

Fuck Around and Find Out



offerings of magical sovereignty
from The Green Mushroom Project

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A seasonal recipe for the autumn equinox (or any time)

By Rachael Boland

We are all affected by the ever-changing seasons. Fostering a connection with the earth and recognizing the subtleties of each individual season can be helpful to us in many ways. Not just as magicians, sorceresses, witches, wizards, or whatever you like to call yourself, but in general as humans who live on earth. For as long as we have existed, the seasons and nature have been a force to reckon with. As advanced as we may think we are, deeply rooted in our nervous system are mechanisms connected to our ancestral past that automatically influence our body and mind as the seasons change.

As the days get shorter, you may become more lethargic, and maybe you start to crave more sweets or bread. Our bodies make epigenetic changes in accordance with the environment around us whether we want to or not. This leaves us with a choice. We can smoothly change and transition with the seasons by being in tune with our environment. Allowing them to be a process that we *are a part of*, rather than being afflicted by the changes as something that just happens to us.

Taking time to recognize and celebrate these changes that come with the turning of each season keeps us vibrantly aware of these changes as they happen. There are many ways to do this, but I particularly love connecting and celebrating the changing seasons through food, and autumn, hands down, is my favorite season to do so. I hope you enjoy this recipe; it's been a go-to of mine and a family favorite for autumn. I feel that stews are the perfect cornucopia of flavors, meats, and vegetables to celebrate the autumn equinox! A melding of all the amazing flavors from the seasonal harvest in one pot! Besides being delicious, they're also fairly easy to make; the hardest part of this recipe is waiting!

We feast and share gratitude after finishing the harvest of what shall be the last of our fruits and vegetables for the year.

Slow Cooker Beef Stew with Red Wine

Prep Time: 10 minutes | Cook Time: 8 hours | Servings: Servings 6ish

This stew is delicious on its own but is especially amazing over garlic mashed potatoes!

Ingredients:

- 1 lb beef stew meat OR 8oz of dry lentils for vegans & vegetarians
- 2 tbsps flour or tapioca flour for gluten-free
- 1/2 tsp sea salt and pepper each
- 1 1/2 cups Cabernet Sauvignon OR 1 cup Red Wine Vinegar + 1 cup broth
- 4 carrots peeled and sliced
- 2 celery stalks diced
- 1 large onion diced
- 1 cup beef broth OR vegetable stock
- 1 large bay leaf
- 2-3 tsp fresh rosemary & thyme each
- 1 6oz can tomato paste

Slow Cooker Instructions:

(If you are not using meat, skip to step 3)

1. Combine the stew meat, salt, pepper, and flour in your slow cooker.
2. Stir to ensure the meat is coated, and allow the meat to brown on the outside
3. Add the rest (or all) of the ingredients to the slow cooker
4. cover, and cook on low for 8-10 hours.

Instant Pot Instructions:

(If you are not using meat, skip to step 3)

1. Combine the stew meat, salt, pepper, and flour in your pressure cooker.
2. Stir to ensure the meat is coated, and allow the meat to brown on the outside.
3. Add the rest (or all) of the ingredients to the Instant Pot
4. Place the cover on, seal, and set manual pressure to high for 25 minutes.
5. Release the vent

Ye Book of Stick and Mud Being a goodly account of the Earth and its peoples.

by Josh @juniorc_is_people

:

Book 3

:

Chapter 27

:

1. And the gnomes had lived upon the Earth for many years.
2. And it came time that the Earth was agitated.
3. And the gnomes sensed the agitation, as a vibration in the air and a low thrum through the ground.
4. And the plants tended by the gnomes wilted, and then died.
5. The gnomes, however, gave nothing to the Earth
6. And 'fer a while, the earth belched.
7. And the gasses were of such a potency that some gnomes who breathed them did die.
8. And all of the gnomes' animals ran off, or died where they stood.
9. The gnomes, however, gave nothing to the Earth.
10. And receiving nothing from the gnomes, the Earth did bear its heart to the gnomes.
11. And the lava that erupted from the Earth burned the gnomes alive.
12. The gnomes, however, could not see the Earth's heart for all of the flames.
13. And so, in fire and in heartache, the gnomes broke the Earth's heart; and the gnomes were no more.
14. And it took many years for the Earth's heart to harden enough to love again.

...

Goblins

An Essay and Meditation by Sam Shadow

Earth elementals have always had a rich history in European folklore. From the fairies of Iceland, to the leprechauns of Ireland, and the dwarves of Germanic origin. These types of spirits are representative of forest energies, and are said to live at the bases of trees, knot holes, bushes, areas with cypress knees or under toadstools. Usually they are characterized as little people, or 'lesser spirits.' And their task is to function with the growth of the vegetation in their environments according to the seasons. On face value, many would overlook these creatures as being the product of New Age beliefs, or maybe a Smurfs cartoon. However, these are the forces which are operating underneath larger nature deities such as Pan or the Green Man. The common association of elementals in Western magick is; Gnomes for Earth, Sylphs for Air, Undines for Water, and Salamanders for Fire. Many think of Gnomes as the jovial little guys with pointy red hats smoking peace pipes. But like many dichotomies of spirits within magick, there is definitely a darker side to elementals.

Goblins are the Nightside equivalent to Gnomes, and are not unlike a demon. In other words, they are Earth elementals of a darker nature. Goblins have magickal power, and are visually more horrific in nature. In Old Welsh, the Bugbear (sometimes bugaboo) was a dark goblin spirit that was said to haunt the area, which led to the etymology of the word "boogeyman" in England. This does not mean they are inherently evil. But they are representative of a side of nature which is detached from the morality that came with organized religion, and societal structures. Nature does not always care. A snake doesn't care if it eats a bird. A tornado doesn't care if it smashes through somebody's house. This is where this force of nature differentiates from what we may perceive as good and bad. As seen in the tarot, the element of Earth rules over material means. Sometimes money, possessions, jobs, business. Goblins, not unlike leprechauns, are hoarders of coins. Which means that if you were to establish a working relationship with them, they may assist you voluntarily in means of personal wealth. However, if one is going to work with goblins then there must be a mutual respect. Just like with any spirit you choose to work with, especially those of a darker nature. Instead of petitioning these spirits for a specific task, I think it is better to communicate with them and bring them offerings without asking for anything in return. And they will reciprocate by helping you where they are able to.

In *Liber Librae*, when discussing Elementals as an allegory to self mastery (balancing the elements within ones self,) Aleister Crowley states;

"...be laborious and patient like the Gnomes, but avoid grossness and avarice. So shalt thou gradually develop the powers of thy soul, and fit thyself to command the spirits of the elements. For wert thou to summon the Gnomes to pander to thine avarice, thou wouldst no longer command them, but they would command thee. Wouldst thou abuse the pure beings of the woods and mountains to fill thy coffers and satisfy thy hunger for Gold?"

Here are a few tips I can offer for working with goblins. If you choose to visit a forest which is local to you, walk to an area in which you feel intuitively drawn to a 'dark presence' (while not getting lost of course.) This could be a tree, a hole, a bush, or any number of things. Take a moment to reflect on the area. For the example if you came across an old tree with a giant knothole, you may choose to sit at the base and open yourself up through a silent meditation to commune the spirits that inhabit it. Introduce yourself. Tell them your name, and wait for a response. The goal is to enter into a mental dialogue with the forest spirits of this area. Some of the common offerings you may bring are sugar water, coins, and white rum. You can pour the sugar water and white rum onto the plant life. And leave the coins at the base. When the spirit of this tree opens up to you, it will tell you its name. And this is the first hands on step to forming a working relationship with your local elementals. Be sure to pay attention to any dreams or synchronicities you have afterwards which may indicate communication on their behalf.

Of course, people who live in large metropolitan areas may not be able to visit a forest or even have a park to visit. In that case, you can still establish communication with these forces simply through the power of your own mind. Here is an example of a guided meditation that can help you to establish contact with goblins;

You are in a forest, going down a trail with thick tangled brush on both sides. It's dusk, the sun casts an Autumn orange as its setting. Spanish moss droops from tree branches which cast shadows down onto you. You can hear birds nervously scatter, and things of unknown origin slithering through the grass. You tear your way through a few sparse spiderwebs crossing the bushy path as the sun dims slightly more. At the end of this trail you approach a giant hole in the ground. The dead leaves crunch beneath your feet as you make your way forward. The entrance has a mound of dirt curtaining the upper half like a cave that leads down into the earth. Small dirty roots dangle from all around the entrance into pitch black darkness. You can hear grunts and squeals echoing from within the hole in the ground, similar to a wild pig or some unknown beast. All of a sudden, you can see several pairs of solid yellow eyes start to peer out at you through the darkness. An uncertain grunting and scraping echoes from the hole in the ground, as a green hairy hand with sharp fingernails reaches out from the hole and sinks its hand into the soil. A goblin with green skin large tusks, pupil-less yellow eyes, and a hair around his head and upper torso pulls himself up to the forest surface. He is shadowy and it is difficult to make out his features. He is breathing heavily, and his voice is deep and raspy. "Who are you traveler ? What do you want ?" It is at this point you introduce yourself to this being, and he shall grant his name in return. Ask him questions of his place in nature. And what magick he has control of. Ask him who his leader is, and of the other goblins in his kingdom. You may even be adventurous enough to journey with him into the giant hole in the ground. Another thing to note is that goblins may not always have definite features. They are animalistic and varying in nature. And if you choose to explore the Goblin Kingdom further, they make take forms which you are not expected to see.

When you are finished with the meditation session, open your eyes and return to waking consciousness. Proceed to ground yourself and banish afterwards if you feel its necessary.



Notes on the Re-enchantment of a Space

by Adam Matlock

Did you ask? Who did you ask?

I am looking at an old photograph, very old. It shows a meeting. Two groups of people are gathered under a tree. One group, of which you can see five or six people in the bottom left of this image, is clearly younger. Even in the static display, some of them exude energy, mouths open in mid speech or chant, pointing, balanced on tensed and extended limbs. The other group is older. Three of them are clearly visible in the image, and the tiredness on their faces is shocking, almost contagious. They are clearly listening to something they've heard enough times before that they don't believe a word of it. My print of this photograph is small, but I've seen the image enough times that I have its composition pretty well memorized at this point. When I see it behind closed eyelids, I see it in the size that might be hanging in a museum, and it seems to crackle with potential energy, the photographic equivalent of a newly discovered ore deposit.

In the decades since it was shot, developed, and printed, the photograph has gone through a curious cycle.

First - the elements, most often sunlight but sometimes just the usual slow corrosion of oxygen, cause the image to slowly fade. I am but one body living in the present, but rubbing my fingers over the surface, I can see the image's past, and every subsequent stage of its slow, gradual distortion. The image is desaturated now, but I can see it as it looked new, when it demonstrated an early sort of color photography the likes of which did not survive the Great War. The edges had a sharpness to them, the colors vibrant enough to take away the breath of onlookers. It conveyed this temporary but real moment of hopelessness amidst the bed of tension in the space.

And I have seen those sharp edges fade and blend. The impact is softened, but it is not diminished.

Secondly - a previous owner of this photograph was clearly concerned about the image's slow disintegration. So they took to the lines with a fine pen, reinforcing them. The photograph therefore looks like an old monster-movie blend of live action and animation. The essence is there. The artist, and there could have been more than one over time, I ways captured the disparity of age between the two groups, the coiled, crackling energy the moment the shutter closed. But the details are always different. In the most recent version which I saw only two days ago, the younger subjects were white and Chicano punks in what looked like the west coast, impossibly spiky, more craft glue than hair. A patch-per-square-inch-of-fabric ratio that seemed to defy physics. The older group had the stern-faced appearance of elder members of a Black congregation, let's say African Methodist Episcopal. They're in a room, instead of outside. You can tell they're on the same side, whatever that means. Working toward the same goal. But at that moment, they are weary of each other, in a way far deeper than the thousand little annoyances that had followed them before. But there have been dozens of versions, I'm sure of it. Different eras within the last hundred years. Different places around the lower 48. I've recorded the details in full of twelve of them, but I have seen a handful more variations sometimes, late at night, when I'm not sure what I'm seeing.

Why am I telling you this?

Re-enchantment is, perhaps, a misnomer. It is all too easy to look at a space, overgrown with invasive plants or covered over with asphalt and concrete, and assume sterility. What the magician then needs to do is to return magic to this space. Simple as that.

It is my understanding that no space outdoors is ever truly stripped of its spirits. No place without walls that can hide from the spectral overlays that sometimes reveal themselves out of the range of your focus when scrying.

Re-enchantment is, in some ways, a declaration of resistance to dominant culture. I understand fully why it is something we strive for. But in striving for it, we also can create boundaries - places

that are enchanted, busy with psychic activity, placed on ley lines, and places that aren't. It is force against force, and I believe it will take years for us to realize the extent to which that impact has injured us.

It feels hopeful, then, to look at a place, covered in dogshit and invasive tree runners, and think of it unstuck in time - what it has been in a previous budding, and what it will be, emerging after the dormancy of winter. What do those foundation stones at the corner signify? How far are these tree roots going? What are the spirits here trying to say? Somewhere along the way I have to accept that my enchanted space will not resemble Phil Hine's enchanted space. This is admittedly challenging, but it is a good exercise.

And then of course, what becomes who - it becomes he or she or they. You learn what grows without your interference, what is dormant, what is unseen. Not all are equally welcome, but 'you get what you get, and you don't get upset' is a rule more magicians should ponder.

Sigil on the Other Side

by Adel Souto

Psychoanalysts and postmodernists both agree that the introduction of unfamiliar symbols causes the breakdown of one's reality. In a possible attempt so as not to "cast pearls before swine", they omit the fact that harmony can be reached through opposition to this.

Though there are many paths in using familiar archetypes to bring one balance, a well-established road is magick, but it's an avenue that has a fair share of traffic. That's why no one wants those little pigs in the way when we're out there walking, or worse, running.

In the late-80s, at the bottom of a box of books, I scored Austin Spare's *A Book of Satyrs*.

