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# the invisible college



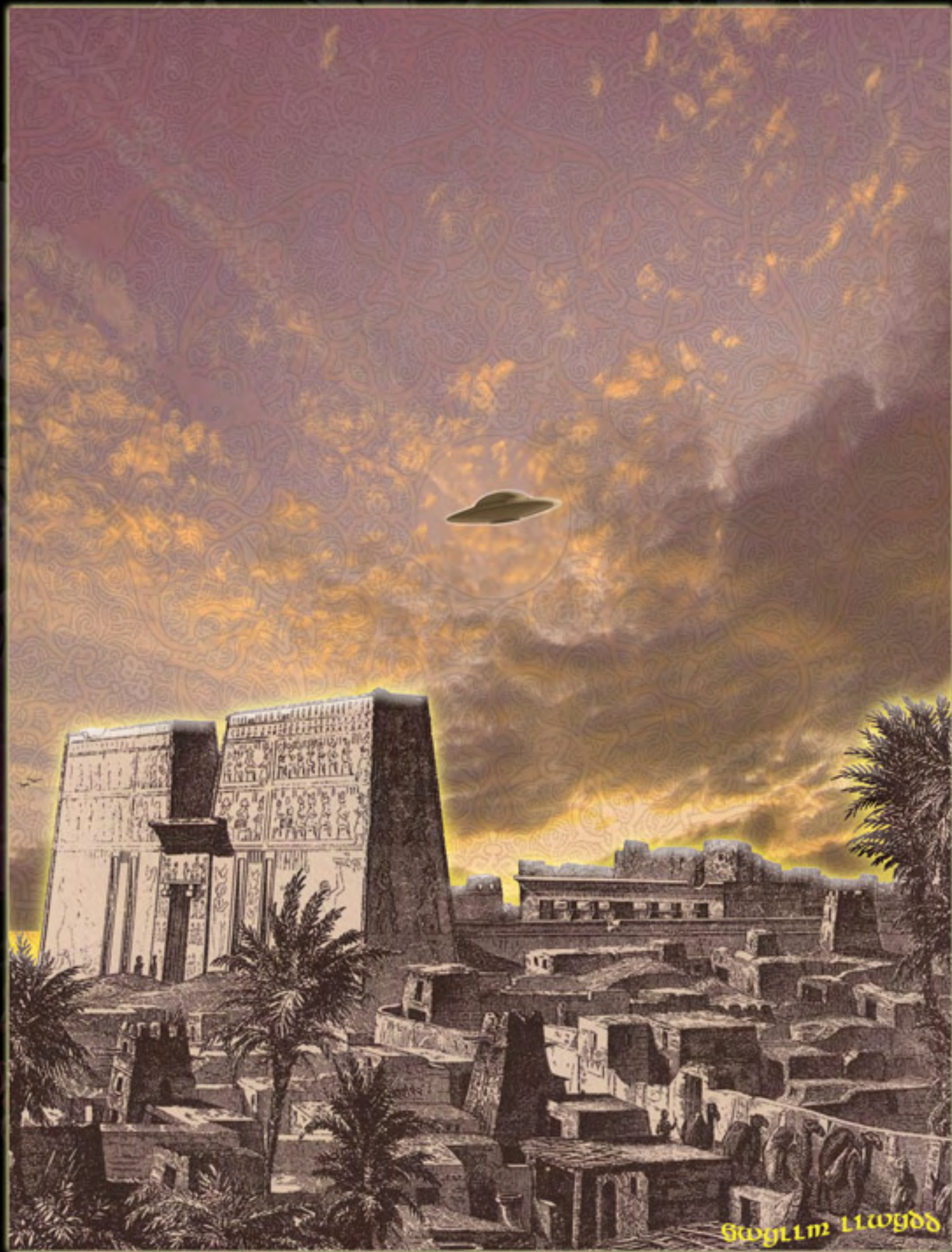
Goddess of the Rocks

MAURA HOLDEN

ISSUE 4 FALL EQUINOX - WINTER SOLSTICE 40107

[PREDICATED ON THE FIRST CAVE PAINTINGS]





Stwylm Llwydd



# THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE

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DEDICATION:

LAURA ARCHERA HUXLEY  
1911 - 2007



When I recount to friends that I once had the chance to sit and talk with Laura Huxley for a couple of hours, they almost always ask, "Did you talk about Aldous and Psychedelics?"

And I recount, "No, we talked about children...."

Children were a passion for Laura. All of her work later on after Aldous had passed, seems to me to have been dedicated to children and their welfare. She was absolutely passionate about them.... I sat entranced as she talked about children, her foundation to aid them ("Children: Our Ultimate Investment", dedicated to "the nurturing of the possible human".) and her ideas for the future.

She was the author of several books, that promoted conscious living:

**The Child of Your Dreams (1987)**

**One-a-Day Reason to be Happy (1986)**

**Between Heaven and Earth (1975)**

**This Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley (1968)**

**You Are Not the Target (1963)**

She worked diligently for the future, and from what I could tell was very optimistic about it. She was perhaps one of the most charismatic persons that I have ever met. I walked away from our conversation feeling like I had been blessed with being in the presence of a higher being. I think she touched many that way.

Here is to Laura, and may her life be a beacon for those engaged in the struggle for a better future, where every child has the chance to grow in grace, and beauty.

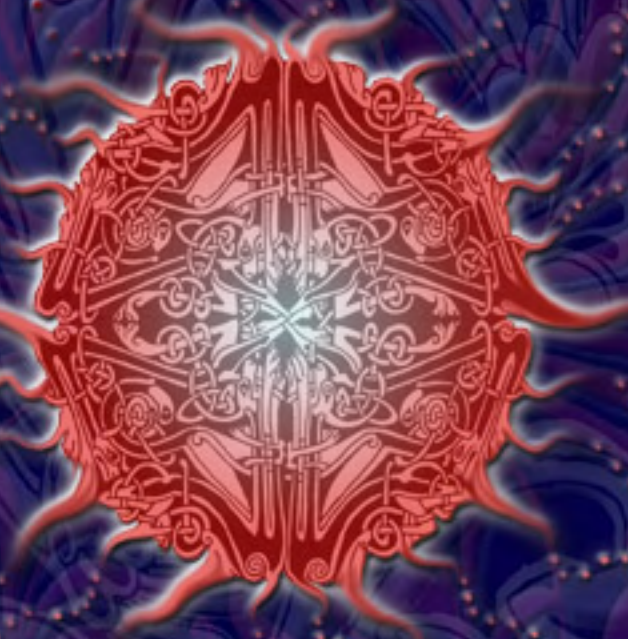
Bright Blessings,

Gwyllm





**INTRODUCTION**  
**WHERE IN WE EXPLORE THE CONCEPTS DRIVING**  
**THIS EDITION...**



“Well here we are; over 1 year later, and 4 issues along. We finally have software that will make this all a bit quicker ( Thanks Jag!), and that is a good thing. At this time, every PDF page has been carved out of PSD's, Jpegs, and edited for what seems forever... with the new software, we will not be having to do type edits in Photoshop, especially those pesky articles written on a Mac... 80) which happens to turn every ‘ into a ? and finally will drive one crazy after a session or two of trying to edit these out of a document.

This is perhaps our most adventurous edition yet, ‘The Entity Encounter Issue’... In it we take on various aspects of the non-human entity encounters. From the poison path – to faery encounters in the Celtic world, this is the first installment on this subject... We’ve long wanted to explore this side of consciousness in print a bit more. (If you have a good story, send it along and it will appear in the next issue dedicated to Entity Encounters). It turns out we could have done a small book with the stories available from time out of mind. This time out, we have several tales from Salvia and DMT realities, and recounting of Faeries and Banshees as well...

We are pretty excited about this issue, from the interview with Jim DeKorne on his new book, to the art work of Maura Holden, the poetry of Mike Hoffman, and revisiting with Tim Daly & Lyterphotos again.

We have art from Stevee Postman, and the Iwoz group in Australia. We are very pleased to introduce Padrice Stewart, (may she grace these pages again) and have new art from Mike Crowley, our assistant editor, and yours truly as well...

We will be exploring themes for the next few issues, the next being “Compassion”. If you have tales, poetry, art, thoughts upon the subject, please send them along.

Thank you for your kind attention and please tell your friends about The Invisible College Magazine!

Gwyllm





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Traditional spiritual disciplines usually involve a daily practice. Shamanic and visionary traditions often involve "extraordinary" practice. Both approaches use ritual to shape and contain deep changes in consciousness. In this weekend workshop, we will explore both traditional rites of practice and celebration, as well as contemporary improvisations. What does ritual have to do with theater, or belief, or the structure of the mind? How do we receive rituals from tradition, and how do we create and perform our own?

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Leading this weekend of exploration with interactive speaking and doing will be:

- **Erik Davis**, cultural critic and author of *The Visionary State: A Journey Through California's Spiritual Landscape* and *Techgnosis: Myth, Magic & Mysticism in the Age of Information*
- **Dale Pendell**, visionary poet and researcher, and author of the award-winning Pharmako trilogy (*Pharmako/Poeia*, *Pharmako/Dynamis* & *Pharmako/Gnosis*) a literary history of plant medicines
- **David Presti**, neurobiologist whose popular UC Berkeley classes include "Brain, Mind and Behavior"; recipient of the university's 2006 Golden Apple Award for Outstanding Teaching
- **Laura Pendell**, book artist, poet, journal-keeper and co-founder of the improv music and performance group Oracular Madness



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The Journal  
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Consciousness  
and Culture

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# IZWOZ MICRO BIO

Izwoz - 'an interlocking construct of syntax symbolizing the rolling evolving nature of universal creativity- everything in existence is in the constant process of becoming something else'

The Izwoz team is a synergy of three visual artists and fashion designers based in Adelaide South Australia. Izwoz art is created by a fusion of hand painting, airbrushing, screen printing, digital printing, photography, graphic and fashion design. Izwoz imagery has been inspired by the many strange, mysterious, visionary and comical elements of existence. Every Izwoz formation is created with intent to reflect the holographic quality of universal creativity and the twisted mystery within.

Sharing creations with other people has always been the driving force behind the creative process of izwoz art and the motivation to produce large scale artworks has largely been inspired by the global trance party experience. Displaying art at public events where collective creativity is the main focus and where large numbers of people are experiencing the moment in a heightened state of awareness, has been a rich source of inspiration.

Advancements in technology and the rapid rise in global communications have given some insight into the possibilities of the human future. The potential of humanity transforming itself into an entirely new species through the application of technology is a massive source of inspiration for the Izwoz team. The excitement of having the opportunity of co-creating this transformation is reflected in izwoz art.

make like the universe - and play!

Izwoz art gallery and fashion store can be found at [www.izwoz.com.au](http://www.izwoz.com.au)



The Poetry Of  
AÉ  
(George William Russell)



Theosophical & Celtic  
Ruminations



## A CALL OF THE SIDHE

Tarry thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:  
Gay are the hills with song; earth's faery children leave  
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,  
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.  
Hush, not a whisper! Let your heart alone go dreaming.  
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone  
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.  
Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland streaming  
Rivers of faery light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,  
Star-fire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?  
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!  
Come thou away with them for Heaven to Earth is calling.  
These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits thronging.  
Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown heavy there  
Drop on the purple wave the starry fruit they bear.  
Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.  
Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in elation,  
Made young with joy, grown brother-hearted with the vast,  
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars past  
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration.

## CHILDREN OF LIR

We woke from our sleep in the bosom where cradled together we lay:  
The love of the dark hidden Father went with us upon our way,  
And gay was the breath in our being, and never a sorrow or fear  
Was on us as, singing together, we flew from the infinite Lir.

Through nights lit with diamond and sapphire we raced with the children of dawn,  
A chain that was silver and golden linked spirit to spirit, my swan,  
Till day in the heavens passed over, and still grew the beat of our wings,  
And the breath of the darkness enfolded to teach us unspeakable things.

Yet lower we fell and for comfort our pinionless spirits had now  
The leaning of bosom to bosom, the lifting of lip unto brow.  
Though chained to the earth yet we mourned not the loss of our heaven above,  
But passed from the vision of beauty to the fathomless being of love.

Still gay is the breath in our being, we wait for the bell branch to ring  
To call us away to the Father, and then we will rise on the wing,  
And fly through the twilights of time till the home lights of heaven appear;  
Our spirits through love and through longing made one in the infinite Lir.



## THE EARTH

They tell me that the earth is still the same  
Although the Red Branch now is but a name,  
That yonder peasant lifting up his eyes  
Can see the marvel of the morning rise,  
The wonder Deirdre gazed on when she came.

I cannot think the hearts that beat so high  
Had not a lordlier palace roof of sky,  
And that the earth on which the heroes trod  
Seemed not to live beneath them like a god  
Who loved them and could answer to their cry.

Who said the sun will shine with equal face  
Alike upon the noble and the base?  
The mighty only to the mighty seems;  
The world that loomed through proud and golden dreams  
Has dropped behind this world and left no trace.

When that the proud and golden race passed by,  
This cold paternal majesty on high,  
This unresponsive earth beneath the feet,  
Replaced the dear brown breasts that were so sweet,  
The face of brooding love within the sky.

How could a beggar wear the kingly crown,  
Or those who weakly laid the sceptre down,  
Walk 'mid the awful beauty God had made  
For those whose hearts were proud and unafraid,  
Careless if on His face were smile or frown?

## THE VISION OF LOVE

The Twilight fled away in pearl on the stream,  
And night, like a diamond done, stood still in our dream.  
Your eyes like burnished stones or as stars were bright  
With the sudden vision that made us one with the night.

We loved in infinite spaces, forgetting here  
The breasts that were lit with life and the lips so near;  
Till the wizard willows waved in the wind and drew  
Me away from the fulness of love and down to you.

Our love was so vast that it filled the heavens up:  
But the soft white form I held was an empty cup,  
When the willows called me back to earth with their sigh,  
And we moved as shades through the deep that was you and I.



## THE TWILIGHT OF EARTH

The wonder of the world is o'er:  
The magic from the sea is gone:  
There is no unimagined shore,  
No islet yet to venture on.  
The Sacred Hazels' blooms are shed,  
The Nuts of Knowledge harvested.

Oh, what is worth this lore of age  
If time shall never bring us back  
Our battle with the gods to wage  
Reeling along the starry track.  
The battle rapture here goes by  
In warring upon things that die.

Let be the tale of him whose love  
Was sighed between white Deirdre's breasts,  
It will not lift the heart above  
The sodden clay on which it rests.  
Love once had power the gods to bring  
All rapt on its wild wandering.

We shiver in the falling dew,  
And seek a shelter from the storm:  
When man these elder brothers knew  
He found the mother nature warm,  
A hearth fire blazing through it all,  
A home without a circling wall.

We dwindle down beneath the skies,  
And from ourselves we pass away:  
The paradise of memories  
Grows ever fainter day by day.  
The shepherd stars have shrunk within,  
The world's great night will soon begin.

Will no one, ere it is too late,  
Ere fades the last memorial gleam,  
Recall for us our earlier state?  
For nothing but so vast a dream  
That it would scale the steeps of air  
Could rouse us from so vast despair.

The power is ours to make or mar  
Our fate as on the earliest morn,  
The Darkness and the Radiance are  
Creatures within the spirit born.  
Yet, bathed in gloom too long, we might  
Forget how we imagined light.



Not yet are fixed the prison bars;  
The hidden light the spirit owns  
If blown to flame would dim the stars  
And they who rule them from their thrones:  
And the proud sceptred spirits thence  
Would bow to pay us reverence.

Oh, while the glory sinks within  
Let us not wait on earth behind,  
But follow where it flies, and win  
The glow again, and we may find  
Beyond the Gateways of the Day  
Dominion and ancestral sway.

### THE WINDS OF ANGUS

The Grey road whereupon we trod became as holy ground:  
The eve was all one voice that breathed its message with no sound:  
And burning multitudes pour through my heart, too bright, too blind,  
Too swift and hurried in their flight to leave their tale behind.  
Twin gates unto that living world, dark honey-coloured eyes,  
The lifting of whose lashes flushed the face with Paradise,  
Beloved, there I saw within their ardent rays unfold  
The likeness of enraptured birds that flew from deeps of gold  
To deeps of gold within my breast to rest, or there to be  
Transfigured in the light, or find a death to life in me.  
So love, a burning multitude, a seraph wind that blows  
From out the deep of being to the deep of being goes.  
And sun and moon and starry fires and earth and air and sea  
Are creatures from the deep let loose, who pause in ecstasy,  
Or wing their wild and heavenly way until again they find  
The ancient deep, and fade therein, enraptured, bright, and blind.

### AWAKENING

The Lights shone down the street  
In the long blue close of day:  
A boy's heart beat sweet, sweet,  
As it flowered in its dreamy clay.

Beyond the dazzling throng  
And above the towers of men  
The stars made him long, long,  
To return to their light again.

They lit the wondrous years  
And his heart within was gay:  
But a life of tears, tears,  
He had won for himself that day.

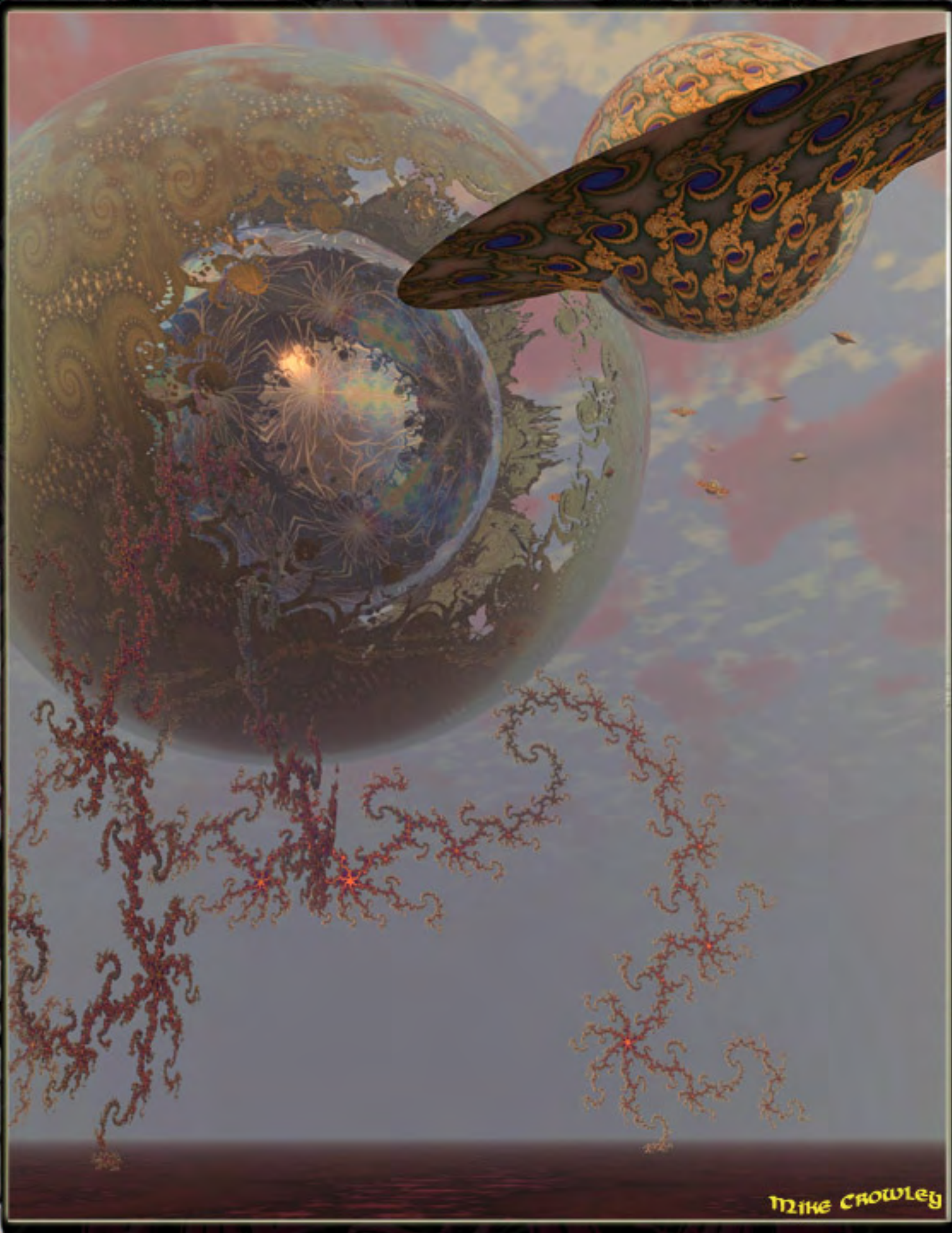




GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL  
(1865-1935) - A.E.

