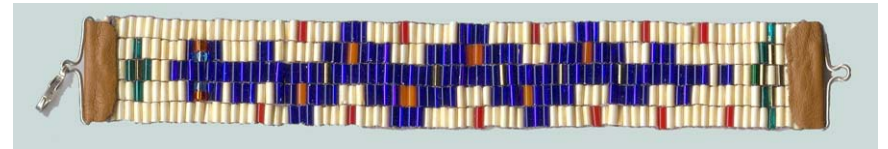
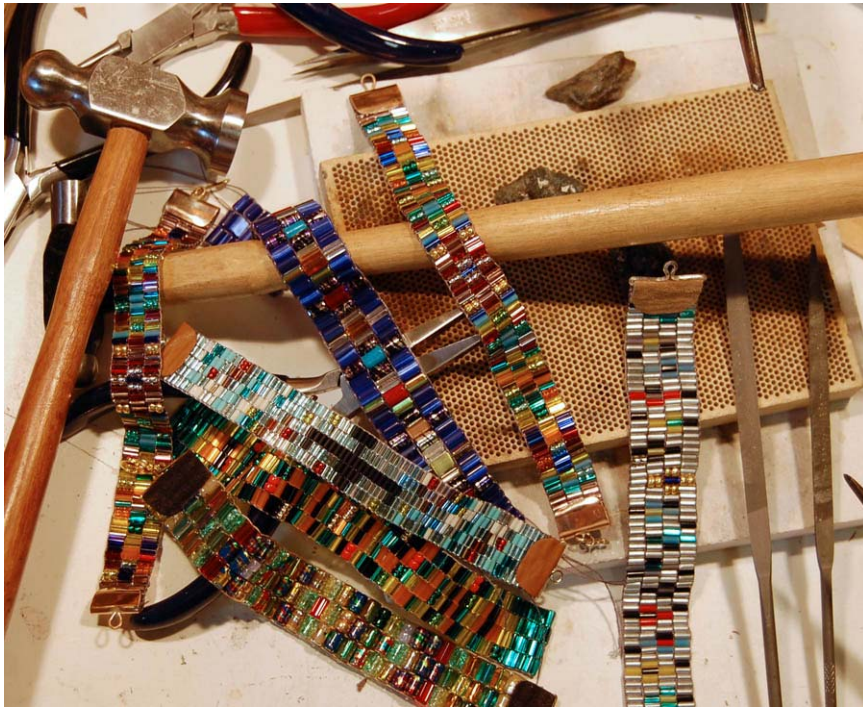


Amulet Bracelets

by
Dale Pendell



Like a string on the finger, these bracelets are talismans to give you "just a little" extra support in your pursuit of the Great Work. These bracelets are designed by Dale Pendell to invoke specific and particular energies. In the past, such an energy or resonance, when especially powerful, was often called a god, or a goddess, and given a name. These elemental presences were recognized to be associated with particular places, such as a certain spring or tree, or with certain harmonies of color and pattern.

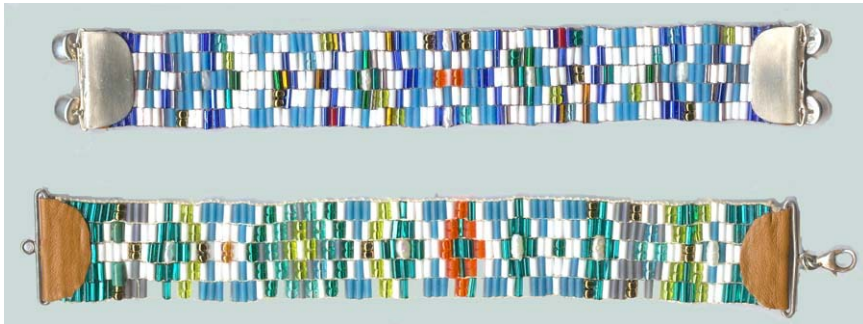
Custom bracelets are available with consultation. Prices range from \$90.00 to \$130.00, depending on beads and metal (gemstone beads are more expensive).

Sizing: measure wrist with a tailor's tape, at the wrist bone, and include your preference for snug or loose fit.

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Yemanja Bracelet



For the mother of the gods: easer of journeys and soother of castaways, eyelids of pearl and hip dance of sand crab, white foam and blue sea, trilobite earrings and volcano of lullabies, sustenance of dimmest shadow.

