were viewing the scene from a supra position. We would experience shock and the shock would

flash us immediately back to "reality" only to be re-shocked all over again. I could look at Sean and I was seeing Sean from inside his head. We merged – his thoughts were my thoughts – I could see the essence of him and he could see the essence of me. While the high was gone the next day – my sense of reality was forever altered. In addition to wanting to get high and use the space for assisting myself in my life's projects... I wanted to understand how it was that psychedelic materials direct these kinds of experiences. What exactly happened??

I used to have six left – but I have shared some of that special magic with a nephew, an uncle and a friend. All were superb experiences.

Muraco, please tell us a bit about your involvement with your Community, and the issues around Cannabis?

It isn't easy to describe what it is I exactly do. I am now employed full-time at Jeffrey Steinborn's (*The Law Office of Jeffrey Steinborn in Seattle Washington*) I average a 57-hour workweek. There's never been a job description... but I do legal research, provide support for medical cannabis issues, interview clients/potential clients, and I handle all the tech stuff for this 8 person law office. What I do changes according to what issues pop up (with our clients etc) and according to my whim. I am fortunate in that Jeffrey will allow me to delve into anything that is useful for the firm. So maybe the best way to proceed is to tell you what is on my plate at present.

~ I am writing a script for a small film – a vignette – entitled "Free To Go" (website soon at freetogo.info) – with the head of Seattle's Green Cross Todd Dearing (a buddy) --- here's the deal – recent cases in Wyoming, Cal and Wa (our clients) and EVERY OTHER state in the country. At present you get stopped in a car – cops pulls you over says something about speeding but just lectures you – he says you can go – as you turn to leave the cop says "oh one more question" and when you turn and look at him and AGREE TO ANSWER his question – NOW the courts are deciding that when you AGREE To answer his question this is the same as voluntarily agreeing to a search of your vehicle etc., in other words the courts are saying if you voluntarily turn to answer more questions you have agreed to a search. MANY people are being caught in this – they do not realize that the MOST IMPOTRANT thing you can ask a cop is "am I free to go? The courts have ruled that while cops can LIE ABOUT MANY THINGS they cannot lie to this question. So when the cop hands you your license back you should Say "AM I free to go" and doing so if he says yes. By NOT going when legally one is free to go you have agreed to search – they can bring on the fucking dogs if they want. So increasingly the most important thing one can say to a cop is:

"Am I free to go"? A number of non-profits have produced excellent video of "how to deal with the police in a stop" BUT NONE OF them have included this key point. Todd and I are writing this film and then have been collecting monies and will film it. Todd has experience filmmaking as it happens... so we're rollin'...

I do all kinds of assorted research... last year we had several clients in jail with MRSA (one of those flesh eating diseases that are ENDEMIC in our penal system) – I researched and wrote a MRSA paper and started a wee campaign. Jeffrey now asks every Judge he goes up before about MRSA, and then makes a smart-ass comment about "did everyone wash their hands in the courtroom today?" as they bring in the defendant. After 6 months of this, it has had an effect.

I am now recognized a bit as an expert on MRSA and I field calls from the Gov't on it. More importantly the Gulag (as we call the Fed Detention at SeaTac) has now hired an additional doctor and so the incidence at Gulag appears to be going down.

The office has a number of lawyers besides Jeffrey – one of them I work closely with - Douglas Hiatt who really handles most of the medical cannabis cases in Wa State. The cannabis person at the ACLU (who was an ex partner of Jeffrey's) is also part of this team. Americans for Safe Access (ASA) is involved as well, this is the team that lays strategy for medical cannabis in our state. A current issue is whether to have authorization cards or not (I say NOT – I want no centralized database of patients as I see it as a easy way for the Feds to bust us).

In states, which allow medical cannabis – legal issues still abound. In our state, Seattle and King County are great about medical cannabis but the suburbs can be someplace different. We actually have police chiefs and other officials in this state who are on record for refusing to abide by state law regarding medical cannabis. The chief of Lake Forest Park Police department is one and then the mayor of Hoquiam is another "they can medical pot in other places in this state but not here".

The biggest legal issue is HOW MUCH CANNABIS IS ALLOWED?. A doctor may not prescribe – the Feds will bust them for doing so, they may "recommend". As such NO AMOUNTS may be listed. This means if a patient is busted he has to demo that the amount was the correct amount – our Wa law allows for a 60-day supply. I wrote the only paper to be published in a peer review journal on dosing and this paper is being used constantly in courts in all the states that have medical cannabis. (Google Muraco Kyashna-tocha and Greg Carter and you will find the paper – or I can send it if you wish).

We've had so much luck with the cannabis dosing paper that I have done the same for a couple of LSD cases (one involving

friends on VPL two years ago). Ditto the same for several MDMA cases and a MDMA dosing paper. (In fact Jeffrey and I have become aware just how OPEN the courts can be to a PhD being willing to say certain things – if more people would FIGHT we would have more wins)

I do a lot of medical cannabis education – whether this means talking to Group Health doctors about how to stay safe yet still authorized med cannabis for patients... etc.

Jeffrey is on the board of NORML – and so are several friends. NORML is in a lutz right now – broke and without focus... I'm trying to get the organization to stop asking for money and start telling the public what they intend to do with money – working hard to make NORML more open to people of color... etc.

Other items of interest: I am friends with and work with Co-ops but I see this as a losing deal. I believe the Feds are very disturbed by co-ops selling pot. Period. I believe (and I buck heads with most activists on this one that) we should teach HOW TO GROW – or how to grow in a 4 sq ft closet – and pass out cuttings etc. I think this is a better way and I work at this all the time.

I worked on Roger Goodman's campaign (he won) – he's the Harvard educated Seattle native lawyer who headed up the King County Drug Policy project – this project produced a study and paper noting how the state of Wa could legalize pot and sell it in the liquor stores and give free education and health care to its people by taxing the shit. He just won so we're expecting a Bill next year. No shit.

What is your vision for your community?

In the cyber/digital age – the first age where communities can transcend geographical considerations and be based on like-mindedness, I envision a multiplicity of communities that might provide the contrary force to the current capitalist structure. Jeez -- we need something. The communities most felt as mine are ones where the focus is on the forbidden and forgotten knowledge (whether the subject would be entheogens or social critique). Re-imagined communities.

What is your practice of right action?

Be actively engaged in your world. BE! Think critically about everything around you, which of course requires one to know oneself (big task but one makes an effort as best as one can)... and therein lies the problem. Know oneself. Stay in the present. Accept no blinders. And most importantly know that this is a process... the arriving may not be as important as the striving. My name Muraco comes from this notion – meaning “the one who flies around the white moon” having the connotation of someone that must strive for something that isn't attainable because the striving is what is important.

Are there obstacles that you run into most frequently with your community work?

Two very specifically - the lack of realization about the legalities of the proclivities of my community... Entheogensia seem to be amazing unaware of the legal issues involved in their interests, which is appalling for this very bright group.

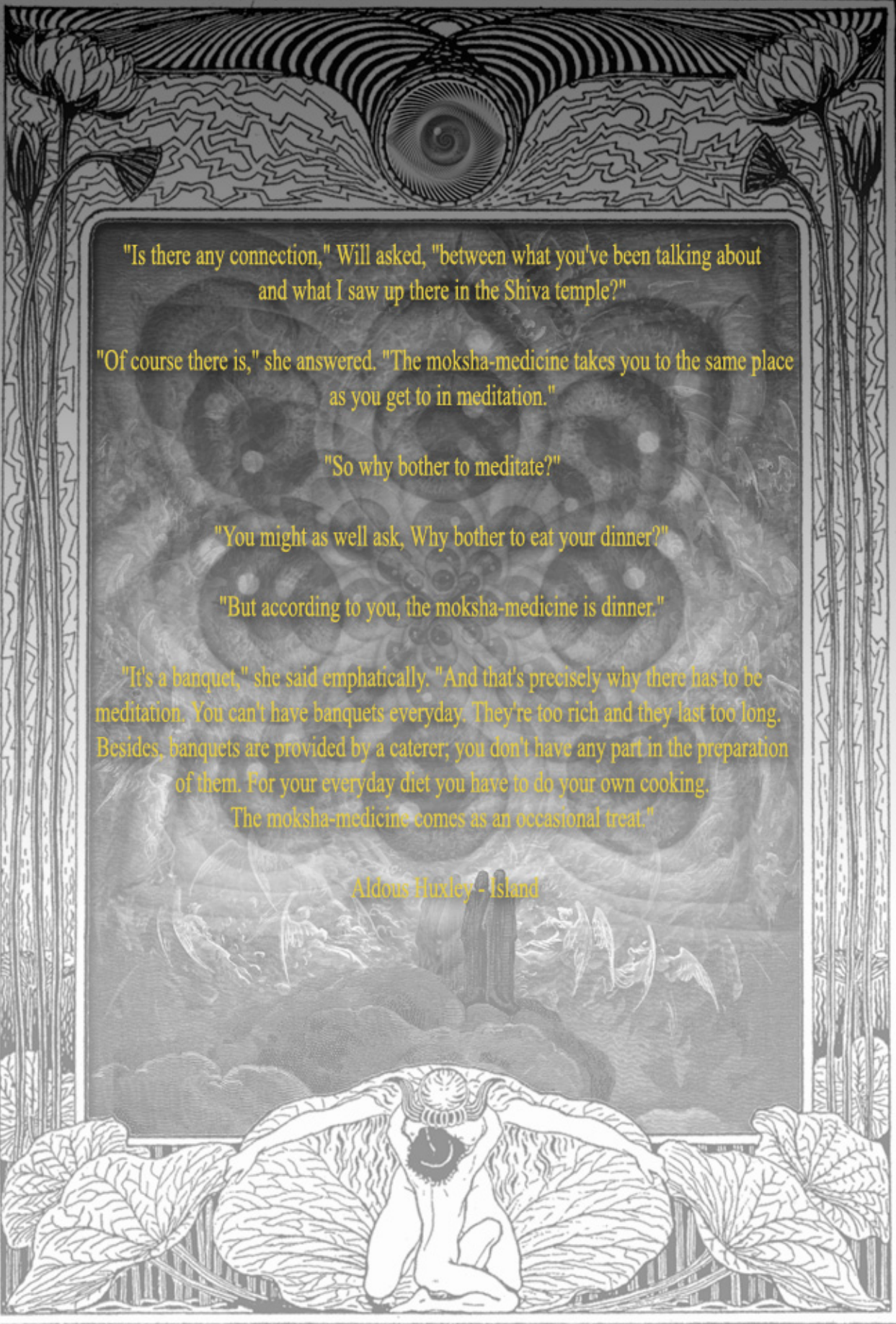
The other obstacle is people being split between doing something for their cause and wanting to make a living doing the cause. People have an amazing amount of cognitive dissonance when it comes to their influence derived from their paid work. If we would better focus on the notion of our calling...

Thank you Muraco for taking the time to share this with us.



Fiona C. MacGreggor hails originally from the Isle of Skye, She now lives in the Pacific Northwest representing the SNP and other Gaelic interest for The Caledonian League. She helped found the Oregon Chapter of the PROVOS, and is a well known Ley-Line researcher in the Willamette Valley.

She loathes the colour Orange, and takes personal affront whenever anyone mentions the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family in a good light as well..



"Is there any connection," Will asked, "between what you've been talking about and what I saw up there in the Shiva temple?"

"Of course there is," she answered. "The moksha-medicine takes you to the same place as you get to in meditation."

