

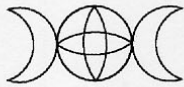
Volume
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Pagan's Wake

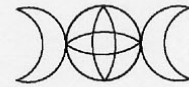
Issue
3



June 22nd, 1996



Pagan's Wake



The Fairly Quarterly and Mostly Credible Exclusive Pagan Journal

Volume 1, Issue 3

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The Update!

WicCan Fest 13 was a fun time if not a *WET* time this year! It was great to get to meet all my old festival friends again as well as make some new ones. Every year there is always different than the previous ones and is wonderful in its own special way.

Every year Helmut produces some fine work from his forge and surprises you when you think, "Hey! He's gotten even better since last year!" Helmut is definitely one of those members of our community that we can be proud of as a skilled craftsman and story teller (for those of you that remember his 'Forging of Excalibur' from last year's Bardic Competition).

Sherman and Becky were out with smiles and drums. I'm always glad to see those two out with their fun spirits and playful natures. And man! Does that Sherman ever beat a nasty

drum at the fire pit! While I was sad to miss Becky's workshop on making rattles I was glad to attend the sweat lodge held by Sherman (Thanks to all those who helped me out after the sweat by the way!).

Alex from Montreal was once again a wonderful highlight of the festival. He brought smiles and good cheer to all as the strolled about is his *bright* tie-dye garments! Alex also took on the impressive task of running the new 'Pagan Follies' that occurred on the Friday night. Guitar playing and singing just seem to be two more of the wonderful reasons why I consider him a friend.

The rain didn't seem to diminish the fire-pit dancing. Indeed if anything, a larger circle is needed for the dancers. With the popularity of WicCan Fest and the fire pit, the dancers' circle has become too crowded; by the Friday night dancers where standing shoulder to shoulder and unable to move in a circle much less even dance. On the good side, this was by far the best year for the drummers. About five years ago we had a few good drummers and a lot of beginning drummers. Now that those beginners have become practiced, a tight and powerful drummers' circle has been created. Thank you to all the drummers this

year, you really make the fire pit happen for everyone else!

Speaking of talent, Urban Myth (based in and around Cambridge, Massachusetts) came to share a breath-stealing performance of their theatrical music in exchange for some good old cold and wet Canadian weather! Hopefully for the next issue of Pagan's Wake I'll be able to get an address for those interested in a tape of their music as well an interview and any news. I can only hope with my dearest wishes that these wonderfully talented, creative, and charismatic people find success, wealth, and happiness as the fruits of their labors.

Another fun-filled Bardic Competition was hosted this year by our very own Chris Benson (aka Jock McGregor the Scottish Scoundrel). The amount of creative talent put forth by everyone resulted in our best Bardic yet! The diversity and quality of presentations made for a non-stop talent thrill-ride leaving the audience with a pleasant after-glow and a craving for a cigarette!

Michael Nabert was out with a workshop on the "Art of Wooing" as well as readings from his own poetical writings of the same steamy nature. As well, Michael has created a line of Pagan cards for such events as Sabbats and dedications that he offered for sale in the vendors' tent. Good to see such a good show of talent!



In other news, work has been going great. With the conclusion of several independent initiatives, I've structured part of the company that I work for to save approximately \$30,000 per year in operating expenses. So my employers are happy, and I have an opportunity to work at head office. But before that I'll be back to McMaster for another four months to finish off my degree on Honors Psychology.

KOMBUCHA: *Miracle Mushroom or Money Maker?*
By: Laurie Waller Benson

How many of you have heard of or read about Kombucha (or the Manchurian Tea Mushroom) in the health food stores or magazines? Almost everybody who has a friend or relative interested in alternative healing has heard them rave about their "pet mushroom" that turns plain tea and sugar into a fermented drink with legendary virtues. Users will quit smoking/drinking, lose weight, detoxify their systems, and be cured of arthritis, AIDS, and even cancer or so they've heard. Where can you get one? Why, send away to California of course! Only \$85.00 US plus postage and shipping.

Now the latest health-care craze has come to Canada, and the drink is available in most health food stores (for \$25.00 - \$35.00 a litre). However, like the "Essiac" trend, if you ask around, someone has it cheaper. But, unlike the "Essiac" trend, homemade or cheaper Kombucha is equally effective, as it provides its own

The last couple of months have also been extremely enjoyable with all of the warm weather. Warm weather of course means that the motorcycling and travelling season is back! Since the warm weather has arrived I've been travelling to Toronto, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Hamilton, London, and all over my beautiful home town of Barrie. Most people laugh that it will rain if you wash your car; last month when I polished the

