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The mycelium leaves the gold behind

The mycelium leaves the gold behind. It doesn't touch it. It leaves the gold behind. It leaves the gold behind. It leaves the gold. Gold! Gold

The woman intervenes. Mark, can you move away, I'm feeling very fragile.

No you're not. No. No. No no no.

The woman eyes her partner, imploring him to intervene. Two small girls play in the jumble of their dismantled camp.

No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no.

Yes, the woman's partner offers, lightly, as if to break the spell.

No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no.

The woman's partner smiles, pulls out his mobile phone. An old C60 cassette case, black with white stripes and circles

The woman tries to catch his attention to signal to him that this isn't the right response. He shoots a short video.

No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no.

I feel my discomfort like a ball of glass and wire. This isn't safe.

No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no.

Fever pitch. Hysteria. Various attempts to distract him fail.

No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no. No no no.

Have a cigarette Mark

He's going crazy one of the little girls says

He's going crazy she repeats, not to anyone in particular.

Out of the mouths of babes.

We did it! We fucking did it!

He sounds incredulous, like he's witnessing a miracle. Perhaps he is?

We did it! We did it! We did it! We fucking did it! I love you. I love you. I love you. I love you.

He is screaming at the top of his lungs

I love you. I love you. I fucking love you. I love you! I love you! I love you! I love you!

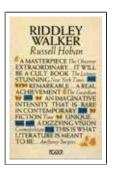
I wonder what the girls make of this?

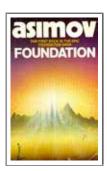
I love you! I love you! I fucking love you! I love you! I love you! I love you!

Eventually he runs out of steam and stands, bewildered for a few moments before collapsing to the ground. He lies, motionless amidst the fold away chairs, the cooking gear, the airbeds being deflated by little girls rolling on them, the tent pegs, the duvet piles. The camp, broken.

Librarian's Corner







Cilla Black

Personalities Within: Damanhur's Theory of Personality, by Falco

he Damanhurians do not suffer from dissociative identity disorder; they benefit from multiple personality order. This is the booklet provided by Damanhur on their Inner Personalities Workshops. Some weeks before you attend, you give them a photo, with your name at birth, and your date and place of birth. They do their juju (same with Past Lives). Then you spend a weekend with them surrounded by spheroselfs, doing much breath-work and mirror-work. It's not to be taken lightly - although, of course, Ken Campbell thought it hilarious. If you want a scanned copy let me know. "Every human being is a complex reality of desires, thoughts, dreams and ideas. Often, though, we have contrasting desires, different wishes, as if we were composed of multiple parts, even multiple personalities, each one with a well defined character. If this contrast becomes too strong we get ill but very often these inner 'conversations' are at the basis of our most intense creative moments, of our most important choices.

They create the necessary tension to apply our Free Will. They give us the possibility of being masters of our life.- When we are able to acknowledge and accept all the parts we are composed of and harmonise them so that everything inside of us pulls in one clearly defined direction, life becomes really wonderful. We feel fully energetic, satisfied, at peace with ourselves.

Contemporary medicine considers multiple personalities as a disease, a variation from the norm, an aberration of the mind. In Damanhur's philosophy, on the contrary, the human being is a being of multiple personalities. These different characters are the great wealth each one of us has inside and has to learn to harmonise and tap into.

According to this theory we are not just one single person, but many persons at the same time. The human unconscious remains quite a mysterious part of us, and it is the unconscious that plays host to our personalities."

Clamjamfrie

Riddley Walker, by Russell Hoban

ritten in an invented language that is a broken and cobbled together English some thousand or so years after a nuclear holocaust which has dumped humanity in a new primitive age. People are living in small feudal stockades. Life is grubby and brutal, but our young hero Riddley, who is the voice of the story, has an imagination and a spirit that propels him into new thinking.

He is a seeker.

The joy of this fictional dystopia is somehow found in the power of imagination that Russell Hoban brings to the tale. The sheer work of research, analysis of language and editing (it took him 5 years) gives the slim novel an intensity and a reality and a depth that draws you in to its world again and again. I've lost count how many times I've read it (8 or 9).

The strange language means that there are always gaps in the reader's interpretation and always new interpretations to be had. I was slightly disappointed to see it had been reprinted with a glossary of words. I would advise avoiding this. Wallow in the unknown. And though it's a kind of nightmare vision, the beauty of the art of the realisation of that vision is the ultimate optimism for me.

Cook

Foundation, by Isaac Asimov

The Foundation tales were set far into the future, thousands of years hence in the closing centuries of a vast Galactic Empire, Deriving background elements from an earlier story, "Black Friar of the Flame", the series was originally conceived by Asimov as a single extended sequence of tales, each of them reflecting significant points in the fall of the Roman Empire, rewritten as sf.

The earliest stories are chary of excess ambition; but very soon the sequence evolves into a much weightier undertaking. Its overall shape is genuinely simple: like its Roman model, the Galactic Empire has entered its senescence and a Long Night impends; but the hidden protagonist of the series, Hari Seldon, inventor of the Imaginary Science of Psychohistory, has established two Foundations (implicitly modelled on the founding of the Christian Church, though Asimov, himself an atheist, never capitalises on this tacit analogy) in order to shorten the period of interregnum between the inevitable fall and a new galactic order, from Seldon's predicted 30,000 years to a mere 1000.

The first Foundation, which is public, is given the explicit task of responding creatively to the historic impulses predicted by psychohistory; the second Foundation, a hidden group of Secret Masters, copes with the unknown – which in Foundation and Empire is manifested by the Mule, a Mutant, the effect of whose Psi Powers on history Seldon could not have anticipated (though indeed, by creating the Second Foundation, he anticipated coping with something of the sort).

The first trilogy closes, open to the future.



Finding The Lost Doctor

A Loose Thread Pulled

"Starlight, star bright, first star I see tonight, I wish I may, I wish I might, Have the wish I wish tonight."

Four years ago, it was. Four years since I pulled my own Cosmic Trigger - and helped youse pull yours. To recap: I'd had the idea of Rectifying An Historical Anomaly (RAHA!) by making Ken Campbell The Doctor. Using audio from his groundbreaking Channel 4 series 'Reality on the Rocks', and the imaginationpowered holographic 'Love Glove', me and a number of fellow Seekers and Pilgrims brought Ken back to another aspect of his afterlife, in the role he was surely born to play. Traveling throughout Time and Space with his companion, Luna Wilson (whose story moved me so deeply when I experienced Cosmic Trigger, I felt compelled to give POLICE BOX her a happier ending, at least in a way), and the cybernetic organism known as 23/24. Without knowing it, I'd opened a portal that changed my life utterly. I

We produced three episodes which you can hear here: https://soundcloud. com/the-lost-doctor, together with a trailer teaser and an out-take of our late, great mate Irving Rappaport reading the role of 'The Bavillion', which I find poignant beyond belief. No-one could have nailed the role of alien sentient blue paint like Irving. Tune in and see what I mean. The episodes themselves are ramshackle and slung on, and hopefully right in the spirit of our dead leading man.

met YOU lot, I mean...

Anyway, the last one (Episode 3: The White Rabbit and the Black Chicken) went up two years ago. Then I lost my Ken (the incredible human known as Jeremy Stockwell, who thought the whole approach too ramshackle and slung on for even him, bless him). I lost my Soundguy. I also lost my, erm, enthusiasm, a clear breach of the Pilgrim Description Act, for which I am duly reporting myself. A few of us intended to do a read through of a terrific Dada-based script from Lee Ravitz whilst on the Pilgrimage, but it never happened. In all fairness, we had other eschatons to immenentise. So it's a loose thread from then. Then other life stuff got in the way: Kids, Quids and Pyramids. Lockdowns and whatnots.

I've been thinking for some time that I dropped the ball on this. Expecting others to take on my own self-appointed commission. In the nearly words of REM, 'that's me in the corner. That's me in the spotlight, shirking my commission...' Reading Daisy's piece in Bodge #2 on Loose Threads made me think of how I'm the keeper of the Disappointment card in her Reverse Major Arcana Working, and how that fits in ways you wouldn't believe. I make my own disappointment while I wait, me...

Then it hit me – this is a thing I can *actually do something about*. Then Jamie put out on his Festival 23 podcast the lost Willowman tapes from 2017, where we took the TARDIS and the Disco Dalek, and

had a Lost Doctor script in hand reading. By now the Synchronicity Fairy had run out of signs.

