GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER

THE GEORGIAN CHURCH
1908 VERDE STREET
BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA 93304
(805) 323-3309

September 1983

BAKERSFIELD - Well, as usual, August has been a slow month for mail. It would seem that all of you decide to go on vacation at the same time. But we still made our 35 pages.

The Full Moon was pleasant as always, and we always feel so much better after being in the Circle. In fact, we often just sit in the temple and talk long after the ritual just to enjoy the pleasant and peaceful atmosphere of the temple.

Lady Fauna and Dean finally made it up from Long Beach for a pleasant visit. So the year in the doghouse doesn't begin until we see if they get here for Hallows.

A full month behind schedule but we have full operation now from the new broadcast studios...but I still have a lot of work to do. One delay after another caused by carpenters, plumbers, electricians, Pacific Telephone and the private phone company installing our phones and intercom system. But some of the pressure is off now, and I should really be finished by the end of September.

Newsletter is still $6. for 12 issues in the U.S., $12. for all foreign, and $24. foreign air mail. So they tell us the economy is improving, but some of you are still having a rough time. So, if you can't send the full amount, send what you can, and we'll extend your sub accordingly.

Don't forget to always send us a change of address. The P.O. WILL NOT forward newsletters.

If you think you missed your newsletter, give it a few extra days before you write. Sometimes the P.O. is just late with some of them. If you really don't get your copy, we'll replace it with the next regular mailing. If you're on the list, the original was mailed but the P.O. lost it. It would cost us 40¢ in stamps to replace it right away, so we'll wait for the next mailing.

That reminds me, we recently received a copy of a new newsletter with postage due. This wouldn't have happened if the outside had been marked PRINTED MATERIAL. The rate is different...lower.

Sorry to say that this issue will be a bit late. Working long hours and seven days a week has made it difficult to find time to work on the newsletter...but things should get better now.

We hope you've all had a very nice summer and a nice vacation. But now it's time to get busy with your typewriters again.

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From Anubis in Maine

Greetings Brothers & Sisters:

All of us would like to "Thank You", for putting us in your newsletter. We are in hopes that it will help us contact other groups. As you must know; a new group needs all the contacts it can get.

Before I answer your questions; I really think I should tell you how we got started. For many years, I have wanted to open or start a Wiccan group but I couldn't find anyone that knew how. When I hit prison, back in 78; I met three men, who said they were Wiccans. Like myself, they had never seen a real "Ritual" done. From 78-82, the three of us tried to get a group started. I believe that we must have had help from the Goddess. You wouldn't believe the things that were being said about us and it weren't only the inmates that were saying it. Movies didn't help us at all and I feel that TV hurt us, far worse than the Christians did. All in all; it was worth the trouble, just to be able to teach and learn our Wiccan faith.

To answer your questions: I will begin with our tools. We had to make all of our tools, such as wand, staff, condle-holders and some of our robes. We have a really nice Altar that we made. Our Athame is also made of wood, which I don't particularly care for but as we are prisoners, there is no possibilities for securing the real thing. We do have a nice cauldron, a bell, pen and ink of art and all the candles and incense we need. Yes, we do have our full moon and Sabbats. We had a really good Hps but she moved out of state and won't be back, for awhile. She will always be in our hearts, for the help that she gave us.

As for the boxes and hand-carvings: we don't want any money for them. We are willing to send you anything that you would like and upon receiving same, we would prefer candles, incense, etc., instead of money as payment. Or, perhaps you've some old book or something of the like, which might be useful to our group.

As for the tradition that we follow: Most of our group leans towards the Egyptian Tradition. I, myself, like the Indian Tradition, as well.

Windlistener is learning the Georgian from a group in Fla. We leave the choice of tradition up to the men in the group. Most want to learn everything they can about all of the traditions. It can get difficult at times. I'm not much of a letter writer and hope I've not bored you. Thanks, once again, for everything.

May the Goddess always keep her loving light on you.

Blessed Be,
Anubis

P.S. I wrote this poem. It's called "The Goddess" and I hope you like it.

(Continued next page)

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Anubis (cont.)