"So why bother to meditate?"

"You might as well ask, Why bother to eat your dinner?"

"But according to you, the moksha-medicine is dinner."

"It's a banquet," she said emphatically. "And that's precisely why there has to be meditation. You can't have banquets everyday. They're too rich and they last too long. Besides, banquets are provided by a caterer; you don't have any part in the preparation of them. For your everyday diet you have to do your own cooking. The moksha-medicine comes as an occasional treat."

Aldous Huxley - Island

noodlemanancy



Diane Darling

When recently I was asked to participate in a Mystic Beat Lounge/Gypsy Lounge event by performing impromptu divinations for free and for strangers engaged in ecstatic dancing activities, I was brought to full realization of the decrepitude of all my sybilic skills. I had long ago fired the I Ching for grimness and sexism. I am only dimly aware of runic divination, having denied my Germanic ancestry in view of events of the last century (and because it was just a little too boring for a Taurian with boring tendencies anyway). I have several packs of Tarot and other mystical cards, but still require the books that come with them to make any sense of them at all. This does not instill a sense of awe in the inquirer. And straight-out psychic readings always seemed a bit risky: who knows if it's Them or just Me speaking through me? Not I.

So, I decided my only recourse was Comedy.

Having recently spent several meals trying (mostly unsuccessfully) to figure out which sauces are likely to stay with which noodles on the short ride twixt plate and palate, I was well versed in and well-supplied with the recent proliferation of noodle shapes and colors available at my natural foods store. The array is no longer limited to a few kinds of long noodles and an elbow or a twist. Oh, no. It's a fantasyland now. They're no longer all white, either, or even brown, as one might expect from a grain-based food. We now have a plethora of shapes, like a wizard's little culinary jokes, and colors related to other vegetables altogether. My pantry held a startling selection of brittle, colorful, edible, strangely shaped objects.

So I put these three items (divination, comedy and noodles) together and to my great surprise began a neo-Delphic movement that is washing the shores of several continents by now.

Divinatory systems have several important aspects in common: symbols, randomness, creation of patterns, and some system for interpreting the patterns and symbols. Sheep entrails, cards, yarrow stalks, clouds, books, birds, all have been used as the symbols. The randomness springs from the unpredictability of the way they fall or fly. When the patterns settle (guts on the altar, cards on the table), some local system is applied to delve into the mystical response to the unconscious mind of the inquirer, and the reading goes forward. All these elements are amply present in Noodlemanancy.

In addition, reading noodles is satisfying in several ways: it's funny; in fact, it's fraught with levity. Nothing dies. It's inexpensive. It's friendly food that you get to dig into with your hands. The inquirer is disarmed by the novelty of it and has to decide for himself how to take the reading. It's so new, it's open to all kinds of creativity.

The materials for Noodlemanancy are prepared thus (unless you have a better idea, of course): Gather a handful of each of a great variety of shapes of noodles. Include our old friends, spaghetti and fettuccini, elbows, spirals, shells and just everything you can find, preferably in colors.

Drop them into boiling water only long enough to loosen them up a bit, but not nearly cooked!

Drain and cool with running cold water. Immediately toss with oil and a small handful of colored beans, such as lentils, which may be uncooked.

These items are reverently placed into a bowl and mixed with the hands. A platter or tray is also required, as well as paper towels.

The inquirer sits opposite the reader with the empty platter between them. A short discussion of the nature of the inquiry is held so that both are clear. The inquirer then reaches into the bowl of noodles, scoops out whatever noodles they are moved to, and places them on the platter with some little vigor, so as to spread the noodles out in a provocative way. (One early reader allowed the inquirers to further arrange the noodles until they were in some way satisfied.)

The reader must call on her own resources to begin the reading. Methods that have been used include:

- Ø The Celtic Cross: dividing the field into quarters, past, future, conscious, subconscious.
- Ø Tea Leaves: comparing the lay of the noodles with tea leaves in the cup.
- Ø Following the Spaghetti: in its convoluted path across and around and through the melee, alert for letters and signs.
- Ø Completely undisciplined rambling.

Certain noodle shapes will suggest some obvious symbology, such as shells for the feminine. Others must be made up out of whole cloth. Beans or lentils may be designated exclamation points, trouble spots, or as, well, beans. Shapes may be interpreted by their relative positions to each other, their frequency of appearance, their position on the platter and apparent references to them by ever-flowing, sinuous interstitial spaghetti.

As in all divination, the reader's mind must be in neutral so that the subtle nuances can shoulder their way forward into the conscious world. Though Noodlemanancy is in its infancy, it is a medium available to all. Noodlemanancy is friendly and unserious, truly a divinatory method for our times.



Diane Darling is a priestess of Brigid living in Sonoma County, California.

A lifelong psychonaut, intermittent meditator, writer, editor and polyamorist, she works to generate and disperse memes to seed the coming chaos with sanity and compassion.

One such effort was the SheShamans and Magic Mamas Conference on Women in Psychedelics in the summer of 2006. She may be contacted at dcdarling@saber.net.



In The Summer Of 2006 Dianes' organizing brought forth The She Shamans Conference which had:

- *Two days of presentations, circles, networking, interaction
- *Saturday all-night music, performance, fire circles
- *Wonderful vegetarian food
- *Camping was also included.

Within our invisible tribe, women hold a unique set of insights into our worlds. A large group came together for a weekend of revelations presented by women who've exploree the vastness of inner space with friends and allies.

SheShamans and Magic Mamas was a significant contributor to the evolution of form, thought, community, and responsible relationship with this important, generally unacknowledged current of cultural evolution.

Featured Presenters included:
Kathleen Harrison - Cynthia Palmer - Valerie Corral
- Susie Bright - Jane Straight - Linda Rosa Corazon
- Karen Vogel - Macha Nightmare - Patricia Winters
- Rev. Anne Zapf - Sandra Karpetas - Lou Montgomery
- Adele Getty - Diane Darling

SheShamans benefitted The Women's Entheogen Fund.
www.sheshamans.com

Two Tales...

WILL PENNA

Third Time's A Charm

Don't get me wrong. I definitely don't even try to take advantage of him. I mean, Shiva wouldn't let me if I tried. But there are those times when without his help I'd be absolutely apoplectic. In the course of my fifty eight earth years, I've bidden him only three times and this most recent one is positively the quintessential case.

We were having chai last Monday at Jahva House. Mondays are always slow in Santa Cruz, and especially at Jahva. Only a few dowdy deadheads and alternative culture academic hangers-on were there, sucking up their coffees and scarfing vegan carrot cake inside and out in the foggy patio.

Shiva always grimaces when I order my soy mocha herbal chai—he's traditional in his tastes to the point of being antediluvian. "Black tea and pure milk for Shiva's chai," I quickly called out to Steve the stoner barista. Shiva sighed and smiled. Once we were settled at our table in the small patio, he held out his two bronze hands across to me, grasped mine, and asked why I had bidden him this time.

"It's fucking Mason," I said, knowing that my putting it out there was all I needed to do.

"Ah, yes, the latest young lover, eh, old soul?"

"I can't end the dance, Lord Shiva. I'm not on his card anymore, but I can't shut off the music."

"Still trying to subjugate obdurate hearts, my chameleon?"

"No, no, I'm over that number, my Lord of Love."

"Well, what is it?" He knew what it was, but he wanted me to articulate my intentions. I put down my chai and stared at him.

How many times had I danced with Lord Shiva since 1964 when we first tripped the light psychedelic? How many moves had I learned from the Ecstatic One? How many more times would I want to call upon his timeless, spaceless wisdom?

"Remember when you helped me in the dogdays of my relationship with Allen?"

"Ah, yes, the disco queen!" Shiva always knew exactly how to encapsulate a particular time and place—here, the late seventies of the I-Beam, coke, cruising, and countless couplings.

"He and I were so happy—finally—when he awoke at the foot of my bed as a Golden Retriever."

Yes, Bootsie... he said vaguely. I had already forgotten the name. My dyke friends Bobbie and

Georgie had been looking for a housebroken retriever for almost six months when I presented them with Bootsie in May 1979. Everybody thought that Allen's dream of moving to Maui to get away from it all had finally come true.

"This time, my Ancient Lord, my request is for a wolverine."

"A canine, a feline (here he referred to my secretive subcontinental lover of the eighties, Mathew, who'd crept away on little cat's feet), and now a carcajou!"

"A what, my Eminent Lord?"

"Just the traditional name, oh darting one."

I had thought carefully about Mason's three main characteristics and how much like the wolverine he was: cunning in his stalking of me for a month last year, first over the Internet's cyberspace, and then face-to-face at that magical night's summer solstice rave at Butano State Park; thievish in the way he stole my heart with my hardly being aware until it was too late; strong in his firm grasp on me even when I was thousands of miles away climbing the Inca Trail to Machu Picchu while he repeated a statistics course for the third time at his community college. "Definitely a wolverine," I assured Shiva.

"A wolverine he shall be, my old dear. Name him and tell me where he shall stalk his next prey." I was ready for this. I mean, the third time's a charm.

"Hemingway. Northern Michigan." The whole thing tickled my literary fancy. Ernest Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" had always been a personal favorite. The protagonist goes hunting, kills the beautiful beast he loves, and spends fifteen pages mourning the ritual of its loss. Maybe nature would—as Oscar Wilde put it—imitate art. With Shiva's spin I knew it would. He's so into triads, trinities, and threesomes. But I knew from here on out I was on my own.

By the time we got up the midmorning sun was burning off the pallor of fog. I knew the clink of Shiva's chai mug was the last sound I would hear from him.

"You know, old dancer, this is the last favor I will grant you."

"Yes, Lord. And I know as well my heart belongs to you."

"Heart? Yes, and points above and below as well."

I understood he meant the whole ball of kundalini, from crown to base. Now I was his eternal servant, heart, soul and cojones. Well, third time's a charm.

The Woman in the Moon

"Something like the moon," she said, quoting an author she couldn't remember. She stood in her favorite lacy nightcoat silhouetted in their old house's long casement windows, the webbed curtains falling about her, all illuminated by the full moon high in the sky behind her.

Her voice had that distant but distracted lilt to it, almost anxious but not that aware. Larry was in bed already, warming up to Johnny's monologue, the puky fluorescent glow from the little TV at the foot of their bed the only other light, the sound on so softly that her pronouncement startled him at first.

Her hair was down tonight, down to her hips, down to her butt crack, down to her navel, swirling in a wavy mahogany sea under the ivory lacework of her nightcoat. Larry couldn't see her expression; she was outlined against the moonlit window behind the television, six feet in front of him, but as obscure as the dark side of the moon.

He couldn't say anything; he couldn't think of what to say. Johnny had that sheepish badboy grin on his face, hands in pockets, looking over to the right as if he must have gotten one off to Doc Severinson and the boys in the band again. Larry'd missed the joke.

She moved as silently as a fork through cheesecake from the window to the foot of their bed to her space beside him. He could smell the patchouli and feel the heat radiating from her body. He knew she was looking at him, staring at him actually, in that near-sighted way she had without her contacts. It made him want to turn the volume up, but he didn't. He told himself, "This, too, shall pass." It always did, as surely as the tides, as regularly as the sunrise.

Do I mean anything to you? Larry wanted to ask at one time, but he knew they'd been through all of that in one way or another a hundred times before. She loved him the way she thought he was, he had thought

he was, but he wasn't anymore-- if ever he had been. They had communicated, coped, coexisted, cohabited, counseled, cooperated, all those co- things that couples do, but in a kind of downward spiral. Their moon was down. But here they were, together again.

