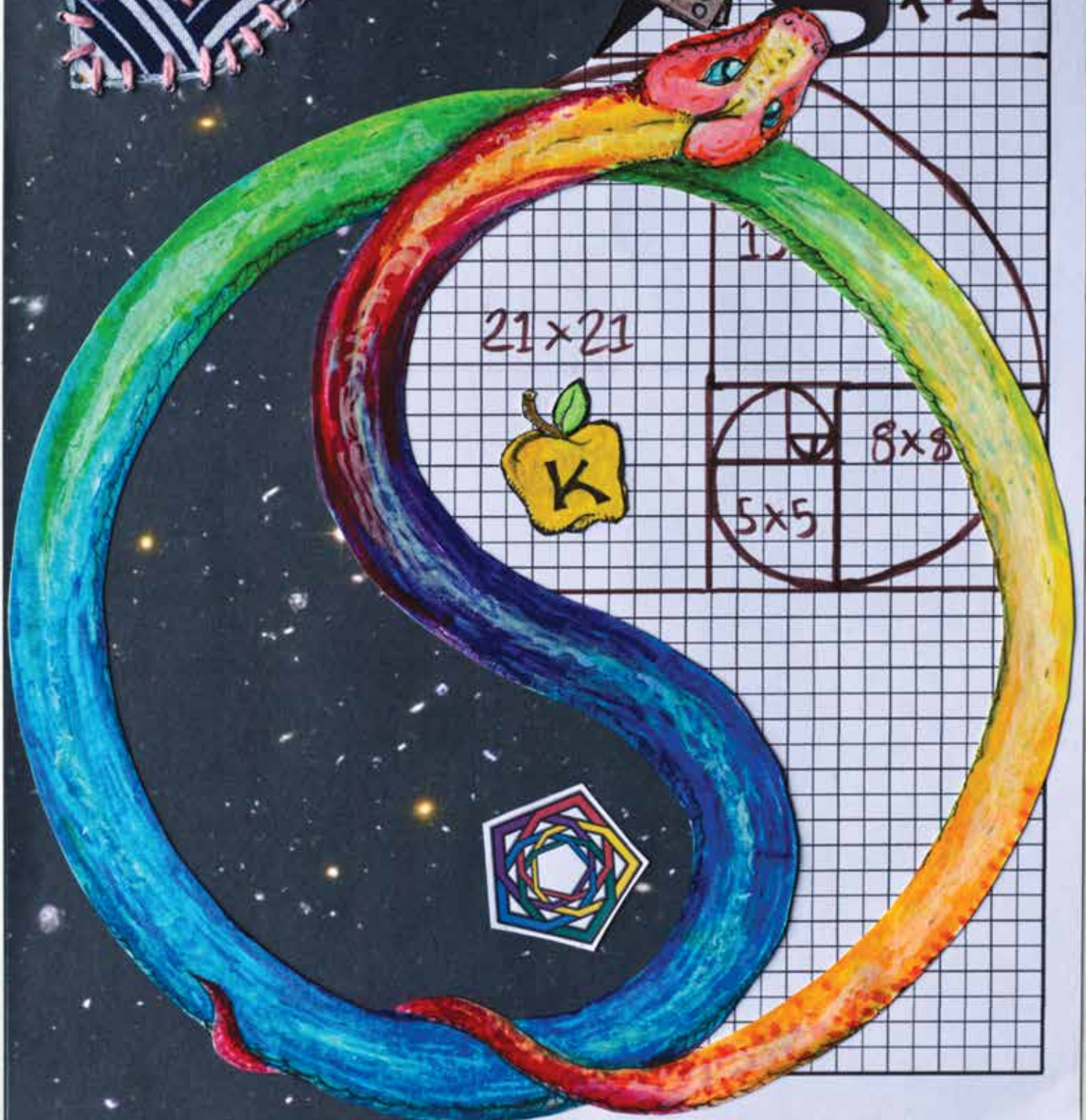




g #1

21x21







Welcome

According to the block universe theory, somewhere in space-time, a double decker bus is travelling across Europe. It is heading for the Great Gnothing. On the bus are 69 “cosmically-enthused” pilgrims and two German bus drivers. They’re on a mission. They’re going to the geographical centre of CERN to undertake a magickal ceremony. That ceremony will re-set the world, changing the timeline of history. What happened after they’ll get there is yet to be established.

To accompany the travellers on their sacred journey, *Pilgrims Guidebook* has been produced. It is a beautiful thing, jam packed full of wisdom on the nature and purpose of pilgrimage. A book of such power and wisdom as the *Pilgrim’s Guidebook* would be a valuable tool for the Gnowing traveller. Alas! the *Guidebook* is out of print and impossible to get hold of outside of the dimensions of space-time in which the bus perpetually travels.

Given the reality shift (potentially) brought about by the magickal ceremony, The Great Is decided that a Field Guide

should exist. This Guide would provide clues to the nature of the landscape ahead, as well as tools to aid navigation. The zine that you are holding (in whatever form it came to you) is that Field Guide writing itself into reality.

32 wisdom keepers have gifted spells, incantations, sigils, stories, provocations and invitations. Through the course of 2021 the 32 will bring whatever is needed to whomever needs to find it. The journey begins right here, and this time, you’re on the bus as well. Welcome.

Bodge is an edge.

Its an interface between order and chaos.

Bodge is a threshold.

And crossing thresholds requires ceremony.

So, before diving in, let me invite you to make a ceremony. It can be as simple as making a cup of tea and sitting Gnowhere, quietly. Or you could light a candle? Or throw a sprout at the cat. Whatever feels like it wants to be done, do that first. Then turn this page.

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 12: The Synergist
 13: Judy Mazonowicz 14: The Door
 15: The Grain of Sand
 16: The Procrastinator
 17: Slim Smith 18: Anwen Fryer
 19: Simon Stokes
 20: The Discordian Dungeon Master
 21: Dai Owen 22: Auntie Bob
 23: Myra Stewart 24: Larry Sidorczuk
 25: Katy-Anne Bellis 26: Lovebucket
 27: Will Helm Rightly
 28: Emma Watkinson
 29: Authenticator IX 30: The Walker
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Librarian's Corner

Before boarding the bus, there was much discussion around having a comfy book nook, perhaps at the back. I was envisioning a lamp and armchair and bean bags for pilgrims, listening in rapt attention to one of their fellows reading to them from a treasured volume. This of course was all pure fantasy and only happened in a limited way - I did read aloud to The Runner from Lyonesse. However, collecting Pilgrims' favourite or most recommended books DID happen and I have the list. This page will be a chance for your Librarian to display 3 of these chosen books each Issue, with a brief description.

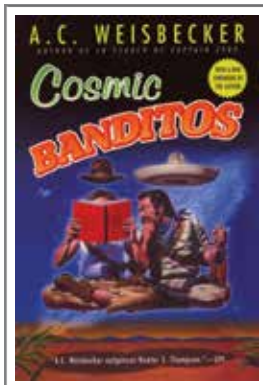
Amplifier

Cosmic Banditos by AS Weisbecker

Mr. Quark is a down-on-his-luck pot smuggler hiding out in the mountains of Colombia with his dog, High Pockets, and a small band of banditos led by the irascible but intensely loyal José. He starts to read about Quantum Theory and Time Travel whilst forming a unique perspective on his daughter Tina's love life. He sets off on a wide-ranging quest, trying to track her down by any means possible.

What follows is a sidesplitting, boisterous adventure north to California, involving Operation Looney Tune, destiny, friendship and a pilot named Flash who insists on flying at low altitude.

When Quark miraculously arrives in California he confronts the owner of the books with his own theories on relativity, the nature of the universe, and looking for the meaning of life in all the wrong places...



Arrow

The Power Of Your Subconscious Mind, by Joseph Murphy

The Power of Your Subconscious Mind has encouraged millions of readers to 'harness the immense power of their subconscious minds to

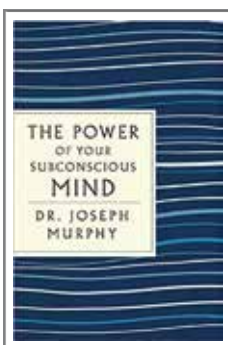
positively influence their lives.'

By showing how simply changing your thinking can produce dramatic changes, Dr. Murphy asserts that the strength of the unconscious mind is 'almost limitless.'

Through focusing your mental will, Murphy claims that you can achieve 'professional success, build wealth, strengthen

personal and professional relationships, build your self-confidence, and even bring about changes to your physical wellbeing' - all through the power of the mind.

With practical and approachable lessons, Dr. Murphy claims that the power to change your life lies within you.



Authenticator

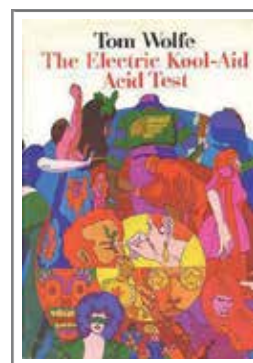
The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test