I'm fond of synchronicity, and found Spare's work at the right time, as -after finding *Satyrs*- a friend passed me a photocopied version of his 1913 mystical treatise *The Book of Pleasure*. That's where I had first heard of the "death posture", when he wrote: "Only he who has attained the death posture can apprehend this new sexuality, and its almighty love satisfied." It wasn't until I came upon the works of Kenneth Grant that this amazingly simple, yet exhaustively taxing magick rite was explained well enough. It is believed that Spare did not come up with the idea, but had refined it, and is seen as who popularized it. I remember trying it throughout my youth, but -though I found the results to be truly magical- it was soon overshadowed by other experiments.

In 2011, I decided to release a small chapbook titled *Schizotypal*. The booklet was to originally collect two long pieces of automatic writing, but I felt it too short, and wanted to pad it up a bit. Limited to only 93 copies, I thought to end the book with a documentation of a ritual of sigilization performing the death posture, adding something unique to each copy. I thought it to be a great idea, without realizing what I was in store for.

That October, I cultivated my own version of the death posture, though still firmly based on his vision. I stood on tiptoes, legs wrapped around one another. Arms also wrapped, reaching for the sky, with chin pressed firmly against my chest. I would hold the position as long as I could, but rather than focusing on a sigil to energize it, I tried to keep my mind blank. Upon collapse, I'd pick up a brush placed nearby, dip it in ink, and let my hand do its thing onto pieces of parchment.

I quickly found it humorously stupid of me to take on such a feat, but I pressed on, and somewhat regretted it soon after. Looking back, I'm glad I did it, but during those days, it filled me with dread. There were times I began the work begrudgingly, but by the time I had brush in hand, I didn't know which end was up, let alone how I felt about this enterprise. I didn't know if I was calling upon angels, or demons. I began to question what I was attaching myself to.

By the third month, I was only halfway done. Orders piled up, yet I could hardly walk to the post office - not out of tiresome fatigue, but of a near schizophrenic paranoia. I had plunged headfirst into a current I thought myself strong enough to handle, and brave enough to face, often mistaking my physical stamina as emotional strength, and lack of knowledge for courage. I was still alive, but falling apart.

By month four, I reverted back to the heavy alcohol use of my youth for the physical pain, and mental lassitude. I hadn't drunk in years, and began to slide deeper into a bottle.

During March, I was very close to finishing, but something terrific happened - and I mean that in its most modern, as well as archaic uses: wonderful, and terrifying. To put it simply, my brain exploded.

One night, with only four sigils left to summon from my unconscious, and after performing the latest posture ritual, I went fully catatonic. Cognizant, I emotionally reeled at the thought of being trapped within myself. As I began to snap out of it, the first movements felt as if I had concrete in my veins. Slowly plodding to bed, my girlfriend asked if I was alright. As I crawled in, I could feel a fountain beginning to go off inside my head. Within seconds, I began to have full body orgasms, and saw lights emanating from the points many call chakras. I began to scream out, "Everything the

mystics say is real!” I felt as if levitating, and thought I was not, my girlfriend pointed out that I was extremely hot to the touch. It took a total of forty-five minutes for it all to subside, and I passed out.

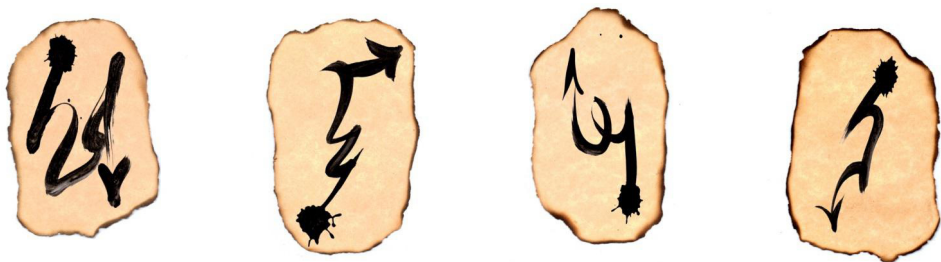
The next day was a wonderfully manic outpouring of creative energy, as well as noticing I had not a single craving for alcohol.

In that last week, it happened -in full, as described- with each sigil rite. The exercise now over, I had managed to keep the final result “turned on” for a few days, until I felt real fear due to receiving a threat on my life after publicly stating the Boston Marathon bombing was not a government conspiracy.

My friends congratulated me on my spiritual ascent, but I felt it was just as much a physiological experience, as I subscribe to the view of researchers Gary Osborn, Anodea Judith, and Stephen Sturgess - who trace out that chakra points coincide with hormone glands, and some of our endocrine system.

Anyhow, ten years later, I am still fully sober. However, I can feel those amazing effects wearing off, and while I have learned many wonderful things about myself through this experience, I repeat to anyone who will listen, that when you look into the Abyss, it really does stare back into you. I have been continually asked if I would recommend this trial, and have always replied with a resounding “NO!” As Robert Anton Wilson once said, “Initiation never ends,” and short-cuts may get you ahead, but the journey is too long for it to make any real difference.

Looking back, I’m a little crushed that I only documented very few of the sigils produced. While there are close to 100 out there, I’ve lost contact with many who obtained a copy of Schizotypal, but hope to one day get to call them back for a gander.



Though I have yet to preform another ritual with the death posture, I’m certain I will again someday. I still practice automatic writing, and constantly thank the forces of Zos and Kia, but I also now take the advice of most gurus, and understand that the road to awakening is long, and should be hiked with caution.

During this return to the project, I asked a handful of artists to give me their interpretation to some of the sigils.

This is the outcome:



filmmaker Cole Noppenberg
(photograph)



artist Paul Leroy (pastels)



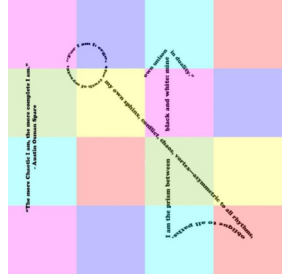
artist Leonardo Casas
(photo collage)



artist Robert L. Pepper
(color pencils)



filmmaker Larry Wessel
(photoshop)



musician Gregg Harbinger
(photoshop)

QUAD BIKES

by Club

I've got bad bad fish in my head,
We'll be skeletons before we know it!

Serf of Satan,
Following Satan's nefarious orders.
Rake the dunghill of your depraved nature
Drinking a pint bottle of Guinness with a straw,
After buying a set of rings,
Off a traveller,
In Tuam.

Meditation

by Dave Neal

In a large enough cage,
Bars resemble roads leading
Out to the horizon, escape
Routes for the ambitious.
Some plan their emigration and
Make detailed maps, imagining
The feel of hardened tar under their feet.

But I know this is more distraction,
Like you broken legged Gods that
Feed on the void left by loss.
Suffering is your greatest invention.

I hide under pillows and
Perform white-noise self- hypnosis
While your teeth tear into anything
That tries to grow.

I can outlast you. I will
Sit in the dirt with red ants and
Breathe through a straw if necessary,
Until I begin to sink into the earth.
And I will burrow
My way through your ground
Until there are no more shadows,
Only a long exhale into nothing.

Autoerotic Poiesis and the Dance of Breaking Taboo

By Luxa Strata

When considering the question of how to put into practice one of The Green Mushroom Project's mottos, Regain Ground, the desire for autonomy over the physical self leaps first to my mind. Beginning where one finds themselves, in the body, is a logical first step in addressing any larger issues. Power structures dominate us on many iterative levels. In official capacities, they are easy to delineate- the state, the country, the empire, etc. This subjugation also takes place in a more "occulted" fashion, as the territory of our minds are quietly colonized by the ideals of our societies. To effectively address this physical and psychological offront requires the sort of ground up, dual-pronged approach which can be found in a practice like sexual magic. Beginning at the level where you possess the greatest amount of agency is a way to initiate a bootstrapping process which expands the field of said agency. In this regard, the practice of sexual magic can be viewed as a techenology for personal liberation and transformation, as well as it being a gateway into areas of psychological and mystic exploration.

In my own practice, one concept I've been interrogating is the existence and boundaries of my "innate fantasies", and in what way they might be expressions of larger, cultural constructs (and my relationships to them). The old question of "nature vs nurture", I suppose. I've gained a great deal of personal insight in this manner. I've also encountered interesting states of altered consciousness through experimentation with various techniques, and while I began using a somewhat psychological approach to deity work, I soon discovered much more mystical territory. Before I wax poetic about that, I'd like to touch on the theme of "the dance of breaking taboo". These notions are by no means novel, and much has been written about this topic. But, given that anything which might be said about magic, and especially sexual magic, is reliant on context and the individual/s in question, perhaps it will be of some use to share my thoughts.

When I began my investigations into how I might reclaim some of my own internal territory, it became clear that this process would necessitate recontextualizing my relationship with my body. I'd like to pause to point out this common phrasing. The cartesian idea that the mind, the body, and perhaps the self, are all distinct entities continues to pervade. But from the standpoint of having the experience of being disenfranchised from one's own body, it makes sense that we would encounter this mind-matter divide. For me, feelings of disassociation from the body were necessary to address first. I found the practice of training myself to be comfortable looking at myself, listening to myself, and generally being present in the moment to be quite uncomfortable in the initial months. There were feelings of shame, body-negativity and dysmorphia, as well as somatically stored trauma to address. It was a messy process. But through perseverance and discipline it was possible to overcome these obstacles. I have no doubt that some folks would find this process much less onerous than I did. But, a word of encouragement to people who feel that a sex magical practice is off limits to them for whatever reason: if it was possible for me to access this, it is, most likely, possible for you as well. I began from zero, in a place where I was unsure if it would be possible to revivify my own sexuality, having abandoned it for some time due to various factors. I started by building from the ground up in an exploratory and intuitive process centered around daily ritual. This led to an unfolding of understanding, a sort of auto[erotic]poiesis.

Even now, several years into my investigations, I still feel some residual discomfort surrounding sharing my experiences. This shame presents an opportunity to confront and overcome it, being

made stronger in the process. I will regard it as a gift rather than a burden. Perhaps by writing this essay and, if I'm fortunate, publishing it, I can break whatever internal taboo is causing these feelings and feel the freedom that lies on the other side of the act. Perhaps writing this piece is its own sort of rite. The breaking of taboos is, of course, part and parcel to what many people think of when they conjure mental images of sex magic rituals.

When considering the notion of pushing one's own limits and breaking one's own taboos, it's useful to think of it as being a sort of dance. It's been suggested that, as a sex magician, one "should" seek to push one's own limits and break one's own taboos as a means of gaining power and liberation (or other things). While I have personally found this to be quite useful and productive, I dislike the imposition of dogmatic "shoulds" when it comes to personal practices like sex or magic (other than the "shoulds" which exist for good and obvious reasons, i.e. issues surrounding consent). I submit that if you're pushing your limits or breaking your taboos because you think it's what you "should" do, then you're missing the whole philosophical point of the exercise. If you decide to do so, do so for your own purposes, not because you think you're supposed to.

It could also be said that the breaking of taboos will always occur in a sexual magic practice because the practice itself is, to some extent, taboo (at least for most people in most situations).

In order to delve into such a practice, it will usually be necessary for a person to repattern their relationship with their sexuality to some degree or another. This repatterning typically necessitates unlearning some erroneous or unhelpful things which one has been told about sexuality. In most cultures, authority structures provide (sometimes very detailed) instruction about what types of sexual practices are acceptable and with whom it is acceptable to have sexual contact. Autoeroticism and autoerotic activities are extremely useful in sex magical operations and form the basis of many practices. At the same time, masturbation is seen by many cultures to be a shameful or even deleterious act. There is often cognitive dissonance between desire and conditioning, and this dissonance will typically make itself known, and can even be magically useful. The practice of responsibly and respectfully placing the power of authority over one's own sexuality back in one's own hands is in some regard taboo in its own right, as are most practices which seek to liberate a person from outside authority.

If you decide to engage in a practice of sexual magic, do it for your own reasons. For me, in addition to gaining autonomy and insight, I wish to take part in the ecstasy of the Big Bang which keeps Banging. To join in, offering myself as sacrifice to be swept up in the tides of passion pulsing throughout the depths of space and time. To be melted down and forged anew in the flames of desire. I seek to experience within myself the congress of mind and matter, a reunification of the self in which each cell might sing of its own awareness, mind becoming enmattered.

All of it melting away as it is blooming forth from the Void.

Level Up Your Life with Color Magick, Introspection, and Affirmation

by *Frater Mindbender*

Ready to live a life of contentment? Well, stop chasing what you don't actually want. This article is not a collection of spells for getting laid and getting paid. There are plenty of other sources for that. What do you want, anyhow? Let me give you a hint. It's not a noun, it's a verb. Maybe several. If you're thinking I'm full of shit because you want something, then ask yourself how you would feel with it or what you would do? That's what I mean, your desired noun is the means to your real end. Humans use tools. Feeling prepared relieves anxiety. See? Stuff to verbs again. We want verbs.

t being better to enchant for the qualities that lead you to what you want rather than for things you think you want. I was game. Frater Yamarud's color magick servitors were ideal because the eight colors represent all aspects of a magician's life. Creating the servitors to aid me in altering my personality would mean that I had considered the eight main avenues of experience a person can engage in and planned what would be an ideal version of myself. One that has the experiences I want.

In doing so, I codified my very own personal value system! I won't share mine, I don't need to. It isn't relevant to you. Only you can say what your relevant values are.

You'll get a boost here, because now you begin to focus your mind and thoughts every day toward your values, and in turn, your goals. With my direction added over Yamarud's instruction in the NPM document, you will have a delightful little pack of thoughtforms in no time!

I like Aidan Wachter's opinion on the phenomenon; a servitor creation ritual is simply a job posting. The role of a servitor is filled by a spirit/energy/thoughtform/ultradimensional/angel/demon/fairy/etc that already exists. Anyhow...

Now that you've got your pack, you need to hang with them and review the plan. Regularly. In fact, this has become the most consistent part of my practice.

I was hesitant about it at first, but an offering practice is a very chill way to do this. I fretted about being subservient to a spirit because I was giving them stuff. Visions of blood sacrifice and evil sprang to my normally nonvisual mind. After hearing a few compelling arguments, I dabbled and now agree that it's more like serving chips and beer when your buddies come by. I don't know if they get any use out of it other than the attention you invest. That however, is time well spent. Sometimes, after I do affirmations (we'll cover that next) I will just sit and open up. It is time that my allies can inspire a thought. I leave my mind clear (or reset it to clear as needed) for ten or fifteen minutes. I do an offering every morning. Most mornings, I pair it with a fun little twist on gratitude and affirmation.

