GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER THE GEORGIAN CHURCH JUNE 1983
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BAKERSFIELD - Our first page a bit different this month, but this is imporatant!
AN OPEN LETTER TO THOSE WHO HAVE OR MAY CONSIDER SEEKING CREDENTIALS FROMTHE GEORGIAN CHURCH....from Lady Fauna, secretary, Georgian Church

As part of the credentialling process of the Georgian Church for its member Covens, the leaders, as representatives of the petitioning Covens, agree to uphold the philosophies of the Georgian Church. We try to remain as flexible as possible in enforcing this agreement so that member Covens can retain the maximum amount of autonomy in conducting the worship and business affairs of their Covens.
One of our most basic beliefs concerning the study of Witchcraft is that the knowledge cannot be bought or sold. In practice, this means that we do not condone charging people money to become Witches. We do not condone the practice of saying "to become a Witch, you will have to pay X dollars" or that "to recieve our lessons, you will have to pay X dollars." We do, however, realize that it takes money to pay for supplies, such as the paper this newsletter is printed on, cassettes for recorded lessons, ink to print the words, equipment maintenance, copying, postage. We also realize that most of us cannot afford to provide these supplies for interested parties from the money we are getting to feed our families and put roofs over our heads with. Therefore, Pat charges a modest subscription fee for the newsletters, which consistently fails to cover the cost of supplies and postage, and charges nothing for lessons or other materials he provides, although he does expect the people requesting materials to bear the costs of supplies and postage by either the subscription fee for the newsletter or by supplying their own cassettes or by enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope when requesting information. Under no circumstances has Pat ever charged anyone for the materials themselves. The subscription fees go toward supplies (paper, ink, postage, etc.). The fees for maintaining credentials go toward the expenses of maintaining the Church charter, legal expenses, certificates, postage and toward newsletter supplies if there's any left over.

Now most of you are saying "What else is new?" You've been hearing this same song for the past ten years. The reason I am writing this is we have heard the sad news that one of the chartered Covens may be advertising for lessons in a national publication under the auspices of the Georgian Church. Since we have been unable to come up with the issue of the publication in question, it means we must contact the publishers of this tabloid and confirm the information ourselves. If we find the information to be true, the Coven's credentials will be suspended or revoked. The Georgian Church will go to the expense of explaining what has happened in an advertisement in the tabloid, the local authorities in the area of the Coven will be notified of the revocation or suspension (yes, the police) and the State of California, our chartering agency, will be notified of the

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action, as well as pursuing any legal action our attorney may advise. The reason I am taking so much room in the newsletter concerning this old issue is because we want to assure you that the Georgian Church WILL NOT TOLERATE such blatant inattention to the governing principles of the Church. There are some areas where groups and individuals must choose between pursuing a course of action contrary to the tenets of the Georgian Church and being a credentialled Coven of the Georgian Church. We urge all of you to make those choices BEFORE you request credentials. If you do not, you will leave us no choice but to embarass you, banish you and cause everyone involved a great deal of grief, which is what is going to happen to this one group if we are further saddened by confirming this information to be truth.

Thank you for your time.

Lady Fauna

ED. NOTE: We realize that some people sell specialized lessons and/or have written books on subjects such as Tarot, astrology, herbs, etc. This is far different than selling lessons on "how to" Witchcraft.

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From Rus of Witches' Annual

TALL GREEN GODS

I'd heard of a festival called Earth Day. Not the one the so-called "environmentalists" use for their rallies, speeches, and littering good land with their leaflets, but an older, more Pagan day. It falls on May 10th, and is a celebration of the completion of planting. Now the seeds and seedlings are in the Mother, and we bless them to grow, and ask the Mother to nurture and nourish them so that they grow big and healthy, for our nourishment, for our comfort, for our happiness.

There is another, similar festival, which was established in America in the last century, and that's Arbor Day. This just happens to fall on Bealtaine in most states. It is a day set aside for the planting of trees.

Two years ago I bought three fruit trees for what seemed an unbelievable bargain price. I paid about two dollars per tree. But they were not trees per se, not grown from seed for small cuttings. These were five-foot saplings, which turned out to be cuttings that had been rooted and sold too soon. They had only a few inches of roots. Now the thing about planting a young tree is: the roots need time to establish themselves in new ground, but in the meantime there is demand on them to draw the ingredients from the soil necessary for the tree's life. When there is too much tree for the roots to handle, the whole tree starves like a country with massive crop failures. To take the load off the roots it is necessary to cut

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Tall Green Gods (cont.)

back the branches part of the way. Here's your chance to make the Magic Wand you always wanted. For two years it was touch-and-go with these fruit trees. It meant careful feeding, mulching, watering just the right amounts. And we had that awful invasion of Gypsy Moths the first year too! We lost the Cherry tree to caterpillars--it just didn't recover after the monsters ate the leaves before they even opened. But the pear and apple seem to be doing well.

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From Richard of Calumet Pagan Temple

RICHARS'S RAMBLINGS-WALPURGISNACHT

Walpurgisnacht (the German word for Beltane) in our neighborhood was great! It started about 3 PM with a handfasting for David and Marilyn DePaul in my backyard. We had about 40 people in full regalia, and even some of our neighbors were taking pictures. A couple of neighbor girls heard it was a wedding and brought a bouquet for the bride, dandelions of course. Feast and party followed, with more people arriving constantly for the evening ritual. Some of the non-pagan wedding party left, but by 9 PM we had about 80 people. The ritual felt good to me, with a torch and bowl of water symbolizing the Divinity and the high point was the Maypole dance conducted by Ed and Bonnie of Northern Way. There were 64 ribbons, each with a person on the end. Did you ever see 64 people dance in a 9 foot circle? Well, maybe 10 feet?

Stan brought his video tapes of the '82 Pan Pagan Festival, and later that evening, when the folks started dancing to David's bagpipe records, I thought the waterbed was coming through the ceiling! The last of us watched the dawn and crashed about 5:30 AM Sunday, with bodies all over the house. The kids woke up about 10 AM.

"Who drinks one cup hath scant delight
To poorest passion was he born.
Who drains a score must ere expect
To rue the headache of the morn."

By Tuesday we had all recovered. Who is doing the Summer Solstice?

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ED NOTE: No, Richard, I never saw 64 people dance in a 9 foot circle. I never saw 64 people IN a 9 foot circle. Now I want to know how many glasses of wine does it take to see double...and how many to see triple. I also never saw people DANCING on a waterbed. Elizabeth wants to know what did you use to drug the kids to get them to sleep to 10 AM???You said you had all recovered by Tuesday but you didn't say which Tuesday.

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Richard's Ramblings (cont.)

We went to a really great Spring Equinox Festival at a Unitarian Church in Milwaukee, Wisconsin sponsored by Mary and Pat Pride. It started in the early afternoon with a workshop/meditation slide show on Eastern Gods and Shakti Meditation by Susan Sigl. The ritual followed, containing both a quiet tranceworking and some wild dancing. Next came what was billed as a pot-luck supper but turned out to be a feast to rival any and all - even the StarKeepers Yule! By the time the last in line had been fed, the drums, guitars and other instruments (I have no idea of the names of some) were in full play, and the dancing started again. There was even a grand piano there, and during a lull in the percussion, someone played "layla" very nice.

One of the nicest things was that the kids enjoyed it as well as the adults. I may be opening a can of worms, but it seems to me a festival should be a happy family affair, not a ceremonial rite of interminable monologues. More music and more dancing brings more magick. Festivals could be done in such a way that the witchlets would add to the rites, rather than detract from them.

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Catherine & Kent in Australia sez:

Greetings Pat & all the Georgians,

Firstly we would like to say how terrific the last two issues have been, not that we mean the paper isn't always, far from it, but the content lately has had some great articles, and of course some controversial letters, e.g. the one from Anne Forfreedom. As a 'feminine' woman, and by that I mean, a person who likes great gear, makeup, perfume etc., I like to have a man look at me with admiration, I hope I have a brain as well, so of course I enjoy debate etc., but not stupid comment. It is up to each individual woman to create her own image, and to decide how she will present to both sexes, I cannot see why women have to have Liberationists to decide on our codes, it was always my opinion and that of Kent, that women are liberated, we do not, that is, women I am fortunate enough to mix with, need to prove it by burning bras and all that twaddle. Kent often says, "Man is man, and Woman is Woman, and VIVA le difference"! Pat, we all enjoyed your reply to this-Lady?

The dingo baby case, has been in the news again, Lindy Chamberlain was sentenced to life imprisonment, and was given bail so she could apply to higher court for another trail, she had another baby, named it Kahlia, it is five months old, and last week she lost her appeal and has been returned to the Northern Territory prison to complete her sentence. She is not allowed to her new baby there, because of the crime she has been convicted of. The papers have stated she will serve only a few years of the sentence and that the Seventh

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Catherine & Kent (cont.)

Day Adventist Church plans to send the family to America on her release, they feel that will avoid trouble for them. Strange thing is that I believed that to get an entry visa to USA a person had to have a good reputation, meaning a clean police record, has this changed over there, or can this Church be so strong that they can avoid the rules other folk live by? It appears they will go to America on a permanent basis.

Our handy hint this month is for humans, (that is, unless your pets are permitted to drink?) Not all of us can handle alcohol, and the result of overindulgence is called a HANGOVER! If this ever happens to you try what we call our R. & R. Remedy. This is homeopathic and harmless, but it works. Upon rising take 2 tabs of Ledum with a glass of black currant juice, follow by 5 drops Nux Vomica (this is bitter), in I teaspoon water. Repeat hourly If needed. On that note we say Cheers, Blessed Be from All at COTOR & us,

Catherine & Kent
of COTOR

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From Ellen in the L.A. area

Pacific Circle is ready to go--finally. It's really been a community effort this year.