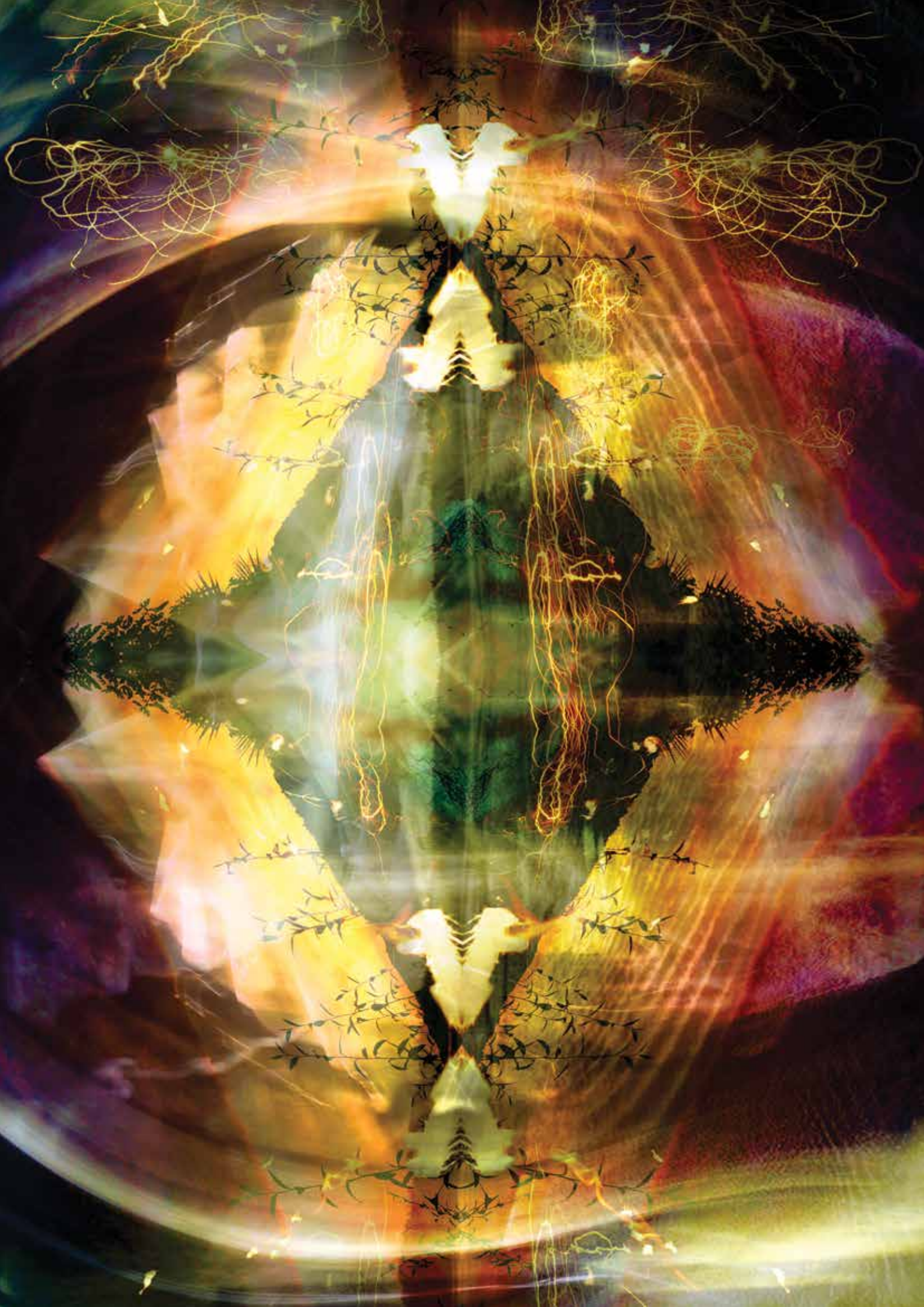
A nonfiction book by Tom Wolfe that was published in 1968. The book is remembered today as an early – and arguably the most popular – example of the growing literary style called New Journalism.

Wolfe presents, as-if-firsthand, an account of the experiences of Ken Kesey and his band of Merry Pranksters, who travelled across the country in a colourfully painted school bus, the destination of which was always "Furthur", as indicated on its sign, but also exemplified by the general ethos of the Pranksters

themselves. Kesey and the Pranksters became famous for their use of LSD and other psychedelic drugs in hopes of achieving intersubjectivity. The book chronicles the Acid Tests (parties in which LSD-laced Kool-Aid was used to obtain a communal trip), the group's encounters with (in)famous figures of the time, including famous authors, Hells Angels, and The Grateful Dead, and it also describes Kesey's exile to Mexico and his arrests.

Oh, and Authenticator was there.







ALL HEAL DISCORDIA

Come.
Come, you survivors of the Great Art Wars,
You meme-battered psychonauts,
Maddened by thought,
Explorers on the bleeding edge of experience;
You spell-bruised neuromancers,
Desperate dancers and damaged dreamers,
Die-hard romantics od'd on empathy,
Delirious artists lost aesthetically,
You poets writing with broken bones and blood,
Scarred healers and ligatured lyricists,
The shell-shocked, raw and numb;
Come.
Into the Healing Garden.
The first thing to grasp is you are welcome here,
So leave your worries by the door over there
And enter.
A sacred space. Our place. Home.
Come.
Let's put the kettle on.
Warm your weary Soul at our fire.
You can speak your truth here,
Word-eating flames reflected in tired eyes
That saw too much too young,
Testimony ranting or whispered,
Sweet pieces of poems like broken biscuits,
Songs sung here will haunt you for years,
Tears heralded by heartfelt verses,

Epiphany-smear'd visions
Fierce notions.
Tinctures from the wise woman's bag
Help ease your troubles for a while...
See,
We've been up past our bedtimes
Most of our lifetimes,
Searching for something only found in the dark.
Partying harder than Flint.
Now the light is returning,
We see we're tired, a bit grubby
Very much the worse for wear,
Walking wounded.
But we're still smiling, still here.
Because it's the dawn of a beautiful new day
And we're surrounded by people we love.
Rest now: when we wake again,
We wake to a new world
Birthed from all our deeds and words
The wonders we have imagined
And reflect on all that's to come.
In the meantime, let's enjoy the rising sun.
I'll get the meds in, make the tea.
Before we frail shadows leave the stage,
Let's heal each other.
All.
All heal.
All heal Discordia.



What is a glitch experiment?

Intentionally take specific actions. Remain present while doing so. Maintain your attention on your direct experience as it is occurring.

Why glitch?

Ever feel like there might be invisible limits on your world? A nagging sense that there's more, but it's behind a barrier you can't even see? Like there's something of great importance that you forgot, and then you forgot that you forgot?

Maybe those limits seem like fundamental aspects of ourselves, or of reality. Maybe they are just notions we adopted, but so sincerely that we forgot. Perhaps we've acted as if they are real for so long, they may as well be. Have we played our character so well that we've convinced ourselves?

But now and then we feel an abrupt intrusion of the strange and incongruous, the jarring and inconsistent. A flaw in the world where the illusion is betrayed. The scenery two dimensional, the characters automata, the script an alien language.

When these glimpses are unbidden we may feel disturbed, unprepared to accept the opportunity they offer. We dismiss, reject, or forget them. We seek comfort in our default world and its familiar constraints. But these experiences can be recalled and reclaimed.

Chinks in the boundaries can be deliberately and methodically provoked and confronted, in a spirit of exploration and discovery. Then their strangeness can seem fascinating rather than fearful. The Other can be approached with a sense of joyful adventure. Our habitual ways of building the world and our selves can be seen as just that.

By unmasking something we took to be real as just a notion we adopted, we can find ourselves in a bigger universe with more possibilities.

By glitching our machine we can reveal, and perhaps even undermine, our robotic nature.

Glitch experiments can repeatedly shift that which we identify as ourselves and as the world. Perhaps in discovering the things that are ephemeral, we can begin to get a feel for what might be persistent.

The value in an experiment lies in actually doing it. Reading about it and fantasising is not doing the experiment, and doesn't produce results. You won't get meaning from the words, but from doing what they suggest.

How do I glitch?

This is nothing to do with any 'science' you may have experienced in an education establishment. Nor is this about joining the cult of scientism, quite the opposite. This is not an empty game of reason or book-learning. This is about dropping second hand information, and applying the scientific method to your own embodied sensorium. Let's get empirical with the only source of real data we have: our direct experience. When you conduct an experiment yourself, you own the results.

Enter into each experiment without preconception, without expectation, without hope.

Acknowledge your ignorance to open yourself to discovery.

Allow the possibility that you may know nothing.

Approach empty and you may receive.

Let each experiment be a fresh encounter with the unknown. Your experience each moment is new. Now has never happened before, and never will again. Pay close attention.

Follow the methods offered. Give it your all.

No real experiment is a failure. Every sincere attempt is a success.

Glitch experiment 1(a)

Set a timer for five minutes. Bring your attention to your face. Begin to slowly stretch your face, with as much tension as you can. Keep breathing in a relaxed way into the belly for the duration. Involve every part of your face, in every direction. Forehead, mouth, eyes, upper cheeks, nose, lips, tongue, chin, eyebrows, lower cheeks, jaw. Move slowly. Explore your face with your attention as you stretch it. If you feel like yawning, let it take precedence. Notice any tension elsewhere in your body. When the time is up, take a deep inhalation and hold it, and hold your face in a stretch with maximum intensity. Hold for the count of three, then say 'Ah!' and let all the breath out, and let all the tension drop from your face. Relax, take a few deep breaths and notice the effects of the experiment.

Record your results. Repeat the experiment when moved to.

[These experiments are invitations, which you may choose to accept at your own risk. You are responsible for your own physical, psychological, and spiritual wellbeing. Don't hurt yourself, but don't use that as an excuse for inaction. You are the authority, but you may not be what you think you are. For entertainment purposes only.]

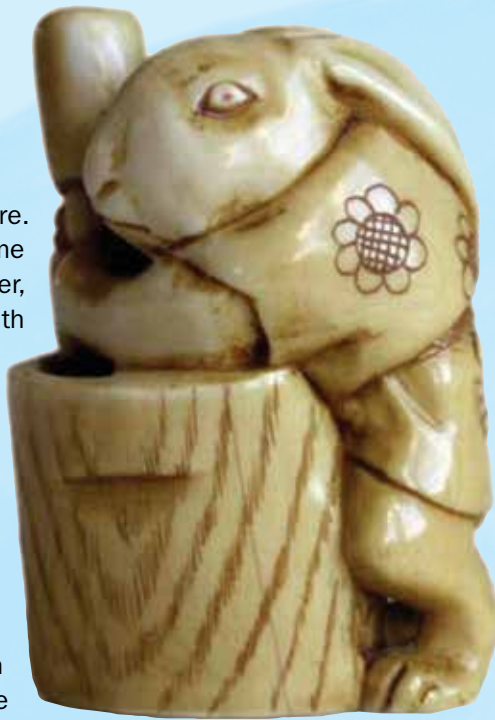
To share your results the next issue, or perhaps your own glitch experiment, if you'd like more experiments, or if you need tech support email lab@glitchexperiments.com

Hare-Piece Uno

2021 is going to be my Year of the Hare. In the last few years, I have spent some time in the company of that other trickster, Coyote. But my wonderful time with Coyote* has missed something... the living, breathing animal. I am reminded of Joseph Beuys the artist and his piece 'Coyote: I Like America and America Likes Me' from 1974. He had never been to the American continent (refusing to travel there during the Vietnam War), and finally agreed to yet another invitation from the States to go there and work. He made the decision that the very first eye contact with anyone in America should be with the eyes of

a Coyote. And so, it was arranged that Beuys would be completely wrapped in a large roll of thick felt, then put in the aeroplane. That plane would then fly from Germany to New York. Upon arrival, still wrapped in the felt, Beuys would be unloaded from plane to an ambulance and taken to the gallery where a cage had been built in a large room filled with more felt, a large pile of newspapers and a live, wild animal. There, in that cage, he would unwrap himself and gaze on the face of this Coyote. He then spent three days remaining in this space just the two of them.