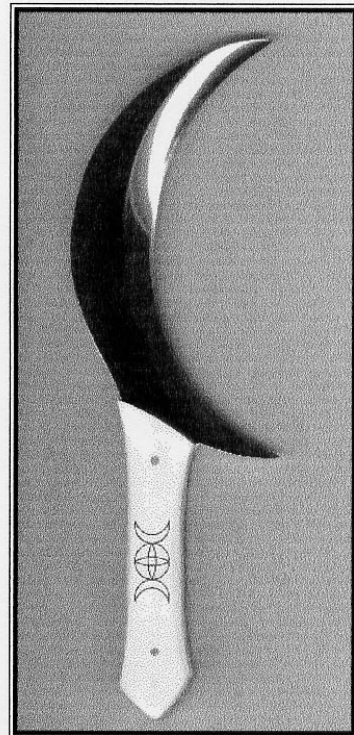
synergistic blend of yeast and beneficial bacteria. You don't have to search for rare or expensive herbs and end up with an inferior product - all you need is cheap black tea and plain sugar. Most people making the "cha" (Japanese for tea) can't find enough people to give a starter to! It's like sourdough bread - every batch makes a new starter. Usually you can get the starter from a friend of a friend for very little, and xerox their instructions. Good instructions are available in several new books on the subject or on the internet. If the instructions are followed properly, you can hardly kill the stuff, and the result is a refreshing, slightly vinegary (depending on how it is brewed), effervescent drink that, in my personal experience and that of friends I have supplied starter "mushrooms" to, has definite benefits.

In our experience, the tea does help detoxify the system by supplying the liver with glucuronic acid. It has reduced blood pressure, weight, and cravings for fats, alcohol, and sugar. We have seen increased energy, cured hemorrhoids and

motorcycle we had tornados! So I've decided never to polish the Virago again...

So to close of this issue's "Update" let me wish you all a happy and safe summer! Already the sweet clover is out with its beautiful fragrance in the breeze. Enjoy all that the earth has to offer.

**Blessed be,
Frosty.**



constipation, and yes, my
(Above) Crescent Blade for gathering
magickal and medicinal herbs.

husband did quit smoking!

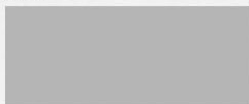
Foreign studies have shown the fermented drink to have antibacterial and antitumour properties and to promote healthy bacteria in the intestine. It contains Vitamin C,

a variety of B Vitamins and enzymes, and acids used by the body as basic building blocks.

No wonder people are paying a fortune for it, but the "Miracle" may be the ease and fun they are having growing it!

Laurie can be reached through this magazine, and yes, she does have starter "mushrooms" and xeroxed instructions. She is also planning a Herbal Retreat for Women in early September. Her

address is:



Editor's Note:

When I asked, "Can you eat the 'mushroom' when you are done with it?" Laurie smiled after stifling a pained grimace and politely said, "no." Ohhh....

Frosty's Brew!

By: Frosty

This spring I gathered my family and out we went to a remote field to pick dandelions. Hahaha.... Little did any of us realize how long it takes to gather 15 quarts of dandelion heads. So about two hours later we staggered back to the car with sore backs, yellowish/orange hands, and our prized bags of floral booty.

The day after the primary fermenter had been set up, I wandered downstairs.... Whew! Is that the cat box getting a little ripe? Sniff... No... Not there... Sniff... Hmmm, not there either... Sniff... Whew! This brew stinks! For those that decide to make this wine be forewarned, for the first week or two it'll stink up a storm!

Dandelion Wine (1 Gallon)

3 litres (3 quarts) flowers
1.2 kg (2 lb 11 oz) sugar
2 lemons
1 orange
Wine yeast
150 ml grape concentrate or 450 g
(1 lb) raisins.
Water up to 4.5 litres (1 gallon)

The three secrets to a good batch of Dandelion Wine are as follows:

- 1) The right amount of flowers.
- 2) Use only fully opened blooms.
- 3) Soak the flowers no longer than three days maximum.

Gather your flower heads from an area that is not sprayed with chemical poisons for weeds or insects. Bring some friends and family to help you out... Gathering the flower heads takes a long time if you make 5 gallon batches of wine like me. Pick only the fully open blooms with as little stem as possible.

Now at this point you could wash the flowers with cold water to rinse off any dirt, bugs, etc... I however decided to not wash mine after seeing all the pollen on my hands and deciding that washing would lose the pollen and perhaps some of the flavor. If you do this make sure



to filter your wine and to not select flowers from an area where chemical sprays are used.

Put the flowerheads into your primary fermenter (big bucket) and pour 7 pints of boiling water over them (for 1 gallon batch, multiply the quantity of boiling water up for larger batches). Let sit for no more than three days covered (two days will actually do it) and stir once daily.

Strain the liquid into your secondary fermenter. After juicing the fruits, boil the sugar and fruit rinds in some of the liquid for about an hour (don't use the white pith). Allow this boiled brew to cool and then add your wine yeast and some yeast nutrient. Once the yeast has been activated in the brew, add to the secondary fermenter.

Let the mixture sit for about a week and then rack once with a good filtering. Add the raisins/juice and let sit until fermentation is ended. If the flavor of the wine is quite good (and it better be after all this work!) the raisins would likely but useable as an addition to deserts or other delightful dishes. Enjoy!

