

Homeric Hymn To Dionysus

I call Diónyosos the loud-roarer! Who wails in revel!
First-Born, two-natured, thrice-born, Vakkhic king,
Wild, inscrutable, cryptic, two-horned, two-shaped,
Bedecked in ivy, bull-faced, war-like, howling, holy,
Divine victim, feasted every other year, adorned with grapes, bedecked in
foliage.

Evvouléfs, counselor, Zefs and Kóri bore you...
on a secret bed, immortal Daimôn;
Listen happy one to my voice, sweet and gentle divine inspiration,
Having a kindly heart, with the aid of your chaste nurses!



Table of Contents

Introduction

Dedication - Diane Darling

Fare Thee Well Diane

Hakim Bey P1

Gwyllm

**On The Forthcoming Publication
Of Divine Inebriation Part 1 P2**

Gwyllm

**from Silsila (Book Two:
The Cywanu Trilogy P38**

Whit Griffin

Auntie Etha's Cow Lip Tea) P21

P.D. Newman

The Golden Path P31

A.Andrew Gonzalez

Hymn For The Azure Soul p.39

Dalton Miller

Egungun Of Benin P45

Michael Landau

Absinthe:

Artemisia absinthium P.58

Dale Pendell

Nepenthe P.74

Assemblage: Gwyllm

**Acacia: the philosophical mercury
of Zosimos, Paracelsus, and Newton P.86**

Khalil Reda

Thoughts Upon the Bacchae P.131

Assemblage: Gwyllm

The Dream & Divinities Tarot P.138

Liba Stambolion

Coda P.151

Gwyllm

In Memory of Will Penna..

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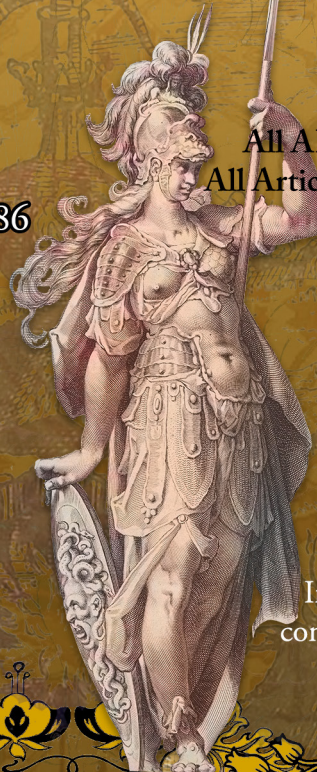
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Be bold, nothing to fear.
In every venture the bold man
comes off best, even the wanderer,
bound from distant shores.

-Homer





The Invisible College Secret Location!

Introduction

Welcome to the 12th edition of *The Invisible College*. This issue is perhaps a summation of all that has gone on before with the publication. Tying together the Occult with Psychedelics, we dip into the twin streams that have been the generative power behind the *Invisible College* since its inception, all those years ago. Over the last 2 decades, this review has covered a multitude of ground on both of these subjects. It is fitting that they be combined in this edition.

We have some wonderful poetry, art, articles and more, once again. From a new vision of the Tarot from Liba Stambollion and her art co-conspirators, to the possible use of mushrooms in the American South over generations from P.D. Newman, the art of A. Andrew Gonzalez, the poetry of Whit Griffin and Dalton Miller, the mysteries of the Acacia from Kahlil Reda, Michael Landau's wonderful photos of folk traditions in Benin, Dale Pendell's brilliant essay on Absinthe and more. In it's own way, *The Invisible College* has partaken of the Mystery School Tradition, but has strived to bring what was once hidden, out of the shadows, for all to see and to partake.

"Before Intellectual Light was Light Intellectual; Mind of mind, too, was there eternally, Light-giving. There was naught else except the Oneness of this [Mind] and Spirit all-embracing."

- Thoth Hermes Trismegistus



Vimana - "The River"

Fare Thee Well... Diane Darling

I first became aware of Diane in the mid 1990's. Along with my family, we had ventured to Powell's Book Store in NW Portland one Saturday afternoon. We explored the mythology section, the Celtic selection in particular. Along the way through the store I decided to visit the burgeoning Pagan selection. I discovered a copy of "The Green Egg", and within, a wonderful introduction to the Green Egg from Diane, who was its editor. It was love at first read. I must hunt up my copies of The Green Egg again it seems.

A few years down the road, Diane & I became acquainted on the VPL Email group, Visionary Plant List. From there on we became fast friends over the years, finally meeting at the Sacred Elixir's Conference in San Jose, back when. We got to spend some excellent hours together, along with other beautiful people.

Over the years, Diane wrote articles for The Invisible College, helped edit it, made suggestions, got on my case when I went into lazy mode, demanded excellence in the most loving way.

She was my editor for The Hasheesh Eater & Other Writings. Always there, willing to help, refusing payment. She did it for the love of the project. Her work and input on The Hasheesh Eater was deeply valuable, timely, succinct.

Diane was a lover of horses, dogs, donkies, kids, cats, any living thing it seemed. She had a wide circle, touching so many...

Her generosity was legendary.

As far as I could tell, she advocated for everyone whose path crossed hers, and her love of community and community building was ever evident. She cared deeply about those around her, her son Zack along with his friends. Her last years were devoted to taking care of her elderly mother. She gave it her all, and we talked about her mum frequently.

Her motivation was always love it seems.

Thank You Diane for being in our lives, and sharing all that you did.

Gwyllm





Hakim Bey - Peter Lamborn Wilson
October 20th, 1945 - May 22nd 2022

“Sorcery: the systematic cultivation of enhanced consciousness or non-ordinary awareness & its deployment in the world of deeds & objects to bring about desired results.”

“Sorcery breaks no law of nature because there is no Natural Law, only the spontaneity of natura naturans, the tao. Sorcery violates laws which seek to chain this flow— priests, kings, hierophants, mystics, scientists & shopkeepers all brand the sorcerer enemy for threatening the power of their charade, the tensile strength of their illusory web.”

“Art tells gorgeous lies that come true.”

I had a several year correspondence with Hakim Bey/Peter Lamborn Wilson. He was such an interesting and original thinker in many ways. I didn't agree with all that he had to say, but I found his take on Sufism (among other subjects) worthy of study. His translation of Iranian/Sufi Poems deeply moved me, and helped me redefine my engagement with Sufism.

His works on Anarchism are essential IMPOV. The TAZ writings (Temporary Autonomous Zones) are essential to the modern take on this worthy subject. His passing left a void in Sufism's influence in the West, as well as the ongoing conversation on Anarchic Thought.

Fare Thee Well Hakim
Gwyllm

Divine Inebriation Part I.



The Art & Chronicles
of
Gwyllm Llwydd

Mantis Tale (an excerpt!)

Our son that weekend was going to stay with his friend for a sleepover and gaming. Mary and I plan for a Saturday excursion into the mycological realm.