This year, since PCII, we've seen the formation of a true pagan community in this area. Groups are meeting sharing celebrations exchanging ideas. I've found it invaluable--my talks with other priestesses & priests have taught me so much.

Could I ask for some ideas from your readers? In the Tarot, I'm curious about the card known as "the devil". If the Tarot is as old as some believe (or rather its symbolism is) i.e. pre-Christian, then the devil could not be the proper symbolism. What do you think it was?

Heard a nice thing on TV. In the morning, the TV is my clock. When "Mr. Rogers" ends, it is time for me to leave the house. The other morning, they were singing a song which asked "Who made the flowers, the sun & moon, etc." The answer was "God did" and the pronoun used was "He" one time & "She" the other time. "She made it all" came first. Snicker, snicker.

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DIDJA KNOW?
The development of electric typewriters went a long way in making offices generally more efficient. But--the record for typing speed was by Margaret Owen of New York City, who averaged 170 words a minute on a manual typewriter in October 1918.

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STAN in Angels Camp, Cal. sez: Blessed Be and greetings to Pagans everywhere. All Witches are Pagns but not all Pagans are Wirches. There is a great deal of difference of opinion among them, but one thing nearly all, if not all, agree on is that they love Mother Earth and the environment. Today, that environment is being threatened. The media is full of accounts of the killing of animals, poisoning, not only the oceans and atmosphere, there are rumors of mind-meddling by means of very low frequency radio or electromagnetic pulses.
I urge you all, whether Witch, Cabbalist, who or whatever, set in motion on the astral plane forces that will reverse the present trend of pollution and wildlife decimation. The gods will not do it alone; they need out help. Every artificial elemental, every thought form impressed upon the astral will help.
If we don't, w ho will? The environmental groups are working hard but are few in number and contribute little to the campaign chests of the despoilers. Guess who that leaves?
So do what the gods of all things would us do. Do it now, or as Hemingway said, "Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for you."

ED. NOTE: Stan enclosed a booklet on 1080, a chemical which has been used to kill predators. Trouble is, it also kills other wildlife, pets, and humans. In 1972 the chemical was banned from use on federal lands by executive order of President Nixon. President Reagan rescinded that executive order in 1982. E.P.A.'s 1972 order cancelling and suspending registration of 1080 as a predacide have still been in effect but new hearings have been held. There have been various applicants trying to get E.P.A. to change that order.
For more information on this write: DEFENDERS OF WILDLIFE, 1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 200-659-9510 phone.
The main object of 1080 is to kill Coyotes. Different methods of use have been tried but the main one is to place the poison in part of the body of a dead animal. Any animal or scavenger that eats, is killed. Any that feed on that body are also killed, etc.
1080 is odorless, tasteless, water soluble, and has no antidote. Less than 1/500 of an ounce will kill a man.
Although this stuff is aimed at killing Coyotes, it has killed many forms of wildlife, domestic animals, pets, and humans.
The name "Coyote" is derived from the Aztec god "Coyotl", who dressed in Coyote skins. The Coyote was venerated by many Indian tribes: the Crow viewed the Coyote as a creator of the earth and all living things. The Navajo honor the Coyote with the title "God's Dog."

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On another subject, Stan spent far too much to mail this to us. He included a letter with the booklet so the w hole thing had to go first class mail. Whenever you send something heavy like that, mail the letter separately as first class. Then put the booklet or whatever in a seaparate envelope, mark on the outside.."PRINTED MATERIAL - FOURTH CLASS RATE". This will cost you much less than first class. When mailing cassettes, best to get mailers from somewhere like Radio Shack, or put in envelope alone, mark "RECORDED MATERIAL-PLEASE HAND CANCEL". Without written material it will go for one stamp.

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DANA in Kalamazoo, Mi. sez: Dear Pat AND Ann Forfreedom:

As a Witch and a 2d-generation feminist, I have comments for both of you re: the brouhaha in the April Georgian News.

Pat: I found your March remarks to be crude but funny as compared to, say, Richard Clarke, who is often crude but seldom funny. If you'd like to laugh more, please see p. 145 of the May, 1983 issue of Ms. magazine. Also, please rethink your stand ("What a lot of crap!") on Ann's comment that "Those who honor the Goddess should also honor Her daughters..." Of course we should! And Her sons, and critters, and plants...

ED. NOTE: Dana, you're right, of course we should...but you left out the line that my comment had reference to...the full quote was "Those who honor the Goddess should also honor Her daughters--including Her feminist daughters. Especially Her feminist daughters."
That last line does make a difference!

DANA continued: Ann: This is the second time in two months that I've seen you take on a male writer for the heck of it. Take it from a sister: you're out of line. Neither Pat nor Pan (Magickal Unicorn Messenger) are particularly oppressive men, and Craft magazines have no need to be politically correct by feminist standards. If you're hot on recommending reading, why don't you try Crazy Salad by Nora Ephron, and Pulling Our Own Strings. How 'bout some Ellen Goodman while we're at it? You're badly in need of a shot of humor, as you seem to have forgotten that feminism, like Wicca, is a way of living life more fully.

Pat, some feminists do laugh. Ann, some of 'us wimmin' LIVE our feminism as we live our Craft. Both of you, why so vicious in the usually easygoing pages of the Georgian?

Now that I'm probably in the doghouse (or was that a cathouse?), I'll sign off. Blessings upon all who strive upon the Path.

Dana Morgan, HPs
Lifelight Temple
Box 3394
Kalamazoo, Mi. 49003

ED. NOTE: No, we're not going to put you in the...doghouse.
We included your address since you put it at the end of your letter and it's a box number.
I do wish everyone would always make it clear about publishing an address...and also make it very clear whether a letter is okay to publish or are parts not for publication, etc. We don't want anyone getting up tight about this, but when people don't say, I just have to use my own judgement. Apparently, I'm usually correct, but why take a chance that I'll print something you don't want published???

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LYNNE in Australia sez: Greetings to all,

Personally, I think Women's Liberationalists make a lot of ballyhoo over trivia. I think the majority of them are emotionally insecure and suffer from superiority complexes. I don't mean all of them. I'm only going by the ones I've met over here. So what if men see women as sex objects? Don't women see men as such from time to time? Seems to me one thing they have succeeded in doing is us having to work a lot harder. Now, instead of being homemakers and mothers, we have the dubious honour of going out to work, then coming home to being homemakers, etc. I suppose they must have done some good somewhere along the line.

I disagree with all the comments made about wintergreen oil so far. I don't think it smells like a horse blanket, but I certainly think it stinks. It can be very painful if applied directly to sensitive skin. John did it once and went crazy. He said his neck felt like it was on fire.

I would be very interested in knowing about astrological personalities of animals. I have never come across anything about it.
Just recieved a lovely letter and catalogue from Jeanne and Harry from Blue Moon. Now all I have to do is a money spell so I can buy all their T-shirts. Every one of them look great. I would be interested in knowing more about Blue Moon. How often it comes around and so on. The expression, once in a blue moon is used a lot around our way.
Our weather has gone to the opposite extreme. Cold, wet and windy. We had conservationists siding with councils at Cockatoo. Firemen wanted people to clear the trees away from their houses after the fires. The council refused to grant permits to anyone. Their reasons were that it detracts from the beauty of the countryside. Ha -what beauty is there in blackened, charred stumps? Brett told me that a lot of our wattles need fire to germinate.
Anyway, for now, Merry Part,

Blessed Be
Lynne

ED. NOTE: I believe there is a book about astrological signs of animals. It may have been mentioned in an earlier newsletter.
Perhaps the council was thinking that the charred trees will grow again..depends on how badly damaged. Or perhaps they were thinking of healthy trees. They do keep a house cooler in heat and warmer in cold weather.

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On the subject of 1080 on another page: today on one of my farm programs, I used a report from Israel on farming there. The laws there forbid the farmers from doing anything to injure the wildlife, and they have large as well as small animal problems. They have invented a couple of new kinds of electric fences to keep the animals away without injuring or killing them. It is not necessary to shoot or poison everything that lives. We don't need 1080!

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PAGAN PROGRESS (from Fort Lauderdale, Fla.)

March 8, 1983, Lady Cara, Lady Aurora of Path of the Pentacle and Lady Cerridwen of Children of Enchantment were the invited guests of Marsha Gordon, noted hostess of TV and radio in Key West, Florida. Marsha is the charming and inquisitive hostess of The Third Eye, on TV weekly and also her own radio show, The Marsha Gordon Show, each Sunday A.M. Both interviews focused on clearing up misconceptions the public has about Witches, explaining the basic beliefs and natural laws so important to those of us in the Craft. The three ladies were delighted with the response and many good vibes were exchanged. Questions kept coming after the shows were completed, from the crew and other interested folks. We were very glad to take part and feel this to be another positive step in re-educating the masses about the Old Ways.
Blessed Be to you all, come down and see us sometime!
Aurora

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ED. NOTE: Key West must have grown a lot to have its own radio and TV now. TV was still experimental and there were no TV stations anywhere when I last visited there. Happy to hear that you had such nice interviews. It all helps.

