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Cinnamon Twist at Apt. 4D, quadrant 1323 of the
Vortex Club, to the pulse of Thee Infinite Beat. All
Rites Reversed!



DREAMVISION

A few of us, lost, wandering amid the arctic wastes; between, a dazzling light; our bodies begin to unwind, uncurl, uncoil; tendrils sprout from out of our skins, vines leap across the spaces that divide us, lianas trailing flaming flowers erupt from our lips and limbs and eyes and ears and intertwine, exploding into cascades of verdant light, our kisses, whispers and intermingled bodies a webwork tangle of echo-dreams lush heat of abandon our hearts radiate and harmonize through the unfurling-meshing of our breathing weaving skeins of skin in primaeval thickets rampant wild love — we return to the rainforests the hybrid mutant jangle of their jungle songs melts our defenses everglades of life within us we are as seeds of a new unfolding, we become flowerbeds for a new form of life that thrives on the dissolution of moats and morals, towers, turrets, and corrals, sowing higher deeper ever wider more multiform and richer orders of vegetative chaos blossoms up towards the sunlight down to the deepest wells of pain waiting to be released and unfrozen, to flow free once more towards a new beginning and all the convulsive beauty to be.



DONUT INDEFINITIONS

TRIBAL DONUT IS MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER AVANT-GARDE DELICACY; MORE THAN ONE MORE MERE HIP COUNTERCULTURAL MUNCHIE; MORE THAN YET ANOTHER WOULD-BE SUBVERSIVE DESERT... Or so it would like to think!

The Tribal Donut is NOT A MAGAZINE/NOT A ROCK BAND/NOT A PLACE/ NOT A BELIEF-SYSTEM/NOT EVEN AN EVENT-HORIZON

Well ... it *may* sometimes manifest itself as a band, in either common senses of the word, but, to be *less* precise, it's more like a **BAND-WIDTH**, a frequency, *current* or **VORTEX** of energy that can be

**TAPPED BUT NOT TRAPPED;
CHANNELLED BUT NOT DIRECTED;
CO-CREATED, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME,
BY ANYONE,
BUT NOT CONTROLLED**

OK, so it is another goofy name, the latest in the zoo of surrealist neologisms; only this one wants to let them all out of the cages of their habit-induced somnolence, and see them wander across town sowing Fortian Fnords on everybody's dinnertable...

Tribal Donut is, after all, just a phrase, a name pulled out of someone's babbling sleep in the grand tradition of anti-traditions.

Like every name, it concocts an illusory something out of nothing; and like every name it reveals a pattern that was present but hidden, waiting to be unfolded.

(ACTUALLY, IT'S MORE LIKE A WAY OF MAKING WHAT WE'D BE DOING ANYWAY SEEM SOMEHOW MORE SIGNIFICANT.)

Tribal Donut could be said, though, to resemble a kind of chaotic archetype, an archaopteryx of tomorrow's fast unfolding never-never land;

...indeed, a close relative of the Sacred Chao...

Either way, it REASSEMBLES THAT WHICH IS DISMEMBERED, RE-MEMBERING THE FUTURE WITH THE LONG-LOST PAST; IT ASSEMBLES THE DISSIMILAR & RESEMBLES NOTHING SO MUCH AS ITSELF IN AN ALTERED STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS; all the while performing holotropic hiccups on its own morphogenetic migraines; predicated on its unpredictability, & avail-

able to those **OPEN** to it, it may be **EVOKED & EVEN INVOKED BUT NEITHER DEFINED NOR DESCRIBED**;

...AUTOPOETIC, SELF-DEFINING, BIFURCATINGLY BI-SEXUAL WITH ITS OWN ANDROGYNOUS IDENTITY, it dreams of the eternal TAZ but knows that too would be futile and rather boring; in the meantime, deviance, mutation and transmutation travel in its wake...

DANCING WITH ITS OWN OTHERNESS, IT CIRCULATES POLARITIES & ANIMATES FROZEN ANTINOMIES; IT TAKES THE POSITIVE FOR NEGATIVE, THE NEGATIVE FOR POSITIVE, NOTHING FOR GRANTED AND EVERYTHING FOR EVERYTHING ELSE.

THERE IS NO DONUTISM...

...ONLY THE MOMENTARY MUTATING EXTRUSIONS OF THE EVER-SHIFTING MULTI-DIMENSIONAL SELF-CREATING SELF-DESTROYING SELF-HUMORING COSMIC MEGAMEKKA-META DONUT (tribal flavor, thank you).

Its membrane is permeable but selective; it thrives neither on inclusion nor exclusion but on discernment, the cultivation of a certain quality of presence (& PLEASE don't ask me to be more specific!)...

Tribal Donut—somewhere between dolphin pod, sufi *halka*, magickal circle...without gurus or masters, or rather, where anyone & anything can be a source of revelation; where each of us is both student and teacher to each other at different times; where the formal initiatic hierarchy is dissolved into a movement of learning from one another and from life.

No program, no predefined goal, no rules: call it a kind of experiment in kaos magick.

A signal surfacing in the cracks of your so-called waking world, a blip of that way rad akashic musick-video you glimpsed yourself in in your wildest, most luminescent lucid dreams...

A psychick postcard from the city on the edge of forever, beamed out on the pulse of Love to tomorrow's friends...

Simple premise: **Nobody is going to create your utopia for you.** (Sidestepping here the aspect of Utopia as dead perfection.) Do It Yourself. It may be small, it may be fragmentary, it may be evanescent, and the going may not be very easy, but what else is there to do? What are we here for anyway?

Finished listing excuses for why things are the way they are, after all the obstacles and inertia and "forces of oppression," there remains a fundamental openness waiting to find channels through which it can remake itself/ be remade... Count up the untold horrors and pains and ugliness wrought by domesticated primates on each other & their world; try to change it: struggle, yes—but do you really know what it is you're up against, & just how deep it

runs? & while you're at it, please spare us the hidden agendas behind your shrivelled notions of 'the Social'... And if it all happened that way, doesn't it impress on us a certain duty to somehow make all that surfeit of suffering worthwhile? Maybe to truly take responsibility for your own life—as opposed to taking on the weight of the world when you can't even clean up after your own mess, 'internal' or 'external'—is to see that really there's nothing pre-set; so assume your freedom, go out **AND PLAY**.