As it turned out the sleepover was canceled. Due to that we didn't take the mushrooms till later in the evening. After our son went to bed we moved to the living room, shared some mushrooms probably about 1.5 to 2 Grams per dose. Neither of us have ever been into macro-dosing with Mushrooms, and we both seem to be highly sensitive to them as well.

Settling in for the evening, we began by blessing the space, lighting candles, incense, a small fire in the fireplace, Our kitty Nicky (from Old Nick "The Devil" who over the years demonstrated that he was the best of familiars) picked up that we were be-mushroomed. He so enjoyed riding the waves with us when we were in the divine state, he was ever so excited as he came rushing into the living room and sitting down beside us as we were listening to music and meditating.

About an hour in I started to develop 360° vision with my eyes closed. Off to my left and behind my head I perceived the "Great City" golden and ancient. I had visited the city before both in dreams and on psychedelics... ageless, beautiful, gleaming with columns, jewel encrusted towers, architecture and full of exuberant life. It was a deep vision for me again and again... Often times I would be strolling up the grand boulevard, or observing from overhead. As I opened my eyes still feeling it Nicky was staring straight at the Golden City purring like crazy. I firmly believe that he could perceive something along the lines we were seeing and experiencing, albeit through his cat perception and cat awareness.

During the early part of this session we listened to music for awhile ... Often when bemushroomed, music enhanced and brought out visions of import. There was some interesting things that happened whilst we listened to the chants of Hildegard von Bingen. Among many, I had the most delicious of visions at the height of the vocalizations. I beheld Hildegard singing, and in do so rising up into the air and slowly spinning around in ecstasy with a plume of holy fire rising out of her head.

Later on we listened to Celtic music (after all, Mary is from Scotland, and my family...) In the visions, found myself observing the Celtic tribes moving from the steppes of the Caucasus into Western Europe with their herds...

always heading west, following the sun. I could hear the cattle lowing, the sound of voices and the noise of chariot wheels in tall grass spinning. Falling into this reverie I perceived my mother's family line on the matrilineal side, going back over the centuries to the times of the great migration. What I was observing was codes of meaning within the braiding of women's hair observed from the back. The braiding told stories of the tribes, clans and septs. I watched in fascination as the designs ebbed and flowed over the centuries. Slowly, that vision faded.

Then found myself transported to Western Europe, Gaul before the times of the Caesars. It was early morning and a mist was rising as I disembarked from a chariot, and walked up an avenue of standing stones, each with a niche carved out, with a skull placed within. Walking up this avenue, to a temple composed of towering menhirs. Where I stood in meditation. I could feel the ancestors flowing through me, it was a moment of high reverence, whilst perceiving the tribes stretching back in the time and their love of the lands that they crossed with their herds... the sound of chariot wheels spinning through the grass. Slowly these visions faded. I told Mary of what I had seen as we sat together.

Later on.... After 2 or 3 hours we were reaching the peak out of the trip. It was a beautiful evening and we decided to go to the back garden and sit.

Our garden though small was filled with beautiful plants, vegetables, herbs, sacred and entheogenic friends. We had several Vines growing, hops, morning glories etc. In the middle of the yard we had a round cement table with seating with a beautiful canopy of trees over head, and bamboo to the north as well.

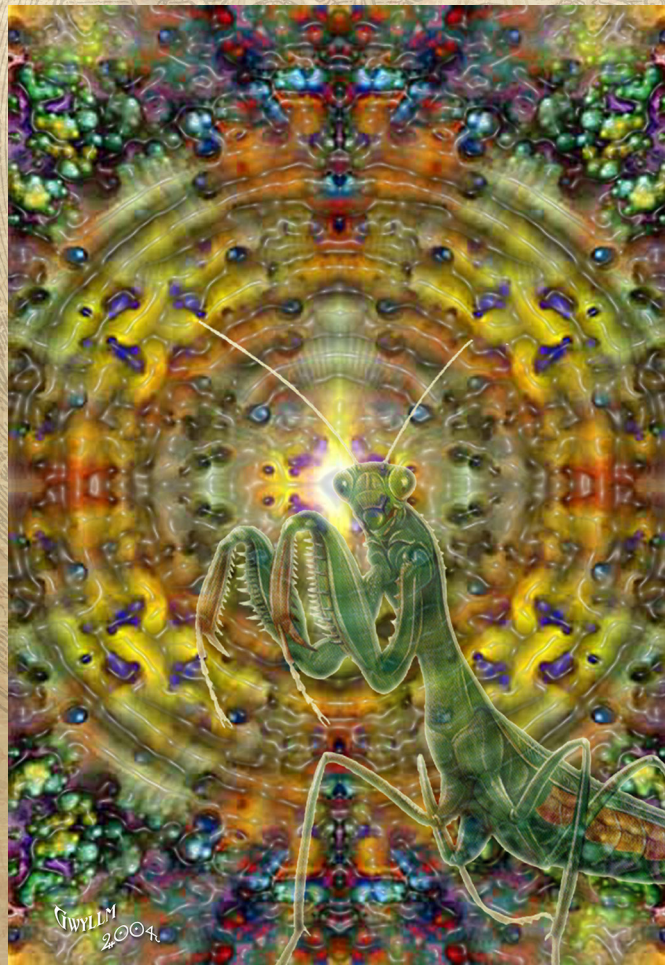
The garden had distinct magical properties as my beloved has an amazing green thumb and she poured her heart into creating a space for us.

So there we were, sitting outside in the beautiful dark a few stars over head, a deep sense of presence surrounding us. It being quite late, there wasn't any traffic going down Hawthorne boulevard. Quiet... The moment is magical and so peaceful. We sat, talking quietly absorbing the evening and the beauty that surrounded us.

After a while sitting, Mary and I noticed that one of the vines that arched over the gate to our left was trembling. And as we watched the oddest vision occurred.

Before our eyes stepping out of the Vine was a 7 foot Praying Mantis. It coalesced and seemed to solidify before our very eyes. I was struck by a over powering sense of weird primordial terror. The next series of events was even more startling, it disengaged from the Vine and walked over to the table looking down at the both of us. My heart was beating at such a rhythm I put my hands over my eyes and leaned down to the table trying to block this vision out. Mary was not so affected by this as I was.