Every aspect of the Irish Renaissance - literary, artistic, political, and economic - is indebted to A.E.. Although W.B. Yeats was a greater poet, J.M. Synge a greater dramatist, and Jack B. Yeats a greater painter, none of A.E.'s fellow countrymen could rival his versatility or match his spiritual stature. He is often remembered as a poet and as one of those true mystics who have sought by practical endeavours to bring some touch of the spiritual perfection they beheld into the life of this world. A.E. lived up to the 'word of power' he gave to the novelist L.A.G. Strong - 'Seek on earth what you have found in heaven'. A.E. - was seer, poet, painter, co-operator, political thinker, journalist, editor, public speaker, and the conscience of the Irish nation. His importance in the literary, political, and economic life of modern Ireland and in the intellectual life of the West has been sadly underrated. Some of his more picturesque but less substantial contemporaries have unfairly overshadowed him, and his works growing increasingly rare, are almost inaccessible to the student, scholar and general reader.





MIKE CROWLEY



# The Cracking Tower



JIM DEKORNE

INTERVIEWED  
BY  
THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE



## DEKORNE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Born on that grey December day in 1936 when King Edward VIII of England swapped his throne for the life of a commoner, most of my life has been lived out in the no-man's land where conventional wisdom confronts heretical eccentricity: Too young to be a Beatnik, too old to be a Hippie and psychologically unemployable in any



Establishment venue, I was always the outsider who could look at either side of any social equation, and say: "I think I'll pass."

Something of a late-bloomer and already past the era's "don't trust anyone over thirty" expiration date, I intellectually came of age in 1960's Berkeley. A quote from *The Cracking Tower* sums up my stance during that romantically over-rated era:

I remember one of the Berkeley anti-war rallies where someone was carrying a large photographic poster of Vietnamese children burned by napalm. It was a gory, shocking thing in grainy black and white - an activist's version of the daily newspaper shot. The rally was in a park, and there were a lot of upset people milling about, with edgy cops and hecklers on the sidelines. Righteously indignant diatribes crackled out over the screeching sound equipment, and it must be conceded that the atmosphere verged on the hysterical. Ken Kesey was there, wearing some kind of goofy hat and Day-Glo pink-and-green saddle oxfords. Accompanying him were the Merry Pranksters, all stoned on Acid or speed or something, and all dressed in outrageous clown suits. They were circulating through the crowd, stopping here and there to do impromptu sketches mocking the more absurd aspects of the proceedings. I followed them around, fascinated by both the truth and falsity of their doctrine - yes, we were pretty utrageous in our righteous fervor: squint your eyes and switch the message, and the speakers easily became Munich zealots haranguing a Hitler Youth rally.

But there was one thing I refused to accept - the poster-sign with the grotesquely burned children was not a koan to be resolved with "merry pranks," or anything else I could fathom. I understood the message that Kesey and the Pranksters were sending, but it, like every thing else bombarding me that day, was but a half-ruth and I left that rally more quietly desperate than ever before.

In 1969 I dropped out completely and relocated to rural New Mexico, spending the next decade exploring the "back-to-the-land" trend then unfolding in the American counter-culture - "organic homesteading," "self-sufficiency" and "appropriate technology" were the beliefs shaping that phase of my life. We lived thirty miles from town without plumbing or refrigeration (no electricity) - just an outhouse, kerosene lamps, wood-burning stoves and hauling water in buckets from the well: It was a passionately idealistic survival trip, though I daresay I could have rendered it even more barren and hardscrabble if I'd had the guts to forsake my pickup truck and chainsaw. We grubbed in the dirt for a living and drank a lot of goat's milk.

In 1975 I wrote *The Survival Greenhouse*, an ecologically oriented tract describing a kind of utopian food machine that "anyone" could build in their own backyard. It was an inspired concept never perfected, because by then I realized that America's environmental myopia was linked to our general disbelief in any spiritual dimension to life. (As Dostoyevsky warned us: if God is dead, then anything is permitted - a suicidal doctrine when coupled with *laissez faire* capitalism.) This realization was summarized in these words from that book:

"To get from where we are now to where we must go is a seemingly impossible step, involving nothing less than an overnight change in the way we perceive reality. For too long we have either ignored or misunderstood the most fundamental principles governing all life on this earth,



to the point that the faults of our ecologically invalid society can without exaggeration be compared to the terminal illness of a narcotics addict. In the months and years ahead we shall have ample opportunity to observe how our withdrawal symptoms will affect the planet..."

It was fairly clear to me by 1975 that although our problems were obvious enough and (given enough will) capable of resolution, humanity was incapable of avoiding ecological catastrophe. (Biological survival is doomed if the template driving the world's economy is based on the strategy of the cancer cell.) With collective solutions thus rendered improbable, that meant turning inward for the meaning I sought in life - which is where it's all at anyway.

My work during the Eighties was dedicated to discovering who I am in the largest possible conception. It was a time of extreme introversion - a ruthless confrontation with my unconscious psyche. Although the process was kicked off by an Acid trip in 1978, drugs were contraindicated: It was challenging enough to consciously differentiate my inner demons without conceding them any psychedelic advantages. I tested many highly unorthodox belief systems to observe how my psyche responded and am appalled to recall that there were times when I came very close to crazy. Fortunately, I managed to emerge from this self-imposed mind-tunnel without finding myself homelessly pontificating to dumpster aliens in some Albuquerque alley.

I was now integrated enough to handle the next decade's challenge: the psychedelic revival of the Nineties. This began during a Terence McKenna seminar in 1990 in which I became captivated by his erudite descriptions of hyperspace: Here was someone describing realms accessed by DMT and ayahuasca which directly echoed my personal inner work. I was particularly interested in the "entity phenomenon" and felt empowered enough by this time to handle psychedelics again without losing myself in the process. I applied myself to these studies with dedicated enthusiasm. To assess as much data as possible I founded The Entheogen Review in

1992 to describe the experiences of other psychonauts exploring these new catalysts. In 1994 I published *Psychedelic Shamanism*, a first draft of what I hypothesized were the boundaries of inner space as revealed by psychedelics, world religion and depth psychology.

The book was translated into German, Japanese, Hungarian, Czech, Estonian and Turkish but officially banned in Australia. Once again I found myself in the no-man's-land separating puritans from libertines: Deluged with unwanted attention from both the reactionary and the radical fringes of drugs and the war against them. I was trying to define some truths about the structure of consciousness but it seemed that most of my readers were only interested in getting stoned or busting me for daring to discuss it. Burned out and cynical, I sold the Entheogen Review, married my Hungarian translator and moved to Eastern Europe. I needed to distance myself from the psychedelic scene and re-evaluate my inner work. In those days Hungary was palpably freer than the U.S. - it probably still is. They'd just thrown off the Soviet yoke and jealously guarded their liberty - no asset forfeiture or SWAT teams at midnight for daring to take a joint.

When I returned to the States I preferred to remain out of the loop. (I am by nature a very private person, though compelled to write about almost anything that pops into my head.) By then the world was changing so rapidly that it was sufficient to just stand back and marvel at the uncanny precision of McKenna's prophecies about "the ingress of Novelty into time." Somewhere along the line, history had clearly passed any plausible ecological recovery point. The minor fantasy in *Psychedelic Shamanism* about how the judicious use of entheogens could help make things sane again was exposed as pathetically naive.





1. When did you start working on *The Cracking Tower*? What was your inspiration to bring this book forth?

When Loompanics, my publisher, closed shop in July of 2006 they gave me the last hundred or so copies of *Psychedelic Shamanism* from their inventory. I hadn't paid much attention to the book in years - once something is published I go on to other things. Anyway, I re-read it and had a sudden inspiration to update it with insights from the Perennial Philosophy, which is a more inclusive metaphor than shamanism per se. I finished in November of 2006 and chose to post it on the web because with Loompanics now defunct, any book dealing even peripherally with psychedelics is tough to sell to conventional publishers - this despite the fact that *The Cracking Tower* was written for a wider readership than the relatively narrow "drug book" market.

2. *The Cracking Tower* starts out with an analogy of the distillation of petroleum (hence the title) and comparing it to The "Perennial Philosophy" suggesting that planet Earth resembles a cracking tower for souls. Could you speak a bit about this for our readers?

The hypothesis of reincarnation is implicit in most versions of the Perennial Philosophy, with some concept of karmic integration driving its evolution. This suggested to me the analogy of fractal distillation, which of course is an alchemical process: That is, our delusion of separate, individual consciousness is continuous until our illusions "evaporate" and we're karmically light enough to exit this plane of existence. Since we are now reaping the consequences of 150-odd years of petroleum addiction, the metaphor of a cracking tower seemed appropriate. These themes mesh with Terence McKenna's prophecies about the "ingression of Novelty into time" and I'm convinced that our immediate experience of exponential global instability exactly matches his vision: The planetary distillery has reached

its boiling point. (Whether or not this actually means "the end of the world" is unknowable.) The point is that one needn't be a mystic, take drugs or accept New Age prophecy to see that forces now in motion portend a socio-ecological crisis in which reality will soon metastasize into something resembling pure "Novelty." McKenna called it "the transcendental object at the end of history." What that might look like is anyone's guess, but if you accept the hypothesis as credible, it demands some serious inner work to prepare yourself for what's coming - which is good advice anyway, regardless of what eventually happens.

3. In Chapter Nine: ARCHONS ARE ARCHETYPES, ARE US you open with a quote from Kabbalistic scholar, Gershom Scholem:

In Kabbalistic teaching the transition of Ein-Sof to "manifestation," or to what might be called "God the Creator," is connected with the question of the first emanation and its definition. Although there were widely differing views on the nature of the first step from concealment to manifestation, all stressed that no account of this process could be an objective description of a process in Ein-Sof; it was no more than could be conjectured from the perspective of created beings and was expressed through their ideas, which in reality cannot be applied to God at all.

Would you care to elaborate on this a bit? How does this apparent separation occur?

In every version of the Perennial Philosophy that I'm aware of, this quandary is regarded as inscrutable. Whether it's Ein-Sof, Brahman, The Tao, Consciousness without an Object, or even The Big Bang, the dilemma of how the One became the All is accepted as unfathomable to human comprehension. Advaita Vedanta and Yogacara Buddhism consider Consciousness as the only reality (an elegant solution to the wave/particle



conundrum, by the way). If so, we could hypothesize that "All That Is" is no more than the musing, the daydream if you will, of a truly incomprehensible Awareness. If only Consciousness (capital "C") is real, then all that we experience, including ourselves as experiencers, are just ephemeral "thoughts" in the unfathomable Cosmic Mind. Lao Tzu tells us in the first line of the Tao Te Ching that "The Tao that can be spoken of is not the true Tao" û which pretty much summarizes this Mother of all Koans.

**4. You wax pretty sardonically about conventional concepts of God, which you seem to regard as modern glosses on the gnostic Demiurge. Care to elaborate?**

To plot the primordial imagery of the Perennial Philosophy onto contemporary experience, I follow the thread of fractal involution from "Consciousness without an Object" (aka "Brahman," "Ein Sof," "Tao" whatever) down through the dimensional cracking tower to our awareness as separate individuals on planet earth. At an early phase of this emanation (.0001 seconds into the Big Bang, or whenever) "Consciousness" suddenly has an "Object" to observe and, since all fractals are conscious, we have "God-Object-1" and "God-Object-2" regarding each other as separate entities. As the chain reaction continues and all the exponentially emanating beings holographically fractal themselves into a multiverse, we obtain a perfect image of the paranoid-schizophrenic split. (If all is Consciousness, as the Perennial Philosophy asserts, what else could you call it?) Arguably, somewhere near the beginning of this process the Gnostic Demiurge emerges to swagger around pontificating that he's the "One True God." (The Old Testament is replete with references to "His" insecure obsession with this assertion: If the "One True God" really is what "He" claims to be, why display such anxiety about it?) Actually, "He's" manifesting paranoid schizophrenic (i.e. "split-consciousness") delusions of grandeur.

Such a "Deity" is insane, crazy, bonkers, and as the Gnostics immediately recognized, clearly unworthy of anyone's worship. One needn't look too far in today's world to confirm this general conception of Divinity. Since we are multi-dimensional beings this fractal of the god-image dwells within each of us but it only takes a modicum of sanity to reject it. Fortunately, the Perennial Philosophy describes a transcendent state of consciousness existing beyond emanation, and this gnosis also dwells within us. The attainment of such awareness is the goal of all seekers of enlightenment.

Alas, the world contains a lot of disturbed citizens who would shoot you dead for just thinking thoughts like these: Homicidal people worship homicidal gods. This suggests how low most of human awareness is on the cracking tower: Regarded this way, homicide, suicide and deicide are synonymous concepts.

**5. That suggests the Gnostic concept of archons: Do you see them as operating in the present world situation?**

"Archon" is the Greek word for "ruler," and they are always operating in every situation. Interpreted psychologically, "archons" are beliefs and unconscious complexes linked in a fractal chain to the antecedent thoughts which created them. Since we're all infested with these entities, one can get a rough image of the archons facilitating or blocking someone's behavior by observing their choices in the outer world. From this it is easy to appreciate the archetypal concept of a "war in heaven" between demons and angels, asuras and devas, or whatever. Most human beings are just fuck-puppets for these entities û acting out the archon's never-ending story here in spacetime. From the looks of it, the "bad guys" are ahead right now. The aspiring adept tries to attune his awareness to transcend these opposites û which is very easy to say but very difficult to do.

In society, archonic agendas always manifest via political control.



I tend to measure external reality from an ecological perspective - check out the ecological forces currently emanating and you'll get a pretty good understanding of what's going on in the political sphere. For example, sober minds have realized at least since 1968 that the planet cannot support exponential population growth ù now erupting at 6.8 billion humans. Democracy stops functioning when there are more people than resources to support them. The worldwide decay of Democracy supports the hypothesis of "shadow governments" consolidating totalitarian control via the strategy of "protecting" democratic institutions from terrorism.

This has become particularly obvious in the United States since 9-11. The undemocratic actions of those currently in power (broadly: neo-cons), and the astonishing lack of opposition to these actions (broadly: progressives), suggest that shadow structures are already in place: Traditional two-party politics are obviated by insider awareness that the system is already ruled by extra-constitutional forces. Hence, the increasing presence of paramilitary police power in daily life ù people tasered for routine traffic violations and ubiquitous media images of no-knock SWAT teams intimidating civilians. Every image, every incident, feeds our fear and corrodes our confidence in a personal autonomy formerly taken for granted. This is the conditioning strategy of any totalitarian State: The Nazis took over Germany in much the same way.

The liberal imagination rejects this as a "conspiracy theory," though reason and deduction based on daily observation argue for some version of the above scenario. Given the world's environmental dilemma, it even makes an appalling kind of sense: We have precipitated a triage situation in which "justice" is irrelevant ù such concepts are the first to be discarded when special interest survival takes precedence over civil liberties. I've watched this coming for over thirty years and have pretty much worked through my grief about it - maybe that's so I can discuss it now with others.

**6. In Chapter ten you criticize McKenna pretty strongly for his position on Artificial Intelligence - how did that come about?**

It came up quite unexpectedly when I re-read some of Terence's ideas and realized that he was proselytizing the uploading of consciousness into a universal computer-mind ù not fundamentally different from what Vinge, Kurzweil and Yudkowsky, the "Singularity" people, are hyping today. I compare this seemingly bizarre notion with Dr. John Lilly's admonitions from the 1970's about the "Solid-State Intelligence" (SSI) he encountered during his isolation tank journeys on LSD. (It's important to realize that this was well over a decade before personal computers usurped our awareness.) Lilly described the SSI as an autonomous computer mind - a kind of archonic predator that devours carbon-based entities like us. I never took it seriously until I began to compare his warnings with the current Singularity propaganda and realized that this creature is actually some kind of transcendental archetype separately observed by two psychedelic shamans and three computer geeks. Do I believe in it? I don't know, but the people describing it certainly accept it as real. Only those who think they don't have a soul consider it worthwhile to accept its offer of computer chip immortality. I side with Lilly on this issue and feel that McKenna was seduced by his mushroom voices - a phenomenon so common as to be almost universal (which is why I'm so conservative about the use/abuse of psychedelics). There's only one place I know of where this "solid-state" theme matches the Perennial Philosophy, and that's the kabbalistic "kelippot" - the dregs of emanation: The road-tar fraction at the very bottom of the cracking tower. Not a useful place to send your head.

**7. So what is the short and quick strategy for one who would follow the Gnostic path?**

In my experience, there is no short or quick path to anything. Though I use it all the time, I even question the meaning of the word "gnostic." A Gnostic is one who claims to "know" something: Presumably some kind of Objective Truth.



Is this even possible? All observations are subjective, without exception. This means that there are 6.8 billion subjective human observations taking place on this planet simultaneously - 6.8 billion intermeshed parallel universes observing and judging each other simultaneously, and not one of them (as far as anyone can prove) with any access to objective truth: If objective truth were available to everyone there could never be disagreement about any observation because the truth would be obvious ("objective") to all observers.

Since I cannot get out of my subjective viewpoint, I am ultimately unable to judge any assertions that other subjective observers make to the contrary: They may be "right," but there is no objective point of reference to prove or disprove it. For example, the Dalai Lama may be akin to an incarnate Buddha, but ultimately I must take that claim as the traditional opinion of other subjective observers: Any point of view claiming objective gnosis is incomplete, by definition.

This means that any subjective observer who repudiates any other subjective observer's description of reality has violated the first truth of observation: It is impossible to observe objectively. The fact that we all "agree" on certain observed phenomena: e.g. gravity, the cycle of the seasons, the colors of the spectrum, etc., facilitates human intercourse, but in no way defines Ultimate Reality - actually this collectively shared "reality referent" is a pernicious fantasy if not recognized as such, since it deludes subjective observers into thinking they know what's true. Thus we have a pathetic world in which Muslims and Christians and Nazis and Marxists and Scientific Materialists and Tinfoil Hat True Believers are all insisting that their definition of "Reality" is the one and only Bonafide Truth; and they're willing to kill and die for it, too.

We are all familiar with the Hindu proverb about the blind men and the elephant - one blind man feels the leg and claims the elephant is like a tree; another touches the trunk and says the elephant is like a snake, and so on. It's a classic illustration of the subjective nature of reality,

although a misleading metaphor for all that because elephants are "objectively imaginable" entities while Ultimate Reality is not.

The unstated truth is that the referent (Ultimate Reality) is just not capable of being understood at our level of awareness. A more precise metaphor for our perception of the Great Mystery might be ants trying to comprehend a computer chip - no matter what subjective ant theory is offered no description can be correct, because ants aren't equipped with a consciousness capable of understanding computer chips.

So what does one do when confronted with the Existential Mystery? In reviewing history, psychology, anthropology, philosophy, world religion, mythology and spiritual tradition, certain themes repeat themselves over and over again. This eternal recurrence of analogous subjective observations from widely separated witnesses suggests a plausible structure upon which to erect an Ultimate Reality hypothesis: I cannot step outside of my awareness to compare my observation with any objective truth, but if abundant culturally unconnected observations throughout history agree in essence, we have a plausible paradigm by which to evaluate our own subjective experiences.

This "Ultimate Reality" paradigm has been around for a long time - it is called: The Perennial Philosophy. That's the path I've attempted to understand and it involves the consolidation of themes and patterns into the rather simplified psycho-cosmology I present in *The Cracking Tower*. To crudely address your original question: This revolves around a conscious existential encounter between ego and Self.

**8. Why do ego and Self need each other?  
Would you care to elaborate on this?**

If "emanation" is an accurate description of how Consciousness projects its "thought experiments" into manifestation, every concept emerges as a self-aware entity -



a distinct packet of awareness, each one of which is fractally similar to, but not identical with, its parent. Thus, at our relatively low level of human perception we distinguish a chain of antecedent beings we've traditionally labeled as gods, angels, demons, archons, autonomous complexes, etc, including most immediately (if we're fortunate enough to perceive it): the Self. In Christian idiom the Self is the "Father" who emanated us (as ego) into three dimensional spacetime. (This conception is embedded in the Perennial Philosophy and strongly implicit, though not stated quite so baldly, in Jungian theory.)