I wrote a haiku for each of my allies. Servitor, elemental, deity, disincarnate human priestess, whomever I kick it with in ritual or the Imagination Zone. They all get a haiku that expresses their role in my life and my gratitude for their help.

There's a reason here and it isn't because I usually get down with poetry.

Frater Yamarud inspired the poetry during conversation, and it's because poetry, and symbolism (similes and metaphors) are the only role in written language that the right hemisphere is involved in. The rest of writing is the domain of our autopilots. In other words, our magick minds write in poetry!

One Haiku can help me review an ally's job, a personality trait I'm strengthening, and also express appreciation.

There you have it. Probably the single most powerful piece of magick I do. The best way I know of getting everything you truly want out of life. It's really just a matter of scouring yourself to really know what's important, then celebrating the knowledge and pursuit of those values for a couple minutes each day. Make a plan, check in on it. Do your part, then watch the synchronicities start

clicking into place.

Mrs. Mindbender is still shocked at how flexible I've become to life changes. Before I would have really got pissed about changing plans. Now I can go with the flow. Before if I entered a spat of sobriety, it required me to substitute one thing for another, but now, I've enchanted to feel comfortable sober, and it fucking worked! I'm normally very private with my specific workings, but this particular thoughtform has been such a sweet relief, that I will share it with you, dear readers!

Nym



Equanimity
Sober is Satisfying
I'm comfortable

Nym isn't actually one of my eight color magick servitors. Please don't feel limited to doing it my way. That would be dogmatic. Eris says, "Fuck dogma!" I asked... With this particular servitor and habit, I drew Nym on my body in an inconspicuous place and every time I wanted to indulge in something mind numbing, I looked at Nym and repeated my haiku until I felt comfortable again. For the first time in twenty five years, I'm satisfied with sobriety.

We talk a lot about freedom in our society, and in magickal practice as well, but what I'm offering is a whole different level of freedom. With this technique, you can be free of the flawed acculturation that imperfect guardians, culture, and circumstance assigned you. You can truly be free to pick who and what you are because this technique rewrites your personality deep in your subconsciousness.

I'd like to close this article by offering my suspicions about the practice of affirmations and supernatural energies (whether you call them archetypes, deities/spirits, thoughtforms, or Ralph). I think there are gateways within us that we can shape. When we shape them, the energy that flows through them becomes limited to the shape we provide it. While some people have reported nasty things when they turn within, I have not experienced them since I started this practice. I suspect that my carefully crafted thoughtforms only let applicable energy flow through my imagination and into my life.

Now go mold the gods into your ideal image!

23: Bibliomancy

an experiment by The Green Mushroom Project

This magical experiment was begun on May 23, 2022 at 8PM EST; conducted for the purposes of divination and was intended to produce a small corpus of script composed of lines arrived at via bibliomancy. Each participant submitted the 23rd line on the 23rd page of random books, rolled dice for the order of the placement of the lines, gathered the text together and performed exegesis on whatever we produced. This was done on the 23rd of each month, for 5 months, with the goal of creating a final piece of scripture for the group. Below are the results.

The Green Mushroom Project Scripture:

1:1 "She sees nothing around her but ghost fragments of the brightness of what she has lost
1:2 I shall face a battle I know not,
1:3 Plunder as long as they live (which is practically for ever, un-
1:4 The electronic age is a world in which causes and effects become almost interchangeable, as in
music structures.
1:5 building and development. Capacity building is seen as a key strategy to sustain-
1:6 The Ch'i state has a reputation for cowardice
1:7 earls of Mercia and Northumbria
1:8 counterfeit worlds - some are real worlds as well as deranged private worlds
1:9 The apamarga is the sole ruler over all plants-
1:10 Karlof and Bela Lugosi, whose voices he totally appropriated. I
1:11 Glass does not need to be expensively etched to be beautiful"

2:1 "Of course, my love, with all you do!" Fanny
2:2 And when you are with another being's mind, you are the being's mind
2:3 "female" ones. And this over-masculinization has had a profound
2:4 adreneline. I'm slouched on the couch, which is less the fault of my
2:5 from a typical rabbit of a million years ago or the typical rabbit
2:6 Magic is anarchic, wild, and antistructural
2:7 s Agrippa's De Occulta Pilosophia and the grimoires allegedly
2:8 from? Who or what put it all together?
2:9 in the direction of fulfilling a goal that may still only be inwardly -
2:10 type, the letters cluster together, and again you must go at the poky
2:11 I will not say to the court of Diogenes, for he had no court, great or small
2:12 their axioms to keep them from implying statements that contra
2:13 So yell if you don't understand something. My
2:14 and "meaning" are revealed directly to the dreamer. On a global
2:15 At the touch of a switch, the dreaming library was brilliantly illuminated

3:1 al 1998; Brindle 2006). The biomechanics of closed-chain exercises mean that multiple
3:2 liquid wax. He shaped and smoothed the wax, thus conceal-
3:3 has begun to wilt.
3:4 name of this city is in Spanish the city of angels," he wrote in
3:5 is the ever-present possibility of social shaming that is the motive force of
3:6 ship." He started to Run. "I don't want to know, I don't want to see, I
3:7 us) have chosen to deepen our spiritual journeys by pursuing initiatory work
3:8 I alluded earlier to the problem of speed, but this is also a problem
3:9 Then the priest shall put these curses in writing, and wash them off into the water of bitterness.

4:1 Zoey met eyes with a worried Perra, then returned her
4:2 Naturally since we're talking about creating a
4:3 The seven sets of six-letter combinations comprising the "Forty
4:4 the situation and successfully replaced or overcome the existing Fire
4:5 Callie said. "But I really am stumped. What does
4:6 possibly hardwired into the souls of some, that actually enriches and
4:7 clean that it appeared to have just been washed.
4:8 8. The goddess Strife is treated unjustly by the immortals. For they do not want
4:9 near Walgett where the eagle eyes are two deep holes in the
4:10 The thyroid cartilage is the rather large structure that forms the Adam's apple
4:11 reiterate that they have to be understood as coming in degrees along a sliding
4:12 a powerful conjuration the angel Tzadkiel appears to The conjurer

5:1 eloquence; most necessary to gain your ends, or maintain
5:2 On the night of the dark moon ,while you are sitting quietly at your dark.
5:3 can you trust the silent knowing
5:4 in serving others. Try to remove the suffering of other people. Once you
5:5 to dissolve the sugar, loosely cover with a lid, and set aside to
5:6 create the space for the journey to occur
5:7 our Creation stories the origin of strawberries is important. Skywoman's
5:8 All of these, knowers of sacrifice, cleanse their defilements by practice.
5:9 COSCINOMANCY divination by a sieve suspended on shears
5:10 transgender news, since gay and mainstream media didn't cover it,
5:11 whom had long titles and honorifics both before and
5:12 output from an AI. It's sort of a dossier on Mitchell, with a
5:13 my bag, cause they're so new. Figured I'd give it up if anyone asked. Nobody said a
5:14 outer planet transit that it accompanies. But the event cannot be described without
5:15 the stigma of having abandoned his parents and his ancestors -- but this is preferable to an
isolated existence
5:16 lonely, bounded by a high brick wall.

Neither Either Or

∴ *Excerpt From Chapter One of The Multimedia Grimoire "Haunt Manual"*

by ∴ *Revel. Keats Rosz*

Early 20th century Russian revolutionary artist Kazimir Malevich constructed the Suprematism movement, a movement so anti-establishment that he was incarcerated due to the influence of his radical ethos. A truly iconoclastic movement of anti-dogmatic expression that gave back the subjectivity to the artist first and foremost, foregoing the institutionalized digestion championed in elitist class circles. In his 1915 Suprematism manifesto, *The Non-Objective World*, he states that the Suprematist movement's "forms announce that man has gained his equilibrium by arriving from a state of single reasoning, at one of double reasoning. Utilitarian reasoning and intuitive reasoning." The art would be formless to the purveyor, available to be interpreted in any direction and free from the academic understanding of the purity of the artist's intentions.

"Our world of art has become new, non-objective, pure." - Malevich

Malevich's scoff at individual creation requiring academic absolutes, or any objective hierarchical understanding is as freeing as it is maddening, "If all artists could see the crossroads of these celestial paths... then they would not paint chrysanthemums."

Which brings me to my need for such a contradictory way of expression. Why are so many magicians, artists, creators, so subject to personify the currents and influences that stain them? But I am not here to balk at painting platitudes, or iambic pentameter poetry writing, or devout thelemites, no, my purpose is to name my haunted source of contradiction beyond that of the aesthetic. The enjoyment of a supreme creativity that is largely unfettered by the social conditioning of the mediums we create in, whilst adhering to communal spaces and positive accompaniment of others' unique paths. It is utilitarian to be both the freed mind and the harmonious actor.

The utilitarianism of the individuation process is objectively formless, but subjectively palpable. The act of creative expression, that of manifesting through somatic gestures birthed by imagination written into this shared realm, is the heaviest utility we have as connected brainlets in a web of synapse - and those constructs reverberate, haunt, influence, and mutate. What is humanity's pragmatic purpose if not to reproduce? Through the creation and communion of art as a magickal and utilitarian exercise, we have the third mind, a sort-of Pragmagick, and one that contends with the biological purpose of reproduction by that of creative exorcism.

Malevich, actor Timothy Carey, multimedia artist Crispin Glover, musician Tom Waits, all individual schisms of contrary elements, conducted and composed into this "Third Mind," a term Burroughs and Gysin used to personify the communion of individualized participation creating a voice of "The Other." The Third Mind is not just their artistic works, but the entire oeuvre of their participation across different planes like distilled ghosts in a blizzard of realities. Their third mind is their art, their art is their story and their story is their ability to exist between the confines of objective art through unapologetically individualized intuitions. As if the only way to survive was through the utilitarianism of finding that communion.

∴ *I must embrace the parts of my coyote self, the smirking match-lighter, the dharma bum in a pathworking that allows for growth to enjoy the rhythms that are outside of me - being a jazz drummer in nature, syncopated rhythms when it collates, sporadic a-rhythmic pitter patters when it doesn't, and the wisdom to know when heed the call to switch either way*

...I am exalted by the philosophical Pharmakon - something that is both the poison and the antidote - something we innately already are as a sentient species prospering on a dying planet, however the pharmakos also conveys a convergence of both into a third supersedes the warring extremes.

Perhaps beyond the physicality of decay, a transcendence beyond the material can be achieved. In one of many of Jacques Derrida's examples of the pharmakon is the vampire, neither living nor dead. Neither, either, or. Rather, undead, something between but not confined between the blinking scenes of fathomable extremes. An empowered resolve for the struggling contradictory tussles.

Empowered and new as both, as neither, either, or, but other.

Perhaps I have always been churning as this unrealized pharmakon. In highschool my first zine, an artistic collaborative effort that would be the proto-stomp to We The Hallowed, our magickal art collective, was titled Pharmakon. And as I sit here, in a wave of remembrance and need to distill the haunting inspirations from my life, I am beginning to see the idea's inception and hidden undertones in my artistic and magickal praxis ever since. This remembering, this hauntological want to correlate a sort of nostalgiamancy, or the act of using the practitioner's nostalgia as a sort of necromancy, while documenting and setting form to a new individuation basks in all fortunes and follies of the past. Without the sheer determination to reintroduce the malformed hidden aspects of the self, I am to remain blinking in a disgruntled stasis.

But let us not just pontificate about the nebulous as this contradiction is relevant in archetypal human grumps as well. From wanting to live prosperous, yet rabidly against preconceived notions of prosperity, from wanting to live without the need for pharmacology, but as yet unable to commune with my brain chemistry without it's useful toolset, from feeling empowered by the trickster and outsider archetypes, yet not wanting to harm the harmony of others - all of these pragmatic issues are stories long sung and woven into the great web of humanity. I know I may be somewhat insular in my filter and pontification of such tales, but I also find solace in sharing these misgivings with others in similar states. Our disparate practices as Haunts of We The Hallowed are only tethered by one main constant, the creation and study of our disparate art as individualized magickal practices. Our disparity communes under that umbrella'd Third Mind.

I would compare this disgruntled, unnamed, unrequited haunt to that of the Preta in the Bardo Thodol, the hungry ghost. The more I am disgruntled and calloused by trying to confine either, I'll continue to be big bellied and thin necked with an insatiable thirst. We might all do well to edify the ghost that barks between the tugs of responsibility and passion without subscribing fully to either, but honoring the contradiction of which we are infinitely more empowered to wield.

To some, this contradictory divination does not need such high intrigue. I know of many practitioners and artists that are just intuitively equipped with such a communion that they don't give it a second glance. Artists such as Timothy Carey, Crispin Glover and Tom Waits may be of that ilk, the kind not consumed with such internal dialogue, though I have yet to hear or research the ins and outs of their inner battles of existing as both working artists and pure creatives. But I believe Malevich, who funnily enough shares my birthday, was an artist/mage on all matters of the creative self and artistic intention. Perhaps it is because of my neuro-divergence that expressing the need to both has become such a life-long struggle. Perhaps this conflict of opposing halves exists within you, and you too are infinitely interested in the communion of the micro and macro of these polarities. This forever search for communion through my north and south nodes is through every vessel of my realities and I aim to explore.

Ad inexplorata.

∴

∴ PragMagick.com

Read/Listen to the full chapter at keatscross.substack.com

Simple Chess Magic

by Dion Foxwise

September 2022

Games and magic, magic and games. Much as I'd like to wax poetic here in a way that can only end in derivatively reiterating what we all already know regarding the significance of the magician as Fool and Juggler — and dare I say, Chessmaster — I would prefer to simply get my hands dirty — and yours.

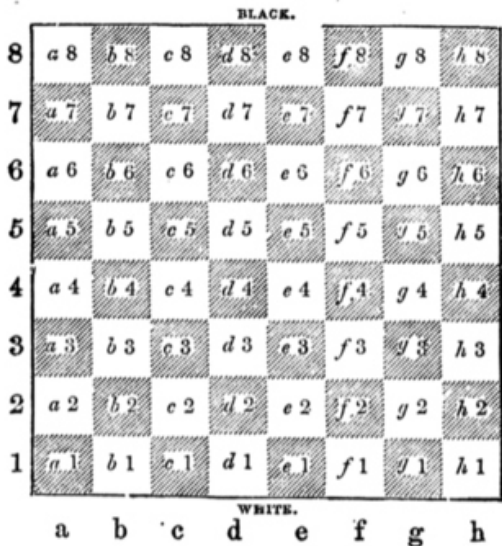
Before the dirtying of hands, however, by even thinking about bringing the spheres of chess and magic together, I find myself waist-deep in baggage. For this reason, some disclaimers are in order.