THE GODDESS

The midnight moon,
The high noon sun.
The first morning dew,
on spider's web spun.

These are the words,
She said to me,
as I asked the question,
of Her beauty I see.

Her hair was as dark as night;
it flowed gently down her back.
Her smile was brighter than light,
that kind that makes your soul light up.
But the beauty I saw most of all was not
the way She looked,
But the beauty deep within.
So natural, and at peace and had such a
Beautiful aura, inwhich I've never seen before.

You could tell She loved the world and each
and every living thing.

So Her true beauty I stared upon was only
Her love for life and the beauty nature does bring.

Done by
Anubis, Coven of Dawn

FROM U.P.I. - Max, the dog sentenced to death 3 weeks ago for barking, will have an appeal next month, and his lawyer says dog lovers everywhere have offered to help.
Norfolk, Vieginia, attorney Joseph Pennington says he received letters and money for Max from Switzerland, Germany and all over the United States.
Pennington says - qoute - "I've gotten checks from people writtem out to Max The Dog. One fellow brought over a prime rib for Max."
Pennington says Max's appeal of his death sentence is scheduled to be heard in Norfolk Circuit Court September 23rd.
The three-year-old mixed breed was sentenced to death August 9th when neighbors told Judge Joseph Jordan in Norfolk General District Court that he barked at least three times a week for at least a half-hour each time.
The judge asked Max's owner, Tom Atkinson, if he would get rid of ax. Atkinson said no, and Jordan handed down the canine death sentence.
Atkinson, a Norfolk police officer, then appealed the case. The dog has been receiving obedience training.

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STUFF & THINGS

GERRIE IN OHIO sez: I recently received a sample copy of your newsletter (Aug.) in response to a letter I wrote awhile ago. On the front page of this issue you printed that you were "still getting lots of kooky mail...send me info on Witchcraft...teach me to be a Witch...send me all info on your church."

I must say I am one of the people who sent you a "kooky" letter... Did the thought ever occur to you that, perhaps, the presentation of your ads leads people to ask these questions? I asked if you could please send me some information regarding the workings of your church and I do not feel this was kooky in any way...You are named as The Georgian Church and many people wonder exactly what are your beliefs. As for teaching people the ways of the Craft...that too is a natural assumption since many places do offer correspondence courses in Witchcraft. This leads me to my second point: namely, the re-running of the "poem" entitled The Correspondence School on page 28.

Perhaps the thought never occured to you (or Lady Rhea) that there are some people who desire to learn the ways of the Craft and to serve the Old Gods with every ounce of devotion in their souls. Such people cannot simply go to the yellow pages and look under "covens" in order to fulfill their great desire. Thus, in utter sincerity, they may turn to a correspondence course. Granted, all such courses may not be valid; however, not all courses are the degrading parodies of the Craft which this poem suggests.

ED. NOTE: We edited out the free advertising for someone here.

Wicca is a religion of Love and Harmony...its proponents should reach out to each other in any way possible. If there are some who are not fortunate enough to be taught and initiated in an actual coven situation, then those who are Blessed by Our Lord and Our Lady should lend as much support as possible. Instead of writing insulting poetry (or providing a space for it within the publications of The Craft) why not write something to help the Neophyte along the way and reassure her/him of the Love and Support of her/his brothers and sisters in The Craft? If we cannot be kind to our own kin, we are no better than the Inquisitors who once tortured and killed our spiritual ancestors for their Love and Faith in the True Gods.

Now, despite my complaints, I do see the good in the Georgian Newsletter, thus, I have enclosed a money order for $6.00 to cover a one year subscription. I would also be most pleased if you would publish my letter, along with my name and address so that I can get some response and feedback from other readers.
Love And Light,

Gerrir, POB 38206, Olmsted Falls, Ohio 44138.