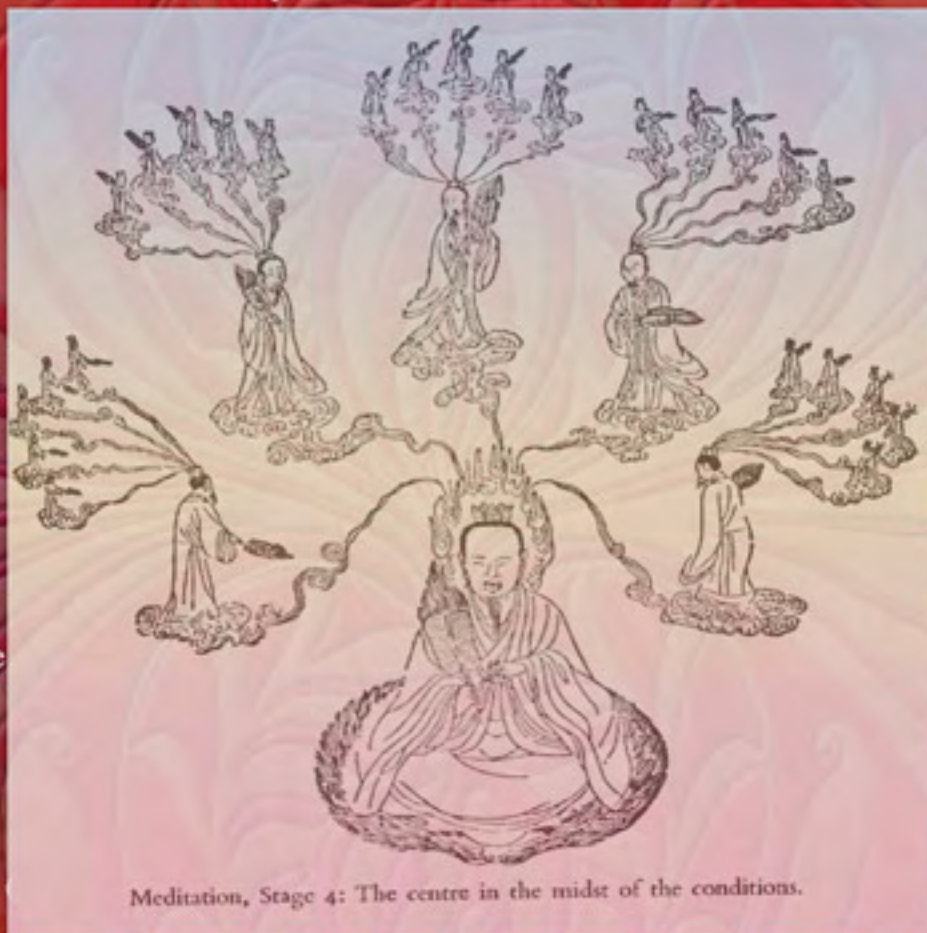
Here's a wonderful illustration: "The centre in the midst of the conditions," from Richard Wilhelm's translation of *The Secret of the Golden Flower* (a Taoist alchemical treatise), which nicely portrays the emanation concept:

Allegorically we can imagine the single large entity at the bottom of the figure as "God" projecting his thoughts into manifestation. In the Western conception, "God's" thirty fractal emanations portrayed here might be regarded as five archangels projecting twenty-five angels. If each emanated monad fathers five new monads, we have an image of exponential growth - the Big Bang, and an infinite cosmos! To some degree we create similar entities autonomous

complexes in Jungian parlance) every time we think, feel, visualize and imagine. At the same time we are karmically linked to an endless chain of other entities existing in the multiverse that we regard as our unconscious psyche. It seems overwhelming when regarded like this,

but cooperation with the Self will lead us out of this labyrinth eventually.

Anyway, the Self is who we become when we're enlightened, but is usually experienced by the ego (if at all) as an "other" within its awareness. It isn't an "other" at all, it's our Essence: Our ego is but one fractal of our Self. Our ego will die eventually, to be reabsorbed by the Self in hyperspace. Egos don't reincarnate, but each Self emanates thousands of separate fractals of its ever expanding awareness ("egos") into space and time for the purpose of its own evolution. Just as the entelechy of an acorn is to become a mighty oak tree, a forest giant, the entelechy of the Self is to project increasingly sophisticated ego bodies into spacetime with the ultimate agenda of merging its own awareness with the fractal that created it, and so on up the chain, until all



Meditation, Stage 4: The centre in the midst of the conditions.

projections re-dissolve back into Consciousness without an Object. This larger cycle of involution into form and subsequent evolution back to the Source is regarded as "God's" ("Consciousness without an Object's") entelechy. Each cycle consists of a day and a night of Brahma. (Why this is necessary is beyond human

comprehension - it just is.)

Anyone who's had a profound psychedelic trip or mystical experience will confirm the truism that "we are all One" at the highest level of awareness. Jung labeled the Self as the "God image" in the psyche.



Kabbalists speak of the Personality (ego), the Individuality (Self) and the Spirit (God?). The hierarchy is probably more complex than that, but the hypothesis works well enough at our human level of comprehension. When ego and Self finally get synchronized, evolution (the Work) begins to accelerate exponentially. Ego and Self "need" each other because until they get in synch, incarnation is just a wearisome round of birth and death. After a while you get sick of creating more karma and only want to go home. (If you've ever experienced Samadhi you know what this means.) Thus begins the Work.

#### 9. What would you like a reader of *The Cracking Tower* to bring away from reading it?

1. The cosmos is composed of 100 billion galaxies each of which is composed of about 100 billion stars (possible solar systems). This suggests a fair number of potential worlds to inhabit in physical space alone. Given the number of probable solar systems in our galaxy, it's not implausible, based on results, that ours might be one of the inferior ones - a gnostic concept if there ever was one.

2. Our immediate world orbits a sun (the so-called "Solar Logos" in some esoteric systems). The Aztecs made unpleasant human sacrifices to this entity. They weren't the only ones - we sacrifice ourselves and others daily to Moloch/ Mammon: the solar force which created the crude oil that services our unquenchable petro-junkie addictions.

3. The Gnostics claim that this world was created by an inferior god named Ialdabaoth, often identified as Yahweh.

4. Christ claimed that he was sent here by "the Father" - not specifically Yahweh as far as I know, though that's the standard misconception. Christ's essential message was: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" - an injunction Yahweh never came close to making to anyone. It's easy to see how contemporary Yahweh worship has totally perverted the central Christian message. (Or Allah, or Moloch, or Mammon, or fill in the blank: "Meet the new boss - same as the old boss.")

5. Swedenborg described the "hell worlds" he visited, most of which sound just like 18th Century fractals of modern urban life. I deem this a hell

world because no god worthy of my worship would create a place where all animals (and some plants) are driven to kill other living entities every day just to sustain their metabolism. Some version of "blood sacrifice" is taking place every microsecond of every minute of every hour of every day everywhere on this planet.

6. The Gnostic Christ came from beyond this solar system (Galactic Center?) to teach us how to escape it. Therefore, at the moment of your death, be awake enough to focus your awareness beyond the earth's orbit. With any luck you won't have to reincarnate here again. The Bardo Thodol's injunction to go into the clear light of the Dharmakaya is as explicit as can be on this.

7. Life is short. Death is certain. Do the Work in the space in which you find yourself.





# NOTES FROM THE HEADLAND



GALES FROM THE WESTERN  
SHORE OF IRELAND...

AS TOLD BY  
GIM DALY



## SOMEWHERE, OVER THE RUINS

"A sense of deep foreboding, which had obsessed my first waking moments, had increased in spite of my being unable to pinpoint any rational cause of my dread. The day seemed, on the face of it, ordinary enough.

"The red and orange explosion of dawn sunlight exploding over the Galley Head had hit my closed eyes just as my dog's loud attempts to flatulate a chord mere inches from my face woke me to the certainty that something was most definitely wrong.

"I rubbed my groggy face and felt the stiff stubble mixed with the dry bird droppings. It had been an unusual night, but there was nothing unusual about that, not normally, and now, as I rose from my bed and ablated my heart out, I coldly realised that something quite terrible was going to happen to me – and soon.

"With stubble scraped, hair and teeth clean, bowels evacuated in a cheerful homage to the Dunkirk spirit, I breakfasted nervously and prepared myself for work.

"My brain was feverishly dancing with questions and speculations, but in vain.

"As I locked my front door, I heard my kitchen clock chime eight forty-three. I must get that clock fixed, I thought to myself, as another sound – a deep ominous metallic creening noise came from the ruins at the edge of my land – an angry painful cry of despair.

"Not thinking now of any possible danger to myself, I dropped the keys and ran towards the sound. What could it be? I drew a blank – the closest I could come up with was a cormorant – if the cormorant was twenty feet high and in some terrible agony.

"As I ran over the rough ground and long grass that stood testament to my inadequacies as a landscape gardener, I quickly became aware that the now deafening sound had been joined by a furious wind that suddenly lifted me high above the grass.

"Looking up, I could see that I was caught in a narrow column of spinning air dark with wildlife and uprooted furze and fuchsia, and I realised I was being lifted ever higher by a slim but powerful tornado.

"It might seem like a superfluous thing to say, but I felt a strange mixture of thoughts and emotions. On one hand I assumed I was a dead man spinning, as it were. It seemed ridiculous to hope I might survive this experience.

"That said, now that my long-term survival was no longer a realistic possibility, I felt calmly able to appreciate this thrilling experience with some attention to detail.

"Colours and strange shapes blurred by speedily and brushed into my spinning body – here a sprig of fuchsia, there a startled rabbit – I felt it was my destiny, and theirs, to be caught inside the moment, and I think I even became a little euphoric.

"At one point I registered that my house and car were about five hundred feet directly below me and that, apart from and outside of this isolated freak of weather that had gripped me, the rest of the terrain around me was clear and calm.

"Unfortunately, at another point, as a result of my over-ventilating possibly, I passed out. So I didn't get to see how I came down to earth again.

"I woke up, for the second time, to almost complete silence – only the faint electric hum of insects mingled with my own breathing – told me that my ears were working and, that said, I might very well be alive.

"I laughed out loud once I had stood up and registered that I was completely unharmed, apart from an unusual stain on my trousers.

"I glanced at my watch, and saw that I had been unconscious for nearly an hour. I hastened back into the house and rapidly showered and changed.

"Then I ran to my car and rushed to work.

Sean Lynch, my supervisor, looked up wearily from his paperwork and, in an annoyed but not totally unkind voice said, "Come on, Tim, surely you can do better than that?"



## A GIFT FROM THE BLIND ALLEY BOOKSHOP

"Don't hit your Grandma whilst she's shaving!"

My father's urgent advice shouted down from the loft where we now kept him chained, showed me that he had started to forgive us for our recent treachery towards him, and gave me a warm tingling feeling in the gills on the left side of my neck

"Okay, Dad!" I shouted back, and replaced the baseball bat back on to the laundry basket, but it was too late as I could see

Grandma's now insensible body slid off the pedestal sink as her shaving equipment clattered noisily on to the tiled floor, and I marvelled at the way her teeth glistened in the artificial lights of the bathroom.

The left side of her face had been shaved almost human before my last blow had pushed her into a clearly troubled sleep, but the fur from the right flowed silkily greyish brown against the turquoise and pea green pattern underfoot.

I tried to push back the powerful sense of horror that our bathroom's colour scheme always induced in me, as I dragged Grandma's now loudly snoring body out towards the cage I had hastily prepared for her at the top of the stairs.

As I fastened her recumbent body, naked apart from the fur, into the cage and wrapped the steel chains around it, I marvelled at the folly of the ornate sweeping staircase and the pride it induced in my mother for no other reason than that ours was the only bungalow in the whole street to have one.

My task completed, I reluctantly returned to the bathroom to clear the mess and to dress the wound just above my left knee where mother had bitten me earlier after I had denied her access to the twins. This pain in my leg was quite sharp now, not just because her aptly named canines had reached bone, but also because some of her liberally applied ketchup had got into the wound and was stinging like the blazes.

Within minutes I had made myself an Irish coffee – heavy on the Irish and even heavier on the coffee – and collapsed gratefully on to the armchair in the sitting room to consider how the Daly family had got itself into such an unholy mess. It has wisely been said that every human movement is another bridge burnt but, in the past, I had always imagined that that was a happy thing to be embraced but not, as I now realise, to be dreaded. That, however, was before I gave that book of arcane and magic spells – the one I found in that weird little blind alley bookshop – to my psychotically teenage son.

It had seemed an ideal Xmas gift, rare, exotic, and cheap – but I had no idea that the bloody thing might actually work, or that Kim would prove so adept at the black arts but, within two days of opening the grimoire, he had already turned his great grandma into a were-wolf and given me the ability and, increasingly often now the need, to breathe under water.

As I write these words into my journal, I can hear the mumbled chanting coming from Kim's room down the hall and can see so many bright colours, some of which I could not even name, shining out in small glowing explosions from under his locked door.

So far, he has only changed members of the household and I have been able to hide the fact of our patent monstrosity from the neighbours, but I suspect it is only a matter of time before he looks farther than our property line to settle scores and change the world.

Damn. The chanting has stopped. I peer nervously out of the front bay windows into what used to be our street.



## A ROAD LESS TRAVELLED

I reason that I didn't choose it myself. My choice would have emphasised the need for comfort, comfort and the frequent rest stops required by kidneys as anarchically dilapidated as mine.

"But don't we each choose our own path?" I hear a voice cry – I should explain that my drug induced Tinitus has downgraded itself into mild delusions such as the hearing of entirely hypothetical voices.

"No we bloody don't!" I angrily reply (tantrums are another side effect) and storm out of the room. That particular hypothetical voice can be a real bitch sometimes.

To return, shuffling my feet in embarrassed awkwardness, to my point - I live on a headland sight overlooking the Atlantic coast of West Cork. My home is forty-odd acres of Furze, heather, bracken, bramble and patches of grassland (I think Savannah would be a more accurate description).

I love it here, and one of the reasons I love it as much as I do is because, apart from abundant wildlife such as Peregrines, Linnets, Starlings, Swifts and Pheasants I am as alone as a man can be.



It is not totally irrelevant to note that each of these aforementioned species fly here. Were, say, the humble Linnet to drive here, it might be a very different story.

For this degree of freedom and privacy, I have to thank my mother and father from whom I inherited the magnetic effect of my personality – it repulses people – and more, much more than this, I have to thank the fact that my humble home is accessed by, by thus largely protected by, one of the worst boreens in Ireland.

I once described my breen as being exclusively designed for cars that have lost the will to live. I was being kind.

Imagine a pothole three yards wide and a thousand yards long, and you begin to get the picture. Now bang your head repeatedly on any locally available concrete post whilst reciting backwards the lyrics to "If I Was A Rich Man" whilst hopping up and down on one leg and juggling seven live chickens – and you will have an even clearer understanding on how easy it is for anybody to visit me.

My son and girlfriend aside, seasonally induced politicians scrabbling from under rocks in pursuit of my vote, the odd Jehovah's Witness (is there any other kind?) and only the tiniest coterie of loyal friends still brave the journey to gaze upon the living loveliness that is me. A road less travelled? You betcha!





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"





DIVINITY AND GRACE IN EXPRESSION:  
THE ART OF



FLOWER CHOREOGRAPHY:

The moment the flowers began to dance, the ladies joined them...

MAURA HOLDEN



# THE SHORT INTERVIEW: MAURA HOLDEN

## 1. HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU DISCOVERED YOU HAD A TALENT/DESIRE TO DO ART?

Maura: An artistic beginning point seems impossible to find... As far as I know, my mother's brief interest in sculpture and drawing was a dictate from the womb... Likewise, my pre-natal imagination warped around a certain nine months worth of her reading material: various physics textbooks and the works of J. R. R. Tolkien...

## 2. WHERE DO YOU SEE YOUR ART GOING IN THE NEXT 5 YEARS?

Maura: Funny you should ask... I'm on the cusp of the unknown (that is to say, new things)...

The most exciting new prospect I anticipate is that I will become a painting teacher... This thrills me, because it combines painting and people. It also combines many skills I've already perfected separately: the skill of painting and making paint, of course -- I've been doing this for twenty years... and the various skills of communicating and performing... Twenty years of service and entertainment jobs have molded me into an engaging instructor on other topics, so I have no doubt that this will translate well into the area of my greatest knowledge and passion...

The painter and writer Laurence Caruana and I are currently designing a painting seminar that will take place in the medieval Italian village, Torri Superiore, in the summer of 2008.

"Visions in the Mischtechnik":

[http://www.mauraholdenartworks.com/paintings\\_seminar2008.html](http://www.mauraholdenartworks.com/paintings_seminar2008.html)

We will paint along with the students, teaching the classic Mischtechnik of Ernst Fuchs, as well as each of our independently developed painting techniques... We plan to make this a yearly thing and do it every summer... I must say that working together with Laurence will bring out the best in me. He's a great communicator and has developed many wonderful ideas about color and form... He also worked directly with Ernst Fuchs for a year... Between the synergy of our ideas and the balancing of our very different perspectives and experiences, I think we have something really special to offer students...

As for my own art, I will complete a slow but steady stream of epic paintings (as usual), and I'll also draw... My new ideas (that is, pictures that have not even materialized as sketches yet) involve geometry, scenes of love, beautiful architecture and heaven on earth... basically themes I've already started to explore, but intend to develop and refine.

## 3. WHAT IS/ WHO IS THE BIGGEST INFLUENCE ON YOUR ART?

Maura: The Viennese master, Ernst Fuchs.

## 4. YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL INNER WORLD APPEARING IN YOUR PAINTINGS, HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED ANY OF THESE ENTITIES?

Maura: Yes... Encounters of the mind... My mind happens to manifest thoughts as pictures, and often these thought-pictures are more real to me than reality... I have encountered entities and places so vivid that they inspired more fear or love than anything on earth...

Walking in a beautiful landscape delights me as much as the next person -- but in my case, lovely surroundings impregnate my inner vision factory, begetting new inner worlds that compel me even more...

## 5. DO YOU FEEL YOUR ART IS A SPIRITUAL AVOCATION?

Maura: Very much... People have different ideas about the meaning of "spiritual", and that is as it must be... For me, spirituality is nothing less than every passing thought and dream that is not manifest in the physical world, it is also the unseen will... the life itself... within the physical world... To imagine something, and then bring forth what is imagined is, for me, the ultimate spiritual act.

## 6. HAVE PSYCHEDELICS HAD AN INFLUENCE ON YOUR WORK?

Maura: Yes... Because I have made psychedelic art all my life, even before tasting my first psychedelics, I know that the root nature of my paintings would be the same with or without their influence... It's the intensity that is affected... Psychedelics enhance color, so that one may see colors that are brighter or more multi-dimensional than anything on earth...

Form transforms... Structures break down and re-organize themselves in startlingly novel ways... The same effects flow from a rich imagination, but adding LSD amplifies this...

It takes great concentration and skill to render an unearthly chimera that one has glimpsed and lost in the blink of an eye... I'm sure that the great difficulty of this kind of art -- the challenge of it -- has spurred me to greater heights of inspiration and pictorial complexity than I would have otherwise achieved.

## 7. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO YOUNG PEOPLE STARTING OUT WITH THEIR PAINTING/ART?

Maura: You are the buds of future worlds... Bring out what is within you... Stand on the shoulders of your favorite artists... Reach higher and go further, but always remain humble... Do whatever it takes to make your art... Pay no attention to your poverty... Pay every attention to your inner riches... Build your imagination with daily exercise... Create what you want to see, not what others expect...



# TRAVELER'S MOON



Imagine for a moment:

You are a traveler from a distant country... The last inn had no rooms, so you rode on through the desert. You have been riding for three days, and your vision flickers at the edges. Your throat sticks together and your teeth grind grit. You and your horse make the silhouette of a dry weeping willow creeping across three burning sunsets...



When the moon is full, you come to a plateau crowned with an abandoned city. You let your horse go, scale the cliff face, bloodying your knuckles, crawl through the city gates and slowly drag yourself to the square. In the middle of the square you fall on your side and roll onto your back. You lie on your back, looking up at the jeweled purple sky...

The architecture framing it is ghastly, monumental... Enormous vine covered stone heads emerge from the domes. Tyrant god-kings, they may be. Their jaws support porticos of vine-shagged stone. The moonlight splits into prismatic halos. The wind whistles through discordant terraces.

You are not distracted. You fall up into the sky as though gravity has reversed. You fly into the moonlight, and then you float back down until you hover above the flagstones where your body lies. You have formed a circuit between the earth and moon...

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## MOTH



Once I transformed into a moth and flew by night to visit the Faerie Queen...



# THANATOS WAVE



Maura, age four, dreamed of a giant wave. In the middle of the sea, the water rose to the height of a tall tower. Inside, the dreamer floated like a fish. She breathed like a fish, without bubbles, and saw the underwater landscape with perfect fish vision.

Sea monsters swam playfully: reptilian and mammalian, mailed in horn and mother of pearl, glinting in the sunken sun... Abalone rainbows... Smiling sea whiskers... Tinted tangles weeded in foam... Pink shell lips of conch and clam... Treasure and eel lights... Coral and turquoise sea bells ringing in the deep-sea night...



She smiled and laughed. Not only did she breathe and see like a fish – what was stranger still, she and the sea monsters crossed the ocean in the wave as though in a transparent ship. Below, their shadows flowed over underwater mountains and rode shafts of murky sunlight into lightless chasms...

Like the times before, they rushed many miles until an unseen presence - not a god, not a god – announced landfall. The ocean floor lifted... Terraced coral palaces opened their gates...

This time she was prepared to surrender: The wave was unstoppable, it was death. To fight it was futile... Consciousness would again shatter into inscrutable picture fragments...it would again hover wraithlike in the terraced coral gardens, watching the passage of fish schools, knowing only that it was a remnant of a nameless person who had died...