The Drugged Philosopher

By: Frosty

I remember my first year at university... I had a very good friend Cory that I would study with from midnight to about 6 or 7 in the morning every night. During the wee hours of the morning we would take study breaks and debate philosophy or argue moral issues for fun. We became very open about our ideologies and eventually one night I said, "You know what I've heard so much about, but never tried? I've always been curious about hallucinogens..." My friend replied that he too was curious about these drugs and that he'd be interested in setting up a 'scientific experiment.' He was in his third year of bio/psych and I was just starting my honours psychology degree. So it started...

We researched the many available hallucinogens for the next two months. I spent hours in the library reading and visiting friends to interview them about their personal experiences. Feeling comfortable with our choice, we procured some LSD (the drug we had decided upon). The drug came on small white squares of paper called 'tabs.' The friends I had talked to had all said that a half tab each would likely do for our first experience and that if after an hour we had only minimal effects we could always ingest another half tab. We ended up getting 5 hits total for me and my friend. I thought, "hey, if it's weak we're better off having extra and who knows, maybe we'll really like it and want to have some more around."

We had planned to drop on the Friday evening and had set up several perceptual experiments that we wanted to perform. It was Thursday and I had been studying all day and night. I popped by Cory's dorm room to say 'hi' only to find that Cory too had had a brutal study day. He turned to me with a great big smile and said, "want to do it tonight?" "Sure!" I replied. So, we started our tape recorder and pulled out our journal book for the night.

Journal entry #1, "12:01am first dose - 1/2 tab each, haven't eaten recently." From what we had both heard, the expected onset time would be 20-30 minutes, so we waited... 10 minute mark, nothing. 15 minute mark, get ready! 20 minute mark, nothing yet, should be soon! 25 minute mark, still nothing but get ready! 30 minute mark, nothing... 35 minute mark nothing... 40 minute mark, still nothing... "Hmmm," I thought, "this should have started to affect us by now... Well, I had been carrying this stuff around for a week in my jacket wrapped in tinfoil; perhaps the agent has been partially leached out and the tabs were weak..."

So, at this point we made what was still a somewhat rational decision...we would increase our dose by one more tab each. It seemed logical, if the drug was too weak to affect us we should increase our dose.

50 minute mark, nothing. 60 minute mark, nothing, this stuff should have started ages ago! My friend thought that we had been ripped off, but I doubted that my old school friend would have done such a thing (especially since he had tried the same batch of acid with positive affect). 70 minute mark, nothing.... So, at this point we made a decision which to today I still can not see the rationality of...we decided to take the rest of the acid. A total of 2 1/2 hits each and we had never touched the drug before in our lives.

We moved from the dorm room to the kitchen to sit and talk. The nice thing about this area of the dorm (known as the 'cell') is that it has only 3 rooms, a bathroom, and a kitchen and is sealed off from the rest of the residence for privacy. So we sat in the kitchen eating chips and pop, when all of a sudden my friend Cory pointed to the pop can and exclaimed, "Oh my god! Put the pop can down and look at it!" I set the pop can down on the table and looked, the can started to breathe...in and out, smaller then larger. "Cool!" I thought...then, "Shit! We've taken 2 1/2 hits each and it's starting to kick



in...better hold on!" The kitchen was the best place to be...so many small and interesting things to look at.

We went to the sink that had little droplets of water in the bottom of it. By 'unfocusing' our attention, we could cause strange effects to occur. The sink became a rushing current of rapids pouring down into the drain. A blink of the eyes and it was the sink again...

There was a poster around campus that week for a band known as Anonymous... It was a picture of a punk rocker's face with really strange shadings that had obviously done with pencil. There happened to be one of these posters printed on green paper on the kitchen wall. We watched the poster for a moment. The hair on the top of his head receded and disappeared while the shading on the face became more pronounced turning the face into that of a 'wolfman.' This is how our experiment became coded as 'The Green Wolfman Experiment.' The face cycled back and forth between that of the punk rocker and the wolfman, back and forth like waves on the shoreline.

The kitchen was full of such wonders. The doors on all the shelves bulged inward and outward. The hairs on our arms interweaved continually and the hairs on our legs grew straight out. The once plain walls were full of intricate little patterns as was the carpet just outside the door...as though some person had come by and meticulously impressed these patterns into their surfaces. I was some what disappointed though... I moved my hand back and forth in

front of my face...no tracers... I had heard so much about tracers and I had none (but then again, I was only experiencing the onset of my first half hit...).

It just so happened that the residence was having a formal that evening and people were milling around the floors providing a good cover for the two of us; if we acted strange, we could always have replied that we had had too much to drink. Cory's eyes lighted up and he exclaimed, "I want to get socially interactive! Let's go out to the party and talk to people!" I was a little nervous about this and really wanted to just stay in the kitchen; however, he convinced me and out we went to the party...



Wouldn't you know the first person we started to talk to was the person in charge of the entire residence system! Surely this was not the person to talk to while we were so affected by acid. Eventually Cory became confused by something she had said so we found a corner, sat down, and went back over the tape recorder to straighten things out.