Czech beads, glass beads, pearls, leather or silver.

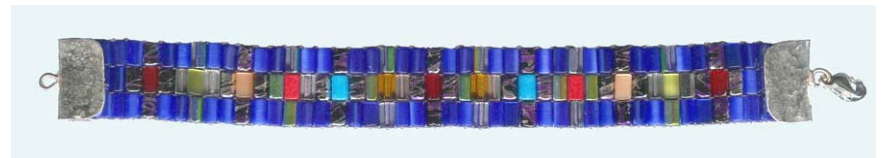
Arroyo



Not a place to camp for the night, but a good way out of the mountains, maybe to the lowest point in the United States. Or maybe to the hideout, to the hole-in-the-wall, to a campfire with a gang of bandits. Or maybe to the ol' homestead. Or maybe the arroyo doesn't go anyplace at all. It's just a beautiful place to be. Like "arroyo" is just a beautiful word.

Turquoise, jasper, obsidian, carnelian, aventurine, other gemstone beads, fine silver and magnets.

Blues



Got the blues? Sometimes the cure is more of the same. We call this treating like with like (which is better than dislike for dislike). Or maybe you just like BLUE.



Chinese and Czech bugle beads, leather, silver.

Calliope



Calliope, she of the beautiful voice, is the muse of epic and heroic poetry – Homer's muse. John Donne had "Calliope" embroidered onto the hem of his deacon's robes to show his true loyalty. God is great. For some things, evidently. Vachel Lindsay wrote a poem about a calliope singing about Democracy from the gutter, though he pronounced the word "Kal'-ee-ope." In Lindsay's poem the Kallyope is tooting hope and joy.

The musical calliope blows steam through tuned pipes. It sounds like a circus, but better. There are too few calliopes in the world. And you don't really need steam – they'll work fine with compressed air. It's like a pipe organ on wheels – but cheerier. Maybe it's the peanuts. And the elephants.

"Who needs diamonds when you can wear a bracelet like this?"



Winter Toyon



In December the toyon berries ripen and turn a bright red. For this reason, the shrub is sometimes called "Christmas Berry." Towards the end of January hundreds of robins appear to feast on the berries and we awaken to their tumultuous song. It's like a circus: robins flitting and flying between the toyon and the pine trees, every direction at once. The cacophony is so raucous that the flicker gives up with a staccato raspberry and takes refuge atop the tallest snag, as far away from the din as he can get. Then in four hours the robins are gone. The same as last year, and the year before.

Since the sun was out we opened up a tied and covered woodpile to replenish the cord stacked on the back porch. And just like last year, tucked down between the layers of split oak, was a round nest – like a bird's nest but thicker and with a silver dollar opening – home of Mrs. Wood Rat. We call her *Ms. Dusky*. Stacked all around the nest were short t bundles of deep green mistletoe. And around those, a dozen clusters of red toyon berries.

Winter is a good time for stories – that's what the Old People say. Hunker down and tell us everything you know and everything you've ever heard.

Western Fence Lizard (Blue-belly)



First made for a friend with Lyme's disease. Blue-bellies are not only immune to the spirochete, but cleanse the ticks that feed on them. The fence swift is thought to be one of the reasons that Lyme's is far less prevalent in the West, where these lizards are common. Not to be worn in lieu of medical attention.



Czech beads, silver.

Carnival



Without celebration the gods may feel slighted, thus we have carnival. This particular carnival may come from October, like a Ray Bradbury story. Or maybe it's a spring carnival after all, and the California poppies have opened.



$\frac{3}{4}$ inch width: 3 mm Miyuki bugles, seed beads, leather.

Cascade



Where the flow is strong it is wise to merge with the river. When it tumbles wildly over rocks join the spray in the rainbows. You'll see. Ouzels dive through the falls. Ferns find refuge in rocky clefts.



Condor bracelet



Guardian and watcher, watcher and waiter: the anarchistic bird that feeds on the dead. Like a scholar deep in the past, or a poet with one toe in tradition. Or any of us, living on the gifts of those who lived before.

Western Diamondback Design



This bracelet is for help with boundary issues. That means it could help a lot of us. Rattlesnakes are good with boundaries. Wear it as a reminder, and as an invocation of rattle power. Borderline personalities or those with the least sense of boundary usually don't even know. That's where the rattle part helps. I wear it for family visits.