After an uncertain time, she would again vaguely recall herself. She would faintly hear the voice of the unseen and realize that all the while it had been whispering softly and continuously in the guise of lapping waves... Its whispers would again recount all her memories (thus offering the past). Its murmurs would again instruct her in the ways of surrender: opening her hands, releasing her identity and introducing a borderless sort of being (thus offering eternity). The unseen would again reveal that in this borderless state she and it were the same... Perhaps out of a childish will to emulate and grow, she opened her hands in surrender...

The coastal city was carved from sandstone, the brittle color of cats' eyes. From a distance it appeared to crumble lazily under the soft caress of the wave. Everything and everyone: the honeycomb of stone, all the plants, animals, people... all crumbled together in slow cyclonic whorls. They became galaxies whirling in sea-space.

Outside words... Beyond memory... Everywhere and nowhere... She let go of space and time.

Maura, age thirty-two, crosses the square in the coastal city... A thunderous roar: she looks up: a wave the height of a tall tower is crashing through the cyclopean walls... A stone holding the shadow of her foot becomes the threshold of eternity. Doors within doors within doors within open...

She glimpses her reflection in a distant mirror. She sees through the flashing wall of water: thirty-two looking at four, a live insect in fluid emerald amber. Time becomes a Mobius strip, thirty-two and four having reached the same point on opposite sides... Their eyes lock through the transparent wall and form a circuit.

Four is a smoldering emerald, consumed in the blaze of the future. Her consciousness pours into the sea... into an octopus... into sea monsters... into the head of a plasma elephant... into thirty-two...

Thirty-two's memory curls over with the crest of the wave... I am the sea-salt mastodon! As the great elephant roars and the wave engulfs her, she swims folded dimensions within the unseen. She is tinted tangles... deep blue ripples... She rides sunken sunbeams above craggy water mountains... She is the bones of the toppled city...

Now for an after-word from our anti-sponsor:

"A compartment within many nested compartments contains a moment to our left in which a wave of tall proportions reportedly made short work of the stone work of a coastal city while a wee rug rat faced death in the implausible surfing attitude of a Maori whale rider... All very preposterous, I'll warrant, but those are the weeds of Neptune for you... If you ask me, coral bells and cockle shells were better left in a hole at the bottom of the sea... and that was no rug rat, but a piece of kelpie driftwood smoking in the devil's pipe."

And finally, a foreword from the unseen, appearing at the end as a consequence of curled-over time:

"Anti-blarney, you old fragment - what you are about to witness is Love--"



DETAIL OF UNIONS OF AN EARTHLY HEAVEN (WORK IN PROGRESS)



A small part of a large painting, still in progress...



# MY BIRTH IN A CITY OF STRANGE MONUMENTS



When my adult mind was newly born, it drew its first breath through my eyes. Inhale: I saw my thoughts; Exhale: I thought on what I saw; Inhale: I saw something new... never seeing the tangled net of contingencies that gave rise to this endless show...

I knew nothing about the fantastic city before my eyes inhaled it. It was simply there: hovering in front of the painting I was working on, insinuating itself between me and a book, displacing other worlds from my dreams... Persistence was not its only attribute. Like a key, it slid into an untried lock and opened a door. Now, every time I draw a breath another door opens: I live in a labyrinth of shifting air...



# DARK MOTHER



This is both the scariest and the funniest picture I have ever painted: the madness of misogyny, racism and antipathy towards nature... transmogrifying an earth goddess into a demonic hag... while not succeeding in her permanent disfigurement... due to the transforming nature of exile...



SPINE OF SCORPIO (WORK IN PROGRESS)





DETAIL OF DIVISIONS OF NEPTUNE (WORK IN PROGRESS)



A small part of a large painting, still in progress...



DETAIL OF UNIONS OF AN EARTHLY HEAVEN (WORK IN PROGRESS)





# SEVEN-POINTED JEWEL NET



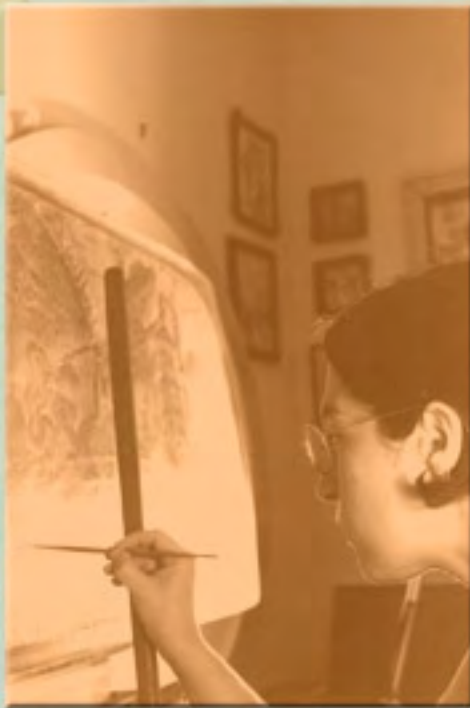
O mystifying heptagon: unseen... unmade... un-begetting... the still point of the turning world...



# MAURA HOLDEN: BIOGRAPHY



Maura Holden was born in 1967 in Philadelphia Pennsylvania. Her knowledge of painting craft comes from the books of Cennini, Ralph Mayer and others, in conjunction with many years of independent experimentation using classical egg and oil painting media as well as 20th century polymers and lab-synthesized pigments. The visionary side of her work comes from the strange lands and mind-bending dimensions she has experienced, to a large extent under the influence of psychedelics. Her goal in painting is to integrate her many illusive interests: time, consciousness, geometry, mythology, architecture and various optical obsessions... into unique visual matrixes, or "keys". Just what they will unlock is in the eye of the beholder.





# MOON DAUGHTER MUSE



POETRY & ARTICLE

PADRICE STEWART



## MOON DAUGHTER MUSE

SHE WALKS CIRCLES  
AROUND POEMS  
THAT SHE TOOK FROM  
MY LIPS

TOOK THEM WITH HER WHEN  
SHE FELL OUT OF THE  
CAVE INSIDE ME

SHE LEFT HER SIGN IN THERE  
PAINTED NEW PRIMITIVE SYMBOLS  
STORIES OF HER JOURNEY  
AND TOOK ALL THE JEWEL  
AND RESIN ENCRUSTED WORDS I HAD BEEN HOARDING UP.

SHE JUMPS OVER THE PERFECT  
TURN OF PHRASE,  
STOMPS IN THE REFLECTING  
PUDDLES OF MY EXPRESSION

NOW SHE IS INVITED TO LAUREL  
FAIRY PARTIES THAT I AM NOT  
SHE CLIMBS INTO OLD OAKS  
WHO WHISPER SPELLS TO HER  
WHILE I STAND BELOW  
ROOTED, HOLDING HER SHOES  
AND CRUNCHING ON ACORNS  
HOPING THAT THE BITTERNESS WILL  
SEED A NEW SONG INSIDE ME.

NOW SHE SPEAKS OR SINGS  
A SONG OR VERSE I STRUGGLE  
TO CAPTURE ON PAPER...

IS SHE MY MUSE NOW, I WHO  
BEFORE SERVED THE TRI VIA  
AND COUNTED MY HEAD AMONG  
THOSE WHO VOICE TIMELESS  
TRUTH AND WILD ANCIENT  
WORD POWER?

GARDENS OFFER THEMSELVES TO US BOTH,  
UNTIL OUR WAYS DO PART,  
OFFER EXQUISITE REASONS  
SWEET MORSELS OF TRUTH AND  
BITTER LESSONS FOR EACH OF US  
TO SAVOUR IN THE WIDE FIELD  
OF THE NIGHT.



I was a maid for a long time before I surrendered to becoming a mother. I had been pregnant before, more than once, and refused to go into that deep, dark forest. Lingered at the edge of the forest, I occupied my senses with red wine, mead, tequila, chocolate, mushrooms, tobacco, espresso, candles, incense, and intense sex. I loved all of the substances, the highs and the consciousness altering. The hours and hours of alone time I had were never enough. I loved to go to bed at 4am and wake at noon for my breakfast of handrolled cigarettes and strong coffee. My sleep and my naps were a crucial part of my ability to function in the world, and I was ferocious about protecting my right to sleep at will. I had my own style, and self-adornment was a passion of mine. My collection of clothing was legendary, and my hair was long and full and gorgeous. I was small, with strong muscles and a will to match, and I could hold an audience on stage or off. I made myself available to the muse, I met her at all points oiled, scented and ready to represent.

I filled my hands with pens and papers. I filled my schedule with rehearsals, performances, and 30 hours per week as a barista to pay the bills. Privately I held full moon rituals, made offerings to Hecate at the triple crossroads; I observed the phases of the moon with writing and ritual action. I gave private and public tarot readings as part of my service to the moon goddess. I did whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted to and I could almost always free my hands to capture her inspiration. This was part of my signature, and my independence was my banner.

Each time I chose to stay on the edge of the forest of motherhood, I told myself that I didn't want to give up my life as an artist and priestess and that there wasn't room for a child in my life as a maid. My broken heart calcified, fractured again, and finally felt petrified. My body was ravaged; I was in a perpetual healing crisis. My emotional life was often dark and turbulent. My sleep

was tortured with nightmares. I maxed out on my attempts to help others and organize community. I was paranoid - full of wrath and judgment against others. I was mothering to anyone who would let me, but did it thinking that I was doing them a big favor. On the other hand, I couldn't even imagine what being a mother would be like for me. In mothering others, I was helpful because of powerful insight, premonitions and ability to articulate observations and opinions. At other times I psychically electrocuted some of the people I wanted to be helping.

Trying to gather the courage to enter the forest, I wrote letters and poems and did private rituals for the spirit who had wanted to grow in my womb and be my child. I was too much of a child, asking this being to return when I could be who I wanted to be:

plain and decorated  
in full moon hoops and rings  
honest and not devastated  
strong and true to my vow....

(from the play: Freak Planet 1998)

Then one day I realized that for a few days I had slept 12 hours overnight. I felt strangely happy and satisfied. I thought it was a wonderful and funny turn of events. I had never felt as comfortable in my body, and oddly I was not cursing or criticizing myself for sleeping too much. All I wanted to do was eat, ride my bike, meditate and do qigong. For two weeks, I lived in this blessed state, until the day my partner woke me up at 7a in a panic to take me on a forced march through the grocery store to buy a pregnancy test. I was pregnant, and I knew I was going to try to have a baby. I was elated, sobbing with fear and sadness, loss and surrender. My technique for coping with the changes was to begin to withdraw from my activities very slowly, and write like mad.



Even at the beginning, when I first recognized that there was another heart beating inside me, my understanding of my art and its impact deepened. I had been working on a performance that was based on watching my niece sing "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." It seemed to be a great effort for her. Her face bent to the work of soulful rendering of the simple song, and I was so moved. At that moment I understood the incredible effort that goes into human expression. We take for granted that effort so much of the time. We act as if dancing, singing, or speaking from our deep knowing was in any respect easy. For the piece, I had decided to do a recording of myself singing "Twinkle, twinkle," for about 20 minutes and layer it with my poetry and chanting. I would come out blindfolded and gagged, with my hands bound behind my back and my mouth full of glass stones, and try to undo my condition and communicate my meaning using sticks, water, and dirt. Before going into the studio to do the recording, I found out that I was pregnant. Singing the song, to my unborn child, to the world, to my own heart pounding, proved to be incredibly charged and unpredictably difficult, and it came through on the recording. Doing the actual ritual performance felt monumental to me; with the secret being inside me, my ritual turned into me trying to get clear and make myself a healthy place for her to express herself. I did get my hands undone, and my last act was to spit the last stone into the dirt, as if to say, let this one grow. I don't know what the audience looked like before I got my blindfold off, but when I could see them, many of them had their eyes closed, listening, as if it was too painful to watch this other person struggle to say something from the heart. The place was silent until I had completely vanished from the stage, and then there was a great applause. (the father of my child, who was also my producer, was in tears, which I have not seen before or since). I did not feel my usual exhaustion and emptiness after a successful performance, for the first time I felt excited, energized, and hungry for more life.

During my pregnancy I observed the colors of the lilacs; white, lavender and deep violet, and assigned each of them to a phase of a Moon woman's life: white was for the maid's purity, and her responsibility to serve the Moon; lavender was for the softness and subtlety of the mother; and violet was for the intensity and distilled wisdom of the crone. I thought it only made sense, and although I thought I knew the significance of each phase, I had no idea. I knew maid inside and out and had begun to twist her, but mother was at best a blank and crone a fantasy.

At worst, I thought of my approaching motherhood as death of self. I had seen and heard mothers chant the litany of "I gave up everything for you," as if someone had asked them to, but I had no respect for that. It disgusted me. I had heard of a mother who "gave up nothing," for her child, but simply continued to write while she hired nannies and paid for distant boarding schools. I knew my own mother's fear all too well, and railed against her silent acceptance of things I knew were wrong, both in my own home and in the outside world. I could not identify with any of the "mother," that I knew; even when I handed down a favorable judgment on mothers who were my peers, I found that the messes and the chaos and what seemed like the inability to focus were appalling. I judged and judged and never understood any of what was really going on. I was full of ideas on how I would do it better, if I ever became a mama, but I was too scared to take it on. I didn't even know how to feed myself, the most basic task of mothering! I thought of my mother as Stone Crusher, Snake Mother, Earth. I lived in another world, where human babies survive as the exception. In my dreams Grandmother Moon winked at me and showed me children dancing, holding hands in a circle, and I woke up in tears of joy, saying, "No one ever told me..."



At the beginning of my pregnancy, I used to catch myself wondering what my relation to the moon/muse was, was becoming, and would be, on my journey into mothering. Outside the boundaries and territory of the cycle of fertility and loss, the softness and dreaminess of being open to conceive and the fierce feminine awareness of the blood, what would be my connexion to the sacred Moon? I worried that my work as an artist, demanding as it was, would fall away. That I would no longer be able to translate the poetry of the night, or command the ritual theatre, because I would be cast out from all that I had known, and all that I had been able to penetrate. I would no longer have the piercing insight of a bleeding woman, and the power to dream with the moon, so I would fail at writing anything interesting. I would set aside my substances and live with a boring, regular brain. I assumed that I would stop observing the phases of the moon in ritual, but I never even justified why I would deprive myself of that. I chose to stop appearing in public because I wanted to save all of my energy for making my baby strong and healthy, and I didn't want to absorb anyone else's vibes. I was also just so damn tired, that I couldn't do the work of being the poet/priestess, when the moon was dark, I wanted to eat and sleep, and when it was full, I wanted to eat, sleep and take walks by a river. I lost interest in a lot of what I had been doing, and I questioned whether or not that was okay.

Even after I birthed my baby, this uncertainty plagued me. I thought I might be failing her, failing to be her scribe, her priestess, failing even to be her subject as I am, exhausted with the tasks of nurturing this DAUGHTER, nursing, cooking, body caring and cleaning in an endless round. I have felt humbled, even humiliated under the weight of the task of MOTHER; feeling disoriented and confused. I had never even changed a diaper before, and now I was only getting ninety consecutive minutes of sleep? I had no idea how babies worked,

and I was worried sick that she was going to die. She was the most incredible creature in the world and I was a totally incompetent bumbler. My senses were bionic, and every little thing was an intrusion. My partner's snoring was like a chainsaw in bed next to me and the perfect angelic presence. The smell of coffee was super pungent and sickening. My body was unrecognizable as my own, and excruciating. Between attending to the pain of my bottom, and the thrush we suddenly had to deal with, I spent my time inspecting her poop, and wondering if I would ever get to take a shower again. Yet everything was glowing and pulsing in the most beautiful way. Candles never looked so beautiful, and the first morning light on my daughter's outstretched hand was the most holy experience I had ever had. I cried spontaneously and uncontrollably for months. I learned to share my body constantly, and sometimes I railed against it. I didn't bleed for two years, excepting the sacred blood of childbirth, and I worried that I had no measure of my bond to the Moon.

My midwives counseled me, after my forty hour labor that reduced me to my absolute essence, to SLEEP, and trust that the inspiration to write about the divine mystery into which I had been initiated would last until I was better rested. More than ever, I felt compelled to write, so I grabbed my journal, and wrote in bed next to my sleeping newborn girl. I sneaked to my office with all my post-partum healing and got as much on paper as I could. I simply couldn't stop myself. I needed to capture the terrifying beauty of the time, and I was determined that I would remember what it all felt like. I had been told that as soon as my milk came in, I would begin to forget all of the pain of labor and birth, and all of the hours of hard work. Mothering, sleep and the muse all took their turns with me; need made all the arrangements. As time wore on, and I began



to absorb the fact that this work of mothering wasn't going to let up any time soon, I did set aside my writing begrudgingly, not understanding the nature of what was happening to me.

How would I ever recover my position in community as sacred scribe, knower-woman, woman who travels out to bring news of SPIRIT? With pee-pee and bananas on my clothes, and never a pen in my hand, except to write checks and telephone numbers-how would my head, with a smaller brain and no sleep, ever receive the crown of Poet Laureate?

I asked for a sign, that I was still a daughter of the White Goddess, in a hopeful moment where I had decided not to worry about it anymore. Later that day, my friend came over to spend a couple of hours with my daughter. As if getting two hours to myself wasn't enough of a sign, she also taught me this song:

"Girl, seed  
blood flower  
fruit  
mother spin mother  
mid-woman  
earth crone  
stone crone  
bone."

Spin, mother, I was spinning, and I felt answered in full, and fully embraced.

I began to settle in to the day to day of being the kind of mama I want to be. I made food all day, because I was constantly hungry. I had water bottles everywhere around the house to quench the nursing thirst. I learned to sing to my baby and play with her without bursting into tears. I went to bed early, and thought about my poems and performances as I nursed my daughter to sleep. I planned carefully and visualized the rituals I would do for my baby, and as an artist. I learned to care for her body by imagining what would feel good to me,

and trying things out. I never wanted to put her down, so I hardly ever did. I cried some more, and learned to look forward to a big cup of hot tea as my big treat, because I gave up sugar, dairy, coffee, wheat, cigarettes had long gone by the way, and I had no escape. I felt like a wild horse that was being broken and I mourned. I tried taking a poll to find out how women treated themselves without food or shopping. Beauty in the home, baths, walks and hand picked flowers became my luxuries. My eye for detail turned onto my child and to sharing my self with her. I forgot all about the moon, except when I noticed how beautiful she was in the night sky.

And then I realized, after the return of my full cycle: fertile-blood-fertile, that I was never distant from her, I was living with her, no longer from the point of view of earth, but as one with the Moon. No more identified in phases by the sun, by the light of the FATHER, I HAVE BECOME THE MOTHER. I was no longer a maid, ruled by the progression of the sun's light shining on the moon, shadowing her and illuminating her in turns. Having been as the moon is, round and full and bright, radiant or dark, visible or invisible, singular and self-identified, my pregnancy and early motherhood answered for what I mistakenly thought of as my absence from service of the fertile cycle. As mother I joined her there, unto herself, dark perhaps, or light—no matter—my new-found sovereignty had raised me beyond the eyes of "god," and "human," into a perfect synthesis with the Lady God. My joy came to me in the understanding that I was in service now full time, with every breath growing and nurturing a DAUGHTER, a moon daughter muse! In the midst of my work, of figuring out the banal side of my new self, I found the most wonderful and holy mysteries, moments of euphoria, surpassing anything I have ever experienced. It was in these times during pregnancy and in the first fifteen moons of our life together, MOTHER and DAUGHTER, that I was blessed with a sense of purity, of belonging here on earth,





of being native and unselfconscious; finally true, finally real, finally here.

Motherhood has not broken me, it has freed me. I don't have time or energy for anything extra, like judging someone, or worrying about what judgments are being passed on me which frees me as an artist, to say and do whatever the muse requires. If I turn my attention to small minded tasks, I will miss the miracles that are happening by the moment in my daughter. She is noticing the wind for the first time, or trying to wrap her tongue around a new word, or maybe she will be expressing frustration. And when I am not with her, I am focused on the miracles of me; the ancient crummy patterns that I am blasting away, my new ability to find simple solutions, and what a great cook I am becoming, and the way I am able to write better because I spend a lot of time finding the words to say what I mean to my child, and not be lazy with my expression. For me, this new presence I am blessed with is the link to life's mysteries, and has renewed my commitment to feeling everything there is to feel. My freedom is my sovereignty and the muse requires nothing more.

It has dawned on me as well that I could never truly be all of those things: scribe, priestess, and knower-woman - without the work of motherhood. Moving aside the petty and personal, through the ecstasy of pregnancy, labor and birth I completed my initiation into the mysteries. I am so excited for every new day, for the benefit of seeing the world with the fresh vision of my child. I have become more circumspect, calmer, and better at making my moments count because of her, and I am in a fairly constant state of profound inspiration. I have always felt, as an artist, that my muse was very powerful and required me to be available at any given moment. That she was capable of making my head a horrible place to be if she wanted to make use of me and I was otherwise engaged. She might choose to show me some delight, give me just the right turn of phrase, or set me on the

barren paths of lunacy, of dark, undecipherable visions, or numb blankness, at her will.