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ED. NOTE: Gerrie, it does seem that it is always those with the least knowledge of the Craft who are most critical of the Craft, and overflowing with advice on how we should do things.
WE DO NOT RUN ADS. WE DO NOT PROSELYTIZE. WE DO NOT CHARGE FOR LESSONS. WE HAVE WRITTEN NOTHING SUGGESTING THAT WE ARE SEEKING STUDENTS.
We do sometimes teach a few students by correspondence because we think they are worthy, and because they cannot find a suitable coven nearby. We do this because we want to help them...not because we owe them anything. We do not charge them.

I work long hours on my job, and very long hours on a newsletter that is a financial loss. I do not owe a damned thing to anyone who sends a one-line postcard or one sentence on a scrap of paper in an envelope. The Craft is not a slot machine. To learn is a privilege. To teach is a hell of a lot of work and headaches, and usually a thankless task....except for those who sell their religion for whatever the suckers will pay. I have absolutely no respect for anyone who sells "Witchcraft lessons". In what way are they any better than Jerry Falwell or the bunch of phoneys on radio and Tv begging the poor suckers to send in their money?

However, the "poem" was aimed at one particular group, which you would know if you had more knowledge of the Craft and the phoneys who try to use it for personal gain.

If anyone is really sincere about the Craft, they can certainly have the courtesy and respect to write a letter explaining what they hope to learn, why they want to learn, some information about themselves, and a self-addressed-stamped-envelope!
I see no reason why I should use my paper, envelopes, stamps and a lot of time writing long explanations to people who don't care enough to do this. I do try to find time to reply to those who care enough to write and request properly.

Those who are seeking your money will not be so particular. I'm certain you'll get more than enough in reply to no more than your name and address on a scrap of paper.
Those who sell must make the material available to anyone who has the price. The Craft should not be this way. There are many people only too anxious to use the knowledge for personal gain and/ or to cause harm.

Since we do not <u>sell</u> lessons, charters or ministers credentials, we can make them available only to those we consider worthy.

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DIDJA KNOW,???

In 1820...Robert Gibbon Johnson stood on the steps of the Salem County Courthouse and announced he would eat a "Love Apple" which he described as lethal. Until then...the tomato was considered an exotic curiosity used as an ornamental shrub...and considered poisonous.

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DOG DAYS

LADY RHEA in Atlanta sez: I am not in the best of moods with dogs right now--Miss Boo, my long-haired Chihuahua is shedding--hair, hair, hair, everywhere! Does no good to brush or comb, her hair is so soft and silky the comb and/or brush just slides through it. Noooo, the hair has to come out on everything else--mostly me! Thank goodness, it doesn't last forever! Like most (all?) long-haired dogs, she has two coats--the long top hair and the thick, short under coat. The latter is what is giving me the problem..oh, well...

ED. NOTE: Gripe, gripe, gripe! How would you like to have my four long-haired large dogs? When I sweep up, I can expect at least a shopping bag full of dog hair. And Safflower, the Irish Setter, is so high-strung that she panics if you get near her with clippers or a brush or scissors. Be happy! There's always a bright side.

Rhea enclosed a news clipping: DeKalb County firefighters were honored for saving 9 dogs & 2 cats that got sick after dense smoke poured into an animal clinic froma fire in an adjacent business. The DeKalb Humane Society presented the plaques , titles, "Hand In Paw," at station 18. The names of the firefighters who participated in the rescue are inscribed on the plaques. After retrieving the dogs & cats, which were suffering from smoke inhalation, the firefighters administered oxgen to the animals. None lost consciousness, but one later was given medication for a coughing spell.

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FROM U.P.I. Cypress: One of two men,embroiled in a parking lot argument about dogs locked inside a car in 100-degree heat, went home and returned minutes later with a handgun, shooting the other man in the stomach. 26-year-old Miguel Guiterroz was wounded by a .22-caliber bullet fired by Larry Johnson. The 42-year-old Buena Park man was charged with attempted murder. Investigators say the dogs belonged to neither the victim nor the suspect.

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Rocky, the Pit Bull Terrier, was sprung from dog "Death Row" in Seattle...but not before he was neutered. The operation took place at the request of his owner, whose nephew used Rocky as an accomplice in a hold-up. Rocky was sentenced to death because he was deemed vicious. His fate prompted protests from as far away as West Germany, where dog lovers even wrote to President Reagan to intercede.