If I was to attempt something of this nature, I would aim to meet the Coyote on its terms and in its own environment. Which is my plan with the Hare. Time to come home to a local and European Trickster. I'm in Newcastle upon Tyne



and I know of a field not too far away in Northumberland, in which during March 2020 a friend had joyful daily encounters with half a dozen hares. My plan is in March 2021 to spend some days in this field, perhaps rolled in some thick felt, who knows? I don't wish to presume what the hares or Hare will show or tell me, but I will be looking for some sense of where animal and archetype overlap. And March is the time when the hares will be at their playful best.

Beuys did another project in 1965 called Explaining Pictures to a

Dead Hare in which, for three hours in a Dusseldorf gallery, he whispered to a dead hare explaining the paintings. In preparation for this action, he coated his whole head in honey and gold leaf. He said: 'For me the Hare is a symbol of incarnation, which the hare really enacts – something a human can only do in imagination. It burrows, building itself a home in the earth. Thus, it incarnates itself in the earth: that alone is important. So it seems to me. Honey on my head of course has to do with thought. While humans do not have the ability to produce honey, they do have the ability to think, to produce ideas. Therefore, the stale and morbid nature of thought is once again made living. Honey is an undoubtedly living substance – human thoughts can also become alive. On the other hand, intellectualizing can be deadly to thought: one can talk one's mind to death in politics or in academia'

Well said Joseph. Let's bring those thoughts to life.

I will leave you with my attempt at an upbeat adaption of an ancient poem The Old Dust** by Chinese poet Li Bai (701-762).

Ancient Powder

The living are fleeting travellers

The dead are home

One continuous journey betwixt heaven and earth

Then, Hoorah! We are all the same old dust of ten thousand ages

The Hare in the Moon pounds the medicine like a good 'un

Fu-sang, the tree of immortality, shines

The Dead's white bones sing with the wind

As the green pines feel the coming of the spring.

Looking back, I sigh; looking ahead, I sigh again.

What is there not to prize in this life's misty, volatile glory?

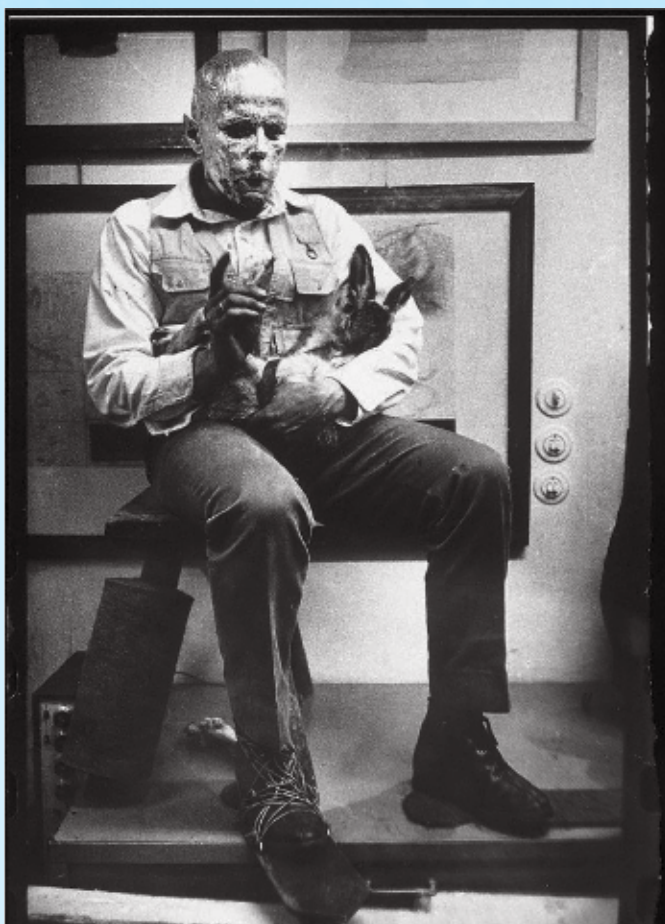
Happy New Year Bodgers

Love

Clamjamfrie

*Aye Coyote is my solo theatre show. Trailer here <https://youtu.be/YddDg3isqHQ>

**Original version here http://www.blackcatpoems.com/b/the_old_dust.html



THE CAMERA

The camera is a friend to the man that walks alone

To the woman in her bedroom gazing at her phone

To the child still in nappies swiping at the screen

Capturing those images
Uploaded to the unseen

The camera is an eye to whom is ever looking
To stand on a mountaintop alone...!!!

Never once does an image
see the sound that it sings

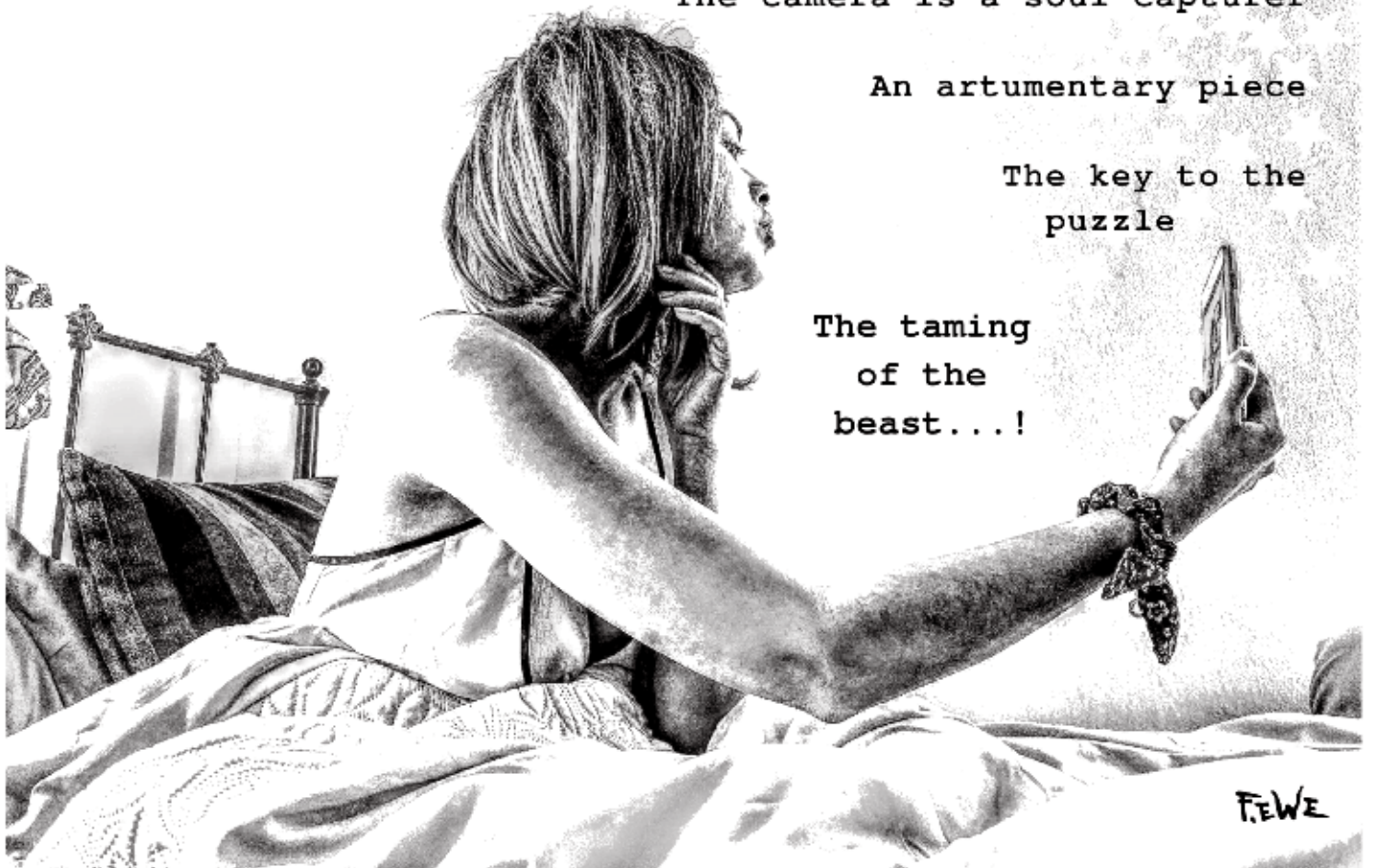
The voice that it cries
as it snaps at the strings

The camera is a soul capturer

An artumentary piece

The key to the
puzzle

The taming
of the
beast...!



F.E.W.E

Tousy's Gift

Excerpt from *Heart Flung to the Wind*, a memoir in progress by Eric Maddern

My mother's father, Eric Symon, was nicknamed 'Tousy', meaning tousled and unkempt. His siblings called him that his whole life. He died 18 months before I was born. I was named after him. He was gassed in WW1 and the wounds to his eyes and lungs never healed. In 1922 he migrated with his family (a brother and sister had married a sister and brother) from London to South Australia. They pioneered a returned soldiers settlement block on marginal land near the Murray River. The early years were good. My mother was born there. But then the drought set in. The Murray Mallee became a dust bowl. By 1933 yields had dropped by three quarters. Reluctantly they sold the farm and moved to Adelaide where Grandma May ran a grocery shop and Eric opened the People's Bookshop, stocking political, literary and philosophical works. He was already a member of the nascent Communist Party, outlawed in Australia during the war. During that time he wrote the 'Barks and Bites' column on the back page of the illegal leftwing paper, *Tribune*...

This is the last part of my second person address to him, remembering and honouring his life.

"Although Adelaide was very conservative you had many supporters and allies – 400 in the Left Book Club at one time – who wanted to read and talk about what was going on, especially as the world was at war. One, a refugee from the Nazis, came to your bookshop throughout the forties. He found you to be 'a quiet, cultured and erudite person of great intellect'. The bookshop, he said, was 'a meeting place where fortunes (and misfortunes) of the war were discussed, opinions and views exchanged'. As a newcomer in a foreign country he valued your 'advice and counsel not only in regard to literature but to life in general.' By others you were considered an enlightened educator, recommending books and helping to mould attitudes... People from all walks of life went in and out all day seeking literature they could not find elsewhere. You never condemned anyone for being 'out of line' or otherwise guilty of original thinking. So maybe, Grandfather Eric, despite your previous disappointments and physical suffering, you were at last fulfilled in your bookshop work...