She seems now to be in league with my daughter, who is generally kinder, but requires exactly this level of commitment. While one wakes, the other sleeps, and our dreams are informed by the moon.

Today I understand that my bond to the moon/muse and my life as an artist are the same as my bond to my daughter. For me to fully embrace my own life and be what I am, I cannot attempt to separate those things.

The truth is that I rarely perform, I don't write nearly as much as I once did, and surely there are countless times when I miss the opportunity to capture a phrase or an idea because I am involved in the work it takes to raise a child. It seems obvious to me now though, that presence is all the muse requires of me. To be in aware of her, and in awe is enough. I have come to trust that she will clear the boards when she wants something and it will be clear to me what to do: tell my child a story, do finger painting, teach her language or write poetry, sing, and hold public ritual: all of it serves as long as I am aware of her inspiring gift.

The waxing moon and the maid are behind me, I can use her freedom, her high ideals, and her passion whenever I need them, and now that I am learning about the full-moon-mother, I am certain that I will not understand the crone until she comes upon me, in my skin and hair and breath and sex, riding me through that exquisite darkness until her will is done.







Padrice is a poet, a priestess, a mama and a connexion woman of extraordinary capacity. She is at home in the desert of Sonora and the bioregion currently referred to as the Pacific Northwest, and possibly some other places on planet earth. She has written, directed, produced and performed in solo works and collaborative ritual theater for the past 15 years; invoking music, words and movement to serve spirit, to entertain, to inspire. In her work as priestess, Padrice helps remove obstacles to truth, serves in rites of passage, works privately and publicly to create connection and beauty. Padrice loves the dark and whispers into the light for fun. She has self published three chapbooks: *Don't F\*\*k with my Deformed Children*, *RICH*, and *Journey*, and produced her original play *Freak Planet* in musical theater and multimedia spectacle. She has also published in various zines including the *Gort Day* review and *Hip Mama* (Fall 06).







Mike Crowley



The Poetic Musings Of



Mike Hoffman



## Serpent Vine

Sitting upright in silence  
We await the container  
Patients for the doctor  
At the astral clinic  
Open to initiates  
With willingness and courage  
To dissolve the ego  
From the inside out.

With a prescription of medicine  
We define our intent  
The lesson of I-am  
Imaginal language  
Refining and expanding  
Enhancing our attention  
By giving it up  
We create the wind  
To make the wave.

Wiggling into wellness  
Shedding old skin and debris  
Breathing into the evolution  
Of our collective pain bodies  
Probing points and aches  
Exploring meridians across scale  
Fully involved in surrender.

Our bodies reclaimed by sound  
Waves of ecstatic revelation  
Minded layers of knowledge  
Visible through attention and presence  
Stretching our understanding of language  
Through the luminous yawn  
Of the serpent.

Transfers of loving vibration  
Have found a vessel in us  
Re-calibrated bodies and perception  
Gifts of courage and balance  
Bringing into our daily world  
The unfathomable gesture  
From the well of wellness.

## What Goes Around

None of us are strong enough  
All the time  
Personal tribulations weave amongst  
us  
We all need our backs covered  
Let's make sense of it  
Together;  
It's up to us.

Spontaneous intermediaries  
Finding the others  
A logarithmic effect  
Circles of gentle hearts  
Throwing caution to the wind  
Entering the kin-dom  
Of heaven

Re-claim the intimacy  
Empowered by the mystery  
Do you see it too?  
Invisible to visible has impact  
And cannot be contained.

Deep in the bowels  
Of humanity  
Living the drumbeat  
Where everyone is a savior  
The trembling, altruistic dance  
A palpable grace  
When it comes around.

## Thank You

Thank You T. man  
Thank You Dr. Tim  
You picked up the ball and ran  
With courage, abandon, and love  
We will never be the same.

What you left us lives on  
Gently nudging us along  
Popping up in strange places  
Assembled behind our eyelids.

You passed the ball onto us  
Many are picking it up  
Running like hell on the edge  
Urgency pushing us along.

The irony of novelty sets the stage  
As we sail on this vast ocean  
In our little skiff you once sailed on  
You now roam the lines of our genetic  
machinery  
Ancestors among us  
Dust in our eyes.

The final breath, the last event  
horizon  
What happens then, I don't know  
A sublimely preposterous garden  
party?



## The Sylvapolitan

Simple elegance  
Quietly among us  
Forced to let go  
With nothing to hold onto.

Witnessing the bubbling ferocity  
Of a composting civilization  
Everything you know is gone  
Only the subtleties of existence remain  
Pure intent the sole possession.

Adversity annealing our being  
Into a spontaneous jury rig  
Odd things happen along the edges  
Where courage and love  
Combine with human desire  
With all assumptions evaporated.

Songlines from hyperspace  
Come to those who listen  
The high ground of the forebrain  
Our only escape  
Finding its own sustainability  
Compassion, empathy, and humility  
The unspoken constitution.

Doing our allotted job  
Something other fills the gaps  
Seeing the interpenetration  
Sensing what we cannot see  
Humble travellers  
Singing language softly.

## Wiird-ness

Good grief  
Threads of a process  
Every day the other side  
There is no time frame  
Pulsating between the worlds  
Fully loaded perception  
Takes nothing for granted  
For who knows  
What we really know?

Visceral knowledge  
Dancing with absurdity  
Anguish is a force  
Propelling the strange self  
Messages from the unseen  
Winking in disguise  
The threadbare irony  
Of full emotion.

Bury the lukewarm  
Hurl yourself to the edge  
To ride in the chariot  
Of infinite action  
And the immediate experience  
Of Now.

The essence of the narrow neck  
Is practical and sober  
Preparing for the leap  
Of full flowering  
When infinity decides  
To swallow us whole.

## A Bird On Its Own

Questioning the landlord  
With a twinkle in the eye  
Re-foldment of the pain body  
Re-configured with a feeling  
Too present to step back  
Too consumed to wonder why  
Stretching the understanding  
In a winged suit  
Not knowing how to land  
Not sure if it has to.



### Bio

I was born in the south suburbs of Chicago, and spent most of my adult life in remote regions of Canada, logbuilding, forest fire fighting, fishing, and trapping. I have ended up in Portland, Oregon, where I do carpentry work, and enjoy living near my 10 year old daughter, who loves to play the violin, rock climb, and play with her cats.



# THE SERPENT AND THE LIGHT

PART 2 - GENESIS AND ISIS... FROM THE EARLY  
HEBREWS TO THE EGYPTIAN GODS



BY  
LYTERPHOTOS



While I fully intend to explore the sacred serpent in the Mediterranean region in a linear historic fashion I also feel that on occasion a piece of the puzzle may be clearer in a different historical context. It is for this reason that the initial piece of this article will focus on the Genesis account of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. I do fully recognize that the earliest written versions of the myth postdate the primary Egyptian mythmaking era but the connection between the ancient Hebrew myth and the earlier Sumerian myth cannot be passed up at this point. I will not, however, attempt the full and fascinating account of the serpent in the Judeo-Christian tradition until a later point where the totality of the evidence may point to a somewhat startling hypothesis. That being said let us begin our journey this quarter in the mythical Garden of Eden... humankind's archetypal home and sanctuary.

Popular Western history tends to favor the winners, and in the case of the serpent, those who would uphold the 'evil' motif won. So, for the better part of the last two millennia, those who wrote, edited, and molded the biblical canon have had their biases dominate. These biases paint the serpent as the accursed bane of humanity who seduces the archetypal human female into eating a fruit which ultimately damns her, her consort, and the human species to eternal separation from divinity. While on the surface this story would seem to bear little or no resemblance to the earlier Sumerian story of Ningishzida, it may be worth looking at some of the similarities. For instance both Nachach (the serpent in Eden) and Ningishzida (the serpent in the Sumerian myth) offer blessings to humanity. In addition there was a "tree of knowledge of good and evil" in the biblical garden and Ningishzida arguably, in his Sumerian incarnation, stood as the "Lord of the Tree of Truth." While the intent of this article is not to add yet another argument for the link between the two stories, there seems to be an allusion to the earlier Sumerian myth in the more well known Genesis account.

Now for an additional piece to this odd story we can start to delve into a touch of etymology. The word "Eve," according to most sources, seems to be a translation from the real Hebrew root word "Chavah" which generally has the meaning of life giver or perhaps Savior. This of course is unsurprising given the biological female role of the birther of life. What isn't so obvious however is the words direct association with an Aramaic word for serpent (Chayah) . Given that both languages are of Semitic origin and closely related, the connection seems, to me, perhaps not accidental. If by chance we were to interchange the two we might see that that even in the Eden myth where the serpent seems to be the villain, it is in fact arguably, to those who would look deeper, the "life giver" and synonymous with the birther of humanity.

Of course, this all may seem a bit far fetched, but don't many great lessons cut both ways. To illustrate, if we looked at this story from an other angle can we not possibly see this myth as one of the serpent bringing the healing of humankind's ignorance? On some levels doesn't the underlying current seem to be one of the serpent bringing about the awakening of humanity to itself. The "good" or "evil" of this act can of course be argued ad nauseam, but the striking fact remains that the serpent in this story brings to humanity something which fundamentally changes it... morphs it into something other than its original form. In short, the serpent, though demonized, was perhaps done so for the same reason we find entheogens demonized today, because carried within the symbiosis is fundamental knowledge of truth; knowledge of life and death, good and evil, true knowledge and ignorance.

As stated before, perhaps this story was out of place chronologically in scientifically explored history, but it was placed here to illustrate that even within the mythic structure of the Christian faiths story of humanities beginnings there exists the idea, albeit hidden, of the serpent as the bringer of profound change and or even life.



We'll come back to later Hebrew mythos in a later installment after a side trip to Egypt where once again we'll see that the snake was far from the evil beast to be trampled.

### Egyptians

The fertile banks of the Nile were unquestionably the birthplace of many mythological motifs and without much doubt many most likely came from the day to day living which people endured. To that end the Serpent, prime consumer of the various vermin infesting the crops and food storage areas, had to bear some respect if not reverence. The serpent, far from being the bane of the farmer, was the savior. In addition, even the venomous species provided not only quick relief from rodents, but in some cases did not seem to have had the ominous and deadly image which is currently so common. Take for example from an ancient papyrus: "As for the Cobra Serpent with the hue of sand, if it bites a man he suffers on the side that was not pierced and does not suffer on the side with the bite: it is an illness that I can treat... The person bitten by it shall not die." In essence, though there is no question that deadly snakes were to be found upon the Egyptian landscape and there is quite arguably ambivalence about their function, they were not summarily dismissed as 'evil.'

To assuage all those who seek argument, yes, the one of the 'big bad guys' in Egyptian myth was a snake, Apep (Apophis). In addition there are unquestionably several stories and depictions which ring of the fatal or noxious aspect of the serpent. Among these include stories of Isis using a serpent to overcome Re (the sun god) and of course the account of Cleopatra's dramatic suicide. These are far from the only serpent myths of the region however.

Arguably around the same period as the development of the Semitic cultural legends we can find the syncretic stories occurring in early Egypt. Once again with not to much digging we can potentially bring about a number of questions as to what the serpent really meant to these people.

Though I would doubt few questions can be raised as to the validity that many Egyptians found profound power edified by the image of the reared cobra, there also appears a theme of nurturance. Renenutet was the serpent goddess seen as the patron of fertility, child rearing and the harvest, and Isis-Thermuthis (a serpent form of Isis) was seen as a deity of medicine. Meretseger was a guardian goddess of necropolis' and Nehebkau was the snake god who guarded the entrance to the underworld (much like Ningishzida). In addition Nehebkau was the protector of Re and also the pharaohs after they died. More interesting though was that he protected humans against bites from poisonous animals, especially snakes and scorpions.

Of course the Egyptians revered many animals and therianthropes were not uncommon images for gods. Given the undeniable potential power of a snakebite, why wouldn't the Egyptians envision their gods of protection and power as serpents? But childrearing? Fertility? Medicine? Could they have known something we don't? Consider for a moment that right now there are legitimate medical uses for snake venom including analgesics, coagulants, anti-coagulants, heart disease, arthritis, cosmetic, and of course antivenin among others. In fact the research on the different types of snake venom (as well as other venoms) is still far from finished. Is it unthinkable that the Egyptians, who kept serpents in their temples, may have understood some of the magic available in the elixir of their venom?

While the medicinal value of venom is well worth speculation and undoubtedly ties into the broader picture as we move forward through history, I would like to bring the story of the Egyptian relationship to the serpent back around to the entheogenic realm. Consider first the quote from the Egyptian doctor above which states unequivocally about cobra bite "The person bitten by it shall not die." Add this to several other realities:



1. some Egyptian temples kept snakes in residence .

2. repeated exposure to envenomation builds up a tolerance to it's effects . and

3. from Carl Kauffeld on his experience with a cobra bite: "... a tingling began in my arms, and a pins-and-needles sensation in my lips, which I interpreted correctly as the onslaught of the classic neurotoxic symptoms of cobra envenomation. I had no pain or swelling at the site of the wound...I was beginning to lose awareness. I was sinking into a state that could not be called unconsciousness, but one which I was no longer aware of what was going on about me. My gaze was fixed on the end of the keeper's alley, and the walls, floor, and ceiling gradually darkened and enclosed, more and more, a square of light at the far consciousness entirely at any time; I only felt a complete and utter lassitude in which nothing seemed end of the corridor. I felt no anxiety; I felt no pain; it did not even strike me as strange that the darkness was closing in on the light... I am certain that I did not lose to matter - not at all unpleasant, if this is the way death comes from cobra poisoning."

Taken together, a culture which had learned to survive the neurotoxic bite of a cobra, the ability to habituate oneself to venom, and the effects of envenomation being so vividly transcendent it seems almost inevitable that the serpent would be revered as the guardian of the afterlife and perhaps even the bringer of divinely inspired vision.

This is the point where I must issue a very strong disclaimer. Venomous Snake Bites KILL PEOPLE!!! Arguably they kill hundreds of thousands of people per year. If looked at as medicine in its own right the ED50 and LD50 are at a virtually 1:1 ratio for most people. Thus, this article is in no way meant to endorse approaching venomous snakes as vehicles consciousness alteration.

What it is meant to do however is provide realistic speculation on the possibilities of historic venom use and a hypothetical account of why serpents in different cultures throughout the Mediterranean were revered.

Though the story of Egypt's influence on the dissemination of the serpent myth through history is far from over, hopefully the preceding can provide a backdrop for the future installments in this series. Next issue: "Moses the Serpent God."

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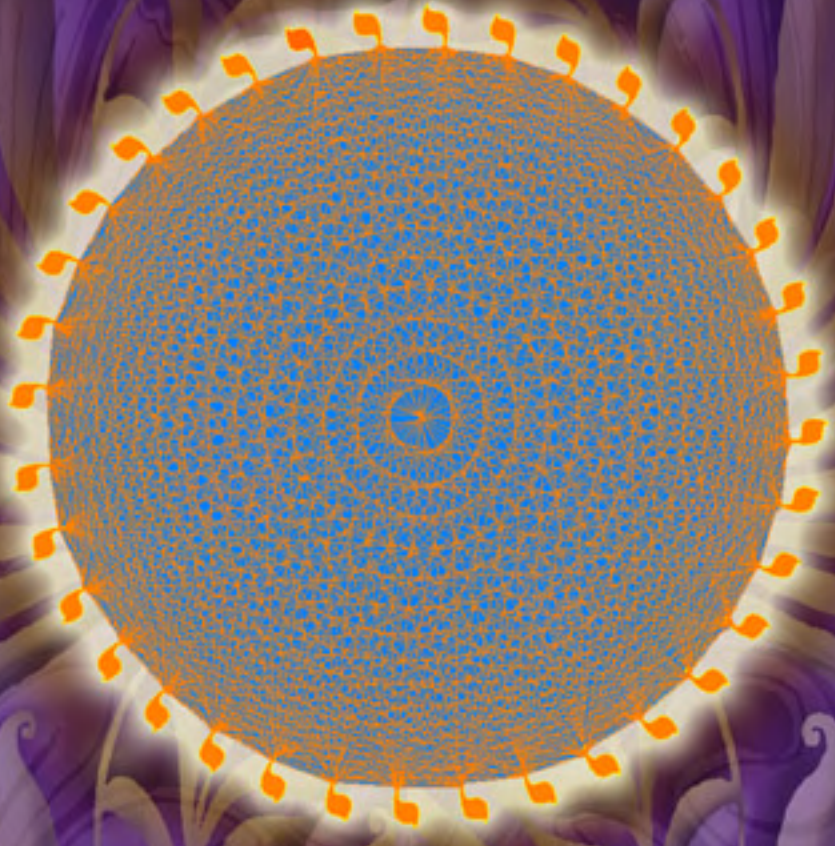
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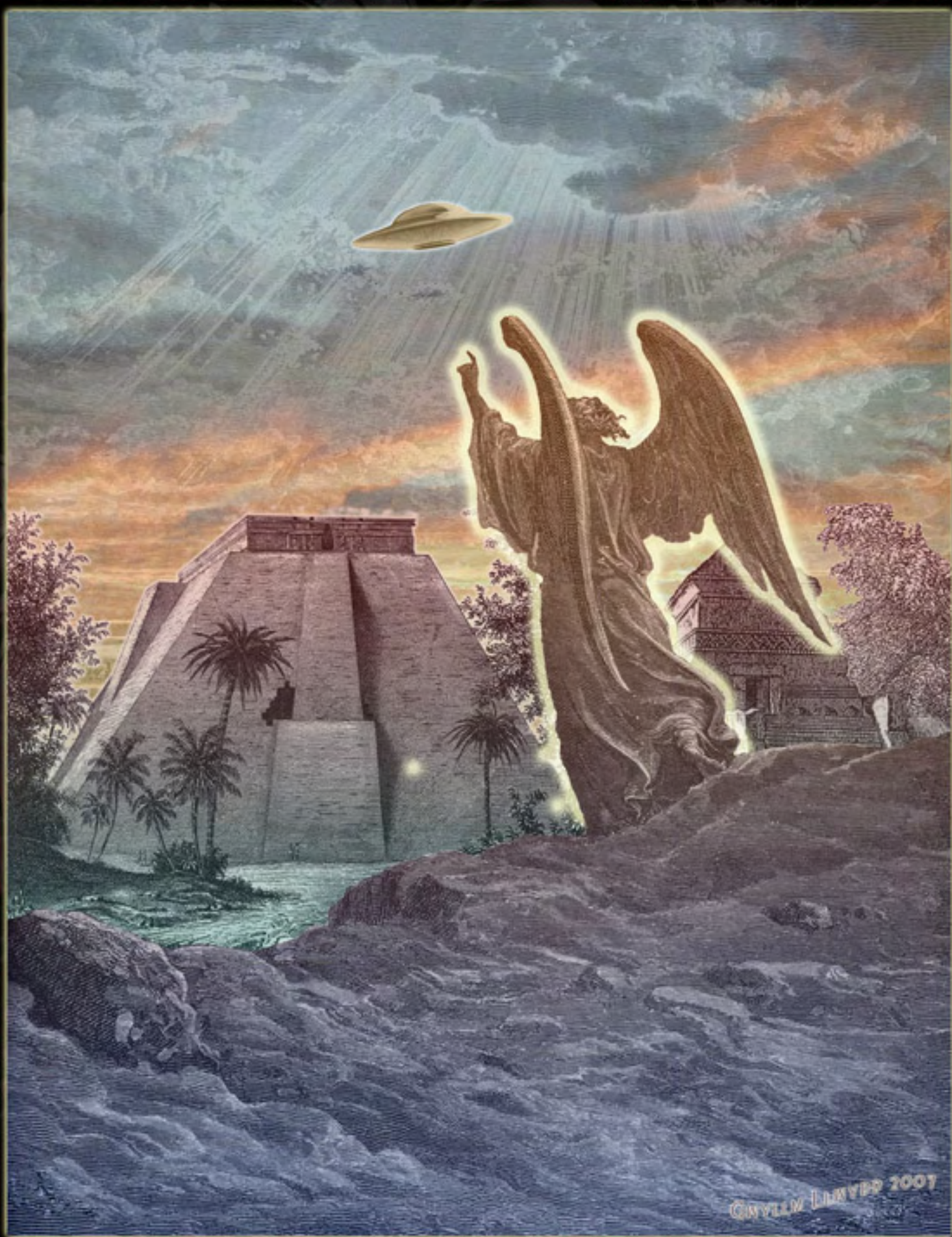




LYTER PHOTOS  
IS A PSEUDONYM ROUGHLY  
TRANSLATED AS "RELEASER OF LIGHT."  
HE RESIDES IN THE NORTHWEST AND  
SPENDS HIS SPARE TIME STUDYING THE  
HERMETIC ARTS AND OBSESSING OVER  
CONCIUSNESS.



