GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER THE GEORGIAN CHURCH NOVEMBER 1982

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BAKERSFIELD - Rumors..rumors..I even heard one saying the Georgian Church had folded. Don't you believe it! As some of you know, about 2 months ago the Coven of the Dolphin withdrew from the church to follow a different path. This brought me out of semi-retirement - I had not been acting as HP for the past 2 years..just goofing off with practically nothing to do as church president, teacher and editor for the newsletter. It feels good to get back to work.
I've mentioned Elizabeth a few times in previous newsletters. Elizabeth is now acting HPs for the new group here, and she is doing an excellent job of it. I feel that she has the potential to become the best HPs we've had.
Hallows turned out quite nicely. Not the big crowds we've had some years. Out-of-town visitors just didn't get here, some for financial reasons, and some because of the weather. I think it rained most of the day over most of California. Anyway, the ground was still quite wet and soft at midnight so we had the ritual in the temple rather than in the outdoor Circle as usual. Since there are only 7 of us in the new group, it turned out to be quite comfortable.
A couple of them didn't get here 'til almost time for the ritual, so we decided to eat afterward instead of before. Chunks of ham, various cheeses and cold cuts and French bread, and of course, various wines. A most enjoyable Sabbat.

Got that sagging beam jacked up, put in a support pole just outside the larger Circle, put on some new roofing...no more leaks in the temple. We had trouble getting grass to grow in the outdoor Circle last year, apparently because the tree in the center makes so much shade and draws so much water. I tried several kinds of grass seed with little success. Then put in rye grass and it's shooting up beautifully. Our Circle will be green again. In fact, it is green again.

BETH (Mississippi) called from Florida to say she and Frank had gone to Florida to Lady Thea to be initiated. She wanted to know how long does it take to come down after that. Congratulations and welcome to the Georgians.
Lady Thea says all goes well in Florida. Janice & Dennis say all goes well in North Carolina. Lady Fauna & Dean are settled down in Long Beach, Catherine & Kent say all is well in Australia.
The Georgian Church is alive and well!

Newsletter rate is still $6. yr. (12 issues) in the U.S. , $12. for foreign surface mail, and $24. or $2. a copy for foreign air mail. Articles should be in as early in the month as possible. Deadline for announcements, etc. is the 15 th of each month.
Time to start looking over your back issues. After December you start sending in nominations for Best Article, Best Series, and person or group who has the most for Craft/Paganism in 1982. Time once again for the annual Georgian Awards (the Georgies). Start thinking about it.

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GAIL in San Jose sez: O.K., I bite, what's a real Witch? What do you expect from those with whom you share knowledge? And how do you tell if someone is a "real" Witch or not? By watching them follow a certain set of rules, or by listening to the way they talk to their friends and family? How do folks measure caring? Isn't it possible for two people to care equally but have different ways of expressing it, ways that may or may not be more easily understood by others as caring?

My experience with the Craft so far has led me increasingly towards recognizing the "specialness" in each individual. We aren't alike and we don't do things the same way but that doesn't mean we're more or less special than anyone else. The Craft has encouraged me to treasure the differences between us, the different ways of doing the same ritual that results in slightly different ends, of doing different rituals to accomplish the same end. The differentness doesn't mean we care any more or less, that we're more or less special, just that we're different people at different places on the path.

The excerpt from Rhea's letter did not mention specifics as to the "tangent" that her student took, but who's to say that the tangent won't "carry the torch" a little further? Maybe in an unexpected direction, but further.

There are folks that would not consider me a "real" Witch. I don't meet regularly with fellow Wiccans. The full moon does not always find me in a "proper" circle with the specified number and color of candles, though I am usually aware of the moon and the sacredness of the day and whatever I am doing at that time. I sometimes join friends Sufi dancing; chanting and dancing songs from the Christian tradition and the Buddhist tradition and the East Indian tradition and the American Indian tradition. (there are no chants yet from the Wiccan tradition, but a friend and I are working on it). I do find the Great Ones in the Sufi circle, just as I find them in the Wiccan circle, or under the trees, or in the way friends greet each other.

So many of us that call ourselves Witches seem to be on so many different levels with so many different tasks to perform and such different lessons to learn. Some are leaders of covens, providing a stable center to "come home" to. Some of us are raising children and/or trying to honorably fill our positions as wife or husband in addition to our roles as parents and employees. Some of us seem to be members of the advance guard, trying new directions with our hearts and minds and bodies. Different tasks and responsibilities but not better or worse--are they? And better or worse for whom? The one experiencing or the one watching?

One of the secrets I think I've glimpsed in the Craft is that no matter what the seeker sought from the Craft, sooner or later they must confront themselves. And before that confrontation there is precious little that can be learned. Before that there is no room for anything but self, after that there begins to be potential for room for all sorts of wondrous things, including self and self responsibility.

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GAIL continued

I still feel that I am quite new to the Craft. Given what I've learned and comparing it to all that awaits me, I am but a baby. But I am a Real Witch. Not someone's conjuring, but a reasonably human though sometimes unreasonable individual with different tasks and responsibilities than some I've met in the Craft. And definitely REAL.
I know the pain of wanting to share a thing of awesome beauty with someone who is not yet ready to see. The longing and sometimes the frustration that accompanies the "failure" can often be unbearable, but to believe even for a moment that the disillusion and disappointment should keep from trying agin to share with someone else would help to bring about the death of all that I find beautiful and important in my world. Perhaps when this missed communication happens it's just to show me that I need to learn a new language or brush up on one I've not used in awhile; it sends me seeking the "right" word or the "right" piece of music or the "right" color to help me convey what's in my heart. Hang in there, dear teachers, misunderstood though you may be. I need you.

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ED. NOTE: You seem to take personally the comments that Rhea and I made. Specifics were not in the newsletter, which is not unusual. Some things are left out of a letter at the request of the writer, and some things I think are better left out.
What we both were referring to was the sadness of spending years training someone, then soon as they start a coven on their own, they suddenly begin to believe themselves the God or Goddess. And some even have this delusion at first degree. If they haven't learned the fallacy of this simple matter, why have you wasted all that time trying to teach them???
Solitaries, by choice or necessity, must set their own standards. But those who wish to be part of a coven are not real Witches if they don't show up or show up late without a good excuse for their lessons or meetings. This shows no respect for the teacher who gives his/her time to teach them. It shows no respect nor consideration for the other members who are kept waiting.

They are not real Witches if they always find some excuse to not show up when there is work to be done for the benefit of the coven.
They are not real Witches if they can afford to do otherwise but prefer to freeload off the others for whatever must be purchased. Of course, there are some who really do have financial problems. But there are others who have money but think they should recieve applause if you manage to squeeze a dollar out of them.
They are not real Witches if they spend their time back-stabbing or working harmful magic against the other members.
They are not real Witches if they steal from other members.
They are not real Witches if they run down their own group to outsiders.
They are not real Witches if they talk about the members to outsiders.
Hope this gives you some idea of what a "REAL" Witch is..and is not.

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AURA SCANNING by RIK in Tucson

One of the first things I teach my students is how to feel the aura. Seeing the aura is too difficult for new people to learn when they are still sceptical about their abilities, but anyone can feel the aura with a little training.
As we all know, the aura is a multi-layered field of energy surrounding the body. This is an energy reserve system and a mirror of our personality and health. Emotions appear within the aura. Medical problems are shown to appear inside the aura making medical diagnosis cheap and simple. To feel this, rub your hands together for a minute or two until they are warm and tingly. What you are doing is making them sensitive to sensations they have forgotten how to feel. It is something like living near a freeway, the first few nights you can't hear yourself think, then you get used to the noise and don't hear the traffic. Exactly the same with touch, we feel the aura constantly but we are so used to it that we ignore the feelings.

When your hands are sensitive, allow the feelings to fade away. Your hands are now ready. With practice, you will not need to rub them as you will be aware without all this preparation. Place your hands at arms length and slowly bring them together until you 'feel some - thing'. Some people feel an electric tingle, others feel warmth, others cold, others a pressure. Whatever you feel is right because you are an unique individual. Continue moving your hands together slowly and feel different layers of the aura.
I teach three main layers at a distance of about 36", 18", and 6" in a normal healthy person. If the person is sick, the aura will collapse and the distances will be smaller. If the person is super energetic, the distances will be greater. You can judge the health of yourself and others by seeing how thick the auras are.

Next, when you are comfortable with this (a few weeks later) pass your hands over the auras of someone and feel for some unusual sensation in their auras. I can feel dental fillings, eye problems, contacts, old or new bone fractures, missing appendix or other organs and general problems in the body by feeling the change in aura over that part of the body.
Next, place different metals under handkerchiefs, and feel the differences in the auras of the metals. Copper feels different from gold or iron or silver. Try with other objects such as bone, cloth, paper, water.

I don't use angle rods or forked sticks to detect water pipes or electrical wires, I simply scan the area feeling for the aura of what I am looking for. It is simple and enjoyable, and it is a certain method of keeping a sceptical student interested, and an insecure person convinced of his own abilities.

Later, if there is enough response, I'll cover thought sending through the aura.

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BEING A WITCH IS... from Lady Fauna
...getting your M.D. and becoming a Witch Doctor.

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RHEA in Georgia sez: While browsing through some of the NL's, a question came to mind. Is the land fund still activated? Haven't heard much about it lately, and was curious if it still existed, and if so, is it growing?

ED. NOTE: Yes, it still exists. No, it is not growing. The only way it can grow is if enough people care about it to put money into it. I have found a few nice places but either the down payment was too big or the payments too large. I don't want to get into anything with payments larger than I can handle alone in an emergency. From experience, I have found that there are few people you can really depend on, especially when it comes to money.
Typewriter, mimeo, copy machine, cassette decks and duplicator, etc. have all come out of my own pocket. I also have to use some of my own income to keep the newsletter going. Sorry I just can't do everything.

RHEA: Hmmm--I would like to hear your tape on why you think it is physically necessary to draw the circle on the "floor". Not that I disagree, mind you, but would like to hear your reasons. Must admit I don't always do it--but don't feel it'necessary' in many instances. Like the other writer, I usually build my circle by visualization. However, time, place, circumstances, and participants differ, therefore, my methods differ. (This could be another thing to send me to my research books!)