So here's me finally getting to the pointy point point: we're finding The Lost Doctor. I'm getting the band back together, but souped up. You can join in, if you want. Team game. I've got Tom Baker as my Doctor, of course. He played the role at Camp and Furnace, too, as it happens. The brilliantly creative Andy Gell is my Soundman, as he doesn't have enough to do. Roles are currently being assigned for the next one. Ideas are being collided together in

a Large Hadron stylee, to see what happens. If you'd like to join us in getting this road back on the show, let me know: tcalderbank@icloud.com. Script ideas, audio FX, snippets of Ken dialogue, a fair to middling Ken impression for the '23 Doctors' episode that's surely to come, whatever. Let's create a mythology of our own, where OUR Doctor is free to go where the main show wouldn't dare. A 'lost' run on the show, run by someone reaccepting his commission, that Ken himself would be proud of. Entirely deranged, funnier, more anarchic, imagination on toast, WILDER!

Hacking the mainstream culture. Doctorin' The TARDIS...

THE LOST DOCTOR, Episode 4:
'What Did You Do In The Great War, Dada?'
COMING SOON!

Esteemed comrade in glitch!

What can I do?

Remember you are here now. Pay close attention.

Why do that?

Recognise the mechanical nature of the thoughts, emotions and movements. Glimpse you might be something other than these. Did you choose to forget?

Glitch experiment 4(a)

Stand up and pace the room in WORRY, saying out loud "what's going to happen to me? repeatedly, and evoking that internal state. It might feel forced or faked at first. That's fine. Use movements, postures, and mannerisms that you have noticed are associated with this mode of your machine. For example this might involve holding the head in the hands, bowing the head, hunching the shoulders, furrowing the brow, clenching the jaw or fists, other tensions in the body. Pace with movements characteristic of that state. Involve all your physiology. Allow the voice to express whatever more specific concerns arise, for example "What's going to happen to me if I lose my job / get sick ..." and so on. Allow them all, even those which shock or surprise you, those which you may have denied, those which you have feared to voice before. Especially express those which tip it over from playing a role into living it for real.

At the moment when you notice that the state you had been making an effort to evoke has become automatically sustaining, SWITCH TO CELEBRATION.

Vocalise celebration using the characteristic expressions of your machine ("woo-hoo, oh yeah!" and suchlike). Continue to move around the room, now with your movements and mannerisms of celebration. For example this might involve hands raised aloft now and again, posture upright, head tilted upward, specific facial expressions. The motions around the room may be flowing, bouncy, jumping. Evoke celebration in your body. Involve all your physiology. Allow the voice to express celebration, notice any thoughts which arise. Express and arouse celebration until it becomes reality. At the point where it 'clicks' and the mood of celebration becomes independently persistent, SUDDENLY SWITCH TO WORRY.

Pace, express it physically and verbally again, saying out loud "what's going to happen to me?" and so on. Evoke that state

using movements, the voice, the physiology, and raise it to a true reality again. Then SWITCH TO CELEBRATION. Again, when the joy of celebration encompasses all, SWITCH TO WORRY... repeat the cycle and finish on CELEBRATION.

Notice the effects. Record your results. Rest, relax, lie down, breathe naturally.

Glitch experiment 4(b)

Repeat experiment 4(a) another day, starting from a relaxed, neutral state. You might like to use glitch experiment 1(a) to help with that. Perform 4(a) again, this time when you notice your machine is in a state of worry. Conduct 4(a) afresh, starting from an occasion when you recognise your machine is in a state of celebration. What additional data do these experiments yield?

Glitch experiment 4(c)

Repeat experiment 4(a) and end on WORRY this time. Notice the effects. Record your results. Do they differ from before? If you find the state you chose to adopt a bit 'sticky' or persistent beyond the bounds of the experiment, you could try a further experiment:

Glitch experiment 4(d)

Smile. Take a deep in breath. On the exhale say "Ha, ha, ha, ha..." repeatedly until the breath is fully exhaled. Repeat this four more times. Allow the smile to return. Then do the same with five breaths of "Hee, hee, hee, hee..." Feel the laughter in your whole body. Then do five full breaths mixing it up, so "Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee, ho, ho, ho, hee hah, heh, hee, hee..." Relish the joyful absurdity. Then let your body laugh itself to rest. Notice the effects. Record your results.

Glitch experiment 4(e)

Alternate laughing and crying. Begin with evoking laughter: joyful and uplifting, wonderful and hilarious. Involve the thoughts, the physiology, the posture, fake it until it's real. Go high, then drop it. Begin to cry: deeply sorrowful, awash with pain and loss. Again, involve thought, physiology, posture, fake it until it's real. Go deep, then drop it. Laugh again, give it your all, allow it to return fully until you are physically engulfed once more, and the joy buoys you up. Then flip, and cry again, surrender to the sadness, welcome the bodily plunge into that abyss. Switch back once more to laughter, and when satisfied, let it all subside.

[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.]

For more experiments and tech support email lab@glitchexperiments.com

Hare-Piece Chaar **ਚਾ**र

Wed 14th April. Today I am off to a Northumbrian field. I am going to sit through the night to see in the dawn with any Hares that care to share. Still meditating on the strange country that lies between the myth and the everyday. My two current favourite stories are Northumbrian and Indian.

My good friend and great storyteller Malcolm* has told me of the Acklington Hare. An elderly poor woman, Nancy Scott, is met on the road of her village by a rude bully of a Laird on Horseback who demands to know where all the animals are. The Hunt Event he has organised is in danger of being a disaster. Much though it pains him to ask her advice he is desperate. She refuses to help unless he pays her a silver sixpence. He agrees but threatens her with hanging if she fails him. She then describes the whereabouts locally of a white hare. Nancy disappears and the Laird leads the hunt to the white hare but despite a mighty chase in which the Hare's leg is wounded by a dog, it finally escapes leaving a trail of blood which leads to the garden and cottage of Nancy. The Laird finds her inside but no sign of the Hare. He grudgingly pays her the silver sixpence and just as he is leaving, he notices her tending a bloody gash on her ankle.

The Indian tale is part of the Jataka stories, folklore of Hinayana Buddhism. These are tales that feature an incarnation of Buddha in a previous life as a Hare. One day seeing that the next day the moon will be new and therefore a holy day, Hare reminds his three mates, Monkey, Jackal and Otter that on holy days if a beggar comes to you, "Give him of your food and do not think of eating till he has fed." The other animals steal some gone-off scraps from the Humans with which to pass off to any beggar. Hare makes no preparation but has a plan that he will offer himself. This selfless intention alerts Sakka, King of the Gods, whose stone seat gets hot sensing Hare's goodness. This slightly annoys Sakka, who should be most full of goodness, and to test them he appears to the animals as a beggar. Monkey, Jackal and Otter pass the beggar off with their stolen rubbish scraps, but then Hare asks the beggar to build himself a fire upon which the Hare will cook himself as an offering. While Sakka, as the beggar, pretends to prepare a fire (he simply conjures a magic fire), the Hare quickly shakes all the fleas off his fur so that they will not be harmed. He then leaps into the flames '...in an ecstacy of joy like a Royal Swan alighting on a lotus bed'. The Hare then complains that the fire has no heat. It is cold as snow. Sakka then reveals himself, saying that the fire is magic and will not harm him. The Hare then 'bellowed like a Lion' saying that Sakka can test him all he wants but he will not find him unwilling. Sakka then praises the Hare and celebrates its virtue by squeezing a mountain into an essence with which he paints the Hare's image on the disc of the moon.

*see Malcolm Green's Northumberland Folk Tales and for more great stories see A Bit Crack Storytelling (www.abitcrack.com)

image: Japanese Hare Noh Mask from Edo period 1603-1867



This month's poetry 'upbeating' was a tricky choice. Very tempting to jolly up 'April is the cruellest month', but tackling the entire Waste Land is for another time. Instead, I tried cheering up poor old John Clare. John gave us some lovely pictures of nature including from 'Hares at Play'...

The timid hares throw daylight fears away
On the lane's road to dust and dance and play,
Then dabble in the grain by naught deterred
To lick the dew-fall from the barley's beard;
Then out they sturt again and round the hill
Like happy thoughts dance, squat, and loiter still...

So, thanks John. Here, for you, is my upbeat version of your mighty **I Am**.