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THE WITCH -- as the world sees her -- from RHEA in Atlanta

A cackle, a broom, a wart on the nose-
Black buckle shoes with pointy toes.
A cat, a frog, perhaps a toad,
A spooky house at the end of the road.

A fire and a cauldron round and black-
All sorts of creepies tucked in a sack.
A spell the purpose just to suit
(Most of them take the eye of a newt.)

A bat and a dragon, whose blood it will take
To make the charm and set it to bake.
A pointed hat, a long black gown,
A rusty cape whose folds fall down.

A dance, a chant, a wild, wild leap,
When the rest of the world is fast asleep.
A mumbled curse, a glance from an evil eye.
As baying hounds cross the midnight sky.

A kiss on the backside of one with horns,
And grizzly sights on day-after morns.
These are the things that make a witch,
In the mind of the don't-know-a-thing.....
YOU finish the rest of it!

Blessed Be!

Rhea

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THE SACRIFICIAL KING

Inspired by L.H. By Tiffany St. Moonstar

The door of brittle glass and sterile aluminum banged shut. Male hands, strong and masculine but well-formed, turned the stell knobs of hot and cold. The steam rose as the silvery flash clattered through the pipes. The water was an entity of its own birth...like the Basque Gypsies...one could speculate, but never pinpoint the source. With another twist, the man's hands made the silver flow turn to water of fiery droplets...then total raining, a kamikazi tatoo on his back. He reached for the crumbling worn block of white. It spread soapy sea foam over his broad chest and strong legs, and dark groin. Then, looking like Poseidon, he turned to face the enemy of spray. In seconds, his guise of maturity had vanished...his color of youth was restored, and he emerged from the shower newborn.

But, as the cocoon of glass, steel and steam parted, there was no reassurance of towel; the normal sequence of his daily rite de passage had changed.

What he stepped into was no longer his barren bathroom...before him lay a realm he had only seen in his dreams. The world had no heartbeats, no seasons, no clocks eternally ticking off his life like his own world did. It was serene, silent, and its twin deathless spheres made the landscape shine with a moon-gilt glow. Here, nothing was made by the clumsy, imitating hands of man. All was the genuine and fluid beauty of rock, flora and mist. Ferns rose waist high in myriad shades of rich greens, and to walk in this place, one's feet caressed the soft sweet earth, not arid pavement. The air was sweet with the lotus of a thousand nights, which hung in the air like an intangible cloud of opium. It was the mirror of his soul, this new world.

He knew he had two choices. He could close the door and remain where he was in hopes it would all go away. Or he could close the door and remain where he was in hopes it would all go away. Or he could leave this last contact with his world and hope it would still be there when he returned. He was afraid to leave. He was afraid of the unknown. But he was most afraid he wouldn't want to return.

Across the twin moons an owl passed swiftly, a quiet night flash. He stepped out.

Even as his feet touched the ground, he began to feel different. At first he thought it was just a subtle change...the colors were brighter, the scents stronger, faint music piped up over the trees sent vibrations through his entire nervous system. He began to feel dizzy.

But it was more than that. His head began to shriek, and his legs felt as if they were turning to liquid. He grabbed onto his door, and in its mirrored surface understood. His thighs were covered with

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The Sacrificial King continued

thick, brown fur, his feet ended in golden hooves. And he was now also the possessor of two spiky horns and a velvet tail. To enter the realm of dreams one must become of dream nature oneself. This was his first lesson.

His senses screamed at him as if in a drugged frenzy. It was as if up to this moment he had been blind, deaf, without taste, smell or touch. A formless slug in an abyss void. Suddenly he was alive, vibrantly hedonistically, delightfully alive!

All of his hopes, his dreams, his accomplishments of his old world paled beside this kaleidoscope sphere of pleasure which beckoned to him. The sirens of this world were more powerful than his human need for tangible realities and life among warmblooded creatures of love. This shadowy world of magick seemed all he needed.

Before him lay forest with trees musty with lichen, hoary with stories eternal. He started through on a path of soft humus and moist lacy foliage. His heart sang inside as his senses guided him down into a clearing. In the distance he could see figures dancing in a ring, the swish of their white gowns weaving a song of lunar whispers. As he approached, he saw the center of their attentions. Both maenids and manikins had eyes only for a long, carved column of rippling ivory around which they danced. Each long limb was a stem of perfection, each swelling curve sysync with primeval nature. Her lips were the promise of all things, her eyes twin sleeping butterflies.

And it was from the statue that all scents seemed to have source, all music was born. She was the center of all magicke.

From the part of him that was still human came words, strange limiting, two dimensional concepts that were fast becoming only faded dreams...Diana...Artemis...Aradia...Isis...Astarte...woman, and the hushed majesty of her female power. From the part of him that was dream creature, came remembrances...flashing warmth, longing, a sense of rightness, acceptance.

They had stopped. They were staring at him. He froze.

Then one of the male creatures smiled. He brought a cup of silver graven with runes and crescent moons to the goat stranger. It was filled with a liquid of seven colors, and the man from two worlds instinctively drank. The elixer explained all, it gave the gift of truth.

He danced with them for hours...aeons...ages...until all were one life, one movement together...faster and faster they swirled, the inner music continually a wild, drawing cacophony of savage beauty. It was not life, it was not dream...it was of the shadow world in between.

He could not remember at what point the mauve grey mist came betwixt him and the dance, but when he awoke, he was alone. Only the statue of ivory desire was his sole companion. Against the twin moon's light she stood, her form strong, her face calm. She was the eternal female; woman, queen, goddess.

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The Sacrificial King continued

His longing was intense. It was the cry of the newborn, the love in a mother's womb, the craving for woman touch, the love of dragon-urge and mating; all was one. A single tear caressed his cheek.

Four wolves appeared around the points of the circle, and he began to be afraid. His breath caught in his throat, and for the first time in this world, he learned fear. They were silver-black gods with burning green eyes. Who was he to desecrate this place?

He waited. He watched. He listened so intently that his breath became a thunderclap against the lightning background of wolf breath.

Yet they did not move. And he was afraid to. Mercifully, they suddenly spared him of their gaze of cold flame. Their attention was now on the statue at the center of the ring.

Soft lavender clouds of breath began to form at her mouth. Her color began to soften to rosy pink from its icy ivory. Her eyes fluttered, and her hair blew like a scented cloud behind her. Then her eyes opened.

In her silver-blue orbs danced the planets, the stars, all alchemical mysteries. They told of the immortal dragon present everywhere, seeing all things, slaying mortals who, in defiance, looked at his power, who dared to learn his starry wisdom.

She stepped down. She took his hands, and bade him rise. The wolves sat still, eyes glittering, teeth glinting. Then, one by one, they silently left.

She looked into his eyes and knew everything. He looked into hers, and was consumed in the flames. He took her closer and began to kiss her, caress her, possess her. And she him. When they became one, the dragon burst into flame and became reborn as phoenix within her womb. He lay in her embrace, and they silently watched clouds dance across the moons. It was an enduring bliss. He remembered his time in his mother's womb, when he drifted in a dreamless sleep.

It was like the rape of birth when she at last rose and stood above him. His eyes beseeched. Her eyes returned simple love. But she broke the gaze; she turned and moved in her goddess walk back towards the pedestal.

No! It shrieked inside him, and the pain that he couldn't cry out-loud tore him inside. No! All his life energy screamed at him, ripped his cells into bloody fragments. No!

She gazed at him just once more before becoming sterile ivory goddess.

He lay sobbing at her feet while the moon blinked unfeelingly in the midnight sky. After a time, the gentle nuzzling of wolf fur made him look up. The wolves drew back out of politeness, and their gaze drifted to the odd doorway of his world, the portal through which so long ago, or so it seemed, he had once entered this one.

His eyes embraced her one last time. Inside his heart rose a howl

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The Sacrificial King continued

of the abyss, an animal sound he could not give voice to in this place where silence reigned serenely. He moved over to the door. His hands clung to the sides, resentful of their task. In an instant he had returned, and the force of it tore him asunder. He crumpled in the porcelain vessel of his world outside the worlds. The last thing he learned was that his world could be silent, too.

When his mate returned an hour later, his body was still warm, his hands still clutching a red and white rose. But the thing that made her run from the room was the horribly strong scent of lotus.

Once one has been a god, one can never again be mortal.

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Written May 4, 1983, Moon in Aquarius, Sun in Taurus, Waning Moon.

Tiffany St. Moonstar.

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DAVID...Ft. Madison, Ia. sez: Greetings Pat & all the Georgians! I, again, thank you for your excellent newsletter, and for the immense pleasure it gives...
I have been reading this week about the earthquakes in your area, and I hope everything is all right.
I have been transferred from the work assignment where I cut so many trees, to the machine shop program offered by a local community college.
May 9th I began my third quarter in the machine shop program; soon I will begin an Independent Study Computer Science course offered by the University of Wisconsin - Extension. In the same breath, I do a great deal of studying, and find that I am kept busy most of the time.
Humanity hungers for a new dispensation, a new set of values and principles to live by, a way of life that will produce from chaos, order; from conflict, peace; from uncertainty, understanding; from hatred and bigotry, LOVE.
The ground id fertile for the planting. Truly tis, Time To Sow the Seed.
With an abundance of good wishes.

Much Love & Blessed Be,
David

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BEING A WITCH IS... from Jim in Winchester

....when a Xian tells you you should be reborn, telling them you already have been a number of times.

....just buying lots of suntan oil instead of spending a fortune on a fancy wardrobe to impress people at church.