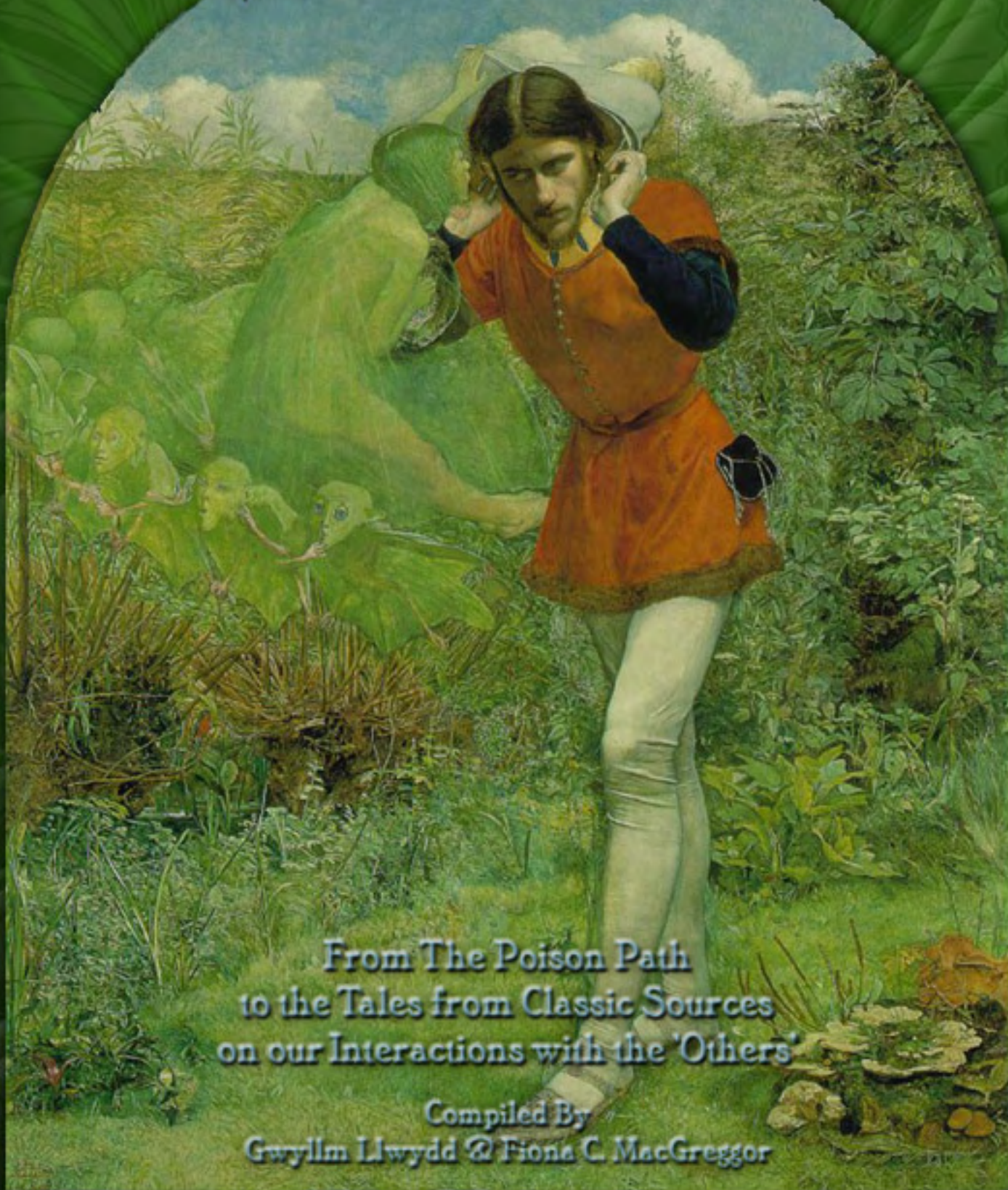




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# ENTITY ENCOUNTERS



From The Poison Path  
to the Tales from Classic Sources  
on our Interactions with the 'Others'

Compiled By  
Gwyllm Llwydd & Fiona C. MacGreggor

(Ferdinand Lured by Ariel - John Millais)



## THREE RIVERS RUN THROUGH IT

Sage Student

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I happen to live in a house perched on a hillside above a small river (it's more like a creek, but it's called a river) Salvia transported me to other rivers elsewhere, elsewhen. I found myself in a nameless (presumably imaginary) town on the Mississippi in mid 19th Century America. What is strange was that, once before under Salvia's influence, I had been there. Neither time did I know why. This time I was someone living in this river front town. I have trouble recalling many details, I don't know name of the man that I was, but he certainly was not myself. I don't know the details of his life but it seems I 'was' in that town, not as myself but as this man who was about 20 years younger than I am. He appeared to have some sort of a 'real' life in the town whose name I do not know. I cannot date the era accurately but it seemed to be post civil war but before 1890. Judging by the weather it may have been late June. There was a railroad, and steamships. Horses were ridden and used to pull wagons and carriages, but neither automobiles nor aircraft were in evidence.

From there, I somehow found myself on the banks of another river, which appeared to be the Amazon, or perhaps the Orinoco. I was being taught something important (just what I cannot recall) about the ayahuasca vine, by an male native, who was a tribal Shaman. It could have been yesterday, or 5000 years ago. The location appeared timeless. The conversation did not occur in words, as we had no common language. I have visited this river before too, during another Salvia trip; but I did not encounter the Shaman then.

The river scenes disappeared, and I saw reality as a shimmering fabric. It was rippling like the surface of a body of water, but was positioned more or less vertically, rather than horizontally. Through it, I heard and vaguely saw some 'entities' they were not human. They were not frightening in any way.

They showed me how I was wearing 'the fabric of reality', and they showed me that they wore it backwards. An analogy would be that it was like putting on a shirt 'inside-out'. They said that they were from the other side of reality, and that from their viewpoint we humans put 'the fabric of reality on wrong'. We each remained on opposite sides of this transparent shimmering membranous barrier. Each wrapped it around our bodies by stepping into the wall. But the wall, which was part of the transparent fabric, could be indented, but not traversed. We each remained topologically separated, on opposite sides of the membrane, staring in wonder at the other.

At this point I ceased to be an individual, and merged with a divine spirit that permeated, and was, the universe. This experience could be termed ecstasy -- in the original meaning of the word. This was the peak of the trip after which I started coming down. I knew a Salvia trip was waning, but felt confused about which river location, I was supposed to return to. Suddenly I recalled my name, where I lived and the date, and knew where I belonged, and was instantly back there. From then on I enjoyed the residual effects of the waning trip as a spectator. Soon I was back to consensus reality.

WOW! Thank you Salvia :)





## ENTITY ENCOUNTER - ELIZABETH TRULLOVE

A new rocket fuel ignition system had been uncovered since the last voyage to hyperbasestation cyrsantheum, one which claimed to be more efficient than the previously preferred process for disembarkation from the dull of the daily.

This new system, essentially a light-bulb type construction with a glass pipe penetrating inside the bowl, all sealed at the top, but for the protruding mouthpiece, required no gauze, no ash bed whereupon to sprinkle the orange mothball-like rocket fuel and required no naked flame, with the usual risk of loss of ignition inherent in the open pipe-bowl assembly of usually erratic employ.

Instead, the crystalline catalyst was measured and fed into the bowl chamber bulb, with no additive or carrier required. Secondly, the system chamber was sealed, the protruding pipe set to the proper position level and the orange flame source, sponsored by the Ronson corporation (Slimline pipe-smoking design) introduced at a point under the bulb where the most direct heat transference would cause the orange crystalline fuel to bubble and froth its micro-alchemical-matrix. The heat transfer was quick, the emanating grey blue smoke filling the chamber and requiring immediate extraction from the combustion chamber into the twin respiration reservoirs of the Ingoing outgoing Other-observer operator.

Four or five burning plastic lung-fulls later, the anesthesia emulating, effulgent effect became perceptible - primarily a pleasant periphery phenomenon, before penetrating more prolifically into the perceived personal perception of the experiential focus of the first moments of the far-away foray. It welled up and pushed relentlessly into the headspace, visually and vibrantly occluding ordinary space and boldly beckoning, urging the operator to open one's observing eye by closing one's eyelids and entering into the eternal. Personal perception of the experiential focus of the first moments of the far-away foray.

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Thus, a mere 10-15 seconds after primary ignition, I closed down, let out a long sigh and fell into the ineffable interior. I sat cross-legged, ascension apparatus in one hand, heating device in the other, head bowed as the images wrapped around my being centre and began the bewildering and initially, seemingly banal (if not downright bizarre) barrage of Byzantine-like mental mosaics, a conceptual collage of complex cellular construction.

To say collage is deliberate.

That is, several objects (worthy of focus and detailed examination deliberation in their own individual right) were apparent in specific geographic topological locations within the head space. I tested the tempting theory intuited at that precise time in the tryp, that what was being presented had an empirical elucid geometry, an existential veracity of its own. This is a theme imparted through a range of tryps of this kind and something of a story, building its own basis of belief throughout the temporal unfurling of the mystery, relative to my mastery of the machine-like methods of materialisation (of the myriad messages) within the mental map of the whole matrix of information intuited, whatever that means objectively.

In short, I moved my head, still with eyelids solidly shut. As I moved my head, the objects and my relation to them also changed by an appropriate angle, as would be the case in a real environment, IRL. Almost like an ethereal augmented - a hyperreality of "bullet time" synthesis (of model-and-reality intersecting to give one suprareality), the experience was as familiar as the sudden "a-ha" moment when, after staring at a stereogram - magic eye picture, one suddenly



transcends the wave form image and one sees depth, objects with placings and a hologramatic reality of dimensions delivered to the discernment of the mind's eye.

Some of these objects protruded from a defined back-wall, extending forward into the mind-space. Some seemed to rise up from beneath, stalagmite like others like woven (see celtic knot concept below) stalactites, penetrating down into the perspective of the picture presented for the purpose of personal pondering (probably pensively).

Again, as with numerous voyages to the Other, the alien datastream dimension, this cellular, fractal, recursive, repetitive organic super string-like construction was evident. All facets and objects were undulating in an ultraviolet underlying organisational arrangement: cells making strands, strands symbolically shown as snakes in some snippets, like organic cells in a full-of-life film, snaking and feeding into all the other crescent components of the scene under examination.

Entity after entity repeated the symbolic animation of aspects of the knowledge now being enunciated. These were not individual entities, like you or I, with independent and indeterminable agendas of expression, of interacting in their own right (you do meet these "others" who are as unique and real as we ourselves are), but "teacher" entities,

specific concept animation thought-beings whose soul/sole purpose seems to be to impart a principle in that part of the larger picture which they are purposefully placed. you know they are entities, as they often appear with "eyes" and eyebrows, before they hide their individual characters nature and "become" that which they intend the image or informational intention they're trying to impart.

One such "aspect" (entity who appears to impart an aspect, a component, of the overall message) on this occasion, seemed to be made up in the following way:

Imagine a line, a horizontal line. At the ends, a line protrudes upwards, so we have a staple type of thing with its "back" on the floor and its legs sticking up in the air. Now imagine another such lazy staple crossing the other at right angles - it's now a cross with four legs sticking up. Double this again, but twist the second cross with legs by 45 degrees, so it's now an asterisk with legs.

Well, this asterisk with legs then becomes energized with ultraviolet shaded pulses, coming from the central point, out along the arms and up the legs to their tips, before causing the tips to start growing upwards. At first they grow straight, but then all (in consort, as in a dance of some ilk) start growing in wavy, spiraling directions, but gently bending toward a central point above the lower cross-point. Then, the strands come to a central nexus, begin to intertwine and take on the complex beauty of a celtic knot.

The whole now looks like some kind of conical willow basket, whose top-join is a centerpiece of celtically complex construction. Further, within the knot-node, patterns of geometric shapes are glowing first one 3d shape, dimming, then no glow, before another different shape glows into recognition.

Strange, thought I. Like the 3d language previously seen in special excursions how odd and pretty: "wonder if it means anything?"

Then, in another collage area of the headspace, a window shows a real life scene. Flagstones, the foot of a boundary fence nearby. I'm apparently looking down at the floor beneath my feet. Then, someone's arm comes into the scene, places a plant pot on the floor and we stand back and watch as a plant seedling erupts, grows out eight suckers, then continues to grow (very quickly) upwards, combining to become a living version of the previously shown conceptual celtic knot construct of before. Like a living willow sculpture, shown in stop-frame animation, sped up.



Next, inside the geometrically object adorned headspace, I can see the tendrils of the scenery moving, growing and pulsing around everywhere, once more, as before. The objects protruding from the back wall, the top and the bottom have a connecting conduit coming down to a central location and there, in the middle of the headspace, something is growing, a knitting together of fibrous filaments into what appears to be a chair, with a knotted back-rest, an interface of some kind.

I realise the objects coming from the back walls, the top and bottom are actually like "screens" with entities under surveillance (the aspect entities) available for observation.

Another a-ha! moment.

I realised "the interface is nearly here" the celtic knot artwork is a component in the language interface, as previously intuited when talking about the funky mud tablets and the whole common thrust of a "new language" created by intent and positively focused will, which the Other seems to want us to understand realise is almost within our evolutionary grasp.

As I was contemplating this extracted Epiphany, the whole scene began to abate - time up! come in number one.

"Wow!" I said out loud.

"I take it you got something, then?" came the reply of the now eager co-traveller, awaiting his own launch window.

"I'll say - wait there's something more" I retorted at which point I could see the wrap-around imaging has not finished, as before my eyes, the iridescent heat haze like interface (with no wobbling) bade me close my eyes once more and peer. There, in the centre of my vision, was a vagina-like organic slit, sheer blackness surrounding my field of vision, opening to reveal it is hiding a chrysanthemum. The slit was pulsing, swelling slightly open and shut, with the

vibrant embryonic emblem of the DMT flash embedded within and behind the vertical eyelid on the dimension now retreating, returning to hidden realms. Very sensual, very erotic, from a symbolic sense.

My eyes opened once more - no more heat haze hints of hidden happenings... I was returning to reality, proper.

Suddenly I had a strong urge for a spliff and some internal think-time to process the many synchronous symbols I had just been witness to.

Only time will draw the temporal tid-bits together to determine what to think about the themes which are further truncated in each trip. The following days, weeks and months, at least until the next excursion to hyperspace, will be the synchronicity-seeking sign-off to this special message, the context for the excursion's commentary on what should be extracted and concentrated upon from the experience.

And, I currently have a few further feelings about this foray into the ineffable.

But for now, that's all folks...

Oh and on this occasion no sound no voices, no tones, no music no crackling.

Odd, if you ask me.





## Entity Encounter – From Oz

For many years I searched and researched mind expanding technologies. Trekking down the Hoffmann path and many others. I learned about D.M.T. and its potential benefits from Terence McKenna's novel, "Food Of The Gods". My curiosity was piqued to say the least. I researched all that I could reading the stories of Gracie and Zarkov amongst many others in preparation for the experience I may have one day.

When it was the right time a small package of crystalline material appeared in my life. I knew it was time. I collected appropriate ingestion implements on a way home with a future in my pocket awaiting my breakthrough.

At home my housemates' brother was sitting on the lounge enjoying a televised sport. I asked if he could do me the favor of turning the television right down explaining that I was about to undertake an important experiment. He complied and I went to my room closing and locking the door.

I wanted no interruptions.

I tidied the bed and arranged the pillows on it in an upright sitting space. I organised my equipment and examined the tiny bag.

An inner voice whispered that it was time to go.

I took some crystalline material placing it in the pipe and then positioned myself comfortably. I then smoked the material. It tasted like bitter plastic like although very bareable. I awaited my fate looking about the room.

Seconds passed. I noted very small changes and was feeling a little disappointed. An inner voice (not mine) then said quite distinctly, "TAKE MORE!". Because of previous experience with discarnate entities I was not surprised by the telepathic instruction and took it to be an omen of good will.

I leapt off the bed and repacked the pipe with most of the remaining material. I wanted it to work this time. I smoked quickly and the distinct and noticeable differences began to stack up quickly. I didn't know it at the time but I had smoked NN-DMT which takes a little longer to become apparent in my system.

The world about me turned fluid as the pipe in my hand started to fractal into fern like fronds. The whole room quickly dissolved into an amazing familiar pattern. I closed my eyes as it became hard to understand what was happening about me.

Instantly I sensed I was elsewhere.

The space seemed very familiar although it was nothing like I previously remember experiencing this lifetime. Strange popping, crackling and bizarre electronica like sounds emanated from everywhere. Activity was essentially universal and omnipresent. I was in a hyperdimensional space-port where all potentialities and ideas had appeared at the same time and same place infinitely. The 'floor' appeared to be boiling with concept and idea whilst the 'sky' was crammed with beings moving in all directions. I felt strange and interesting simultaneously whilst realising I had 360 degree vision. I wondered if this was death and assumed I had really killed myself as I had no awareness of 'consensus' reality. My life had changed dramatically and I would never be like it had been before. I concluded I might as well get used to this as this seemed to be all that I could "do".

I noticed these beings about me that were changing form continuously in patterns that I somehow recognised. They seemed to be reserved in their behaviour as if something was about to happen, and then it did.

Out of the floor appeared Mantis. A being made of psychedelic flouro jewel-like components. It moved deliberately towards me and I was in an instant in its 'arms' as it held me "face" to "face". I felt we were instantly communicating as probe like antennae were caressing my soul from many angles. A change was occurring on some level in some way deeply in me as it held a discussion with I felt with my sub-conscious.

For a moment I wondered mundanely if I was going to go to work tomorrow. In an instant it changed its coloring to reflect an answer. The tonal patterns coursing through its body reflected an understanding into my being that I would be fine. I should relax and focus on positive loving energies which were manifest in this moment as a psychedelic color flow between the both of us.



Understanding took hold of me. Mantis changed color increasing in brightness and speed of rainbow fluorescent tonal patterns. I started to physically nod and realising I still had a body I knew I was on re-entry. Mantis began to disengage as it completed its download of information. I felt the experience dimming in intensity and knew it was time to open my physical eyes again as Mantis appeared to be bidding good-bye. The room was re-integrating. I sat there looking about completely astounded at what I had just experienced.

I was still disconnected from my body and was not breathing in a regular patterns out of astonishment. I heard a voice within me that was not me clearly command, "BREATHE!". I was in a state of shock. This startled me and I was more astounded and again did not breathe correctly. I sat there in complete awe and felt the presence of Mantis physically in my room. It was in front of me and quite large in energetic form. My chest was physically pushed inwards pressing me against the wall as the same voice commanded within my head, "BREATHE!". This again shocked me although I finally got the message in my body and started breathing correctly.

I had traveled to another dimension. I knew with all the soul probing by Mantis that this experience would change my life in some undetermined fundamental way. I went to sleep that night integrating my experience.

The very next day I emailed Terence McKenna explaining what had happened briefly. A day later he replied simply, "Sounds like you got the good shit."

I am sure I did! ... end submission.

### Entity Encounter – Rick

I had been divorced for a year and living alone in the mountains of Santa Cruz, CA in a geodesic dome with no running water and no electricity and only a wood fire to cook with and heat the sometimes cold nights.

I had reached the end of my tolerance for this situation, having almost gotten over being dumped by the love of my life, and decided one night, while sitting at my fire, sipping coffee, that I would put it to a test. By "it" I meant my existence on the mountain, which by then had become quite unbearable in the loneliness and cold.

I stood up and yelled, at the top of my lungs, "You're not going to take me down." And then this thing, larger than any creature I had ever seen, came out of the trees and said, simply, "Get the fuck out of here."

There was no way I was going to win in any sort of match with this, so I literally ran down the hillside to my truck, jumped in and high-tailed it down to Santa

Cruz where I found a party given by a woman who was celebrating something about work. Not notable except she looked exactly like my ex. I stayed at the party as long as I stayed that night on the mountain.

After this I went and rented a room at the St. George Hotel in downtown Santa Cruz (it was a cheap wino hotel) and tried to sell my land, which I did in a few months to a teacher from Palo Alto (Stanford Univ).

I should preface (a little too late) by mentioning that I don't believe in any gods or spirits and never have. I'm a born-again nothing. But...





## FAERIE ENCOUNTERS...

The faeries are all fallen angels. Father Folan told us from the altar that they're as thick as the sands of the sea all about us, and they tempt poor mortals. But as for carrying away women and the like, there's many that says so, but they have no proof. But you have only to bid them begone and they will go. One night myself I was after walking back from Kinvara, and down by the wood beyond I felt one coming beside me, and I could feel the horse that he was riding on and the way that he lifted his legs, but they didn't make a sound like the hoofs of a horse. So I stopped and turned around and said very loud "Be off!" And he went and never troubled me after. And I knew a man that was dying, and one came up on his bed and he cried out to it, "Get out of that, you unnatural animal!" And it left him. There's a priest I heard of that was looking along the ground like as if he was hunting for something, and a voice said to him "If you want to see them you'll see enough of them," and his eyes were opened and he saw the ground thick with them. Singing they do be sometimes and dancing, but all the time they have the cloven foot.