Jasper, onyx, agate, bloodstone, hammered silver.



The Way of All Fish



"We're all in it together" (not what Samuel Butler said) or "solidarity!"

Remember that hypocrisy clothes itself in virtue. Look for scandals in the tents of "moral values." You can't shame the shameless. You can't save them. Or anyone else, in fact. Thus Kwan Yin weeps, and the seas fill with her tears.

Eccho laments.

Waves batter endlessly against the rocks.

Kelp forests sway with the pulse.

*And all the herrings smelling in the sea
fin their way to a sunny dawn.*

Wound Heal



Even heroes need balm.

Rose quartz, garnet, turquoise, tigerseye, carnelian.
blackstone, sterling silver.

Desert Springs



There is more water in the desert than one might think. Just that most of it is underground. That's worth remembering, in a dry spell. Dig a little.

Carnelian, turquoise, and other gemstone beads, glass beads, silver.

Eternal Flame



Or, perhaps, "Penelope, Almost." It seems so true, so right, so blessed, that you vow to carry the torch forever. It's fated. It's in the stars, if crossed. Unlike Miss Havisham, who never removed her wedding dress, this bracelet gives you the best of both worlds: you can be true to the flame, yet leave an opening for whatever soft or wild blue winds stir on the periphery. "What does that bracelet mean," your date may ask. "Oh, it means I still carry a flame for my old love, but that I've cracked open my windows." Some things are better to have in the open.

The Flooding of the Nile



Every year, when the Dog Star rises, the Nile floods and brings new life to the soil. Papyrus canoes float over the fields and the future is mapped with a new geometry. Fresh beginnings and a pristine field.

Free Verse



There are more possibilities to form than block and letter.
Line breaks sometimes pulse
 like stream water curling
 over a rocky lip,
repeating, but not quite.
 It pleases.



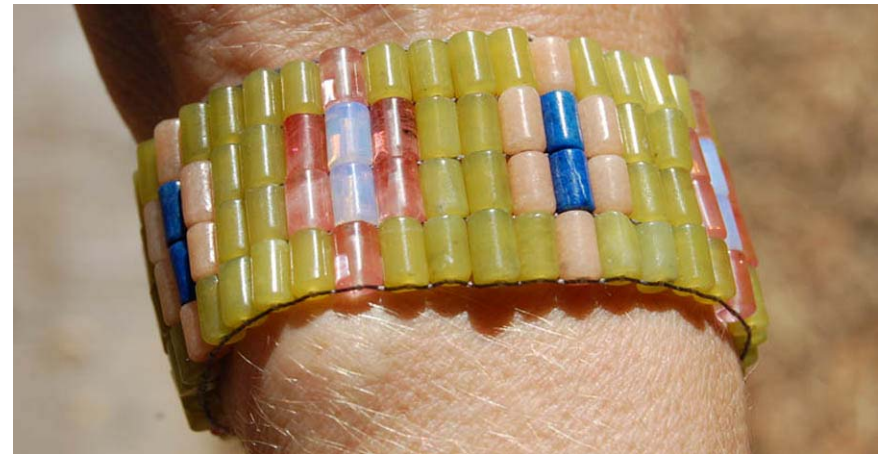
Czech beads, seed beads, freshwater pearls, leather.

Vernal Pools



In the early spring, rains fill valley lowlands with temporary pools, home to many rare and endemic plant species. By summer they are all dried up. Kind of a one chance thing—
 vernal pools,
 making it in.

Serpentine, lapis lazuli, rose quartz, sea glass, peach marble, leather, silver.



The Theft of Fire



Some say it was Raven. Some say it was Coyote. Some say it was Mouse. Sometimes it's a matter of stealing back your own fire that's been hiding out in a buckeye twig, or in the space between a steel rasp and a piece of flint.

Then you need an accomplice or two. Coyote passed the fire to Chicken Hawk. Mouse passed it to From Old Woman. And Raven—maybe no one knows what Raven did. Maybe he still has it.

Wear with attitude, but don't overdo it.

Czech beads, seed beads, 14K gold-fill sheet.