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DOG DAYS

GLORIA in Midlothian, Ill. sez: we have two Siberian Husky dogs, Aurora (black and white with beautiful blue expressive eyes) and Kodiak (red and white with one blue eye and a brown spot in the other blue eye - which has a way of making him look cross-eyed at times if the light catches him in an odd way). Both are very spoiled, loving companions.

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FROM U.P.I. - Tone Krause has her Shadow to thank for saving her life. The 76-year-old Krause - who is blind - was fast asleep in her duplex in Brenham, Texas, when a wall of the building caught fire, filling her room with smoke. Disaster might have struck if not for her 9-year-old Labrador, Shadow. Krause says the dog used its paw to repeatedly slap her face. That woke Krause and alerted her to the fire. Both Tone and Shadow escaped without injury. Shadow was rewarded with a PORTERHOUSE STEAK DINNER.

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ALYCE in Berlin Center, Ohio sez: I saw the article about Animal Charity of Youngstown, Ohio in the May issue. I thought you might like to know that Animal Charity is also setting up a program where dogs and cats may be sterilized at half the cost usually charged by veterinarians. This is to encourage people who would otherwise allow their pets to continually reproduce, and not care for them properly. The objective is to cut down on animal abuse and cruelty. It would be nice if animal abuse could be eliminated. My neighbors have 15 cats that have not been sterilized. Kittens arrive regularly. I have already spotted some of their felines hoping to find a morsel or two in my garbage can. Clearly something must be done about over population.

Love & Blessed Be,
Alyce

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On the matter of cruelty: some areas of the country are getting fed up with the government importing so many orientals, Not only do many of them refuse to work because they can collect welfare (which our taxes pay for), but some were stealing people's pets to eat them. A story on MBS radio news recently told of a man who advertized a pony for sale. Because of the language barrier, the man thought the "import" who showed up said he wanted the pony for his son. But ..soon as this creep bought the pony, he picked up a 2 x 4 and beat the pony to death, then loaded him on his pickup. He said, "We don't ride horses, we eat them."

In the May 10th edition of GRIT, Paul Harvey had some comments on cruelty. He also told of a new mouse trap with a label that says the "mouse dies in his sleep without pain or suffereing". Testing shows that the mouse enters the plastic box to get peanut butter, and is trapped inside. The mouse panics and dies of fright..or..the mouse -from hyperactivity- works up a sweat and dies of heat prostration. Harvey said, "When it comes to suffering, the only thing which separates the smartest of us from the dumbest of them is our vocal cords."

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From Lady Phoenix in Dallas

SECOND MOON--ROWAN

TEMPLE IS PREPARED:
CIRCLE IS CAST:
OPENING RITE:
CHARGE (S):

(Wood chips to symbolize "wattles of knowledge" can be scattered in the circle or placed around it. The predominant color is grey. Three "Rowan rods" per participant need to be placed in circle, and a marker or pen as well as the items of the elemental feast.)

(Sealed: Eleu, Diarmuid, Iris)

HPS: The increasing warmth of the sun melts the drifts of snow on mountain slopes, and brings the rains of the season.

HP: The Earth quickens, its first faint stirrings disturb the lethargy to which you have become accustomed. You feel the beginnings of your need to grow. A just-awakening realization of your own rebirth at the Winter Solstice.

But you still sleep and dream, not yet ready to set your energies to growth.

HPS: As you dream, you approach a wood which is veiled in mist. Not clearly seen, it is a view which draws you--but not against your will. The sounds from the forest are muted, but you hear the calls of nearby ducks on the ponds which swell across the meadows.

HP: The skies lower and the grey-laden clouds open to spill their burdens upon you and your pathway. The lightning flashes, but not near the misted forest, despite the towering trees to draw its flash.

HPS: You hasten your steps and enter the forest, for it offers some shelter from the downpour. Strangely, within the woods, the mist is lessened. You see a clear path which leads you onward. As you follow it, you feel a growing awareness of great import to come. A hint of breeze stirs the trees and you almost hear a message in the soughing branches.

(HPS whispers, slowly, barely audible, in sets of threes):

WITCH! WITCH! WITCH!--WITCH! WITCH! WITCH!--WITCH! WITCH! WITCH!

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Second Moon (cont.)

HP: With the still sighing forest about you, you round a curve to enter a circle of stones. You have found your way through the grey mist, have passed the lightning bolts unscathed--A fragment of memory stirs within and you know you have taken shelter in an oracular Rowan Grove.

You stand at the center of the stone circle to find an enormous carving, so skillfully created that life must be contained within it. Drawn once more, you trace the curves, and lines and hollows of the visage with the tip of your forefinger. The great shelf of a jaw moves slowly--to open before you. Wonderingly, you see three rods of rowan wood rooted within.

HPS: You cry: "What would you have me do?" And the oracle replies: "I am a wide flood upon the plain. Take you these, for within the wattles of knowledge you will find understanding of the flood."

You tug gently at the living rods, and they come freely to your grasp. You wait--but the oracle is silent and the great visage is still.

Turning you retrace your steps, leaving the oracular grove and wandering once more on the misted plain. You feel a weight in your hands...

Awakening from your dream to the quickening year, you find a circle within stones surrounding you, and three rods held lightly in your grasp.

Studying the faces in that circle, you find in each traces of that visage in the woods. You reach to grasp their hand, knowing that they, too, are part of that wide flood and that they also seek to understand.

(Rods are consecrated in a joined circle for future use. Chant is: "Ileu, Iris, Shu")

HP: The Goddess has given to the Rowan--the second moon of the year, divination, oracular knowledge, protection against lightning and charms. She has given it the Quickening of the Year, the names of "Witch" and "Flame" as well as all the kinds of knowledge and science, and the knowledge of Her Sacred Name. To its berries is given the sustenance of nine meals, the power to heal the wounded and add a year to the lifespan.

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Second Moon (cont.)

HPS: To us, Her Children, She gives the knowledge of the Rowan Tree within us.

(Touches each left forefinger tip, then draws (Luis-Rowan) in the palm of each participants right hand.)

Our words and actions give it form and expression which the world can see.

HP: The Quickening Moon is here, and we worship in its fullness. Knowing that we each are the elements of which life is made, Share with us the feast of the elements of life...never forgetting that each meal is a sacrament to us, for our brothers and sisters of the field and forest have given of their lives to sustain our own.

(Maiden gives HPS incense or early flower, symbol of Air. HPS takes it and turns to offer it to HP. Either she or the circle member representing Air says):

AIR: Share with us this symbol of the element of Air, remembering the fragrance of the Rowan grove and the cries of the duck and the forest.

(Maiden gives HPS the symbol of each element as needed. In each instance, HPS turns to offer symbol to the HP, saying):

FIRE: Share with us this symbol of the element of Fire, remembering the brilliance of the lightning flash and the quickening warmth of the sun.

WATER: Share with us this symbol of the element of water, remembering the mists which conceal that which we seek, and the wide flood of which we are a part.

EARTH: Share with us this symbol of the element of Earth, remembering the knowledge of the forest, and its recognition of all that we are.

(Feast is finished. The element symbols returned to their quadrants. Circle joins hands to chant: "WITCH, I AM...")

If there is working to be done, it is done following the Elemental Feast.

DISMISSAL OF SPIRITS

CIRCLE IS CLOSED....in usual manner.
NOTES: This is a moon for Water in the Chalice. Perhaps fresh whole cranberries could be used for Earth, to symbolize the Rowan berries.
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GLORIA in Midlothian, Ill. sez:
Dear Pat and all the Georgians:

After an interesting year of recieving and practically devouring your wonderful newsletter, I enclose a check for what seems to promise an even more interesting year of subscription...with more years to follow.
The articles on rituals, Lady Allusha's articles, Richard's Ramblings, Murphey's Magick, and several more that won't come to mind at this moment have given us (my husband and coven members) literally hours of enjoyment and lively discussion. I hope to eventually get up enough courage to become a contributor to your newsletter also.

Many of your contributors are my personal friends and teachers, and I am very proud and humble to have them as friends. Through reading and assimilating your newsletter, I am being taught regularly - as are those with whom discussions are held. We learn on many levels and your newsletter adds so much to our growing knowledge.
To tell you a little about this correspondent...our house is a bi-level, the "bi" of which tends to flood when we have a steady hard downpour. (Flood means from 4' to 6-½' water.) Of course, when we get ready to sell it, we can boast of our own indoor swimming pool.

We have two sons; one married having one child, the other single in his own apartment. We also have two foster daughters (sisters) who are both married, one having a two-year-old.
Tonight we are rambling over to Richard's for Beltane, and I must get busy and fry up some bratwurst, make some Brownies and pop some corn. We expect quite a gathering, so will have to close to get all in readiness.

May the Lady's sunshine always
follow your path!
Gloria

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ED. NOTE: Gloria, letters like yours make it worth all the work.... but you should go to the doghouse for taking so long to write. You don't need courage to write for the newsletter, you just need something to say. Worst thing that can happen is that someone will disagree with you. What a terrible fate!!

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1983 Goddess Gathering, June 23-26, at Circleville, Ohio. Registration $15. adults, $10. teenagers for the weekend, $5. adult or $3. teen per day, children under 13 are free. Registration to: Temple of Wicca, Box 1302, Findlay, Oh. 45840.

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DIDJA KNOW???

Feodor Dostoevsky was forced to write his classic book "Crime and Punishment." He had gambling debts to pay off.

A famous playwright was once expelled from Princeton University for throwing a bottle through the window of the school's president. Playwright, Eugene O'Neill. University president, Woodrow Wilson.