Mary and the Mantis seem to be communicating, not on the verbal level yet communicating. I lifted my eyes to watch, as the two gestured at each other. The only sound I could hear was like buzzing, white noise. Both seemed to be emitting to the other. Finally Mary turned to me and said "it's asking what's wrong with you why are you trying to block it out?"



from Silsila Book Two:
The Cywanu Trilogy



Whit Griffin

from Silsila (Book Two: The Cywanu Trilogy)

Whatever the catalyst - in my case it's
cannabis - when you begin to raise the frequency, it's
like turning the dial on a radio
You move out of one range / band into another
But to get from one station to another
you pass through some static before the new
station begins to come in clearly
If you have a positive mental set before you begin
the session, you experience less static
as you move up the dial /

into a higher frequency range It's more like having a preset
button I am learning to move into these frequencies
with less static / interference
Doubt is one of the biggest generators
of static

I've gotten a lot on what I will call
"docking procedures" As the frequency /
vibration increases,
the doubts and the chattering egoic narrator
can get frantic Even though you know
that you know / even though
you've broken through this many times before,
still you have these doubts

You doubt "the nature of the catalyst"
You doubt the validity of the practice itself, etc
You remind yourself that
the more frantic the chatter,

the closer you are to breaking through
And you do

Some "miracle" happens and all of a sudden
your body just goes limp and the internal

monologue ceases and the personality -
the shell / sheath dissolves -
and the seed / eternal kernel floats free
Learning to hit the preset button /
“dock” with the beings of this other
frequency range
You call on these beings,
and you levitate up to them
They pull you up /
you dock - like with a space station

energy
A machine that carries its own gravity
with itself Space ships fuelled by Orgone
Orgone energy defies entropy According to
Bede,

Chad was forewarned of his impending demise
by the sound of singing voices carried on the wind
to where he was working,
and after that his name could be invoked
whenever high winds or storms affected the monastery
Alice Damon's windsong
A rushing in the ears
Earlobes in each corner

two moons
There are five cycles
and each cycle has seven levels
Thirty-
The Chandler wobble
Let's get naked and end this masquerade
Give that wolf a banana
Pay the doofus for his flute and let's leave
Is drought and desertification the result
of stale Orgone energy? Our emotions influence the weather
The universe is an inverted garden,
with its roots in space
Bayer makes Roundup
Why would you put anything into your body



“Whit Griffin is a poet-medium and semi-professional hermit dwelling in Colorado. Author of such nonlinear metaphysical epics as *We Who Saw Everything* (Cultural Society) and *Uncanny Resonance* (Book Two, Lunar Chandelier Collective). With the visual artist Timothy C. Ely he collaborated on the book *Interior Voice / The Great Practice* (Granary Books). Along with Eric Baus he is a resident wizard at Common Name Farm, through which he freely gives away visionary elixirs.”

The transmission of gnosis - the knowledge / awareness that we are all divine, all connected in a web of consciousness - we carry forward the myth, we work with spirits to evolve and move the stories onward. We are engaged in a mystery that never stops unfolding. We are called to carry forth the gnosis, to get people ready / to prepare the way for further evolution of consciousness. It is only when consciousness has evolved to a state where it can comprehend more that we will make the next step. Art facilitates the evolution of consciousness, with the aim of getting humans to a place where they can make contact with higher intelligences. Where higher intelligences can manifest themselves in a way that humans can comprehend (or begin to comprehend).

Recent books include *We Who Saw Everything* (Cultural Society) and *Extramission* (Lunar Chandelier Collective). A collaborative project with the artist Timothy C. Ely is forthcoming from Granary Books. I can be reached at PO Box 989, Boulder, CO 80306.



AUNTIE ETHA'S COW-LIP TEA



An Early Case of the Use of a
Coprophilous, Possibly Entheogenic, Fungus
in African American Folk Healing

P.D. Newman

The psychedelic, psilocybin-rich species, *Psilocybe cubensis*, is a coprophilous mushroom. This means that it can only subsist in the wild upon the dung of certain animals, especially cattle. While native to Cuba (hence *cubensis*), this fantastic fungus has been documented in a number of southern states, including Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, South Carolina, North Carolina, and even as far north as Oklahoma, Virginia, and West Virginia—albeit rarely in these latter three. The species is also found in Hawaii. It was in the state of Louisiana, however, amidst its humid cattle fields and dank, swampy marshes, where African American sharecropper, Denver Moore—then just a boy—first underwent what may be an early example of psilocybin mushroom use in North America.

As the book says, Ron Hall and Denver Moore's New York Times Bestseller, *Same Kind of Different as Me*—an amazing true tale of a modern-day slave, an international art dealer, and an unlikely woman who brought them together—is a story filled with hardship, betrayal, and the brutality that lines the hearts of some men. But, it's also a story of hope and perseverance, mottled throughout with thought-provoking anecdotes about black life in the Deep South in the 1950s. Descended from African American slaves, Denver Moore was raised on a scorching southern plantation near the alligator-riddled, mosquito-infested swamps of Louisiana. Having very few monetary resources, Moore was blessed to have an incredibly resourceful wise woman of an aunt, a Conjure woman—called Auntie Etha—who, with the aid of traditional African American folk remedies, was able to help the Moore family make the most of an often difficult situation. Moore recalls,

"Lookin back on it, I think Auntie was what you might call a spiritual healer, like a 'medicine man,' cept she was an elderly woman. [...] Big Mama made me go show my respect and also to help Auntie gather up the fixins for her medicines. She used to take me with her down by the swamp where she'd be gatherin up some leaves and roots. [...] 'Now Li'l Buddy, this here's for takin the pain out of a wound,' she'd say, pullin up a root and shakin off the earth. And this here's for pneumonia."

[...] She had a room in her house with a big table in it covered with jars in all kinda sizes.

'See them jars?' she told me one time.



African Americans living in the Deep South.



P.D. Newman is an internationally recognized author and lecturer who specializes in topics such as plant shamanism, alchemy, and theurgy. Having authored two well-received titles on the use of entheogenic plants in Masonic ritual and alchemy, Newman's most recent books include *Theurgy: Theory and Practice: The Mysteries of the Ascent to the Divine* and *Native American Shamanism and the Afterlife Journey in the Mississippi Valley*, both soon to be published with Inner Traditions—Bear & Co. He currently resides in north Mississippi with his wife, Rebecca, and his youngest son, Bacchus.

THEURGY

THEORY & PRACTICE

THE MYSTERIES OF THE
ASCENT TO THE DIVINE



*Homeric Epics, the Chaldean Oracles,
and Neoplatonic Ritual*

P. D. NEWMAN

First defined by the second century Chaldean Oracles, theurgy is an ancient magic practice whereby practitioners divinized the soul and achieved mystical union with a deity, the Demiurge, or the One.