ED. NOTE: Now that there are more than two of you asking this, I'll reply here instead of making a tape.
This is much like the question last month. I would not suggest that you, as a HPs with years of experience, should always physically draw a circle. When one has the training and experience, it is possible to do the entire ritual while just relaxing in a chair with closed eyes. However, I wouldn't guarantee that it would work for everyone even then. Some people have a very limited imagination.

My comment was meant for beginners. Now, I know the people who asked the question have had experience in another branch of the Craft. However, I don't know how much training they've had or exactly what they were taught. Therefore, I prefer that they follow our method for the present.
Yes, beginners definitely need tangible things to work with. These impress the subconscious...and all magic works by or through the subconscious in some manner. Atmosphere is most important in the early stages particularly. Lighting, incense, statues, music, candles, tools, etc....all play an important role in having an effect on the mind.
Later, when the person is quite familiar with all these "props",and the imagination is well-developed, then is time enough to work with the mind alone.

An interesting sidelight to this: some years ago there was a psychic attack directed toward the coven. I did a "mental" ritual to get rid of it. Since I visualized the ritual as taking place in the temple, I assumed it would work for all of us. Wrong. It worked only for me.

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ED. NOTE continued: Again, without telling anyone what I was doing, I repeated the ritual. However, this time I visualized the entire coven taking part in the ritual. This time it worked for everyone.

RHEA: One thing I do that most do not--I use an "altar stone". No-not a stone altar-just one stone which is as much a part of my working altar as the rest of my "tools". About 12"x6"x3" , with its own peculiar shape. Found it many years ago in a mountain stream. Or, should I say it found me--which is more like it! Although I have never tried it, I've often felt it would do a dandy job on recharging batteries!

And Happy Birthday! (to the church(es)! You already know how I feel about the NL and its record. As far as I know you are the only one who can lay claim to such a record! Think it's great.

"Pagan Time"! Bah-humbug! Like you, I want to scream when I hear someone use that as their excuse for not being on time. If someone is running late- for good reason-they can at least have the coutesy to call and let you know. And, if the reason is valid enough, others don't mind waiting a short time before beginning whatever is to be. I usually make believers out of folks in my group--when I say something will begin at such-and-such a time--it begins then. If it is a ritual, the door is locked and the latecomers can stand outside and wait. Or go home. Whatever turns 'em on! I've been known to walk out of other group's meetings when I've been told it would begin at a certain time, and an hour and a half or two hours later everyone is still sitting/standing around exchanging the latest gossip! I think timeliness is especially important for ritual. Don't know about everyone else, but I believe in spending a lot of time and energy to prepare myself physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually for the ritual--at a specific time. And it gets rather difficult to hold onto that preliminary 'high' when the whole thing is delayed for a long time.

Dear Blacksun: about the secrets: There is only one REAL secret. Which is--there are no secrets.!

Folk-lore magic: Now that autumn is here, one of Nature's most misadvertised delights is ready for harvest--persimmons. Oh, I can hear you now--ugh--they are bitter. Wait until they get ripe! Then they are sweet as honey. And--not always true that you have to wait 'til first frost for them to be ripe. Delicious, and great for baking cakes.
Now-for the "magic": When you devour your first persimmon of the season, find your fortune for the coming year. Each persimmon should have five seeds. (Symbolic, huh?) Pick one from your first persimmon, carefully pry it open. Revealed within will be your fortune for the coming year.
Each persimmon has within it either a knife, fork, or spoon. (Actually, it's the embryo of the new plant.) If your persimmon reveals a knife--sorry 'bout that! A fork? Well--you know how things sift

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RHEA continued: through. (Ever try eating soup with a fork?) But--if you are fortunate enough to find a spoon--your Winter will be full and secure. (The bowl holds all.)
See-Mother Nature will reveal all if we only ask Her!

Perhaps I judge others by my own standards. If someone comes into my group that I know (for sure) is of a certain level, then I will, after confirming that they meet the standards that I set for that level, accept them into the group at that level. I know that many groups do say that if you join their group you must start "at the bot-tom" and work your way up, but many others do the same as I do. I will not venture to say who is right and who is wrong.

Take care-be nice to self-be nice to doggies (let 'em out when postman comes!)
Love and Blessed Be.
Rhea

ED. NOTE: Not necessarily a question of right or wrong. We all have different methods. Even after I had checked on someone, I would still want them to go through everything here from the beginning. That way I would know they had covered the same material as the others, and it would also avoid possible questions and discussion at a later period. However, they would advance to the same level again very rapidly, and would not be treated as a beginner.

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STAN of First Temple of the Craft of W.I.C.A. in Chicago Heights sez: Blessed Be!- from greater Chicagoland (Greater than what, I don't know-but??)

I, as well as our coven members, as well as the Priests & Priestesses from 6 other covens in the Illi-ana region of the Midwest - north side of Chicago proper, south side of Chicago proper, Elkhart, Indiana, South Chicago Heights (suburb of Chicago, 30 miles south of the "Loop") were less than amused- and very curious by the letter concerning the Chicago area that appeared in your September issue.

First - who in Hades is "Rev" Ken Taber? I've been active in the Chicago occult circles for over 12 years and I've never heard of him. A query of the people on the Midwest Pagan Council, some of whom have been active longer than I, brought basically the same response. Is it possible that Ken Taber's somewhat negative view of Chicago's occult community is due to his own desire to 'stay buried and out of sight?' Don't know, and except for his strange letter and narrow viewpoint, I could care less.

Second - as to Chicago!!! While there are numerous groups that exist "underground" for fear of job loss or neighbors, there are many 'open' groups that are more than willing to accept and teach those who have sincere interest. For the 8 years that I've had the store (Sanctus Spiritus) I've been very happy to direct people, from areas not close to our group, to various groups in their own area to make contact. In return, our group has, over the years, recieved the same consideration from North side Chicago groups who have been con-

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STAN continued

tacted by people living closer to us than them.

Third - Councils!!! In 1976 six covens from Chicago, Chicago Heights, Hammond, Indiana and Elkhart, Indiana met and formed the Midwest Pagan Council. In 1977 the Council organized and held the First Pan Pagan Festival. This year, 1982, saw the Council hold the 6 th Annual Pan Pagan Festival. While it is true that 3 of the 6 north side Chicago groups did 'spin-off' in 1980 to form a second council - the Council of the Sacred Earth - this was to a large degree 'necessary growing pains' and it did fulfill the need for a second festival for people to attend as with attendance of over 650 people at the 1980 Pan Pagan Festival, the Council was already considering how to limit attendance. "Unlikely for a council to happen in Chicago" - Mr. Taber, where have you been for the last 7 years? (Ps: Pan-Pagan Festival 1983- the 7th Annual Festival sponsored by the M.P.C. will be held at the same location as this year: Rogers Lake in Niles, Michigan. The dates..August 11th to 14th, 1983.)

Last- News Info! "Sorry about that, Pat!" We do tend to get a little busy here, and, while - as Bell says - we do "reach out and touch someone" a lot here, writing is another matter altogether and gets put aside a lot.

Hope this will fill you and your readers in a little on our activity in the Midwest - and yes! , some Chicago Witches not only carry their athames in violin cases, but they wear 3 pc. pin-striped robes, and their sandals have 'spats'.

Blessed Be.

Stan

ED. NOTE: Thank you for the Chicago area map, Stan. I don't know who is Ken Taber although I believe he wrote something for the newsletter in the past.

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SUNSHINE by Robyn's mother (Australia)

If love could be counted
Like the measure of time,
Perhaps we could learn it
Like a verse or a rhyme.

But Love, like the sunshine,
comes and it goes,
Blossoming forth
As a dew laden rose.

For Love and the sunshine
In life are combined,
Both are wonderful jewels
Whose worth is never defined.

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DAWN (from the same)

Fingers of Dawn across the sky
With shades of red and gold,
A wind that passes with a sigh
As it watches the day unfold.

Trees awakening greet the sun
Bowing their heads in prayer,
Shaking off dewdrops tenderly
And breathing the morning air.

Smiling, the sun ascends the sky
Bursting upon the morn,
Into the arena of the world
From the golden glow of Dawn.

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DOG DAYS

From U.P.I. - A San Diego County farmer knows what "Man's Best Friend" really means after his dog led rescuers to the canyon where he lay for 3 days following an auto accident.
Brooks Dekock was found by his mother and fiance, who were led by his dog, Dooley, to the edge of a 300-foot cliff his car had gone over.
Dekock was reported in fair condition at University Hospital in San Diego. He suffered broken bones and back injuries when the car he and Dooley were riding in apparently went out of control and rolled 300 feet to the bottom of a desolate ravine.
Dooley, who was not injured in the accident, managed to scramble up the steep slope and run seven miles to Dekock's home to get help.
Dekock, dazed and suffering from exposure, was airlifted from the scene by helicopter and taken 90 miles to San Diego.

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TERISA in Martinez sez: found this article in this morning's Contra Costa Times: BOSTON (A.P.) -
A 70-pound German Shepherd was released from a hospital only 2 days after being shot in the head and leg, wounds that didn't stop the dog from fighting off an attempted holdup at his owner's store.
"You can tell how good he is by how nasty he is," says Dr. Greg Ogilvie, the veterinarian who treated Alex. "He's three-fourths teeth and the rest muscle."
The dog was shot while chasing off two robbers. Ogilvie said one bullet struck the dog between the eyes, travelled through the roof of his mouth and tongue and exited through the neck, puncturing his jugular vein. The second travelled through one of his front legs.

"And he still kept coming," said Ogilvie. "The owner is convinced he saved his life."
Ogilvie said the hardest part about treating the dog was getting him to leave his master's side at Angel Memorial Hospital, Boston's major animal hospital.
"He was still protecting the owner when they brought him in here, despite the fact the whole examining room was covered with blood," said Ogilvie. "Once we got him away from the owner, the dog collapsed."