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PUSSY CAT CORNER

FROM U.P.I. - Dogs are usually cast in the role of heros, but recently in N.Y. City special tribute was paid to a life-saving cat. A 6-year-old white cat named "Pussycat" was awarded a gold Medal of Honor by the American S.P.C.A.
The pet owners say Pussycat saved their lives by warning them of a fire in their East Hampton, N.Y. home. The cat's persistent meowing and clawing woke them up...and enabled them to escape 12-foot flames unharmed.
Seeme they didn't work too hard at their pet's name, but they did give Pussycat a nice reward for saving their lives..a lobster dinner.

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LYNNE in Australia sez: I had to find a new home for my cat. She was causing so much trouble in the neighborhood. I don't have much to do with most of my neighbors. Well, Jess seemed to take savage delight in destroying shopping that was delivered to door steps. After dragging her claws down the side of next door's newly painted car, I felt for her own safety it was for the best. She obviously didn't think so. After 3 weeks she came home; it was over 80 miles. I thought, okay, so we'll face the wrath together. Two days later she had vanished for good, and next doors are looking very smug. They have been caught feeding crushed glass to cats in the past, so I don't have much doubt as to what happened. It's hard to believe that people can be so hateful.

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ED. NOTE: Not hard to believe, just hard to understand such sick minds.

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FROM U.P.I. Shadow, a Black Leopard, has been barred from living in a residential section of East Yolo. The county planning commission turned down a request from Shadow's owner, William Knobloch, to let what he calls his "150-pound pussy cat" live with him. Knobloch, who was able to keep his pet in his South Sacramento home, found his move to East Yolo meant he had to move his leopard to temporary quarters in Grass Valley. It seems his East Yolo neighbors didn't appreciate their new neighbor's 2-year-old household pet.

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In Chico, Calif. , 3 kittens on Don Lancaster's farm may grow up to be very confused. The kitties are being mothered by a hen. The hen has been sitting on the nest since the kittens were born three weeks ago. The kittens' real mother only drops in once a night to feed them, and then goes about her feline ways. According to Lancaster..."The kittens are doing very well...obviously they are not eating Spanish omelets, and they are not getting a darn thing from the chickens, that's for sure."
Residents of the Whittier area of Calif. have been a little nervous. A 200-pound cougar came down from the hills, apparently looking for food. Officials say the cougar has a broken leg so it can't catch its usual prey. They say it must have gone to the populated area in search of food. Search for the cougar has turned up nothing.

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From Lady Demeter in Florida

Practical Pagan Parenting - Part I
"WHY ME, GODDESS?"

Few of us were raised by Pagan standards. Most of us have struggled to free ourselves emotionally-mentally and spiritually from restrictive Judeo-Christian family and social upbringings. We call ourselves the Hidden Children of the Goddess - thinking, at first, that this means we keep our Craft involvement secret. Later we learn with delight, that no matter how we age, we hold the Cup of the Wine of Life, a wonderfully youthful curiosity or humor that breaks the bonds of physical age and keeps us Children at heart despite outward appearances.

Most times, the struggle to break the chains of our upbringing takes years pushing away guilt and learning not to manipulate others through guilt learning that we are totally responsible for our actions as well as our reactions to other people and circumstances.

We can (and often do) spend countless hours discussing topics of an occult nature, and these discussions are vital on the conscious level. Informed and secure choice is a vital aspect of "Do as Ye Will". However, "Living the Craft" is a practical matter, too. Balance or polarity is achieved by blending the handling of "Magical things on a Magical Level and Practical things on Practical Level". Energy follows Thought - so efficiently combining ideas and actions is a major achievement. How do we teach our kids when we are still discovering our own Magical hidden youth? How do we apply Craft principals to parenting when we had no role models in our childhood? It is human nature to repeat the familiar. Warm affectionate upbringing usually continues from one generation to the next, while at least 80% of abusive parents were, themselves, abused children. Most of the time we follow the patterns established without being conscious of them.

In this series, I'd like to cover a variety of topics from Astrology to Zoology that can be used to help in Pagan Parenting. Keep in mind that what I offer here is food for thought and discussion and not necessarily rule of thumb.

So, let's start at the beginning, "Why Me, Goddess?" or how come this child is mine (even why was I my parent's) with thoughts on reincarnation and Karma in relation to family ties. Right off the bat, I am not sticking to the technical meaning of Karma which is simply "action - reaction". Karma here is going to mean that, in its broad coverage, so I will dwell on it for a few minutes. Every thought, emotion and action has its karmic effect. To repeat what has been said often enough "Karma is not punishing". It is a

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"Why Me, Goddess?" (cont.)

learning-teaching technique. Much karma is instantaneous - you hit the wall, and it hits you back with the same degree of intensity. Other karma is cumulative - you plant a seed thought, nuture it with emotion and action and you get it back 3-10-100 fold - not just a seed but roots, stem, leaves, flowers and more seeds. It is up to you which seed you plant - that of corn to nourish you, or poison ivy to irritate you. So, some karma may cover lifetimes - energy follows thought - and in all liklihood the reason finding the Craft felt like "coming home" was your past life involvement.

"But I didn't pick you for a parent" or "I didn't ask to be born" or "You can pick your friends but not your relatives" are all quotes we've heard, if not used, some time in the past. Karmically speaking they are all wrong. Before birth we all pick our parents, our family, our environment and our stars. Whoa! you may say-why would someone pick an abusive, drunk or ice-cold parent? The Soul knows there are lessons to be learned. But, more significantly, we have always been responsible for ourselves. Western religions teach God in his infinite wisdom decides who gets what family, like it or not. He's responsible for putting us where we are. Craft teaches that we are responsible to ourselves and for ourselves.

This little blurb has major implications. The child you have, has chosen you. Yup, you have known each other in former lifetimes but most probably not as parent and child. Indeed, you are not strangers. You attract to yourself a soul to whom you have karmic links. Since you have had innumerable pastlife relationships, you will draw to you the soul that you need to grow and develop in this lifetime. This means that you have made an unconscious choice thru your own attitude on children or parenting. So, clarify these attitudes and see what you can learn about yourself.

While scientists can debate over the influence of heredity and/or environment, we can blend them quite nicely as a responsible choice of parent and child before birth.

So, "Why Me, Goddess?" is because your child picked you to learn from and you drew that entity to you so you could learn to teach. It is a two-way street. Every good teacher learns from the student. This fits in quite nicely with the Craft philosophy of polarity-Ying and Yang- you cannot be a teacher without a student. An old esoteric quote states--"When the student is ready, the teacher will appear". This is also balanced out by "When the teacher is ready, the student will appear". All our major personal relationships are karmic. Here, I would like to point out something that is often forgotten--the Greatest portion of our karma is very positive and very nice. We have learned a lot through our past lives. Karma, besides being personal, is family, racial, national and global. So,

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"Why Me, Goddess?" (cont.)

while I may be throwing some disparaging remarks about our Western culture, I'd rather be here than starving in India or living in a communist or other restrictive culture. It is my karma, too, that I am literate and can communicate these ideas via the Georgian Newsletter over thousands of miles, and it's your karma to be able to read and have the Newsletter available to you. We both worked for it. It is a media of learning.

Now, this means that there is a sense of responsibility and purpose to you and your offspring. You still have choices. Karma does not eliminate choices--it encourages them. Those who lay their problems at the feet of karma are just changing the words of "the devil made me do it!" "It's my karma" is better said "It's my lesson to learn". And, here break through the notion that learning is a chore. Learning how to be happy is true worship in the Craft. "My worship" saith the Goddess in one Charge "is in the heart that rejoices," being a parent is an opportunity to be happy. It's even karma to go through some trails and tribulations to discover what does or does not make you happy. If you can say "I really enjoy my kids", fine, you are on the right track. On the other hand, if you are having problems.. there are messages for you in each and every one of the difficulties you face. A good teacher knows that if a student doesn't want to learn--it's damned near impossible to teach. Ah, it may be time for that very same teacher to learn to change teaching techniques and discover the one that will titilate the student's curosity and create the needed enthusiasm to learn. So even a difficult child could be your passport to learning a new way to use your accumulated wisdom. Let me close this segment with an example of this...a for instance:

You had always hoped that you would have a very affectionate, loving child..instead, the youngster avoids hugs and kisses, is distant and unresponsive to you. You feel hurt by what seems emotional separation. Now, look at other happenings in your life for "karmic lessons repeat themselves". If you were separated from a parent... lost a lover or spouse..were deserted by friends...you may be too possessive in your personal relationships. You may have to think back and see if one of the reasons you had a baby to begin with was the frequently experienced motive to have "a baby that is all mine". Whether you have to learn that one never owns another human being or that your emotional happiness does not revolve around another person, or both, is something you must reflect upon.

Some karmic lessons are very easy to learn because they are quite obvious. Other karmic lessons will aim at your "blind Spot" and require you to do more soul searching, and are wonderful growth opportunities.

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RELIGION IN THE NEWS from U.P.I.

Archbishop John Quin of San Francisco says Roman Catholic servicemen would have a moral obligation to refuse an order to detonate a nuclear weapon, including a presidential order.

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The Reverend Robert Schuller's evangelical empire may face a tax bill of 500-thousand dollars. The State Board of Equalization ruled that the 18-million-dollar glass sanctuary, which is the headquarters for Schuler's organization, isn't tax exempt...nor are 6 other facilities he owns. The Schuller ministries began in 1955 in an Orange County drive-in theater...and now have an annual operating budget of close to 30-million dollars.