Triumph of the Green



Blest by Bad Buddhas, Wheeling Buzzards, Ecstatic Bhaktis, Wandering Doctors, various Goblins, Sprites, and Cherubs, and lauded by the Devotees of all the Benevolent and Wrathful Deities, we celebrate the return of spring.

Green flames emerge from the earth, irises blossom in astounding profusion, catkins sprout, and birds mark hilltops and glades with the beacon fires of their songs:

She returns! She returns!

After even the hardest winter.

The Golden Road



Many things might move us to eternal devotion. It could be indignation at injustice: "Not fair! Not right! Give me my shining armor." Or maybe, once, a wild animal returned you stare, and after that you have known who you are.

Sometimes it is just a sunrise: the sun rising in sky over hills filled with purple sage and pointy chaparral. Eternal devotion is always something beyond your self.



Czech 4.5 mm beads, seed beads, 14K gold-fill sheet.

The Great Bay



There is a broad inland sea, a "great bay" too wide to see across. The tops of a few electrical pylons still poke through the surface of the water. Outrigger canoes with sails woven from palm fronds use them as moorings.

Czech and Chinese foil beads, carnelian, lapis, sodalite, amazonite, silver, pearls, turquoise.

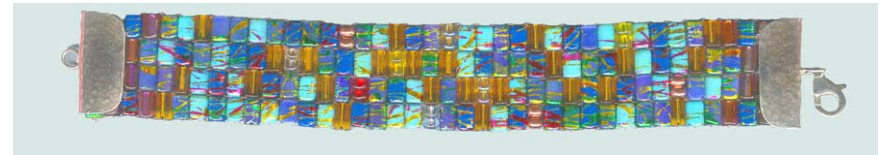
Happy Ending



Seeds need darkness in order to germinate and sprout. Let that be a comfort. But light must follow the darkness for the plant to blossom. Patience helps, as does a little faith. Or maybe the ending is just okay, but you are happy with that. That's a happy ending.

Czech glass, China foil beads, marble, aventurine, hammered silver.

Sunken Treasures of the Spanish Main

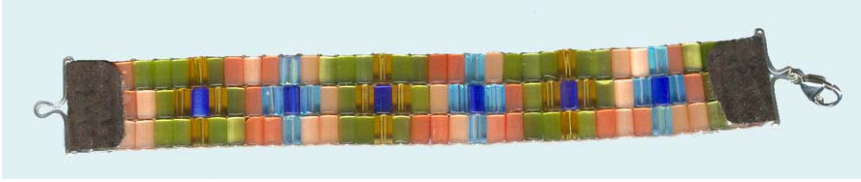


Sometimes people are not aware of their own treasures, maybe because they are buried so deeply. You had good reason to hide the treasure, but now it's time for recovery. To do that you may have to dig, or dive.

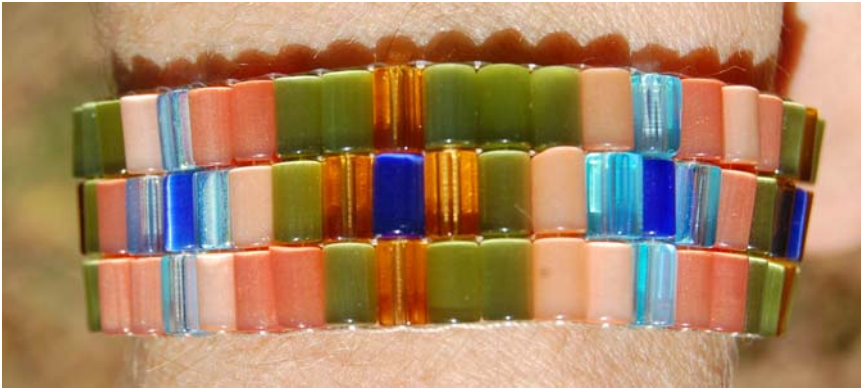


Chinese foil beads, Czech glass beads, hammered silver.

Sorbet



All of your favorite flavors, right on your wrist. Can't help but feel good.



Starry Night



The word *accidie* refers to a state of spiritual torpor in which one rejects the world of the flesh. Because of the rejection of bodily and sensual pleasures and delights—in fact, physicality as such—the spirit-soul is paralyzed. Our true work is in the world of decay: the world of change and becoming.

Sometimes, at night, in certain visionary states brought on by long wandering about (*alucinatio*), the stars in the sky appear to dance. Rather than cutting off your ear, try wearing this bracelet. I do.