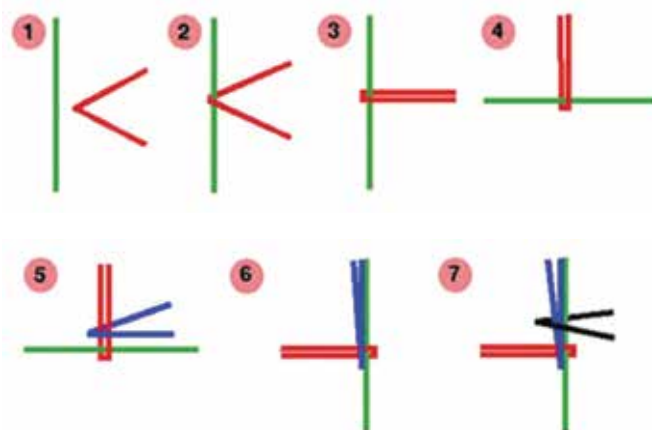
You never missed the chance to drink at the font of culture when the opportunity arose. At a performance of *Richard III*, starring Lawrence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, you were in the second row of the stalls. (David, your eldest son, queued all night for those tickets!) You found that sitting in a dark theatre looking at a lighted stage helped you to see more than you expected, not details of facial expression ('or Vivian Leigh's eyelashes') but you could distinguish between characters and 'see' in your mind's eye. Hearing Olivier speak the line: 'Now is the winter of our discontent' was a complete thrill for you. Indeed you wrote after: 'One can only comment on this show in superlatives. I have never been to a play so emotionally satisfying, everything in it, to my mind, above criticism.'

This was one of your last real pleasures for, less than three months later, on July 12th 1948, you died. You were 54 years old. You didn't want a ceremony but nonetheless friends and family gathered in the front room to remember you. Your brother-in-law Alex gave the main eulogy. He said: 'Another human being has lived out his little span and gone. To all men and women must sometimes come the thought of the futility, the meaninglessness of the life of a man. But at our best we know that despite all appearances to the contrary, no goodness, no courage, no honest strivings for the best a man may be, are wasted. These things, so intangible but so real, live on; they help, in ways that not even the youngest of us will live to see fully, those who come after us. Eric Symon was a man of courage, of energy, of great (if sometimes cynical) intelligence. He was also a man with a strangely tender heart, though he never wore that heart on his sleeve. It is natural we should sorrow at his death. But let us be proud, yes, and happy, as he would have wished, because of his life – for his strength of mind, his energy and his courage. Even if he is gone, the inspiration of these remain to us. For some of us here there is the thought that his hopes, his aspirations, his work will one day be fulfilled in a better life for others in this world.'

Maybe your work was, in part, fulfilled in my 'better life'."



Celebrating the Goddess at Imbolc



Imbolc, is a major celebration in the Celtic calendar. The start of the new farming season. In Ireland Imbolc is celebrated on February first, in USA the second along with Groundhog Day, and in England the Church's Candlemas is on the second.

Imbolc is the moment when seeds beneath the earth quicken, 'neart' (life force) wakens as spring readies before equinox. This day is Bridies (Bride's, St Brigid, etc) Day, she is a Goddess of healers, poets, smithies, childbirth, and inspiration. She was called the flame of Ireland, her place the hearth by the fire. Her aspects include snowdrops, heather, lavender, brambles, crocus, dandelions, acorns and oak tree, pumpkin seed, chamomile, bells, oyster catcher, sheep, cows, owls, wildflowers – there are many more.

Make a Bridie's cross

Traditionally made with reeds, you could use paper or straws, hang them above your door, window, or mantel as a sign of welcome. Leave them up all year for protection.

Clean. It is new year, a clean-up at this time will help the smooth running of the house through the year. "Spring cleaning was originally a nature ritual" Doreen Valentine.

Light a fire – If not possible, a white candle is most welcoming to her. Like new year's eve's first footing – we invite her into the house. On St Brigid's Eve let someone (or just you) go out to knock on your front door and ask to be let in in the name of Brigid. You could make a straw doll – brideog – to be brought in and welcomed. She could be put in a small bed, as you say

"Bride's bed is ready" "Let Bride come in, Bride is welcome". In parts of Scotland, girls dress in white and carry their doll from house to house singing songs of the Goddess.

Visit a Spring

Traditionally, followers visit their local Bridie's well. Artefacts made in celebration – crosses, flowers, beads, candles – are laid down to decorate the well and strips of white cloth (brats) hung on nearby trees. People gather in flowing robes and the chief poet, carrying a golden stick with bells on, reads the following poem before other poems, stories and songs are performed.

*Today is the day of the Bride
The septent shall not come from the hole,
I will not molest the serpent,
Nor will the serpent molest me.*

When the time is right, thanks are given to the spring, to nature, to Bridie and to each other. Water is collected for healing at home. If there are stones with cup and ring markings nearby, take water to them. Pour water into the cups or body shapes for healing.

In The Serpent and the Goddess Mary Condron writes "Like community activists and nurturers, Brigit wove the fragile threads of life into webs of community ... her bountiful nature ensured that the neart was kept moving and was not stagnated by greed"

This is a few suggestions from a rich tapestry, placed here to tickle your fancy. If the actions do not inspire you, feel the neart.

Judy Mazonowicz

With thanks to Steph Seed and Dolores Wheelan



Magic Words

By the Power of Greyskull

On my fortieth birthday I declared myself a magician – an idea I shamelessly ripped off from the writer Alan Moore. I'll turn 50 in 2021, which means in theory I've been practising magic for ten years, and should have some idea what it's all about.

I know several magicians who are older, wiser, and/or far more knowledgeable and experienced in this field than I am, and I'm not setting myself up as any kind of occult expert. In truth, I consider myself still very much a beginner, which is how it should be. Magic takes a lifetime to learn, and I started late. I also think it should always remain a mystery, as the deeper you go, the weirder it gets.

I've never belonged to any magical order or followed a particular discipline. I've learned about magic as I've learned about most things: haphazardly. But I've read reasonably widely, tried a few things out, observed the results and had a few ideas of my own. I'm hoping I might have something of value to share.

All Hail Discordia

I'm a Discordian Magician in that most of my experience has been in a Discordian context. I don't have a previous background in Chaos Magic, Wicca or Thelema, even though I've long been aware of these currents and have every respect for them. When I was in my early twenties I had friends who were part of Thee Temple Ov Psychick Youth, and I picked up a few pointers, but never joined their organisation.

I didn't start doing magic properly until I got involved with Festival 23. My own ideas and solo practise evolved alongside the rituals I worked on with the more experienced 23 magic crew. I'm informed by pop culture and personal experience as much as, or maybe more than, "authentic" canonical grimoires and the like. In short, whatever I have to say about magic may not be "right" according to many more established and older traditions, but it's my personal gnosis, and I'm sticking to it (at least until a better model comes along).

The Two Questions

There are only two questions worth asking a magician. The first is "Do you really believe in this shit?" and the second is "Can you actually summon demons and turn invisible and stuff?" A short, simple and honest answer to both of those questions is "Yes." Another short, simple and equally honest answer is "No."

You see the problem. Magicians love paradoxes and hate giving straight answers to impertinent inquiries. This is why you should never ask a magician either of the only two questions that are worth asking. But seeing as you're here, a slightly longer and more complicated answer is probably required.

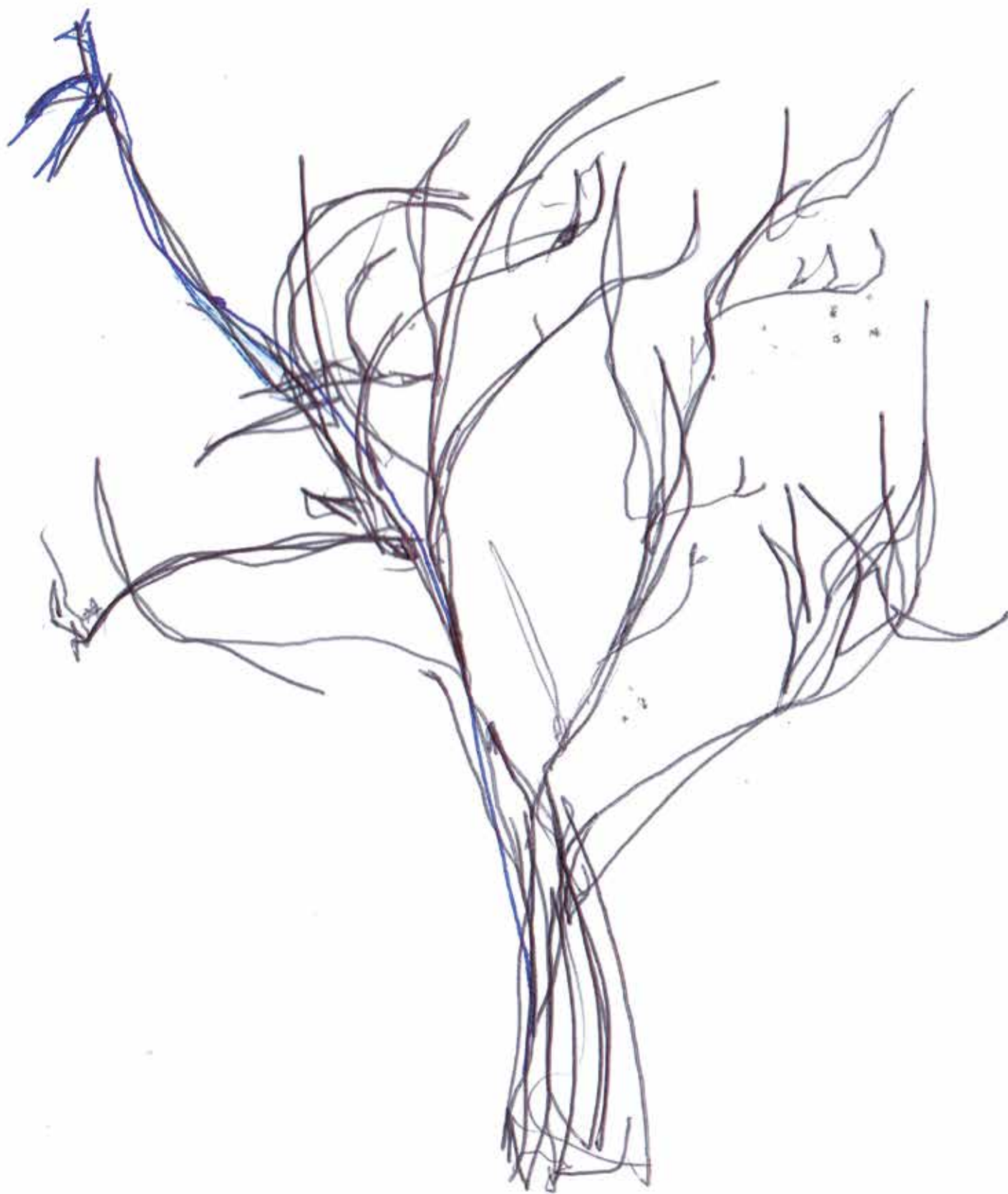
Believe It or Not

Sometimes, even most of the time, I *choose* to believe in magic. Why? Because it makes life more interesting and fun. Because if you believe in it you see evidence for it everywhere, and it works, and if you don't, you don't, and it doesn't. I often think magic is a load of old bollocks, but it's when I do believe in it that the good stuff happens. It also helps to be able to absolutely believe in it and not believe in it *at the same time*. This is ~~cognitive dissonance~~ the test of a first-rate intelligence (F Scott Fitzgerald).