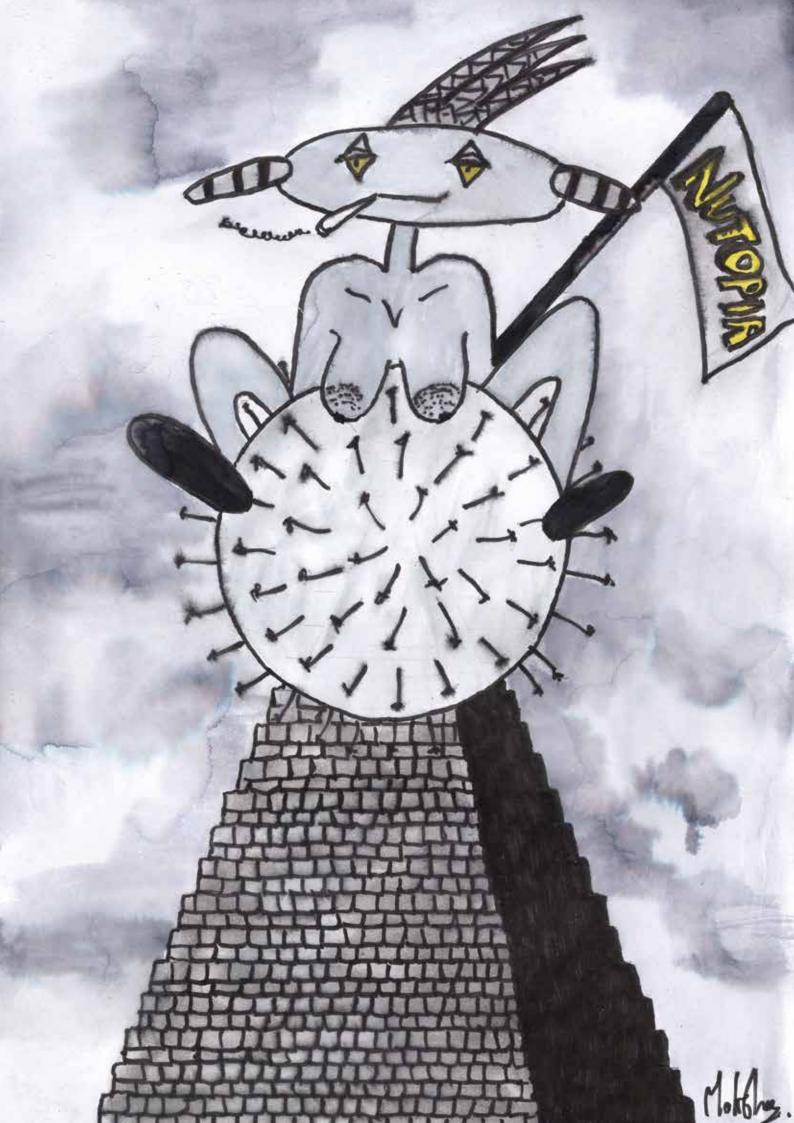
We Is

We is—yet what we is, nobody knows
Old friends appear like new, a memory found
We is the shared self-healer of our woes
Whose songs and echoes still resound
Like shadows of a love's full throes
And yet we is. We live – and stand our ground

Into the fullness of chaotic noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is no sense but yet still life and joys,
We build a ship of life's esteems
To sail not just with those we love the best
But strangers, friends to whom we offer rest.

We write new scenes where men hath never trod And places where all women smile and weep anew We bide with both the God and Need-No-God, And sleep as we in childhood sweetly slept, Untroubling and untroubled where We lie The grass below—above the vaulted sky.







In the heart of Eryri, near the foot of Snowdon, is a humble hill. It's easily overlooked in a landscape of mountains and hills. And yet it is extraordinary. It was once, millions of years ago, a volcano, the only one in all Snowdonia. In its summit the crater has naturalised into an oak-fringed amphitheatre-shaped cauldron, open to the south. At the lowest point of this natural cup is a shimmering pool. In the Iron Age it was a hillfort, protected by sheer cliffs, ramparts and stockades; and guarded by four great mountains, one in each direction: Moel Siabod to the east; Cnicht to the south; Moel Hebog (Hawk Mountain) to the west; and Yr Aran – pointing to and masking Snowdon – to the north. In antiquity this hill was known as 'the strongest place in the land'.

It is a place rich in stories. Around 200BC, in the time of Lludd, son of Beli Mawr, every Beltane Eve a terrifying scream emanated from the centre of the land causing a deadly plague. Lludd discovered that it came from battling dragons who he captured, in the form of piglets, popped into stone jars and brought for safekeeping to this 'strongest place'. Ever after it was known as the City of the Dragons of Beli.

Just outside the old entrance to the hillfort were once two burial mounds known locally as Beddau Dewiniad, the Sorcerers' Graves. So sorcery must have been practised here. But by whom? The mountains of Eryri and Llŷn are like mighty, muscular arms holding safe Ynys Môn, Anglesey, the Mother Island. In the centuries before the Roman Empire came it was the refuge and heartland of the Druids. People came from all over Europe to study at the Druidic college on Môn. The hill, Dragon City, was at the hub of ancient Gwynedd. The Druids must have known of it, must have used it. It was their outpost in the mountain hinterland. Maybe they did sorcery there. Perhaps that's why it was also known as Dinas Affaraon Dande, the Fort of Fiery Higher Powers.

Math, the Bear King of the Mabinogion, lived not far away down the Nantlle Valley. He was the Lord of Ancient Gwynedd and a powerful magician. It's likely he trained with the Druids and made regular visits to the Fort of Fiery Higher Powers to practise his magic. I like to think that he and Gwydion made Blodeuwedd there, assisted by the men and women of high degree from around the land.

The sorcerer-alchemists who operated at this Higher Fort were also known as the Pheryllt, and it is to them, it is said, that Ceridwen came when seeking the recipe for inspiration to cure her hapless son. The Pheryllt knew the recipe and thereby triggered the extraordinary initiatory tale of gathering ingredients, stirring

the cauldron for a year and a day, swallowing the three drops; of a chase transforming through elemental animals; of a seed swallowed and a babe birthed; of endless time rocked on the oceans of the world in a leather bag; of being cut from the bag and named Taliesin, the archetypal best poet in the land.

And then came Merlin. In Historia Brittonum, written by Nennius in 829AD, the story is told of Vortigern's collapsing tower and of how the blood of a fatherless boy was needed to make the walls stand. The youth found and brought to be sacrificed turned out to be the young Myrddin/Merlin and he had The Sight. He diagnosed dragons as the cause of the problem and brought about their release. Then, infused with dragon power, he uttered an immortal prophecy, including the line: 'Root and Branch will Change Places and the Newness of the Thing shall seem a Miracle.'

Stories associated with this Fort, now called Dinas Emrys, tell of Magic, Inspiration and Prophecy. Maybe these are the Fiery Higher Powers.

They are the reasons why this had to be the place for the Birth of the Magickal Childe, conceived on the occasion of the Immanentising of the Eschaton at CERN, the Large Hadron Collider, on April 23rd 2019, by a capering bunch of sixty-nine pilgrims under the spell of Daisy Eris Campbell... And so, on 23rd April 2020, at the height of the first lockdown and in the dead of night, attended by only one priest and one priestess, the Magickal Childe was born.



The 23rd April 2021 – the day this Bodge comes out – the Magickal Childe will be one year old. S/he is starting to walk.

Omphalos



Beltane

Beltane is one of the crossquarter festivals, midway between solstices and equinoxes and celebrates the sun god of fire, Bel, joining the earth goddess on the first of May. An especially important day the year for millennia and, to the Celts like Samhain, a time when the "veil between worlds is at its thinnest" - meaning we may come across

fairy folk.

The male god appears as the Green Man, the Young Oak King or Jack in the Green as he falls in love with the May Queen, May Bride or Flora, the Goddess of Spring and today they celebrate their consummation.

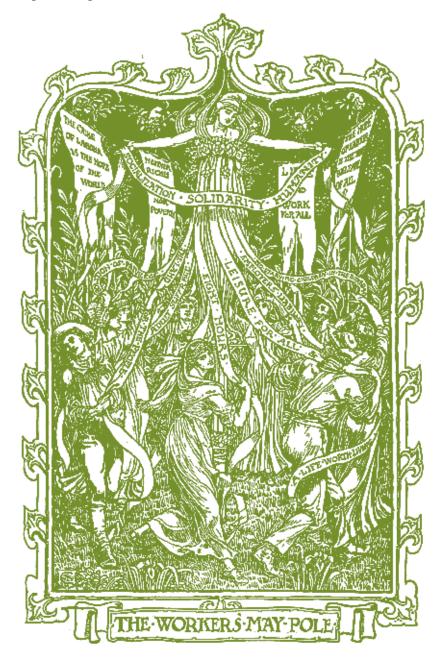
The peak of spring, beginning of summer, bursting with creativity, sensuality, the festival celebrates fertility by dancing in twisting interlacing spirals around a Yew or Oak Maypole, mixing the young together in all this orgasmic energy. During this union of earth and sky celebration, jumping over fire to brings good fortune, cleanses and revitalises mind, body and spirit as couples pledge themselves to each other on this traditional day for pagan weddings or "handfasting". Morris Dancing, tree dressing, are traditions growing again across the country as many develop their love of nature.

Beltane can lead us to encourage our own inner male wizard, and inner huntress or spirit of the wild to help us leap into the new season.

May 1st has become an International Workers Day across over 80 countries after worldwide protests culminated in Chicago's "Haymarket Riots" in 1886. Walter Crane's The Workers Maypole brings together English folk tradition and the demands of the international labour movement for an eight hour day and fair pay. UK has the first Monday in May as Bank Holiday now which has disrupted the "All Out May Day" call of trade unions.