The TV glower and the moonglow mingled like oil and water, like Linda and Larry, like patchouli and pastrami. Before he knew it, her head had fallen back on the pillow, the commercial was over, the moonlight had passed from the window, and the first skit had begun.

He couldn't feel her warmth radiating any more, there wasn't any sound coming from her slightly parted lips; she looked so peaceful at these times, the only times. Larry wanted to hug her, like he'd hugged his big black and white panda when he was six. But that would only break the spell. He crawled carefully up to the TV and clicked it off.

He looked at her and remembered what she'd said just a few minutes ago in the moonlight. He wanted to go out, but he knew he had to stay here--for now. He went on the prowl only once in a blue moon--and tonight would not be the night. But he had no idea what else to do.



I was born in San Francisco in 1937 and have spent most of my life living within a hundred miles of the city: Larkspur, Elk Grove, Santa Cruz, Sonoma. I graduated from Marin Catholic in 1955 just in time to greet the Beats across the Bay. Ten years later, when it was still legal, I belatedly experienced LSD for the first time. I taught high school English and ESL for 35 years, 1960-95, with a break in 1970 when I taught in Barcelona at two places, one of which is run by Opus Dei. My favorite travels have been to native shamanic sites, present and past: among them the Southwest and Northwest, England, Mexico, Central America, the Andes and the Amazon, Nepal, for entheogenic insights and outlooks.

More fiction, coming our way in future editions from our Mr. Penna, so stay tuned! Will's work has been found in numerous journals, magazines and books.

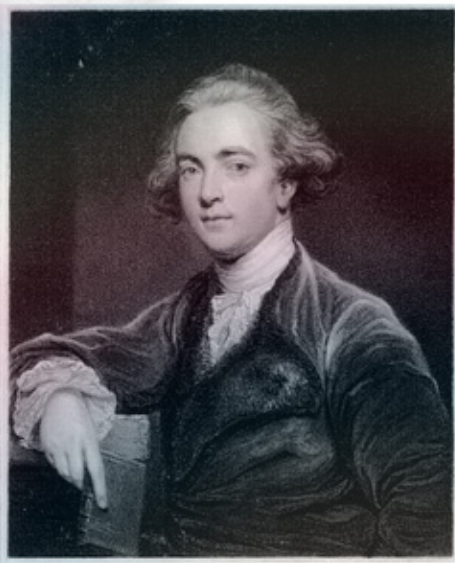
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Oriental Jones and the Medal of Freedom

by Mike Crowley

William Jones Jnr. (1746-1794)

was the son of the man who invented π . [1] Young William had an insatiable thirst for knowledge and once said, "I hold every day lost, when I do not acquire some new knowledge of man and nature." He was an intellectual prodigy in many respects [2] but the field in which he really excelled was languages. By the age of twenty Jones had mastered French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin, Greek, Persian and Arabic. King Christian VII of Denmark, during a visit to London, heard tell of this outstanding young linguist. The king happened to have a Persian text with him and he requested that Jones translate it from Farsi into French. [3] The success of this translation led to Jones' admission into Dr. Samuel Johnson's elite "Literary Club" and to the scholarly Royal Society, where he first met Benjamin Franklin.



While sitting as a judge in the Welsh circuit courts, Jones published *Poems, Chiefly Translations from Asiatick Languages, together with Two Essays on the Poetry of Eastern Nations and on the Arts commonly called Imitative* (1772). This best-selling volume earned him the nickname "Oriental Jones" and inspired a clique of young drug-taking poets to investigate Asian ideas and esthetics. When

[1] In 1706, Sir William Jones Snr. (1675-1749), a Welsh navigator and mathematician, introduced π (p_i) as shorthand for "the ratio of a circle's circumference to its diameter". He chose this Greek letter because it is the first letter in *periphery* and *perimeter*, Greek words for circumference. Its use was popularized by Leonhard Euler, the great German mathematician, after Jones' death.

[2] He was passionately fond of chess and when only seventeen composed the poem *Caissa*, an ode to the supposed muse or goddess of the game. Later in life he published *On the Indian Game of Chess* (1790), which includes a translation of a Sanskrit account of *caturanga*, the game's Indian precursor.

[3] *The Tariq-i-Nadiri*, published as *l'Histoire de Nader Chah*, relates the true story of Nader Qoli Beg (1688-1747), a Turkish slave who became king of Persia

these writers, Coleridge, Wordsworth, et al., published their own works they kicked off something called the Romantic Movement. In fact, the cultural fallout of Jones' activities was still evident in the late 20th century - Hollywood's "Indiana Jones" was inspired by William "Oriental" Jones.

An outspoken radical, Jones opposed the slave trade and the new war with the American colonists.



These colonial sympathies and his close personal friendship with Ben Franklin, led the British government to use him as an intermediary in peace negotiations. In May of 1779, he was sent to Paris where he attempted to broker a solution to the American conflict by presenting Franklin with the British peace offer, thinly disguised as ancient Greek text. Like all well-educated men of his day, Franklin read ancient Greek but he could not accept the terms implied in the document. Although Franklin rejected the British offer, this did not diminish his friendship with Jones as we see from their subsequent correspondence.

In 1783, Jones received a letter from Franklin telling him about the *Libertas Americana* ("American freedom") medal. Franklin's letter implies that he and Jones discussed the proposed medal while in Paris. Franklin wrote, "The engraving of my medal, which you know was projected before the peace, is but just finished... You will see that I

have profited by some of your ideas, and adopted the mottoes you were so kind as to furnish."

The obverse of this medal shows the head of "Miss Liberty" against a background of a liberty cap on a pole.

The red, woolen *pileus* ("liberty cap"), a cap worn by freed slaves in ancient Rome, was a popular symbol for "liberty" and in the colonies a cap on a pole signified defiance of the British. Another meaning of *pileus* was introduced in the middle of the 18th century. It is the scientific term for the cap of a mushroom. As members of the Royal Society, the premier scientific body of their time, both Franklin and Jones would have been exposed to the latest in technical terminology.



Half-cent of 1794 with a realistic cloth cap.

The proportions of Franklin's medal and its beautifully executed bust of Liberty have made this one of the most sought-after coins in the world. But in contrast to his naturalistic depiction of Liberty, and unlike the coinage subsequently based on the medal, the cap-on-a-pole that leans, diagonally, behind her is extremely stylized. The cap, in particular, is unlike any other representation of this symbolic headgear. Rather than falling in limp folds, as cloth should [see 1794 half-cent, left], it is smooth, rigid and symmetrical about the pole. To be frank, it bears an uncanny resemblance to the "liberty cap" (*Psilocybe semilanceata*) mushroom, not just in its shape and



A detail of the Libertas medal (left) shows the stiff, stylized version of the "liberty cap on liberty pole" motif. The right image shows the same detail overlaid with a photograph of an actual "liberty cap" mushroom.

the proportions of cap and stem but it also mimics the mushroom's "acute umbo" and "striated margin," both of which are distinguishing features of this species. All mushrooms of the *Psilocybe* genus have an umbo, a small bump at the center of the cap but *P. semilanceata* is notable for its particularly pointed bump (an acute umbo). The cap of a *P. semilanceata* mushroom also has a translucent band around its outermost edge allowing its gills to be visible as a band of vertical stripes. This is called a "translucent-striate margin." [4] Though small, this "highly to extremely potent"[5] entheogen forms extensive colonies in meadows of rye grass and grows in great profusion on the green hills of Wales, Jones' homeland. It has been called the "liberty cap" since at least 1841. [6]

Later that year, at the age of 38, Mr. Jones was knighted "Sir William" and posted to Fort William (modern Calcutta) as Chief Justice of Britain's new colony, India. Despite his onerous judicial duties, Sir William found time for writing and scholarly research. A year after arriving in India (1784) he founded the Asiatick Society of Bengal, the first Western organization dedicated to studying a foreign culture. He presented his own findings in annual addresses to the Society and it during his 1786 discourse he opined that the Sanskrit and Persian languages are related to Latin, Greek and, somewhat more distantly, to "Celtick" and "Gothick." [7] He concluded that these languages all derive from a common ancestor, now lost.

[4] See Stamets, P., *Psilocybin Mushrooms of the World, an Identification Guide* – Ten Speed Press, Berkeley. p.142.

[5] Ibid., p.143.

[6] Geoff Kibby, editor of *Field Mycology*, in a personal communication.

[7] Jones later published these opinions in *The Sanscrit Language* (1786)

Jones delighted in India's plethora of languages and dialects, religions and ethnicities. He lived in India for little more than a decade until his death in 1794.

In addition to his linguistic research he enthusiastically investigated, and wrote dissertations on, all facets of Indian culture – from elevated topics such as its religions and methods of reckoning time to more mundane details of its food, music and board games. At the end of his life he admitted to knowing thirteen languages well, and having "a moderate acquaintance" with twenty-eight others.

In a paper on Mithraic survivals in the Masonic tradition of the late 18th and early 19th centuries, [8] Hoffman and Ruck draw a connection between psychoactive mushrooms and the "liberty cap on liberty pole" motif. While their conjecture concerns the *Amanita muscaria* mushroom they do make a passing mention of the liberty cap mushroom.

These authors assert that an allegorical image in a Masonic work of the late 19th century conceals the image of a *P. semilanceata*. However, the alleged image has none of the characteristic features by which this mushroom may be identified and their "unusual and at first unidentifiable object... perhaps a lantern" is clearly a depiction of an open book.

It is generally believed that, until the 1950s, the psychoactive properties of *Psilocybe* spp. were known only to a few Mazatec Indians. However, I can recall an encounter with a Welsh child in the mid-1950s who declared that he ate "toadstools" because they let him "see the fairies" and, as I have said, *P. semilanceata* is very abundant in Wales. Given the omnivorous habits of small children it is unlikely that the properties of this small mushroom could have gone entirely unnoticed.

One cannot ignore the possibility that a tradition of *P. semilanceata* use may have existed, perhaps as a secret

kept by "wise women", "cunning men" and hedgerow herbalists. Surely, the eternally inquisitive Jones would have sought out just these kinds of people for information about his environment while living in Wales.

It is a matter of record that Ben Franklin became a Mason in 1731 and if his *Libertas Americana* medal does show a *P. semilanceata* mushroom, then it could offer further evidence in support of Hoffman and Ruck's conjecture. Admittedly, we cannot know if Jones was even aware of the "liberty cap" mushroom or its psychic effects and any suggestion that he did is, admittedly, pure speculation. But, if he did, it is certainly possible that Franklin acquired knowledge of *P. semilanceata* from his friend William Jones. It is apparent from Franklin's letter that, quite apart from the mottoes, the *Libertas Americana* medal incorporates other "ideas" contributed by Jones. I, for one, would love to know what those ideas were.

[8] Hoffman, M and Ruck, C.A.P., *Freemasonry and the Survival of the Eucharistic Brotherhoods*, Entheos Vol. III, Taos.



Mike Crowley

was born in Wales in 1948 and emigrated to the US in 1988. When he was 18 years old, a chance encounter with an exiled lama in London led him to investigate Tibetan Buddhism. Three years later in 1970, Mike formally adopted the Buddhist religion and took the "upasaka" vows of an ordained layman.