Because I'm a Discordian magician by way of Ken Campbell, it's also accurate to say that I don't so much believe in magic as suppose that magic exists. I proceed on that assumption when appropriate, which usually gives interesting results. I then try to follow Aleister Crowley's advice on not attributing objective reality or philosophic validity to any of it – but I can still suppose...

As to the question of whether I can summon demons and turn invisible, I have an incredibly erudite and convincing answer for that too, but unfortunately I've run out of space. Remind me next month...

The Door



LEARNING TO DRAW TREES
JANUARY: APPLE TREE, TEDDINGTON

Blinking Twat

The Procrastinator

He flashes me a blinking gaze
Smugly chiding my malaise
“You’ve been sitting on your hands for days”

I catch his eye of strobing glee
Screaming “Fucking look at me!”
“This keyboard needs a chimpanzee!”

So, with an air that screams carefree
I brew a cup of honey tea
And dream I am a bumblebee

Buzzing with emancipation
My wings drone out his consternation
As I contemplate some pollination

“What happened to your discipline?”
The blinker screeched to my chagrin
“Come down you fool and fill me in!”

Soaring higher for liberation
I block out his exasperation
To reach new heights of prevarication

“You’re not a bee, you don’t make honey
Bash some keys you need the money”
Fine... I’ll be a binking bunny

We rabbits have no need for cash
Just leafy greens on which to gnash
“You’re cracked and spouting balderdash!”

I cock an ear, then chin the floor
Raise the middle finger of my paw
Steel myself for deadly war

“Every single fucking time...”
The blinking twat begins to whine
But it’s too late I’m gone again
With deadline dodging acumen



ART (and/is) MAGIC

A CALL TO MAGES, MAKERS and MEMBERS of the TRIBE

A Place to pick up your magical supplies and to sell your works of Magical Art. Get in touch.

At Airy Fairy we're serious about magic and herbalism, ritual and incantation, and the cards, crystals, incenses and books that go with them. We're not too serious about ourselves however - clenching the learning sphincter is a major obstacle to progress.

Airy Fairy's approach is friendly and non-denominational; we are open to all approaches and disciplines. We specialise in unique arts and crafts as well as magical supplies, books, crystals and aromatherapy oils. We also stock fair trade gifts from around the world, and many items that are made exclusively for our shop. New items are arriving all the time, so whether you want practical ingredients for a specific ritual, or a one-off present for a spiritually-inclined friend or relative, we're confident that we'll have just the thing you're looking for.

Airy Fairy is owned by Anwen Fryer-Burrows, identifying as a Disco Wiccan Chaos MagiciZen - reflecting her various paths and passions - Anwen has been running Airy Fairy since the beginning [1999], through fair weather and fierce.

Anwen embracing Discordianism, led to being an active founder member and director of Network 23, the non-profit collective responsible for Festival 23 and related Erisian events. Airy Fairy remains a central hub for Festival 23, which has been at the heart of the UK Discordian scene for over five years. Anwen has curated magical spaces and programs, providing talks, workshops and immersive rituals at Festival 23 gatherings, working alongside some of chaos magic's leading practitioners.

Responsible for co-creating and leading the large-scale opening and closing rituals at these events, Anwen has led guided meditations and pathworkings, and has given talks and workshops on the occult meaning of nursery rhymes, incense-making and more. Her knowledge and expertise have her being interviewed about magic and witchcraft for BBC Radio among other media. At Airy Fairy, Anwen is particularly knowledgeable about the metaphysical, shamanic and health uses of crystals, and is happy to advise on their uses and to help select the one that's right for you.

We've been serving pagan and magical communities in and beyond Sheffield for as many years as the number of cards in the Fool's journey described by Tarot. If that means nothing to you, great - we love to support people who are new to all this and will take the time to find out what works for you. There's no such thing as a stupid question.

Currently we offer various workshops, books, art, cards and spells by members of the Tribe and wider community. Dave Lee, Lisa Lovebucket, Myra Stuart, David Bramwell, Adrian Reynolds, Ben Graham, Jonathan Harris, Reverend Nemu, Julian Vayne, Andrew Little to name a few with plans to stock books by Moksha, Selena Godden, Tim Holmes and more. We would love to extend what we offer to our instore and online customers and look forward to hearing from you.

Blessings and Blessings Anwen

www.airyfairy.org
twitter AiryFairyNews
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Haunted Antiques Paranormal Research Centre

The market town of Hinckley lies roughly halfway between Leicester and Coventry just two miles north of Watling Street

Regent Street is Hinckley's main thoroughfare and Nos 9-11 is home to the Haunted Antiques Paranormal Research Centre, set up by Neil Packer.

Neil's long-held belief that spiritual energy is absorbed and retained by physical objects led him to amass a large and varied collection of items at his home address. The desire to conduct his own research into paranormal occurrences, combined with the need to accommodate the requests of other psychic investigators, meant that a more secure, professional environment was needed.

The Centre originally opened in 2018 and expanded across a further floor of the building last year. The collection includes numerous items of furniture, original paintings and canvases, plus memento mori photography. Separate rooms contain children's toys such as Victorian dolls and several ventriloquist dummies.

Unlike a museum environment, the artifacts are not secured behind glass or in display cases, indeed



visitors are actively encouraged to touch and interact with the exhibits. Mirrors, bowls and plates with a documented history in the practice of scrying can be handled, chairs can be sat in and almost every item can be held and examined. Several items have darker connections to the Occult with the Centre recently

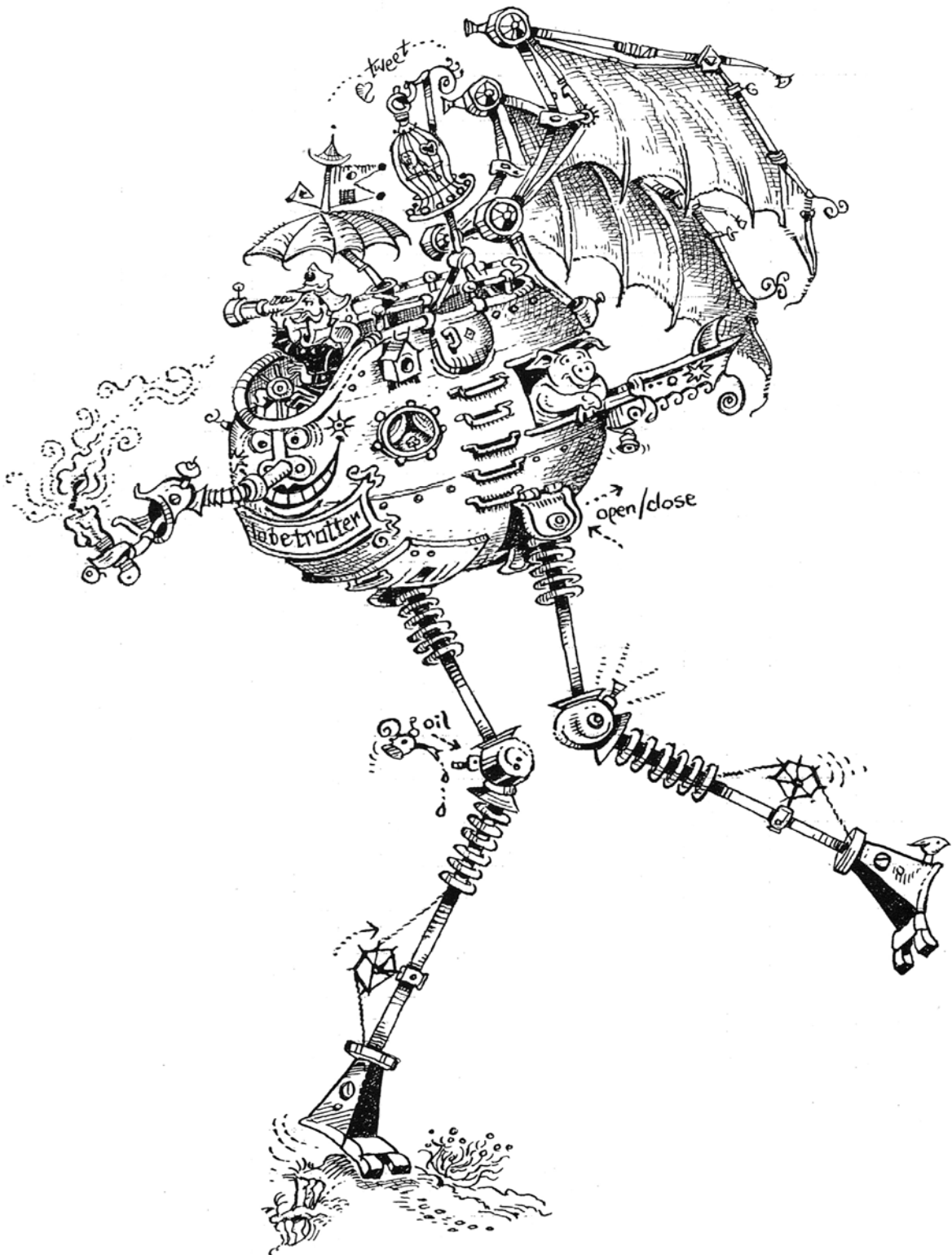
being gifted a second Nkondi figure.