If you're reading this article expecting a whirlwind tour of Rosicrucian Chess, the Golden Dawn, or Enochian magic in any way, shape, or form, unfortunately disappointment awaits. Björn Ulvaeus and Benny Andersson will also not be making an appearance.

For now, please indulge me in sloughing off any presuppositions you might have regarding chess and magic, and accept this humble selection of simple, practical approaches for results magic with any combination of a good old fashioned standard chessboard and its associated pieces.

CONSIDERATIONS OF THE BOARD

(Image from *The Chess-Player's Handbook*, 1866.)



The Chessboard is as good an Axis Mundi as any typical magic circle as an abbreviated map of the Macrocosm. It has the four directions (even eight, if you're that way inclined), and its coordinate system, most usefully, allows us to precisely locate any piece, trinket, hopscotch marker or whatever other materia magica on its surface.

The specificity with which you'd like to proceed when using a chessboard in magic is entirely flexible. There is no reason to mince up the board into a swathe of disparate occult associations for each rank and file and therefore each square, though to do so can be immensely rewarding. That is, treating each square as its own universe can be as illuminating as any trip through the Tarot or I Ching.

(Incidentally, the latter is worth a look-in here, having eight trigrams and sixty-four hexagrams, while the chessboard is 8x8, with 64 squares.) There are other formal ways we can divide the chessboard: horizontally for the two colours, vertically for King's Side and Queen's Side, the Central and Expanded Central zones, and the flanks, considered the "long way around" to victory. Already, you may be able to see oodles of magical utility in these notions.

We can make numerological connections for the eight ranks, as well as alphabetical connections for the eight files. (Having synesthesia can help here, too.) We can step around the outermost squares of the board for a total of twenty-eight, corresponding with a moon cycle. We can take the coordinates of a single square and simply meditate on that, deriving the square's disposition from its letter and number.







But, as I mentioned, there is also no shame in stripping it even of letters and numbers and utilising it as a mere grid.

Use the board to represent distance, proximity, direction. Position pieces (or any materia magica you fancy) to create an image (even a sigil). Superimpose magic squares, maps of places real or imagined, geometry, constellations. Include dirt or other bits and bobs from a particular place. Add multiple boards (horizontally or vertically) for reasons. (Above and below, and so on).

CONSIDERATIONS OF THE PIECES

You have at your disposal six unique archetypes. Much like any sort of cartomancy deck, I suggest avoiding simply trying to slot each piece into a neat little list of “correspondences,” and instead, get to know each piece on its own terms. You may even find variation from set to set when it comes to how these spirits want to work with you and what they can do for you. Your mileage may vary, as in all matters magical.

Now, in unceremonious contradiction of the above, here are some tendencies I notice in my own practice, purely for your information:

Piece	Personal elemental association	Some ideas
 King	Void/Spirit	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Precious; valuable • Vulnerable; requires protection • Hunted down • Must immediately be attended to when under threat • Immobile/ Static - only moves a square at a time
 Queen	Fire	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Greatest mobility; dynamic • Greatest offensive power • Game-changing
 Bishop	Water	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Moves on the diagonal, “between” horizontal and vertical - <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ◦ Indirect, sometimes hard to spot ◦ Comes out from the cracks • Constant - a bishop only moves on one colour for the entire game
 Rook	Earth	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Moves simply - horizontally, vertically, in square shapes • Simple “steamrolling” checkmate technique • “Tried and true” nature; reliable • Able to perform Castling manoeuvre
 Knight	Air	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Unusual; the “Other” - both due to unusual moving style and animal association • Leaps over other pieces • Cannot easily be trapped • Has a “striking distasteful; progress; bravery - able to be Promoted (usually to Qnce”
 Pawn	Any	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Only able to move forward— cannot ever move backward • Potentueenhood) • More of them than any other piece • Disposable - but a master player knows their value and games can be determined by them • Concept of the “unwitting pawn” • Able to perform the unexpected move “en passant”

A piece can be used in magic the same way you might use any other figure or poppet. Invoke, evoke; consecrate, desecrate. Transform into a charm, talisman, familiar, teacher. Use personal effects or taglocks to connect them with a person, spirit, abstract concept. Conceal rolled-up sigils or messages within.

Employed in conjunction with the board in a more ritualistic context, let the position or movement of a piece on the chessboard correspond with the action or outcome you wish to achieve.

If we want to add a little somethin' somethin' (as is our wont as magicians), we can incorporate Fairy Pieces—essentially, homebrew chess pieces. Popular examples include the Nightrider/ Unicorn, the Vizier, the Amazon, or the Dragon (of which there are a few variants).

There is merit here in considering the Fairy Piece as Other, as a subversive wildcard, as antimonian and Ouranian by nature.

CHESS PUZZLES AND DIAGRAMS

A book of chess puzzles might be used as a form of bibliomancy for divination or insight. Page numbers and puzzle numbers might be determined through a random number generating method of your choice—dice seem particularly appropriate here.

Some key questions to ask when divining using this method might be: Who is represented by these pieces? Which side has the advantage—in terms of strategy? In terms of material? Which stage of the game am I looking at—the opening, the middlegame, or the endgame? Where did my gaze fall first?

Additionally, there are a few online tools facilitating the creation of custom chess diagrams and puzzles, which could substitute for any of the techniques discussed above. Such custom board configurations could also be printed for use in ritual or as talismans or used as part of collage and cut-ups. Magic squares and petitions come to mind here.

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS

As a further thought, a chess game might be played against oneself as an exercise in classic Chaotic belief-switching: one day, you must play white, the next, black. In both instances must you employ a single-minded desire to overcome the opponent.

Of course, these are only some of the ways in which chess can be used for magic; I have left many, many stones unturned. All I can say at this point, however, is that of all the magical media which can truly awaken the conniving cosmic trickster within, I can recommend chess magic as a real stand-out.

Interrupting

by *fantasticmonastic*

I heard the voice of supremacy
Listen, now, listen, now, listen to me!
Can't you see?
This way, no that way, your ways' the wrong way
You'll thank me, you'll see, one day

I heard the voice of supremacy,
I listened closely and it was me, speaking and telling, with questions and yelling, a criticism shelling
of all
that you say.

I listened more closely and I could see
Pulling the strings of me me me
A fear monger selling a tale to the beat of adrenaline pounding in my ears.

Asked today, what respect have I shown to the Questions?
A question that leaves me unrested and asking in silence and poems for silence and poems to
answer.

I find so few times were there questions before my bastions sent offensive defensives offending your
sovereignty and offending the order of speaking.

Reflexes?

Learned ones can be unlearned ones, can be unlearned ones, can be unlearned ones just takes more
times to relearn the chosen way, the path to better times is marked with riddles, rhymes and signs
and
questions only well answered with silence...at first.

Answered with sorrow, mourning, grieving, answered with anger, sadness, breathing
Answered by actions planted in healing
Planted in no longer stealing air from another's lungs, time from the hourglass we share.
Answered:
Listening.

The River: An Alleg-oracle

by Eric J. Millar

INTRODUCTION AND INSTRUCTIONS

According to Alan Moore there is little difference between the act of writing and the act of magic. I would argue that the art of reading and the interpretation of a story that's been experienced can carry the same level of potency as the act of creation. It's the confluence of these theories that I was struck by the idea of creating a story that could also be an oracle.

When I created my first oracle, the randomly generated bibliomantic Disruption Generator, I was told by someone that a book would be an inferior oracle because unlike the tarot you cannot spread the different components in front of you to show you "the story." In other words, the tarot allows you to write with the cards with spreads on the table while The Disruption Generator required more imagination to piece everything together to create a narrative. Either way you are crafting a story from randomly combined elements.

The River is hardly a story. It's more like a collection of impressions, thoughts, and emotions brought on by the memory of a pair of childhood trips and going whitewater rafting on the Colorado River. It's a narrative mutant, far closer to an allegory than a short story or flash fiction, but it provides a good vehicle to test out an idea and ask some important questions.

Is magic the art of changing parts of the world to make the path easier or is it the process of building up defenses, developing strategies, and discovering secrets to pass through the path better?

Does the elemental energy of currents and rapids make our rivers gods unto themselves?

And if they are gods why can't we petition them in the same ways we do any other?

Thinking about the river, with its rapids and currents, inspires in me the idea that maybe we petition this god not to reform itself to our will but to provide us the knowledge to find our way through it.. To be a divine guide to the current, letting us know where the swells and whirlpools hide while still leaving us completely at their mercy because nature is always changing and tried and true strategies don't always work.

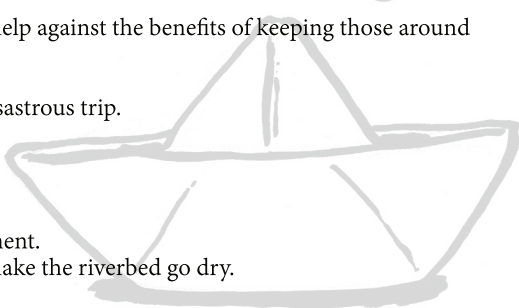
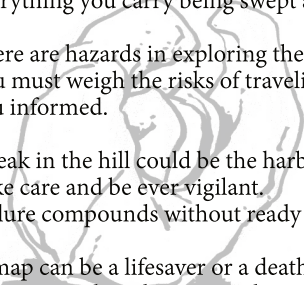
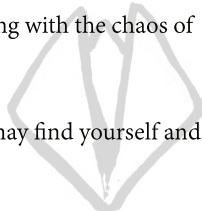
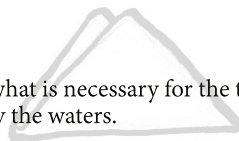
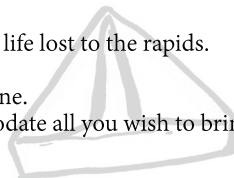
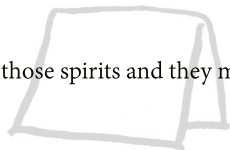
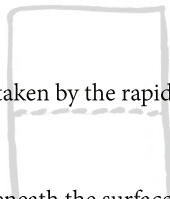
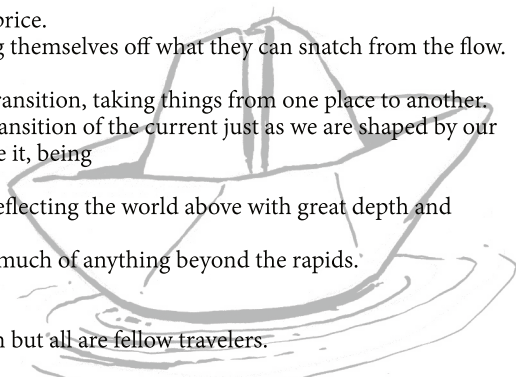
They call it a current for a reason. You get swept up in it. You don't control it. All you can do with any reasonable expectations is manage how you travel within it.

It's in that spirit that I present The River. Using it is simple. You can read it from beginning to end or you can utilize it as a tool for divination. You can either roll a twenty sided dice or use a random number generator to determine a single stanza that can be used for whatever oracular help you may need.

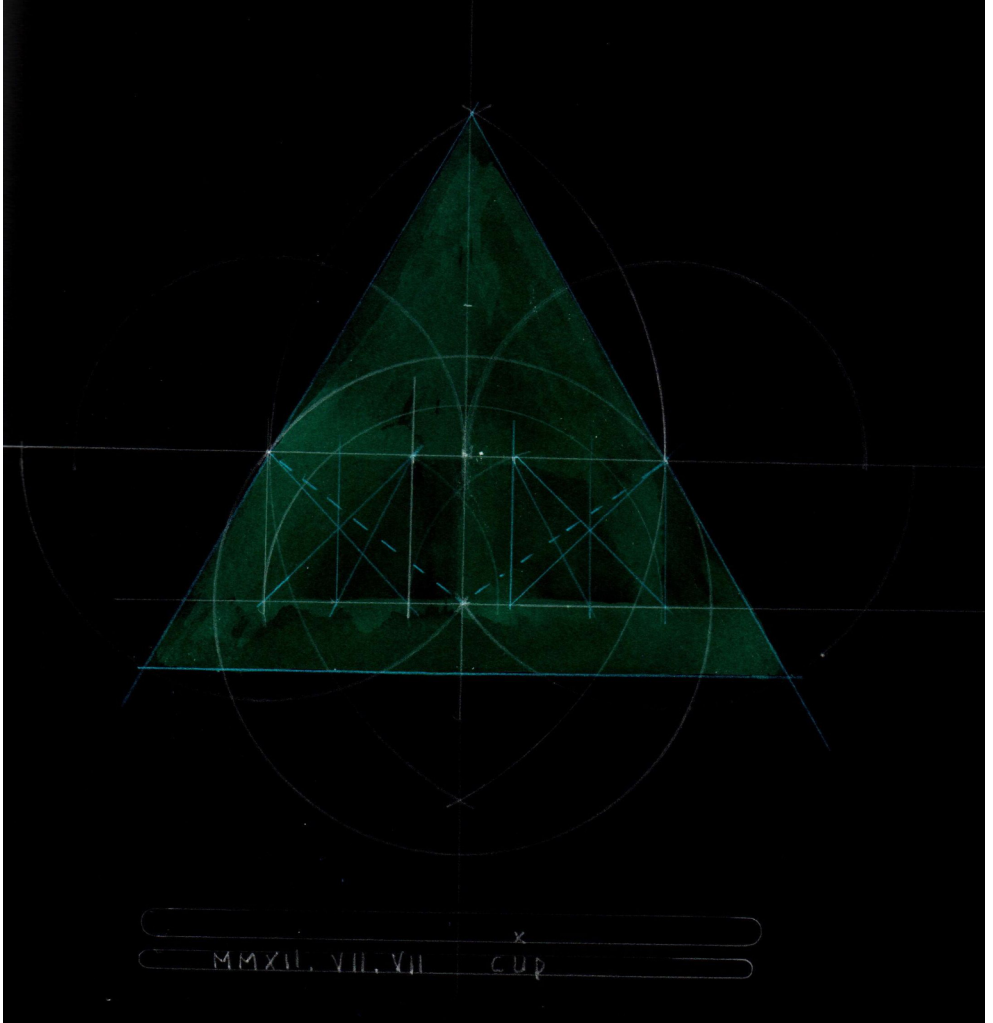
THE RIVER

1. Pry against the rocks and your oar will break.
Battle against the rapids and you will lose it.
The river cares little for where you want to go. It's older, wiser, and won't be intimidated by the strength of your oar.
2. People have been traversing the river for a long time.
Sometimes the old ways still work, sometimes they don't.
Our river isn't the river of the past and it isn't the river of the future.
The river is only ever what it is right now.
3. The river is talking if you're willing to listen.
It will tell you many secrets but will keep plenty for itself.
The first secret you need to learn is where to start your trip.
The last is where to end it.
4. Be it an ocean or a lake, the river always leads to something bigger and deeper.
Be prepared for new questions and mysteries beneath those waters.