His studies in Buddhism led him to familiarize himself with the Tibetan and Sanskrit languages. One topic which has been of particular interest to Mike is that of "amrita," the sacred elixir of tantric Buddhism which is said to confer both enlightenment and immortality. Although the "amrita" used in modern rituals is, basically, colored water, Mike's research indicates that, in its original form, it was a potent psychedelic. He has published a number of essays on this subject and is currently engaged in writing up the results of his research in book entitled "Secret Drugs of Buddhism."

Mike is fascinated by word histories and, together with his wife, Melanie, authors the etymology webzine "Take Our Word For It"

He is also an accomplished musician and composer. He has written incidental music for the stage in both London and the US and composed and performed the music for an award-winning animation.



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The Art of Spencer Moen



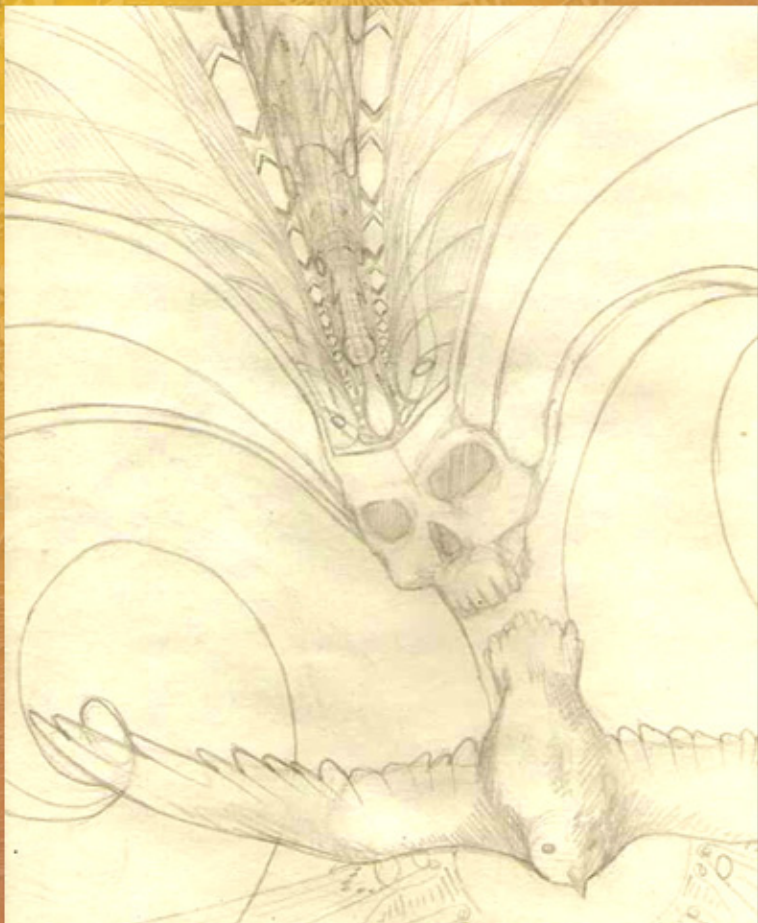
“Ezekiel’s Inaugural Vision”

For years I eagerly sought to find ammunition where ever I could against the mainstream contemporary Christian worldview. By the time the ultimate ammo had fallen in my lap, I had long made peace with this drive to fight the worldview that I felt stole my soul in childhood. This ultimate ammo is Clark Heinrich’s book entitled, “Magic Mushrooms in Religion and Alchemy”. This drawing depicts the creature that ‘Zekiel saw in his vision, as unlocked by Clark’s mycorrhizal mambo into history and myth. I intend to work this piece, as many other’s here, into an oil painting, as soon as I learn how to paint. Hopefully you will go read the beginning of Ezekiel and look at this drawing. My mom will be proud of me, ‘cause her son got people to read the bible! That’s like about 25 good-boy points right there!

“Melchiz’ edek”

This is a very crude sketch of a being I saw while I was bordering whirled death with a gut full of ayahuasca. When I saw this being, I knew him to be the King of All Deaths. He guised himself as the impromptu biblical character called Melchiz’ edek.

That is Hebrew for Honey-Chalice-Bearer. The Greek New-Testament book of Hebrews wrongly defines the Hebrew name Melchiz’ edek as ‘King of Righteousness and King of Peace’. These fellows, if they were real, were probably a high priest cast, I assume they divvied out a chalice of the honey flavored drought of immortality. Manna-manyanna! You figure it out. I saw this magical glittering skull-clad being and immediately I felt a deep sickness in me, and instantaneously projectile vomited more intensely than I had ever before...even worse than when I was in Guatemala, and I had contracted The ‘Monte’ (Montezuma’s Revenge). Anyhow, as the black vomit sprayed into its handy vessel, there was the sound of fluttering wings, and out of the parted drapery of the bilge o’ bile flew a dove. I have a close connection with birds. They seem to frequent my visions. It was quite an experience! Kinda like a Bullwinklesque Magician: “Hey Rocky, watch me pull a dove out of my bowl of puke!” and with the whirl of the wand, presto! Flutter, flutter.



"Tenderly Accepting the Shock of Recognition"

I was really high on mushrooms one dusk, and had this strange experience. The house I was physically in had been laid over with another reality. Another time, another place, another body, another world-view, another culture, et cetera. So what was this reality? I experienced myself as a Mayan healer.

I was male, and I had work to do. In the mud-brickhouse was a woman lying on a table, who had fallen ill of a spiritual malady. As I prepared myself for the healing, a rhythm started pulsing from within me. As the rhythm took hold of my awareness,

I underwent a metamorphosis. My fingers started growing longer, and they changed into really long Quetzal like feathers. My arms became the wings of a sacred animal. As the rhythm flowed down my arms and out the ends of my feather-fingers I started brushing the woman. I was doing a sort of sweeping upon her body, sweeping up the malady, and letting the rhythm work at dissipating the hold that the sickness had upon her.

It was very neat, for not only was I experiencing myself as a lens through which this experience was transpiring, but I experienced the Mayan healer heat-set. I saw the world constructed from the Mayan syntax, and the resulting cultural paradigm, and how this charged the cosmos with huge interconnected potential. The sperm/light particles flowing into the eyes represent impregnation of the mind with the power of vision. The inner flower headed child present in the chest represents the awoken interconnected potential of being. The head is shadowed by death, the apex of life and transference of accrued experience into the Great Whatever. Recognition in this whole process of life overthrows the cistern of what one is capable of doing when imbedded in present circumstances. Lets take all this potentiated being-ness and, LETS GO BOWLING!



"Tranquil Anger"

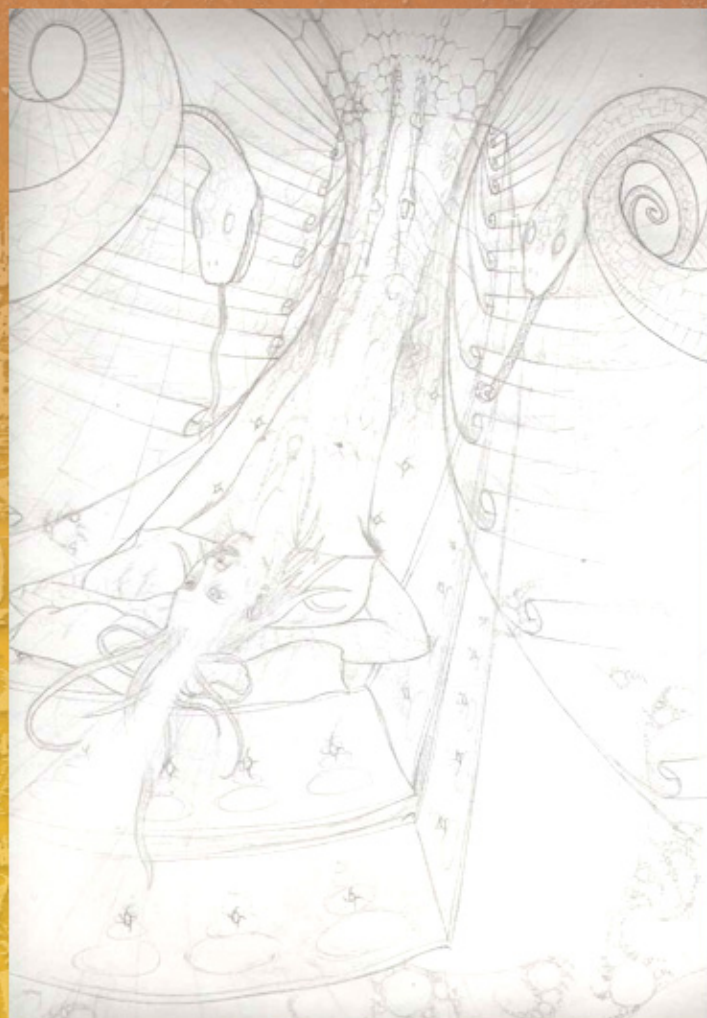
Me split in two, the right side is me meditating and growing a tree from my heart, externalizing an inner dream. The trees and mountains accompany this part of me. I feel that our disconnection from the natural world is a deep disconnection from our own truth. If a culture forgets where they came from, the suffering of the world all about will remind them. This is the balance here, and the left side of the drawing is me being overthrown by the 'little hands'. These little hands tear at me, frighten me, rip open my chest to reveal the abused inner child, blind me, and cause confusion and distraught feelings (in a lot of my drawings). This is the side of civilization. I learn from these hands, that at first they seem to be getting life out of wack, but eventually, they are recognized as the hands that are me yet not only me, they are the hands of the ancestors, and the arms of the earth, and the shoulders of the sky, they are guiding and helping life's directionless stumble. Blind understanding is unfolding in ways we cannot even begin to see. Then the birds burst out from behind the bi-furcated and seated me, then transcend the whole situation, into the skies the flock flocks.



“This Mattress is a Higher Matrices Spacecraft”

This is wild. Two nights after I drew this picture I had a dream that changed my way of viewing the drug experience. I have had dreams before where a psychedelic drug is taken and a psychedelic experience happens through the dream medium. I had long thought that these psychedelic states could be learned/remembered by our minds. After all, we are infinite beings right? And we create our own realities, right? Well my reality has this learning/remembering (should read: Cross State Retention) in it. So I drew the piece as a ‘call out’ to the Dream State Control Manifold (DSCM), and my prayer was heard. I was dreaming about talking to my friend Chris about DMT, and how there is this point one reaches in the DMT space, where time comes rushing up from behind, and speeds on ahead. It outdistances itself. The emotive and tactile sound that ensues when time is torn asunder astounds. It takes the reigns of ones consciousness and thrusts it through this tear into the Great Whatever. Huh? What? So in the dream this started happening, all previous trips I had foregone in my life wove like threads into one another, and culminated in bursting into new space. It was like all the previous experiences set the stage for this to happen. And I didn’t even need drugs, well, not right then at least. During this dream experience I realized I wasn’t even dreaming. I lay awake on my bed; with a full-blown DMT experience happening, bells and whistles and all. It blew my mind. Anyway, as I lay there, I felt my way into Deborah’s dream. (Beautiful naked woman lying next to me) It was wild. I rolled over, I opened my eyes, and floating above me was a golden orb about 6 feet across. If I saw this outside I would definitely call it a UFO-esque thingie, so anyway, I felt my way into this orb with the DMT tentacles of mind, and saw the sentinel of ego-death stood its ground, beckoning me if I chose to enter timelessness. But I was in no position to make this step at this point.

The mattress is a sacred place. Go bless your bed right now! We spend much time working out many things upon it, and celebrate the sacredness of life through dreaming, sex, snoring, insomniating, inseminating, laughing, Eureka-ing, micro-nuptials, reading, giving birth, fill in the blank, and lets not forget short sheeting your lover for a joke. Har-Har!