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Roman Catholic Church officials in Cincinnati have had a dilemma on their hands. They own stock in a cable Tv company that has decided to offer a "Playboy Channel." A few years ago, Warner's Cincinnati subsidiary gave away 20% of its stock to 18 local non-profit institutions to help win a franchise war with other cable Tv firms. The Cincinnati archdiocese was one of those recieving stock.

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A Santa Rosa, Calif. couple, who claim to be Moslem "warriors" on a crusade to kill people for religious reasons, have admitted to three murders. Michael and Suzan Carson were interviewed at the Sonoma County jail. Mr. Carson says his wife ordered the deaths, saying the victims were witches and homosexuals.

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A 23-year-old street preacher whose car fatally struck two young circus-goers at a bus stop near San Francisco's Cow Palace last fall has been sentenced to 16-years-to-life in prison for second degree murder. William Daguman, who had been chasing a group of teenagers who had heckled his preaching, was convicted in the deaths of Tiffany Summers and Lamont Metoyer, both aged four.

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A Portuguese court has sentenced a renegade Spanish priest to 6½ years in prison for trying to kill Pope John Paul in Portugal one year ago. Clutching a yellow rose, the priest shouted, "Puppets... Communists...and assassins" at the 3 judges who passed sentence.

*

At historic Saint Mary's Catholic Church in Nashville, a bed of Dutch tulips bloomed on Good Friday, then disappeared by Easter Sunday. It was no miracle..but flower bed robbers. What kind of people would steal flowers from a church? The same kind who would steal the speaker system and try to uproot the azalea bushes. Father James Miller says he's not discouraged, and hopes to produce a garden that will stay. As a measure of insurance, he's put up a sign, saying.."Thou Shalt Not Steal -- Especially the flowers."

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The army has been charged with religious discrimination in a L.A. court. The A.C.L.U. says guru Sant Khalsa wasn't allowed to enlist in the army because his Sikh religion wouldn't permit him to shave his beard and remove his turban. Khalsa is a former Junior National Rifle & Pistol champion and the son of a retired marine.

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WHAT IS A WITCH? by Ima Non!

The question has been asked, "What is a Pagan? What is a Witch?" It is difficult to separate the two for they have become almost as one. An old saying goes: "All Witches are Pagans, but not all Pagans are Witches." This is true, but not as true as it once was. There are those who call themselves Pagans who are truly Witches, and those who call themselves Witches who are, in reality, Pagans.

In days of yore, to be a Pagan was to live, simply, with the Earth, following the seasons, joining with other Pagans in the great celebrations of the turning of the Wheel. The Witch went beyond these simpler ways, seeking to know, to understand, and to put to use the deeper mysteries and magic of the Universe, and, thereby, becoming "The Wise One". Today the two are melding into one, as those who call themselves Pagans extend their boundaries of knowledge and practice.
(Author's note: in the following, the feminine term(s) will be used for simplicity's sake ONLY, but let the reader bear in mind that a Witch may be, and is, both male and female.)

A Witch is a part and the whole of the Universe, giving birth to the Gods and Goddesses as They give birth to her. She springs from the depths of the tumultuous seas, rises to the heavens, only to return--sometimes gently, sometimes violently--to her beloved Earth. There she begins the journey anew, rising as the sparkling spring, becoming the tinkling brook, the flowing stream, the rushing waters of the mighty river, returning again and again to the womb of the sea.

She is the rich soil of Mother Earth, and the tiny seed cradled in the nourishing depths of Her soil. Warmed by the Sun, she springs forth and begins the struggle of life. Slowly, sometimes painfully, inch by inch she reaches higher, sending her roots deeper into the Earth as she reaches for the heavens. The Wise One knows her strength comes from the Earth, of which she is a part, and there must be a solid unity of the self, for the ones whose roots are shallow and without substance will wither in the heat of life's fires, and be toppled by the storms and gales of life.

The Witch is the blazing Sun and the candle's flame, lighting the dark corners, chasing away the shadows. She absorbs the Light of Knowledge, then sends forth its rays to light the path of those around her. She is the spark igniting the log, and the dancing flame which consumes it while sending forth light, warmth, and love. Others gaze on her and, blinded by her brilliance, are lured into the other-world of dreams and fantasies by her hypnotic dance.

She is the gentle breeze cooling the brow of those who labor, and the mighty gale, forcing all in her path to bend before her will. She plays through the trees and grasses, and teases the locks of the maidens. She brings the scent of the prey to the hungry hunter and blows away the tracks of the pursued. She feeds the fire-flame and joins it in its dance, until, tiring of the game, she extinguishes it with one mighty breath.

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WHAT IS A WITCH? continued

The Witch is the babe in the womb and the child in the arms of the Mother. She is the maiden racing through the sun-drenched fields, and dancing coyly in the moonlight. She is the eternal woman in the arms of her lover, the mother giving birth and caring for her young. She is the Old One, sharing her knowledge and love with those who follow in her steps, waiting, with happy heart, for the time when the cycle begins anew.

The Witch is the Wise One, to whom's door come those who seek to share in her knowledge, light and love. And to all who seek she gives what is asked, freely, joyfully, with no thought of return except the happiness she finds through the sharing. All are her children, all are her lover, all are herself. She are they, and they are she. The Wise One knows that as the parts became separated, so, too, must they be reunited.

The Witch stands with her feet firmly one with Mother Earth, raising her face to Mother Moon and Father Sun, and to the All beyond from whence They came. And, standing solidly there, she flows with the tides, drifts with the winds, and warms herself at the flame of the Light of Knowledge. And always there is a twinkle in her eye, a smile on her lips, a lilt to her song and happiness within.

She worships all Gods and Goddesses, yet she worships only one. She takes all, and gives all. Her Gods and Goddesses ask no sacrifice, yet she offers unto them the ultimate sacrifice--herself.

The Witch is the God and the Goddess, the Ancient Ones, the Guardians of the Watchtowers. She is Air, and Earth, and Fire, and Water. She is the grain from which the bread is baked and the grape from which the wine was pressed. She is the incense rising to the heavens and the flame dancing on the candle; the peal of the bell and the pages of the Book. She is each knot in the cords which bind her, and the blue flame which sparks from her blade. She is the cone of power rushing into the Universe, and its target.

What is a Witch? Everything--and Nothing.

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GUARDIANS OF KNOWLEDGE by Roweena in Oregon

The Guardians of Knowledge are fierce indeed, challenging the initiate at every turn with dark corridors and dead end passageways.

If you want knowledge, you have to accept the challenges. Be strong of heart...for knowledge will not be given to any man not willing to wade the stream of failure.

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DIDJA KNOW???

Miniature clocks are manufactured by small time operators.

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From Texas:
Dear Pat & all,
Find enclosed our subscription money. The newsletter keeps getting better and better.
The series on the meaning of the Sabbats are just great! Keep up the good work!
How do I go about learning more of your tradition? I would like any and all info you can offer.
I am working on a list of God names to complement the many lists of Goddess names...if you would be interested in putting them in the newsletter.

Love and Blessed Be
Lady Ariel & Top

ED. NOTE: Yes, we'd like the list.
About the Georgians: there was a little on this in the last newsletter. The restof this I'll make brief since it has been published in various places over the years.
I was initiated in Baltimore in 1940. Later, my BOS and other things were stolen from my foot locker while I was in an army hospital. When I returned home(the war was still on), I found the coven no longer existed, the members scattered. This was not unusual for wartime; people relocated for the military, for jobs, for housing.
I moved to California. Then, when there started being some contact between Witches, I started gathering material fram any available source; that's why we are eclectic. I started the first Georgian coven in 1970. Our lessons and rituals are NOT for sale, and are available only to our students.
I hope that answers the question for those of you who have asked because you just can't explain a tradition in a couple of pages.

*

DENNIS, JANICE & the Georgians in North Carolina sez:
We all had a good Beltane here, the power was tremendous, the best we've had. We visualized all the power being raised around the country, and sent it off with the wish for world peace and prosperity.
We topped it off with a BBQ in the backyard. It was a beautiful evening. Pity we had to hold it indoors but we had an initiation as well. Had one incident, I lit the candles but forgot I had the windows open for a bit of fresh air. While we were out of the temple room, the wind blew the curtains over the candle, and they caught fire. We soon had it out, and once the smoke cleared, we were able to get on with the ritual.
Well, everything goes well here, Witchling is doing fine, Janice went to have the ultra sound done the other day. They say it's going to be a boy.
Enclosed is an article from our local newspaper if you want to print it.

Blessed Be

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ED. NOTE: Glad all goes well. Would like to print the article but need the author's permission. It's very good.

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From Rik in Tucson

THE JEALOUS GOD

In the days when man used copper and stone for tools and the worship of the Goddess spread over the lands, there came from the Eastern desert a new god. This god was a stern god, a god harsh as the desert that created him and as unfriendly and unbending as the people who worshipped his ways. For this god was a jealous god who cried, "Thou shalt have no other gods but me, for you are my chosen people and must spread my word to all the lands."

And so the people of this new god were fulled with self-righteous wrath against those who worshipped other gods and other ways. And over the course of the ages, the new-god's people enslaved their neighbors and destroyed the temples of all gods save their own.

Eventually the people of the new god left the desert and made contact with the Children of the Lady, our Goddess. And the new god was overcome with lust for the beauty of the Goddess.

"Come with me to my land," said he, "and I will spare Thy people. Worship me as Thy Lord and Thou wilt live forever."