TV! I wanted to see the TV! So we went to the TV room and I watched the television for about 5 minutes but there was nothing special about it. This was rather disappointing, I had hoped that the television would have warped or characters would have behaved differently or atleast something. I started to talk to a friend sitting next

to me on the couch. As we talked, I was staring at his eyes...they were huge and angular...much like those in Japanimation. I couldn't break my gaze from his eyes until suddenly he blinked...and his huge eyelids came down and back up in what seemed to be a series of still photographs taken milliseconds apart. I complimented him on the largeness of his eyes and then excused myself.

Cory and I sat down in a hallway of the residence, it was time to try our time perception experiments. A friend of ours, Sean, had sat down next to us to chat (but had no idea what we were up to). The experiment was as follows. Person A would have the watch, pen, and journal. Person B would have to estimate the elapse of 30 seconds by any means possible to them and tell person B when that time had elapsed. Person A would then write down the elapsed time and ask person B how much time they estimated had actually passed. I was first to be person B and Cory was first to be the recorder.

"Ok, start....now!" Cory said. "1 and... 2 and... 3...", I thought but was then distracted. "I'm sorry Cory," I apologized, "there's no way I can do 30 seconds... We've got to cut it down to 10 seconds..." "No, keep going, you can do it..." "No, seriously, there's no way I'll make 30 seconds..." Cory smiled, "I'm still timing you!" "Stop! Stop! Now!" I shouted excitedly. Cory looked at the watch and wrote down the elapsed time. "What's your estimated time?" Cory asked. "Oh my gods! Atleast 5 minutes have gone by!" I exclaimed. Cory shot me a strange look, wrote down my time, and said, "Actual time...11 seconds..."

Cory didn't believe me, he thought I was just pulling his leg. So he became person B and I became the recorder. "Ok, start....now!" I said as the second hand reached 12. Cory started to talk to our friend Sean. They talked and talked. All of a sudden Cory looked alarmed and turned towards me, "Stop! Stop! Oh no! I forgot all about the

experiment!" I wrote down the actual time and asked him for his estimated time. He replied, "Oh man! Atleast 15 minutes have passed by!" I grinned, "Actual time: 15 seconds!" The time dilation was fantastic! I had never experienced anything like this before in my life...but there was more to come still as only the first amounts of the drug had been absorbed into our systems.

My visual field was vibrating. Full of patterns. Everything was patterned...and vibrating. I went to the washroom and as I came out Cory was talking to a friend of ours. As she walked away, Cory turned to me and said, "Look! She has a metal plate in her forehead!" I looked and sure enough there it was...a Frankenstein metal-plate forehead! We laughed... But I was becoming aware of an apprehensive feeling...I wanted to go somewhere... Maybe the kitchen... Maybe the dorm room... I just felt like we had to go somewhere... Somewhere better. Anyways, we were sitting on the floor of the hallway with Sean debating about at exactly what time we had taken what "dose" and Sean became curious. "Dose? Dose? What did you guys take?" he asked. I looked at Cory and he at me. Cory replied, "LS..." "....D" I finished. Sean said, "Ohhh..." At this point Cory and myself became worried thinking that we had upset Sean or that perhaps we shouldn't have told him. But Sean turned to us and said, "Guys, it's just that we're in a hallway by the doors of people's rooms!" Cory and myself looked up in surprise and sure enough that's where we were! Our bubble of perception had become so small and concentrated on what we were doing that we had forgotten where we were and that we should be careful with how loud we talked about what we were doing! Sean merely smiled and laughed...he then became our 'ground man' for the night.

Things were getting pretty intense at this point, we had plateaued at a very high peak of the drug's effect. Where there had been

no tracers before, they were everywhere! When I moved my head, everything in my field of vision blurred off with tracers like looking between two mirrors. I felt I had to go somewhere, it was winter and I figured some cold air might do us good. We went out into the snow and marvelled at all the patterns in the snow. We watched two trees that grew and grew up to the highest reaches of the sky. A friend had said to go and look at stoplights, saying that the lights would continually change to different colors. We decided against going off campus since the drug's affect was so great and we didn't know what to expect. After all, I didn't want to pass out and be found in a snowbank some days later!

We went back in and returned to the dorm. I was unable to write and unable to focus on one thing for too long due to all the visual patterns and tracers in my head. Not only that, but my thoughts had become lightening fast and branched out from one another simultaneously. I would have one initial idea and that idea would have five sub-ideas...those five sub-ideas would have sub-ideas of their own and so on! An infinite and parallel labyrinth of active and simultaneous thoughts all perceived at incredible speeds. All these perceptions were very overwhelming. I turned to Cory, "Tell you what...we've seen what we've come to see and we've done our experiments... Let's call it a night and crash out..." Cory agreed and he tossed me a sleeping bag as he hit the top bunk.

I laid there on the floor. My mind racing and spinning...lost in the eddies of perception and thought. Time was dilated now to an unimaginable extent. I looked at the bottom bunk where Cory's room mate was sleeping...He was a Jehovah's Witness and actually kept Watch Tower magazines under his pillow... The moonlight was coming in through the window and struck his head, giving me the impression of him having a halo about his head. I laughed, even through my current

state of stress and anxiety, at the contrast between the peacefully sleeping JW and me tripping out of my mind on the floor mere feet away.