Terisa sez: the dog story was so touching we felt sad for him all day.

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RHEA in Atlanta sez: Re; dog & fleas. I am one of those nuts who will not put a flea collar on my dog. Don't believe in it. One time I did break down and try it, in desperation, and she is very allergic to it. Soap-lots of baths, spray carpet, etc., and just fight! Cold weather will abate the problem - guess cold weather must be good for something!
Question: Weight circles from Purina Dog Food - will they accept anything less than 25 lb. weight circles? I have a Chihuahua.
ED. NOTE: 25 lb. bags or larger. I had one dog who lost all the hair around her neck from a flea collar. Present dogs have no problem.

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RICHARD'S RAMBLINGS CREDENTIALS

People frequently have questions about credentials; that is, what do you need to do, to be, to conduct a legal marriage ceremony, or a funeral, or 'be a real minister'. Although I can only speak for the states of Indiana and Illinois, I would imagine the answers hold for all states due to constitutional requirements.

Before Janel and I were married, I checked with various county clerks, recorders, etc. on such laws. I was told that as far as the state was concerned, as long as the couple had procured a valid marriage license, and all parties signed it in the proper places, there were no qualifications placed on who could officiate. I got the impression it could be a neighbor, an ex-spouse, or a total stranger, so long as (s)he signed that (s)he performed the rite, and there were two witnesses. This document then has to be filed (usually by mail) with the county clerk. It is then a legal marriage. A first degree initiate (i.e. one who is qualified and has demonstrated the ability to lead a ritual, among other things) in our group could legally perform a handfasting/marriage in our group. Janel and I were married by Murray and Betty of the Woods Park Pagan Temple. A few months later, Janel and I officiated at their handfasting. Both are legally binding as well as magically so. Feel free to make up your own ritual, but check with local authorities (i.e. county clerk or whoever issues the license) for local requirements.

At the Summer Solstice of 1979 put on by Covens One at Lake Holiday a little girl, the daughter of one of our members, was drowned. Her mother requested a Pagan funeral, with Priests and Priestesses of several groups participating. Rituals were done at both the funeral home and at the gravesite. There were no problems, and I feel the Pagans had as beautiful and meaningful a ceremony as any I have ever seen. There were no problems at any time as far as the authorities were concerned.

When Murray was injured in a motorcycle accident, he was taken to a local Catholic hospital. He asked to see his Priestess (no relation) before going into surgery. She was called and afforded all the privileges of any clergy by the hospital staff.

When the Calumet Pagan Temple was incorporated as a not-for-profit organization in the State of Illinois, the State Department of Revenue gave us a letter stating that purchases by and for the temple were exempt from sales tax, and the state gladly issues charitable vehicle license plates to the two cars registered to the Temple at a considerable savings over the cost of private registration.

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CREDENTIALS (cont.)

Before you runn off to a lawyer, or send your $10.00 to some mail order ordination outfit, pick up the phone and call your county clerk, secretary of stateds office, or whatever outfit has jurisdiction. In most instances, their clerks will be glad to give you necessary forms and help in filling them out as long as you don't catch them at coffee break.

Remember, Bob Jones is more worried about Hair and the Pope than he is about Witches. Jerry Falwell's gotta lynch the liberals before he converts us Heathens. Don't be afraid to sign your name to a marriage license as Priest(ess) of a Coven. You will be accepted by the establishment as long as you are respected by members of your group.

BLESSED BE!

TALL GREEN GODS by Rus (Witches' Annual)

This is the first article in what I hope will become a series on trees.

PLANTING TREES TO REDUCE ENERGY COSTS

A carefully planned tree planting is not only beautiful, but will keep your house warmer in winter by reducing wind chill and colder in summer by providing shade.

First you need to contact your local office of the Weather Service for information about prevailing winter and summer winds. Of course, you can expect cold from a north wind and warmth from the south. Here on Long Island, we get cold winds from the north (arctic), and east (the ocean). Warm winds come from the south (tropics) and west (warmed by the energy waste of New York City). Plot the winds' directions in relation to your house. Then you'll know where to plant what trees.

For protection from winter winds, you will need a windbreak of evergreens between your house and the winter wind, across the wind's path. Select trees that are reasonably bushy, grow tall, and can live in your area's soil without too much care. White Pine and Canadian Hemlock are two of several kinds of evergreens that grow almost anywhere, grow rapidly, and are relatively inexpensive. White Pine grows about the rate of one foot per year. Canadian Hemlock grows about half as fast (though I've seen some of my Hemlocks grow as much as five feet in three years). Spruce, commonly used for Yule trees, is another fast grower, but a good live tree can be quite expensive. The thickest I know is Alberta Spruce, but it is such a slow grower (one to three inches per year)

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PLANTING TREES (cont.)

that the energy crisis will be over by the time it grows big enough to shelter your house! When buying trees, it is better to go to a local nursery, rather than a chain. The local is more likely to grow trees in local soil, and to advise you on the best care and feeding of your trees according to the area's conditions.

Since you want protection NOW, try to get the biggest trees available. When a tree is over four feet tall, you can get a pretty good idea what it will look like in the future, too. You can get an idea of how much it grows in a year by examining the branches. This year's growth is usually green and very soft. The previous year's growth is brown, but the bark is still smooth. Growth of earlier years has rougher bark, going on gray in the oldest areas. An evergreen whose bark is green more than six inches from the tips of the branches, can be considered a fast grower (measure in October).

Plant according to instructions that come with the tree, but space the windbreak trees not more than five feet apart. You will need enough trees to form a solid wall across the side of the house. About six or seven trees for a 30-foot long wall. If space permits, plant the windbreak at least 20 feet from the house.

It is best to plant early in the year, as soon as the last frosts are over, but before leaves appear on trees. This will give the evergreens a chance to establish their roots, soak up plenty of nourishment and grow some more in preparation for the rough winter work. In areas where winter winds are severe, it may be necessary to wrap the trees in burlap filled with straw for the first one or two winters, to prevent wind burn of young trees.

The first year's results will be slight, but a fast-growing, healthy windbreak should start showing its power in lower heating bills by the fifth year.

Don't let them get too tall. When the trees are as high as the roof of a two-story house, they may begin shedding their lower branches if you allow them to grow any taller. A loss of lower branches would open a hole in the windbreak, negating the results of twenty years' growth. By cutting off the top one or two feet of trunk, the loss of lower branches may be prevented. This operation will not necessarily affect upward growth, or the conical appearance that makes most evergreens so attractive. My Hemlocks were all cut at the top many years ago, and new stems rose from the sides to continue the upward growth. But they are still nice and green at the base.

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PLANTING TREES (cont.)

And for summer coolness:

Before air conditioning, our ancestors kept cool with shade trees planted to block the rays of the summer sun from the house. The most popular tree for this purpose is of course the Maple. I have seen some groves on Long Island where maples grow so thick that it is actually impossible to see much under them even at high noon. Generally, any tree with large leaves is good for shade. Even the lowly Ailanthus, which grows like weeds in every dirt patch and railroad siding in cities. Maple, Oak, Ash, all spread nicely to make a broad canopy above. For really fast growth there is the Pawlownia, which is supposed to grow several feet in a single season.

Since shade trees spread their branches quite far, it is not necessary to plant them as close together as windbreaks. A mature maple can shade a circle more than twenty feet in diameter. The shade trees must be located so that they would protect the south and west sides of the house, since these are exposed to the hottest rays of the sun.

Once the house is well shaded, paint it a dark color. This will help it absorb the sun's heat in the winter, when the leaves are gone from your shade trees, and the sun can warm the house.

And let us also remember Dionysus:

Ah, Dionysus, son of Juice! For localized shade (over a patio, for example) set up a grape arbor. Grape vines grow in no time at all. The fruit is tasty, the leaves are big and shady, and it is also a warmer in the winter. Not only do the grapes warm you up when properly fermented (and distilled), but the dried cuttings make a good fuel in wood stove or fireplace. In the wine country of France, it is the main fuel in winter. Like the ever-reborn god, His grape vine grows back every year no matter how far you prune it. After you've pressed the grapes for wine, and pickled the leaves for making stuffed grape leaves, you will need to prune the vine in order to get a good crop next year. Cut all the branches to within eight inches of the main stem. Do this around Samhain time. And try to save the cuttings for fuel. You'll be amazed how much will grow the next year.

NEXT MONTH: Getting your trees ready for winter.

DIDJA KNOW...?

The elephant is one of the world's largest animals. An elephant's brain weighs about 15 pounds--five times as much as the average human's.

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SEVEN'S FAIRY DUST by Shadowhawk

In a time long ago, when magic still abounded, there lived a Wizard called Mentor, and his young apprentice by the name of Seven. The boy was named Seven because when Mentor found him and took him in as his own apprentice, he was the seventh bot that Mentor had tried to teach the ways of magic. But unlike the other six, this child had not asked Mentor to teach him. Instead, Mentor had found him one day playing by a stream in the woods, far from his cottages. When Mentor brought the boy back to his mother, he asked why the so very young child was so far from his home, and alone. His mother said that he'd been running off into the woods since he had learned to walk, and that there simply was nothing that could be done with him. It was obvious that the family was poor with a yard full of thin ragged children, so Mentor offered to take the boy and care for him, and the mother gladly agreed. When he asked her what the child's name was, she said that she had never bothered to name him because he would never come when called anyway. So Mentor called him Seven.

With only the strange old wizard to care for him, Seven grew as a wild weed, learning on his own the ways of the meadow and forest and the speech of the wild things that grew and dwelled there. When he was 5 years old, Mentor began to teach him his letters and the simple chores about the house. The boy did well, for he was quick to learn and eager to please. He learned to read, chop the wood, lay a fire, milk the goat and to help pick the wild nuts and berries that they ate.

And when he turned 7, Mentor taught him the magic letters that he would need to know to read the large old spell books. He also taught Seven the true names of the goats, birds, fishes, animals and plants. He showed him which were used in magic and in medicine, and which were just good to eat. And he taught the boy the secret names of the wind, sun, rain, earth, storm and clouds.