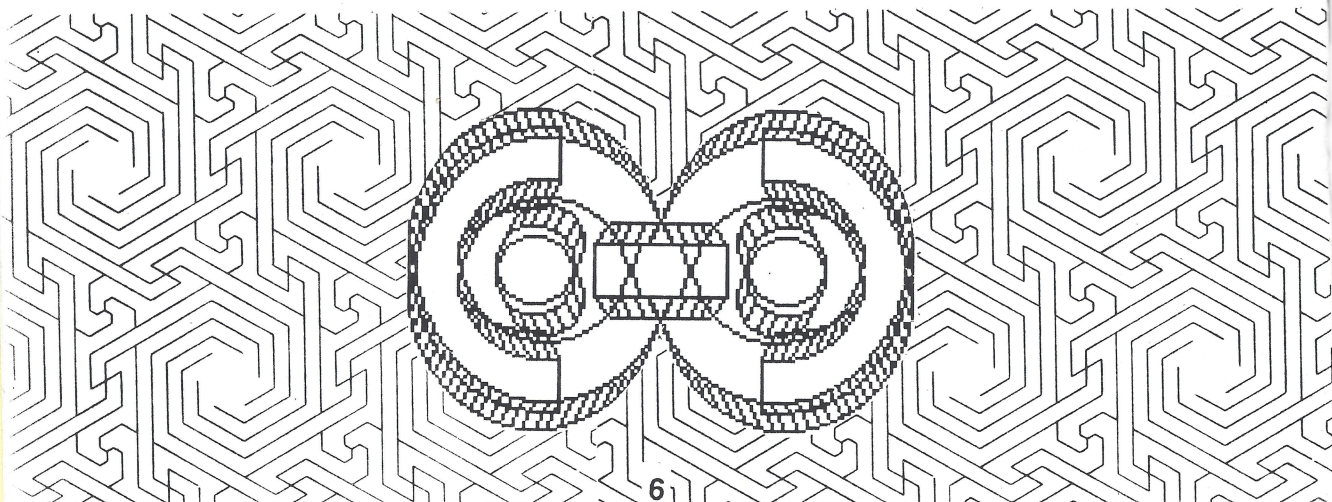
And why not create something as radically different as possible from all the dismal and abusive routines of civilization while you're at it...???

Another starting point: that abandonment, on any scale, of the basic patterns of “domesticated primate” behavior—dominance/submission, competition/war—is impossible without the corresponding activation of “post-terrestrial circuits” of consciousness. To put it another way, there exists an array of linkages, often subtle and indirect but nonetheless pervasive and powerful, between the control of behavior and expression (coercion in all its forms) and the constriction of consciousness, of its potentialities. Goes without saying that understanding this nexus of control is impossible without undoing it, & vice-versa.

Yes, Tribal Donut has put in its time foraging amongst magnetic fields & subcult shoals, scavenging the junkyards of esoteric & radical currents for the nutrients that will carry us on our long haul back home; all of them, perhaps, less influences than dim & splintered echoes drifting downstream from that big confluence near the sea... So apologies to those who have trouble following this unruly polyglot babble... we're not here to exhort or convert but to connect & convoke with those other mutant pods & molecules & free-radicals scattered around out there trying like ourselves to remember the future, ...

...& the coastal shelf drops off soon, from there it's out to sea, time to unwind our cocoons/shapeshift back into our primaevial space-time-travelling cetacean forms, to swim once again in the oceanic abysses that include the stars...

See you there?

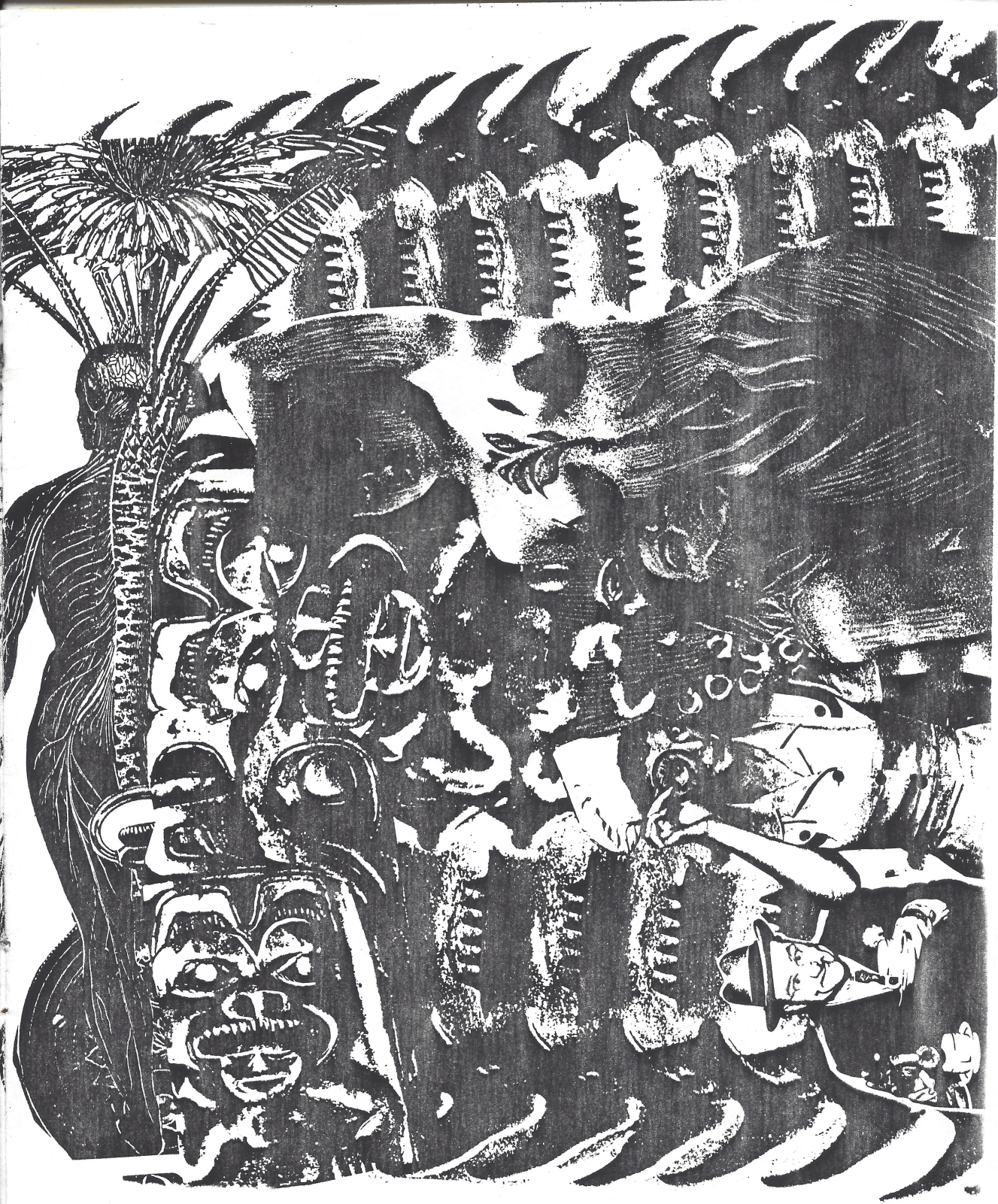


But of all the folks that mixed up
I cannot forget the graces
Of the Little Doughnut Girl.