"I love thee not," said our Lady. "My love is the Horned God of the Woods and I am His equal, neither of us above the other."

"Tell me, why do you command your people to kill? Why do they destroy this land which is my body?"

"Lady, I have made a covenant with my people. They are the chosen who shall rule the world, and all other races and nations shall be as dust beneath my feet. To my people I give power and wealth that they may worship me all the more. When their lives are done, I shall remove them from this vale of tears and give unto them a lesser heaven that they may sing my praises unto the end of time. But You, I command Thee to submit to my ways and sing of me in Thy song."

But the Lady, our Great Goddess, was angered by these words and said, "Thou art a petty god who knows not the joys of love, making love, birth, life and rebirth. Thy commands are an abomonation to all free people everywhere. Rather than deny joy to My children, would I become a mortal and suffer with them in your cruel hell. Return to thy wasteland and when thou hast grown older and wiser and learned of joy, return to Me and I shall teach you of love." And with these words the Lady turned and left him that She may partake of the Love and Joy of Her children.

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The Jealous God (cont.)

And the jealous god cried out to Her back, "Lady, I offered Thee life under my stern but just hand, but now I give Thee death. I shall sweep Thy people from the land and my banners shall be planted in the rotting corpses of Thy children. From this day forth shall there be war between us. All of Thy rituals shall be denied by me. There shall be no love, no joy, no sex, no song of ought but my worship. And women shall be the lowest of the low. She shall concieve in shame and bear her young in pain, and my people shall give daily thanks that they were not born a woman."

But the Lady of the Moon heard him not for She had joined in the joys of two people making love and nine months later, when that couple's child was born, the Lady blessed that child and the parents and She herself, a Goddess, sang a song of praise to a new baby, for the baby, as the parents, were of Her body and so were divine.

For all acts of love and joy are Her rits and by naught but love may She be known. The Lady, our Goddess is in every blade of grass and every act of love. Her breasts are the mountains and the streams of water, Her milk. All that is, is She and through all the years of persecution did She and does She comfort us with Her presence.

Blessed Be!

RIK

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May in Oklahoma City says:

Dear Pat:

I read Teresa from Tulsa's letter in the April issue of the Newsletter, and since I feel much the same way she does I am asking you to please forward this letter to her.

I don't know that much about your church--just what I've seen expressed in the Newsletter and that I like a great deal. I see so many of my own opinions and feeling printed there; but the main thing is they are shared by other people. The World isn't all bad!

Keep up the good work--I'm always looking forward to the next issue!

Blessed Be,
May

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From Lady Fauna....You know feminism has gone to far when....
.....men no longer worry about being equally as sexy.

* *

STUFF & THINGS

JIM in Winchester, Cal. sez: Greetings Pat & all the Bakersfield Georgians:
Not much going on down here. Out here in the far reaches of Riverside County there are not many chances for Pagan folk to get together, and no Craft shops, but we do have some nice places to just get back to nature and live the Craft way without all the city hassle. Do look forward to my few trips up north in the summer to visit all of you. Plan to do a little camping and hiking this summer in the San Jacinto mountains.
The only person who got his work done by Friday was...Robinson Crusoe.

Blessed Be.
Jim

*

HARAGANO (Seattle) of N.W.C. & COG sez: I don't usually send cash through the mail but it just dawned on me that I hadn't sent our subscription renewal. Don't want to miss an issue.
I hope you are alright. The first news we had of the earthquake was that it was centered in Bakersfield!! Tried to call, so did everyone else in the state, I think.
"I am sorry, the line is presently over loaded, please redial."
Please let us know if there is anything we can do to help with the aftermath..

Blessed Be
Haragano & Tiller

ED. NOTE: This nice note, and Haragano did get through by phone a couple days later.
Our thanks to all of you who called and tried to call. Jim called from New Jersey. I think Shadowhawk was the first to get through just a few minutes after the quake before the lines were jammed. First reports did say the quake was centered in Bakersfield. This confusion often occurs when something happens suddenly. Actually the quake was centered about 80 miles northwest of here, but it was felt in Bakersfield. I felt it but didn't know until Shadowhawk tol me. I was in bed, resting not sleeping. I thought one of the furry people was scratching while leaning against the bed, and thought that was causing the vibration I felt.

*

FROM U.P.I. A Swedish woman says Israeli men make love the same way they drive cars--poorly. In a letter to The Jerusalem Post, Eva Larsson, said - quote-"It is a common belief in Sweden that a man drives a car in much the same way he makes love to a woman." She said after 6 months in Israel, she found Israeli men flunked on both counts. She added that Israeli women "eat too much" to compensate for other, unsatisfied, appetites.

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BEING A WITCH IS.... from Jim in Winchester
...when passing the plate, it usually has something good to eat on it.

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"NOT CRAFT", PAT? from Ellen, L.A. area

I'm a little confused by your discussion on "burn-out" i High Priests and Priestesses. While I fully agree that it can happen--I've seen it--I disagree that the introduction of any "unCraft" subject is a symptom or is necessarily a bad thing.

Tradition is a glorious thing--it is the stepping stones through the quagmire--but it should be a foundation, not a prison. The Craft is, and should be, growing a developing as life changes. Otherwise it stagnates.

"Not Craft?" What is--for certain? The cauldron? Most of them are iron, and that can't go back as far as we believe our roots do. Athames? Tradition says the witch should forge his/her own. Many of you did. All of you? I didn't.

I was informed by one of my customers that unless we perform a traditional Norse rite, we could not call our winter celebration "Yule." Of, really?

Must we, to be "Craft," deny all knowledge gained in the last 300 years? Do you know how few people could read and write 300 years ago? An ancient rule says that no one could belong to a coven that was more than a league away. In L.A. that could be a problem.

Throw out Zerox, typewriters, liquid paper, and the telephone. Not traditional.

How about the traditional arrangement of the elements in a circle? I know of at least three different ones used by different traditions, and they all work fine for the group that used them. Which one is Craft?

Is the Craft Ed Fitch's Pagan Way rituals that many groups use without knowing their source? Certainly, in my opinion..but no more so than any other ritual written by Craft folk.

I do not believe any of us can look at another group and say "You use Yoga in your studies...you are not Craft," or "that invocation was written by Dion Fortune...shame..not Craft." Or "Your High Priest wants you to study Qubala. He must be burned out!" (Now you know I'm going to come to the defense of Qabala--not because I claim it is Craft, but because it is damned useful.)

Look and say "Do they revere the Lord and Lady? Do they treasure all life? Are they trying to grow? Do they believe 'An it harm none, do what ye will?' Are they celebrating the seasons, striving for contact with the forces of the Universe?"

Every single one of us has our own way of doing things based on tradition. I know a Gardnerian who is an ardent Qabalist..Celtics who invoke Native American god-forms...hereditaries who use Yoga breathing techniques...Craft, every one of them!

*

ED. NOTE: Ellen, I expected you to jump on that one since I know of your interest in Quabala. It has always puzzled me how anyone could take something that was originally part of an ancient Jewish religion (if you doubt that, talk to a Rabbi) and has since been Christianized, and try to make it a part of Craft. Why not add the Catholic mass. Oh,yes, the Satanists do a version of that, don't they?

I find some of your aguments rather absurd, but then, it's really

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only the Quabala you're up tight about, isn't it?

No, not everyone forges his/her own athame, most people neither have the knowledge nor the facilities. But most do put some work into making one, and there was good reason for that rule...still is. You're right, few people could read or write 300 years agao...and one hell of a lot still can't today. What has that to do with the knowledge gained?

Of course we don't throw out Xerox, typewriters, liquid paper, and the telephone. (Personally, I'd like to throw out the telephone. I hate it.) But just because we have Xerox and typewriters, does that mean we should copy the B.O.S. that way? There was, and is, good reason for having people copy the B.O.S. by hand.

Arrangement of elements...same as arrangement of altar tools. Many have taken their arrangements from books on High Magick.

Ed Fitch's Pagan Way rituals are fine. I never heard that he claimed they were Craft or other than Pagan. That's what we use them for, pre-initiate Pagans. Of course, Craft people should be able to write Craft rituals...some can...not all.

Quabala, Yoga, and many other things have their purpose and can be useful, but don't pretend they are Craft.

And if we're going to add all the modern conveniences, why not do away with wax candles and use those little electric candles for the altar and everything else. Since the Gods have a sense of humor, I'm sure they'd get a great laugh out of that. And surely the salamanders wouldn't get upset if you blew out an electric candle. Perhaps we could get computers to write rituals for us..or maybe we could just feed the B.O.S. into a computer. Think of all the work that might save. And perhaps someday, a robot to replace the HPs. Wouldn't it be fun to do a healing ritual by lighting our electric candles, punch some buttons on the computer...and just sit back and watch?

*

STUFF & THINGS

We've recieved several nice donations along with sub checks this month. Thank you. Sometimes we wonder how we'll cover the newsletter expenses for the month, but you guys always come through.

Gail& Kerry, now in Boise, Idaho, added a new Witchling 4/19 of this year...9lb 2oz..22 in. Michael Eugene. Gail used to be im the local coven here. We miss her.

MYSTIQUE BOOKS, POB 131, Wisconsin Rapids, Wi. 54494.

THE SOURCE, $12. Australia, $24. air mail overseas. M.O. or cash only. The Editors, POB 367, Lane Cove, NSW, 2066, Australia.

THESMORHORIA, S.B.A. Coven # 1, POB 11363, Oakland, Ca. 94611.