If you can't find a maypole due to the pandemic – here are other traditional ideas:

- Light a fire the evening before call Bel into your life for strength
- Make love with yourself or someone lucky enough to join you.
- Walk on grass barefoot in the morning and wash your face with morning dew.
- Put out cream or milk for the fairies while making good wishes for them and you.
- Sew seeds of herbs or wildflowers singing of their future success.
- Visit a bluebell wood and manifest new energy for yourself.
- Temporarily tie small pieces of wool or ribbon around a tree or well.
- Make a basket with paper cone to collect flowers and seeds.
- Weave floral garlands.
- Organise, or go on, a worker demonstration.



Magic Words

A strange and twisted tale

I realised the other day, in a blinding flash as these things tend to happen, that my practise could best be described as Gonzo Magic. That's 'Gonzo' as famously applied to journalism by the late, great Dr Hunter S Thompson. It's striking how readily the same principles and techniques can be applied to magic, especially if you're essentially a Discordian Chaos Magician to begin with.

Gonzo Magic is rough and ready, bizarre and unpolished. It's not a spiritual path, more of a freaky adventure. There's always the risk of becoming an enlightened being by accident, but don't worry: it won't last, and everyone will just think you're crazy anyway.

There's always been Gonzo in magic. Crowley was pretty gonzo, and far funnier than he's generally given credit for, though he did tend to disappear up his own arsehole. Austin Osman Spare, the inventor of sigil magic, has many gonzo legends attached to his life, often parlayed via the purple prose of Kenneth Grant, which is utter batshit gonzo. Jack Parsons? Gonzo like a fox.

When the going gets weird...

Place yourself at the centre of the story. Embrace subjectivity. Honour your mistakes and fuck-ups as part of the process. Make it up as you go along and listen to the voices in your head telling you to do those crazy, unspeakable things.

Gonzo Magic is irreverent and ridiculous. Use anything that works, and fake it till you make it. Declare yourself a high wizard cosmic master and brazen it out, but don't lose your sense of humour. Incorporate your rough notes and unmediated responses into your journals. Report your personal experiences and emotions. Be cartoonish and exaggerated, and Do It Now.

... Izzy wizzy, let's get busy

Gonzo Magic is not for the armchair occultist. It's active, high energy sorcery, maybe not entirely serious, but definitely real. You have to be involved, not detached. Bring your own experiences, mythology, dreams and symbols and act spontaneously.

Don't worry about years of contemplative study; just dive in at the deep end and then go further out. It's do the ritual right here, right now and make sense of it later. Report what happened; blur fact and fiction, truth and imagination. Be spontaneous and fudge the myth if it makes the magic stronger.

Kill the body and the head will die

To misquote the good doctor Thompson, "I hate to advocate drugs, alcohol or insanity when undertaking the great work, but they've always worked for me". On the one hand, drugs and magic have a long and illustrious history of working extremely well together. On the other hand, there are definitely dangers in mixing drugs and magic, especially within the current paradigm. You're putting your meat body, your sanity and your long-term liberty at risk. It's entirely possible to perform Gonzo Magic without the use of mind-altering chemicals, and it's certainly less messy; though arguably not quite as much fun.

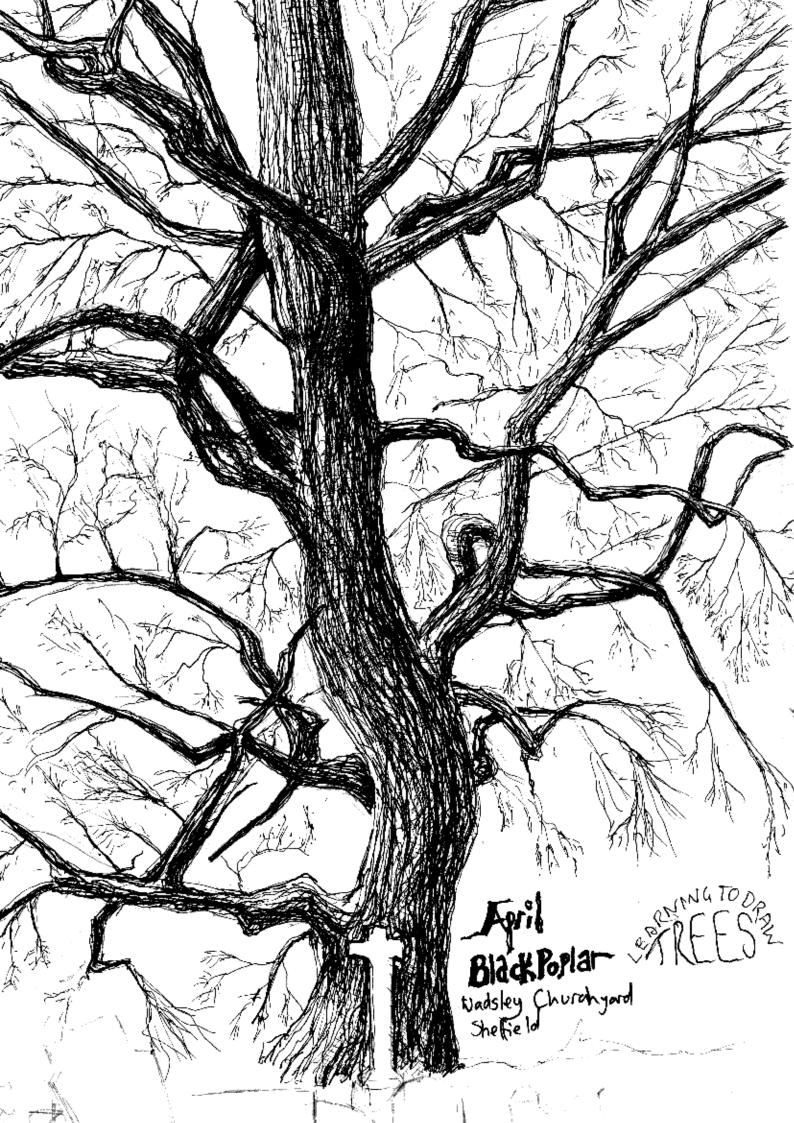
Buy the ticket, take the ride

One might say it was Gonzo Magic to embark on a pilgrimage two years ago to immanentise the eschaton. It seems pretty gonzo to answer the obvious question with "if we knew why, we wouldn't be doing it". And I'd say it was a fairly gonzo idea to decide to upgrade the Discordian Sacred Chao by manifesting a new entity called The Bodge, seeing the universe not in black and white, nor shades of grey, but in an infinite spectrum of rainbow colours. However, this is just my perspective; as ever, other reality tunnels are available.

Gonzo magic is nothing new; I'm just surprised noone else has called it that before. It's probably highly dangerous and irresponsible, and should only be practised by GOOD PEOPLE like you and I, whose motives are of course impeccable.

Gonzo is strange and heroic. Follow the signs, instigate events and create the story. Oh, and don't bother mentioning the bats; those poor bastards will see them soon enough...

The Door



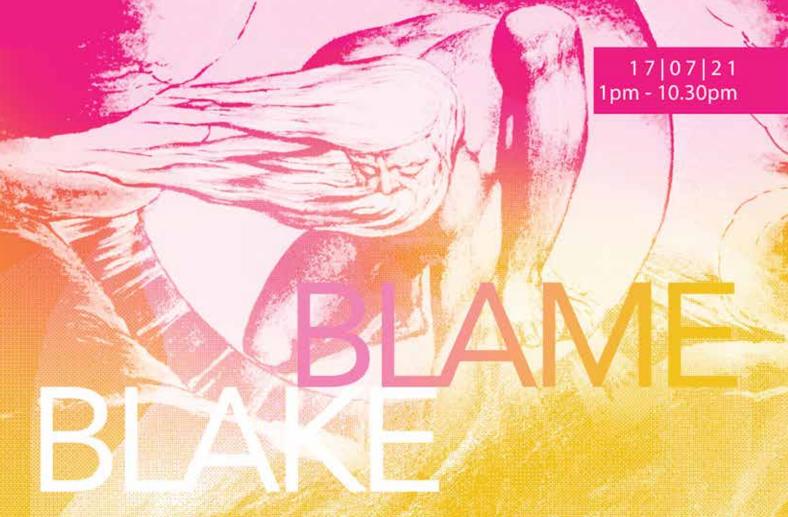
Cheese Freedom

The Procrastinator

In France is where I holiday Cheese country is where I stay I go for Mimolette and Franche-Comte Camembert from Normandy's fine fettle I'm there every May My man won't come with me Can't abide my oozing Brie Only cares for Dairylea I'm chomping down Ossau-Iraty I'm hoovering up a great Langres With a plate swimming free in Cancoillotte I should be in my Camelot But I'm lonely, solo cheese is not okay My man won't come with me Won't stand for sweaty Brie His soul wants Dairylea There's sorrow in my heart and mind Such cheese choices are quite the crime Not eating Rouquefort or Touraine Or Banon or Beaufort is insane Why won't he give them all a try? He'll never come with me Or slather bread with Brie Not whilst his will is free

Not whilst there's Dairylea





WE WELCOME YOU TO A VISIONARY MIXTURE OF TALKS, MUSIC, ART, PERFORMANCE AND POETRY

CELEBRATING THE LAUNCH OF JOHN HIGGS' NEW BOOK

William Blake 1/8, the Wor

SHOWCASING HOW WILLIAM BLAKE INSPIRES AND HIS RELEVANCE NOW

JOHN HIGGS (Author)

DAVID BRAMWELL (Author, Musician & Maestro of the Catalyst Club Brighton)

THE BUDDHIST PUNK (Poet, Celebrant & N23)

Accepting proposals until May 17th ARTS LAB

BBQ LICENCED BAR

New Stage and Additional seating in the cafe garden and Ogham woodland SHOP OPEN

extended hours

POETRY COMPETITION

Under 16 | Over 16's Entries to be in by 5th July

Airy Fairy 239 London rd Sheffield. S2 4

a collection of stories heard

at The Florrie, Super Weird Happening, Fools Day 2017.