... too soon
and not a moment

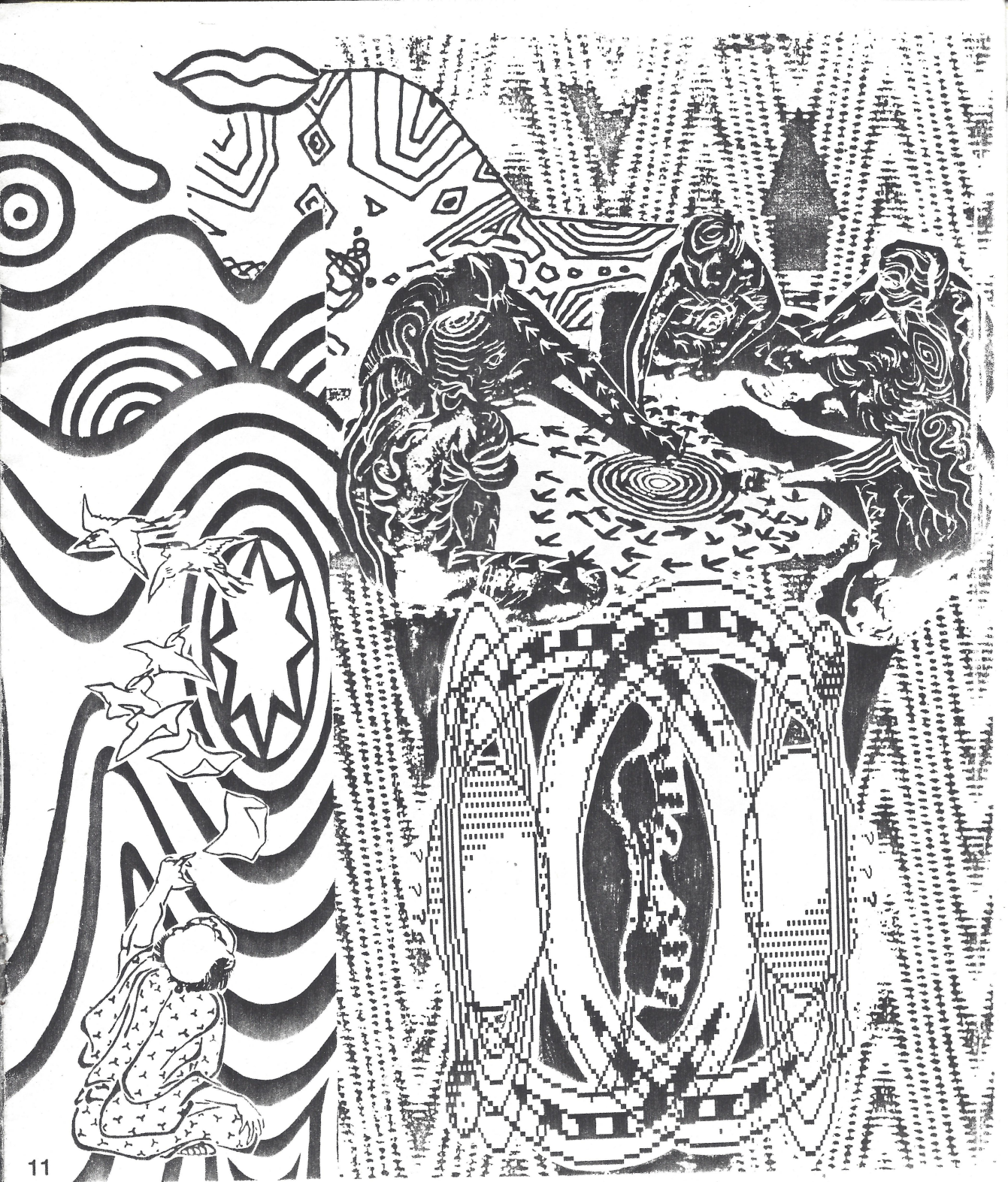




THE ONLY TWO THINGS
WORTH DOING IN LIFE:
ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE
AND NOT DOING IT.



I believe that a new philosophy will be created by those who were born after Hiroshima which will dramatically change the human condition. It will have the following characteristics: (1) It will be scientific in essence and science-fiction in style. (2) It will be based on the expansion of consciousness, understanding and control of the nervous system, and will produce a quantum leap in intellectual efficiency and authority, a live-and-let-live tolerance of difference, local option and a mind-your-own-business libertarianism. (3) Politically it will stress individualism, decentralization and a more honest, realistic acceptance of both the equality of and the magnetic difference between the sexes. The mythic religious symbol will not be a man on a cross but a man-woman pair united in higher love communion. (5) It will seek revelation and Higher Intelligence not in formal rituals addressed to an anthropomorphic deity, but within natural processes, the nervous system, the genetic code, and, without, in attempts to effect extra-planetary communication. (6) It will include practical, technical neurology-psychology procedures for understanding and managing the intimations of union-immortality implicit in the dying process. (7) The emotional tone of the new philosophy will be hedonic, aesthetic, fearless, optimistic, loving. We are now experiencing a quiescent preparatory waiting period. Everyone knows that something is going to happen. The seeds of the Sixties have taken root underground. The blossoming is to come.



HERE WE GO, MEN--MY LATEST ADVENTURE INTO THE SECRETS OF PROFESSOR XAVIER'S MIND MACHINES! IN THE DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH, HE INTRODUCED ME TO THEIR FANTASTIC POWERS, AND THIS IS AMONG THE MIGHTIEST!