INSIGHTS INTO PREHISTORY by Michael Baran $.50 includes postage. Exposition Press, 325 Rabro Drive, POB 2120, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787-0817.

PAN PAGAN FE TIVAL, August 11-14, Niles, Michigam. For info: Midwest Pagan Council, POB 664, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411.

PACIFIC CIRCLE, June 16-19, Box 9513, N. Hollywwod, Ca. 91609.

GODDESS GATHERING, June 23-26 at Circleville, Ohio. Temple of Wicca, Box 1302, Findlay, Ohio 45840.

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FROM YOUR EDITOR

It is sometimes difficult to determine from an interview whether or not a person will fit into the Craft or into your group. At other times it is easy to know they won't fit in.
I had a recent visit from a couple from the east coast. Fortunately, they were just passing through, and were not asking to join us. A conversation of an hour or so was more than sufficient to know that I wanted no part of this pair.
At another time, a woman came for an interview which precedes entry into our study group. When I asked her reasons for wanting to become a Witch, her replies were somewhat vague but not too far off. However, when I asked what books about the Craft she had read, turned out that the only book she had read was "HEATHER, the confessions of a Witch as told to Hans Holzer". Now, I enjoyed reading this book, and found Heather a fascinating woman, but I don't consider this book alone as proper incentive to become a Witch. However, I let her attend a couple of study meetings, and she dropped out, as I expected.
Even though I have doubts about a person, if I don't think they'll create peoblems, I think it only fair to give them a chance; sometimes people do change.
If a person starts in the study group but starts complaining that there are not enough males or not enough females in the group, I can be pretty certain that they are not there for the proper reasons, and will soon drop out. What difference does it make if there is only one or a hundred if the person is there only to learn?
There are also those who want to spend all their time talking instead of listening and absorbing. This can be very disrupting, and not only does this windbag not learn, but prevents the others from learning. If you cut them off and make keep silent except for legitimate questions and comments, they will soon drop out. They are not seeking knowledge; they are seeking an audience.
Some people can change, but it is often easy to quickly spot the ones who just don't belong.

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FROM U.P.I. Edging out the Reverend Jerry Falwell and John McEnroe ...President Reagan has been named the least admired man in the United States...according to a poll by US Magazine. It marks the second year in a row that Reagan's name was at the top of the magazine's least-admired list, but strangely enough, he also placed third in the most-admired category this year. The survey of over 5,000 US readers also pegged actress Brooke Shields as the least favorite movie star and the most overpaid personality..and Howard Cosell was named the biggest bore and pushiest personality.

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FROM DENNIS in North Carolina:

What is a Frisbeetarian?

A person who believes that when they die, their soul goes up on the roof and they can't get it down.

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STUFF & THINGS

Odinist Fellowship of greater L.A...Folk Moot June 18-19, Glen Helen Regional Park, 2555 Devore Rd., Devore, Ca. Phone Thomas Padgett (213) 887-5477.

PAGAN SPIRIT GATHERING June 20-26 in Wisconsin. Circle, Box 9013, Madison, Wi. 53715 or call (608) 437-8964.

Jeanne of BLUE MOON deserves a permanent place in the Georgian doghouse. She sends nice news clippings but NO LETTERS and no more info on those great Pagan T-shirts. POB 4413, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

CHANGES JOURNAL, $5. next 2 issues, POB 734, State College, Pa. 16801.

DON in Ontario, Canada sez: check enclosed for subscription. There is no Craft newsletter in Canada yet. To be Craft or Pagan one is in a fight for rights, but Canada is slowly coming around. Gets lonely at times but I'm more happy, fulfilled and contented with my beliefs, secretly knowing that more & more will convert to Paganism in my country.

Blessed Be to all...

4th Annual Celebration of Summer, sponsored by Nexus Central... first weekend in July...Greco-Roman Festival Grounds in Terrell, Texas, East of Dallas. Contact John Oliver, Nexus Central, POB 45061 Dallas, Tx. 75245.

TAMARRA in Hesperia, Cal. would like to meet orcorrespond with group or solitaries, especially in her area. Write wnd we'll forward.

RHEA in Atlanta sez: Beautiful ritual from Lady Phoenix. Sorry we didn't get it intime. Perhaps we can use it st some near-future date. Don't know what to think about the chain letter. In the same mail as the newsletter was a very unexpected check (refund I never expected to get). Next day came home to find a pile of fencing in my yard. I had been wanting some but don't know where it came from. Next day, another check..more of a shock than the first. I decided I should forward the chain letter onward! Just in case!!
Sounds as if the cats of the Craft have been busy--the group has about 20 new kittens between them! Anyone need a new familiar???
Ric--if you don't stop you will force all of us to resort to treatment for pulled muscles from laughing so hard! Doubly funny because they are so true.
"Women's Lip"--I love it! Thanks, Hans!
Have so many birds in my yard now! Have feeders out, water, etc. Each day there are a few more. Also have a family of chipmunks which moved into my front yard. They enjoy all the goodies I put out for them; they do love raisins.
Did have a problem with cats trying to catch the birds. I had a long talk with them, and encircled the yard. No more problem.
Love and Blessed Be!
Rhea

* *

Copy of a letter from Lady Fauna to Lady Rhea. She thought it might be helpful to others.

Dear Rhea,

Thank you for your letter of May 5, your suggestions and your offer to help with the Anthology.

I have done some "mapping" for the project.

The first stage will be to gather the information and group it, as you suggested, in sections, although I do not presntly know whether that will be the final form of the Antholgy. If you would like to help with this stage of the project, what you could do is pick one area of interest (say recipes) and go through all of the back issues (which, if you do not have a complete set, will require that you work with Elizabeth and Pat to complete your collection)extract all the recipes, type them double-spaced (for editing, corrections, space judgment) and, in the case of recipes, test them, perhaps writing an introduction for subsections or comments on particularly interesting recipes. If I could get volunteers to pick one subject like this and get the project this far it would go a great way toward completion of the project. Another person could do herbs, another rituals, people who have done deries could amass them, etc. Covens could volunteer to take one "section" on as a group project, using the material as a learning experience for the group as well as for the Anthology.

Of course, anyone who was willing to devote that type of energy toward the goal of an anthology would recieve ample credit for it as a contributing editor. Authors of the individual articles would also recieve credit for their works.

Stage Two involves reviewing the sections, deciding what will go in, what won't, what needs work and what is ready to print. That I plan to do myself. Once the filtering process is complete, I may call on the "contributing editors" to add or clarify specific material if there is too much work to be done in the time I have to do it.

Stage Three will be publication and will be the most difficult and costly section of the project. The least expensive way to get this done is to allow someone else to publish the material. It will require that I contact book publishers and see if any would be interested in publishing the finished work. If not, then we will have to consider publishing it ourselves. But, that stage is still way off in the future and we'll worry about it (or work on it, which is a lot better than worrying) when we get to that point.

All material from previous newsletters will be considered. All unpublished material that is submitted will be considered. All material submitted but published elsewhere will be considered, as long as we do not infringe on someone's copyright to do it. All material that is published will have to be released in writing by the author for one-time publishing rights (which means that the Georgian Church will have the right to publish the material once in the Antology, after which the rights to the article will revert to the author).

What I hope to do with the project is to solve the problem you so eloquently stated in your letter. "Each time I think of something

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LADY FAUNA letter continued

that was in one of the newsletters that I want to refer to, it takes me forever to find it. First of all, I seldom remember just which issue it was in, therefore must hunt for it. Then I begin to read all the other material. Sometimes it takes days for me to find what I started out looking for."

*

MIKE in Tulare never missed a Sabbat here for about 10 years or more..until the past year. Now he says he plans to be here for a la Sabbat soon. Also says he has 120 T-shirts in 4 colors..blue; green, black, gold. Unfortunately, he didn't mention ssizes. Anyway, he says he can silk-screen stencil them in the "Georgian-Wiccan Emblem" (Pentagram in a circle with symbols)..or just a pentagram in a circle...whichever you prefer. He did mention a special low price for Georgians. Anyway, regarding size, stencil, price, etc...guess it's best you write here and we'll forward (he didn't say to give his address). So write to T-shirt, c/O Georgian, 1908 Verde St., Bakersfield, Cal. 93304. We'll forward, and that should avoid any problems.

*

The Coveym of the Dolphin takes graet pleasure in extending a most sincere invitation to attend the mountain meet June 17-19 at Panorama Heights. It is hoped that all traditions of the Pagan Community will gather for 3 days of good fellowship and good times. Meeting theme is "The Enchanted Forest", and it is is hoped that you come prepared to add your personal touch to the theme with decoration and/or costume.
The meet will see most camping out at the sites around the great bonfire.
Cabins & rooms will be available at the lodge, only ½ mile away. The lodge also offeres great food & drinks at a modest cost.
Reservations at the camp site are not required, plenty of room for all. Howevere, because of other arrangements that must be made for the campsite, please (A.S.A.P) reply if you can join.
If you need more info or a map, etc., contact:
Lord Vulcam (Merle) 366-5972
Lady Selene (Shirley) 366-5972
8180 Pioneer Dr.
Bakersfield, Cal. 93306

For reservations at the lodge, contact:
Don & Camilla Kinch
Panorama Heights
Posey, Calif. 93260
(805) 536-8816

P.S. Let's all get hi on Love of the Craft. Any drugs that don't go up in smoke won't be allowed.

Blessed Be.
Merle & Shirley

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Well, that's all, folks,
Pat and all the Georgians

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