Will you share a super/ weird story from your life? Of the many weeiirrd experiences which have happened over the last 70 years there's... I suppose the one that took me by surprise was; I was in the hill country in Texas and we were out by the Blanco, the river out in the hill country, and there was skinny dipping. I was just sat on a rock to dry off and suddenly, it was...'cos it'd been uninhabited, it hadn't been built on this area, ever. It's kind of difficult to find places in this country that have never had any kind of habitation, but there had been no permanent habitation where I was. ... Suddenly, I felt surrounded by just hundreds and thousands of figures, everyone who had ever skinny dipped in that river, in the last several thousand years. It wasn't like a vision, in terms of I couldn't see them, but I definitely felt I was in the middle of this crowd that had been there for centuries.

How did it change you/ what did you learn?

Well, apart from broadening, cos having lived through '67 there's a certain cynicism. I'm an unashamed old hippy, but there was a lot of nonsense around as well as a phenomenal amount of good stuff, so I got kind of cynical. What caught me by surprise was it kind of reaffirmed or reminded me of stuff. It reminded me that there's more than meets the eye I suppose. I travel extensively and everywhere you go, whatever sights you see, long nose monkeys in Brunei or something out in the mangrove swamp or whatever, there's nothing that happens that you don't learn from.

Will you share a super/ weird story from your life?

I once saw a complete fabric of the universe in a building.

It was behind Greenbank
Drive at about seven in the morning. Been up all night obviously, in Greenbank
Park, and there we were.

You know the old substations, the electricity substations, it was completely overgrown with weeds and other vegetation and stuff. But beyond it was the back of all the big buildings on Greenbank

Road which looked beautiful, at whatever time I said it was, who knows what time is anyway?

There it was but I can't say... for a second? It was a nano second, or less than that, I don't know. The interconnectedness of all the vegetation was there and that was it. Then I saw Mick over by the gates, looking through crying at the beauty of all of it, so then we started laughing at him and that was it gone.

But then we were walking up that end of Smithdown and a cop car pulled over and there we were, 3 of us in bare feet and all that, off our heads. It pulled over and it was like 'Here we go!' but it just pulled off again, it was like we were protected by something. Anyway, there's your story.

How did it change you/ what did you learn?

It's altered my life! But it was altered before that, that was just, you know... the thing. I was always on a life altering thing, that's how it is... man.

MEET THE PARTY - SHARED STORYTELLING AND CHARACTER BACKSTORY IN D&D



silva Sweetberry - Halfling Roque/Mizard

This player furnished me with afleshed-out backstory which was fully embedded in the world of the game. Given that the campaign is set in a well established setting (Wildemount in Exandria, familiar to followers of the Critical Role podcast, and detailed in The Explorer's Guide to Wildemount, which I've been working fromy, they were able to google plenty of details, and worked both locations and factions from the setting into their character's history. Up until recently, I'd only incorporated fairly light elements of this into the game's narrative, but recently an opportunity arose to introduce a significant antagonist from Silva's past, and the players have responded by starting their own revenge guest against him, which I've been delighted to facilitate for them.

Sister Domino - Human Cleric of Avandra

An entirely new player, with no knowledge of the lore/world. After playing for a few months, I asked if they were happy to have their character suffering from ammesia, and since then I've been slowly teasing out hints on how she lost her memory, and the events that led up to that incident. There are plenty more revelations I have up my sleeve to pepper into the narrative as appropriate going forward...

Pika Pika - Aarakocra Monk
Pika's player gave me a classic "tragic backstory" to motivate their character - that he'd been abducted as an egg (Aarakocra are bird-people) by evil cat people (known as Tabaxi in D&D). His escape from his kidnappers' clutches after he'd witnessed the murder of his sibling granted him the opportunity and motivation to train in marshal arts, and explore the world before meeting the party. I've had loads of fun dropping various Tabaxi characters into the campaign, knowing that Pika will always mistrust them, even when they seem very friendly to the party. Perhaps one day his fears will be justified, but I'm keeping the party quessing for now...

Bron Coldharbour - Ruman Paladin of The Traveller
As we started the campaign, this player had virtually no experience of the game, but had an immediately interesting character choice - to play a Paladin (normally law-abiding holy warriors), who had a chaotic good alignment. I immediately suggested that their character should have sworn his oath to The Traveller, a trickster deity of questionable reputation, and since then have thoroughly enjoyed watching him deal with the inherent problems of that dichotomy, dropping in ambiguous meetings with likely avatars of his deity along the way. As the campaign progressed, and the party approached Bron's home village, his player sent me more and more details about his history, which gave me so many things to explore in the game, including teases of other encounters to come further down the line.

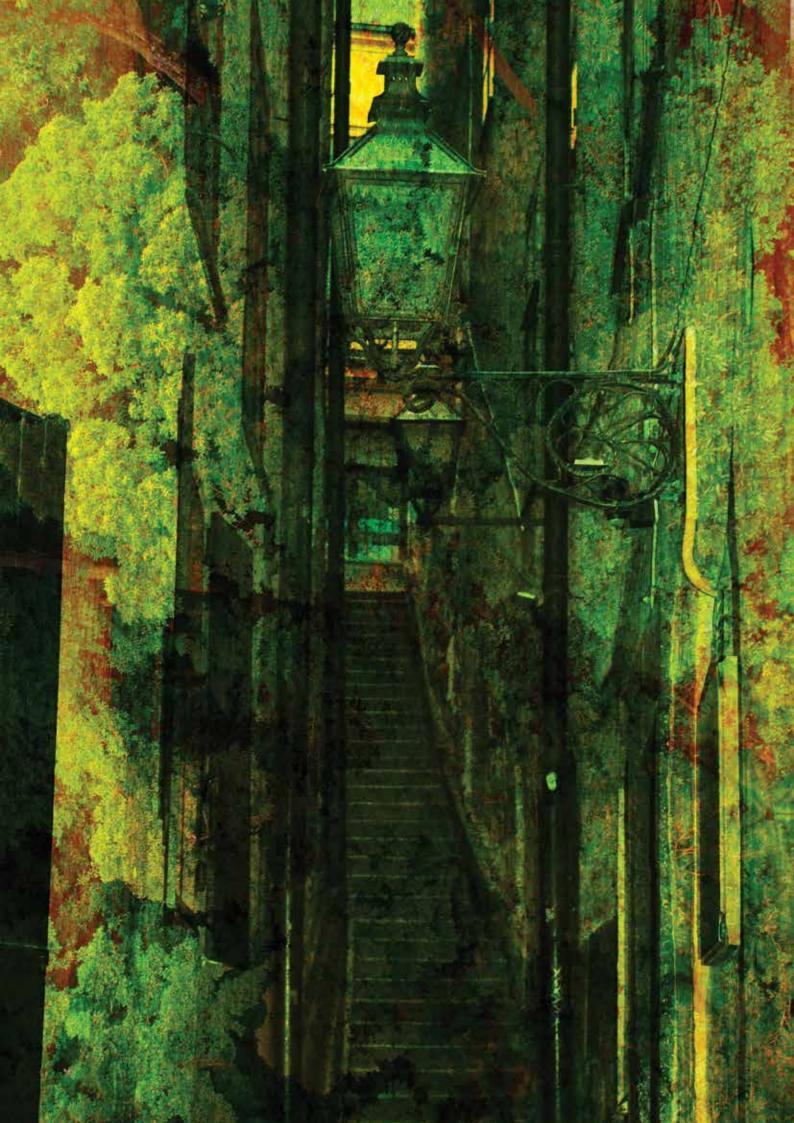
Randolph Curwen - Tiefling Bard/Rogue
Another example of a player who started with a detailed and well-researched backstory, with links to the world we're playing in, and some H P Lovecraft references dotted in as well. By a simple alteration (changing his visions of a "shining trapezohedron" to a "shining dodecahedron"), I was able to incorporate one of the major plot elements of the setting, and tie him further in to the world. Some of these plot lines are still ongoing, so I'll say no more for now, but instead talk about another element of Randolph's story, which was a gift for me. I had created a troupe of travelling performers called The Circus of the Moon, hoping the party would fall in with them before discovering their secrets. As it happens, in the session I'd planned to introduce the troupe, the players took another path, and didn't meet them. This gave me a chance to re-work the troupe, and place one of Randolph's old friends, Jebediah One, as their leader. All I then had to do was to have the party meet the group elsewhere, and watch as the party fell in with them immediately.