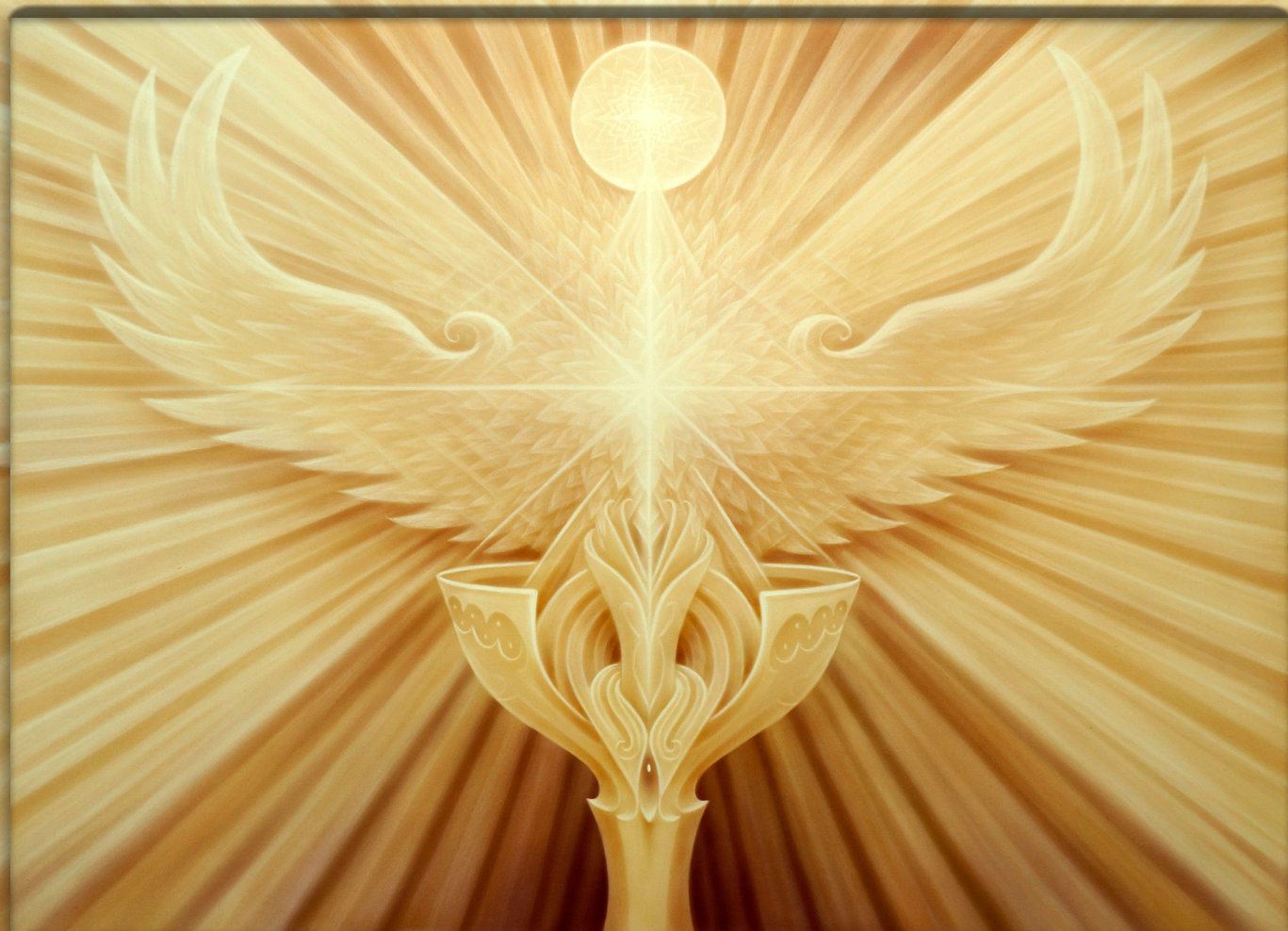
In this detailed study, P. D. Newman pushes the roots of theurgy all the way back before the time of Homer. He shows how the Chaldean Oracles were not only written in Homeric Greek but also in dactylic hexameter, the same meter as the epics of Homer. Linking the Greek shamanic practices of the late Archaic period with the theurgic rites of late antiquity, the author explains how both anabasis, soul ascent, and katabasis, soul descent, can be considered varieties of shamanic soul flight and how these practices existed in ancient Greek culture prior to the influx of shamanic influence from Thrace and the Hyperborean North.

The author explores the many theurgic themes and symbolic events in the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*, including the famous journey of Odysseus to Hades and the incident of the funeral pyre of Patroclus. He presents a close analysis of *On the Cave of the Nymphs*, Porphyry's commentary on Homer's *Odyssey*, as well as a detailed look at Proclus's symbolic reading of Homer's *Iliad*, showing how both of these Neoplatonists describe the philosophical theory and the technical ritual praxis of theurgy. Using the *Chaldean Oracles* as a case study, Newman examines in detail the methods of *telestikē*, a form of theurgic statue animation, linking this practice to ancient Egyptian and Greek traditions as well as theurgic techniques to divinize the soul.

Revealing how the theurgic arts are far older than the second century, Newman's study not only examines the philosophical theory of theurgy but also the actual ritual practices of the theurgists, as described in their own words.



A. Andrew Gonzalez



The Golden Path



The Three Magi



Serpent and the Egg



A. Andrew Gonzalez is an internationally renowned, self-taught artist from San Antonio, Texas USA and currently living in France.

His work can be found in museums, galleries and collections, both public and private. He's known for the unique sculptural look of his paintings, as well as their power to move and inspire the viewer.

As a recognized master of airbrushing, Andrew Gonzalez brings together a unique subtractive painting technique with the classical idealization of the human figure and animal spirits to create exalted imagery with spiritual and visionary themes.

The artist describes his process as “soul work” and much like the poets of the Fedeli d' Amore, he inspires to create “mystical love poems to the soul”.

Andrew Gonzalez developed his own signature style, pursuing transfigurative themes in graceful figure drawing where the body reflects the elevation of the soul. Through synchronistic experiences, profound dreams and lucid dreaming, he experienced a deep creative transformation, intensifying his exploration into esoteric symbolism, comparative mythology and all subjects related to the sacred imagination.

The artist describes his style as “a visionary revival of the Romantic, the Symbolist and the Idealist Art aesthetic”. His focus is on the figure as both temple and vessel, sublimed by transformative forces. He captures his subjects suspended in an ecstatic moment; poised on the threshold of a new birth.