Prior to lockdown, the building was open to visitors on Mondays and Saturdays, with free admission to the public. This is expected to be the case once lockdown rules are relaxed.

www.hauntedresearchcentre.com

TEN THINGS I LEARNED PLAYING DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS ONLINE DURING A GLOBAL PANDEMIC

- 1. You don't need to get out of the house to get out of the house.**
- 2. In a time when in-person socialising is impossible, players may spend inordinate amounts of in-game time getting drunk or high.**
- 3. You can have very real and detailed memories of things that never happened outside your own imagination.**
- 4. Dungeons and Dragons is maths training in disguise. I have already tricked myself into improving my mental arithmetic skills, and those of my nephews.**
- 5. If you only have to use Zoom for playing D&D or attending online cabarets, you never get that "Zoom fatigue" that everyone else is complaining about.**
- 6. Running a campaign in a world you've already spent hours "inhabiting" can make your players think you're more creative than you actually are. (thanks Critical Role)**
- 7. If you let your party of flirty halflings, gregarious birdfolk, and mildly traumatised tieflings relax in a sauna, be prepared to "see" things that cannot be unseen (see no.3 above)**
- 8. Improvisation is as important as preparation.**
- 9. An evening spent interacting with shopkeepers and visiting libraries can be much more enjoyable than an evening spent fighting Kobolds in a dungeon.**
- 10 If the Dungeon Master rolls terribly, the players will never complain.**



Bob's your Auntie - No problem too weird

Dear Auntie Bob,

Why do I keep running out of weed?
Yours,

Mr A-nonny-mouse

Well dear I think the wordly wise Mystic Mag may have your answer:

Oh, I love being stoned
Out of my mind
Oh, I love being stoned
It's gentle it's kind;
Don't like getting drunk,
But I love smoking skunk,
Oh I love being stoned
Out of my mind.

Oh I love being stoned
Out with my friends
Or in, on my own,
Turn down light
Switch off the phone,
Roll a spliff and what do I find?
That I love being stoned
Out of my mind.

From Not On The Wood by Maggie Calderbank &
available from her son Tommy.

Hello Auntie Bob!

A lot of my friends claim that they can do magic. And when I do magic with them, we can do magic. But when I try to do magic on my own, it doesn't work. What am I doing wrong?
Yours,
Muggle Malcolm

Malcolm it sounds to me like you and your friends have created a consensus reality where the magic you do is real however it is less real when you are apart from each other - the more people there are to believe in it the more it is enforced. It's okay though as you have your own reality tunnel to play in. When I do magic on my own I never expect it to work and honestly I don't ever know that it does, this is the sacrifice and as such will empower whatever is done (or maybe not).

Dear Auntie Bob,

My husband is an engineer. I knew he was an engineer when I married him and thought I'd be able to deal with it fine. Last night I asked him to split the remaining ice-cream between us. I went to the kitchen a long time later to find him measuring the contents of the ice cream out using precision scales. Its driving me nuts. Please advise.

Yours,
Balancing act of Blackpool

For starters I'd hide every measuring device in the kitchen! Engineers are a bit like Genies I find, once you've rubbed their bottle and are gearing up to ask them a favour you need to stop and think about just what it is you want to ask. They are precise creatures and need specifics or you'll get all kinds of results, some a lot less than pleasing. It may be annoying but you've got yourself a very useful Zombie Apocalypse survival partner.

Dear Bob's your Auntie,

What's pissing me off is the New Agers take on the pandemic and how it's been making me question my own algorithm so much. Like how did I spend so long in this particular crowd!!!

Rattled Regards,
Algorithm Angel

Well, my sweet, to your credit you are obviously not a nincompoop. These lost souls were probably just fine when you first knew them but spirituality and magic has a tendency to attract fascism and it is insidious. They've been enchanted by bad fairies and their glamours because they want to feel special and radical little do they realise that these creatures are ugly and twisted beneath the shine and seek to sow division and confusion so the human creatures are easier to control. The fantastic Anwen Fryer-Burrows has cooked you up some magics just in case:

The Fae are sensitive to silver or iron so finding some old bits of silver jewellery or small iron nails would be a great component to start with. Something of an organic nature next, dried juniper berries or if you see a hawthorn or yew which have a few berries lurking on them grab those for a more picked it yourself feel, do make sure they are properly dried though. Next on the list; a bit of snowflake obsidian or obsidian sheen, snowflake is protective and sends negative intentions back to the originator and sheen works as a shield, take your pick depending on your own thoughts or even better use both! Finally inscribe a rune or bind rune on a piece of paper Isa for reflecting and protecting and Eihwaz promotes both protection and confusion in those who have nefarious intent. Find a small pouch and bring your ingredients together under a waning (decreasing in size) moon to aid undoing the glamour. Failing all that (or to conclude the drawing together of your spell) you can always tap into folk film culture and repeat part of the unsummoning of the goblin king, we all know that works, "You have no power over me."

Anwen and her team are available for all your mystical shopping needs and bespoke magical services:
sales@airyfairy.org www.airyfairy.org



The views of Auntie Bob should be taken with a pinch of salt as she comes from an alternate reality which has differing dimensional parameters.



TIPS, TRIPS AND EXPERIMENTS ON WORKING WITH THE DREAMER IN WAKING AND SLEEPING LIFE...

Staying closer to where we live gives opportunities to notice well worn paths fresh.

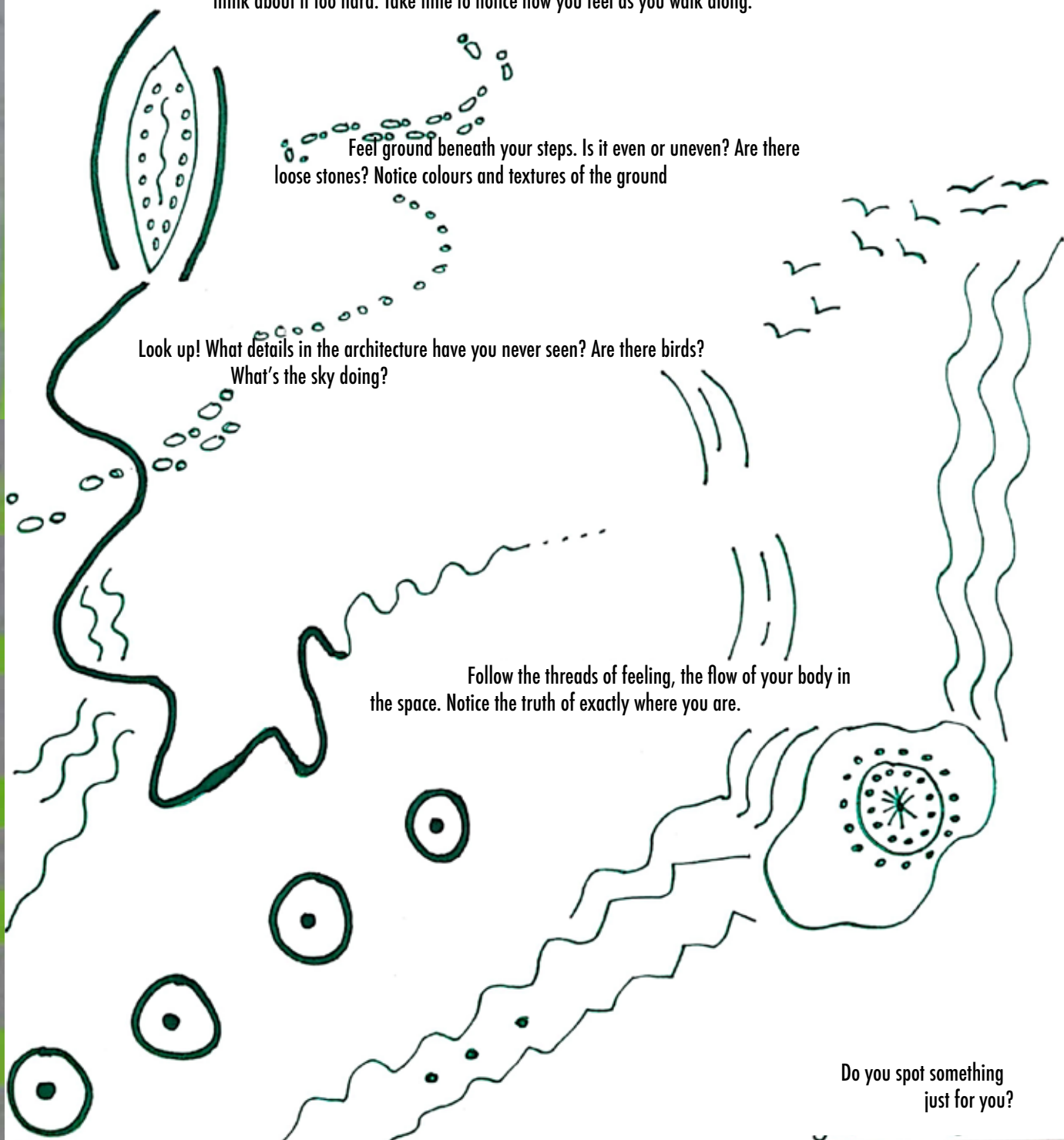
Pick a street or path near to where you live. Let which one arise naturally and don't think about it too hard. Take time to notice how you feel as you walk along.

Feel ground beneath your steps. Is it even or uneven? Are there loose stones? Notice colours and textures of the ground

Look up! What details in the architecture have you never seen? Are there birds? What's the sky doing?

Follow the threads of feeling, the flow of your body in the space. Notice the truth of exactly where you are.

Do you spot something just for you?



The Spiral Tree and Music of the Spiral Stones

THE Spiral Tree was created in Princes Park by Liverpool Astronavi in 2020. It is a manifestation of deep-rooted beliefs of the power of nature to provide a holistic environment for meditation and self-awareness. The Spiral Stones are *sacred urban pebbles* from wave-washed bricks of houses which were blitzed in May 1941, then painted and arranged under guidance and instruction from a magical Magpie from the Damanhur community based in the Piedmont hills in Northern Italy. The base of the sycamore tree has become a small portal for visitors to leave personal messages and other items of significant spiritual value and has become a focal point for both Summer and Winter Solstice ceremonies.



The Spiral Tree

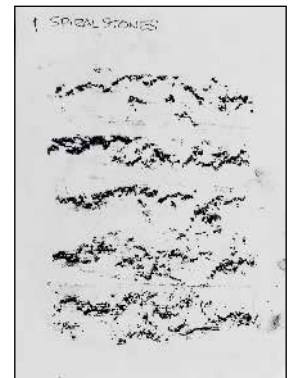


Shrine at the base of the Spiral Tree



Tree bark rubbing

THE combination of the Music of the Plants and the mystic symbolism of the Spiral Tree, in particular the very stones themselves, provided a new opportunity to explore if it was possible to make them sing as well.. You might say that this is impossible? Not quite. The solution came as revelation of sorts...an illumination of the imagination. It came during a crayon-rubbing exercise on the bark of the tree which created a variety of patterns. The next step involved repeating the same procedure on stones which had a relatively flat surface. Once again, the patterns emerged - haphazard but, with closer examination, it gave the distinct impression of the notes within Gregorian chant manuscripts.