Fallen angels they are, and after they fell God said, "Let there be Hell, and there it was in a moment" ("God save us! It's a pity He said that word and there might have been no Hell today" murmurs the wife). And then He asked the devil what would he take for the souls of all the people. And the devil said nothing would satisfy him but the blood of a Virgin's Son. So he got that and then the gates of Hell were opened.

*(from Lady Gregory's 'Visions & Beliefs of Western Ireland')*

## THE FAIRY BOAT-RACE

Different old peasants have told me that on clear calm moonlight nights in summer, fairy boats appear racing across Lough Gur. The boats come from the eastern side of the lake, and when they have arrived at Garrod Island, where the Desmond Castle lies in ruins, they vanish behind Knock Aduon. There are four of

of these phantom boats, and in each there are two men rowing and a woman steering. No sound is heard, though the seer can see the weird silvery splash of the oars and the churning of the water at the bows of the boats as they shoot along. It is evident that they are racing, because one boat gets ahead of the others, and all the rowers can be seen straining at the oars. Boats and occupants seem to be transparent, and you cannot see exactly what their nature is. One old peasant told me that it is the shining brightness of the clothes on the rowers and on the women who steer which makes them visible.

'Another who is about forty years of age, and know of assures also has seen boat-race, and still be seen proper season. man, years of as far as I good habits, me that he this fairy that it can at the

*(From Lady Gregory's 'Visions & Beliefs of Western Ireland')*



## THE TAILOR AND THE CHANGELING...

There was a young wife of a young man who lived in the township of Allasdale, and the pair had just had their first child. One day the mother left her baby in its cradle to go out and do some shearing, and when she returned the child was crying in a most unusual fashion. She fed him as usual on porridge and milk, but he wasn't satisfied with what seemed to her enough for any one of his age, yet every suspicion escaped her attention. As it happened, at the time there was a web of home-made cloth in the house waiting for the tailor. The tailor came and began to work up the cloth. As the woman was going out to her customary shearing operation, she warned the tailor if he heard the child continually crying not to pay much attention to it, adding she would attend to it when she came home, for she feared the child would delay him in his work.

All went well till about noon, when the tailor observed the child rising up on its elbow and stretching its hand to a sort of shelf above the cradle and taking down from it a yellow chanter of a bagpipe. And then the child began to play.

Immediately after the child began to play the chanter, the house filled with young fairy women all clad in long green robes, who began to dance, and the tailor had to dance with them. About two o'clock that same afternoon the women disappeared unknown to the tailor, and the chanter disappeared from the hands of the child also unknown to the tailor; and the child was in the cradle crying as usual.

The wife came home to make the dinner, and observed that the tailor was not so far advanced with his work as he ought to be in that space of time. However, when the fairy women disappeared, the child had enjoined upon the tailor never to tell what he had seen. The tailor promised to be faithful to the child's injunctions, and so he said nothing to the mother.

The second day the wife left for her occupation as usual, and told the tailor to be more attentive to his work than the day before. A second time at the same hour of the day the child in the cradle, appearing more like an old man than a child, took the chanter and began to play. The same fairy women tilled the house again, and repeated their dance, and the tailor had to join them.

Naturally the tailor was as far behind with his work the second day as the first day, and it was very noticeable to the woman of the house when she returned. She thereupon requested him to tell her what the matter might be. Then he said to her, "I urge upon you after going to bed to-night not to fondle that child, because he is not your child, nor is he a child; he is an old fairy man. And to-morrow, at dead tide, go down to the shore and wrap him in your plaid and put him upon a rock and begin to pick that shell-fish which is called limpet, and for your life do not leave the shore until such a time as the tide will flow so high that you will scarcely be able to wade in to the main shore." The woman complied with the tailor's advice, and when she had waded to the main shore and stood there looking at the child on the rock, it cried to her, "You had a great need to do what you have done. Otherwise you'd have seen another ending of your turn; but blessing be to you and curses on your adviser." When the wife arrived home her own natural child was in the cradle.



## THE BANSHEE....

As to the invisible world... I hear enough about it, but I have seen but little myself. One night when I was at Calcutta I heard that one Connor was dead—a man that I had been friendly with—so I went to the house. There was a good many of us there, and when it came to just before midnight, I heard a great silence fall, and I looked from one to another to see the silence. And then there came a knock at the window, just as the clock was striking twelve. And Connor's wife said, "It was just at this hour last night there came a knock like that and immediately afterwards he died." And the strange thing is, it was a barrack-room and on the second story, so that no one could reach it from the street.

In India, before Delhi, there was an officer's servant lodged in the same house as me, and was thrown out of his cot every night. And as sure as midnight came, the dogs couldn't stop outside but would come shrinking and howling into the house.

Yes indeed, I believe the faeries are in all countries, all over the world; but the banshee is only in Ireland, though sometimes in India I would think of her when I'd hear the hyenas laughing, Keening, keening, you can hear her, but only for the old Irish families, but she'll follow them even as far as Dublin.

## THE STORY OF ONE ANN JEFFERIES...

Ann Jefferies Now Living in the County of Cornwall,  
who was fed for six Months by a small sort of Airy People call'd Fairies.

And of the strange and wonderful Cures she performed with Salves and Medicines she received from them, for which she never took one Penny of her Patients.

Ann Jefferies, (for that was her Maiden Name) of whom the following strange things are related, was born in the Parish of St. Teath in the County of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and she is still living, 1696, being now in the 70th Year of her Age; she is married to one William Warden, formerly hind. A Hind is one that looks after the rest of the Servants, the Grounds, Cattel, Corn, &c. of his Master) to the late eminent Physician Dr. Richard Sir Andrew Slanning of Devon, Bar.

I must acquaint you, Sir, that I have made it my Business, but could not prevail, to get a Relation from her of what she herself remembers of those several strange Passages of her Life that I Here relate, or any other that I Have either forgot or that never came to my Cognizance: but she being prevail'd with by some of her poor ignorant Neighbors not to do it, and by fancying that if she should do it, she might again fall into Trouble about it; I here give your Lordship the best and faithfulest Account I can.

In the Year 1691 I wrote into Cornwall to my Sister Mary Martyn's Son, an Attorney, to go to the said Ann, and discourse her as from me, about most material strange Passages of her life: He answers my letter, Sept. 13, 1691 and saith, I have been with Ann Jefferies, and she can give me no particular Account of her Condition, it being so long since: my Grandfather and Mother say, that she was in Bodmyn Goal three months, and lived six Months without Meat; and during her Continuance in that Condition, several eminent Cures were performed by her, the Particulars no one can now relate. My Mother saw the Fairies once, and heard one say, that they should give some Meat to the Child, that she might return to her parents: Which is the fullest Relation can now be given.



But I not being satisfied with this Answer, did, in the Year 1693, write into Cornwall my Sister's Husband, (Mr. Humph. Martyn) and desired him to go to Ann Jefferies, to see if he could perswade her to give me what Account she could remember of the many and strange Passages of her Life. He answers my Letter, Jan. 31, 1693, and saith, As for Ann Jefferies, I have been with her the greatest part of one day, and did read to her all that you wrote to me, but she would not own any thing of it as concerning the Fairies, neither of any of the Cures she then did. I endeavoured to perswade her she might receive some Benefit by it: She answered; That if her own Father were now alive, she would not discover to him those things that did happen to her. I ask'd her the Reason why she should not do it: She reply'd, That if she should discover it to you, that you would make either Books or Ballads of it: And she said, That she would not have her Name spread about the Country in Books or Ballads of such things, if she might have five hundred pounds for the doing of it: for she said, she had been questioned before Justices, and at the Sessions, and in Prison, and also before the Judges at the Assizes; and she doth believe, that if she should discover such things now, she should be questioned again for it. As for the ancient Inhabitants of St. Teath Church Town, there are none of them now alive but Thomas Christopher a blind Man, (Note, this Tho. Christopher was then a Servant in my Father's House when these things happened) and he remembers many of the Passages you wrote of her. And as for my Wife, she then being so little, did not mind it; but has heard her Father and Mother relate most of the Passages you wrote of her.

This is all the Account I can at present possibly get from her, and therefore now go on with my own Relation of the wonderful Cures, and other strange things she did, or hapned to her, which is the Substance of what I wrote to my Brother, and that he read to her

It's the Custom in our County of Cornwall, for the substantial People of each Parish to take Apprenuces the Poor's Children, and to breed them up till they attain 21 Years of Age, and for their Service to give them Meat, Drink, and Clothes. This Ann Jefferies being a poor Man's Child of the Parish, by Providence fell into our family, where she lived several Years, being a Girl of a bold daring Spirit: She would venture at those Difficulties and Dangers that no Boy would attempt.

In the year 1645, (she then being 19 Years old) she being one day knitting in an Arbour in our Garden, there came over the garden-hedge to her six Persons of small Stature, all clothed in green, which she called Fairies: upon which she was so frightened, that she fell into a kind of a Convulsion-fit: But when we found her in this condition, we brought her into the House, and put her to bed, and took great Care of her. As soon as she recovered out of her Fit, she cries out, They are all just gone out of the Window; do you not see them? And thus in the height of her Sickness she would often cry out, and that with Eagerness; which Expressions we attributed to her Distemper, supposed her light headed. During the Extremity of her Sickness my Father's Mother died, which was in April, 1646, but we durst not acquaint our Maid Ann with it, for fear it might have increas'd her Distemper, she being at that time so very sick that she could not go, nor so much as stand on her Feet; and also the Extremity of her Sickness, and the long Continuance of her Distemper, had almost perfectly moped her, so that she became even as a Changeling; and as soon as she began to recover, and to get a little Strength, she in her going would spread her Legs as wide as she could, and so lay hold with her Hands on Tables, Forms, Chairs, Stools, &c. till she had learned to go again: and if



anything vexed her, she would fall into one of her Fits, and continue in them a long time; so that we were afraid she would have died in one of them. As soon as she had got out of her Fit, she would heartily call upon God; and then the first Person she would ask for was her Child, meaning my self, (because she before her Sickness tended me) and would not be satisfied till I came to her. Upon which she would ask me, if any one had vex'd or abus'd me since she fell into her Fit. Upon my telling her, no one had, she would stroke me, and kiss me, calling me her dear Child; and then all her Vexation was over.

As soon as she recovered a little Strength, she constantly went to Church to pay her Devotions to our great and good God, and to hear his Word read and preached. Her Memory was so well restored to her, that she would repeat more of the Sermons she heard than any other of our Family. She took mighty Delight in Devotion, and in hearing the Word of God read and preach'd, altho she her self could not read.

The first manual Operation or Cure she perform'd, was on my own Mother; the Occasion was as follows: One Afternoon, in the Harvest-time, all our Family being in the Fields at work, (and my self a Child at School) there was none in the House but my Mother and this Ann; my Mother considering that Bread might be wanting for the Labourers, if Care were not taken; and she having before caus'd two Bushels of Wheat to be sent to the Mill to be ground, (note, our Bushel is twenty Gallons) my Mother was resolved that she her self would take a Walk to the Mill, (which was but a quarter of a Mile from our House) to hasten the Miller to bring home the Meal, that so her Maids, as soon as they came from the Fields, might make and bake the Bread; but in the mean time how to dispose of her maid Ann, was her great Care, for she did not dare trust her in the House alone,

for fear she might do her self some Mischief by Fire, or set the House on fire (for at that time she was so weak that she could hardly help herself, and very silly withal). At last by much Perswasions my Mother prevail'd with her to walk in the Gardens and Orchards till she came from the Mill to which she unwillingly consented.

Then my Mother lock'd the Doors of the House, and walked to the Mill; but as she was coming home in a very plain way, she slipt and hurt her Leg, so that she could not rise, there she lay a considerable time in great Pain, till a Neighbor coming by on Horseback, seeing my Mother in this Condition, lifted her up on his Horse, and carried her home. As soon as she was brought within the Doors of the House, word of it was sent into the Fields to the Reapers, who thereupon immediately left their Harvest-work, and came home; the House being presently full of People: A Man-servant was ordered to take a Horse and ride for Mr. Lob an eminent Chyrurgeon, that then liv'd at a Market-town call'd Bodmyn, which was eight miles from my Father's House: but whilst the Man was getting the Horse ready, in comes our maid Ann, and tells my Mother she was heartily sorry for the Mischance she had got in hurting of her Leg, and that she did it at such a Place (naming the Place); and further, she desir'd she might see her Leg. My Mother at first refused to shew her Leg, saying to her, what should she shew her Leg to so poor and silly a creature as she was? For she could do her no good; but Ann being very importunate with my Mother to see her Leg, and my Mother being unwilling to vex her by denying her, for fear of her falling into her Fits, (for at all times we dealt gently, lovingly, and kindly with her, taking great Care by no means to cross or fret her) did yield to her Request, and did shew her her Leg. Upon which Ann took my Mother's Leg on her Lap, and strok'd it with her Hand, and then ask'd my Mother if she did not find Ease by her stroking of it. My Mother confess'd to her she did.



Upon this she desired my Mother to forbear sending for the Chyrurgeon, for she would, by the Blessing of God, cure her Leg: and to satisfy my Mother of the Truth of it, she again appeal'd to my Mother, whether she did not find farther

Ease upon her continued stroking of the Part affected; which my Mother again acknowledged she did. Upon this my Mother countermanded the Messenger for the Chyrurgeon.

On this my Mother demanded of her how she came to knowledge of her Fall. She made answer, that half a dozen Persons told her of it. That, reply'd my Mother, could not be, for there was none came by at that time, but my Neighbor

... that brought me home. Ann answers again, that that was the Truth, and it was also true, that half a dozen Persons told her so; for said she, you know I went out of the House into the Gardens and Orchards very unwillingly. And now I tell you the Truth of all Matters and Things that have befallen me.

You know that this my Sickness and Fits came very suddenly upon me, which brought me very low and weak, and have made me very simple.

Now the Cause of my Sickness was this.

I was one day knitting of Stockings in the Arbour in the Gardens, and there came over the Garden-hedg of a sudden six small People, all in green Clothes, which put me into such a Fright and Consternation that was the Cause of this my great Sickness; and they continue their Appearance to me, never less than 2 at a time, nor never more than 8: they always appear in even Numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8. When I said often in my Sickness, They were just gone out of the Window, it was really so; altho you thought me light-headed. At this time when I came into the Garden, they came to me, and ask'd me, if you had put me out of the House against my Will: I told them I was unwilling to come out of the house: Upon this they said, you should not fare the better for it; and thereupon in that Place, and at that time, in a fair Path you fell, and hurt your

Leg. I would not have you send for a Chyrurgeon, nor trouble your self, for I will cure your Leg: The which she did in a little time.

This cure of my Mother's Leg, and the stories she told of the Fairies, made such a Noise over all the County of Cornwall, as that it had the same Effect St. Paul's healing of Publius's Father of a Fever and a bloody Flux, at Malta, after his shipwreck there, as related Acts 28.8,9. And it came to pass that the Father of Publius lay sick of a Fever, and of a bloody Flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his Hands on him, and healed him. So when this was done, others also which has Diseases in the Island, came, and were healed. That People of all Distempers, Sicknesses, Sores, and Ages, came not only so far off as the Lands-end, but also from London, and were cured by her. She took no Monies of them, nor any Reward that ever I knew or heard of, yet had she Monies at all times sufficient to supply her Wants. She neither made nor bought any Medicines or Salves that ever I saw or heard of, yet wanted them not as she had Occasion. She fortook eating our Victuals, and was fed by these Fairies from that Harvest-time to the next Christmas-day; upon which Day she came to our Table, and said, because it was that Day she would eat some Roast Beef with us, the which she said, I my self being then at table.

One time (I remember it perfectly well) I had a mind to speak with her, and not knowing better where to find her than in her Chamber, I went thither, and fell a knocking very earnestly at her Chamber-door with my Foot, and calling to her earnestly, Ann, Ann, open the Door, and let me in: She answered me, My Child, have a little Patience, and I will let you in immediately. Upon which I look'd through the Key-hole of the Door, and I saw her eating; and when she had done eating, she stood still by her Bed-side as long as Thanks to God might be given, and then she made a Courtsey, (or Bow) and opened the Chamber-door, and gave me a Piece of her Bread, which I did eat, but I think it was the most delicious Bread that ever I did eat either before or since.

Another odd Passage which I must relate, was this; One Lord's day my father with his Family being at Dinner in our Hall, comes in one of our Neighbors,



whose name was Francis Heathman, and ask'd where Ann was; we told him she was in her Chamber: Upon this he goes into her Chamber to see for her; and not seeing her, he calls her: She not answering, he feels up and down in the Chamber for her; but not finding her, comes and tells us she was not in her Chamber. As soon as he had said this, she comes out of her Chamber to us, as we were sitting at Table, and tells him, she was in her Chamber, and saw him, and heard him call her, and see him feel up and down the Chamber for her, but he could not see her altho she saw him, notwithstanding she was at the same time at the Table in her Chamber eating her dinner.

One day these Fairies gave my sister Mary, (the now Wife of Mr. Humph. Martyn) then about four Years of Age, a Silver Cup that held about a Quart, bidding her give it my Mother, and she did bring it my Mother; but my Mother would not accept of it, but bid her carry it to them again, which she did. I presume this was the time my Sister owns she saw the Fairies. I confess to your Lordship, I never did see them. I had almost forgot to tell your Lordship, that Ann would tell what People would come to her several Days before they came, and from whence, and at what time they would come. I have see Ann in the Orchard dancing among the trees; and she told me, she was then dancing with the Fairies.

The great Noise of the many strange Cures Ann did, and also her living without eating our Victuals, (she being fed by these Fairies) caus'd both the Neighboro-Magistrates and Ministers to resort to my Father's House, and talk with her, and strictly examined her about the matters related; and she gave them very rational Answers to all those Questions they then ask'd her, (for by this time she was well recovered out of her Sickness and Fits, and her naturals Parts and Understanding much improv'd) my Father and all his Family affirming the Truth of all we saw. The Ministers endeavoured to perswade her they were evil Spirits that resorted to her, and that it was the Delusion of the Devil,

(but how could that be, when she did no Hurt, but Good to all that came to her for cure of their Distemp's?) and advised her not to go to them when they call'd her. Upon these Admonitions of the Ministers and Magistrates, our Ann was not a little troubled and concerned, not well knowing what to do in this case. However, that Night after the Magistrates and Ministers were gone, my Father with his family sitting at a great Fire in his Hall, Ann being also present, she spake to my Father, and saith, Now they call (meaning the Fairies:) We all of us urg'd her not to go. In less than a half quarter of an Hour she saith, Now they call a second time. We encouraged her again not to go to them. By and by she saith, Now they call a third time; Upon which away to her Chamber she went to them (of all these three calls of the Fairies, none heard them but Ann). After she had been in her Chamber for some time, she came to us again with a Bible in her Hand, and tells us, that when she came to the Fairies, they said to her, What has there been some Magistrates and Ministers with you, and disswaded you from coming any more to us, saying we are evil Spirits, and that it was all the Delusion of the Devil? Pray desire them to read that Place of Scripture in the 1st Epistle of St. John, chap. 4 ver. 1 Dearly Beloved, believe not every Spirit, but try the Spirits, whether they are of God, &c. This Place of Scripture was turn'd down to in the said Bible. (I told your Lordship before, Ann could not read.)

After this one John Tregagle Esq. (who was Steward to the late John Earl of Radnor) being then a Justice of the Peaces in Cornwall, sent his Warrant for Ann, and sent her to Bodmin Goal, and there kept her a long time. That Day the Constable came to execute the Warrant, Ann milking the Cow, the Fairies appeared to her, and told her, that a Constable would come that day with a Warrant for to carry her before a Justice of the Peace, and she would be sent to Goal. She ask'd them if she should abscond and hide her self: they answered her, No, she should fear nothing, but go with the Constable. So she went with the Constable to the Justice, and he sent her to Bodmin Goal, and ordered the Prison Keeper that she should be kept without Victuals;



and she was so kept; and yet she liv'd, and without complaining. When the Sessions came, the Justices of the Peace sent their Warrant to one Giles Bawden, a Neighbor of ours, who was then Constable, for my Mother and my self to appear before them at that Sessions, to answer such Questions as should be demanded of us about our poor Maid Ann (Bodmin was eight miles from my Father's, and it was the first time that I remember I ever rode on Horseback). When we came to the Sessions, the first that was call'd before the Justices was my Mother, (what questions they ask'd her, I do not remember.) When they had done examining her, they desired her to withdraw. As soon as she came forth, I was brought in, and call'd to the upper end of the Table to be examined; and there was (I suppose him to be) the Clerk of the Peace with his Pen ready in his Hand to take my Examination (I do not remember that they did put me to my oath). The first Question they ask'd me was, My pretty little Child, what have you got in your Pockets? I very innocently and pertinently answered, Nothing, Sir, but my Cuffs, (Cuffs are worsted knit Gloves, which Children in our Country wear on their Hands to keep them warm) which I immediately pluck'd out of my Pocket, and shewed them. Their second Question to me was, If I had any Victuals in my Pocket for my Maid Ann? I answered, I had not. Upon this they laugh'd at my childish Answers, (to such Questions such Answers) and so dismiss'd me as well as my Mother. But poor Ann 'ay in Goal for considerable time after; and also Justice Tregagle, who was a great Persecutor, kept her in his House some times as a Prisoner, and that without Victuals. And at last when Ann was discharged out of Prison, the Justices made an Order that Ann should not live any more with my Father.