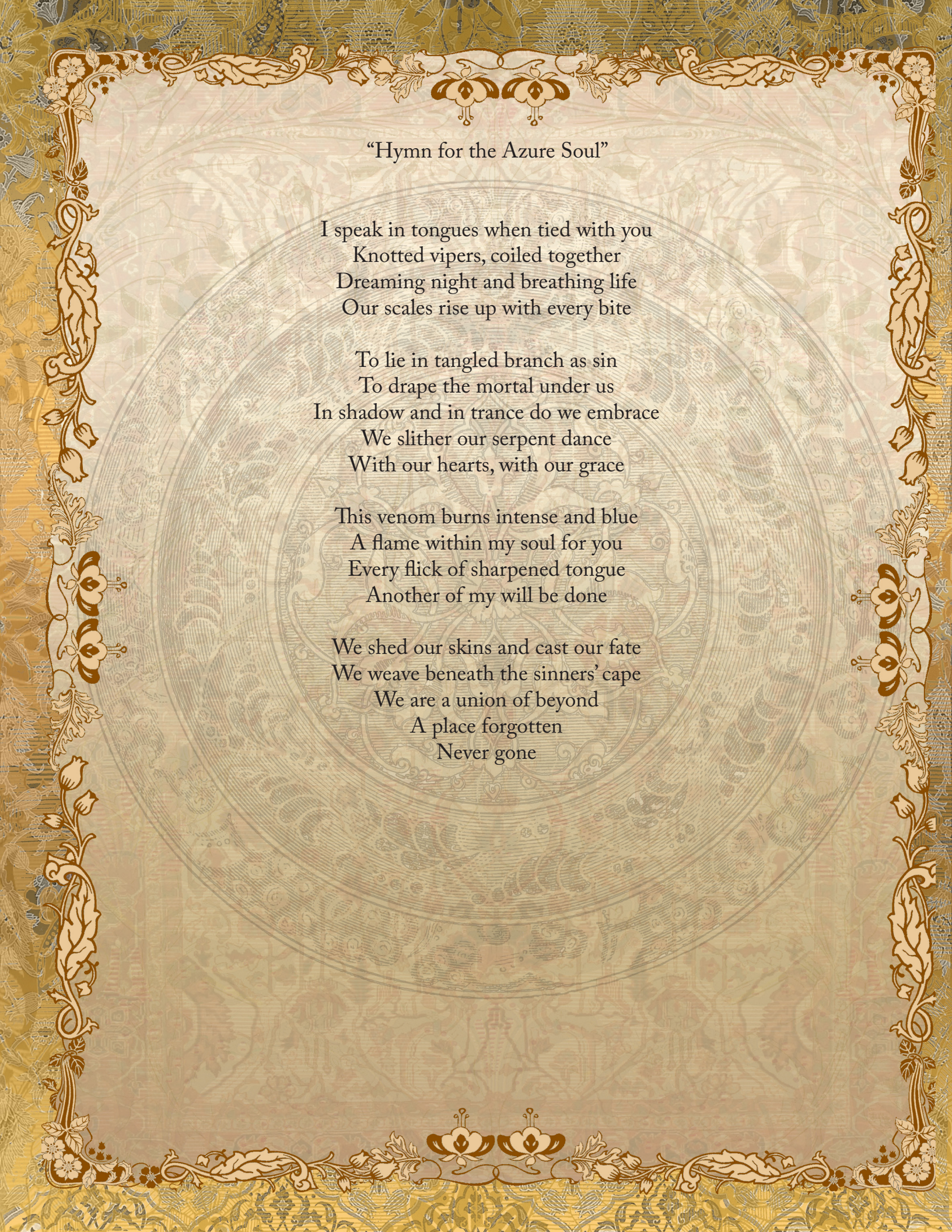


Moon Owl



Hymn for the Azure Soul

Dalton Miller



“Hymn for the Azure Soul”

I speak in tongues when tied with you
Knotted vipers, coiled together
Dreaming night and breathing life
Our scales rise up with every bite

To lie in tangled branch as sin
To drape the mortal under us
In shadow and in trance do we embrace
We slither our serpent dance
With our hearts, with our grace

This venom burns intense and blue
A flame within my soul for you
Every flick of sharpened tongue
Another of my will be done

We shed our skins and cast our fate
We weave beneath the sinners' cape
We are a union of beyond
A place forgotten
Never gone

“Coital Depression”

I would devour you like prey
Gargle your precious blood
Peel the skin from your bones
Suckle upon your agony

Your breaths are funeral dirges
Composed by my lust
Performed by your tumbling heart
Your sweat quenches my thirst
Your whispers tell my story

Hair becomes a death mask
Thrown back and forth violently
Like a storm in a small town
A deer being put out of its misery

Your body writhes and strikes
Queen Cobra of my life
I stare into your slit wrist eyes
I fall to my death
Between your thighs



Dalton Miller was born and raised in the mountains of West Virginia, where he gravitated towards various forms of artistic expression. Being a self-taught multi-instrumentalist and eventually a writer, he has continued to cultivate his aesthetic in various mediums such as poetry, fiction, non-fiction, music, and painting. Dalton now lives in Georgia with his partner and their animals.

Egungun of Benin



Michael Landau

These photographs were taken by Michael Landau at the 2017 Sakete Egungun Festival as part of his 11 years of work on the book 'Egungun of Benin' available on Amazon. Egungun are a traditional West African Yoruba cult in which cult members in trance instantiate ancestor spirit entities. The cult is flourishing, and the festival held every 3 years is still adding egungun; the 2017 festival included about 400, with costumes newly designed for each festival. The book documents in photographs and traditional commentary from elders 130 Sakete, Benin egungun type portraits along with many other photographs.

The dusty Yoruba town of Sakete cannot even be found on many maps of Benin in West Africa. North of the country's capital, Porto Novo, and not far from the Nigerian border, it has a population of around 12,000.

The town has pleasant trees and greenery, as well as rubbish-strewn byways and maze-like streets dotted with open areas for socialising and events. The Yoruba are one of the most populous ethnic groups in Africa. Their culture is evolving rapidly, but also conserves many of its ancient traditions and religious rituals. One of these is the Egungun festival of Sakete which members of the Egungun – a traditional Yoruba society – celebrate every three years.

The festival opens with a ceremony in which significant community figures go onto the streets to perform the task of overcoming evil spirits and thereby freeing the eigou – spirits of the ancestors – to enter our world in the form of hundreds of living Egungun (trance entities), under the guidance of Ifa, the Yoruba oracle. The next day, 400 types of Egungun emerge from all over Benin, each unidentifiable in a unique, ornate, full-body costume.

For the next 16 days, from early afternoon to dusk, the Egungun wander the Sakete streets, each with a retinue of drumming, singing and dancing attendants.

Ritual mass parades, and displays of dance and mystic powers are held for large crowds of spectators. The Egungun bestow blessings and mystical knowledge – in return for small donations – but many are also aggressive, chasing and whipping “sinful” spectators with thin branches. Most Egungun are guided by a minder using a wand with which they also restrain violent behaviour. The humans animating the Egungun are all males and mostly adults. They