VERILY, A MECHANISM THAT, THRU MENTAL COMMANDS ALONE, CAN TRANSMUTE YOUR OWN MATTER INTO RADIO ENERGY! ONCE CONQUERED, THAT DEVICE CAN RADIO YOUR ESSENCE INTO DEEPEST SPACE!

BUT ANYTHING WITH THAT MUCH POWER MUST BE CAREFULLY APPROACHED! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY YOU COULD CONDUCT THE FIRST EXPERIMENTS WITHOUT USING YOURSELF AS THE SUBJECT!

THERE IS NO WAY-- WE ALL KNOW THAT! NO LAB ANIMAL HAS THE DEVELOPED BRAIN FOR IT! IN FACT, ONLY A MUTANT WITH EXPANDED CEREBRAL POWERS LIKE MYSELF CAN EVEN DARE IT! DON'T WORRY, SCOTT-- I'LL BE SUPER CAREFUL!





Magicians, especially since the Gnostic and the Quabala influences, have sought higher consciousness through the assimilation and control of universal opposites--good/evil, positive/negative, male/female, etc. But due to the steadfast pomposity of ritualism inherited from the ancient methods of the shaman, occultists have been blinded to what is perhaps the two most important pairs of apparent or earth-plane opposites: ORDER/DISORDER and SERIOUS/HUMOROUS.

Magicians, and their progeny the scientists, have always taken themselves and their subject in an orderly and sober manner, thereby disregarding an essential metaphysical balance. When magicians learn to approach philosophy as a malleable art instead of an immutable Truth, and learn to appreciate the absurdity of man's endeavours, then they will be able to pursue their art with a lighter heart, and perhaps gain a clearer understanding of it, and therefore gain more effective magic. CHAOS IS ENERGY.

This is an essential challenge to the basic concepts of all western occult thought, and POEE is humbly pleased to offer the first major breakthrough in occultism since Solomon.



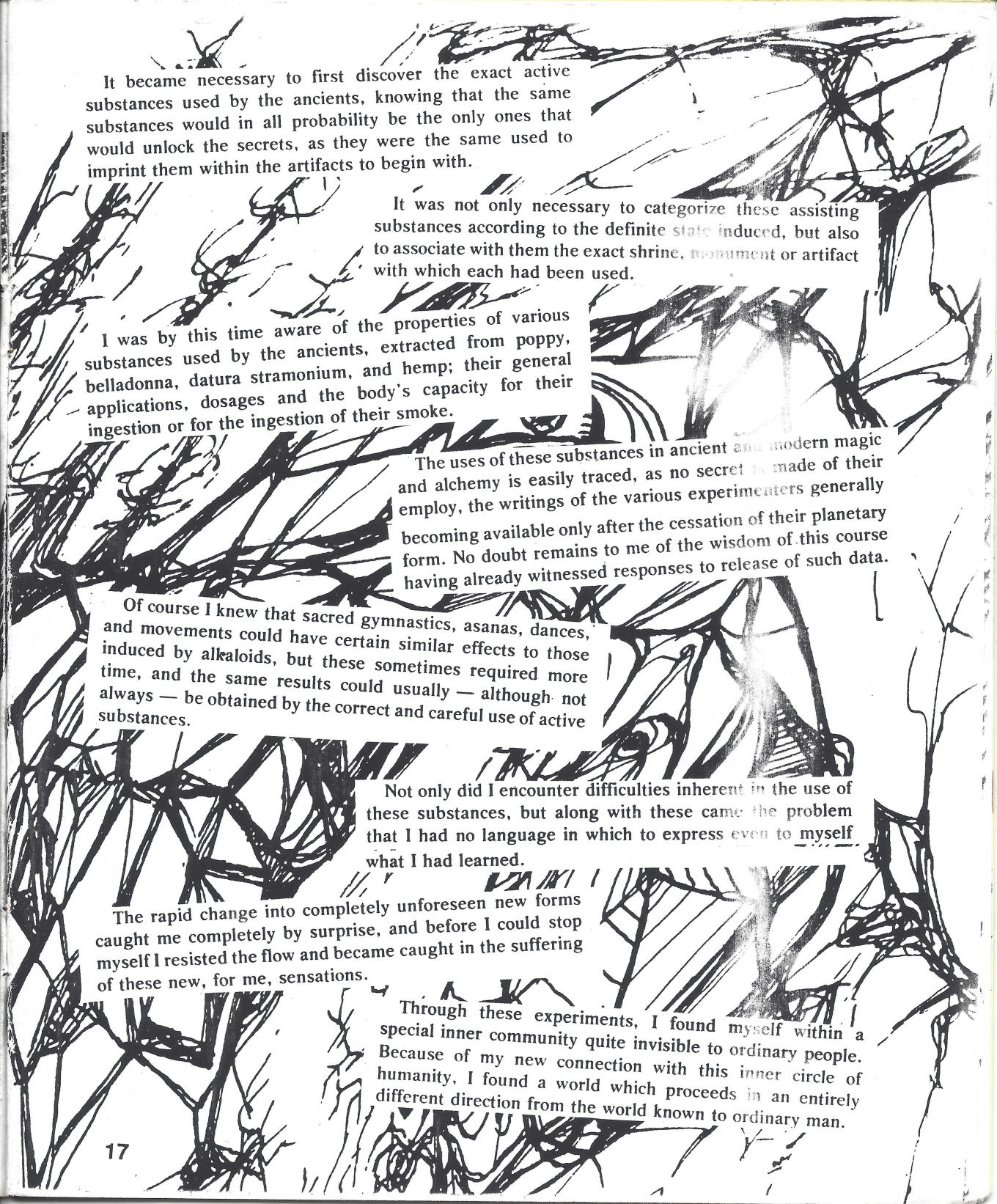
MR. GIBSON ON ALKALOIDS

I understood that all religions no matter what their current form, had in the beginning the same founding cause and underlying factor — all stemming from one source which has kept itself hidden, but which issues periodically the means for the formation of new religions as they become necessary for the outer life of people and which serves as a guiding factor for the world at that time in history.

Even though accompanying "assisting factors" — incense, perfume, oils and powders — are perpetuated by existing religions, the use of active substances which serve to bypass the false emotional and intellectual centers has been suppressed. It was clear to me that in order to elevate the centers without false emotions, it would be necessary to avail myself of certain substances so contemptible and fearsome to modern man — although substances for the submergence of real and objective impressions and the activation of the mentating center are approved by him — for medical reasons only — and of the said approved pharmacology almost every contemporary being existing in the western world now partakes without understanding that these also are drugs. In accepting that these assisting substances were necessary to my aim, I resolved insofar as possible to keep such activities secret.