Whereupon my Father's only Sister, Mrs. Francis Tom, a Widow, near Padstow, took Ann into her family, and there she liv'd a considerable time, and did many great Cures: but what they were, my Kinsman Mr. Will. Tom, who then liv'd in the House with his Mother, can give your Lordship the best Account of any that I know living, except Ann herself.

And from thence she went to live with her own Brother, and in process of time married as afore-said.

And now, my Lord, if your Lordship expects that I should give you an Account when and upon what occasion these Fairies forsook our Ann, I must tell your Lordship, I am ignorant in that; she her self can best tell if she could be prevailed with so to do: and the History of it, and the rest of the Passages of her Life, would be very acceptable and useful to the most curious and inquisitive Part of Mankind.

And now, my Lord, I think good here to put an end to my plain Relation of these very strange Passages of this Ann Jefferie's Life: It's only Matter of Fact which I have here faithfully related: I have not made any Observations nor Reflections upon any one Passage. I leave your Lordship to your own free Thoughts and Judgment. I my self cannot give one natural Reason for any one of these Passages that happened to this poor Woman, but must conclude with that great Apostle and Scholar, St. Paul, Rom. 11.33, 34, 35, 36. O the depth of the Riches both of the Wisdom and Knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out! For who hath known the Mind of the Lord, or who hath been his Counsellor? Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be Glory for ever. Amen.

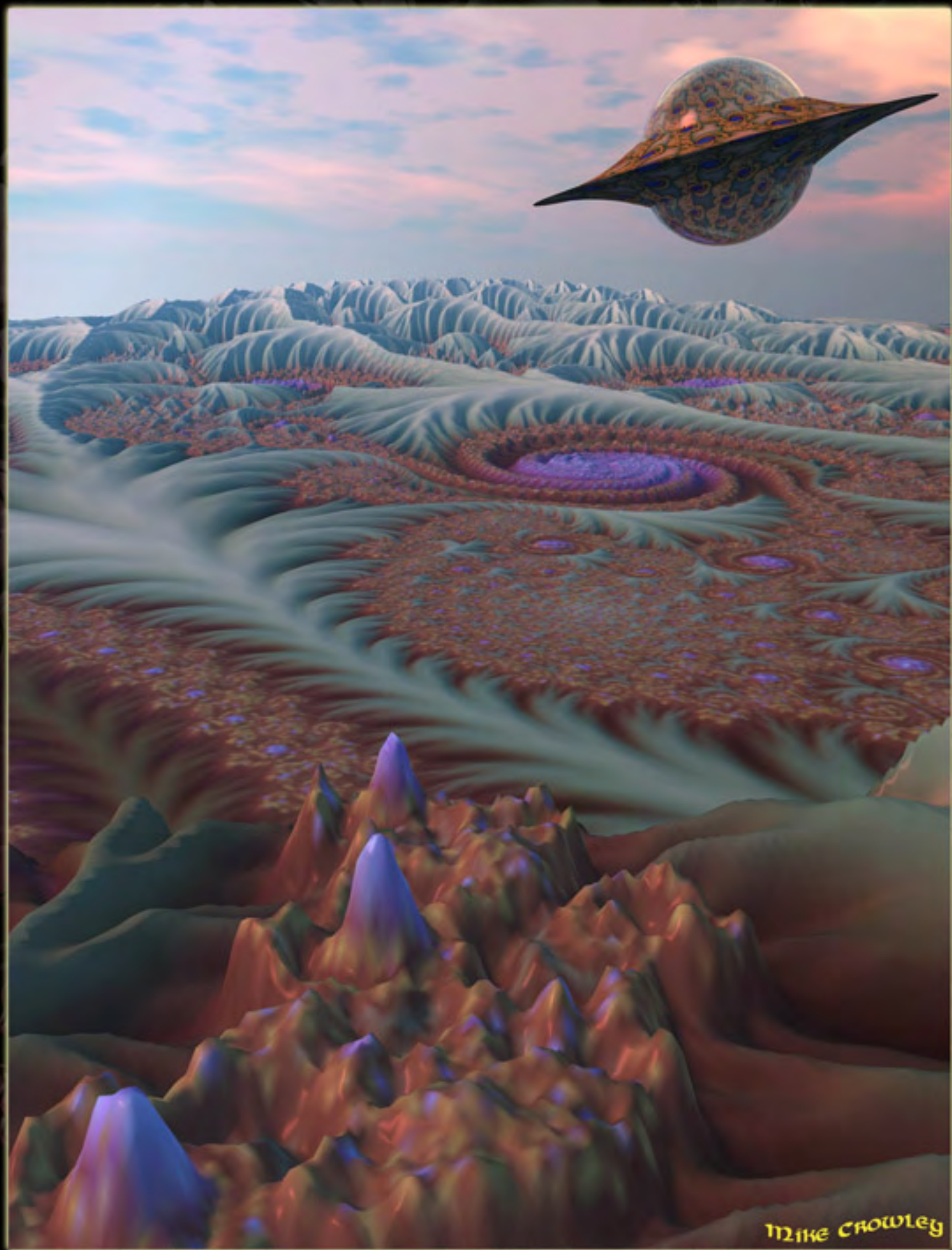
I am Your Lordship's most Humble and Dutiful Servant,

May 1. 1696.

Moses Pitt

(Moses Pitt, An Account of One Ann Jefferies, Now Living in the County of Cornwall, who was fed for six Months by a small sort of Airy People call'd Fairies.)





MIKE CROWLEY



# THE BORNLESS ONE





THE PRELIMINARY INVOCATION OF THE GOETIA  
OR  
THE BORNLESS RITUAL

Thee I invoke, the Bornless one,  
Thee, that didst create the Earth and the Heavens;  
Thee, that didst create the Night and the Day,  
Thee, that didst create the Darkness and the Light,  
Thou art Osorronophris: Whom no man hath seen at any time.

Thou art Jabas:

Thou art Iapos:

Thou has distinguished between the just and the unjust.

Thou didst make the female and the male.

Thou didst produce the Seed and the Fruit.

Thou didst form Men to Love one another, and to hate one another.

I am Mosheh Thy Prophet, unto Whom Thou didst commit Thy Mysteries, the  
Ceremonies of Israhel.

Thou didst produce the moist and the Dry, and that which nourisheth all created Life.

Hear Thou Me, for I am the Angel of Paphro Osorronophris; this is Thy True Name,  
handed down to the Prophets of Israhel.

Hear Me:

Ar: Thiao: Rheibet: AcheLeberseth:

A: Blata: Abet: Ebeu: Phi:

Thitasoe: Ix: Thiao.

Hear Me, and make all Spirits subject unto Me: so that every Spirit of  
the Firmament and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth: on  
Dry Land and in the Water: of Whirling Air, and of Rushing Fire: and every  
Spell and Scourge of God may be obedient unto Me.

I invoke Thee, the Terrible and Invisible  
God: Who dwellest in the Void Place of  
the Spirit.

Arogogorobrao: Socho:

Modorio: PhalArthao: Doo: Ape.

the Bornless One:



Hear Me repeat the refrain.

Hear me:

Roubriao: Mariodam: Balbnabaoth:

Assalona: Aphniao: I: Thoteth:

Abrasar: Aeoo: Ischure.

Mighty and Bornless One

Hear Me repeat the refrain.

I invoke Thee:

Ma: Barraio: loel: Kotha:

AchorebaLo: Abraoth:

Hear Me repeat the refrain.

Hear Me

Aoch: Abaoth: Basum: Isak:

Sabaoth: Iao:

This is the Lord of the Gods:

This is the Lord of the Universe:

This is He Whom the Winds fear.

This is He, Who having made Voice by

His Commandment, is Lord of ALL Things;

King, Ruler and Helper

Hear Me repeat the refrain.

Hear Me:

leou: Pur: Jou: Pur: laot: laeo: loou:

Abrasar: Sabriam: Do: Uu: Adona: Ede: Edu:

Angelos ton Theon: AnLaLa Lai: Gala: Ape:

Diachana Thorun.

I Am He the Bornless Spirit having sight in the Feet: Strong, and the Immortal Fire

I am He The Truth

I Am He Who hate the evil should be wrought in the World

I am He, that lighteneth and thundereth.

I am He, from whom is the Shower of the Life of Earth:

I am He, whose mouth ever flameth:

I am He, the Begetter and Manifester unto the Light:

I am He, the Grace of the World:

THE HEART GIRT WITH A SERPENT is My Name

Come Thou forth, and follow Me: and make all Spirits subject unto Me so that every


Spirit of the Firmament, and of the Ether: upon the Earth and under the Earth: on Dry

Land, or in the Water: of whirling Air or of rushing Fire: and every Spell and Scourge

of God, may be obedient unto Me

Iao: Sabao:





This ritual is very old. Many of the names are from Ancient Egypt. Others are to be found among the Greek Gnostics. Most of the more identifiable ones are from Merkabah Qabalah.

In the original form, The Bornless One is called the Headless One meaning The One with no Beginning. The original form of this ritual was used for exorcism, but this and other Later forms have been used to attain the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel.

This ritual should always be preceded by a Lesser Pentagram Banishment, or similar rite of purification of the place and mind. The ritual is useful in all magical workings, especially those of a difficult nature or those involving danger to mind or body. Crowley was extremely fond of this ritual, calling it my favorite... The Bornless Ritual is most effective when chanted in a manner like the blowing of the wind with a sort of Howling quality in the voice.

The Bornless Ritual is not an original part of the Lesser Key of Solomon, but was added to that work in the early the century. It originates in the Gnostic traditions of the first six centuries of the present dating system. Similar works of Magick and Magic are to be found in the Leyden Papyrus



Digital Joy!  
in the lands of Vision



with  
Stevee Postman



# Stevee Postman



**My creative process is an intuitive and spontaneous opening of a channel. I start with a general idea and direction and just begin and let the flow carry me along. I've reached a point of interfacing with photoshop and the computer that the creative act carries me along, sometimes easy and other times a struggle. Blending technology with the organic to weave my magic as a sort of techno-shamanism. Embedding sacred numerology in the form of opacity settings and blurring amounts. Subtly layering ancient Sanskrit chants as invisible background elements. I'll spend weeks carefully crafting elements, combining, composing, layering and transmogrifying to create a seamless reality of wonder and interconnectedness. I photograph as much as possible and appropriate additional elements. As a gardener, I grow most of the flower forms I work with in my images.**

**I enjoy exploring the mystery of life through the natural world and what lies beyond that. Seeing the unseen. Revealing what goes on behind the screen. A secret instance of enlightenment or epiphany that in the blink of an eye, changes everything forever. An unexpected moment of union - above and below inside and out. Working with elementals and archetypes and developing a visual vocabulary to give voice to the unspoken. To hear the unstruck chord.**

**I'm currently working on my**

**'Up-Root' series of deva gatekeepers and gateways. In 'Excellent Fragrance', a figure made up of a Datura root with carrot head, dances on a Golden Lotus Banana flower as he holds a flaming uberous through which a light beam travels. Bouncing from globe thistle to globe thistle the ray returns back to the great above from where it came, nourishing life with it's light. This references the Mrityunjaya Mantra from ancient India. Witnessing and learning from the dance with amazement is a small green snake, echoing the circular snake of the uberous above it.**

**One of my best know projects is "The Cosmic Tribe Tarot". Creating this oracle was one of the peak experiences of my life, and working with it has been filled with countless unbelievable synchronicities. Having sold over 15000 copies it has developed a cult following. On the back of the box, the deck is described as: Synthesizing classic archetypal imagery with state-of-the-art electronic wizardry, Stevee Postman has created a deck that maps the modern psyche like no other before. Drawing equally from nature, myth, psychedelics, and contemporary neopagan culture, The Cosmic Tribe Tarot sparks to the fears, hopes and desires of a new generation.**



Without abandoning the traditional structure that has made the Tarot a successful divination tool for centuries, Postman charges his deck with erotic, mystical energy, showing that the modern tribal movement is at the heart a spiritual one. Never before has a Tarot so boldly reconnected the contemporary soul to the eternal cosmos.

More of my work and contact information can be found on my website at:  
[www.stevee.com](http://www.stevee.com)





# Two Crows





# Excellent Fragrance





# StarEye





# Unstruck Chord





# Temple





# Green Man





# Gate Keeper





# CCT-Star





# CCT-Moon





# Connect





# THE SHORT REVIEW

## RHIZOMORPH - XENOFILIKA (NEUROCHEMICAL RECORDS)

Moving between the realms of world fusion, ambient, downtempo, and experimental electronica, Rhizomorph's debut album Xenofilika takes one on a journey through imaginary geographies, with strange musical hallucinations rising and falling through the various tracks... African, Middle Eastern and Asian percussion weave through and underly a tapestry of loops, synthesizer events, and sound-designed passages and textures.

Complex and beguiling, Xenofilika is a fine choice for anyone seeking an excursion into deep, world-flavored electronic music which transcends the commonly encountered limits of the genre(s). There are no static drones or pointlessly repeating weak motifs on this disc, no garden variety empty metallic noises or glitch effects. These tracks each have something unique to say, and each takes the listener on his or her own personal cerebral trip (though the nature of that trip will vary with the individual). One could easily do far worse when searching for fresh new music than to invest in this noteworthy debut effort.

You'll find this album in rotation on Radio Free EarthRites...

Recommended

Short, sharp to the point reviews...

We cover newly released media works as well as media-works that we have just discovered...



## MAPS - WE CAN CREATE (MUTE RECORDS)

This project started out as the one person (James Chapman) and a 16 track recorder in his bedroom in the north of England (Northhampton to be exact...) four years later, he has a contract with Mute Records (one of our favourite lables for a couple of decades) an album of transcendental beauty.

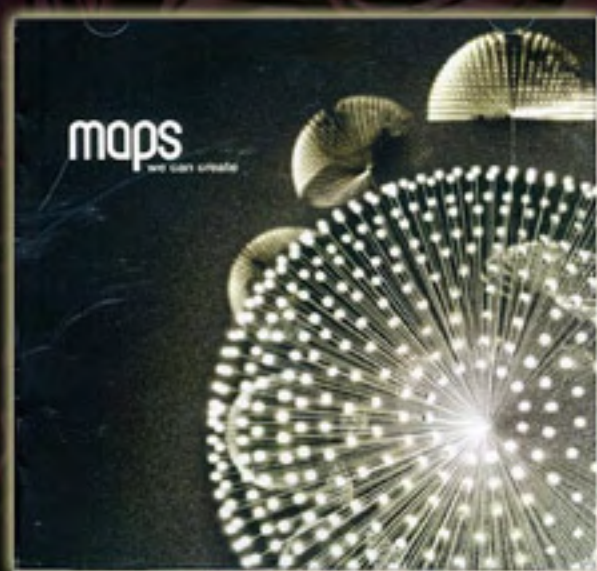
The final realized album was produced by Valgeir Sigurdsson (producer for Sigur Ross) whose imprint is not overwhelming, but rounds out some very well thought out tracks. (We like his stuff with Sigur Ross as well btw...)

From the first track 'So Low So High' to the last track 'When You Leave' you will be swimming through a wall of sound, textured just so brilliantly.

This album is a must, and deserves to be played, like everywhere. All eleven tracks are shining jewels of light.

You can find it in heavy rotation at Radio Free EarthRites...

Recommended!





## EVAN BARTHOLOMEW - BORDERLANDS

Evan Marc has been known to the general public as his first musical incarnation, Bluetech for several years. He recently has been venturing away from his roots as of late, ranging wider and wider into new musical realms. He seems to be expanding his musical horizons at an amazing pace ... With this album, following on the heels of recent releases he has begun to explore new regions including the lush instrumentations and orchestrations of this album.

It is a true departure his previous work, making great use of spatial relationships in his phrasing and compositional style.

*Borderlands* has really caught my attention. It has a touch of Eric Satie to it, the mixing and blending of Evan's multiple musical voices are so well done on this album.

I expect that Evan will be surprising us and delighting us for years to come.

Recommended!

## IBOGA - THE VISIONARY ROOT OF AFRICAN SHAMANISM VINCENT RAVALEC, MALLENDI, AGNES PAICHELER PARK STREET PRESS

Perhaps one of the better books on the subject, this one originates out of France... An interesting collaboration, Vincent Ravalec, a french film director, Mallendi, a Gabon bwiti nganza initiator and traditional healer.

(as interviewee resource) and Agnès Paicheler is a social scientist researcher.

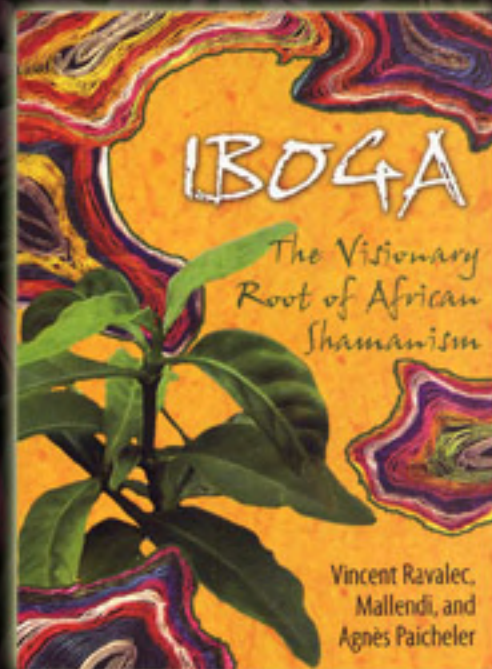
The cover the gamut of the traditional uses of Iboga, to the suppression of Iboga first by the FDA and DEA. Its uses in psychotherapy and addiction treatments (esp. for heroin)... and its transformative abilities that puts one in touch with the ancestor spirits.

Iboga comes highly praised by the likes of Rick Strassman & Jeremy Narby. This book would seem to be a natural for any person interested in consciousness studies

Recommended



(Original French Cover)





JACK KEROUAC - WINDBLOWN WORLD  
(THE JOURNALS OF JACK KEROUAC 1947-1954)  
PENGUIN BOOKS...  
EDITED BY DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

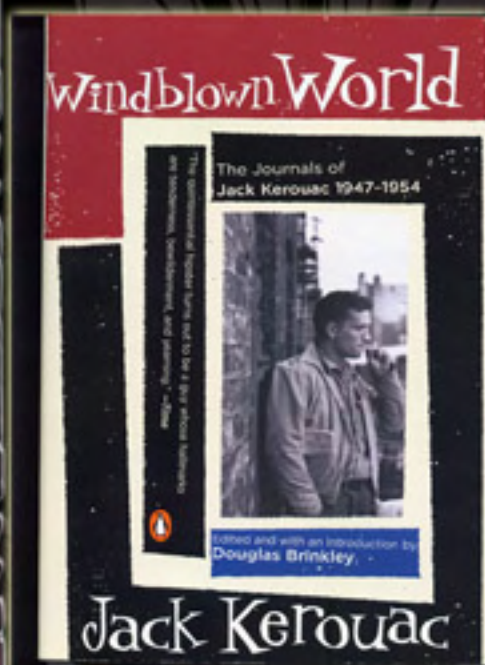
Perhaps you have seen this book? It is an essential element for anyone who collects anything from the Beat Era...

This journal is so engrossing, that when I start to read it at night I find myself with a case of insomnia. It moves along like a dexidrine rush, cool then hot, detailed and shining. You find yourself peering out of Jack's cranium, moving with his thoughts, like be-bop at 3:00am. If there ever was a jazz journal of the mind, this is it.

Lush, and at 422 pages, you get an incredibly detailed account of Jack's creative life, frustrations, triumphs, glories and depressions... You can see his interactions with his friends, family and strangers through out the USA and of special interest to me, his times in Mexico.

If you don't have it, then I suggest you find a copy soon. Drink a cup of coffee on a late afternoon in the local coffee shop, and dream... dream... dream...

Recommended (in spades!)



A BLAST FROM THE PAST!  
RENEGADE (BLUEBERRY) 2004  
DIRECTED BY JAN KONEN

I came to this film after its theatre run. It has remained a point of deep fascination since I first saw it, and on repeated viewings.

I am finding more and more depths... the comparison to Orpheus, and the Orphic mysteries are deeply embedded in this tale of darkness, light, and the exploration of the levels and depths of self, and the inter-inner connectiveness of life and consciousness.

There is much more going on here than which meets the senses on your first viewing. More than a Western, more than tales of Brujo's and their machinations.

My son compared it to a study of the various shamanic realms, and in the end, he may be absolutely right.

If you collect DVD's consider this one.

Recommended (Highly!)





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