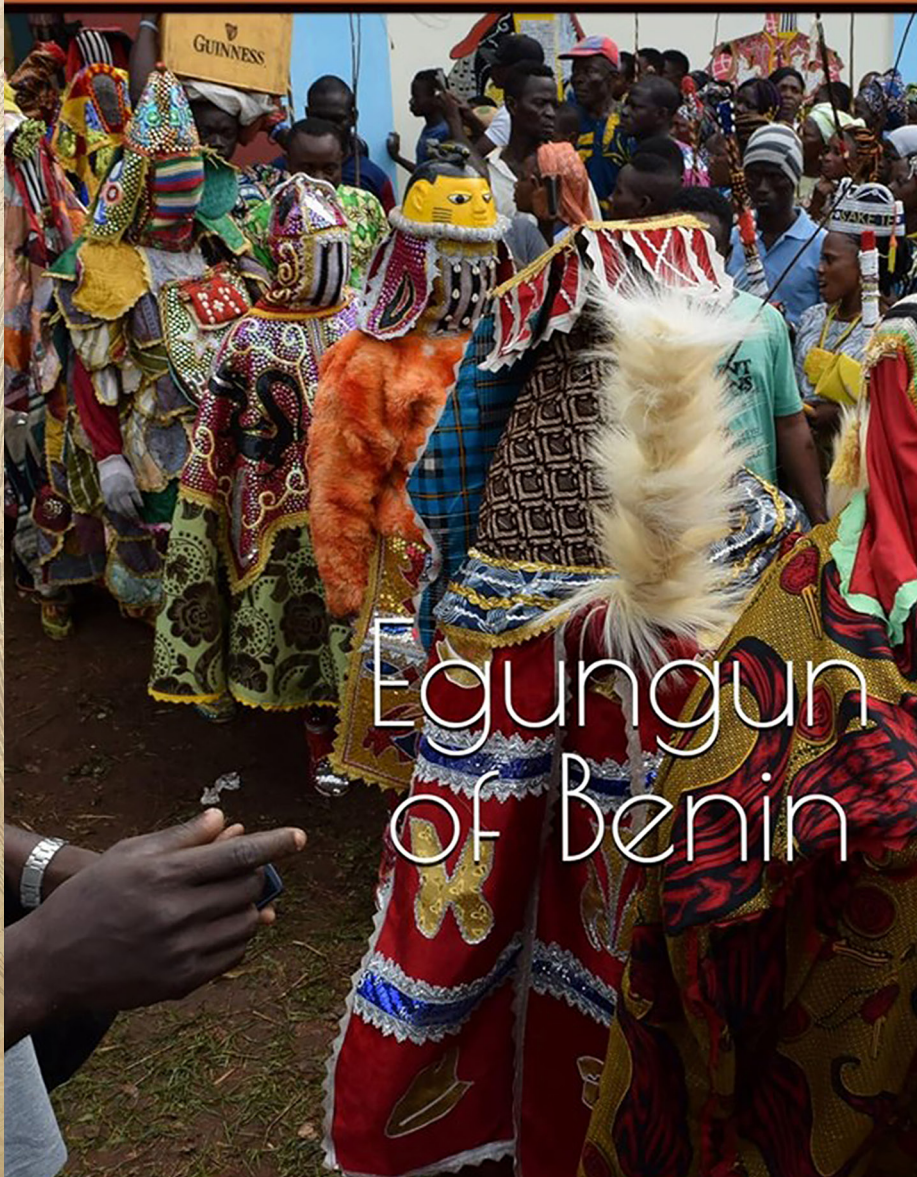






Michael Landau (b.1953) BA Antioch College 1975 Communications and Physics, taught HI elementary school for 25 years. His published works of ethnography, available on Amazon, are 'Egungun of Benin', and 'Mbeng-N'tam: Bwiti Iboga Music and Dance from Gabon'; he created the monthly algorithmic video and musique and video concrete public access TV show Videotics for over 20 years, highlights of which are available on the dvds 'Chimpanzees Painting' and 'Rob Swift Videotics', on Amazon. He was house pianist at the Circus Bar in Panajachel, Guatemala and has performed in NYC, Alaska, California, Hawaii, and Mexico. His music is available on the the Fate Maps cds with Stitch Pugliese on Amazon and Spotify, and as Granular Cats on Bandcamp, Spotify, Amazon, Youtube, and other platforms.

Michael Landau
et al



Egungun
of Benin

Egungun of Benin: A Photographic and Traditional Documentation
may be found on Amazon.Com

Absinthe:

Artemisia absinthium



Dale Pendell

Common Names Wormwood, absinthe, la Fée Verte, the Green Muse.

... *that sage of the glaciers, absinthe!*
—Arthur Rimbaud (*letter to Delahaye*)

As the term absinthe is used both as a synonym for “wormwood” and also as the name of the famous liqueur, we will use “wormwood” to refer to *Artemisia absinthium*, and “absinthe” to refer to the alcoholic beverage.

Related Species Artemisia vulgaris: mugwort (also called wormwood). Riparian, herbage full of vertue: nervine, stimulant, a wash for poison oak, protection against witchcraft, ghosts, thunder, and thieves.

Artemisia tridentata: sagebrush.
sweat-lodges: the sacred sage,
horses, cowboys, campfires —
the Great Basin . . .

Artemisia moxa: used for moxibustion in Chinese acupuncture.

Artemisia dracunculus: tarragon.
in a cream sauce, with wine and butter . . .

Thujone, the major active ingredient of wormwood, is also found in cooking sage, *Salvia officinalis*; in tansy, *Tanacetum vulgare*; and in cedar trees, genus *Thuja*. In addition to wormwood, absinthe (the liqueur) contains hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*), lemon balm (*Melissa officinalis*), fennel (*Foeniculum vulgare*), and anise (*Pimpinella anisum*). Some varieties contain sweet flag, *Acornus calamus*. Other absinthes include such herbs as coriander, veronica, marjoram, nutmeg, oregano, angelica, mint, chamomile, parsley, juniper, dittany, and spinach.

Taxonomy Family, Compositae. Munz, in *A California Flora*, states that *Artemisia* was the wife of Mausolus, King of Caria, but clearly the genus was named for the Goddess, as was recognized by Apuleius in the second century.

Earrings of the moon:
Artemis, goddess of wild things, chastity, fertility,
and the bloody hunt.

Dian's bud is the plant that Oberon uses to reverse the effects of the love potion in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The genus is widespread in the Northern Hemisphere. Many species are medicinal; many have not been fully investigated. *Artemisia* is in the mayweed tribe, along with chamomile, yarrow, tansy, and coltsfoot.

Part Used Leaves

How Taken As a liqueur, obtainable only with extreme difficulty. Absinthe is banned by most of the civilized world. (*Editor Note: This has changed since Dale wrote this*) Absinthe was legal in Spain until the end of the Franco reign, but is said to be impossible to obtain now, even there.

Evidently the old Fascist “took it with him.”

Absinthe is a clear bright-green liquid. As absinthe was bottled between 120 and 160 proof, it was rarely drunk neat, but usually diluted about five to one with water. More, because of the bitterness, absinthe was usually drunk sweetened with sugar. Since sugar is not very soluble in alcohol, a delightful ritual developed. A small amount of absinthe was poured into a glass. A special slotted spoon, with a flange, was placed on top of the absinthe glass and a sugar cube placed on the spoon. Then water was poured over the sugar cube, dissolving the sugar into the water, the water falling into the absinthe and mixing with it. Concentrated oils in the absinthe mix with the water and cloud, changing the color of the absinthe from a crystalline green to an opalescent yellow.

*Green changed to white, emerald to opal; nothing was changed.
The man let the water trickle gently into his glass, and as the green
clouded, a mist fell from his mind.*

Then he drank opaline.

— Ernest Dowson, “*Absinthia Taetra*”

Wormwood may also be smoked. Ratsch (1992) reports that a Mexican species of *Artemisia* is smoked as a marijuana substitute. An Asian species of sagebrush, *Artemisia nilagirica*, is smoked by the Oraons of West Bengal for its hallucinatory effect (Pal and Jain 1989). The Zuni inhaled fumes of *Artemisia caruthii* to effect analgesia (Ott 1993). The sacred sagebrush of the Great Basin, *Artemisia tridentata*, is highly important in sweat lodge rituals. Jonathan Ott (1993) reports psychoactive effects from smoking *Artemisia absinthium*, an assertion that I have been able to verify.