“Muraco’s Dream”

I drew this the night before my dear friend Muraco came by for hanging out time. I showed it to her, and she went into a wall-eyed and calamitous state of shock. She had dreamt about the figure depicted the night before. So there is this being, a semi-self portrait really, whose skin is peeling apart at the chest, revealing an egg as heart. There is stirring in this egg, a fluttering of feathered wings, Gnosis waits to emerge. The sense of self is in a state of exchange with the world around it, a flux of giving and receiving, shown by the soft lined geometries pulling out the limbs and head. The wings upon the multi-faceted faces are perhaps indicative of spiritual flight, or maybe they are a shield for our eyes when the all penetrating white light is too much, or both. But who am I to sketch out what this sketch sketches out in you?





"I don't know exactly how I ended up here in this tumultuous confluence of colliding dimensions experiencing this Spencer entity, but one thing is for sure: this place is totally weird! But sure as heck, I am getting used to this bizarre place. And with increasing regularity, I am realizing the immense wonder in just being here. It comes and goes. I was asleep, and all a sudden, I got blasted into the light, and Life unfolded, and here I am. This is new, and it's crazier'n a shithouse rat.

I will say no more. That is one-hundred words exactly."



Nieces Sandee & Caelyn
with Spencer and his sister Beth Moen

RECEIVING AND GIVING



I waited a long time for this one. A hatching, we might say, into the world of color. Lemmie tell you, whatever boundary i crossed to allow myself into it's embrace was left in the jungles of peru. This piece, my break through into a brighter, more hue-tastic world, was done the morning after our group's inaugural ayahuasca session. To say i transformed into a rainbow condor and flew through the broadening cosmos, pulled magic feathers from my wings and healed an ailing serpent's throat is but depicting one slice of the ayahuasca loaf, scratching the fringe of eternity. But there it is, the ethonic and intellectual battles blurred in the soup of the self. The sessions with an amazing group of friends present, was truly a time out of time, where my heart opened like a flower and buzzed with many hard working bees. I dedicate this to Juan Luis our big hearted curandero. The jungles have blessed your heart. You showed the road to my own heart! Ten thousand outpourings of my heart's bottomless cistern to you my friend!

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STYX AND STONES

Death's door
has no doormat

There is no
WELCOME
on the threshold
nor on the ferryman's bark
that brings me here

I am no salesman
when I arrive
nor buyer

Pluto looks good
He's lost some weight

I nod
He nods
We're very cool
which in hell
is not a bad thing

'Got a light?' I say
'You kill me' he says

LATENT ABORIGINALITY

Big boom
to baby boom
Boom:
babies all over
Boom boom:
bomb babies
Baby boomers everywhere
Life is booming
Business is bombing

Boomerang
One big boomerang
returning to the thrower
If found
please return to thrower
Just imagine:
the boomerang is also
the boomerang thrower
If found
stay where you are

Big Boomer
Giant Bomber
Self-thrown
Boomerang Thrower
Seed-sower
Self-sown
Owner and Soul
The self's own

P O E M S B Y

Clark Heinrich

I LEAD TO LIGHT

My God,
is everything alive and conscious
after all?
Maybe life and consciousness
are not so different
from the other forms of matter.
Dead matter may not be as dead
as we would like to believe.
Here lies the problem.
This is where Jesus meets his match,
where energy solidifies,
where dark matter takes form
and starts thinking.
Call it Lucifer,
the dark twin of Jesus,
the bearer of light
to the realms infernal,
the savage land where humans roam.
What lies within the cold dark heart
of solid stone?
Dare we ask again,
like the alchemists of old?
Do we dare, as they,
to dabble in these hidden matters?
They said that God,
with all that unblinding light,
was buried in the darkest pit of matter.
This, they said, was the secret
of matter's dream, our life.
They said our leaden hearts
could turn to gold,
that the darkest heart
could fill with light.
Maybe our black hearts
are black holes
that keep us from flying apart.
Maybe the sheer gravity of life
is what will drive us there,
deep into the heavy heart,
that fearsome pit
where light lies hiding
in the midst of darkness
and unimaginable love.

EARTH ANGELS

Renegades
Who would have thought it?
Cast like swine
from the pearly gates
onto an unruly earth
Or so the story goes

GET THE LEAD OUT

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

That's when he saw her
The woman

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

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

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

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

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

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

He wants to know:
What would you do?

Like over-the-hill ballplayers
they were once in the Majors
Now their stars have fallen
and they find themselves exiled
to some no-name farm team
in the middle of nowhere
to play out their contracts
for better or for worse

Some play as one might expect
in the situation -
with the barest minimum of effort
and no emotion at all

But some play as if it's only
a game
They play naturally
because that is what
the situation demands
They play their hearts out
and drive the crowds wild
They redeem themselves



Clark Heinrich
was raised in the mountains of
Uzbekistan by a pack of wild nuns, who forced
him, as a small child, to eat strange mushrooms and read
bad poetry. His father is the current pontiff of the Catholic Church,
Pope Benedict XVI; his mother, a she-wolf named Betty, died during childbirth.
Heinrich is the author of *Strange Fruit*; *The Apples of Apollo* (coauthor);

*Magic Mushrooms
in Religion
and Al-
chemy;
several
journal
articles;
and lots
of pret-
ty good
poetry
. He no
longer
lives in
Uzbekistan,
but hopes
to return
one day
to reclaim
the family
nunnery.*

The Art Of The Well Crafted Tale

by Tim Daly

Katy's next words left me conflicted to say the least. "We're going to see 'Hard Day's Night' in Baldock. Ron's treat." "Uh. Okay."

Olive, But Everyone Calls Her Dog

I find it almost impossible, even after all these years (nearly forty of them now), not to smile when I remember my first ever blind date. My sister Katy had recently acquired enormous kudos from the fact that, at the age of fifteen, she was dating Ron Hayes – a twenty-two year old farm stockman from the neighbouring village of Ashwell – in the heart of Hertfordshire's twilight zone.

Well, dating is probably not the right word for what Katy was doing. Ron, a somewhat simple and amiable soul, was besotted with her – and Katy would sometimes allow him to slavishly dote on her every whim – in the way we might allow a puppy dog to lick our hands to make the little fellow happy.

I had just returned to Steeple Morden, our own village, under a cloud – having been dishonourably discharged from the British Army some weeks before. I felt I had failed to squeeze into the obedient psychopath role that the Royal Artillery has tried to write for me, making me – in their words – "unsuitable to the army way of life".

Now I haunted the family home. The youngest siblings Will, Liz and little Nikki, were all under five and not yet comfortable discussing the sort of topics of interest to their sixteen year oldest brother. My parents were circling each other and planning a messy and, for the family, corrosive divorce, and when they noticed me at all it was merely to remind me that I was a disappointment to them.

As I lounged around the back living room, praying that I might evolve into something more coherent than the phantom I thought myself to be, like a juvenile delinquent, when Katy trounced in with an expression that clearly indicated there was some matter of issue on her mind.

When my sister Katy got an idea it was, generally speaking, a good idea to duck, and so I must confess I was curious as to what she wanted.

Somewhat uncharacteristically, she came right out with it. "D'you fancy going on a blind date, Tim?" This I had not expected. "Who with?" "Ron's sister. Her name's Olive, but everyone calls her Dog." "I don't think so."

You have to understand, I had no choice. In 1964, the Beatles were our gods and our salvation from the mundane. Dick Lester's opus, the fab four's first feature film, had only been released a few days previously and passing up on the chance to see it this early was simply unthinkable.

And so, early the following afternoon, Katy and I trekked the three miles that separated the Hayes family tied cottage and our house. The journey, mostly downhill across bleak Hertfordshire farmland, was filled mostly by Katy's refusal to reassure me as to how and why on earth she was called "Dog".

Katy was first through their picket fence gate as I paused briefly to stare in bleak trepidation across their garden to the two-storey structure that lay bathed in Autumnal sunshine. There was a brief, but blood-curdling scream from somewhere in the house.

With an involuntary, but quite heartfelt gulp, I followed Katy around the side of the building to the kitchen entrance.

In said kitchen, I was greeted by an enormously Rubinesque lady who stood beside a kitchen range that looked large enough to take an entire cow. She beamed at me.

Ron sat next to Katy at an old scrubbed pine table. Of Dog there was no sign. Moments later, my heart pounding, I heard feet descending the stairs.

I think my heart stopped altogether, if only for a minute, as Dog walked into the room.

Petite and auburn-haired, I was in no doubt she was the prettiest creature on the planet. She had the calm and simple beauty of a young Mary Pickford. She glanced up at me and smiled.

When I came to, we were sitting together in the Baldock cinema. I remember that at one point I held her hand. She squeezed it back and I felt a flood of gratitude and happiness that lasted for months. The film?

I could happily critique "A Hard Day's Night", but only because I have seen it many times since. That night, oblivious to all else beside, I held Dog's hand and fell in love, and the band played on..

The Awakening

There's a part of me that isn't selfish.
I hasten to concede that it probably isn't a huge proportion of what I am – which I admit is an atonal symphony, a mixed-up box-room, of flaws, quirks and the same sort of petty absurdities that comprise most of my sex, age-group and background but it is real, and I like it. We all have different names for these bits of us we enjoy being. Some see it in political terms – it is about how we treat each other, how we balance expectation and tolerance. Others view it in more moral or religious terms – it is about that part of us more concerned with being good than being well regarded. For yet others it is artistic – about finding a shape or form that moves the souls of others, and makes them go “Aah!”
For some, it is philosophical. As a wise man once observed, “Some fools move without waking and eat without appetite”.

I was still a young child, maybe around nine or ten years old, when I had my science-fiction moment; the world around me resolved through the filter of insight, the film lens suddenly coming into a frighteningly sharp focus, and I saw that all the grown-ups around me were still only half-asleep, with all the slow and dim-witted responses of people only half-aroused from their deep slumbers' vivid and compelling dream. It explained everything!

Why my parents did not notice me – and how many children feel that, I wonder? – Was only partly a matter of speed (does the oak tree notice the mayfly?) yet more than speed it was the fact that they were still largely asleep. Moving with the graceful elegance of B-movie zombies, my father and mother missed out on the spirit dancers inside them who would now never, not once over their long spans, ever wake up. Moving without waking, they lived the hell of wasted opportunity

You see, the child I was had a dream – a magical fantasy – when the scales would fall – the bells would ring – the eyes would fully open for the first time and this poor pathetic wretched excuse of a species we belong to – would finally shrug off those brutal slumbers that led to our letting ourselves down as badly as we always have, and the monsters we have formerly been then become the angels we always, potentially, were.

We Are Traffic

Traffic: A confusion of processions and procedures.
“Traffic” is one of those words that sound like it refers to a physical reality, but does no such thing. We think of it as having a location in space but where, exactly, does the traffic start and end?

We think of it as having a location in time but when, precisely, does the traffic start and end?
Each of the cars, buses, taxis, trucks and motorbikes, that we might point to in order to demonstrate what we mean by the term “traffic” is on an individual journey and blithely unaware of the collective term we try to apply to them.

Part of this, and only a small part, is due the almost ubiquitous solipsism that road users are prone to. On one side of the scale is the individual us, and on the other side is the rest of the universe, which is almost as real.