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A Bakersfield couple, Ted & Caron Preston were returning home from a fishing trip when they found an injured female Gordon Setter. The dog apparently had been hit by a car several days earlier. There was a broken hip and wounds on head and paws. They bundled the dog up and took her home, thinking she would have to be destroyed. However, a vet said the hip could be repaired for about $350. or the dog could be destoyed. They decided to go ahead with the repairs. During a 1½ hour operation, a pin was implanted in the Setter's upper femur bone. The dog has a 90% chance of gaining full use of the leg. The bill...$356.

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THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL:
A Celtic Story of the Seasons
by Lady Allusha

MABON (Sept. 21) When the Witches saw Blodeudd, they knew that Fate had taken their Goddess from them. So they went deep into the forest, to the Hidden Lake, where stands the Shrine of the Cauldron of Cerridwen. By the powers of the Cauldron, they invoked Cerridwen to appear to them. They knew that this Goddess was the guardian of the Art of Prophecy, and they desired her help.

In the shimmery waters of the Cauldron appeared a beautiful woman's face, the face of Cerridwen. The Witches spoke to her of the loss of the Summer Goddess, and the fear that now Nature would die and grow cold. They asked that this not happen. Now they had no Goddess to be with them,--what should they do?

Cerridwen spoke to them, so sweet and clear. She would not prevent Winter from coming, for it was necessary that all things must rest. But She would slow its arrival, giving everyone time to make preparations. Thus became the first day of Autumn, and Cerridwen was its Goddess.

She told the Witches not to grieve the loss of the Goddess, for as the Moon changes in the heavens, so too do the Goddesses on the Earth. Each one has knowledge to share, and the Witches would do well to learn the lessons each Goddess offers, for "the Wise Ones weep not, but rejoice."

And Cerridwen explained to them that death was not an end, that the Spirit was immortal. Therefore, death should not be feared. They should look back with joy at the Times of Plenty, and ahead with thought and preparation to the Time of Death. As a reminder of their immortality, Cerridwen gave to them a gift of five white swans upon the Lake.

As the guardian of Seeds, Cerridwen also assured them that the magick of life contained within the seed shall bring forth the return of abundance, in the due course of time.

And so the harvest is completed, the people are preparing and putting away provisions for the times to come. The grains are ground, the meat is salted, the fruits are dried, the seeds are stored, and the wine, ale, and mead are brewed. King Llew declares this day a holy day, to give thanks for the abundant yield. And the people celebrated the Harvest Home.

The King is now past the vigor of youth, and realized his death is approaching. He looks about him, and is content in the knowledge that after his death, there will be new life, for his young bride now carries his seed. He feels the happiness of fulfillment.

The days pass, and upon the night of the Dark Moon, Cailleach comes to Blodeudd in a dream. She tells the young Goddess how beautiful She is, and how She should have a young and strong husband. She devises a plan in which Blodeudd arranges the King's death, making it look like an accident. Once Llew was dead, Blodeudd could pick a new King.

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THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL: A Celtic Story of the Seasons (cont.)

The plan is carried out, and as Llew dies, Cailleach steals his strength and power. She flies to the Land of Darkness, where she makes a gift of them to Cernunnos, the Dark Lord, thus making him Llew's brother. Soon his strength would be such that he can claim the Throne of Power. Cailleach, very pleased with herself, takes the form of a sinister, mischievious little imp, the Pooka, and spits upon all the blackberries that still sit upon the vine.

As Llew's spirit departs to the Land of Death, he leaves with his people some words of advice, known as "Ye Wiccan Rede", to help them in their ways. As he travels through the Land of Death, his spirit becomes young again. By the time he reaches the Land of Faerye, he is called Mabon, the Divine Youth.

The people, angry for Llew's death and edged on by Cailleach, blame Blodeudd for their King's death. They take her to the Sacred Grove of her birth, and, tying her to a giant oak, they burn the entire grove, the young Goddess along with it. Llew's Sacred Seed of New Life, being protected from the fire by Cerridwen, fell to the earth and was hidden in the ashes.