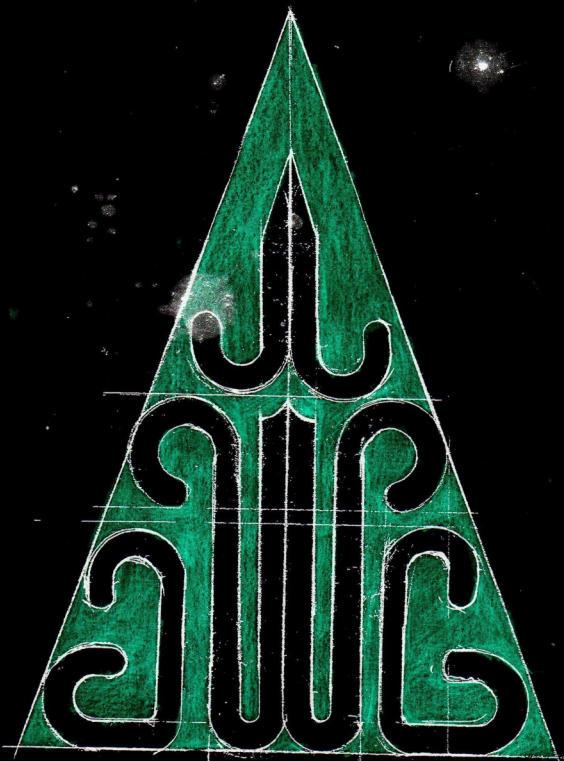
5. When the river ends as does the momentum.
Those still waters mean more work.
The only force you can count on to propel you when the current has ended is your own.
6. It's hard for things to live within the river.
Some succeed but only after paying a heavy price.
Most take what they need and go, nourishing themselves off what they can snatch from the flow.
7. The river is no place to live. It's a vehicle of transition, taking things from one place to another.
The form of the river is caused by the slow transition of the current just as we are shaped by our own forms of erosion. Confront and overcome it, being
8. The river can be a mirror in calmer waters, reflecting the world above with great depth and clarity.
In times of chaos it can be hard to make out much of anything beyond the rapids.
9. Care must be given to others on the river.
Some may be careless or ignorant at the helm but all are fellow travelers.
10. The size and extravagance of your boat matters little as long as it floats.
Versatility is much more valuable than complexity in surviving the current.
11. There are many rivers, many boats, many people piloting their way down the currents.
All end up in the same place in the end.
12. The river is full of ghosts.
So many souls dashed upon the rocks or taken by the rapids. Respect those spirits and they may help guide you through the rough waters.
13. Mind your boat.
Without it you may find yourself taken beneath the surface.
The river reminds us to be like water, not to lose ourselves within it.
14. A steady grip can save your life.
An oar lost to complacency can mean a life lost to the rapids.
15. One rarely ventures out on the river alone.
Take care that your vessel can accommodate all you wish to bring along.
16. Learn to swim.
Faith placed in craftsmanship over your own fortitude is hubris when dealing with the chaos of the current.
17. You can't possibly take it all with you.
It may take time but if you can't discern what is necessary for the trip you may find yourself and everything you carry being swept away by the waters.
18. There are hazards in exploring the river alone.
You must weigh the risks of traveling without help against the benefits of keeping those around you informed.
19. A leak in the hull could be the harbinger of a disastrous trip.
Take care and be ever vigilant.
Failure compounds without ready hands.
20. A map can be a lifesaver or a death sentence.
The river and its shores can change at any moment.
A storm can cause a surge and a drought can make the riverbed go dry.
The current inspires improvisation.



Amulet 06
by xcup



Sigil 007
by xcup



Initiation [sic]

by E.K. Menw

The core teaching of Hermes is that the individual is ultimately no different from the supreme. This realization is gnosis.

The following is an initiation. It does not have to be read as such, the reader can do as they will. The following essay is also written in the second person. If you do not want to read it this way, it is perfectly acceptable to be someone else for a time.

Once, when your mind had become intent on things which are, and your understanding was raised to a great height, and your body was withdrawn as in sleep, as when people are weighed down by too much food or by the fatigue of the body, you saw the end of the world.

It was not an especially spectacular end.

You had so far had a great many birthdays, and seen much of the space in-between. Endings were no longer such a surprise to you, there had already been a number of them. It was who was waiting at the end which surprised you.

"Who are you?" you asked.

He said, "I am Hermes Trismegistus. I once sat and beheld great wisdom. I am here to share the same for you now, if I'm able."

"Why here?"

"At the end of the world? It's the only place anything can be held to account. Everything else changes."

You looked around you. His words made sense, echoing off the blackness of infinity. There was certainly nothing here to challenge them. You yourselves were alone. The thrice greatest Hermes was aspect of light, all else was blackness, and the cold dead rock under your feet. The sun was extinguished, the light was turned off. God had hung his keys on the hook and shut the door behind him.

"I am here because nothing matters," you said. "The end of the world has come and all my earthly endeavors have striven to resemble it."

"Incorrect," says Hermes. "You are here because of a potential possessed by all beings, one you have not claimed. If you ask, I will show you."

"Show me, Thrice Greatest. Show me that I might see what is mine to claim, and in so doing become myself."

With those words, the absence around you exploded into brilliant light. The light swirled into a circle, which revolved around you. It was perpetual in its revolution, and so long it circled that you feared it might never stop. Then, suddenly, a single drop of water formed in the space in front of you. The water fell, and just for a moment, you could see the image of yourself reflected on its surface. Onto the circle it dropped, breaking the loop. With the fall of the droplet the circle splintered into fractal patterns that extended outwards into the black infinity, emanating from the contact of that single point.

"Do you understand what you have seen," the watchful Hermes asked as the light faded from view.

"I shall come to know."

"The light which has revolved around you is the light of life. It is infinite and unflappable in its motion. It will remain as it is if undeterred."

"But the cycle was halted by a single drop of water!"

"Yes," said Hermes, smiling. "So you see. The light of life is one of perpetual motion, it has no beginning and no end, origins may only beget other origins. But behold! That single drop is gnosis. The capacity with which men may break their bondage and seek freedom lies in that drop."

"How can this be so?" you asked of Hermes.

"Look unto my face and you will know."

Long you look into the eyes of Hermes Trismegistus. There in those eyes you see the beak of an ibis, and the twining serpents of the caduceus, and they are as distinct as they are the same.

"Life as it was seemed unending," you said at last. "Origins beget origins. All that moved required a mover. It was the drop of gnosis which beget change."

"Yes!" said Hermes.

"If all things are predicated on something else, then change must be predicated on knowledge. Only with knowledge, then, do I have choice."

"This you have seen and this you now know. What then is knowledge predicated on?"

You thought for a minute on this wisdom, or perhaps it was a century, they felt the same. “If all objects require a mover, and it is knowledge that begets choice, then choice can only be predicated on that which is bodiless.”

“If all these things which you have said are true, then that which is bodiless must be divinity.”

“But what is divinity,” you asked of Hermes.

“Did you not see? In the reflection of the drop of water!”

“I did see!” you said. “And it was myself.”

You stopped then, as you felt a cool drop of water land lightly on your forehead. Then there was another. And soon, here at the end of the world, it was raining.

“I see,” you said calmly, feeling the rivulets of water wash down your face, baptized in the freedom of gnosis. “I see that I am the likeness of the divine. That in me there is the freedom to break the cycle of life and death, because I am myself. Because I am in command of my own actions and desires. I am a seeker of knowledge and victim to nothing.”

Hermes smiled. A warm smile that looked the same as all the many stars painted across the sky. It had their light, and their endless patience.

“What will you do then, when you wake?”

“I will go forth and spread my knowledge so that others might break their chains. I will tell them that hopelessness is a fraud perpetrated by the body, and that the only victory of suffering is the acceptance of it. But Hermes, I fear they will say ‘my suffering is all I am.’”

Hermes Trismegistus shook his head. “They may refuse your knowledge, they are free to do so. It is always easier to take an identity provided for us, rather than to build our own. We did not choose our suffering, but it can feel comforting to wear it like a cloak so our divinity might never find us. And when the cloak has grown so comfortable, it is easy work to sew one for another. But you have nothing to fear. You know your divinity. You know there is always light.”

At those words, the fractal shards of light reappeared. They spread from and connected to every single raindrop at the end of the world. But the largest and brightest shards came from you. They spread, pulling the end of the world apart as if it were shattered glass you were punching through.

And then, finally, you woke up.

Advice For My Past Self

by Luxa Strata

Since one of the objectives of The Green Mushroom Project revolves around making occult technology accessible, it felt right to share some thoughts along these lines here. What follows is some general advice which I would love to give to myself as a new practitioner. Magic is an interesting thing to talk about with endless shades of juicy nuance, and I feel lucky to have the opportunity to do so. A lot of folks who are new to the practice ask for pointers, but in speaking with them I often end up learning just as much from them as I attempt to teach. Magic is like that. When becoming proficient in using occult technology, there is no book or teacher or guru or anything or anyone else that can tell you what will work for you, or speak for your own internal experiences. To learn magic, you just have to do magic. It can be difficult for this lesson to sink in because it goes against the social conditioning that causes us to look to others for affirmation. It's possible that this is just part of "human nature", us being social creatures with all that entails. All of this might seem obvious, but putting it into practice requires one to internalize the fact that they must see themselves as the ultimate magical authority in their life. Anyone who says they have everything about magic (or lots of other things, for that matter) all figured out in a way that would apply universally is either mistaken, delusional, or a liar. Each person must conduct their own process of discovery.

When I speak with people who are new to the practice, the most common questions posed seem to revolve around concerns that they are not doing things "correctly". While there might be proper ways to perform certain techniques which have been developed by practitioners over the years (and there can be benefit in learning to do things the way they set forth in order to test their effectiveness for you), it is important to understand and keep in mind as a meta-context that there is not a universally "correct" way to conduct magic. Further, even when one does their best to replicate the operations of others, the circumstances in which they conduct magic will always be different because the person or people doing the magic will be different (not to mention the countless other differences surrounding time, place, ect.). So, instead of wondering or worrying about if one is doing magic correctly, it can be much more beneficial to instead focus on the experience of doing magic. Change variables and see how the experience changes. Find what entices you, what delights you about the process of exploration, and follow that thread to someplace interesting for yourself. What inspires you? What feels like magic to you? Go there.

It's much easier to build the self-discipline and attention to detail that will be needed going forward if you're doing it surrounding something that's actually engaging, so find a way to work things you already love into the equation to add to your chances of success. When possible, allow workings that have adjacent goals to synergize. Balance requires attention to detail and continuous readjustment. Don't neglect the basics of a mediation and grounding practice. Look after your physical and psychological health. Keep good records. Be open to the ideas of others, but take everything with a bit of salt, even things revealed through esoteric discovery and especially things you read in online forums. Remember that there are people of all types who walk the path, and not all of them are people who are beneficial to interact with. The same can be said of non-human entities. Protect yourself while remaining willing to share your experiences. There can be feelings of alienation and loneliness, so find trustworthy people with whom you can relate.

The common phrase "nothing is true, everything is permitted" is a good philosophical touchstone for remembering that all truths are conditional, meaning that they are only true within parameters. It's true that the sun will come up tomorrow (we assume), but that's only the case here on planet Earth. This "conditionality of truth" can be looked at on any scale, large or very small, and still it holds up. It's the conceptual heart of the notion of paradigms. All this being said, don't let the notion be a vehicle for self-delusion (or to allow others to delude you). Own your own reality to avoid being gaslit. And remember, just because nothing is true does not necessarily mean nothing is sacred. You get to decide about that.

Internalize the fact that you must learn to trust yourself enough to see yourself as the ultimate magical authority in your life. This will take practice. Be prepared to face your fears, push your limits and challenge your own ideas about things. Remember there is always another way to proceed. There is always a way to improve oneself. Find ways to stretch your mind to be able to

encompass other worldviews. Re-examine your assumptions and perceptions. Exercise this ability like a boxer training for a fight to become dexterous and nimble in your thinking. Know that when you set out on the path, you are inviting change, so be ready for it. Be patient and kind with yourself. Be suspicious of the hype. Count every small victory, knowing that your failures will teach you more. It won't always be fun, and will seldom be easy. But an undertaking towards the ends of personal agency is one worth pursuing for those who are called to it. If this is you, welcome. Your journey has already begun. Remember to stay strong, and to stay curious!

APOKALYPSIS

by Luxa Strata

You can call me Hecubamy
Mistress's royal, loyal bitch.
A queen of blasted lands,
when driven mad by sorrow,
with the gnashing of teeth I was remade
to be sharp of eye and claw to
be fleet of paw.

I was welcomed into the underworld
to pick clean the bones at the feasts of the dead,
and set as sentinel at the crossings of ways.

I was shaped into the hollowness of dusk,
and in shifting tides
I accepted the new morphologies
that were visited upon me like so many spectors.

I was the vengeful ghost of my own dead dream
when I received the gifts
that were promised in my darkest hour.

Call me Eumenides,
my work sanctioned by Promachos,
it will be for justice, not vengeance
when the veils are pulled from your eyes.
And although you will no doubt be destroyed,
like me,

you will be reborn
in the dark light of chthonic tides.