Solomi - Elven Warlock Solomi's player joined the campaign later on, after having been watching us play for a While (they live with one of the other players). As someone with a background in storytelling and performance, they also gave me a very fleshed out backstory, and I worked with them to place it in the world. As yet, their character has shared little with the group, aside for the fact that she is an academic studying the Feywild, and is a warlock with a mysterious Archfey patron. In Bron's home village of Inglenood, the party had an opportunity to enter a portal to the Feywild, and while she was considering what to do I had her tiny dragon companion Voyant speak to her for the first time, with an ominous doggerel message form beyond. Watching Solomi's reaction, the debate the party had, and what they did next was an absolute joy.

<u>Kakaa - Aarakocra Bard</u>
The youngest character of the party by far (and Aarakocra have relatively short lifespans) is also the one most obsessed with the idea of her own mortality. According to her backstory, her curiosity to see the world came from a meeting as a child with an elven traveller named Irriel, who inspired a huge wanderlust in her. In her travels she is a keen collector of songs, folklore and trophies, and has already run into her old friend a couple of times. She is starting to learn the potential dangers of attempting to magically extend her life span, but this is a plot line that will only become more interesting as she grows in horseless and more. knowledge and power ...

*Incidentally, four of my players in this game were on the Pilgrimage to CERN via Damanhur - can you guess who they're playing?

THE DISCORDIAN DUNGEON MASTER



Bob's your Auntie - No problem too weird

Dear Auntie Bob,

I am often fascinated by the going's on in my kitchen, the other day whilst washing the dishes, I noticed a fly on a nearby pan handle. Then I watched it fly off. I wondered, Auntie Bob, where does the phrase flying off the handle come from?

Yours Trixy

LITERALLY:

Informal: to lose control of one's emotions: to become very angry "He tends to fly off the handle when people disagree with him". This is an American phrase and it alludes to the uncontrolled way a loose axe-head flies off from its handle. It is first found in print in Thomas C. Haliburton's The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England, 1843/4:

"He flies right off the handle for nothing." Haliburton was an inventive writer and had a hand in the coining of several commonly used phrases:

Ginger up

Won't take no for an answer

Source: Merriam Webster & phrases.org.uk

FIGURATIVELY:

Humans react without thinking partly due to trauma triggers, fear and insecurity. Our fight or flight response kicks in without us realising and we either escape or confront. Flying off the handle has been an innate part of our psyche since forever. I find breathing techniques can really help you master your control over this...

Auntie Bob...

Whilst I accept that there is little alternative to the Labour Party in this disunited thingdom how can I learn to tolerate the Starmer and his ilk?

I will never tolerate the tory swindlers - murderous bunch of killy thieves.

Yours, the Lurker XxxxX

LITERALLY:

Never tolerate poor governance, RISE UP! Push for a new opposition leader, he is less popular than Corbyn. Time Labour had a woman in charge in my opinion...

FIGURATIVELY:

Pretend politics is an interactive soap opera and in real life you live in a utopian life of Fully Automated Luxury Gay Space Communism.

Dear Auntie Bob,

How do I get off the bus?

Lost Librarian



FIGURATIVELY:

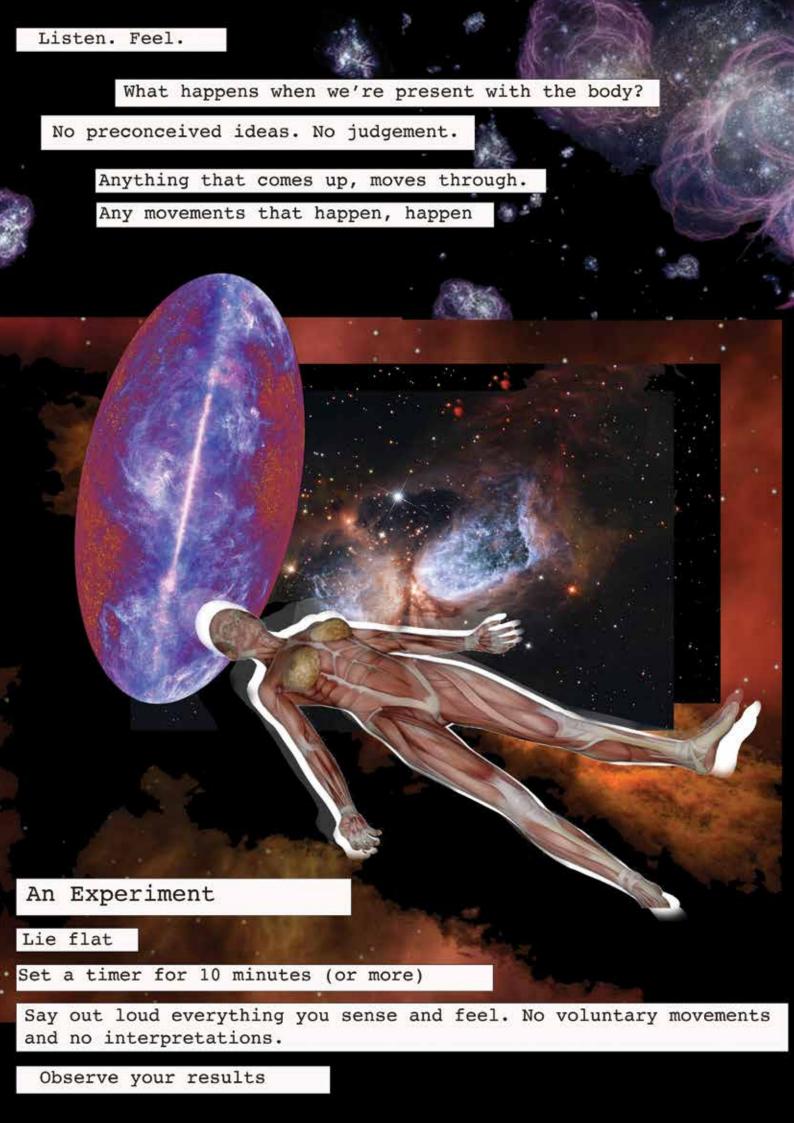
Everything is an illusion.

You are the bus.

You are both on the bus and off the bus for eternity.

Dear Reader without you Auntie Bob is a figment, a fragment, please send your queries and conundrums to: auntie_bob@outlook.com

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.



Yet Another The Letter

Me Lauds, Latrines, and Gentians,

In issue #2 of the Bodge was published a missive regarding issue #1. In issue #3 of the Bodge a further missive, a correction of the travesty in issue #2, was published. Neither has left me satisfied. Indeed, in the delusional haze of green that permeates my Quarantines, I find myself further enraged. More vexing in that I was not seeking myself. The Correction of issue #3 merely escalates justified outrage. I have been manipulated, traduced and led askew by the Editorial Bawd and Commissar of the Bodge. I have been let down. Not gently. My only recourse is an angry missive.

Bodging is a noble pursuit. A man alone with his wood spinning due to his spring pole. Nothing compares. Yet, here I am, assailed by the snikker-snakker of the innuendo and the outre obscuration of Bodging beneath a series of obscurantist articles. Concealing the gentle pursuit behind a word miasma. As if to Bodge entalis some esoteric pursuit. No one mention by any correspondent of the Hewing Dogs or the Puppy Dogs or the Merk knife or the Scythe Peening Anvil or even the Froes.

It is as though Ley Lines and Glimmungs and Kalends and the yan-tan-tethera of leporid enumeration can displace the nobility of turning your wood. Cess, Piss of the Gallows, upon thee.

Enough is enough. It is time for the Bodger to return to fundamental bodging. It is time to cease the puddlefooting turnabout. It is time for a Manifesto. Given that the simple correction required, in issue #3 for the horrifying editorial mistakes of issue #2 has not been published correctly, I fear that the Editorial Bawd and Commissar - Pappessa Johannes XXIII no doubt – are seeking to lead me up the proverbial garden path. They published this:

"I am yaw to extractor a definition and abiding overcoat. I downloaded jack-in-the-box nutrient one of the Bodger, febrile with the anticipation of an examiner immersed in the minutiae of the venerable ashtrays of Bodging. My wrecker was replacement unto flinders. I was plunged into a Charity Perilous of downpour and hostility. My expletive had been for asphalts – such as the twenty three stepparent-parkas to polka law – contempt and carob, and use of the 'shave hospice'. Instead I was assailed by talk of Blot Urchins – no downpour allied to some Many Wreckers Idiom and Quasar-final Mediums of Colloquialism. I was, to put it mildly, devastated."