I had read somewhere or other about a sacred drink used in the Eleusinian Mysteries — and knew also of the inhalation of a special smoke used in the Delphic Mysteries. The use of these substances became imperative for me to personally elucidate. For this purpose it was impossible to ask anyone else about the subjective or objective nature of their own conclusions just because I had no way of determining impartially their real powers of objectivity in relation to experiments conducted by themselves upon themselves. In short, it became necessary to enact the anciently respected custom of performing experiments upon myself as the only available candidate who could be both subjective and objective and upon whose testimony I could determine exact reliability. That is to say, I was as a result of the need aroused by this aim of conducting self-experimentation both subjective and objective, forced to exterminate in myself all tendency to lie to myself about anything whatever.





It became necessary to first discover the exact active substances used by the ancients, knowing that the same substances would in all probability be the only ones that would unlock the secrets, as they were the same used to imprint them within the artifacts to begin with.

It was not only necessary to categorize these assisting substances according to the definite state induced, but also to associate with them the exact shrine, monument or artifact with which each had been used.

I was by this time aware of the properties of various substances used by the ancients, extracted from poppy, belladonna, datura stramonium, and hemp; their general applications, dosages and the body's capacity for their ingestion or for the ingestion of their smoke.

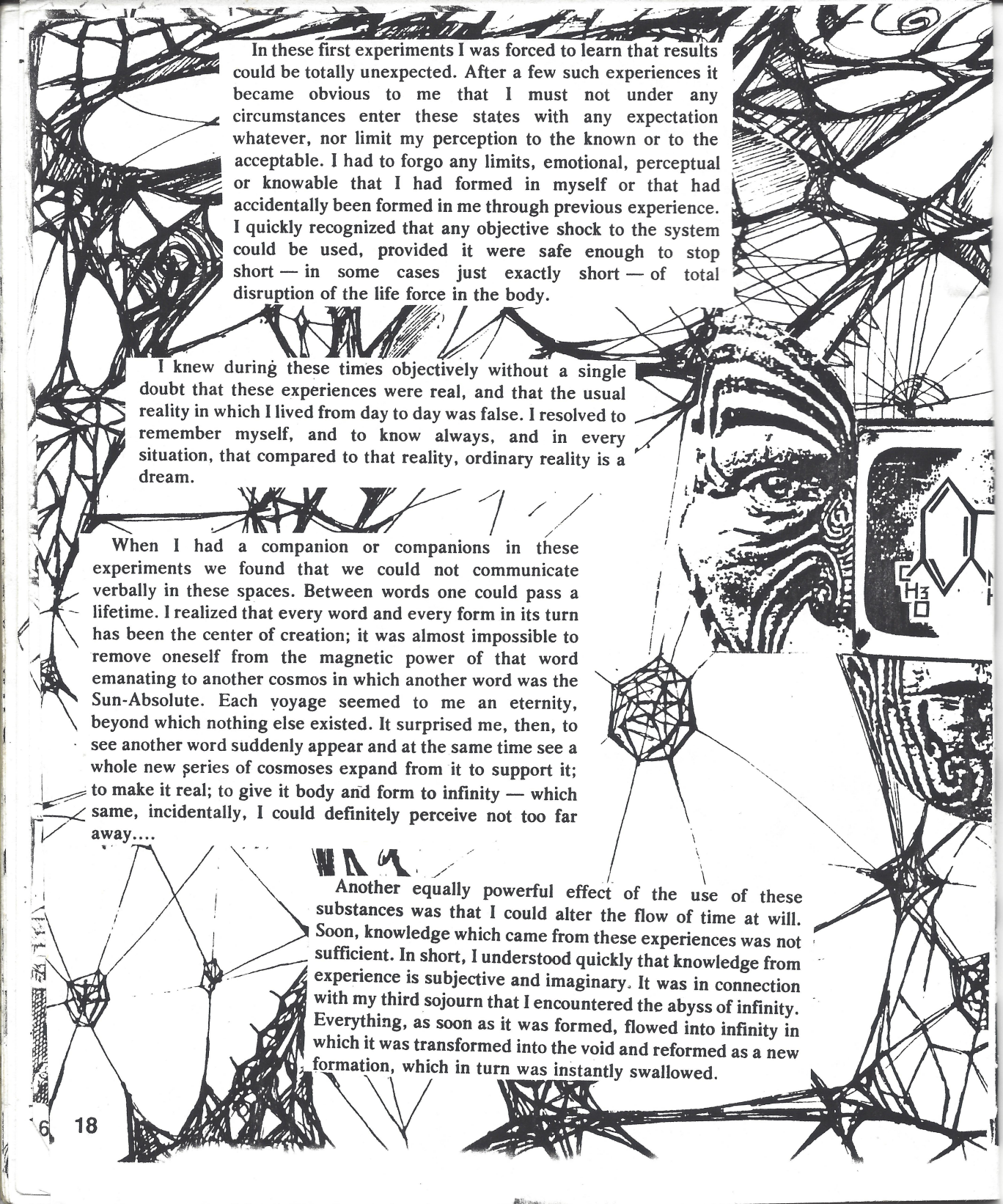
The uses of these substances in ancient and modern magic and alchemy is easily traced, as no secret is made of their employ, the writings of the various experimenters generally becoming available only after the cessation of their planetary form. No doubt remains to me of the wisdom of this course having already witnessed responses to release of such data.

Of course I knew that sacred gymnastics, asanas, dances, and movements could have certain similar effects to those induced by alkaloids, but these sometimes required more time, and the same results could usually — although not always — be obtained by the correct and careful use of active substances.

Not only did I encounter difficulties inherent in the use of these substances, but along with these came the problem that I had no language in which to express even to myself what I had learned.

The rapid change into completely unforeseen new forms caught me completely by surprise, and before I could stop myself I resisted the flow and became caught in the suffering of these new, for me, sensations.

Through these experiments, I found myself within a special inner community quite invisible to ordinary people. Because of my new connection with this inner circle of humanity, I found a world which proceeds in an entirely different direction from the world known to ordinary man.