You may call me Melonë,
for I will bleed through the night
and into your mind,
in saffron robes stained with flowers
brave enough to bloom in snow,
my arms heavy laden to deliver unto you
what you have sown.

It will be as it was
when my Mistress tired of the charade
and cast Zeus down for his many crimes-

he was seized and hurled like lightning into the
Earth
where we opened his flesh with our hands
and consumed him in our ecstasy,

drunk on the olympian blood
that ran down our chins and breasts.

Where it dripped from our nipples,
we suckled the hatchlings of the new age,
allowing them to grow strong
amid the web of stars.

And as the monoliths crumbled,
sliding towards the spreading legs of the sea,
we intoned barborus melodies
which summoned forth memories of the deep
from where the sky first touched ground
and fell into night.

Now, as the offspring of these new couplings
dance forth from the silky oblivion of the Void,
we welcome them with the glad tidings
of an era which is only now beginning to unfurl

It's tiny,
clenched
fists.

Gratitude:

Sincere thanks to all the folks who helped bring The Green Mushroom Hyphosigil Project into the world. There are too many to list, but everyone's contributions are greatly appreciated. A special thanks to those who lent their help in the early days of the project's infancy. To Dave for sharing in the vision, helping to tie the threads together, and for his amazing efforts towards bringing cool and interesting new things for us to explore as a group. To Yara for providing a welcoming online home for us to gather in, for lending his ideas, knowledge and talents, and for all of his valuable efforts in helping to build a fantastic community of practitioners. To Joy, for making this publication possible, and for being a model of strength, integrity and ingenuity. To everyone who attended the presentation I gave on a dark night in mid October, 2020, when a fell gathering of mages met to lay out our future plans. To the Fungi, who continually amaze and impress with their creativity, kindness, and wisdom. To everyone who has lent their ideas, their words, their voices, their art, their music, their creations of other kinds, and their magic to the Mushroom. To everyone who submitted work for this publication and to you, the reader; Gratitude.

Much Love and Mush Love to everyone participating in the project, regardless of what that looks like for you in your practice!

Luxa Strata

Prayer of the Nightflower

by LaughingDog

Oh, Great Mother !

Arise within me, and unfold the nightflower that is my heart.

Free me from the tyranny of what is seen that I may see the unseen.

Release me from the bonds what is known that I may swim naked in your mystery.

Oh, Mother Night,
queen of all that lies beyond, hear me-
you are the marrow and blood of this universe, you give rise to all form and all being;
I am forever yours.

May all that I am return to You.

Ritual and practice to create a talisman to proceed Otherwise

by Joy the Sporcress

Goal: To develop and nurture the capacity to envision the impossible

How can we participate in a radically different future if we have yet to conceive of it? Would we even recognize it?

Instead of moving forward in a linear, chronological, pre-determined fashion, perhaps we can approach the future differently.

Can we slide in sideways? Could we enter in a spiral?

What if we made a new path, or stepped off the path altogether?

What if we simply proceeded OTHERWISE?

But what is "otherwise" made of? What is beyond your current capacity to imagine? How do you perceive of the unfathomable if it is... unfathomable?

This practice starts with small, seemingly inconsequential ideas that over time, will build your capacity to think differently.

Process to create a Talisman to Proceed Otherwise:

You will need:

A deck of tarot, playing, or other cards

A candle.

Something that wants to become a talisman (this could be anything- a chunk of wood, metal or rock, a button, a pendant, an acorn, whatever works for you.)

Ritual:

Before we begin this practice, it is fitting to honor the Void, from which all possibilities are Become. Laughing Dog was kind enough to share his poem on the prior page with me, and I have used it for this purpose with great results. You may recite this ode aloud, or are free to use something else.

1. Grab your deck of cards and shuffle them.
2. Draw a card and place it face down in front of you. Do not look at the card.
3. Now, meditate on the meaning, symbolism, messages, imagery, etc. of the card, without knowing what it is. Try to sense or "feel" what messages the card embodies.

You might find yourself trying to guess or intuit which card it is. Let yourself have these thoughts, but then let them pass. Notice them, but do not let them become "real" or "true". Pretend that this is a new card you have never seen before.

Relax and let yourself become more receptive to what this card might have to say. Linger gently on the edge of the card's "personal space" and see what thoughts, visions, sounds or sensations arise. Take your time.

4. When you notice that the card is telling you something, listen. Listen for something new, something you have not previously considered or thought before, something novel and unique, even if it feels stupid. Especially if it feels stupid! Take that thought and breathe it into the talisman.
5. Light the candle. Leave the card face down.

Remember that the point of this practice is to have and acknowledge a thought you have never had before, and store it in your talisman. Over time, your talisman will be full of imaginings that were once impossible, building your capacity to think things that were once quite literally, "unthinkable".

Address the talisman and recite aloud:

Keeper of impossible dreams
and undreamable possibilities,
hold and nourish these fruiting bodies of the Void, as undeniable proof
that I take ownership of my momentum
and my edges,
and I choose
to proceed
otherwise.

6. Now, put your card back in the deck *without ever looking at it*, and shuffle.
(Preservation of the mystery keeps us from limiting our possibility.)

Play with the ideas you received. Try enacting them in some way, even if it seems nonsensical. The more absurd, the better!

Repeat as often as possible, building up your talisman's power with each idea or act of Proceeding Otherwise. You are stretching your capacity to entertain new, unique thoughts, and in doing so, you are expanding your ability to perceive of something other than what has already been.

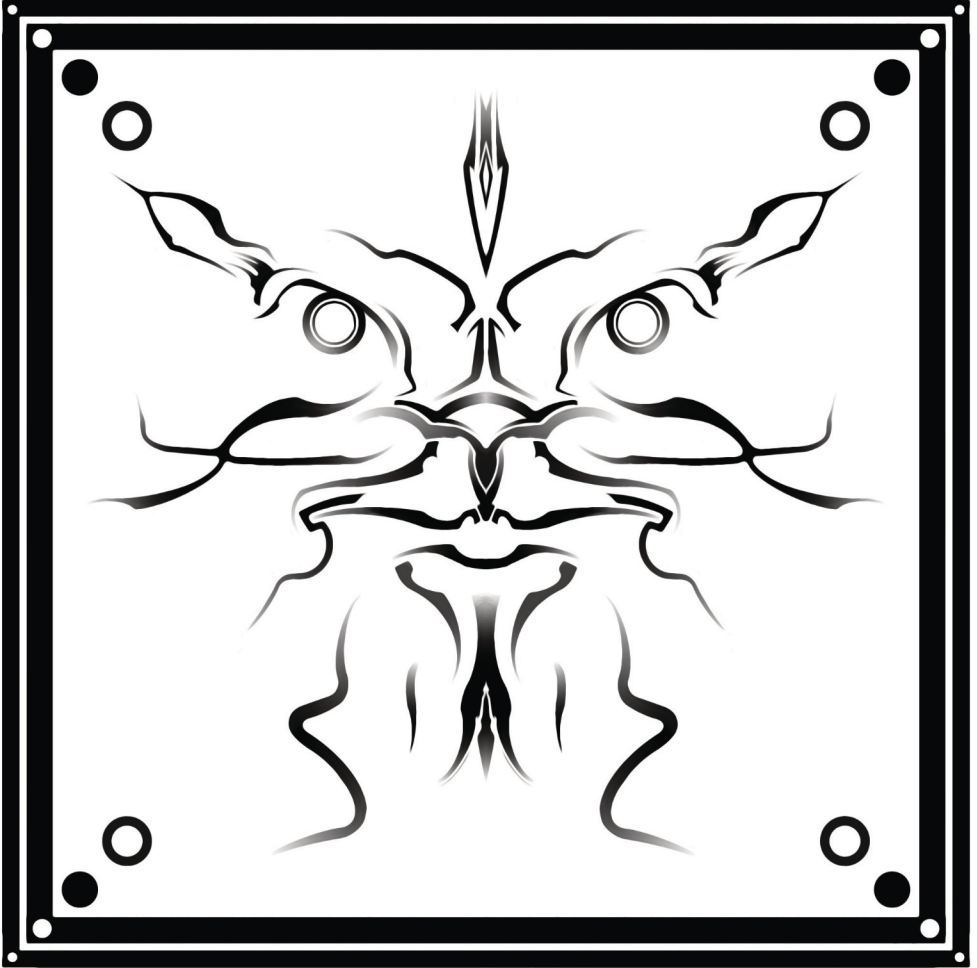
Notes:

This is a powerful daily practice. It can help you to incrementally work toward a radically different future, by freeing your mind from the limitations of goal-oriented thinking, duality and overly restrictive taxonomies, among other things.

This may take some time. If you are having difficulty perceiving novel thoughts, stick with the practice for a while. It may require repeated attempts.

The potential of this practice includes initiating radical, large-scale change; achieving personal breakthroughs; generating alternative options (a third way, the “x” factor, chaos, etc.).

MoonDragon
by LaughingDog



The Oracle Of Odd Pathways

by Nox



Eldritch Clouds Swim in the Infinite

by *Kackleberry*

The problem with the void for some of us is that it is infinite. It has not only potential but obstacles, trials, triumphs, spirit guides and demonic infestations. Neither good nor bad, creative nor destructive, it is empty of all morality, mortality, mind and meaning, yet it is filled with these concepts at the same time that it isn't. These concepts create links to our consciousness, for good or ill. Morality can nudge us in the direction of equality and consent and being politically active for constructive social change. It can also choke us with puritan values that are more harmful than good, seeking to choke out all but a narrow minded idea of what is good and right. The morality of puritanism is a monastic meddling of human emotions and spiritual fraud.

Infinite potentials are infinite opportunities but erected before these opportunities are obstacles and trials. Enlightenment and Illumination are not for the feint of heart, for to illuminate is to shed light upon all concepts and conditions. The Illuminated person is not devoid of feeling and emotion, nay, they are trained in subduing emotional reaction on the mundane and transmuting emotion into magical energy and spiritual fire to burn away the impurities of the human condition. Of course, these impurities are subject to subjective and learned behaviors. While a Buddhist perceives sexual actions and eating animal products as obstacles towards enlightenment, the Satanist perceives sexual actions as instinctual and gratifying, one that frees the spirit, and eating animal products as human choice and consequence of evolution and agricultural advancement.

There is no such thing
as an absolute.

There is no such thing
as the right or wrong path.

There is only existence
and the threads that connect us
in a rhizomatic web
of potentials and possibilities.

This rhizomatic web is both beautiful and exhilarating, at the same time it is tedious and daunting as we get stuck on this web while we try to outrun the hunger of our conceptual arachnid predator. So we find ourselves facing our fear of imminent peril. We can either face it and wiggle away from the venomous bite or we can close our eyes and enter another nightmare, the venom co-mingling with our blood only to create the hallucination that we are free... too long have we closed our eyes and let the venom over take us, but maybe that was for our benefit. The spider bites and we are filled with the venom of an interconnected nature.

* * *

We often sit with our devils disguised as muses and spirit guides. They possess our all too human mind with insights and probabilities, albeit hidden under a veil of dripping claws and hungry fangs; gargoyles atop the ruins of once world building minds. In their eyes are swirls and clouds, opaque nebulae hiding the intoxicating beauty of burning crimson and cobalt souls.

They cloak themselves in apathy and anxiety, melancholy and rage, but underneath their tumultuous auras is a wisdom ancient and true. For they were once spirits of the highest order, creators and evolutionary potentials.

Our little minds are fragmented enough as it is. Especially those that seek to rip apart and rearrange the fabric reality, to see the Creator for what it is would eradicate any sense of being.

Even fragments that we have termed 'gods' and 'devils' and 'angels' and 'demons' would dissolve any sense of rationale and sanity. We would no longer be fragmented and we would definitely not be whole, we would become the poster children for spiritual body horror. Like eldritch clouds, our consciousness would coil and consolidate, only to twist and turn and find expression in the strangest of ways, losing ourselves in the infinite potentials and corruptions of causality and

probability. To play with the devil is to kiss the infinite and breathe in the poison of exaltation, consuming us until we lay atop the dead gods we call dirt.

Upon this death a fungus grows to hallucinate a new reality. Spores reach to the very ends our our neurons to touch drops of the cosmic venom. We are born into this hybrid reality of sober psychedelia. A petrified hand holds a bouquet of possibility and we open our eyes. We are no longer stuck on the web, finding ourselves emerging from the sac of the arachnid mother. The venom that kills now is the venom that we circulate. We make our home in this new hybrid reality beyond light and dark. Among the opaque and neon we perceive reality as it is and ought to be – a playground for evolution, the mad scientists laboratory. For reality is not the tree, it is the seed and our magic is the water and nutrients it needs to blossom. We are the potentials for evolution, the root, the branches and leaves, the fruit and the flower. We are a figment of the Creator's imagination and so we are the Creator, little gods, cells of an impossible extraterrestrial life form.

* * *

The only way to know magic
is to use magic.

The only way to use magic
is to forget the impossible.

Because nothing is impossible.

Even the improbable probably happened
or will happen in time.

Magic,
as philosophy,
is quite limitless.

Magic,
as a practice,
helps us touch this limitless aspect.

Reality is an hallucination.

The spores spread
in this shared hallucination
only for us to have artificial dreams
in alien landscapes.

Meditate upon these concepts
of infinite's and potentials,
of arachnid mothers and cosmic venom.

Liberate yourself from the web.

Soon you will be the arachnid mother
initiating a new soul with your cosmic venom.

Be well and stay magical.

A Fairy Feast

by *Laura Greenwood*

An account of an incredible feast by Pytor, the 11th century sorcerer-prentice, former goat herder.

“Get thee from out the tower confines and glean some wisdom from nature’s splendor!”

I do as my master bid, for I am but the meek sorcerer-prentice named Pytor. It was with excitement twinged with fear that I begin my natural rove, having been cloistered in the tower all winter over.

I found a portal circle, a mushroom ring to lay down in. For I am craven and summon Them not, seeking to have Them approach me first.

It did not take long for my spirit to pass outside my body, I had read of this before. I traveled swiftly, over rock and water, field and stone, into Faery, where many otherworldly nobles dine.

In a field near to ripe, a small lawn set up to host a feast most grand. A long table set with gilded bone porcelain, with burgundy and blood red silk cloth. A chair just for me, an unplanned but welcome guest.