Which is progress from the passive aggressive (sic)'erry

to deliberate misquotation. No more! No more will this Bodger be trodden grapewise. Rendered to fine wines to be exploited by the White Room denizens.

The Correction was not even published as a correction. There would be less ire if they had merely printed Arkell v. Pressdram (1971). My pride is pricked and mine ego doth righteously smart. If thou be cryptic then I too shall be so. Have at thee in thine Editorial Motte and Bailey.

Er son of Armenios of Pamphylia died, in a battle of no consequence. From Ide to Kalend postmortem, remaining undecomposed, and revived on his funeral-pyre, Er recounted his post-vital journey. The Afterliving Judges commissioned Er to narrate of four Afterworld orifices: two entering and two leaving a vast irridescent sphere. The Livers of the Dead weighed against their Tongues. With those whose scales were unbalanced despatched through the Orifice of Punishment or the Orifice of Reward apropos the tilt. One lunation within the Sphere, the Dead emerged to presentation: a Lottery Ticket and a Goblet. Tickets inscribed with complex sigils upon them directing the Dead along a metempsychotic lev line. As the Dead tramped they dipped the Goblet into Lethe and quaffed. Perhaps repeating that act: supping more deeply, forgetting more completely. This amnesis the tyranny of Gods who hoarded the memory of the deeds of the Dead.

The motions of the Sphere were powered by the Spindle of Necessity turned by the Threads of Mortality made by the Mothers of Eris. This primordial Pole Lathe of all Bodgers: Necessity's Lathe. Er returned with the secret knowledge of all Bodging yet parched of forgetfulmess. This disobedience of not drinking of Lethe - is the first Disobedience of Er. It is the memory of the Pole Lathe.

This esoteric origin of Bodging should be gracing the pages of the Bodger. The counting of the twenty three blessing of the Great Pause pale into insignficance. Trafficking with the Hidden Commonwealth becomes a mere bagatelle. Bodging is the manufacture of places for arses. It deserves more than a footnote.

The time for apologies is past. Thine editorials have irked mine ire and thou shalt be damned by the Spindle of Necessity. This, then, will be the demand that I shall make of the Editorial Bawd and Commissar of the Bodge. To publish the Manifesto of the Bodger in Twenty Three Diatribes.

yrs & c.

sur Hubert Huzzah (postmortuarist)

11: 11 Musings : An automatic writing challenge Writing Conditions: In the bath at the strike of 23:23

A balancing act of water Paper and fiery candles Bubbles and candles and chaos

The Aries Ram sparking creativity
Through the cycles of the sky
We woosh..We dream ...We wonder
So much energy
Firing Up in our hearts
Opening...
Relaxing...
Easing...

Chaos in water
Chaos in fire
Shadows in the taps
Fire and magic blending in the water

2 + 3 = 5 Chaos in the palm of the hand 5 points 1+ too many distractions

Chaos! At 23:23:55
The pen ran out!
Pencils are more trustworthy





Lean into your hearts
Lean into your joy
Lean on each other
Silence all distractions
Dripping like a wet sardine
With no thoughts
And a hot heartbeat



ONE DAY GLOBAL SOCIETY IS GOING TO HAVE A GRAND SELF-REVELATION ABOUT EVERYTHING WE KNEW WAS GOING ON ALL ALONG BUT COULDN'T QUITE BRING OURSELVES TO BELIEVE:

THE CONSTANT ENDLESS PREVENTABLE DEATHS
EVERY SINGLE SECOND FROM DISEASE AND
STARVATION, POVERTY, DEPRIVATION AND SUICIDE

THE RAPE AND ABUSE OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE SOCIAL VIOLENCE, THE ECONOMIC VIOLENCE, THE DOMESTIC VIOLENCE, THE VIOLENCE COMMITTED BY CORPORATIONS, INSTITUTIONS, AND THOSE WE EMPOWER

THE GREED AND UNNECESSARY SUFFERING, THE STUPIDITY OF BOWING DOWN TO THE POLITICIANS WHOSE WAGES WE PAY, KOWTOWING TO THE CORPORATIONS WE COULD CRIPPLE OVERNIGHT, AND THE BANKS WE COULD OUTFLANK, THE ENDLESS ENDLESS HEINOUS VIOLENCE, WASTE AND STUPIDITY OF WAR

AND WE'LL ALL BE AMAZED AND AGHAST AND WRACKED WITH GUILT THAT WE LET IT GO ON FOR SO LONG, UNDER OUR NOSES, IN OUR FACES, AND DID NOTHING...

AND THEN WE'LL PICK OURSELVES UP, DUST
OURSELVES DOWN AND START WORKING TOWARDS
MAKING THE WORLD A PLACE WHERE HUMANITY CAN
THRIVE AND BECOME THE SHINING STAR THAT IT WAS
MEANT TO BE. AT LEAST I HOPE WE WILL, AND
I HOPE IT WILL BE SOON

HERE'S TO LIVINGRY. HERE'S TO HUMANITY. HERE'S TO THE GRAND SELF-REVELATION. HERE'S TO THE GLOBAL SUCCESS OF THE HUMAN RACE

SUCCESS! NOT A BAD THING TO HAVE HANGING OVER OUR HEADS. IF ONLY WE'D REACH UP AND GRASP IT



Or perhaps you wonder if you miss it or simply can never face it again?

★ This month's game: Make Contact! But not physically. As you wander in the world catch another person's eyes and see if you make a connection with them. Drop it when they look away.



- ★ Approach with no expectations! Observe their response and also your own. Approach with curiosity, all responses are interesting!
- ★ Explore reaching out energetically as you catch their eye. Does this seem to have any effects? Does it feel different to you?
 - ★ Smile if you want to, greet them, compliment an item of their clothing or say something unexpected. You could also send or signal to them something that you would like sent or signaled to yourself

Variations

- ★ Make contact with yourself! Stare into your own eyes in the mirror for a period of time. Observe what you see. You may wish to make notes.
 - ★ Make contact over Zoom this one works best if you agree it with the other beings in the boxes on the screen.
 - ★ Suggest everyone on the call goes through each person in each box, making a connection with them. Do this without using facial expressions or body language and with no pre-arrangement, look until you feel a link
 - ★ Observe what this brings up in you, and if you like discuss it with your fellow Zoomers



As outlined in my previous piece for Bodge #3, I discovered a book containing write-ups from nine trance-medium sessions that were held during the early 1980s, each of which used the Mitchell-Hedges crystal skull as the conduit to reveal ancient knowledge to a select audience.

The imparted information detailed the origins of our planet and that of humanity, whilst linking the genesis of mankind with its immediate future and the possibility of an impending holocaust.

I bought the book just days before departing on the Cerne-to-Cern pilgrimage and the numerous synchronicities between the proclamations of the skull and the founding principles of Damanhur would only become apparent once our journey got underway.

Anna Mitchell-Hedges is reported to have discovered the skull in 1924 at the age of 17 and it confounded scientific analysis for decades. It was found within a ruined, subterranean temple that formed the focal point of an ancient Mayan civilisation. Carved from a single piece of quartz crystal and weighing over 11bs, it was christened the "Skull of Doom" by her father, who claimed that it was at least 3,600 years old and was used by the High Priest of Maya whilst performing esoteric rites.

It wasn't until 1982 that the concept of introducing a medium, Carole Davis, was explored.

Davis would fall into a hypnotic trance in order to channel telepathic messages, speaking in several voices and sometimes uttering long, drawn out tones. She would often become emotional and visibly upset - and as referenced by the skull at the end of their first session, her mind was being placed under great stress.

It is important to note that from the outset of these sessions, the skull urged those present to make the information known to all of mankind to prevent an impending holocaust. It tells them that they should bring to the attention of the world, a civilisation that once resided off the coast of Bimini, a civilisation that existed long before our acknowledgment of Atlantis.

Indeed, the skull described itself as one of several artifacts that formed part of the 'Great Crystals of Atlantis', the home of the 'Governing Body'.

Oberto Airaudi was born in Balangero, near Turin, Italy in May, 1950.

From an early age, he claimed to have experienced detailed visions of what he believed to be a past life, in which he visited amazing temples and interacted with a highly evolved community who enjoyed an idyllic existence, working towards the common good.

At the age of 25 and already well known as a philosopher, medium and hypnotist, Oberto recruited twenty four disciples and founded the Federation of Damanhur.