Spiral stone rubbing



Gregorian chant

MORE crayon-rubbings were made, this time with the deliberate intention to draw straight lines across the page so it they looked like a sheet of music. The next step involved cleaning up the rough artwork and, then, adding multiple layers of staves to produce finished sheets which have the potential to be played on a variety of instruments. Work is in progress to achieve this outcome - nine sheets have been made which should be sufficient for the first phase. Overall, this project with much future potential - a synthesis of natural sources and the power of the imagination to create something quite unique.



Completed sheet

"I give you my thanks for your intimate light that gives me strength to fight the dark and keep the separated planes apart".

Mantra created for the Spiral Tree by artist and poet
Svasso Maggiore [Great Crested Grebe]

Links: Windmills of your Mind
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5Ogqv1aBV8o>
Damanhur Spiritual Community
<https://www.facebook.com/Damanhur.ms/>
Music of the Plants
<https://www.damanhur.foundation/project/the-music-of-the-plants/>

11:11 MUSINGS: KATY-ANNE BELLIS

Each month I will perform an automatic writing ritual at the strike of 11:11 or 23:23.

The Rules: Writing must take place at 11:11 on 11th of the month and it must last for 23 minutes.

I smudged my notepad and desk with Mugwort - also known as "The Lucid Dreaming Herb".

Here are my results from 11/01/21.

Now it is time, the first time ever, to try this way of being in the moment. A life so clear of expectations and just one that is automatic. A smell of burning that invades my sense as I furiously wriggle my pen across the page.

Ben! I wrote instead of pen, I'm rushing, a weird sense of getting in my own way. Chill out, relax, calm down let go of the tension you hold around the pen.

Be easy with it, you've got 23 minutes to do this, you don't want to peak too soon!

What thoughts? what words? what now?

what if? what? why? how?

when will it be over and over
and up and down

Backwards we go tumbling along in the world full of absence abuses.

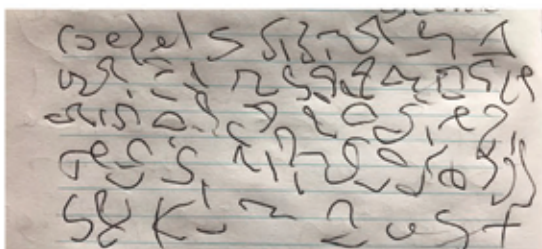
The now that is then and the now that never was. Is it really the end times?

Will we end this way with our mouths covered and unable to say what we really want to?

When will it cease, the nonsense of the human condition, the fighting's, the rantings, the ravings of all this endless world? Blend!

Ha! Blend just came out not sure why?!

Blend with your own senses of taste, of smell, of new magic, a word with secular scrawlings:



(*scrawlings came out at this point!)

Some words I don't understand. Is it an unknown language of symbology? Wow! 23 minutes is a long time to be with a pen continuously.

Scrawling and dreaming encountering each thought as it comes onto the page.

Maybe its not my thoughts but the thinking of the cells in my body. What if all the cells could speak? What language would it be? Cellular programmes of modular time thinking, censoring, tactifying - is that a word?

Writing in a way without censorship or thought provoking a reaction. Is it a real thought process if it is purely physical? I enter a space of non-thought, non-judgement just pure exercise of pen on paper. The act of writing, how much thought is involved. How much time is the right amount of time to spend with a pen.

The movement of my arm is back to the furious movement again- like being in an exam!

Maybe I'm taking it too seriously!

Maybe we're all taking it too seriously!

BABY THIS IS SERIOUS! YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS! SERIOUSLY SIRI ITS SERIOUS THIS SIRIUS. sosososososososososososo do a deer.

Now its all music and earworms crawling and wriggling their way through my brain and down my arm. Its tense now perhaps too much tight gripping of the pen.

Dreaming, weaving webs of wonder with wonderous ways of winking wanking wanking wanking wandering. www.www.www.www.

What is happening?

Where is the finish line?

Is it over the hill? or on the grassy verge? on the yonder path? or in the deep basement.

Dungeons and dragons have always lived round these parts.

We see them in our dreams, hopes and fears.

We wish we were better at this whole affair.

Better at belonging, blending and moving through the air particles of the land.

Ties! What? Ties! Ties! Ties!

Reminds me of the graffiti in Maghull "The Pies The Pies!" seen it so much as a child coming off the M57. Some things never change.

Is there ever a constant in our lives that remains unaltered.

Is it always change, change, change?

Right! What's happening? Is this another voice?

Another speaker in the house?

Who is speaking? Who is the writer?

Is it the Arm? The Hand? The Brain?

The Cells? The Heart? Or the time we're in?

Does the time hold significance?

Do we all really just think what we're told to think?

1111111111 11:11 11:11

one one one one one one one one.

Only you! Can make this world seem bright!

IF WE KNEW WHY, WE WOULDN'T BE DOING IT by Lovebucket & The 69

Our mission:
A mass magical act
Our potion:
A Higgs Boson birthed by a
Justified Ancient of MuMu
And Eris's dress
In the wisps of whichour Bricklayer
was begot
We shall not stop:
Break Erisian mysteries apart
Consign war to history
Send Sacred Dance into space
The Sirens of Titan are titanic
The Icebergs their frozen friends
The gods of war are strong
But easy to ensnare:
Invite Eris and make amends
So no one has to die for her sins
War over before it begins
We are Discordians: we stick apart
But now we are pilgrims
Glued together
A Superindividual
Constituted from 69 parts
Each one a card
In a deck of Tarot:
The Pilgrim's Tarot
Together we form the Greater Whole
This is a true story
The story of all-time
The story of humankind
The story where we all thrive
The Big Story
Made up from all the other stories
The story to end all stories
The story of how we sacrificed story...
Enter the Dreamfisher
She is scraps from the sky
Wisps of lace that fly in on wings
Flitter into view in the dark
She is the lucid void beyond all form
Interconnecting all things
Does she dream in events that have
happened?
Or do events happen because
she has dreamed?
The Dreamfisher balances
a blushing Higgs tomato
On a dusty medicine bottle
Labelled 'Universal Indicator'
Surrounds it with old coins
Slumbers and schemes
Our dreams do not only speak to us
They speak to one another
In a language we can't understand
They are a choir of voices:
Discordant, antiphonic, responsive
They are all sounding
They are all talking
They are all listening
To the unborn clustered on the moon
Wrapped in the realm of dreams
We become the Kronos and the Kairos
The beating heart of the clock
Fluid in the moment of opportunity
We are Metis
We are VALIS
We are cunning and guile
We are daft and deft and eternal
We are fleeting and forever
And so it is Higgs – not Higgs Boson
But 'Blame Higgs' Higgs
'John Higgs' Higgs
'Pessimism is for lightweight' Higgs
Who leads us on to this Saint Tierre
This holy ground – the ground we walk
The world that flows beneath our feet

The Time Wizards tell us:
"We will manifest the divine, reset time
We'll bump reality onto a new timeline
We will unite the binaries, save the bees
And - for goddess sake - bring about
world peace
By blagging Eris into the party."
The Bricklayer intervenes:
"Faith teeth must be worn for all ritual
element to schtop ush taking ourselves too
seriously and becoming cornshmic
schmucks. Sperm hats on everyone.
Let's go!"
"But what are we doing?" we cry.
The Bricklayer says: "I don't know what.
I don't even know why."
The Dancing Gardener intervenes:
"The fact that we don't know
what we're doing is what gives us
a chance to suck seed."
Our Disorder of Service is out of line
Plenary time has broken through
And let our uncertainty loose
We eat the menu and become the map
Now there's no turning back
We proceed
At a mosey, an amble, a sashay
a shamle, a ramble, a promenade
This is no pious test of endurance
We saunter eternally through space and time
Still without having any idea why
If we knew why, we wouldn't be doing it
The gnostic myths
Are a map of the mind's search for meaning
But what does meaning mean any more?
We lose ourselves in
The Dreamfisher's dreaming
Our wish is fulfilled in her wisps of wings
We fly away to the foot of the Giant
And The Psychogeographer begins to sing:
"I've been really tryin', baby
Tryin' to hold back this feeling for so long
And if you feel like I feel, baby
Then, c'mon, oh, c'mon..."
At the foot of the Giant
We strip ourselves of stories told
Glad of our sperm hats
Laughing through our false teeth
As the Rude Man of Cerne
Sprays us with all of his tales
Raining mythological seed
The history of Albion lost in his mist
Arm in arm
Armed only with each other
Sisters and brothers, mothers, lovers
Non-binary, non-planetary
The freaks, the weirdos, the loons
The pilgrims set sail
Further from home
Further from everything we've ever known
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea
What is all this sweet work worth
If we can't break free from reality
If we are Medusa'd by old mythology?
Exploring new lands inside
New territories outside
Building a new Rejusaleam
Not just for England but for everyone
As Captain Clark welcomes us on board
Clipboard in hand
And treasure chest ready for the ritual burn
"Alright alright enough already,"
The Bricklayer yells. "Quiet you lot!
We're not tourists we're pilgrims."

And the Ancient Rite of
Shhing the Pilgrims begins
As we remember our mission
And enter the Sacred Space
In the Temple of Humankind
Where a solitary candle stands
Interdimensional smugglers
Carry treasure back and forth across borders
Following nobody's orders
Lost in the labyrinth
Where trees sing through selfic synths
And pilgrims arrive
From intersecting worlds
Gnone of them is afraid of gnothing
For decades known as The Seekers
Those who seek something more
Hidden in our depths
Gazing up inside ourselves
Unearthing ourselves
Rebirthing ourselves
We are absent friends in waiting
The flames of the pyres lick us clean
We are ancestors at the gate
If the moon can be born anew
Every 28 days
Why not us too?
Living inside a dream
The pilgrims' intent takes shape
Our movements beseech the unseen:
"You - show - us - the way - to
power - and knowing"
The Moneyburner steals her father's matches
To burn the £100 he gave her
She burns the desires it could have fulfilled
She burns the trick of believing
She burns with the need
to journey to CERN
If she knew why, she wouldn't be doing it
Embracing, elevating, escalating
Igniting her fire to break us free
She saves us from our gravity
The earth's crust
Propels us upwards and onwards
Until our mind forg'd manacles fall
To rust in the silent seas
Of our escape velocity
Meanwhile...
The Fixer hides in the guise of a tramp
His dirty mac manifests many oddities
Rainbow knickers, Pilgrim's Tarot, false teeth
The unperturbed audience buys his wares
Jugglers and clowns fool around
amidst mages
A hum begins amongst the throng
As The Discordian Accordionist plays
He is Ronald McDonald: horn-ed, be-hooved
The pilgrims submit to his bidding
Now there are falcons in their daydreams
The Great I-Am is in their eyes
If they knew why, they wouldn't be doing it
The hum becomes a crescendo
The pilgrims are mythological manifestations
Blackstar, Kali, Hydra, Shiva
The crowd heaves
As the binaries unite
Destroying all that has gone before
Wiping the floor until it's slate clean
The daughter of Zardoz has
dreamed her dream
Opening the door to the unseen curtain
Drawing veils over all that was certain
The pilgrims reach for each other's hearts
Mythological beings prise them apart
In the struggle the slate-clean floor gives way
To the voice of Alan Moore:
"It was the year when they finally
Immanentised the Eschaton..."