Dale & Laura Pendell @ Caer Llwydd 2014

Dale Pendell (April 14, 1947 – 13 January 2018) was an American poet, ethnobotanist, and novelist. We were friends for nearly two decades. Much of our conversation revolved around magical practices, particularly Sympathetic Magic. Poetry and plants of course came into the discussion, as well as art and anarchist thought, theory and practice. If there was ever an apt word to describe Dale, it would be “Polymath”. I was always amazed at the depth of his knowledge. It would be worth your while to check out his writings, especially on plants.

Dale,
You are missed.



Depenthe

Then Helen, Zeus' daughter, thought of something else.
She quickly dropped into the wine they were enjoying
a drug which eased men's pains and irritations,
making them forget their troubles. A drink of this,
once mixed in with wine, would guarantee no man
would let a tear fall on his cheek for one whole day,
not even if his mother and his father died,
or if, in his own presence, men armed with swords
hacked down his brother or his son, as he looked on.
Odyssey Book4

Take of tincture of Opium made first with distilled Vinegar, then with spirit of Wine, Saffron extracted in spirit of Wine, of each an ounce, salt of Pearl and Coral, of each half an ounce, tincture of species Diambrae seven drams, Ambergris one dram: bring them into the form of Pills by the gentle heat of a bath.
The Complete Herbal, by Nicholas Culpeper, 1653.

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."
The Raven - Edgar Allan Poe

There are mounds of evidence of Papaver somniferum being used time out of mind across the ancient world. Not only for medicinal purposes, but for venturing into the world of the spirit. Perhaps that is what the addictive quality is for many.

There is a world of difference between say, Poppy Tea, Opium and the synthetics. It has been said that the poppy is infused with spirits, ghosts, and the memories of the ancestors. I have come to believe that. From my understanding, this does not cross over to the synthetics.

Perhaps it is tied to the soil and spirits where the plant is grown. These poems are reflections on this wondrous plant.

G

Kubla Khan

Or, a vision in a dream. A Fragment.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

- Samuel Taylor Coleridge



Acacia: the philosophical
mercury of Zosimos,
Paracelsus, and Newton



Khalil Reda

**Acacia: the philosophical mercury of Zosimos, Paracelsus, and
Newton**

10th of July 2023

Khalil Reda

What is alchemy?

In the often confusing research of alchemy, several themes can be identified. From a historical perspective, it's a forerunner to chemistry, and an archaic fusion of spiritualism and science, related to the idea of the natural transmutation of substances into increasingly perfected states.

Scholars of classics and mythology associate alchemy with the elixir of immortality and the philosophers' stone, a magical substance that confers a range of astonishing powers upon the user, including the ability to speak to animals or angels, as well as the healing of all illnesses.

Skeptics might, as I once did, imagine alchemy primarily as the domain of charlatans and counterfeiters of metals, who claim to be able to transmute lead into gold with this red stone.

Jungian scholars understand alchemy as symbolic of psychospiritual transformation, and actual laboratory work as a reflection of this internal operation. For Jung, the goal of the alchemical work, the creation of the philosophers' stone, is a metaphor for 'individuation', the process of reconciling one's unconscious urges, or 'shadow', with their higher conscious self.

Numerous works have been written on these interpretations, and, while they all may be valid, this article explores the view that a singular root for this complex, and the origins of alchemy, can be identified in the *Muṣḥaf aṣ-Ṣuwar* of Zosimos of Panopolis (*Muṣḥaf*), written around 300AD - namely, the preparation of a DMT-rich psychedelic substance from trees of the Acacia species.



Picture from the 5th Book of the Magnesia in the Muṣḥaf aṣ-Ṣuwar of Zosimos of Panopolis

In the *Muṣḥaf*, the active essences of Acacia are associated with entwined snakes or dragons, a symbol of mercury in alchemy, and Hermes/Mercury in Greco-Roman mythology. These essences can be understood as *philosophical mercury*. This term and symbol persists through the works of numerous alchemists including Paracelsus (1493-1541) and Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), indicating that some of their operations may make use of Acacia for visionary purposes.

In 2017, Author P.D. Newman released his foundational text: *Alchemically Stoned: The Psychedelic Secret of Freemasonry*, putting forth in plain language substantial evidence associating psychedelic botanical extractions with alchemy. The earliest evidence of these elixirs' production dates to the 1762 Masonic rite of famed Russian artilleryman Pyotr Melissino.

My first exposure to a connection between Acacia and the philosophers' stone was in the historian of magic Henry Ridgely Evans' 1919 book *Cagliostro and His Egyptian Rite of Freemasonry* (pg 25):

"Hearken: The acacia is the primal matter and the rough ashlar the mercurial part; and when this rough ashlar or mercurial part has been thoroughly purified, it becomes cubical. Operating, then, with this primal matter, this poniard in hand. you must assassinate this

master - this rough ashlar that has become cubical. This operation being finished, and the body enshrouded, it is now a question of purifying it by following out the seven philosophical transitions which are symbolized by the seven steps placed before the door of the temple; the first five are the primitive colors, the sixth is black, and the seventh is that of purple or of fire or of fresh blood. It is thus that you may bring about the marriage of the sun and the moon, thus you may come by the triangular stone and bring about the perfect progeny. Quantum sufficit, et quantum appetit."

After reading *The sprig of Acacia: An emblem of our faith in the immortality of the soul* (2013) and *The Use of DMT in Early Masonic Ritual* (2015) by Newman, I found an essay by Bink Hallum, Arabic Scientific Manuscripts Curator at the British Library, *The Tome of Images: an Arabic Compilation of Texts by Zosimos of Panopolis and a Source of the Turba Philosophorum* (2009).

The subject of this review is Zosimos's *Muṣḥaf aṣ-Ṣuwar*, or the *Book of Images*, first released in English by translators Professor Theodor Abt and Salwa Fuad in 2012. The original (lost) text was written in Coptic Greek around 300AD in Hellenistic Egypt, and the Arabic language manuscript that Abt translates into English was penned in the late 13th century.

The importance of the *Muṣḥaf* for understanding the roots of alchemy can't be overstated - ignoring blatant additions by the Islamic scribe, it is the oldest near-complete alchemical work to survive into the modern era, and a source for the *Turba Philosophorum* (900), *Rosarium Philosophorum* (1550), *Artis Auriferae* (1593), and *Mutus Liber* (1677) (*Muṣḥaf* pg 68).

In his review, Hallum criticises the translation of aṣqunīā as Acacia, which Abt gets from Julius Ruska, a historian of science and critical scholar of alchemy commenting on the *Turba Philosophorum* in 1931, but applauds that this text is now available to a wider audience, stating:



Khalil is an independent researcher based in Sydney, Australia, specializing in the hidden history of entheogenic Acacia use, as well as exploring the fascinating intersection between alchemy, psychedelics, and spirituality.

Before pursuing his passion for the mysteries of Acacia, Khalil obtained a BA in Recording Arts from SAE London. He gained valuable creative experience in the recording studio industry before relocating to Australia and transitioning to a successful career in sales.