Hidden Cenote



In the Yucatan, rivers flow underground through limestone for miles. Every once in a while there is an opening, and sun shines deeply into the blue water. It's always good to know where there is a cenote.



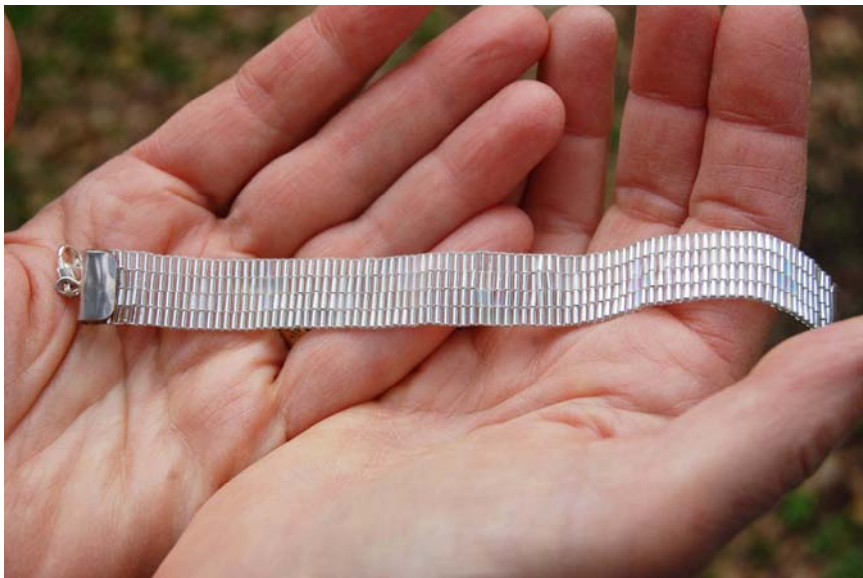
Red jasper, sodalite, red aventurine, onyx, other gemstone beads, silver.

Hidden in Plain Sight



Haryo said: "Snow in a silver bowl." That's one of the miscellaneous koans given to Zen students. That's it. "Snow in a silver bowl." Back to your cushion. What is it that is so close, and so intimate, that we can't see it?

Maybe it is nothing at all. Only when the light is direct, as in the above picture, do the patterns emerge. Most of the time, it's all silver.



The Silk Road



A long series of roads, paths, or mere trails from oasis to oasis; across deserts, through mountains, and across steppe-land. There are fabulous cities of sparkling white stone, and brigands lurk near the passes. Don't wear this if you are ready to retire. Or if you are afraid of long journeys.



Czech beads, silver.

Solitary Confinement



Not so many like this bracelet. It's a little like a tough detective novels: "Hey man, watch out—I'm dangerous." If you are in it for the long haul, you need not fear.

Czech beads, silver. 1" width.

Save the World with Jelly Beans



Panaceas for the ills of the world abound—some are beneficent, some are predatory. Don't forget General Westmoreland: "It became necessary to destroy the village in order to save it." Or to globalize it.

Some think all the world needs is insight. Some think all the world needs are better managers. Our program is jelly beans—kind of like Easter without the Cross, or childhood without high school. The True Gospel is joy—just look at the colors.

CHILD + JOY = HUMAN BEING

Alert! There are Dark Forces moving through the world—denying not only joy, but food, shelter, freedom, and life itself, while themselves growing fat and callous. Allons! Muster! Now is the time for all good jelly beans to roll to the air of their dreams. Let the Emperor melt on the sidewalk. Let the bad dreams fade. Let the jelly beans beat their tattoo on the drum heads.

Which side are you on? It's time to choose. Ride the fence of "enlightened self-interest" or "objectivity" or "art for art's sake" or "reason" no longer. Make way for the New Age of Jelly Bean Joy and Wisdom. Consider this your union card.