I laid there for what seemed like hours. I couldn't sleep, I wasn't tired in the least. It was as if the actual mechanism for sleep had been removed from my system. Sleep just did not exist. I looked at Cory on the top bunk and thought, "That lucky bastard! Probably asleep right now and away from all this madness..." I quietly called out, "Cory?" And the response came back, "Yeah?" Apparently he was in the same boat I was.

We returned to the kitchen. The acid was in full-blown affect now. During the week I had had a pain in my chest that had been with me for a few days (probably an injury from sparring in karate). My body-perception was normal from my head down to my shoulders but then my body narrowed down to an infinitely thin point at this point in my chest, flowed down about three feet, curved around behind my back and up over my shoulder where it then flowed off into infinity. My body just kept flowing down through my chest and off into infinity through this strange curved pattern. I had also lost the comfort that one normally has of one's body. It was as if my body no longer existed...that warm cozy cloak I had worn for all my life was now gone....leaving only stark bare emptiness...void...nothing... This created great feelings of insecurity and distress. I explained to Cory that I wished I could wrap myself up in a great big comforter or perhaps put a ballon inside me and inflate it so that I could feel the reassurance of my body once again. In times of extreme stress, one can always retreat to one's body and hug one's self for comfort...for me this was gone.

As I was washed over by my perceptions and thoughts, I discovered I had lost another form or retreat and comfort. Whenever you are stressed or overwhelmed you can always close your eyes. Away from the world and safe in the warm

darkness or fleshy colour (if it is a sunny day or if a light is near by). I was overwhelmed and closed my eyes to escape all the visuals for a moment. But when I closed my eyes, it was still all there! Even more so somehow! I realized that I was here for the full-haul on this trip... It was obvious that the drug didn't affect the outside world reaching my retina, it was affecting my brain's processing of the visual information and my other internal processes. There was no escape...but that was ok...we had prepared ourselves so well that we knew we were on a drug and that in a few hours it would be gone. All we had to do was wait out the intensity.

At this point, my space-time perception had become greatly affected. The best way to explain it is like this.... Imagine that space-time is an infinitely long cord going infinity far in both directions (past and future). Now, imagine our perception as an infinitely thin plane cross-sectioning this cord at any given point. Our plane of perception moves an infinitely small amount of distance in an infinitely small amount of time in a forward direction along this cord of space-time—thus being virtually continuous. What happened to me is that I took a 'chunk' of this space-time cord and sliced it into five sequential slices. I was aware of my normal visual field, but I was also aware of an infinitely large blackness reaching out in all directions (visual). It was upon this infinite blackness that I placed these first first slices of

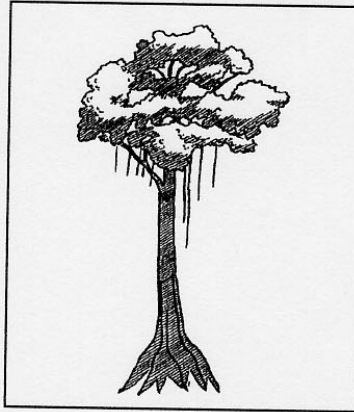


space-time chronologically with the first on the left moving across to the most recent on the right. I then took the next 'chunk' of space-time and sliced it again into five sequential slices and overlaid these upon the original five. The first five 'clicked' back one position but I was still aware of them. I then kept taking more and more chunks of space-time as time passed and kept overlaying them upon the groups of five that were accumulating. These five groups clicked away and trailed off infinitely away from me and upwards as they became farther removed from myself. Points of interest here were that I was simultaneously aware of 1) my normal perception, 2) my current five chunks of time, 3) all previous slices, and 4) this special infinite space in which I was perceiving space-time. As well, if one experiments with the edge of the visual field by moving your hand past the edge of your eye, you will notice that your hand gradually fades as it loses acuity and finally disappears from perception. However, all my slices of space-time had definite edges on them...like freeze-frames from a television show. They were square screens showing reality.

Sean had come into the kitchen again and said 'hi.' He had just finished brushing his teeth in the kitchen sink when Cory came up to him trying to explain the rushing water effect in the sink. As Cory was intensely focused upon the sink and his explanation Sean reached around and turned the water on full-blast. Cory stumbled back from the sink shaken... "Oh wow! Don't do that man!" Cory shook, "It's like somebody whispering, 'come here... come here...' I want to tell you a secret..." And then shouting as loud as possible into your ear except with your entire sensory/perceptual system." We all had a good laugh over that. But overall the drug's effects were too intense...I sat back in a large chair...

I turned to Sean and asked him to turn the lights off in the kitchen in an attempt to settle my

perceptions... As Sean was about to do this Cory argued no, leave them on... We then got into a fun-spirited debate to see who could get Sean to turn the lights off or leave them on. Finally I said, "Look Sean, the lights are doing me more harm than they are doing Cory good...turn them off..." Sean agreed to this. But before he could act, Cory stood up and said, "No man! I want to get things loud in here! I want to get my stereo and play some loud music... Or get a really loud band in here!" "Oh!" I



thought amongst my perceptual rollercoaster, "Stereo... Band... Music... Loud..." There was just so much happening that I thought I could just be perceptually sea-sick, I thought, "yeah, you know...I could just be perceptually sea-sick with all that is happening...in fact I think I will...I think I'll puke..." So I stood up, walked over to the garbage bin, vomited and sat back down in my chair.