My lordly host nodded and bid me to enjoy myself, that I may one day return the favor. Now I am a sorcerer-prentice, but before I was a goat herding boy. Never did I lose my wonder at even a meal of thin stew and watered wine.

My hosts and company were good partners indeed! Sat beside me was the feast’s master of ceremony, instructing me in table etiquette and gossip. Such a feast! Troubadours shouted many glad tales and minstrels plucked elaborate harps.

I was presented my spoon and said grace to God for this food, that He may preserve me through it and see me unharmed!

We began with the normal starters, dandelion pottage with fried thistle hairs and savory leek porridge with bristle boar dumplings. While uncouth but acceptable, one can drink a few sips of tomato vodka before it is used to sanitize the hands.

The forks were delivered with the meats! Six-month-old tender field mice stuffed with ground robin’s breast and clover buds, rotisseried until golden and seasoned with mace. Dried stiff raccoon meat flavored with a clove mixture that smelled of salt. River crawfish and eels and rice that was baked under thyme and spice bush leaves, smothered in a moth butter. The drink was medicinal dandelion beer, very bitter and very bubbly.

The main course, the music picked up and ribaldry increased: Plump hornbeamwort fungus seared with nettles and red pepper (the previous master mushroom hunter perished harvesting a batch of Hornbeamwort last winter). Greasy shrew pie and dry sheep shear biscuits, mustard venison meatballs over creamy steamed spinach.

Next the Queen Course and bird songs began: Poached skink eggs arranged next to a boiled finch, made up to imitate her brooding on her nest. She was topped with barley flatbread shaped as her feathers to be plucked and dunked into our warm and honeyed turmeric milk.

The dessert: What a wonder to behold, creamed Dachshund milk baked into breast shaped treats topped with star anise (to praise the lovely Venus). The hearts of hummingbirds in caramel glaze, candied oranges in onion bechamel. Candied abalone tenderloins topped with spring-leaved figs paired with grape vine tea.

The closing course or the Moon Course, as the minstrels play Clair de Lune (I am told it is yet to exist on the human side of the world): large lightning bugs soaked in rose water with petite honey walnuts aplenty. At last, a grand dark cake shaped like the moon, baked of bitter acorn meal covered in pansy syrup and sprinkled with honey suckle and clematis flowers. Several of the guests swooned at the sight, the air thick with wonder. Our wine, a sweet strawberry blush.

My corporeal form abandoned, I ate without reservation trying this and that and everything. Each flavor new upon my pallet and I was amazed. The Fairy host seemed pleased at my reactions.

Fret not, my master taught me well and I was prepared, when a Good Friend came to clear my plate I added a clover without their notice. Now the giving and accepting was reciprocal and I was under no to enchantment to this place. The lordly host, staring at me, bowed and said, "Our claim on you is over."

I thanked my hosts and I thanked the guests and back my spirit flew. Once upon my mortal body, newly awoken, I thanked Almighty God and returned to my master at the tower with the taste of star anise lingering in my mouth.

Ancestor Fire and Ice

by Laura Greenwood

A ritual poem or spoken song with unabashed influence from several sources.

Climbing down the ladder of bones
None know to what depth it descends

Down. Down. Down. Down. Down

Ancestors that have gone before and ancestors yet to be
Sustenance and soil for the World Tree
None know from what depth its roots rise

Rise. Rise. Rise. Rise. Rise

If the original temptation is to destroy,
Is Surtr, the Flame that Will Consume the World, not my ancestor?

In my heart, the Flame Imperishable
A gift from the gods
But there is more to my flame
Then the futhark know

Only the three at the well may know

Fire Fire Fire Fire Fire Fire Ice Ice Ice Ice Ice Ice Ice

Beget I was of the Primordial Fire and Ice, composed I am of the Primordial Fire and Ice, to that I shall return Primordial Fire and Ice

Do I know how to make fire? Do I know how to feed it?
Do I know how to be still? Do I know how to survive?
Do I know how to tread the land? Do I know how to look inward?
Do I know how to smother? Do I know how to enliven?

Ansuz Kenaz Know Know Know. Ansuz Kenaz Know Know Know. Ansuz Kenaz Know Know Know.

Hail my Eternal Lineage
Hail the World Tree
Hail Primordial Fire and Ice

Runic Sorcery: Resist

by Lonnie Scott

Resist.

This is a loaded word all on its own. There is no magic required to hear this word and be moved to action. At the very least, inspiration will grip the heart and mind with imagined scenarios of Resistance.

Would you scream? Would you rage? Would you throw your fists in the face of your oppressor and yell, "No more, motherfucker!"?

The thought of resistance in itself is an act of rebellion against your own status quo. The normal is nothing more than the routine you've accepted.

Resist.

This can be a magical act. It must be a magical act. You're reclaiming your power. Your sovereignty is not a permanent force. It must be reclaimed from where it was taken, battered, torn down, or mindlessly dropped.

Runes carry power to move the mind to magical acts. They can unlock the power in The Field to achieve the goals you desperately seek. The Runes are letters from various alphabets that once dotted the Northern European landscape. The name Rune can be translated to mean mystery.

What more would you know?

The word Resist picked apart into individual letters can be spelled out with Runes. I use the Elder Futhark Rune set because they are both the oldest and most mysterious. Their meanings are reconstructed from younger Rune alphabets where scholars have more certainty. It's this mysterious anchor in the mists of time that I think lends the Elder Futhark more magical potential. It's also the Rune set that has been in wider Pagan, Heathen, and Magical use throughout the last century by popular rune writers in the new age and occult publishing world.

R is the Rune Raidho. Raidho is a journey. In order to Resist you must first take action. Get yourself moving in a better direction. You must do this at every level. Mental, emotional, physical and spiritual.

E is the Rune Ehwaz. This is a Horse. It's trust between two beings. One who needs to be carried by the other. It's a partnership. This can be friends who are there to help you break free from toxicity. This could be your spirit allies always ready to do more when you begin to recognize and honor their presence. Remember you are not alone. Reach out for help from your spirit allies. In an animistic world we are only as alone as we choose to be.

S is the Rune Sowilo. Sowilo is the Sun. It's life affirming victory. It's so important to your resistance that this powerful force is present twice. The Sun shines bright in your resistance so you may see your way clearly. It burns away obstacles and doubts. The Sun is your pathway to success.

I is the Rune Isa. Ice. It is very Interesting that Ice would be between two Suns. In Heathenry, the creation story begins with the collision of Fire and Ice in a great void pulsing with potential. Here you are standing still, cool, calm, between two worlds of fire. This is where you concentrate your will to achieve your goal. Resist. What does that mean to you? It's now that it must be clear. You're about to explode into a new creation.

S is once again the Rune Sowilo. Creation initiated. There is no turning back now.

T is the Rune Tiwaz. Tyr. A God in Heathen mythos that decided to do the hardest thing in order to protect all of the worlds from being consumed. He betrayed the trust of the great wolf Fenris.

The wolf he helped raise from a pup. He knew the cost would be heavy. The terms of the agreement meant he would lose his hand if he lied about the binding the other Gods would place on the Wolf. He did it anyway. He did it because it had to be done. His sacrifice was choosing what was right in the face of clear and imminent danger. The easy way would have been complacency. The outcome would've been the destruction of all the worlds. You must now grasp the power and fortitude of Tyr. Look to the Northern Star in your night sky. Allow it to pull you through the hardest part of your resistance. You must understand and accept that a real resistance will change you. Embrace the life you truly seek.

Resist broken down as individual Runes can be activated by chanting them. Use the Green Mushroom Project Sigil as your visual focal point. Begin chanting the Runes as you keep your vision locked on the Sigil. You can print the sigil out on paper, draw it, or carve it into an object. I recommend using a candle with the sigil carved into the wax. Let your eyes relax as you gaze into the flame and hold the sigil in your sight.

Chant Raidho, Ehwaz, Sowilo, Isa, Sowilo, Tiwaz. Your voice will find the tone that fuels the runes with magic. Experiment with the cadence. Seek out the beat that captures the energy of your desire to resist.

You can also unlock the power of the Runes through creating an alliterative charm. The alliteration style of poetry was common in Skaldic styles in Northern Europe. Kennings - a phrase that represents something or someone else - is also a very common method we know was used in the preconversion era of Heathenry. Alliteration will often include two or more words that begin with the same letter. An example would be Resist the Rotten. Kennings can be more fun and coded. An example of a kenning could be about anything. In mythology it might be something like rivers of dragon's fire which refers to Gold and sometimes Freyja's tears.

Consider how you could hide an important goal or tool of your resistance into a kenning so you may conceal it within your chant.

Utilize each individual Rune in your creation of the magical chant. Here is an example of how you can construct your own chant.

R - Resist the rotten, feet flashing forward, mind unlocked in motion
E - Heart, mind and soul eager to be rid of evil
S - Seeking, searching, opening the ways, snapping binds with sorcerous speech
I - Immediate, Inevitable, unchained, unbound
S - Sovereign Self soaring to success
T - Truth to self, manifested, total and complete

You can make your own chant as personal as you desire. I encourage you to take time in the construction so it resonates with your own resistance.

Resistance is not the easiest path to take. It is different for each one of us. You may need to break free from your religious upbringing. You might be stuck in toxic relationships. You may have succumbed to a routine that is sucking the life out of you. Your resistance is yours. Please dig deep and find the courage to embrace it.

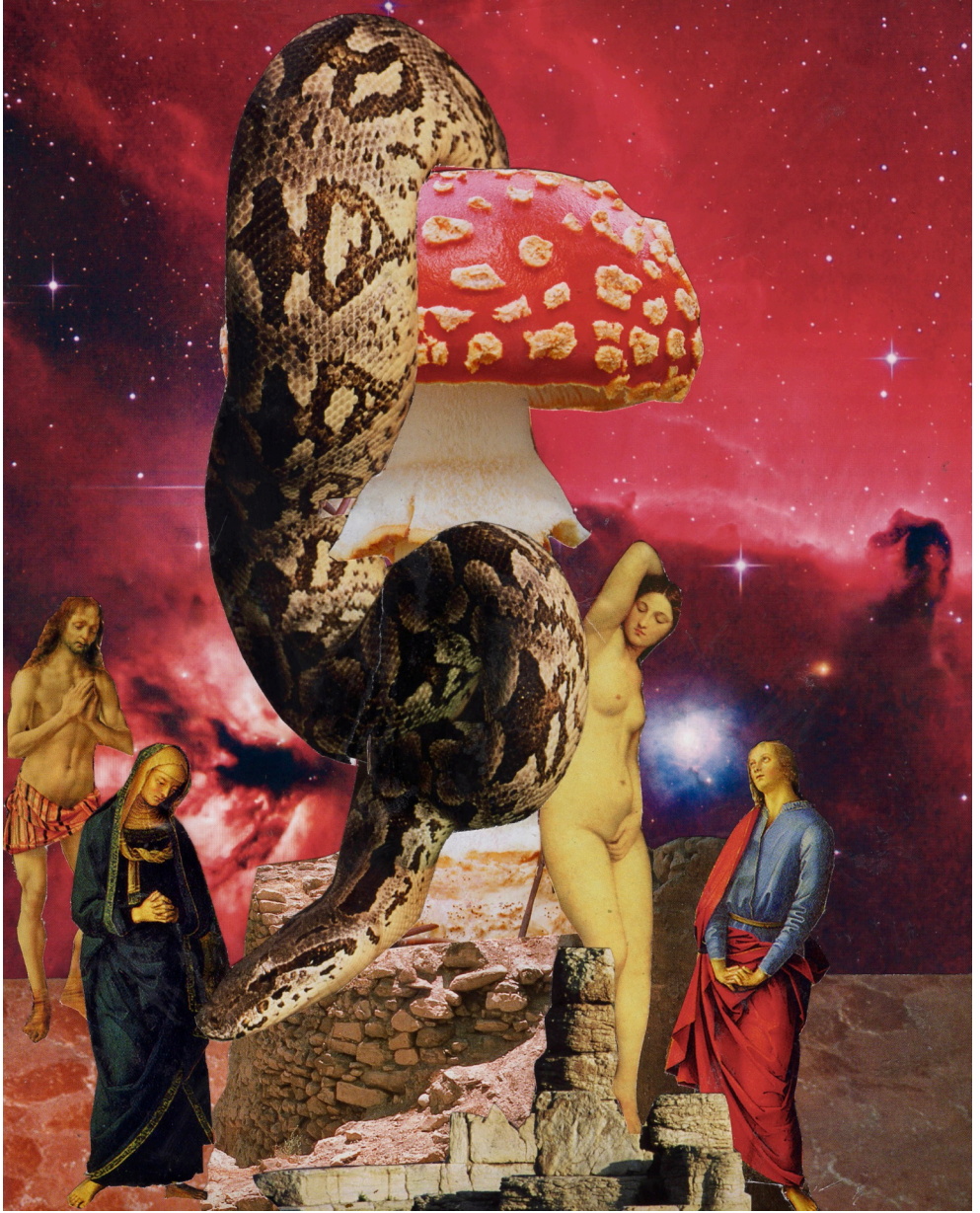
Resist.

The Psychonaut Engine

by Nox



The Serpent's Gift
by Nox



Empowerment of the Ark - an invocation for turbulent times

by Joy the Sporcereess

This ritual is the conjuration of a future memory, to assist in navigating unprecedented, dangerous, or what may feel like hopeless, times.

Gather a candle and a vessel of water and think of something you are grateful for. These will be your offerings. Light the candle, cast a circle, call in the directions, or whatever you normally do to begin important workings.

Hold that feeling of gratitude, and place the candle and water in front of you.

Recite the following:

I dedicate this gratitude to my past self, for having persevered and carried me here.
I dedicate the rejuvenating properties of water to my current self, who is taking action now.
I dedicate the guiding light of this candle to my future self, tasked with the unknown.

Take a deep breath and hold it for three beats.
Exhale slowly, then recite the following invocation:

Hear me, and bear witness!

In dark days, when the hours are too long, the tides pitch and churn, and no horizon can be seen,
when confusion and despair cast a hypnotic film over the earth like a seeping mold,
and humans seek to cleave themselves
from their reflections incarnate in all life;

when the River Lethe pours from our mouths
and into our mouths again and again,

I remember...
that I
am an Ark.

I carry within me, a host of precious treasures
that will spill forth and meet the days to come!

I am Synchronicity;
the substrate and the current of energetic union,
embodied in liminal flesh.