The one from the zero
The male from the female
The yin from the yang
The chaos from order
Children in a board game
Time at play
Bored by humanity
Invisibly restricted
By fictions of yore
Meanwhile...
Dancing creatures cavort
Pillars of destiny burn
The world is shivering and naked
As it burst into flames
Time is bored by the same old board games
"Is chaos really this clichéd?" it cries
"Shall we give it another try?"
And we learn to play off the board
The Authenticator unveils the
Book of Synchronicity
The pilgrims fall silent as she finds the page
Our sage reads under blood-red sky:
"You wouldn't be doing it if you knew why."
Naked Grace Missionaries arrive
And sing a song about Gnothing
Not the Gnothing that does exist
But the Gnothing that has never existed
Gnothing is more important than God!
Through the curtain they lead us to CERN
We have awakened the Giant
The Dreamfisher has dreamed her dreams
The pilgrims have been puppets
The plants have sung with the trees
We have weaved fractal relationships
twixt fiction and fact
And stacked our Tarot pack with wonder
Meanwhile...
In the centre of CERN stands Shiva
The pilgrims gift him his Kali
We reweave the fabric of reality together
From The Warp and the weft
Of what we individually project
To see what a totality might beget
We rein in the noosphere
Ride the hell out of here
And still no one one has stopped us yet
In the cathedral of science
Flower of high energy physics
Apex of quantum mechanics
We free ourselves from certainty
Daring to be naive
Not caring how we seem
Blowing the closed systems wide open
We burn the map
And become the territory
We are in the realm of voices, lunacy
The sound of our minds,
The sound of our depths
The sound of the deaf souls
Speaking inside us
And the ghosts swaying on the family tree
We live inside a symphony
This is the moment we re-set reality
This is no dress rehearsal
This is the moment of eternity
This the beginning the middle and the end
It is imminent
We will implement
Make it Immanent
Oh goddess is this finally it?
Drenched with bliss, kissed by Ra
We throw ourselves in the firepit
If we knew why...
If we knew why...
We wouldn't be doing it, if we knew why



Ahoy there fellow sailors on the rivers of life! Welcome to my *World of Play*, a space where, throughout 2021, I'll be sharing techniques and practical play experiments, as I have conducted them myself. I invite you to try them out! We'll also dive into some imaginative muck arounds and explore the types of possibilities that can emerge, seemingly on their own, in acts of play and when we approach situations in our lives from a playful perspective.

To be entirely clear, the version of play I am referring to is primarily a kind of light-hearted, open-minded, eager for surprise, curious relational stance taken with others and within oneself. While this can include taking part in things like structured role play games, it is perhaps more relevant in the free form way that we play imaginatively as children, in theatrical and musical improvisation, in sexual play, and in engaging as a trickster or clowning around. It involves approaching life as an adventure, and doesn't imply competition or need winners and losers, although one could enjoy playing with that concept itself, if one felt so inclined. It can be both very silly and very serious.

Play like this can be something we do on our own, as an experiment, as well as with others. It can be shared as a performance or interaction, or be entirely for oneself. Indeed I find it can be very powerful to engage in such activities purely for their own sake and without it being any kind of social interaction. Recognising this possibility feels perhaps especially relevant at the moment, when we perhaps don't have as much opportunity to play with others, as we may often naturally do in the course of our lives as creative and inquisitive people, and yet in many ways may feel the benefits of play more than ever.

Watch this space each month for surprisingly simple and curious dives into various play realms and other springboards of the imagination, known and unknown!



ACE p femme

BODGE NOTES INTRODUCTION

from

AUTHENTICATOR IX

Inspired by the idea of a monthly link and wanting to be involved, I declared that I would focus on Leary's 8 circuit model and explore how and if it can be applied to my own life. One circuit each month.

Confession: Until "Cosmic Trigger the Play," at the Cockpit 2017, I'd not bothered much with trying to understand this evolutionary model, then at the beginning of Act 3 we sang the song of the 8 circuits. It was a moment of collective high energy and joy as we woke the audience up for the last act in that very warm, and by the end, completely full space.

Recently, like weeks ago only, I purchased the pamphlet "Eight Circuits of the Brain" produced by Breaking Convention and Psychedelic Press, edited and introduced by Matthew Clark - Mahabongo Weeny Productions. Reasonably priced @ £5.00 and it is really worth ordering your own copy.

Why bother? I really love science fiction and have been reading it for more than 50 years. All the greats - Frank Herbert (DUNE) Robert Heinlein (STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND) Asimov, Arthur C Clarke, Michael Moorcock and of course nearly everything by Philip K Dick, (if only one then VALIS) Some of these are fantasy

Sci Fi other worlds, then there were a whole lot about life on earth set in the future, hard science Fiction.

I helped host and organise a weekend with Sci Fi writers at the Caravan of Dreams Fort Worth, Texas in the early 80's. Both Bruce Stirling and William Gibson came - that was good fun too.

The 8 Circuits seems to be a form of Sci Fi as well. Leary's writings on this model were initially smuggled out of Folsom Prison when he was communicating not only with Sirius - Star seed transmissions, but also with Robert Anton Wilson. 50 years ago S.M.I.L.E. (Space Migration. Intelligence Increase. Life, Extension) These concepts are embodied in the 8 circuit model. When he developed it more fully he included other correspondences. Among them music - the octave, Tarot and the I Ching. I will reference these in my own exploration.

Of course the map's not the territory. The finger's not the moon. It's only a model but as Matthew Clark says, it's an evolutionary model "that attempts to account for many of the peculiarities of human development in terms of the amazing course of technological innovation". Next month Ist circuit Bio-Survival.

Ley Lines for Fun and Profit

The Walker

During lockdown I've been daydreaming about starting a new company. I've scribbled down dozens of ideas, some more realistic than others. The only one that has really appealed is the strangest: founding a start-up around the corporate use of ley-lines. Over the next 12 months, I'm going to share some of my ideas and progress.

Ley-lines are alignments between interesting locations, originally observed by Alfred Watkins in 1921. Watkins thought that these leys were used for navigation in prehistoric times, although it was difficult to prove this. The idea took off, with many people joining the Straight Track Club to find ley-lines of their own.

In 1961, a pamphlet by Tony Wedd suggested that ley-lines were used for navigation, but not by people. No, he suggested that they were created to guide alien space craft. Since then, ley-lines have become a part of 'new age' folklore, representing channels of force and power. They've become connected with earth energies, dowsing, fairy sites and even lost cats. The concepts connect to geomancy, songlines, and sacred geometry.

While few people know the details of ley-lines, something about the idea appeals to people. I remember parties in Brighton, in the 1990s, where people insisted that the town was special because it was on an intersection of ley-lines. Nobody ever knew where these ley-lines actually were. My local park, St. Anne's Well gardens, contains a council noticeboard which claims that the ancient chalybeate spring is on a ley-line.

Sceptics will often dismiss ley lines as nothing more than chance. A recent case of this was the idea of the 'Woolworths People'. This started when a researcher reviewed 1,500 prehistoric monuments and found many of them were on a grid of isosceles triangles, "each pointing to the next site". He claimed that this was so precise that it could not have arisen by accident.

In response, Matt Parker at the School of Mathematical Sciences at Queen Mary, University of London used the same technique to demonstrate similar alignments for the 800 newly closed Woolworths stores. The patterns he discovered were remarkable, even if obviously accidental.

It's weird that sceptics try to dismiss ley-lines with such a clear confirmation of the idea. What Parker had demonstrated is that it is easy to make these alignments. Indeed, statisticians have shown that they are inevitable with a small number of points and a wide-enough line. Given the density of significant sites (wells, churches, barrows, hilltops) in the UK, it would be stranger if it were not possible to draw lines between them.

With the existence of ley-lines confirmed, the question becomes: what are they for, and how can we best use them?

The thing I love most about ley-lines is the way they tell stories about the landscape. People are eager to discuss their presence, and it makes them feel more connected to their environment. They add a narrative to landscapes, tethering churches to wells and ancient stones, asking us to make connections.

Bill Drummond used to talk about an interstellar ley-line that writhes about the earth. He claims it has just three fixed locations: Iceland, "the uncharted mountains of New Guinea", and an unassuming manhole in Liverpool's Mathew Street. This is true, even if it turns out that Bill Drummond made it up. You can stand on that manhole cover and feel connected to sources of power.

There are many techniques for finding ley-lines, including dowsing or pendulum work. It's even possible to use open-source mapping software to discover them. This later technique uncovered an impressive alignment of pubs in Brighton, going from the seafront to the downland outskirts, connecting different valleys along the way.

The alignments exist. The question is, how can we best use them?



The Bone Collector

Dream of The Ever-Now

Following faint maps that were etched through the Ever Now,
 Riding and wrapped in the deep lapis blues,
 Doorways to mystery, carved and pushed open,
 The borders of waking and dreaming are fused.

Here is Nuit, this is night
 Here we travel in sound
 Here we listen through light
 Here the others are found

Digging for gold through the soil with cold fingers,
 Floating in lakes filled with memory untethered,
 The future is lapping our shores through this dreaming,
 The song of the ancestors drifting as feather.

There are dreams in the land
 There are stories in stone
 There's a voice in the sea
 There is wisdom in bone

Striding through forests, trapezing past moons,
 Blue butterflies sing, tigers ride on our backs,
 We breathe-in the sky's geometric illusions,
 Ride ships spun from symbols, and tarot and facts.

In these feather-filled shoes
 In these crowns made of willow
 In impossible hats
 On imaginal pillows

Falling through inky-black night beyond death,
 Sinking through space to the place in between,
 Wrapped in the shadows of luminous night,
 Stripped to the heart to embrace the unseen.

There is light in this dark
 There is wildest of knowing
 Here Mnemosyne sparks
 Anamnesis is growing

Sleep
 Dream
 Wake
 Remember

KOSMIC GIGGLE FACTOR



Launching their debut single
Cheese Naan!

JAN 23RD @ IDEASPACE

<https://youtu.be/laaCULhzQBI>