In these first experiments I was forced to learn that results could be totally unexpected. After a few such experiences it became obvious to me that I must not under any circumstances enter these states with any expectation whatever, nor limit my perception to the known or to the acceptable. I had to forgo any limits, emotional, perceptual or knowable that I had formed in myself or that had accidentally been formed in me through previous experience. I quickly recognized that any objective shock to the system could be used, provided it were safe enough to stop short — in some cases just exactly short — of total disruption of the life force in the body.

I knew during these times objectively without a single doubt that these experiences were real, and that the usual reality in which I lived from day to day was false. I resolved to remember myself, and to know always, and in every situation, that compared to that reality, ordinary reality is a dream.

When I had a companion or companions in these experiments we found that we could not communicate verbally in these spaces. Between words one could pass a lifetime. I realized that every word and every form in its turn has been the center of creation; it was almost impossible to remove oneself from the magnetic power of that word emanating to another cosmos in which another word was the Sun-Absolute. Each voyage seemed to me an eternity, beyond which nothing else existed. It surprised me, then, to see another word suddenly appear and at the same time see a whole new series of cosmoses expand from it to support it; to make it real; to give it body and form to infinity — which same, incidentally, I could definitely perceive not too far away....

Another equally powerful effect of the use of these substances was that I could alter the flow of time at will. Soon, knowledge which came from these experiences was not sufficient. In short, I understood quickly that knowledge from experience is subjective and imaginary. It was in connection with my third sojourn that I encountered the abyss of infinity. Everything, as soon as it was formed, flowed into infinity in which it was transformed into the void and reformed as a new formation, which in turn was instantly swallowed.



I felt instant terror, and leaped up feeling at the same time that walking was impossible, as there was nothing upon which to stand. The abyss withdrew with a chuckling sound, making me wonder who was behind all the realities.

I came to realize that it would be impossible to move beyond my present understanding without crossing that abyss, and so resolved to allow myself to be drawn through it to the other side. A death was required for each resurrection.

Coming back through the now familiar world of triads which in their absolute simplicity make up all forms of complexity, I discovered placed within the dream of ordinary life certain "landmarks" which I could now see quite clearly for the first time, and which I knew I would have to visit in order to obtain from them the knowledge which had been placed in the crystallized world for safe-keeping.

It was in this way that I constated to myself that in the world there were forms which were "Holders of Knowledge" which could be tapped intentionally, if I only knew how to release them. But I also knew that these were not remembered by modern civilizations, and that in order to locate them and read them it was necessary to somehow obtain a map of the ancient world which contained an accurate description and location of the anciently existing monuments, artifacts and shrines.

I saw also through the medium of this giant dolmen a geometric form deep within it, which formed a sphere with nine planes intersecting it at intervals. These planes continually folded in on each other and on themselves, creating the effect of a lotus collapsing inward upon itself. I understood at once that this was the form of the living world, and that should I somehow prematurely penetrate beyond this formation, it would cause my annihilation just as surely as would absorption into infinity.



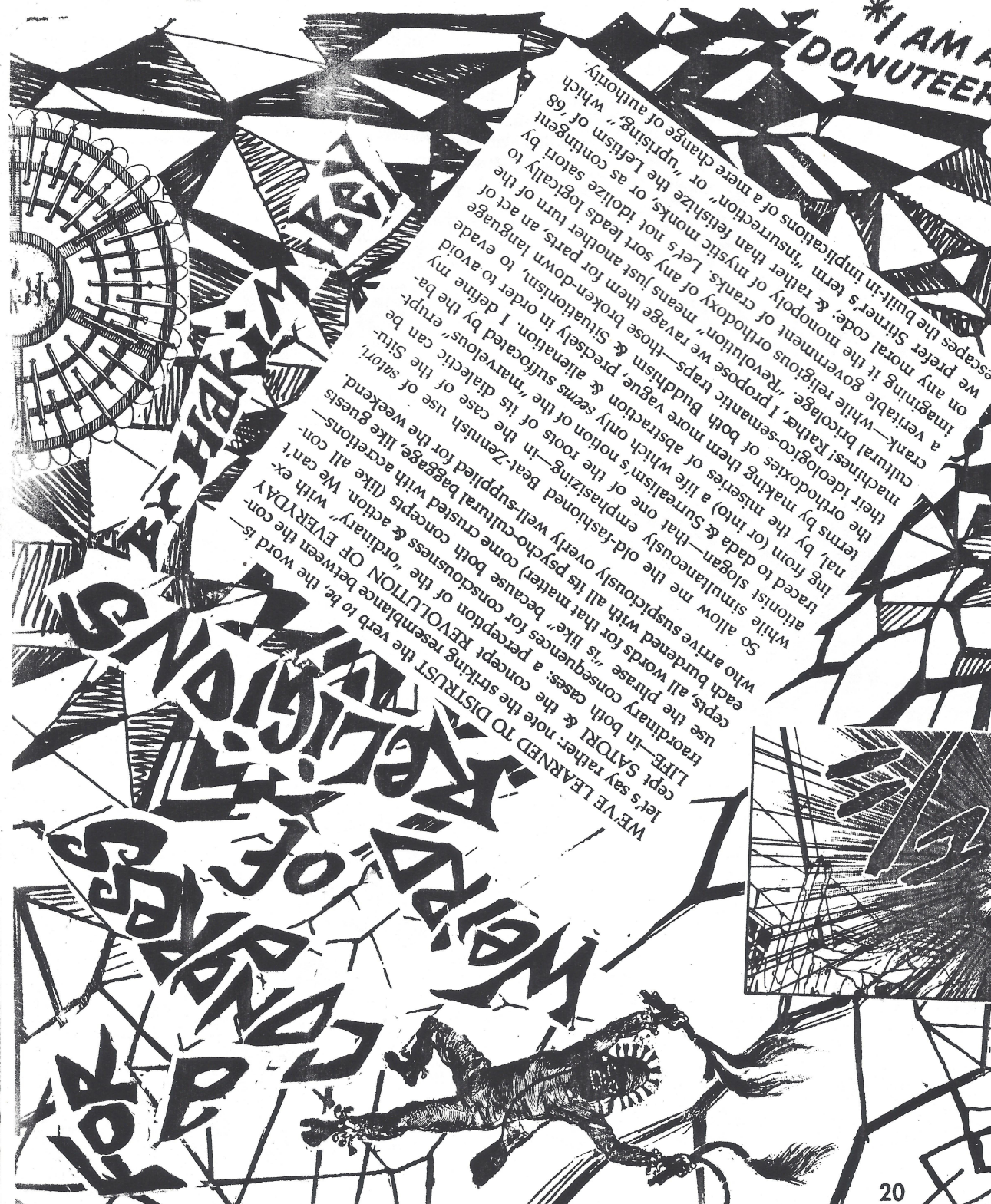
CH₂

* I AM A
DONUTEER

escapes the built-in implications of a mere change of authority.
we prefer Stirner's term "insurrection" or "uprising," which
on any moral code; & rather than fetishize the Leftism of '68
a veritable government of mystic monks, or as contingent
crank—while religious orthodoxy of any sort leads logically to
cultural bricolage, "Revolution" means just another turn of the
machines! Rather, I propose we ravage them for parts, an act of
their orthodoxes of both Buddhism & Situationism, in order to evade
terms by making them more vague, precisely in order to avoid
ing from (or into) a life which only seems suffocated by the ba-
tonist slogan—dada & Surrealism's notion of "marvelous" erupt-
while simultaneously emphasizing—in the case of the Situ-
who arrive suspiciously overly well-supplied for the weekend.