When the boy turned 9, Mentor's teachings took a different tone. He began to show him how to make simple potions and spells, and let him read some of the pages in the great spell book. Mentor played with the boy less and began to teach him without games and songs. He and the boy went together to pick and gather the seven sacred herbs, and he showed Seven how to dry and grind them to powder. Mentor taught him the prayers to the Creator, and sang to him the chants of the Earth and the Sky.

Then, one day when Seven was ten years old, some people from the village came to Mentor's house. They brought with them their daughter, who was simple of mind and without speech. She was as beautiful as a sunset and their only child. They begged the old Wizard to heal her. Mentor spoke quietly to them, telling them that although he would do all that could be done, it was not the girl who needed healing, but in truth their own troubled spirits.

(continued next page)

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SEVEN'S FAIRY DUST continued

Then he sent Seven away to milk the goat. When he returned, he found the girl's parents happy and smiling, and the girl was changed. She still never spoke, but from that time on she seemed to know and understand things in a way that no one could explain. Mentor explained to Seven that he had taught her to FEEL the earth and its creatures so that she would be of use and bring goodness and joy to the village. And he told how he had mended the tears of her parents' hearts so that they could take joy from the doings of their own child. Though Seven listened respectfully and tried to understand, he soon put the incident out of his thoughts. Until the morning of his 11 th birthday.

On that day, the parents of the girl returned, bringing with them a large bundle which they said was their way of thanking Mentor for all he'd done for them. Mentor peeked inside and then put the bundle away in his magic chest, which he kept locked with a thick bar and chain. Seven was disappointed, for he wanted very much to see what was inside the big package. He went to Mentor and told him so, but the wizard just smiled and said, "You will know when the time is right", and would say no more.

That evening, he took Seven outside and stood looking up at the sky. He spoke quietly to the boy, pointing out the stars and naming them. After a little while, he took Seven back into the house and bade him sit and listen.

"Today is a special day. You are 11 years old tonight. That is a very magical age. It is time to stop being a boy and begin to become a man. From now on, you are going to sleep during the day and be wakeful during the night. I want you to learn the ways of the night, for it has powerful magic."

So the rhythm of Seven's life changed. Now he rose at sunset and went to his bed as dawn lit the sky. Also, Mentor began to teach him the moon spells. He learned that the magic ingredient of these was the bright Fairie dust, which Mentor kept in a carved box of dark polished wood. All of the dream spells, potions of farseeing and [illegible] potions and spells of Love needed Fairie dust to make them work. Mentor also showed him that the most beautiful of the illusions were made by tossing a pinch of the dust in the eyes of the watcher. Of all the spells that Seven learned over the next few months, he loved these illusions best. They harmed none, nor did they change the Universal Balance. Yet still they brought laughter and joy. He even practised them on the goat, who would stand quietly watching and chewing on her grains.

On the eve of Spring Equinox, Mentor called Seven early from his bed. The sun was still completely above the hills and the clouds not yet colored for its passing. Seven was a little grumpy about being awakened so early but he came anyway, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He started to gather up the milking pail, but Mentor bade

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SEVEN'S FAIRIE DUST continued

him be seated. So he set it down and sat on the long wood bench by the fire. While Mentor talked, Seven played with the fire, moving his hands and thinking the words that shaped the flames into pictures.

"Soon, my boy, " Mentor said, "I will have taught you all that I can and you will have to choose your own name. You will then go forth from me to make your own place in the world. In just a few years you will be a man, no longer an apprentice, but a Wizard. You will have the responsibility of free choice and the burden of knowledge.

"We must begin to prepare for that time. You will need your own supplies. Up to now, you have used mine, but there is a greater power in the things you alone know from first growth to their taking and use. And you will also need to make your own tools."

And with these last words, Mentor brought out the large bundle that the village people had given him some months before. He unwrapped it and showed to Seven a bolt of the finest silk, pure white and soft as a cloud to the touch.

"This will become your magic robes", he said. All Seven could do was stroke the fine cloth with the tips of his fingers, and sigh, "It's beautiful".

"Yes, it is. Our way of life, and indeed our world, has much that is hard and ugly in it. That is why we take such care to give ourselves beauty and softness close to us where we can. It helps us use our powers to the good and betterment of things. Later tonight, I will show you more, but now it is time for you to milk the goat."

So Seven picked up the milking pail and started to go. "And don't forget to take a pinch of Fairie dust with you," called Mentor. Seven blushed. So Mentor had known that he'd been sneaking the dust to practice with. He went quickly to his task, thankful that Mentor hadn't punished him for it.

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FROM U.P.I. The Cincinnati Zoo wants to acquaint people with insects ...and if you had indulged in the appetizers at its salute to insects, you might have become more closely acquainted with bugs than you ever wanted to be. Featured at the "Catch The Bugs" weekend were deep-fried caterpillars, "Chocolate Chirpies"..which are brownies with crickets...and "Mothball and Crackers"..a concoction made with cream cheese, scallions, pressed beef and waxmoth caterpillars.

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Too many hands have been dipping into the Girl Scout cookie jar in the Indianapolis area. Authorities say they have resorted to taking parents and Girl Scout troop leaders to court to recover money owed from cookie sales. $8,000 has not been recovered from the cookie sales this year. A common problem in other areas, too.

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HARAGANO of N.W.C. of Seattle sent the following. She says she found it at a AAA claims agent's office.

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

From Indianapolis comes this Claim Story of the Month - Don Dennis, Liability Claims Supervisor in the Indianapolis office proves the cliche "truth is starnger than fiction." This is the trus story of a claim made in Foremost's East/Central Zone.

Mr. Insured was the proud owner of a 750 cc Honda motorcycle. After a few leisurely trips around the block to become acquainted with his powerful machine, he parked the cycle in front of his home just to show it off to neighbors. Soon it started to rain, and since he didn't want his new purchase to be waterspotted, Mr. Insured decided to bring it into his home.
After putting down several large boards over the front steps to make a ramp, Mr. Insured attempted to drive the cycle into the front room. Not being totally familiar with the mechanics nor the power of the 750cc powerplant, coupled with the wet ramp, he lost control on the porch, crashed through the front door and into the television set.

Mr. Insured sustained a fractured collarbone, and the living room of his home was covered with gasoline and oil. A medical team was summoned and Mr. Insured was promptly taken to the local hospital for treatment. While he was gone, Mrs. Insured and their daughter busily cleaned up the debris and gasoline, soaking the gas up in towels, and wringing them out in the toilet.
Several hours later, Mr. Insured returned home, fully encased from neck to waist. Nature soon called, and while he was in the bathroom, Mr. Insured lit a cigarette and threw the match in the toilet. The result - instant combustion.

The same medical aid team was called, and as the technicians were carrying the battered and burned man on a litter, one of the technicians asked Mrs. Insured how these painful burns were inflicted. Upon hearing the story, both technicians responded with gales of laughter, slipped on the wet porch and dropped the patient, fracturing his arm. On the way to the hospital the ambulance was involved in an accident, but there were no further injuries to Mr. Insured.

The motorcycle was sold the next day.

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CLASSIFIED: Wyoming artist wishes to correspond with single women, preferably between 25 & 35, with Pagan background, who might be willing to relocate. I'm 33, 5'11", 180 lbs., living alone.
Darryl Newton, 1556 9 th St. # 23, Rock Springs, Wyo. 82901.
(307) 382-7079.

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DIDJA KNOW??

The month of August was originally called Sextilis...meaning the sixth of the year. Caesar Augustus moved the month into the eighth spot and gave it his name. According to the plan of Julius Caesar, August was to have had 30 days...but Caesar Augustus took one from February and added it to the eighth month.

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STUFF & THINGS

CATHERINE & KENT in Australia sez: we loved the latest issue of the paper, as always newsy and great fun. How we did laugh at Russ and Ruthi's definitions, but as you said, sad at times. They were so very true.
Nice to see our Oz Crafters subscribing and sending their bits along. We expect you will have lots more subscribers from here shortly. Everyone loves the Georgian, and after seeing our copies, are taking the address away with them.

The Azaria Chamberlain murder trial is still in progress. The mother is 8 months pregnant and says she wants another girl. It will be interesting to see if she is found guilty of the murder of the babe. It sure looks like she did it. At least the poor dingo will be "off the hook". Will keep you posted as the trial proceeds.

Thank you for mentioning our diploma course in Aromatherapy, we already have one student from CA, and hope to have many more.
Still no rain in the outback. We are in the midst of our Commonwealth Games, and Oz has 35 Gold medals to date..not bad!
It has been sad to see the trouble with the Aboriginal Land Right marches, so many arrested, and so degrading for them. The tribal land they are asking for was theirs for hundreds of years before the white man came here, and it should be theirs. But the money-hungry Queensland government don't see it that way. It is suggested that there are large mineral deposits in that land. If so, the poor indigineous man will never win.

Blessed Be.
Catherine & Kent.

ED. NOTE: Sorry about your weather. Feels like we have summer again. Sorry about the Abos problem. Guess it's much like the Indian in this country.
The Editors, POB 80, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066 Australia

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PUZZLE FROM LADY MARIAH

The Interfraternity Council at Juke Box Tech presented a highly involved situation last year. Each fraternity was represented by 4 men according to the rules of the council, but because of overlapping memberships, the following complications existed.
Each man on the council was simultaneously the representative of 2 different fraternities.
Every pair of fraternities had one representative in common.
In this welter of conflicting allegiances, the council accomplished littleor nothing, which of course was not unusual. However, it did present an interesting puzzle, namely:
How many fraternities were represented on the council and how many representatives were there altogether?

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BEING A WITCH IS.....
...figuring our Mariah's puzzles.