Sean and Cory looked over at me nervously, "Are you ok?" "Yeah..." I responded. "Would you like some water?" "Sure..." Sean brought me some water and I had a sip. It was now that we were experiencing the suggestibility that can be found in this state. At one point I used the expression of something "splitting in two." When I used that phrase, Cory felt his body actually split into two pieces.

There was also an emotional aspect to the experience. Shortly Cory stood up and said, "Oh my god!

I've got an assignment due Monday! What am I doing here on acid! I going to fail my course! And my girlfriend is going to be here tomorrow! What if I'm not back to normal?!" He then caught himself being swept up in all this emotion and smiled realizing its irrationality... He was almost finished the assignment and had another three days to finish it and his girlfriend would not be here until well after the drug wore off. He explained his emotions as the worst possible gut-dropping feeling in the world, as if he had just killed his family. We laughed over this episode and all the odd perceptions and behavior we had experienced.

Sean disappeared for a minute and came back, "Hey guys! There's overturned furniture up on 3rd floor! Want to go up and look at it?!" Cory wanted to go, but I wanted to stay put. Cory asked if I would be OK on my own and if he could go. We looked at each other straight in the eyes then in what was perhaps the most emotional experience of my life. I could have hugged him. In the middle of all these tumultuous perceptions, we were the only two people on the entire Earth who were sharing and aware of them. It was a bond of friendship we have never lost, even to today. Cory left me with the tape recorder and they turned out the lights leaving me in my chair with my leather university jacket over me.

Where once there had been no effects from the drug, all of my perceptions were unleashed just then. All of a sudden the doorbell to the outer door rang, "Shit..." I thought, "I'm in no condition to be interacting with people right now." So I stayed in my chair. The door rattled and then someone opened it with their keys. I heard people walking towards the kitchen from the outer door, two guys and a girl. They stopped at the kitchen and smiled in at me, "You look like your pretty comfortable there!" "Yeah, had a bit too much to drink tonight so I think I'll just crash here..." I replied as the world swirled

within and without me. "Ok, well sleep tight!" she laughed and they left.

At this point in the trip I became something that I can not quite put completely into words... I became atemporal. I existed without time...I existed through an infinite amount of time yet without passage. This concept is impossible to comprehend without having actually perceived it. Even now in retrospect it is hard to comprehend it. But I do know that I lived an eternity that night... And let me tell you, eternity is an awful long time...

Eventually Cory returned and asked, "How long was I gone?" I replied, "I couldn't honestly tell you if my very soul depended upon it..." And I was honest. He could have been gone 3 seconds, 15 minutes, hours, days, months, or years...I had no idea. All I knew was that he was the best sight that my eyes had ever seen at that moment of my life. We decided to try crashing out again for awhile and returned to the dorm room.

As I laid on the floor I thought, well, I came into this with a philosophical/scientific purpose, I might as well keep working at that goal. So I started to analyze my racing and labyrinthing thoughts. I had two theories based upon the correlatory nature of my thoughts (A is like B, B is like C, C is like D, etc...) :



1) perhaps this was a process that was always occurring in my brain looking at all different avenues of logic or possibility before choosing the most appropriate and passing it onto conscious thought. All these hundreds of lightening fast related thoughts were a natural process that I was only now aware of by means of the drug I had ingested. Or, 2) perhaps this was a dysfunction in my brain due to the drug and was created solely by the drug's interaction.

So I decided on another experiment. I would take two random things and see how this system correlated them. I chose 'the world' and 'a loaf of bread.' My brain thought of thousands of correlations (they both have a crust, they are both soft in the center, they both have things living on the outside of them, etc...). I wish I had been able to write down and record more than these few that I can remember to see if they all made sense the next day. However, I was in no condition to write...

I laid on the floor for ages waiting the drug out. Finally, my perceptions went from 'clicking' along to a short moment of continuous perception, and then back to clicking. Eventually the moments of continuous perception became longer and longer and the 'clicking' moments shorter and shorter. I was almost completely back to my normal perceptions. But, I could still force visual effects to occur by unfocusing my attention to make the ceiling bulge and breath. I called over to Cory and he was at the exact same stage and also just as wide awake as I was. We got up and I went home to grab a quick shower. An hour later we met for breakfast. We both ordered huge amounts of food but barely touched our plates. We spent most of the morning talking over the experiences of the night before.

We were surprised by the absolute parallel of our two trips (perceptions, duration, cycles, etc.). But then again, we had both gone in with alot of research time put in, both had the same attitude towards

'the experiment,' had similar body structures, were in the same environment, and had taken the same amounts and batch of LSD at the same times. There were only the more extreme space-time effects that were unique to myself.