The Horses of Ferghana Valley



The short-legged sturdy horses of Ferghana Valley were said to be born from pools of water and to sweat blood. Emperor Wu first learned of the "Heavenly Horses" by consulting the *I Ching*, but the first Han Dynasty official to actually see them was Zhang Qian. Harried by the Xiongnu nomads on their northern frontier, in 138 BCE Emperor Wu had asked for a volunteer to lead a diplomatic mission to the far western regions of the known world to seek an alliance with the Yuezhi, perhaps the same Tocharian speaking people who earlier had lived in the Tarim Basin, and Zhang Qian answered the call. Unfortunately for Zhang, he had to pass through the country of the Xiongnu on his way west and Zhang and his interpreter Ganfu were captured and sent to the Great Khan, who made him a servant. Life in service to the Great Khan was evidently not too bad--the Khan gave him a wife who bore Zhang a son—but after ten years Zhang, along with his wife, son, and Ganfu, managed to escape, and Zhang decided to continue his mission. He traveled on west through Lop Nor, around the Kunlun Mountains and then south to Dayuan and the lands of the Yuezhi, with whom he stayed for a year. On his return to China he was again captured by the Xiongnu, but his life was spared because the Khan admired his pluck and his devotion to duty. When the Khan died, two years later, Zhang was again able to escape. He made his way back to China and in 115 BCE made his report to the Emperor. It was through Zhang Qian that Han China learned of Kanju

(Sogdiana), Daxia (Bactria, the kingdoms set up two centuries before by Alexander), Anxi (Parthia), India, Mesopotamia, the horses of Ferghana Valley, and the Silk Road.

Serpentine, turquoise, carnelian, jasper, other natural gemstones.

Inanna Bracelet

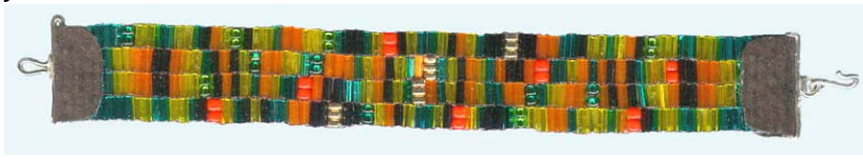


One of the first goddesses whose name we know, Innana earned the dual distinctions of "Queen of Heaven" and "Whore of Babylon." Meant to be flashy.



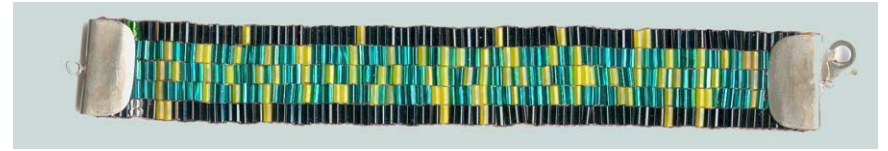
Chinese foil beads, Czech beads, amazonite, aventurine, silver.

Jamaican Dreams



Where the nights are hot and the water is green. Or maybe it is the beach that is green. Or maybe what is really important is just being where you are, feeling the afternoon air brushing against your arms.

Sage Runes



Green divinatory wisdom in a language only decipherable in certain states of mind. At all other times the runes just say "good luck." And not in a bad way.

Czech beads, silver.

The Salt Goddess



Jadeite is precious to the salt goddess. In some places, heroic journeys were made to obtain salt, and it was through such acts of heroism that one obtained the dreams that give one power. And the dreams that give one songs.

Jadeite, carnelian, freshwater pearls, agate, tigerseye, beads, silver.

The Ruby Slippers

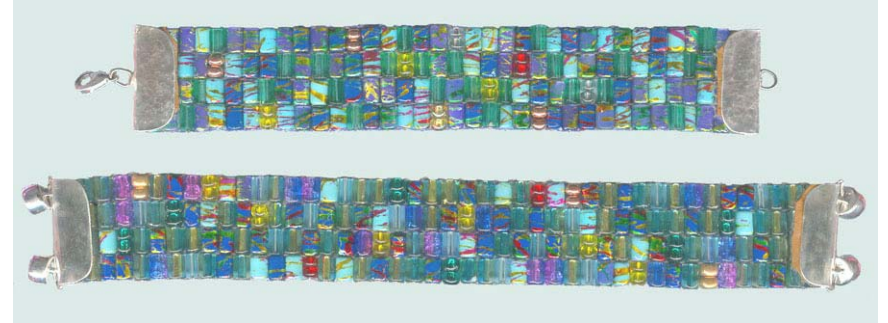


Are things getting stranger and stranger, or curiouser and curiouser? Are you beginning to suspect that you are not in Kansas anymore? You may want the magic of the Ruby Slippers. Why not?



Czech and Chinese foil beads, 14k gold fill sheet.