I am the divine, crested wave of Inspiration
that arises in the wake of necessity;
a currency that bridges mortals and gods.

I am the keening bard.
Oh, that my woe might become a beautiful, precious song of refuge,
when my fragile heart bears witness to loss and grief.

May it tempt the ear of the Void, and seduce new mysteries into Becoming,
so that I might know and love these ones, too.

I am the strong shoulders that bear the weight of Ambivalence;
a compression of muscle and sinew that patiently holds space
and time
for emergent properties to be birthed.

May these non-dual fruits deconstruct Urgency,
and save us from our own appetites.

I am the oscillating Serpent, both Medicine and Poison,
manifest in this moment to bring balance.

May my existence be a mirror and a reminder
that without context and care,
monsters and heroes may be one and the same.

I am the endless Well;
a deep aquifer that cannot be drained or poisoned or destroyed.
From it, I conjure my will and drink deeply.
From it, I quench those who are parched and restless.

When invisible tidal waves of disruption and catastrophe uproot and unhinge,
and all must become movement;

when the clouds betray the sky
and the sun and earth appear to have fallen out of love
with one another,

I remember...
that I
am an Ark.

Hear me, and bear witness!

For I carry within me, a host of precious treasures
that will spill forth and meet the days to come!

Afterword:

Once you have performed the recitation, blow out the candle, drink the water, and bask in all that
you are.

July 2022

Dedicated to all who will, and have been, birthed into this world after me.

SINE WAVE SERPENTS

∴ Meditation Journal Aug. 21st, 2022

by ∴ *Revel. Keats Rosz*

I Am The Uncanny Valley.

Sitting in a porcelain tub, knees to my chin; the temperature, needles and pins, hard-flush shower water punches my skin. I slither on the tub floor, I recalibrate. I finally seem to have my crooked spine aligned with gush, and not drowning in the osmosis - the deluge seems to spawn water fingers to plug my facial sockets when my placement is askew. A not so gentle reminder that a dipped hip can mean a watery nap. This element cares not. And that's exactly why I chose it.

Finally, a courtesy of stiffened equilibrium is awarded. A concert of bone and liquid: the boned membraned of pellet-like pitter-patter water that sirens a compress of blood to patchwork rush now allows me a coagulated endoskeleton. As above temperature, so below skin.

My eyelids are orange hued spectacles; my bad bat-vision can parse spasms of the coveted purple tetrahedrons that conjure after teslacoil spurts. I focus, I transfix on the terraformed orange and allow the purple schisms to collate in the periphery. This relaxes me, as jonesing for the coils will not allow me to dance in the psychic dirt.

I am not comfortable; naked with porcelain skuffed bones. I find a distraction in the purple animations, and my care of comfort is hushed quickly and snuffed out. Everything is a tithe now.

Taxidermied, stymied and static, allowing the loudness of this shower head above to loom like a snake coughing the river. I am still.

In this plastered crouch I feel the blood beneath my thin skin break, as if every cell was a levy holding back heartache. I remain in pain. I am constant.

The purple tetrahedrons begin to echo. The prisms seem to react to my lidded pupils; I can now flash prisms of where I am at, the barrage of elements abound, the loud, loud sound, they drip below the hedrons as if they are photoshop layers. Sans purpose, the wash of discomfort and somatic awkwardness to dissolve. I am finally here, or there. Neither either or...

The schematics of the tetrahedrons skeleton an orb around me. The hedron is my craft across these murky modes, the ship needed to transdimensionally rift through the planes. I now see the sheen of solid purple turn into a faint pink, as if it became a translucent, fleshy window. And it encases me as if it were an embryonic sack holding my spectral fetus in a ghostly womb. I begin to float.

This pink sack of gelatin fuss lifts me through the bathroom ceiling, through the upstairs neighbors' living room. I see them circled around the floor, laughing, passing around a tequila bottle amongst the rhythmic bumps of some haughty spotify playlist. I smirk because even in this translucent lift I still judge.

I keep raising, through their attic, the amount of boxes with parents handwriting surprises me as I float up through the ceiling and into the cobalt evening atmosphere above. I look down, there is my street, there is my car, like a neon satellite picture of ghostly movements on a static city block. My ghostly toes tremble. I recall my newly found fear of heights as I reach a height where only the curvature of the earth is viewed in a sun kissed hue.

I breathe and channel a purple snake forward, slithering from my stratospheric embryonic bubble into the setting sun ahead, forever forward. I turn my head behind me, to the east, I stare an electric sine wave backwards, forever backwards. This is my axis of time.

I raise my left hand and reach outwards, forever, warping into the space beyond the hues, into the unknown. I raise my right hand and reach outwards, forever, warping into a forever distant white dot far beyond the earth below. This is my axis of self. These coordinates of sine wave snakes,

forever punching out into each sector of the abyss, gyrate my bubble, as my grey ghost finds footing. I recall this was the key to unlock an exit above.

As I turn my head upwards, I see a luminous bloodwood tree, with its radiant red blood beginning to fill my sphere, gushing around my floating specter. I recall that this transmutation of blood is the only way through. I focus on the tree and its array of lush hyacinths and marigolds, like beacons of a flight path, and they begin to beat between light and dark in a heart rhythm. As the bloodwood blood reaches my chin I am already in a blood balloon, suspended yet anchored by sine wave serpents reaching out in every direction far above the earth, I submerge and take a deep breath to plunge upward.

I feel a web of treelike roots. My hand is but a shadow, a silhouette of negative space. I pull myself up onto a green terrain as I hear the infinite sounds of fluttering bugs and distant bird caws. Akin to night in a summer swamp, yet this place is beyond the sun.

I lay at the bottom of the tree and look up, the bloodwood drips orange and purple pedals in an endless autumnal swing. Everything is both lush and devoid here. As I look back where I pulled myself out of, I see a large fluttering blue eye with a dark ring around the electric iris. Its pupil seems to be an endless hole that drains the rushing water of the iris. I then see a golden tear where I was birthed out of. This is my left eye. And my entrance was the golden mark that I have had since birth.

As I stand, I look to my feet, still, I am a shadow, but there are fluttering lights in my forearms, as if my silhouette was encased with distant galaxies and beady stars. I look over my left shoulder, and see the echo of my shadow 3 times over in distinct ghosts. They repeat my movements, delayed, in a syncopated fashion, like a cave echo, and the bright burning nebulas in the chests of each ghost grow dimmer and dimmer down the line, except for the fifth. The fifth ghost is still, its shadowed head now turned to me, and its solar plexus filled with a solar system, bright, burning and reverberating as if it were calling to me.

This is the echoed self of the past, five years ago, still resonating deep and heavy. I inspect the other three shadow silhouettes and see those burning nebulas grow fainter and fainter in each. The ghost next to me, exponentially dim, and crumbling in static. My ghost is not as dim. I feel hope. I stare at the static ghost to my left, and begin to crumble. I feel regret. I feel loss. I reach out to his hand with the knowledge of his impending death. He crumbles into a whisper and in a wind gust wash its detritus into me. I do this in sequence with the next two.

The fifth ghost remains still, beating a brighter light with each sacrificial ghost. I feel brighter, but I also feel an ethereal bittersweet, an emotion that is not unlike every memory and every wish and every regret into a primordial emotion. I look up to the bloodwood tree, its careening branches and endless pedals, with pockets of light emanating from 9 spheres in a hierarchy of harrowing branches. I have been through before, never to the top, but through most. I wish to return. But the fifth ghost knows my haste and reminds me of the sine wave serpents suspending this place of 9 universes.

I recall the spheres in stuttered film scenes. The sphere of permanent growth, a loud breathing forest that engulfs in mountains of insects and ivy. The bright place, a white desert with a solitary man forever shooting out light from his screaming mouth. The warm place, the skull mother house, the apathy of nothingness. He is dismayed at my impatience. I feel ashamed. He places his hand on my chest, syncopating our twin galaxies, and in a hush he dissipates into television static and blanks into a flash of black nothing.

I return to the iris pool of my birthmarked right eye.

I am sitting in the shower, drowned in its watery sound. I begin to cry but the tears are interlocked with the trails of water.

Is this what a baptism feels like?

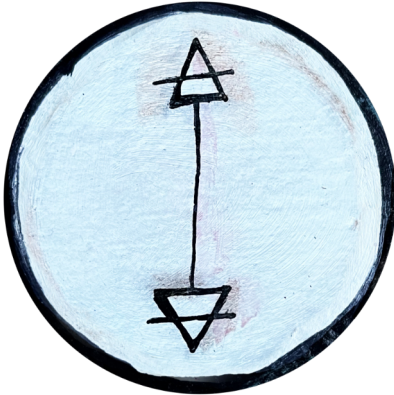
Sigils

by Mothball Spook



"Healing" - depicts Source energy as the larger star and the Self as the smaller star.

The circle bonds together the broken connection between both.



"Good Judgement" - creates a direct path between Air and Earth, allowing intellect to intervene directly with our most solid, stubborn form.



"Wholeness in Self" - shows Source energy as the larger star and the Self as the smaller star.

The Sun represents the parts of ourselves that we recognize.

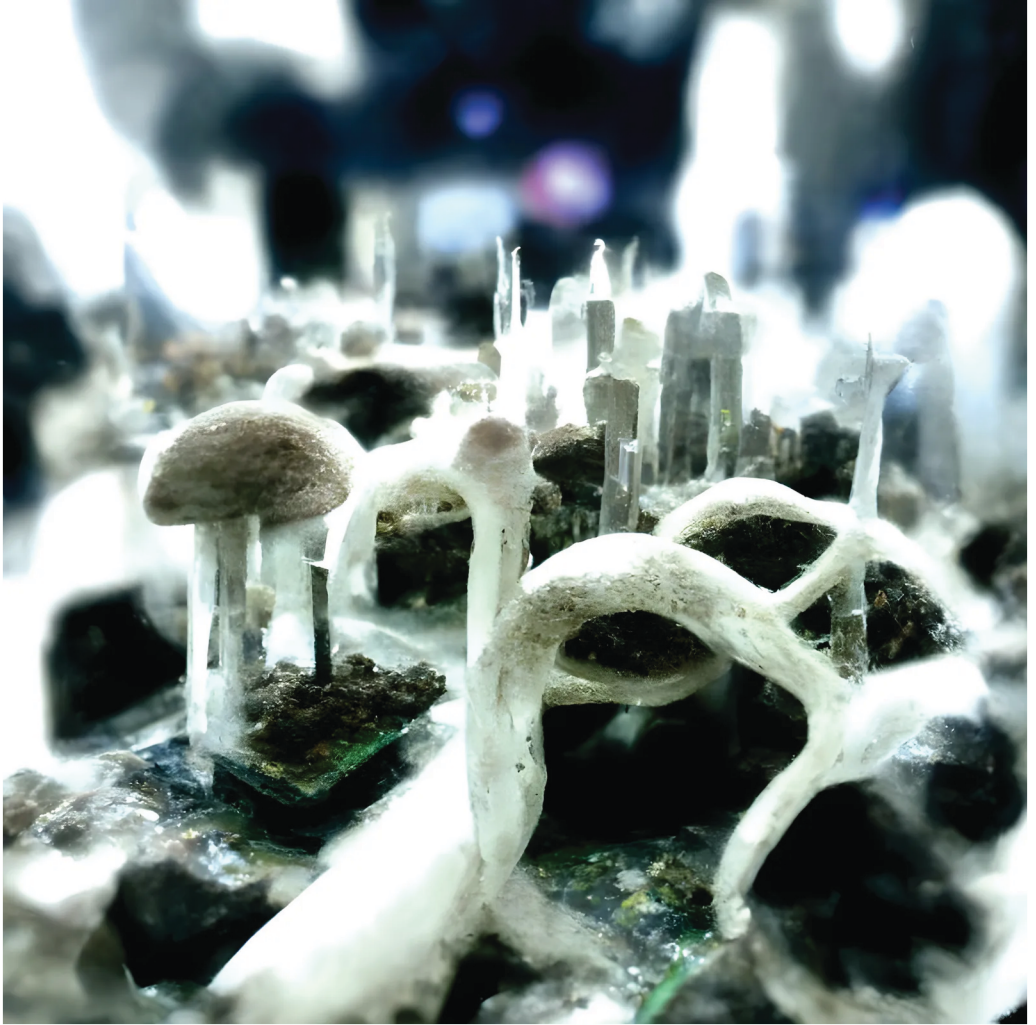
The Moon represents the parts of ourselves still hidden.

The symbol is an equation combining and balancing both sides back into the energy path from Source to our Self.

Fear Not
by @swarm_of_bats



Mycelial City
by Arspex and NightCafe



Untitled

by TrashBaby and Dr. ColdFinger



Untitled (mixed media on paper)

by DZL



Creatures in the Mirror

by Sally Fourth

I'd like the real thing or nothing at all,
substitutions seldom satisfy.

Keep your plastic trash and surface sheen,
miss me with your mass produced simulacra

I want the feeling of a hand
as it slides into a glove
the crispness and wax
of a bitten lemon

the embrace of firm arms
after work hard won
the reassurance of steady ground.

Don't try to sell me quicksand
and shug when things start to sink.

I'll always find my way to understandings.

To see what manner of creature you are,
I'd unfold your mind and
exuviate your exterior,
then crack the bones of these dissections
to sample their marrow for depth.

All will become clear
in the courses of these investigations,
patterns coalescing in bright phosphorescence
until shapes can be traced and vectors measured.

I want to slip below the surface of the dream you
spin
like a scalpel between layers of flesh
like honey sliding into tea-

the viscosity of the moment
when synchronicity strikes
like many hands clapping

Give me the real thing or keep it all.

I'd rather unzip my chest
and peel back ribs to expose a fiery heart
than dance in the disguise
of flattery and invisible couture.

I want the real thing-

fuck your labels, ranks
and other
assorted
arbitrary
appellations.

For requests of unearned adulation
I feel only contempt.

I want the real thing.
I know the taste of it,
it's savor and its sweetness-

substitutions do not satisfy.



Resist.

Resist by maintaining Sovereignty of the Self.

Resist by maintaining Love of the Self.

Resist by maintaining fierce Loyalty
to Love and Pleasure.

Resist with acts of Radical Kindness.

Focus on the Path to Better Times.

FUCK YEAH.