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Some very nice material from Lady Allusha..S?L?O.-Pismo area. Some will be in this issue and more in future issues . She sez: As I gathered my information, a story began to evolve, based on and around the Legend of the Wheel. But I could not find complete stories explaining the seasons, nor very much of anything that tied one season to the next. So, I set the Divine Plays off slightly to the side, and began work on The Legend of the Wheel. I am submitting a copy of the complete set of eight Sabbats for your enjoyment and use in the newsletter. Please state in the newsletter that this is an original work, not an authentic legend or series of legends. I applied a general amount of poetic license to the info I gathered from Celtic legends, combined it with common Pagan symbology, struggled to keep everything in keeping with the original legends, and still tried to make it come out as a cohesive, pertinent work. "The Symbols of the Wheel" is merely an explanation of the symbols used in the story.

THE SYMBOLS OF THE WHEEL: The meaning of the Legend
by Lady Allusha

SAMHAIN- Also known as November's Eve, All Hallows, Hallowmas, The Night Between the Years, Feast of the Dead, and the Festival of the Dread Lord of Shadows. It is one of the Great Fire Festivals, and the beginning of the Horned One's reign. It is the Celtic New Year, commemorating the death of the old year, and honouring the turning of the Wheel. The old year ended at sunset of November's Eve, and the new year began at sunrise the next morning, thereby giving it the name of The Night Between the Years. The ancient Celts felt that the life cycles begin with a period of darkness, as a baby in the womb. For this reason, they marked their days from sunset to sunset.

This is one of the most sacred festivals of the year. Some of the more familiar names reflect this idea, being taken from the word 'hallow' which means to make holy or sacred, to consecrate. Traditionally, the celebrations of Samhain are of a slow and serious nature, for they mark the time when the earth shall lie fallow and rest. They should be celebrated in places in between, such as the shores swept by the tides (which are neither land nor sea), or the meadow on the forest edge. It is said that these types of places are where the Land of Mortals meets the Land of Faerye.

This is the Feast of the Dead, where honour was given to this vital phase of life. The Celts believed that because the Sun-God was entering the Land of Death, the gates between the worlds were loosened. This enables the spirits of the deceased (as well as other types of spirit entities) to readily visit the mortal world. It also allows a mortal being easier access to the Otherworld, without requiring physical death. To keep away the maleficent spirits, the people would keep lights and fires burning. And for the beneficent ones, they set out apples, nuts, a dark loaf, honey, and wine.

The celebration of the Powers of Darkness traditionally include communication with the dead, divination, meditation, introspection, baking of 'soul-cakes', libations for the ghosts and fairies, carv-

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THE SYMBOLS OF THE WHEEL continued

ing pumpkins to frighten away the evil spirits, begging 'treats' for the dead, sacrifices, symbolically casting past sins and errors into the flames of the hearth fire, feasting on roast meat, apples and hazelnuts, and drinking toasts to the new year.

NOTES ON THE STORY: In ancient times, the Druids actually met in council at Tara in Ireland, holding a great 7-day Samhain festival. Mananan was the Celtic Sea-God, as old and wise as the sea itself. Apples were very sacred to the Celtic Gods & Goddesses, for they symbolized the constant regeneration of life. They are a food said to have a prophetic nature, belonging to both the mortal world and the spiritual world. They were thought of as a talisman that would admit mortals into the Otherworld.
The "Nuts of Knowledge" were the hazelnuts. They are the fruit of the tree of wisdom, whose branches provided the Magick Wand of Transformation. These nuts also have a prophetic nature and belong to both worlds. They were often used in divination: a person wishing to know the answer to a 'Yes/No' question would pick one hazelnut for 'Yes' and another for 'No', then throw them into the fire, the first one to pop was the answer.

The Lord of Darkness, Dread Lord of Shadows, and Lord of the Dead, are some of the titles which have been bestowed on the God of the Dark Powers, whose name, in this story is Cernunnos. Some sources say that 'Cernunnos' is the Roamn version of the Celtic Horned God Horne, and not a Coltic God at all. No matter, because the idea is the same either way, and 'Cernunnos' has a much stronger, domineering sound to it.
The Dance of the Spiral, which is symbolized by the Sacred Celtic Trees of vine and of ivy, is the symbolic representation of reincarnation, the spirit's journey through birth, life, death, and birth again, through the many lifetimes of continual progression, learning and spiritually evolving. These are part of the Dark Lord's Mysteries.

The Dance of the Hunt was the magickal assurance that that the people would be provided with sustenance, despite the condition of the earth. They danced 'round the fire to the west, the direction of the dying sun, as do all spirits and ghosts who pass. This God of the Hunt was the death principle, yet he knew that from death comes life. These are more of his mysteries.
His crown, a wreath of holly and ivy, symbolizes the never-ending interaction of the male (holly) and the female (ivy) energies, the flow of thoughts of the unconscious mind and the inspirational, and the resolving of the conflict between life as temporary and life as eternal.
The Throne of Power is a state of being where the predominant nature themes are a reflection of the aspects and characteristics of the particular 'ruler' God or Goddess.

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THE SYMBOLS OF THE WHEEL continued

The ancient Celts did not worship the Sun and the Moon perse. These heavenly bodies were associated with certain aspects of particular Gods and Goddesses. Thus, the Samhain Sun would remind them of the Lord of Darkness, while the Beltaine Sun would remind them of the God of Fire. It is with poetic license that I use the names of Gods and Goddesses, associating them with those things that have similarities to their natures.
Tradition has it that the Druids were the first of the Celts to learn of the Mysteries of the Gods, and were highly respected for their learning and wizardry. With the passing of time, the Witches were taught the Mysteries, although often different in nature than the knowledge of the Druids, and they too became highly respected. Both hold roles of importance in the land of the Celts.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL: A Celtic Story of the Seasons
by Lady Allusha; adapted from Celtic legends and pagan symbology

SAMHAIN (Oct. 31) - In the land of the Celts, the old King has died. The Druids meet in council at Tara, holding a grand festival. They sit in judgement of what was and what will be. It is decreed that all fires shall die out, then a fresh sacred bonfire lit. Into this fire were thrown the remains of the old King, that he would be free of his past, and his spirit could enter the Land of the Dead.
The land was cold and barren, and many clans warmed themselves by this sacred fire. The spirits of the dead King and other benevolent deceased were invited to warm themselves, visit, and feast once more. There was much singing and dancing and revelry in honour of the dead.

But the people needed a King. And so it was, that the Druids drank and feasted until they fell into a trance, that they may beseech the Gods to send a ruler to the land. In answer to their pleas, the Crone, Cailleach, the withered old Earth-Goddess, appeared before them. She would use her sorcery to aid them in obtaining a King. In return, the people must revere and honour their aged. And so it was decreed. And to those whose lives have made them ready for divine wisdom, the Wise God, Mananan, gave the gifts of the "Apples of Immortality" and the "Nuts of Knowledge".

As Cailleach had instructed, the Druids now directed the people to build the fire higher and higher, and to dance 'round it faster and faster. Meanwhile, Cailleach has gone into the depths of the forest, and gathered together dark rich earth, leaves and branches from sacred trees, and skin and horns of the giant stag. She formed these into a man-like shape, dark and large in stature. She invoked the Lord of Darkness from his realm by the magick of the Sacred Fire and the Power of the Dance. She called him forth into this body of the earth, and his name resounded through the woods...Cernunnos!

'Round the fire the people danced, feeling ecstatic as the Power coursed through their veins. Their frenzy was so great that even

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THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL continued

Gods were affected. And so it was that the Dagda (Good God, the Father) mated with Morrigan (the Dark Goddess), and their seed spilled all over the land.
From deep within the woods came the sound of a horn blowing. Cernunnos stepped forth from the flickering shadows and joined in the dance. He led them in the Dances of the Spiral and of the Hunt. When the dancing was at an end, the people crowned him with a wreath of holly and ivy. Thus did the Lord of Darkness attain the Throne of Power, and he reigned over the land.

Through the cunning and sorcery of Cailleach, Cernunnos became ruler. Together they weild the Powers of Darkness and Mystery. The land became more cold and barren, and as the white hairs covered the head of the Crone, so too the white snow covered the land.
And it came to pass that the Celts longed for warmth, so they went to the Druids, begging for some form of release from this Dark Rule. The Druids then went to the High Mountains to consult the Wyrrd, who are the Guardians of Fate, Destiny, and Prophesy. The Wyrrd instructed them to search for and find the Sacred Seed of Life, which had fallen to earth. This seed was to be planted deep within the bosom of the earth, and Druid wizardry worked over it. In return, the people must worship the Horned God by day, and the Goddess by night. And so the worship of the Sun and the Moon was decreed.

Through the power of the Druid's magick, the earth quietly gained the powers to nurture the Seeds of Life, thus becoming a Mother-Goddess, and was named Tailltiu.

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ED. NOTE: Lady Allusha has continued the legend through each of the Sabbats. Next month: Yule.

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FROM U.P.I. Researchers say future methods of birth control have been designed to give women long-term protection against pregnancy with one-time application.
One is a contraceptive capsule that is implanted under the skin and is effective for seven years. Another is an intrauterine device that lasts for 20 years.
In the past 5 years, only one-point-eight percent of the women taking part in the implant studies had become pregnant. Although implants have not yet been approved by the F.D.A., they are being used in Thailand, Egypt and other nations.
A copper-coated I-U-D that averts pregnancy for 15 to 20 years is being manufactured and sold in Mexico and Finland...but has not been approved in the U.S.

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REMEDY FOR BEE STINGS....

....mix a little of Adolph's Meat Tenderizer with a little water, and apply to the sting.

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RHEA sent these from Atlanta (almost wrote Atlantis..wonder why???

WARNING
THIS MACHINE IS SUBJECT TO BREAKDOWNS
DURING PERIODS OF CRITICAL NEED

A special circuit in the machine called a CRITICAL DETECTOR senses the operator's emotional state in terms of how desperate he or she is to use the machine. The critical detector then creates a malfunction proportional to the desperation of the operator. Threatening the machine with violence only aggravates the situation. Likewise, attempts to use another machine may cause IT to malfunction also. They belong to the same union. Keep cool and say NICE things to the machine. Nothing else seems to work.
Remember Murphy's Law: Never let anything mechanical know you are in a hurry.