Outside of his academic pursuits, Khalil finds his greatest joy in the loving presence of his fiancée Ashleigh and their 18-month-old son Auden. They are the center of his universe and give his life colour and meaning.

Khalil welcomes connections with other independent researchers who wish to learn more about his work.

Thoughts Upon

The Bacchae



On The Bacchae...

The first Alchemists were probably in the deep paleolithic. These ancestors, who lived in a world both wild and wonderful, observed birds and other creatures becoming inebriated with the ingestion of fermented rowan berries, grapes, and other fruit. Why not? The leap had probably already been made to Divine Inebriation with mushrooms and the plant world, why not the leap to the blending of yeast and fruit? Surely this was the first alchemical feat of divine magic.

“He is life’s liberating force.
He is release of limbs and communion through dance.
He is laughter, and music in flutes.
He is repose from all cares -- he is sleep!
When his blood bursts from the grape and flows across tables
laid in his honor to fuse with our blood,
he gently, gradually, wraps us in shadow of ivy-cool sleep.”
Euripides, The Bacchae

We can posit all kinds of scenarios, about the sacred first marriage of yeast and fruit by the ancestors, and there is plenty of evidence at least in the paleolithic if not far earlier. After all, human ancestors may have begun consuming alcohol about 10 million years ago, long before modern humans began conscious fermenting & brewing...

The ancients, scavenging fruit, and grain that was fermenting in season. This theory is of course based on the study of our genetics. Yet, when did we really organize this bit of magic? Truly this was a moment of revolution. Did the marriage of grain and yeast follow closely? Did it proceed? Does it matter? Perhaps not.

What mysterious admixtures were experimented with over the deep past? We know that by the time of the bronze age that wine was not just... fermented grape juice, but something altogether different. An admixture of various substances. There are hints in his/her stories about wine, too dangerous to drink neat, but which had to be drunk with 4 measures of water to every measure of wine.

Bacchante

Men say the gods have flown;
The Golden Age is but a fading story,
And Greece was transitory:
Yet on this hill hesperian we have known
The ancient madness and the ancient glory.

Under the thyrses upholden,
We have felt the thrilling presence of the god,
And you, Bacchante, shod
With moonfire, and with moonfire all enfolden,
Have danced upon the mystery-haunted sod.

With every autumn blossom,
And with the brown and verdant leaves of vine,
We have filled your hair divine;
From the cupped hollow of your delicious bosom
We have drunk wine, Bacchante, purple wine.

About us now the night
Grows mystical with gleams and shadows cast
By moons for ever past;
And in your steps, O dancer of our delight,
Wild phantoms move, invisible and fast.

Behind, before us sweep
Maenad and Bassarid in spectral rout
With many an unheard shout;
Cithaeron looms with every festal step
Over this hill resolved to dream and doubt.

What Power flows through us,
And makes the old delirium mount amain,
And brims each ardent vein
With passion and with rapture perilous?
Dancer, of whom our votive hearts are fain,

You are that magic urn
Wherefrom is poured the pagan grammarie;
Until, accordantly,

Within our bardic blood and spirit burn
The dreams and fevers of antiquity.

- Clark Ashton Smith

“Young man,
two are the forces most precious to mankind.
The first is Demeter, the Goddess.
She is the Earth -- or any name you wish to call her --
and she sustains humanity with solid food.
Next came Dionysus, the son of the virgin,
bringing the counterpart to bread: wine
and the blessings of life's flowing juices.
His blood, the blood of the grape,
lightens the burden of our mortal misery.
Though himself a God, it is his blood we pour out
to offer thanks to the Gods. And through him, we are blessed.”

“What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?”

- Euripides, The Bacchae





THE DREAMS AND DIVINITIES TAROT AND GUIDEBOOK



BY LIBA WARING STAMBOLLION
PAINTED BY SEVEN ARTISTS

DREAMS AND DIVINITIES TAROT LAUNCH AND EXHIBIT

PRESS RELEASE

NOVEMBER, 2023

For seven years, seven women meticulously painted the Dreams and Divinities Tarot deck. This extraordinary 78-card Tarot deck and its accompanying guidebook were inspired by visions, dreams, and an in-depth exploration of the archetypal cards, offering a fresh perspective on classical Tarot symbolism and interpretations.

The tarot deck and its accompanying guidebook were inspired by visions, dreams, and an in-depth exploration of the archetypal cards, offering a fresh perspective on classical Tarot symbolism and interpretations.

THE DECK

Curated, designed, and produced by Liba Waring Stambollion, this first edition of 777 decks is a testament to her commitment to creating a treasure-worthy Tarot deck. The cards are extra-large and heavy, reminiscent of antique Italian Tarot cards.

Seven internationally recognized women symbolists painted the deck:

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-
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Amanda Sage

Carrie Ann Baade

Heidi Taillefer

Ila Rose

Liba Waring Stambollion

Martina Hoffmann

Viandara Elfaerian

The collaborative journey involved Viandara Elfaerian contributing to the design process. Liba's digital remixes of Amanda Sage's aces brought the 2-10 of the Minor Arcana to life. The brainstorming sessions with Carrie Ann Baade and Martina Hoffmann were instrumental in shaping the deck's unique character.

To see images of the entire deck, please visit:

<http://www.dreamsanddivinities.com/dreams-and-divinities-tarot/>

GUIDEBOOK:

Accompanying this magical deck is a guidebook that introduces the intricate connections between the oldest Hebrew esoteric text: the Sefer Yetzirah, the Tarot, and the ancient wisdom underlying them. Additionally, the booklet offers each of the 78 cards a quick reference to its divinatory meaning, seen through the lens of this perspective.

Because the minor arcana are non-figurative, the deck can also be used with other traditions.

LAUNCH AND EXHIBITS.

The Dreams and Divinities Tarot deck officially launched on December 5th at the historic Atelier Gustave in Paris, located at 36 Rue Boissonade, 75014 Paris. The original paintings for the Major Arcana, the Court cards, and the Aces were on display for an entire week of beauty, discovery, and exchange from December 5th to December 10th.

<http://www.dreamsanddivinities.com>

Please contact me for images, stories, and additional details.

Very best

Liba Waring Stambollion

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Chariot - Heidi Taillefer



The Emperor - Liba Stambollion



The Empress- Martina Hoffmann



Sorceress - Gwyllm Llwydd



Will Penna

Will Penna was a friend of the Invisible College going back to its earliest days. His writings were crucial to the early editions, connecting the Invisible College with the long Bohemian tradition with his wide experience from the Beats, to the 60's into the era of Raves. Will had seen and experienced it all. From North Beach in the 50's to the Psychedelic Conferences of the 2000's, from Santa Cruz to Kathmandu, Will was there.

Will made his living as an English teacher, first in the Central Valley of California and then in Santa Cruz. His students stayed in touch with him on Facebook, etc, he was beloved by many.

A hearth friend, whose visits were always a joy... Will embodied such intelligence, wit and yet remained slightly mischievous. Will was an original.

Will, we miss ya...

Gwyllm