Later I went back to my home town and my friend asked me about the acid trip and how much we had taken. When I told him we had taken 2 1/2 hits each he was shocked. He said, "You guys didn't take 2 1/2 hits of acid each, you took 5 hits each. I've been doing acid for years and I've never had acid that strong before!" Cory and myself had a retrospective laugh over that one...

As I walked home after my breakfast with Cory, I just took the world in... All the sights and sounds of the early morning, and the feeling of my body and mind. I was glad to be back to reality... I had just hours ago gone beyond the experiences of my entire life and beyond the experiences of all my friends who had done acid for years. I was glad that I had gone so far, it gave me enough insight into myself and the world that I could think a lifetime just on the one evening's experiences. It was impossible to better understand certain parts of reality and perception without having a contrast to 'normal' reality and perception. I now had that. And enough insight to make my entire lifetime philosophically worth while. In the midst of my extremely intense trip I promised myself that I would never do acid again (although a couple of days later I found myself humorously pondering what it would have been like to have taken a smaller dosage!). But I have never regretted my experience...

Epilogue:

Long story, but humorous. I hope this will be of use to some people interested in the acid experience and what the pros/cons of it can be. I don't encourage drug use... Especially with hallucinogens

which can be dangerous, terrifying, and psychologically damaging. For those who are determined to try a hallucinogen (or any drug for that matter) I strongly suggest to go out and learn as much as possible about it first and to know exactly what they are getting into. Learning about the drug is also an important mental preparation that can add much

mental support in the middle of an intense drug experience.

As well, sit down and discuss your intentions with a well-trusted friend and try to understand exactly what your motivations are and what you expect to get from the experience. If you are just seeking entertainment or a thrill, save your money and go see a movie; that'll

likely be safer, more fun, and less traumatic. Hopefully my telling of this story will offer some answers to the questions born of curiosity regarding hallucinogens without actually having to go through the entire experience itself.

Frosty.

The Lizard and I

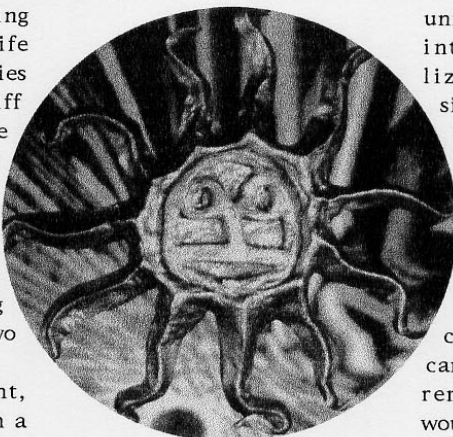
By: Michael Nabert

The mere word "desert" conjures to mind the image of a featureless and desolate expanse of sand, an impression which is completely false. It is a rough and uneven expanse of dry ground and ochre stone teeming with hardy and aggressive life forms (including several species of wild grass sufficiently stiff to punch holes through the soles of your new cowboy boots). The sky goes on every bit of forever and predicting the weather is as straight forward as glancing in the direction of the prevailing winds to see any clouds two days distant.

I travelled at night, which is cooler, and even on a clear moonless night it is easy to navigate by the startling illumination of the stars. Most of the desert's long-term inhabitants travelled by night as well; I saw Snake and Coyote regularly, but the only creature that disquieted me was a centipede fully as long as my forearm, the segments of its body larger than dollar coins. It seemed irredeemably alien. During the day, I formed a crude sort of tent from my oilskin coat and backpack and huddled under it, slumbering fitfully as the sun

beat mercilessly down.

One afternoon I awoke to discover a small lizard sunning itself on a rock about two feet in front of my face. I had travelled alone nearly fifty miles and was lonely for company. I remembered a story about the lizard:



Lizard was lying in the shadow of a rock when Snake came by and asked him, "Is it OK if I share your shade?" "Be my guest" replied Lizard and Snake contentedly settled into the shadow. "How did you know that I wouldn't try to eat you?" asked Snake, and the lizard told him, "I dreamed about you and I know that you're full of rat. Dreams make the world."

I shuffled up towards the stone until I was nose to nose with the little lizard and lay

there staring at him for a silent while. Slowly, I began to imagine that the stone, and the cacti, and myself, and the mountains, and the sun and planets, and the nearby towns and cities and distant Canada, and all my friends and everyone I had ever met or would never meet, the universe, were being dreamed into existence by this little lizard. The cosmos turned silently around the fulcrum of this tiny creature.

"What," I suddenly wondered to myself, "would happen if I stood up and smashed you with my boot? Would the universe wink out as suddenly as a snuffed candle flame?" and the answer came, "No. Everything would remain the same. The lizard would be sunning itself on the rock just as you see it now. It would only be dreaming that you had smashed it with your boot." I knew then that I could not hurt the lizard, could not affect it or change it. And I felt that I had discovered something about the absolute; that we can touch it or be moved by it, but that no one can take anything away from it, for anyone but themselves. I smiled at the lizard. "Thank you" I said. "I'd much rather we be friends anyway." It flicked out its pink tongue in response, its gaze placid and unreadable.