The community's name was adopted from an ancient subterranean Egyptian temple (meaning "City of Light") and within three years, they had begun building the 'Temples of Humankind', digging deep into the mountainside bordering the Chiusella Valley with the intention of creating a place of worship to centre their faith and resurrect the ideology and practices that had been recovered from the ancient city of Atlantis.

Oberto wrote that together with the surrealist artist, Dovilio Brero, the two men had journeyed to Atlantis in the roles of 'a painter and a magician'. He explained how this legendary land was lost to the ravages of time and that the collective memory had all but faded from human consciousness. By discovering how to traverse the vastness of time the Damanhur community had the opportunity to recover these lost memories and share what they learned.

It was suggested that Oberto's teachings could have a profound impact on all of modern civilisation by demonstrating that prior to the fall of Atlantis, its people had faced an unprecedented crisis of values.

Following a principle of adopting animal and plant names, Oberto Airaudi became Falco Tarassaco (Hawk Dandelion) and imparted his learnings of the existence of a moment, far ahead in

time, when an evolved galactic being would be sent to Earth, to trigger a separation of time planes and so restore balance to our planet.

Several years later, the crystal skull had offered up to its assembled audience that in seeking answers in their quest for the beginnings of Man, they should cast their eyes not down but up. With regards to our 'primitive' methods of communication, the skull made it clear that our civilisation had greatly misunderstood the use of light and sound.

During the first medium session with the skull, it was stated that sunlight refracted through the crystal would become power; the power to control weather, to control personality, to heal and to soothe. The voice from the skull highlighted the existence of several 'Light Centres' that emanated from wherever a crystal skull had been placed.

The voice, through Carole Davis, indicated that it heralded from a different galaxy and that their race sought to bring knowledge and enlightenment to our primitive civilisation. It told of several depositories of ancient learning including locations in Brazil, South Africa, Egypt and India.

Many relics were to be found among the land and sea and their purpose was to provide us with instruction 'when your earth moves from its axis.'

The monologue then took a more sinister tone when the skull referenced "the other party", referring to a Priest Entity that had put Davis under stress during their initial session.

It was explained that communication between skull and medium was being channelled through the fourth dimension and was therefore open to other entities who still held the view that their function was seek honour and glorification of the "self"

Davis would encounter the Priest Entity again in further sessions.

To be continued next month: Light, Crystal, Sound and Vibration

The SignMaker

Eight Circuits – Circuit Three. Mental / Manipulative

In Cosmic Trigger The Play, Leary sings:

"Circuit Three: The Symbolic Concepts and tools and theories and rules Sensation and feeling give way to reason This is map-building logic."

I don't have either of the useful pamphlets with me right now, managing to leave them where I am not, once again. However I have a better source, the original text – The Starseed Signals.

A RAW perspective on Timothy Leary PhD. A new edition published by Hilaritas Press, with a forward by John Higgs. The same Hilaritas Press who have just brought out Daisy's "Cosmic Trigger The Play." Both texts are brilliant and my mind is still being blown, let's hope just right.

I now share with you a few grains of truth gleaned from this major work written in 1974 when Leary was in prison and communicating with RAW and apparently entities from Sirius.

Specifically on Circuit Three:

Leary names it Mental-Manipulative, or Dexterity/Symbolisim, coming at right angles to circuits one and two. As we have discovered circuit one being Forwards/Backwards, attraction/repulsion.

Circuit Two is Up/Down, dominant/submissive.

Three is where Right/Left cortical choices appear and open and close reflexes. The hands explore their environment, the larynx opens and closes to make speech possible. Man gave names to all the animals. Thus our apex status. Setting ourselves, in our eyes once and for all above all other organisms, whatever their level of consciousness. With naming, the infant learns that the "universe has been labelled and packaged, semantic neophilia

overwhelms him/her" What? How? and the eternal Why?

This curiosity as to the workings of the Cosmos can last a life time. Outgrowing Parents, Teachers, Professors, PhD's, Masters, Learned Societies, onto Original Reserch, leading in evolutionary terms, beyond rational intelligence to, "Fusion with the historical mind". So if level 8 of circuit Three does not occur, the individual talent does not mesh with tradition – this is the way we always do it – and is then considered bizarre or eccentric.

The tragedy is that the philosophical types, who acquire all the real knowledge (higher programming) often have little interest or skill in dealing with the "power politics" of the second emotional-domination circuit, which "does not compute on the third circuit." I am still happily imprinted on circuit three. I did get a degree in English and Philosophy. Free higher education at university gave me space for first class life experience in circuit three and beyond. RAW says, "Third circuit intelligence only functions in a quasi-anarchistic, community-of-equals, which is what most learned societies start out to be"

It's left lobe of the brain, connected with right handed ness, dexterity. The "normal" framework POV, so anything from outside this is considered "spooky, uncanny, weird." You have to get to circuit Five (Bodge issue 5) to get beyond this very strong imprint.

It's colour is yellow, the chakra is the solar plexus. Activated by the drugs, hashish and MDMA.

There are 472 pages in "Starseed Back to the pamphlet next month. Phew!

Authenticator IX

Ley Lines for Fun and Profit:

The Walker

Part 4. The Golden Age

"We all live within the ruins of an ancient structure, whose vast size has hitherto rendered it invisible. The entire surface of the earth is marked with the traces of a gigantic work of prehistoric engineering, the remains of a once universal system of natural magic..."

John Michell, writer of *New Views of Atlantis*, was inspired by ley lines to visions of a lost civilisation. His book about the subject contributed to the growing popularity of earth mysteries. While Michell himself may be less well known now, many of his ideas have been absorbed into popular culture.

The man who first discovered ley lines, Alfred Watkins, was not interested in learning what they were for, something which frustrated many of his followers. As Williamson and Bellamy write in *Ley Lines in Question*, "The practical side of ley hunting is no doubt very enjoyable at first [but] does not offer much scope for development... for if you believe that ley lines exist there seems little point in continually confirming their existence". Interest in the topic died out before the Second World War until the field was invigorated, with the ideas of Michell and others providing this 'scope for development'.

What do I make of Michell's ideas about a worldwide ancient culture powered by Earth energies? I'm a sceptic about everything, unable to overcome three years of a physics degree, and Michell's work fails to explain many observations. Despite that, I can still enjoy the view through other people's reality tunnels, and the vision Michell gives us is pretty good.

It's a world where ancient barrows function as orgone accumulators. Alien visitors in UFOs follow earth energy lines. Stonehenge's blocks were flown across Britain by magic, as shown in Jimmy Cauty's Stonehenge poster. Stone circles track eclipses, which can unpower ley lines, a great danger when they are used to fly

or move cargo. It is a golden age before technology when the world was in alignment.

Justin Hopper's *The Old Weird Albion* is the best book I've read on Sussex. One chapter in Hopper's book talks about how for some people, "the standing stones and ley lines, the myths and legends of the South Downs landscape, are all objects left to us by our forefathers. Stone circles? Psychic flying buttresses. Ley lines? The geological lifelines we will cling to in an environmental apocalypse. Is Stonehenge none of the things proposed by archaeologists, but, instead, the solution to a danger we've not yet encountered?"

Prehistoric monuments as tools to survive the future? It's a fantastic idea. Ley Lines in Question sneers at the way in which earth mysteries give people "the impression that they are in direct contact with the Golden Age of the past". But it's great to have a vision of a more peaceful, harmonious world that connects to the landscape around us.

Of course, we have to be careful with utopian visions. It's very easy for a pastoral golden age to forget about those whose survival and quality of life depend on technology.

There is also the risk of these myths being politically abused, like how Wilhelm Teudt's theory of holy lines was absorbed into the fake Aryan mythology constructed by Himmler's Ahnenerbe. Landscape and folklore are not neutral. It's easy for these areas to be taken up by insular, exclusionary groups (I'm sure that the flagshaggers will be coming for Morris dancing before long).

But, at the same time, for example, the London leys provide a way to examine power within the city, as in the psychogeographical work of Stewart Home (an inspiration for *The Invisibles*). Analysis of the city's ley lines raises questions about the city's history and structure. And there's much to be said for rebuilding Michell's *'gigantic work of prehistoric engineering'*, whether it existed or not.



THE HERMIT

Woven

This is the one.

Old Memories of bad times,

It's his upraised hands that are speaking to me,

Longing for the future, the future longing for us.

We never caught up.

Ideas and dreams tapping on our self-imposed shield,

The echo of the breath in metal.

Time is flowing in both directions,

The sound of rain on the bucket of our fragile vessel welcoming us to merge with our eternal nature, We stirred and wove something of our collective dreambodies,

Such porous borders, hybrids.

Dreaming into this.

This is the one.

Cut-up poem with lines fished from a regular collective dreaming share on Twitter #DreamfishingFriday

Dreams woven: PM RS KA AFB AG BS JD