A business man is aggressive, a business woman is pushy.
A well dressed businessman is fashionably, a business woman is a clotheshorse.
He loses his temper because he's so involved with his job; she's bitchy.
He gets depressed from work pressures; she has menstrual tension.
He's a man of the world; she's been around.
He's confident; she's conceited.
He drinks because of excessive work pressure; she's a lush.
He's a stern taskmaster; she's impossible to work for.
He's enthusiastic; she's emotional.

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TERISA in Martinez sez: my last issue of the Georgian had a sticker on the front near the address label, "S" orange with a black S. What does this mean?
ED. NOTE: it has to do with bulk mailing. Letters are now sorted by zip code. When we have enough with the same first 3 numbers, they go in a bundle and a "3" gets stuck on the top letter. When there are not enough of the same 3 numbers to make a bundle, they are put into a bundle together with an "S" (stands for state) on the top letter. "C" used to be used for the same city but that is no longer used. If there are only a few that don't have enough matching zip codes and only a few for that state, then they go into a bundle and we stick a piece of paper on top of the top letter which says "mixed state". Then we have to count them, weigh a single piece, figure the total weight, decide whether we must pay by the piece or by the lb., then fill out a P.O. form, take that and a check to one P.O., then take the reciept and the mail to another P.O. See how much work we do for you guys???
Terisa also sent some news stories. We used the one about a dog. Can't find the one about bees. Terisa was unhappy that they planned to burn some bees instead of gathering them up and returning them where they came from.

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BEING A WITCH IS.....

...sometimes a lot of work.

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HP: POWER BEHIND THE CRONE #15

"How many Gardnerians does it take to screw in a light bulb,"
"Gee whiz, Mr. Wizard, I don't know! How mant?"
"I can't tell you, it's a Craft secret!"

Well, so you've heard that one already. But it does lead into what I want to muse upon this month: Craft Secrets. I said last month that I would tell the world all the secrets that can be told. What I should have written was that I would tell all the Secrets that could be told. Please note the capitalization of the letter s. Let me explain. I will not say word one about those things that I have been sworn not to reveal. They are to remain secret. Small s. However, that is considerably different from saying that I can not tell you about the Craft Secrets, capitoal s.

Careful readers w ill note that I've said "will not" in one sentence, but have said "can not" in the other. Craft Secrets, in this context, refer to those things which are beyond words. They do not refer to such confidential matters as who does what, when or where. Such matters would be dull at best to those to whom they could be revealed without breaking my oath.

So what is the Secrets of which I write? I can't tell you. But I can tell how you might be able to find out what they are: practice the rituals religiously and with faith in yourself, the Gods, and with careful attention to the law of Love and Trust. Rituals and traditions of practice which survive the tests of time and fire have power to reveal the Secrets to those who are able to see.

For a moment, try to lump together all the rituals of your tradition. What do they do in common? They cause us to put our minds and bodies in a certain mose of operation at a certain time, doing certain things. This regulates our experiences in such a way as to produce information on an unconscious level. This information builds and is molded by the form of our religion. We call this information by a variety of names (vibes, astral communications, words of the Gods, etc.) After a certain critical mass of information has been achieved (it's different for each person), we become arare of the pattern of energy that this information represents. Knowledge of the patterns, true and clear knowledge is the birth place of the Secrets. This knowledge mostly operates on the unconscious level, so can not be related by means of the restrictive symbols we call words. It operates differently in content and application for each person, but the quality of relationship to each individual that has this knowledge is similar enough that we can generalize.

It is not at all uncommon that a person who knows a Secret does not realize that they know it. It is not necessary that a person be of the Craft for them to gain the Secrets. It is possible that they may not hold them dear and valuable, but it is also possible for one who is of the Craft to not appreciate such treasures.

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HP: POWER BEHIND THE CRONE continued

The Secrets are keys to doing better magic. Misuse or abuse of them, intentional or not, can result in some very bad happenings. Not knowing that one knows Secrets sometimes will weaken a person's magic, but often as not, the person will come to realize that they have "discovered" a Secret because they find that their magic has gotten more powerful for some "unexplained" reason. This is not always a sign that they have learned Secrets, but it can be. It usually happens that as soon as a person has gained the Secret, the Gods require that they use it. Their life becomes more busy and meaningful. They are called upon to perform greater and more important (karmicly) magic.

Attempts to "teach" the Secrets have failed for all who try. The best that can be hoped for by any who act as mentor is that they will know when to step out of the way. Encouragement and alert care are more important than any "secrets of the universe" that may be able to be passed on. Love and Trust are the greatest of the requirements for teacher as well as student.

Next month, I will write about what happens if a student and the Craft find that they are not compatible. It is something that happens to a ll who attempt to teach and it is never a happy thing. But there are steps that can help ease the pain for all concerned.

Until then,
Blessed Be,
Blacksun of Elvenhearth

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ARDWIN (?) in Florida sez: one class is comparative religions, and in querying us my prof found out what faith I follow. He rapidly secured two speaking dates for me to lecture on the Craft to his Contemporary Religions Culture classes. The first was today & though I was nervous, it went well. I was erasing the book list off the blackboard & speaking with one of the trailing students after my lecture when who should walk in but my Algebra prof!
She said, "Oh! You teach a class here?"
I replied, "No--but I just gave a lecture."
She immediately asked, "What on?"
I looked at the trailing student, math teacher, and just as I was going to explain, wiggling out with a mystical mumbo-jumbo answer, in walked her entire class! I heard myself say (in a small, but clear voice), "Uh, Witchcraft."
She pounced on me: "Oh! Do you read Tarot cards?"
"Yes," I answered.
"Will you teach me?"
"Of course!" (Of course! What else am I going to say when my last math test was a miserable 64%?)
"Good! I'll help you with your algebra and you'll teach me the cards!"
Life is strange. But wonderful. Who would ever have thought of such a felicitous bargain? And I had just asked the Lady for some help, too!

Love and Blessed Be,
The former Thalassa, now Ardwin (Ardvin?)

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PUSSY CAT CORNER

KATHI in Portland sez: for the furrier side of my life: Brat (my wonderful Siamese) would love to be dignified like he knows he's supposed to be, but sometimes it's sooo hard. Sometimes he forgets and goes to sleep on his back with all 4 feet pointing in different directions! And life in our house can be so hard when the dog thinks that Brat is a wonderful toy! Sandy (12 lbs. of absolutely ruthless Cock-a-poo) has some wonderful games. Like: if you can knock the cat off his feet in the first mad dash through the kitchen, Brat will slide wonderfully when pushed with the nose! Sandy will run the length of the kitchen pushing Brat in front of her - Brat scrambling for his feet all the way. Brat has devised several wonderful ways to get even though.

*

ROBYN in Australia sez: after walking up and down hills all day, I was ready for a nice hot bath but Ebenezer black cat beat me to it. Greedy little chap couldn't wait for me so he went first. Funny how he didn't seem too smug about his amazing feat of leaps and bounds. Still, my best and softest towel seemed to pep him up enough to get stuck into the munchies once more.
Last time he watched me have a shower I took extra long, so Ebenezer Black cat showed his temper by throwing everything off my shelf, making me rush to see what had fallen. Then he hopped into the shower! Must I share everything??

*

CATHERINE & KENT in Australia sez: we would like to share a couple of ideas with readers. As you know from our last letters, our major interest is Aromatherapy and what is called "Alternative Medicine". Blowed if I know why they call it that. After all, these remedies were here before what is called orthodox medicine. To star with, our adored Siamese Queen, Har Bibi, is getting on in years, 14 now to be exact, and though healthy and well-cared for, things do occur to cause her upsets. Through our experience with her, and other cats and dogs we treat with our remedies, we have proved the following: all cats, most especially those over 5 years of age, and even more specially, those cats and dogs who do not have free access to gardens and the outdoors, MUST be fed one dessert spoon of natural powdered bran with each meal. We have seen many poor pets with bowel blockages lately; mostly they live in apts., and do not have access to grass and gardens to pick up the required roughage. Owners feed them biscuits and dry food truly thinking this will keep them in good order, but not so! In fact, these foods can cause the blockage in the older pet. The bran mixed with food at least twice daily, without fail, may save the life of a distressed pet.

Recently, a guest brought a spare visitor with her, a flea! Now, of course, it headed for the flealess Har Bibi. Fleas do not need a mate, they happily multiply all by themselves, so result...one furious cat, upset, scratching, itcht, skin becoming dry, and puss more temperamental than an opera star.! We prepared our Pet Comfort Oil and brushed it lightly through her, paw to bottom. Result: Within an hour, peaceful, sleeping cat. Within 24 hours, after another application,

(continued next page)

PUSSY CATS CORNER continued

NO FLEAS. We do not use flea collars with their rotten chemicals. The oil will not hurt any type of animal, and they can lick it every which way. For the benefit of readers who care for their babies, here is the formula:

COMFORT OIL FOR DOGS AND CATS

The following formula makes approx. 120 ml. Bottle in clean screw-topped jar or bottle. Keep out of sunlight when not in use, and store in cool, dim place. Shelf life: approx. 5 to 6 months.
Base. Combine in equal parts to 80 ml. , olive oil and wheat germ oil. Add 4 drops eucalyptus, 1 full eye dropper of tincture of pennyroyal, 1 full eye dropper of oil of pennyroyal, then add sufficient oil of lavendar to make the balance of 120 ml bottle.
Shake gently before using, and brush pet when required. Repeat as needed.

If we can help with suggestions for natureopathic remedies for cats and dogs, do let us know. It is time chemicals were dispensed with and some sanity shown in the care of our little friends.

ED. NOTE: Great! We'll be happy to print anything you send.

*

FROM U.P.I. Two women who held a Tomcat for $18,000 ransom were given prison terms in Beaufort, North Carolina. One of them for one year, and the other for 18 months. A judge said preying upon the love a person has for a pet is a "contemptible act."
By the way, "Cry Baby" the cat was unharmed.