Maison De La Lune Noir
726 Third Street
New Orleans, Louisiana
70130

(Reprint of flyer from WicCan
Fest 1996 information table)

WHY? -- Our work with Black Moon Publishing brings us into contact with a variety of religious seekers from all parts of the world. Many of these individuals have said they would like to travel to New Orleans to experience its unique psychic atmosphere. The Maison de la Lune Noir provides such a traveler with an inexpensive and u n d e r s t a n d i n g environment. In turn, those who use the Maison bring with them attainments and knowledges which enrich the city's magickal environment.

GUESTROOM -- The guest room is approximately 18 by 19 feet with a 12 foot ceiling and has a large bed. It has its own entry onto the courtyard and is separated from the rest of the house by locked doors. It has its own bathroom with a shower. There is a gas heater to provide warmth if necessary.

BREAKFAST -- Usually consists of eggs or grits,

coffee and warm French Bread. Arrangements can be made as to the time of the meal. (Due to physical illness that is not contagious, breakfast is temporarily discontinued.)

CONTACT -- Please write, don't call. At \$15 a night we would quickly lose a good bit of money by returning long distance phone calls. If you do call, you will get our ever present answering machine and we will write in reply.

RATES -- The usual rates are \$15 per night, per person. During parts of the summer, the house is often rented to a group of travelling spiritualists. Please let us know as soon as possible whether this is satisfactory or not.

ASSISTANCE -- During your stay we will in all probability be working and studying and making love so it may be a bit difficult to find time to talk. Still, we are happy to offer help in finding areas in the city and can suggest points of interest.

We are a house for the Spirits. Whatever you decide, we hope that your stay in New Orleans is both safe and informative.

Green Egg on The Maison:

Green Egg (Summer

1993), depending on its being more recent or outdated than the flyer, wrote that rates at La Maison de la Lune Noir are \$15 single and \$20 double. The Maison is located in the French Quarter of New Orleans with a public park across the street for children to play in.

The house is "of the famous old New Orleans style, renovated to bring out its charm." The large guest room is described as having wooden floors, a fireplace, high ceilings, and a pleasantly Pagan decor such as tapestries, a collection of Mardi Gras masks, and a beautiful altar on the mantle. Both the room and secluded courtyard outside the private entrance feature abounding greenery. Those of ceremonialist bent will probably have a chuckle as a large portrait of Aleister Crowley in full ritual regalia looks down upon them in the guest shower.

Voodoo Spiritual Temple:

828 N. Rampart Street
New Orleans, LA
70116

For next issue I will try to gather more information on this temple run by Priestess Miriam and Priest Oswan Chamani. If possible, perhaps some news on what Miriam and Louis are up to will be with it!

The Artist Part!

The Genital Phrenologist

By: Frosty
September 19th, '95

The Genital Phrenologist,
Is a clever little lad.
Who tells you both,
Who you'll have and who
you've had.

He feels and rubs,
Each bump in turn.
Then looks in your eye,
And tells what you yearn.

If you should ask,
He likes them clean.
But a clue's a clue,
To where you've been.

And if you should,
Create a mess.
It's to his skill,
You will profess!

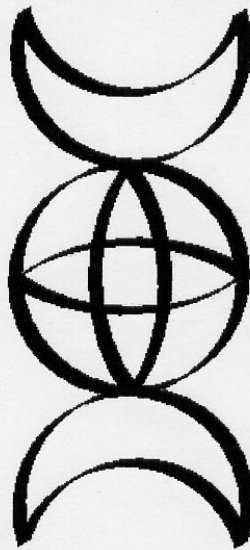
Creative? Academic?

*Got something to say? Able to
write legibly or save data to a
3 1/2" disk? Well then we
want to hear from you! Send
in your articles, poems,
stories, artwork, or ideas to
Pagan's Wake at:*



Frosty Ponders....

Try to become wise without becoming jaded. Do atleast one thing every day that you would rather avoid doing. Leave everywhere you go atleast as good as you found it if not better. Discern between being assertive and being aggressive. Learn to shut up and listen to the ideas of others. While the cultures and beliefs of others may be impressive, they are not so impressive as to discount or devalue your own--that goes both ways. Appreciate things and people before they are gone. Have a little respect for the Earth, after all she provides you with food and a place to live. Many paths, one destination. Don't worry about others, they're probably already worrying about you....so fix up your life first and then they'll be happy and content. Get naked with a copy of Pagan's Wake....



Advertisements!

*Pagan's Wake offers
gratis advertising for Pagan
businesses, artisans, and
craftsfolk. Whether you craft
tools, read cards, hold public
ritual, or design ritual
garments limited space is
available in the interest of
promoting the growth of
Pagan culture and craft.*

Moon Phases:

- June 30th, 1996
- ◐ July 7th
- July 15th
- ◑ July 23rd
- July 30th
- ◐ August 5th
- August 14th
- ◑ August 21st
- August 28th
- ◐ September 4th
- September 12th

Sabbats:

*Lughnasadh/Lammas
July 31st.*

*Autumn Equinox
Sept. 21st.*



Michael Nabert

- ✎ Writer
- ✎ Illustrator
- ▲ Speaker