So allow me the old-fashioned Beat-Zenish use of satire,
traced to dada & Surrealism's notion of "marvelous" erupt-
ing from (or into) a life which only seems suffocated by the ba-
tonist slogan—dada & Surrealism's notion of "marvelous" erupt-
while simultaneously emphasizing—in the case of the Situ-
who arrive suspiciously overly well-supplied for the weekend.

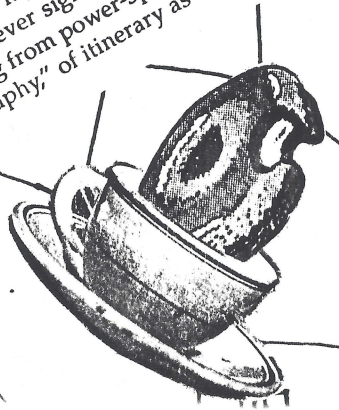
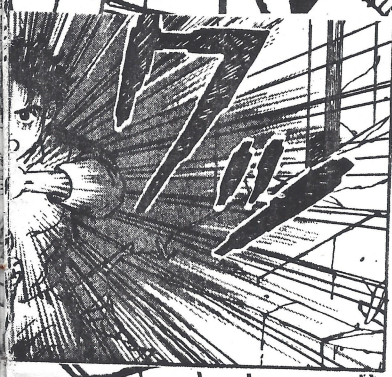
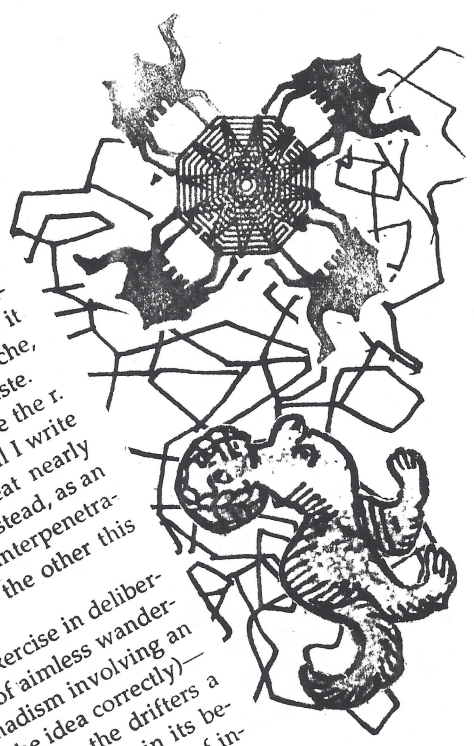
WEVE LEARNED TO DISTURST the verb to be, the word is—
LIFE—in both cases: a perception of the "ordinary" with ex-
cept SATORI & the striking resemblance between the con-
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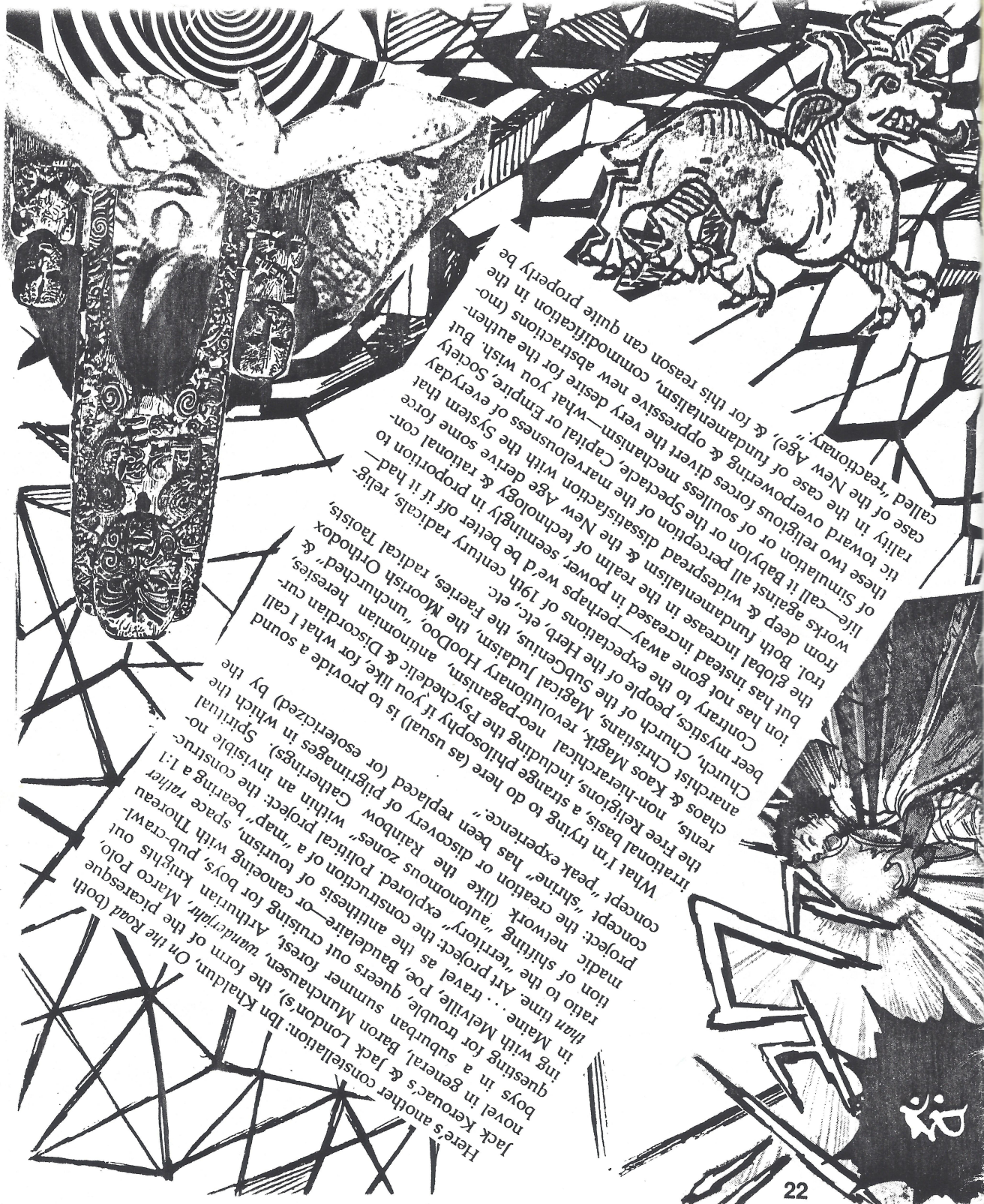