Imagine it. Imagine a rush hour gridlock. A thousand individuals, each in or on their car, bus, truck or motorbike, complaining on their mobile phones that they are “stuck in traffic” – oblivious to the fact that, individually and collectively, they comprise the very “traffic” that they find such a problem.

Is one car moving along the highway alone “traffic”? Well, yes, but only in the sense that one bee is a hive. It looks like a philosophical question, but only in the loosest sense of the term. Really, it's just a question of how we want to use our language.

So, is “traffic” just a collective noun for vehicles in transit?

Just consider again how we use the term in ordinary language. Phrases like “stuck in traffic” refer to a dynamic reality – just as much about what vehicles do as about the vehicles themselves.

I would argue that, like the “mess” in a teenager's bedroom, “traffic” is one of those words that refer to an emergent property of other things.

The notion of an “emergent property” is a quite recent semantic device to help explain another philosophically difficult phenomenon – us.

Human consciousness itself, it is argued, arises as an emergent by-product of the human body's complex traffic of neural firings and nervous impulses.

We are traffic.

Divine?

It would be a foolish soul who did not acknowledge that "Divine" is one of the most used, abused and over-used terms in the entire English language. If you should find one so foolish just show them the thirty seven million hits it Googles up when entered into the pertinent search engine.

Whether it is used to refer to aspects or products of the Deity of your choice, the chosen acronym of the Sunset Strip hooker Estella Thompson who in 1995 famously covered the actor Hugh Grant with something other than glory, or the Drag Queen directed by John Waters whose nadir was to be filmed eating some Poodle turds as if such betrayal of personal hygiene was High Art, or merely as a semantically loose epithet for indicating strong approval, I would argue that it is one of those nonsense terms that mainly serve as a common concomitant of a certain kind of appeal to false authority.

The suicide bomber, the Parish priest, the Grand Inquisitor, the Holy Crusader and the Spanish conquistador have all used the term to justify behaviour that would otherwise be clearly incapable of any justification whatsoever. It often effectively blinds us to the obvious truth that an evil act is no less evil simply because its purpose or intention is deemed to be divinely inspired. Evil is as evil does. If anything, such attributions merely add another layer of immoral cant to the evil.

As an atheist, I do acknowledge that there is a genuine sense of the sublime and the transcendental in, for example, the first kiss or act of kindness from a new lover, or the sense of wonder that can sweep over you as you gaze at a newborn, or see an heroic act of altruistic self-sacrifice in opposition to some tyranny.

But how much more wonderful would it make our world if, in all of these cases, we substituted the word "human" for the word "divine" – and meant it.

Danger Cow Crossing

Boom-boom-boom-boom-boom...

The theme from Spielberg's film "Jaws" popped uncalled for into my head the first time I drove past the broad right hand bend up the Glandore road out of Rosscarbery and, just past the GAA pitch, saw the ominous sign.

It was made from a three-foot wide square of plywood, belt & brace tied with a combination of twine and barbed wire to a tree that rose from the road's ditch. It's oblique message sent a shiver through me.

"DANGERCOW" had been crudely hand painted and squeezed onto the first line and "CROSSING" onto the second. As a sign, it raised rather more issues than it answered. In my mind's eye I saw Bovinity's answer to Patrick McGoochan, standing perhaps fifteen feet high at the shoulder, warily stepping out from behind the tree and, after first glaring ominously at my fragile white VW soft-top, slipping back into the shadows.

Was this poor chimerical character the hideous product of some insane genetic experiment, motivated by a fundamental confusion as to how to produce really hard cheese?

My fugue state dissipated before I actually drove off the road but for some weeks at least, my nightmares had a new inhabitant.

Passing Strangers

They say I was a hero. I know this because it's written in the little printout sheet they keep telling me to find in my shirt pocket. They say that once I was responsible for saving the lives of twenty-three children, and that one of them was my own. They tell me I used to be a schoolteacher, which I find hard to believe, and that I taught in a small Welsh school. Ditto on that one – I think I hate Wales, but I can't really be sure about it.

They tell me that my school was located at the base of a spoil mountain nearly two hundred feet high left over from the days when the village had its own coal mine.

They mention the day I was teaching geometry and glanced out of the window when I noticed a movement in the hill of spoil. They say that; almost immediately after that, I yelled at the children to run out of the schoolroom into the street, and then thousands of tons of slag leaned against the little schoolhouse like a drunk seeking support and the two hundred year old structure began to slowly collapse in on itself.

They say my quick responses saved all the children in the class and that, to allow the last of them to pass through the collapsing doorway into the safety of the street, I used my own body as a kind of prop shaft but was then pinned under a mass of sliding rubble.

They say I was technically dead for up to three minutes, before a group of brave ex-miners dragged my body clear and a quick thinking local midwife persuaded my heart to beat again and my lungs to remember how to function.

They say I sustained thirty-two broken bones including half my ribs.

They tell me that the oxygen deprivation to some parts of my brain means that my medium and long-term memory functions are irretrievably damaged.

I'm going to have to stop talking now. I can see a woman and a teenage boy walking down the corridor that leads to my hospital room and I have a hunch that she will tell me she's my wife and the boy is my son.

No memory is triggered when I stare at them.

Memory is something that only happens to other people.

Like everyone I ever see, and will ever see again, they are just two more passing strangers.



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."

DANCING IN THE REALM: LIFE FESTIVAL

GRAHAM ST JOHN

It's June 2006, London.

A shift was in the making. I'd been staying at the Parallel Youniversity in West Hampstead for a month, while its Dean, Megatripolitan Fraser Clark, had been off on some Saharan adventure. This was hippy, or - as Fraser might have styled it - 'zippy', central. The first storey flat had a couple of decades worth of rave-olutionary activity pinned to its walls, the reminders of several East Asian and subcontinental tours adorning the eaves and immeasurable layers of grime and hair worked into its carpets. Apparently most of the hair belonged to Jonty, the dog, who I was tasked to mind, along with the world's wildest indoor plant. While in the zippy lair, under the Hanging Gardens of Pronoia, I had privilege access to Fraser's extensive ountercultural library. Flying off the shelves was a book called *Its Happening*: a portrait of the youth scene today by J L Simmons and Barry Winograd (1966), a couple of hipper members of staff in Sociology Dept. at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

The book made me curious. As I became worded-up on 'the hang-loose ethic' of the 'swingers' and their definitive pursuit, 'tripping out', I got to thinking about the role of social researchers in making accounts of countercultures, and about why a 'school' of counterculture or alternative cultural ethnography had never developed paralleling say the Chicago School and its studies of gangs, or Birmingham's Centre of Contemporary and Cultural Studies famed research on English working class youth subcultures. I'm sure there are numerous reasons, but perhaps the answers were facing me in the pages of this book. Besides an account of a tripping scene, in which the authors carefully absented themselves from any question of participation, the book was largely unreadable, woeful in parts - destined for obscurity. The sociological investigation of proto-hippies appears to have been constrained by the positivist and distanced discourse of mid-century social science. 'It' may have been 'happening' in the mid 1960s, but the methodological shift required to capture this, largely wasn't. Given that 'swingers', freaks, anarchists, hippies and other counter-culturalists evinced 'movements' more than 'subcultures', they would be smothered under the dense theories of new social movement research, dissed by Marxists as middle class kids suffering from 'affluent alienation', deficient of historical or subaltern impulse, palmed off in Maslowian terms as those seeking the fulfilment of 'advanced needs', and derogated by spokespersons of the 'monophasic consciousness' prevailing as absconders,



wasters and abusers of the rational mind and disciplined body.

So in my short semester at the Parallel Youniversity, I meditated on the scholarly detritus pre-Summer of Love, knowing that things hadn't changed much almost ten years after the ostensible Second Summer of Love (1987). But the freakological path was discernable in the lifting fog. Itself owing much to 'the sixties' and its habitués commitment to become 'experienced', reflexive, to 'be the revolution' (both explicitly and implicitly through the wide circulation of consciousness alterants), the introspective and self-critical turn which would become integral to anthropology (by the 1990s) illustrates the kind of methodological 'turn' needed. As anthropologists have trained their sights on a range of non-traditional cultural movements, formations and practices, including the contemporary 'happening' apparent in a range of countercultural rituals, festivals and dance cultures, an 'anthropology of experience' appears to be the route to appropriate research practice.

Such preoccupations coincided with the imminent resumption of my ethnographic research on global dance culture - with a specific attention to trance (or psy-trance).

And this leads me to 'Life'. That is, Life the festival in the Republic of Ireland. What better place to begin my summer research adventures, and to re-boot my life, after a depressing London winter. You see, in January I'd made the intercontinental cross-hemispherical shift from languid sub-tropical Brisbane and plugged directly into the Matrix: a 6th floor office in a steel, concrete and glass edifice known as the Social Science building at City University. I was a research assistant in the Sociology Department, and for three months I lived in a confined loft above an Indian dentist who, from his ground floor clinic, was drilling a serious hole in my bank account while volunteering for Iskcon in his spare time.

Perhaps I should have followed the lead of my Polish neighbours and fellow tenants, who wrought a split-cell apartment out of their shoebox, each with space for bunk beds and a TV. Or - and I'm nearly capitulating to a mounting cynicism here - I might have followed through with my original plans and moved in above a Pakistani operated youth fashion outlet north of The Angel: 'Roughcut Casuals (Incorporating Young Folk)'. But like I said, it was early June, and the mist was lifting. My good mate Damo put me up in the basement room of his communist run share house in Stoke Newington - my base of operations for the next three months. No rent, no worries.

I approached Life from the Hill of Tara on the road from Dublin towards Kells. And from the vantage of its mysterious earthen mounds regarded as the seat of the ancient High Kings, I scanned the horizon all around – for what it wasn't clear: My Irish ancestors? A clear direction? A meaningful incorporation?

It felt good to be free of City (where I'd quit my job) and most excellent to be out of London – a monumental rat-cage in a burgeoning police state crumbling under the weight of resources funnelled into an infernal terror machine – a state apparatus which produces (they would argue 'identifies' and/or 'eliminates') terror/ists. I'd been suffocating. And so, with the benefit of the fresh air taken on these heights, I chose the SW route to Life – a psy-trance festival organised by Neutronix at Charleville Forest Castle near Tullamore for the full moon weekend of June 9-11 2006.

Charleville is a model gothic castle situated in a primordial oak wood. Built in the early 19th century, and undergoing restoration since the 1970s the castle is complete with dungeon, towers and parapets. The main sound stages (psychedelic vibes and world beats) were positioned on opposite sides of the castle each facing the immediate grounds, with the structure a remarkable context for sharp hued and psychedelic designs. Disappointingly, both stages were shut down as a result of sound complaints on the main night of the event, a circumstance which saw a small sound system operated by Kris Beckett (aka Acid Casualty) serve the morning fare in an alcove nearby.

The festival was especially marked by a Salvia Divinorum event, superceding previous experiences with this 'teacher plant' used for millennia by the Mazatec Indians of Oaxaca, Mexico, to divine spiritual truths. Observing my identity, memories, secrets, and body unfold and expand into my furniture, become undifferentiated from my surroundings, or recombine in a random tumble of the psyche, prior encounters were the ultimate in ludic experience: uncertain, turbulent, hilarious. Yet remarkably insightful for the cartoon-like Salvia spin cycle enables brief witness to the unconscious, exposing a world of mysteries beyond the rational (Salvia inspired art). While I regularly dived behind the reality curtain amidst the turbulence, consciousness always seemed to prevail. But with one bowl of Salvia 20x at Life, the game changed, and it changed dramatically. I went under for how long I wasn't sure. Was I screaming? Was 'I' present at all? For how long had I been holding my breath?