*

RHEA in Atlanta sez: Your "Being a Witch Dog"..page 32, brought a moment of memory and a chuckle.
Several years ago the group was "coming down" after a very intense ritual. The question was asked "Does anyone have anything else?" We got an answer--a loud MEOW, and a very pregnant cat jumped on the altar! (She had five kittens two days later.) As if it had been practiced, we all chorused at once "Why not!", asked blessings for the "catwitch and catwitchlings". And all had a hearty laugh (which, incidentally, relieved the tension.) After she had the kittens we never could manage to keep them out of Circle--they let us know they felt they had a right to be there!

*

FOR THE BIRDS from Ellen in Florida: at the ranch where we keep our horses, there is a wild peacock who thinks she is a cat. Juno (the peacock) comes running everytime my van pulls in, along with 10 ranch cats. Since no one feeds them, and they are often hungry, I keep cat food in my tack room, and feed them twice daily along with my horse. Juno chirps, rubs up against my leg, and waits for me to throw her a large handful of cat food, which she devours with much gusto.
ED. NOTE: ELLEN also sent the Pegasus Express. 8 issues $5. 4701 Lyons Rd. Box # 159, Pompano Beach, Fla. 33067.
Articles, recipes, stories, etc.
Make checks to Richard Facchiano or Ellen Hansen.

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RELIGION IN THE NEWS from U.P.I.

The Federal Appeals Court in San Francisco has deferred judgment on one of the ten commandments...thou shalt not commit adultery. Three Phoenix, Arizona police officers charged with breaking the Biblical commandment, which also breaks Arizona law, sued after they were suspended for periods ranging from 20 to 68 days. They argued the law violates their U.S. Constitutional rights.
The Appeals Court returned the case to a Phoenix Court, saying the judge should take another look at the case.
The Appeals Court said it would not--quoting--"(address) the difficult question of whether discipline for extramarital sexual activity is constitutionally permissible."
But the court added that the constitutional question may be further pursued in a Phoenix courtroom.

*

In New Dehli, India's Supreme Court appeared more interested in truth than the naked truth. It ruled against a Hindu nun who wanted to appear in court naked to face charges of killing a disciple. The woman's attorney argued that it is her religious belief not to wear clothes...and under India's Freedom of Religion laws, she was merely exercising her right. The court disagreed, saying freedom of religion was not above the rules governing court proceedings.

*

There has been much anti-religious vandalism in Honolulu recently. Vandals have destroyed priceless religious artifacts and stained glass windows. Demonic slogans have been spray-painted on the walls of churches, temples and cathedrals.

*

Martha Jean "The Queen" Steinberg is the host of a radio gospel program. When her car was recently stolen, her listeners heard her threatening the wrath of the almighty on anyone even seeing the car if they didn't call police. When she returned to her church, she found her car there...with a full tank of gas.

*

The man who brought the world the plastic dashboard Jesus is dead. Reverend George Bezy founded the Sacred Heart Auto League and invented its dashboard symbol.
As windshields became tilted and focused more sunlight on the dashboard, the plastic Jesus began to melt, growing shorter and squatter. Bezy said - "It would look like a little Buddha sitting there."
In 1970, the league changed the symbol to a medallion.

*

A study shows Roman Catholic priests experience tension over the church's celibacy rule, have occasional doubts about the existence of God and sometimes fear they may drink too much.
254 St. Louis priests took tests devised by the Center For Human Development.
41% sometimes doubt the existence of God. 18% concerned about drink.
66% had tension about celibacy. 80% had anxiety about being lonely.
92% admitted they tend toward shallowness and immaturity in personal relationships.
Most said they derived strong satisfaction from their work.

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Dear Georgian Newsletter:

I am writing this to rebut the enormously erroneous views of Richard Clarke in the last issue. All views in this letter are the Luciferic philosophy of Solar Lodge XIII of the Illuminati.
I do not dispute the fact that he mentions about the Columete Pagan Temple and the wearisome procession of other occult groups he mentions. His series of pagan groups has had an exceptionally fortunate experience in these regards doubtless due to dumb luck.
Let me abjure forever all Pollyanna optimism and illusions for illusion's sake and let us look at the real facts of the matter. My experience is not yours. Your experience is not mine. Our experience is not Clarke's. He can speak with authority only about his limited set of haphazard experiences.

History repeats itself. All Pagans know all things move in cycles. Experience of good things today is no guarantee of similar experience tomorrow. For every up there is a down, for every good there is an evil. The very dualistic substructure of duality itself demands and reinforces this.
The crude philosophy of "Guard secrets well, reveal them constantly" is as silly as it is self-contradictory. Either do one or the other. You cannot do both at once. And what is this "If you assume all will be all right, it probably will." I invite the editors of the Georgian Newsletter or anybody else to ask themselves if they will trust their lives on some doubtful probabilities. History repeats itself endlessly. Ask any Jewish person if they believe the Holocaust can come again. Itchy followers of Jerry Falwell adore Clarke's asleep at the switch pagan attitude cause it plays into their own hands. What easier enemy to destroy than one who cannot even believe he can be destroyed? Clarke can decieve himself forever if he likes, but those of us higher up in pagan circles shoul know better.

Sincerely,
Rev. Ken Taber

*

Greetings:

I got a kick from pages 22 through 24 of the September issue of the Georgian Newsletter. Ursa writes of Ginny and Dave attending the Midwest Pagan Council's Pan Pagan Festival, and in the next breath, some guy identified as Reverend Ken Taber says the folks in Chicago don't get along. Who is Ken Taber and how reverend is he? In over a dozen years on the Chicago Witch scene, I have never heard of him. I have never met any Old Pagan High Priest here - none over 50 that I know of. I feel Mr. Taber has made the mistake of sticking his nose into a little sibling rivalry - we may have our disagreements, but we love each other and don't need outsiders, especially Reverend Outsiders, to try to say what is happening in the Pagan Community.

In view of Rev. Taber's remarks being published, I would like to elaborate on Ursa's remarks. Ginny and Dave did attend the Midwest Pagan Council's Pan Pagan Festival. Not only did they attend, but they helped lead the singing and dancing at the main ritual Saturday even-

(continued next page)

Richard continued

ing. Now, Ginny and Dave are sparkplugs in Council of Sacred Earth, and C.O.S.E. is the council which formed when some folks left the Midwest Pagan Council a couple of years ago. The natural split-off occurred as a result of "Do As Thou Will", which in turn caused not only one, but two great festivals each year in the Midwest area. Several folks from Midwest Pagan Council attended the COSE/COG fest. They enjoyed it, and were not burned at the stake. One temple active in MPC did a workshop at the COSE/COG festival, I am told. Does this sound like fear and hate?
To be effective, a council should counsel and the members should lead, but "enforce"? Sounds like Rev. Tabor is trying to suggest we need a Big Daddy. Thank the Goddess this WILL NOT happen in Chicago or the Midwest, or anywhere else.

I am tired of hearing blasts about Jerry Falwell. The man feeds on the fear of those he condemns. The more people who get nervous about him, the stronger he gets. If Pagan folk were good neighbors and well-liked in the community, there would be nothing to fear. It is when one has constant hassels with others and exhibit kookiness and paranoia that the trouble starts.
Finally, I have lived in the South Suburban area of Chicago for almost 50 years (time out for the Air Force) and although South Chicago Heights and Chicago Heights are separate towns, south Chicago has always been the area around the mills on the south side, from 106th Street and Torrence, inside the city limits. A lot of help Rev. Tabor is!
Enough said.
Blessed Be.

Richard Clarke
Calumet Pagan Temple
Midwest Pagan Council

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ED. NOTE: Okay..you've both covered this matter sufficiently. We will not publish any further on this subject from either of you. Now write some useful things for the readers.

*

ROBYN in Australia sez she has been busy delivering newspaper pamphlets...2,000 of them...and she had to do a lot of walking up and down hills. She sez: Don't for get how many savage dogs you meet on delivery rounds. If you want to know the truth, the most savage of the lot jumped up and gave me a very sweet wooly cuddle. When I got home, I found two parcels from an American friend plus three letters. What a busy day!
I spoke to Clair and Simon on the telephone last week. Now they are working on an inhalant for my asthma, seeing how the oil was successful. I rang on the night when people pick up their Wiccan prescriptions. It had been a busy night but Clair had made time to bang out a letter to me. When funds permit, I'll travel up to their neck of the woods and help them answer their stack of mail.
I recieved some lovely incense from America. There was a cute little wooden cottage that you drop incense cones into the chimney to burn. I have to admit that I'm unable to smell, but it does create a lovely peaceful atmosphere and my friends enjoy the fragrances.
BLESSED BE. ROBYN

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STUFF & THINGS

Please, please...type or print your name & address when you send money for a sub. Some of you have beautiful handwriting...but I can't read it. If you send a check, I can usually get the name and address from the check...if they are the same. But if you send cash, and I can't read it, you may not get your newsletter. Often I can't even figure out the city from the postmark because they are so smudged or faint. And don't forget...when you send articles or whatever for the newsletter,..PLEASE make it clear what name you want in the newsletter.

*

GAIL in San Jose sez: I've really been enjoying the newsletters lately, each one seems better than the one before. I especially enjoy the contributions by Blacksun & Shadowhawk, and will be interested to hear how they combine the Craft with parenting a non-Craft child.

*

KATHI in Portland sez: my two cents for this time around include one from me to Rhea: it's not been that long since I began with the tapes either. As visualization was hard for me, I, too, had a statue of the Lady - it helped me focus. But even from the beginning, I knew it was but one aspect of Her. It really didn't throw me off.

By the way, the ideas for hookers' new titles were great - how 'bout just "sexual entertainment specialist"? Seriously, I see no reason why "hooker" couldn't apply to men, tho-

*

"The Rise of the Fates" - a Halloween comedy by Z. Budapest. Goddesses and Meanies, Ancestors and Ghosts! Plus a mini concert by Shekhinah Mountainwater. Saturday, Nov. 20, 8:00 P.M. at the Kwumbwa Jazz Club, 320(2) Cedar Street, Santa Cruz. Ticket $5. ($3. Srs.,Jrs., Disabled). CC with 24 hr. notice. W/A for more info, call (408) 427-2227.