Kupris



For Aphrodite, she born of the sea foam. Kupris (Cyprus) is her island home in the wine-dark sea of the Aegean, and the name of her sacred metal. May she smile on you, but not too much. (And don't volunteer to judge any beauty contests.)



Chinese foil beads, Czech glass, hammered silver.

Merry-Go-Round



If we truly comprehended the state of the world we would all wear black? The Orphics prayed for deliverance from the "sorrowful weary wheel." Buddhists strive for liberation from the Wheel of Becoming. But *samsara* is also the Merry-Go-Round, and, we are told, no different than *nirvana*. On the Merry-Go-Round we are trained to reach again and again for the ring, told that once in a great while the ring we grasp will be the golden one. A wise person once said that the rings are our chains, and that we already possess the real gold--gold truer and more pure than any come from forge.



Road to Riches

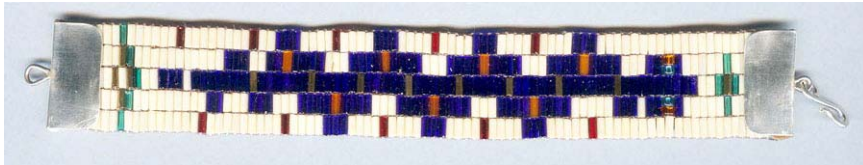


True richness is good health, good friends, and doing fulfilling work in the world. If you've got that, you're rich already. Just wanting that is the road.

Coral, tigerseye, aventurine, amazonite, jade, serpentine turquoise, 14K gold-fill sheet.



Poison Path Bracelet



Sometimes poison is the medicine. Sometimes the action of this medicine is as gentle as waking up, but other times the world as you know it is dissolved in a torrent of seeming madness, so that another world might become visible. No recriminations, dearie, if it doesn't work out.

Czech beads, leather or silver.

Prepared Charm



Filmmaker Mark Lewis tells the story of a woman who got a flat tire on her way to town. She wasn't surprised, because things like that happened to her a lot, and always had. Likewise, she wasn't surprised when there was no jack in the trunk. But when a duck fell out of the sky, knocking her down and twisting her neck, she realized that her day was destined to be more unlucky than most.

If you were born under a bad sign, or are just having a streak of bad luck, this bracelet is designed to help. It's just . . . a little messed up. Stuff happens. Be on guard. But not too much.

Mojave River

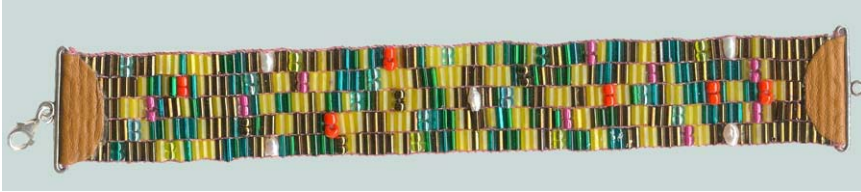


The Mojave River is like a sidewinder, partly buried in sand, disappearing and reappearing by turns near soda lakes and cottonwood oases. Life is like that too, sometimes.

Natural gemstone beads: jasper, carnelian, obsidian, turquoise, serpentine, amazonite, onyx, aventurine, quartz, bloodstone.



The Oak-Chaparral Transition Zone



Where the meadows are dry and golden by late spring, and the gray pines give way to ponderosas: gateway between mountain and valley. It's a marginal land but a comfortable place. If you can live without fame or stardom, margins are not so bad. A Transition Zone is a good place for visitors. Some coming up. Others going down.



Czech beads, freshwater pearls, seed beads, leather.

Pandora's Box



Pandora means "the giver of all," or "the all-bounteous," reminding us that the earth is the source of all our blessings. Some say that because we were given fire by Prometheus, the gods mixed evil gifts into her jar along with the good. The true content of the jar, of course, is the *pharmakon*, that which is both poison and medicine, challenge and solution.

Czech bugles, leather, silver.

A Path with Heart



Does this path have a heart? If it does, the path is good; if it doesn't, it is of no use. Both paths lead nowhere; but one has a heart, the other doesn't. One makes for a joyful journey; as long as you follow it, you are one with it. The other will make you curse your life.

--Don Juan

Chinese foil beads, glass, lapis, metal, hematite, freshwater pearls, coral, fine silver.