Zippered inside my tent-womb in the shadow of Charleville, I finally remembered to breath. This surfacing was concurrent with a Category Five realisation that everything I had known, all my memories, my identity, the history of the world as I knew it, and my own physical body, was design, all code. In a duration



where organic 'time' had receded and at a place where the veils were lifting this was acutely understood as a significant breach in the known. I understood the insight to be the exposure and collapse of a grand deceit - and there were those (coders perhaps) who wanted me to know it, who had been willing me out of the deception for a long time, to join the party, to roll with the momentum. Given the apparent unprecedented scale of the breach, the moment was critical. Awesome. The wild screams and clamour of the festival all around appeared like the confused and conflictual response of the coders to the awakening.

I heard many female voices during this episode, coming from around the festival site, seeming to will me out of my 'life' coma, 'the great lie'. While the precise meaning of this deception was unclear, the sensation of immortality was overwhelming. And it was terrifying, as while an eternity was exposed – it was one in which I was absent. My being was not destined to comfortably terminate (with 'death') even though 'I' was. I had a glimpse across the Great Frontier – and I wasn't there.





Upon reflection, and indeed this required much reflection, I recognised that this was an opening, an awakening, as incomplete as it was. The awakening enabling the played avatar of The Truman Show to become aware of 'the game' resonates here – not least since Truman's revelation precipitated the realisation that all he knew and believed in was about to end while life beyond 'the show' continued. And perhaps this awakening can be understood as something of the numinous experience characterised by Rudolf Otto as the *Mysterium Tremendum*. The problem with such episodes is that while we recognise them as awe-inspiring events, remarkable experiences, how do we assimilate such into our daily lives, when our culture (including 'psychedelic culture', as Eric Davis divines) does not provide us with such means? Perhaps it is this absence of incorporation which impels participants to revisit the awesome event, or attempt to re-live it, over and again, in order to 'get the message'. The truth is that the significance of the experience, and most importantly, the thirst for further inquiry, will likely only arrive if one: a) is at a transitional moment in their life, and; b) performs requisite post-event work: debriefing, writing, relating the experience with fellow 'travellers'. This is the entheogenic process. Herbs like *Salvia* will not orchestrate a transition. The response to its effects might.



What was previously understood to be an impenetrable frontier, an impossible crossing, was revealed as a fabrication maintained and defended against hacking. Despite the confusion discovered in the fjording, my *Salvia* assisted journey alerted me to a design. But this wasn't just a revelation about death, but about life – that indeed the whole of my being was a construct (was designed). The mystery remains – who/what are the designers? What was the nature of the afterlife glimpsed? Will my life be lived out repeatedly? Were the celebrants those who had awakened before me? And perhaps most importantly, how does my experience compare with those of others encountered in this or similar liminal environments?



I'm an Australian cultural anthropologist with research interests in electronic dance music cultures, the anthropology of ritual and performance, and countercultures. All of which finds me somewhere being a 'vibeologist' and a 'freakologist'. Some published work includes the edited collection *Rave Culture and Religion* (New York: Routledge, 2004) and *FreeNRG: Note from the Edge of the Dance Floor* (Common Ground, 2001) which can be downloaded at: http://undergrowth.org/free_nrg_notes_from_the_edge_of_the_dancefloor

I'm also the editor of the forthcoming *Victor Turner and Contemporary Cultural Performance* (Berghahn) and currently finishing two books on alternative dance music cultures, including an ethnography of global psytrance which I'm working on at the School for Advanced Research in the Human Experience, Santa Fe, New Mexico, until June 2007.

More information at:
<http://www.edgecentral.net/>

A Record of an Experiment in Tryptamine Warfare on Salvia Elves -

or

'How I blasted those bitches with the White Light'

Cliff Anderson

Introductory Notes:

I regard *salvia divinorum* as a sort of hole in reality. After six years of sometimes on-again, mostly off-again work with this plant, I have been repeatedly (and against my will) forced to the view that there really is a 'there' there, and that it is filled with intelligence, intention, and utter improbability. I consider my experiences with *salvia*, the psilocybian mushrooms, and smoked/injected DMT to be the most 'shamanic' of my extensive experiences with various psychedelics. *Salvia* in particular seems to function as some sort of 'channel switch,'* facilitating rapid immersion into all-inclusive environments as (apparently) self-contained as this one. I use this plant rarely, as I find its effects overwhelming, disorienting, and sometimes freakish. However, when I do use it, it never fails to impress upon me the intimate understanding that the universe is much larger and much weirder than any of us are typically prepared to believe. It may be utterly irrational, but I think this plant is magic.

*note: imagine our current consensual perceptual experience as a 'broadcast' being received on a particular subset of perceptual channels selected out of the much larger set that our organisms are capable of receiving in this metaphor (or is it more?), *salvia* flips the channel.

A Few Experiences:

The first time I smoked *salvia* nothing much happened. A momentary feeling of alteration, followed by rock-solid sobriety. Determining that I must not have smoked enough, I immediately repacked the bong, crawled into the closet, shut out the light, and smoked it again. I took as large a hit as I could (which in those days when my lungs were still fairly functional, if not virginal, was much more than enough), and held it in. I began mentally counting to 30, and when I reached 15 I became concerned that nothing was going to happen. At 20, I was fairly certain. At 25, I was convinced. Still, I held on to hope for a moment more. At 29, I began to blow out the smoke, and at 30, the world shattered. My last conscious thought was "Why do I do this to myself with these weird drugs?"

My first conscious memory of the state itself was of coming to in the grass, underneath a sky with three moons. My uncle (a many-tentacled mobile lump) was inquiring if I was okay. This scene flashed away and then I was a toy soldier on a shelf inside a box, spending days and weeks waiting for people to buy me. This scene too flashed away and then the elves came out. I will stress that these were not the metaphorical self-dribbling farberge elves spoken of by the late Terence McKenna. These were genuine little people with squeaky voices, who came out from behind the scenes and began singing me a song about how I was no longer allowed to smoke marijuana if I wished to keep coming back to the *salvia* realms. I told them that I was just as much a manifestation of the Void as they were, and that I liked smoking marijuana, so they could kindly fuck off. At this point, they began torturing me, while this little four-year-old bitch elf started singing songs about how stupid I was. Her father put his arm around her, and said admiringly, "That's right, sweetie, he is stupid."

And that was my first experience with this plant. Further experimentation revealed that *salvia* conveyed me into a consistent narrative that is, the story picked up where it left off every time I smoked the stuff. Beginning to become tired of what I regarded as overly puritanical and quite definitely uppity archons, I became convinced that the only solution was to blast them into the Void with me with a dose of 5-MeO-DMT. Now, I'd like to put this into context, because it's not quite as crazy as it sounds. While many people regard 5-MeO-DMT with disdain, it has been a strong ally for me, promoting deep mystical insight and physical healing.

In many ways, I regard it as an archetypal psychedelic experience. I have smoked it approximately 50 times, in doses ranging from 1 milligram up through 40. I have combined it with LSD with great success, and have friends who have had extremely profound experiences combining it with DXM or MDMA. I will admit that the combination of 5-MeO-DMT and psilocybian mushrooms resulted in visual and cognitive "static" that was unpleasant and unproductive, but that was an anomalous experience. ANYWAY, I loaded ~10 milligrams of 5-MeO-DMT into my trusty base pipe, set it on my roommate's desk, loaded a generous

amount of salvia into my Diviner's Bong, and engaged in an hour of prayer and yoga. At the end of that time, I shut the blinds, shut and locked the bedroom door, walked to the closet, shut that door behind me, and lit the Salvia. The by now somewhat familiar but no less jarring sensation of inter dimensional transport was followed by cavorting, taunting, malicious elves. I repeatedly told them to stop being mean or they'd regret it, and they responded with various things along the lines of, "Oh yeah, what you gonna do?" At that point, I knew I had no choice. "I'm taking us all to the Void." I stood up, and opened my eyes. Salvia world appeared superimposed over this one. I could see my closet door, while meanwhile numerous elves were hanging off my arms and screaming in my head. I opened the door and stumbled drunkenly toward the desk, toward the pipe. The elves turned, saw the pipe, and screamed in unison. "NOOOOOOOOOO."

I grabbed the pipe and my trusty Godzilla torch lighter. The elves begged, they plead, they made various promises. I was having none of it. The bowl filled with the vapor that soon enough filled my lungs. I heard the hum of the furnace of creation, and watched white light explode through everything in my perceptual field(s). Everything dissolved into contentless pulsing energy, and my tormentors writhed the entire way along. Finally all form broke down as we all dissolved back into the primal Void. As Infinity fractured, I spent endless eons repeatedly re-witnessing the panorama of history. Highlights included becoming the DNA code, spending an afternoon running across a prehistoric landscape crushing small mammals, and spending a brief moment as a Japanese man in Nagasaki on August 9, 1945. I came back into my body feeling content and victorious. Of course, the next time I smoked salvia the elves had their revenge. In a scene straight out of Warner Brothers, they tied me to a conveyor belt running into a machine press. I struggled to get off, but couldn't. Finally, the press came down on my head, I felt my brains splattering out, and I came back to in the room. I didn't smoke salvia again for a year and a half. In the interim, my home was raided by the police, a few friends died, I wrote a shitload of good poetry, had several manic/depressive episodes, lost a fiancée, found a life partner, learned a lot about magick, and generally grew a lot as a person.

When I did smoke salvia again, I again encountered the elves, who were again a bit taunting. When I reminded them of our previous battles, they laughed, rubbed my shoulders, and told me that all they'd ever been doing was trying to get me to take responsibility for my own existence. And then I became the Universe.

CLOSING REFLECTIONS:

I need to smoke some salvia.

Excuse me.



Clifford Wayne Anderson manifested on our plane some time in the last century, though different biographers give conflicting dates. The consensus opinion places his birthday on October 15th, 1979. Cliff is the reincarnation of (the Roman poet) Virgil, Saint Teresa of Avila, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Marcia Moore, and tries to do his best to live up to his consequent obligations. Cliff owns and operates his very own sub-branch of the Illuminati, in which capacity he has been instrumental in shaping various world events for the past 5 years. As regards his future plans, Cliff merely smiles and says, "You'll know soon enough."



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Gwyllm has been involved with art in one form or another since before he can remember. From painting, to music, to poetry, he is a dilettante of the highest order. He listens to the voices in his head, which has led to some very interesting choices in his life..

His latest projects are under close scrutiny by the powers that be, seeing as doesn't have an MBA.