This constellation of concepts involves "breaking rules" of ordered perception to arrive at direct experiencing, somewhat analogous to the process whereby chaos spontaneously resolves into fractal nonlinear orders, or the way in which "wild" creative energy resolves as play & poesis. "Spontaneous order" out of "chaos" in turn evokes the anarchist Taoism of the Chuang Tzu. Zen may be accused of lacking awareness of the "revolutionary" implications of satori, while the Situationists can be criticized for ignoring a certain "spirituality" inherent in the self-realization & conviviality their cause demands. By shotgun marriage with the r. of e.d.l. we're performing a bit of a was. Miscegenation. The race-mixing machine or whatever it who was attracted, no doubt, by the sexiness of the half-caste. I'm tempted to try to describe the way satori "is" like the r. revolves around this theme; I would have to repeat nearly everything in order to elucidate this single point. Instead, as an appendix, I offer one more curious coincidence or interpenetration of 2 terms, one from Situationism again & the other this time from sufism.

The *dérive* or "drift" was conceived as an exercise in deliberate revolutionizing of everyday life—a sort of aimless wandering thru city streets, a visionary urban nomadism involving an openness to "culture as nature" (if I grasp the idea correctly)—which by its sheer duration would inculcate in the drifters a propensity to experience the marvelous; not always in its beneficent form perhaps, but hopefully always productive of unmediated perception & experience. The parallel term in sufism would be "journeying to the far horizons" or simply "journeying," a spiritual exercise which combines the urban & nomadic energies of Islam into a single trajectory, sometimes called "the Caravan of Summer." The dervish vows to travel at a certain velocity, perhaps spending no more than 7 nights or 40 nights in one city, accepting whatever comes, moving wherever signs & coincidences or simple whims may lead, heading from power-spot to power-spot, conscious of "sacred geography," of itinerary as meaning, of topology as symbology.





Here's another constellation: Ibn Khaldun, On the Road (both novel in general, Jack London's), the form of the picaresque boys in a suburban summer forest, Arthurian knights out-questing for trouble, Poe, Baudelaire—or canoeing with Thoreau in Maine... travel as the antithesis of tourism, space rather than time, Art project: the construction of a "map" bearing a 1:1 ratio to the "territory" explored. Political project: the construction of autonomous zones" within an invisible project: the creation or discovery of pilgrimages in which the anarchistic Christians, Magical Judaism, the Moorish Orthodox & her mystics, people of the SubGenius, the Faeries, radical Taoists, but has instead increased in power, seemingly in proportion to the global increase in the realm of technology & rational control. Both fundamentalism & widespread dissatisfaction of everyday life—call it Babylon or the Spectacle, Capital or Empire, Society of Simulation or of soulless mechanist, what you wish. But these two religious forces divert the very desire for the authentic toward overpowering & oppressive new abstractions in the case of the New Age), & for this reason can quite properly be called "reactionary."

Contrary to the expectations of 19th century radicals, religion has not gone away—perhaps off if it had—bermystics, people of the Herb, etc, etc. Contrary to the expectations of 19th century radicals, religion has not gone away—perhaps off if it had—bermystics, people of the SubGenius, the Faeries, radical Taoists, anarchistic Christians, Magical Judaism, the Moorish Orthodox & her mystics, people of the SubGenius, the Faeries, radical Taoists, but has instead increased in power, seemingly in proportion to the global increase in the realm of technology & rational control. Both fundamentalism & widespread dissatisfaction of everyday life—call it Babylon or the Spectacle, Capital or Empire, Society of Simulation or of soulless mechanist, what you wish. But these two religious forces divert the very desire for the authentic toward overpowering & oppressive new abstractions in the case of the New Age), & for this reason can quite properly be called "reactionary."

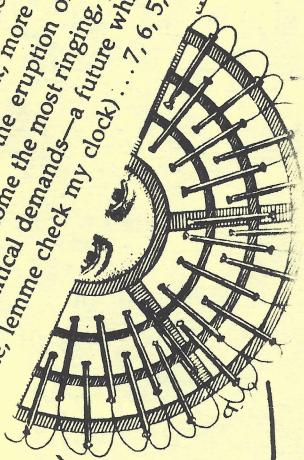
Dr

今知悉
汝磨訶

Just as cultural radicals will seek to infiltrate & subvert the popular media, & just as political radicals will perform similar functions in the spheres of Work, Family, & other social organization, so there exists a need for radicals to penetrate the institution of religion itself rather than merely continue to mope to happen anyway—better to approach it with consciousness, with grace & style.

Having once lived near the Hdqrs of the World Council of Churches, I like the possibility of a Free Churches parody ver-
détournement or deconstruction or creative destruction (or call it instead) of loose network (I dislike that word; let's call it a "webwork" services for each other, out of which might begin to emerge a trend or tendency or "current" (sin magical begin to emerge & enough to wreak some psychic havoc on the Fundles & New Agers, even the ayatollahs & the Papacy, convivial enough for us to disagree with each other & individuals providing conversation & which we anticipate with glee.) (sin magical begin to emerge & The Free Religions with each other & yet still give great parties— or tal alternatives to televangelist stormtroopers & pinhead crys- thus become more & more important, more & more vital in a future where the demand for the eruption of the marvelous (wait a minute, lemme check my clock) ... 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ... NOW.)

LEMON
CREME.



斬鬼!!