"Goddesses in Clay" A posthumous exhibit of the art of Masika Szilagyi in photographs and ceramics. At the Laughing Goddess Grotto, 4118 Telegraph Ave., Oakland through Dec. 18. (415) 653-4169. Little Craft store..candles, incense, etc.

*

CYPRIAN in Nashville sez: Dear Pat and all the Georgians:

Enjoyed talking with you briefly the other night. As I mentioned, the Newsletter has not heard from me in some time because of a lengthy illness. This letter is by way of very special thanks to all those who sent their energy to me and got me through an extremely rough time, indeed! Although I'm on the mend now, I understand I still have some months to go ; as yet activities here remain rather minimal. Oh yes, there's been a new addition to the family. Mooncat came to live with us during the Spring, and she has grown from a fuzzy kitten into a most lovely lady! I suspect she will be presenting us with some organic self-cleaning mousetraps a bit later in the year!

Blessed Be, and again,

Thanks to all,

Cyprian

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STUFF & THINGS

LADY ALLUSHA (S.L.O.-Pismo Area) sez: Greetings! Well, I'm back to writing, after all these months of Summer hysteria. I imagine I've been in the dog house for ages, but I hope that with this letter I'll move up to the cat house.
Please say 'Hello' to all my friends out there. Things are doing well in my world, not to worry when I don't write. They are in my thoughts often, but the pen rarely makes it past the bills and the research papers.
Enclosed is a check for 3 subscriptions, which I am giving as New Year's (Samhain) gifts to friends. Please wish them a happy one! One of these people is a student of mine, who has moved to the San Diego area to attend the University there. She wishes to make contact with some viable witches &/or study groups in that area. I have noted this on her address. She has given her permission for you to forward that information , if you know of anyone.
ED. NOTE: We have subscribers in that area but we really don't know anything about whether or not they are members of a group. Hopefully someone will write and let us know.

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RHEA in Atlanta sez: To Ellen, L.A.: Have you tried moth balls down the gopher hole?? Works fairly well, although you do need to reinforce them ever so often. Or--household ammonia. They certainly don't like that! Another helpful hint to stop such as gophers--get a number of #10 cans (size that restaurants use--almost any restaurant would be glad to give you all you need.) Use a punch type can opener to put holes in the bottom and sides. Lots of holes. Dig your hole big enough to set the can in, fill the can with the dirt you dug up, then set your plant in the can. That way the little critters can't get to anything except the finer roots. It does work--have used it myself. A little more trouble but does preserve the gophers --and is also good for the ground, because you must dig deeper to make room for the can.

One thing I will pass along that someone in the newsletter asked about--although it will probably be too late for this season--but they can store it away in the helpful hints file in their mind for future reference. Hay-fever--autumn allergies--whatever fancy name anyone wants to put to it.
Best remedy around--<u>local</u> honey. When the sneezies and the sniffies and the drippies hit--take honey. Actually better to begin taking a couple of tablespoonfuls a day <u>before</u> the season hits. But DON'T use a national brand. Must be LOCAL honey to be effective. And if you can find a beekeeper who will part with some of the comb, even better. Keep a bit of it with you (although I would advise wrapping it in a wrap - otherwise your pocket or purse may become a bit sticky!), and chew it as you would chewing gum, throughout the day. If you get a jump on the season, you may not even know when it comes. If you start after the sneezies begin, takes a couple of days to a week to take effect. But--it does work.

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Man can be a dog's best friend.

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JOYEC sez: Jello, I don't know if you remember me, I haven't been in touch with you, or any of my other Wicca/Pagan folks for awhile now, which is part of the reason for this letter. As you can see by the letterhead, I am in Gateway Rehabilitation Center, which is in the country about 1½ hrs. away from where I live in Pittsburgh. By now you may be wondering-what is she doing there? To make a very long story short, I am here for treatment of drug addiction and alcoholism. Pretty scary-sounding, huh? I mean, how could such a sweet young thing like Joyce be a drug addict? And an alcoholic, too! I mean we look forward to our ritual wine but this is ridiculous!
I'm sure a lot of you people reading this right now who knew me or read my poetry, have a hard time believeing it, but yes - I am an alcoholic, and yes, - I am a drug addict (Qualudes, Percodan, Valium, cocaine, whatever..it doesn't matter. Just because I never stuck a needle in my arm doesn't make me any better than the heroin addicts that are here).

For some reason or another, I found myself drinking about a fifth of Scotch every day for the past few years- more often than not, mixing it with whatever type of drug I had at the time (doctors proved to be very helpful for that; tell them you have anxiety attacks... and ZAP! unlimited supply of valiums - quicker than magick!)

On October 12 th, I went out with my friends, drank so much that I couldn't remember what kind of pills I took with the Scotch, and ended up in the emergency room of St. Francis Hospital. My heart had stopped, and I now would be dead if it hadn't been for a very level-headed (non-drinking) boy Friend who Knew C.P.R. From emergency, I went to the Drug and Alcohol Detoxification Center in the hospital, and stayed for a week.

And believe me, anyone with any doubts, you haven't lived 'til you've been through the D.T.'s. I shook so bad I couldn't stop..I saw and heard things that weren't there, had chills and sweats, and all the timethere was a little man with a hammer just pounding away at mt skull, and his counterpart in my stomach with a knife, slashing away at me. It was a horrible experience and one that I do not care to repeat..over.

So that is why I agreed to come to Gateway for 28 days, to learn more about myself and my addiction, and to get well and stay well.I also found out that, among other things, the dope and booze had taken a toll on my body in the form of: alcoholic hepatitis, anemia, below normal white blood cell count, abnormal heart pattern, borderline diabetes, skin rashes, joint damage, neurological damage (which caused my blackouts), damage to my throat and esophagus and, scariest of all, permanent liver damage, which stopped just short of psoriasis of the liver, a fatal disease.

So that all shook me up a bit, as you can imagine, and now, with the help of myself, others, and the Goddess, the boozy, doped-up part of my life is over, - good riddance!

(continued next page)

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JOYCE continued

I feel that soon it will be the time to begin making amends to those whom I have hurt and to friends that I have neglected because of my addiction, which is where you, Pat, can help me by publishing this letter. Any of you people reading this that I used to write to and had mysteriously stopped, now you know why. I hope you will forgive me and get back in touch with me. Also, anyone that I don't know but feels that they have the same problem as I do, or may be on the way to it, please write to me. It really helps to talk to someone with the same problem.
Please send your addresses, and this especially means you, Jeanne and Prairie, I've lost them!)
Hope to hear from you all soon. I feel better already just being able to tell you this. Hey - you guys are good therapy.

I love you all -
Joyce

P.S. I would love to get mail here. The address is: Gateway Rehabilitation Center, R.D. # 2, Moffett Run Rd, , Aliquippa, Pa. 15001. Room # 217 W.
I'll be leaving here November 19. After that, you can write to me at my home address.

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ED. NOTE: Sorry about the problems but good to hear from you again. You didn't make it clear about publishing your home address, so I didn't.

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STUFF & THINGS

Very nice Hallows cards from some of you. Very nice.

Jim in Winchester has a second grandson...in the hospital with breathing difficultios. Healing energy will be appreciated.

Janice & Dennis in N.C. headed west recently but didn't make it to Bakersfield. Car trouble and a delay in Arizona.

Did I mention that Lady Fauna & Dean finally got here for a few days from Long Beach? Don't see them often enough.

Pagan Pastoral Counseling Network. For info, write:

Ginny Brubaker, M.A.
HPS, Temple of the Pagan Way
Certified Practitioner of NLP
1532 W. Victoria

Gaia Wildewood, M.A.
HPS, Coven of the Silver Star
Certified Hypnotherapist
2000 Center Street, Box 1374
Berkeley, Ca. 94704

Judy Harrow, M.S.
HPS, Proteus Coven
Relationship & Communications Counselor
1701 Riverside Drive # 3H
N.Y. , N.Y. 10034

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STUFF & THIN

ROBYN in Australia sending money again. Now I'm confused. You figure it out, Robyn.
These are the subscription rates at present. $6. in the U.S. , $12. foreign surface mail. $2. perissue or $24. foreign air mail. That's for 1 year..12 issues. Sorry the air mail is so expensive but we get only 38¢ of that $2. per issue.
PLEASE, PLEASE be sure to include your full name and address for mailing when you send money for subs. You do make it difficult to keep the mailing list up to date when you send cash and only a Craft name or nickname for a signature on the note. I just can't remember them all.
Charles Osgood on one of his radio programs on CBS the other day played a song about the problems with the P.O. Don't know if it's available on record...he didn't say. Anyway, it's funny.
I recieved a notice of registered mail the other day. I hate that since I have to drive several miles to the P.O. and wait in line to get it. Couldn't think what it could be. Found return address on the envelope for the I.R.S. in Austin, Texas. Inside was a letter and sub money addressed to the church...from Tulsa, Oklahoma. They apologized for their automatic slicer opening the letter. Now that really makes me wonder a bit.

*

Just found that bee story that Terisa in Martinez was unhappy about. Millions of bees were loose after a trailer overturned south of Chicago. Mayor Louie LaMourie decided the bees should be rounded up and burned. I agree, Terisa. If they had a way to round them up, why not just ship them to their destination?

*

Recieved one of those long foldup Halloween cards from LeAnn in Columbia, Mo. about a Witch who couldn't get her broom started. LeAnn having fun with her "reborn" neighbors. Also sez everyone there catching the flu bug.

*

36 page occult catalog for $1. Athena, 6851 Bird Road, Miami, Fl 33155. Books, tools, jewelry, oils, etc.

*

KAREN in Seattle sent some news clippings. The one about a tax exemption for a church we had used a few months ago. She also sent info on a water purifier to carry in your pocket. $14.50 p.p. Dave Orchard, 1313 Robinson Road, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

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HARVEST, 8 issues $10. or sample $1.50. POB 228, S. Framingham, Ma. 01701.

*

TALES OF THE SONGSMITH, new stereo album or cassette, new from Circle, Box 9013, Madison, Wi. 53715. $9.95 in U.S. or Canada.

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That's all, Folks.

Love and Blessed Be

Pat and all the Georgians

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