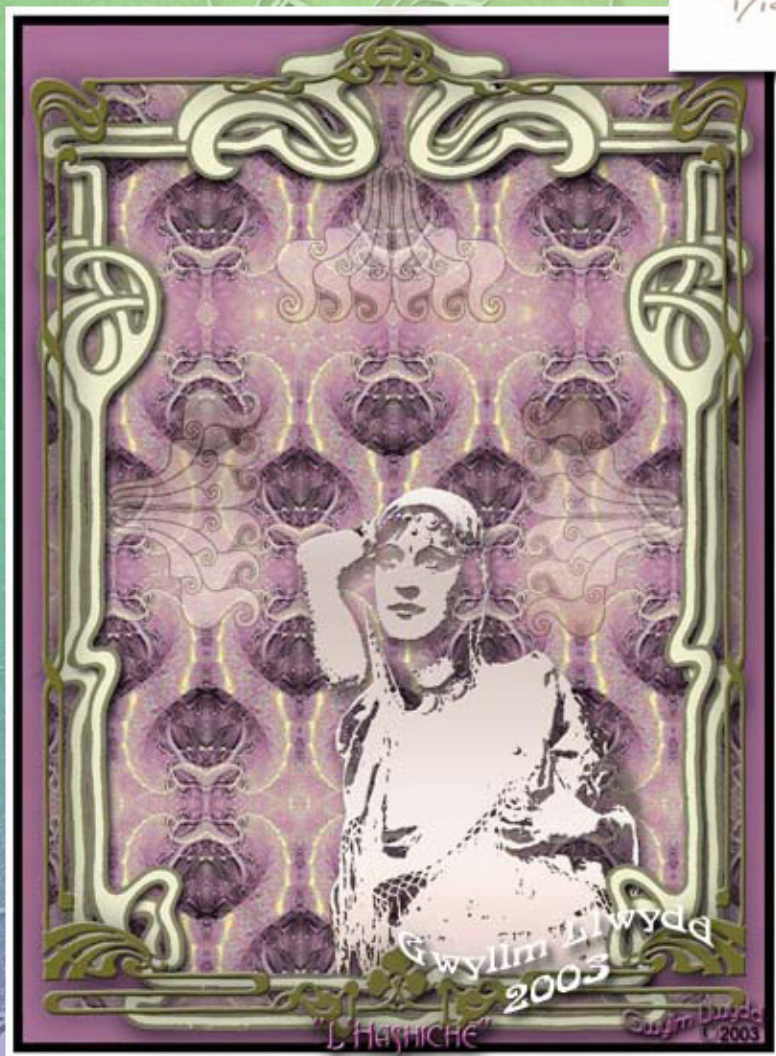
His recent art projects have manifested on sidewalks, the side of buildings, fever dreams, the back alleys of the Interwebs and other sundry non-traditional gallery settings...

He resides in Oregon with his family and many good friends, and may end up there for the rest of his life if he doesn't get it all lined up and moves back to Europe to hangout with the Euro-friends and the in-laws instead...

'Mantis Head'

'Mantis Head' was my very first Blotter ever produced. I have to thank Adam Stanhope for that. He later went on to arrange the printing of 'Indra's Web' as well, in conjunction with Jon Blackburn, renowned for his fine printing works.

'Mantis Head' came out of a DMT vision, where I found myself in contact with an alien intelligence that took the form of a giant Mantis... It turns out that this is a pretty common occurrence in the world of visions. So this is what I brought back; multiple intelligences living in sort of a hive-mind of incredible crystalline structures. They are very curious about us and who we are. They always seem amused when we pop in across the inner spacial realms...



'L' Hashiche'

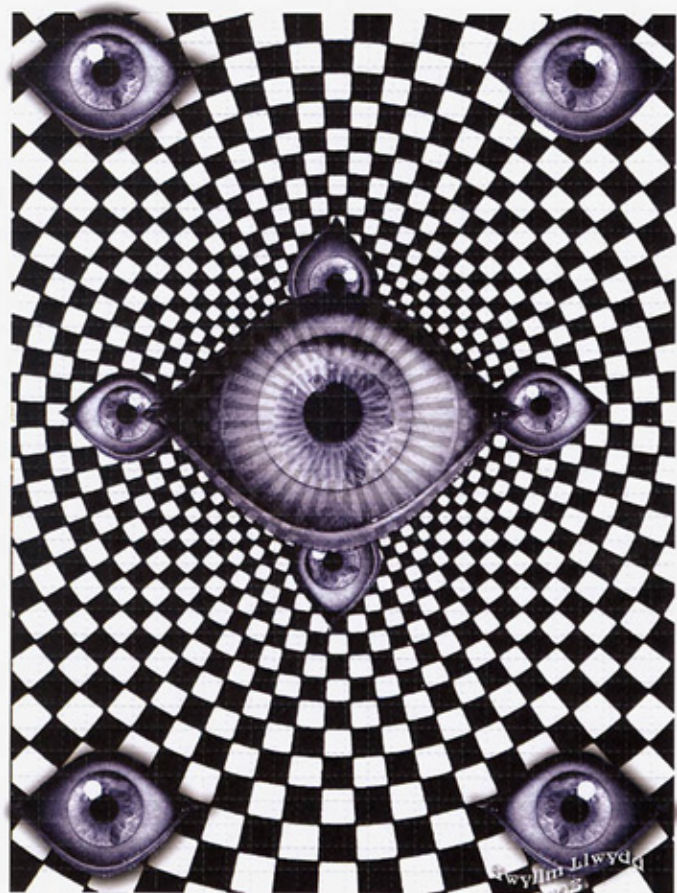
Multiple layers makes this one a bit of fun. A manipulated fin de siècle pattern, an art nouveau flower, art nouveau framing and a woman from Oman from the turn of the last century blended together.

I have printed this on a limited basis as a smaller poster. I think it would do well as a Blotter piece, but I may be misjudging the market.

I tried to evoke that state where everything is full of light and beauty.

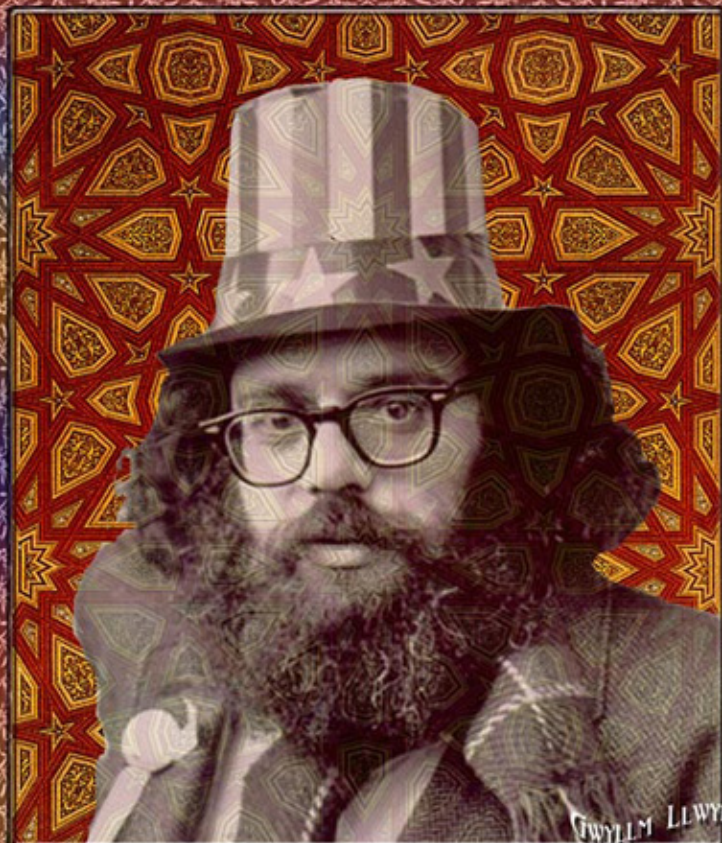
'Moiré Eyes'

A long and abiding passion, Moiré Patterns have long been an element of various pieces that I have worked with over the years. 'Moiré Eyes' combines my fascination with the Eye and the Moiré. The original design was all in black and white, and then on a suggestion by my wife the eyes were changed out. The eyes are composed of four different layers, including pen and ink, and 3 photographs of eyes combined. The design harkens back to my fascination with the Mandala as well.



19/150

Gary H. Fitzgerald



2003

'Mr. Ginsberg I Presume'

I used to have a version of this illustration as a poster when I was younger. Very iconic, showing the mischievous side of Allen G. I believe the original photograph was from the House Of Un-American Activities Committee meetings back in the later days of 1965. (If you have a different source on this, feel free to contact me).

Anyway, Allen's poster graced many epiphanous evenings under the influence.

This is another design that has yet to be printed. I am thinking of printing it as a poster as well as in the Blotter Art format.

Indra's Web

A homage to Tim Leary, and the gift
he helped bring to the times he
lived in.

I met Tim just before I turned 16
back in the mid 60's. He was one
of the most caring and civil
persons I have had the pleasure
of meeting.

This Blotter Piece was a great
pleasure to create. Tim's turns
out to be the perfect subject
for such an exercise.



74/160

Gwyllm Llwydd 2003



Plant Universe

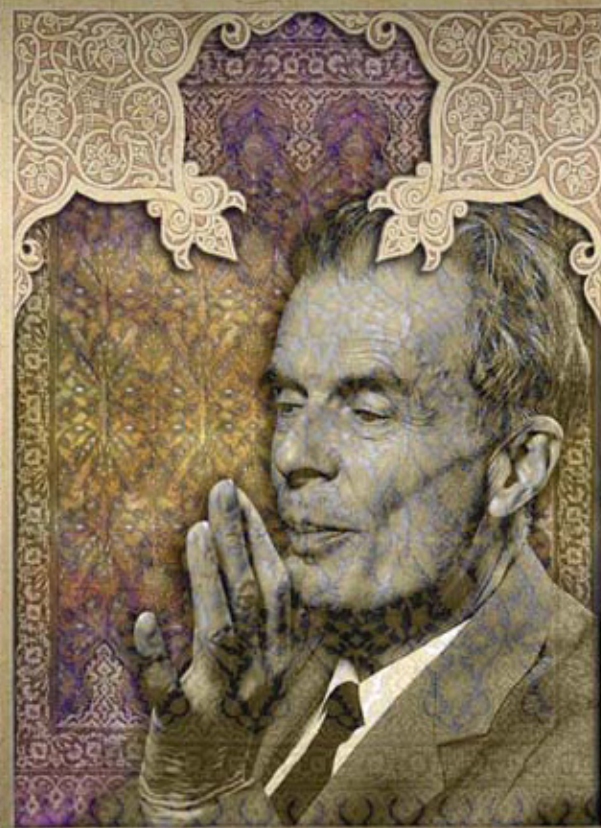
This piece has been waiting to be printed for quite
awhile. It is constructed of some 180 different
layers.

It is based on a vision I had under the beatific
influences of Salvia a few years back.

If and when it is produced it would make a great
addition to anyones collection.

The Doors of Perception

One of those pieces that I desire to see both in blotter and as a poster. The outer part/frame is taken from a door from Iraq from the 14th century. The inner patterns are from tile work from the 16th century from Turkey. The photo of Aldous is from 1961, and is perhaps my favourite of him. I decided that the black and white tones of the photo lent a nice timelessness to the composition.



ALDOUS HUXLEY
THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION

GWYLLM LLOYD

Berber Dreams

Another piece waiting for production. The inspiration for this one was a series of photographs from the turn of the last century that recorded Berber life in North Africa.

As we know, all kinds of good things come from Morocco, and these photographs were among them...

I took the photo and manipulated it to no end in photoshop,

If you are interested in any of these Blotter Prints, you can see their availability at Gwyllm-Arts.com



COMING ATTRACTIONS

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

The Art Of Roberto Venosa
Art/Interview...and more

The Mystery of Eleusis – A Secret Recipe
Peter Webster

Making Hashish at Home - Ennio Rambo
An instructional photo essay

Poet of The Southern Coast
The Poetry of Peter Moore

The Art of Bryan Ward
A visit with Bryan in Seattle

Send More Fiction: Tim Daly
Tim Daly weaves more tales in his unique way from the west coast of Ireland

The Art of Kathleen Preising
It is a joy to introduce Kathleen's art...!

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

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..





FIREKEEPER

MARTINA HOFFMANN