After the fire, the land was left barren and waste, with no protection from the cold winds of the Land of Darkness. The people were thankful that they had prepared shelter and supplies to protect them from the oncoming cold.

AND IT SHALL END IN THE BEGINNING
THUS IS THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL

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

MABON - Also known as the Autumnal Equinox, the Feast of Finishing Fruits, and Harvest Home. Mabon was the 'Divine Youth' of antiquity, who was hidden, yet ever remains, as the sun in the heavens. It is a celebration of thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, for food, clothing, and shelter. It is a time of richness, crispness, and lightness after the heavy heat of summer. We celebrate the realization of the fruits of our labors, and look forward to the rest and repose afterwards. It is the time for the last preparations before the coming of the darkness of winter. As such, it is also the time to prepare the spirit for an interval of introspection and inner growth.

This is also the time when the night and day are of equal length. Time seems to stand still as we enter into the transition from the Powers of Light into the Powers of Darkness. We bid farewell to the Sun, who has fully matured, passed his prime, and is turning old. We begin to welcome the coming of winter. Because of this, the Feast of Cernunnos, the celebration of the most aggressive and dark aspects of the Horned God, is usually held on this day.

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THE LEGEND OF THE WHEEL: The Meaning of the Legend (cont.)

The celebrations of this festival are serious, yet joyous. They traditionally include: merrymaking, hayrides, canning parties, the making and burying of Corn Dollies, meditations, and one's preparations for study.

NOTES ON THE STORY: Cerridwen is a Celtic Goddess of Autumn, to whom was entrusted the guardianship of the Seeds, and the Arts of Prophesy. She was able to look into the mysteries of the dark of winter and of the Otherworld. Her symbol is the Cauldron, and her sacred fruit is the apple, which, when cut crosswise, reveals the five-pointed star, the symbol of magick and the Craft. All nuts, being forms of seeds, are also sacred to her.

The swan, as well as the wild goose, is a symbol of the immortality of the soul.

To the ancient Celts paternity was not near as important as sharing of the same mother. The Lord of Darkness became the brother of the Lord of Light because Cailleach, who was also Taillltiu, gave to him the gifts of life.

Tradition has it that it is very bad luck, even poisonous, to eat blackberries picked after the Pooka has spit on them, which can be any time between Mabon and Samhain.

Vengeance can be sweet, but. . . all things have their price!

Lady Allusha
SLO-Pismo

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THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT

The voice of the night now lingers
As roving winds lie still,
Sound of a night bird calling
Echo far across the hills.
The cresent moon is suspended
From a sleepy & cloudless sky,
Light searches out the shadows
In the valleys where they lie.
There is no sound, no motion,
No gentle sway of the breeze,
Night sighs in this hour of silence
Like rustling leaves in the trees.

by Jean Opperman
in Australia

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The cheery notes of birdsong, don't tend to make me surly,
But when I'm still enjoying sleep, must they begin so early?
* *

RELIGION IN THE NEWS

FROM U.P.I. Tv preacher Robert Schuller has been told he's got to pay the state 473-thousand dollars in property taxes on his Orange County Cathedral. The assessments are for non-religious, money-making activities on the church's property for the past 4 yrs.

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Santa Cruz - A man who once claimed his prayers swelled his bank account from one-dollar to nearly four and a half million dollars has been convicted of grand theft. Stanton Powers claimed the God-send had come from prayer. The D.A. says Powers punched phony deposit figures into banking machines...deposited empty envelopes...and later withdrew cash before bank officials discovered the errors.

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The vatican says its most recent figures show nearly a quarter of the world's inhabitants are Roman Catholic...about 800 million.

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The L.A. Board of Airport Commissioners has voted to prohibit religious solicitation inside airport terminal areas. The resolution is expected to have a direct effect on members of the International Society For Krishna Consciousness.

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Spokesmen for The Church of the Brethren, The Mennonite Church and the Quakers say they will give money so conscientious objectors can stay in college if they refuse to register for the draft and the government stops their financial aid.
Government figures show the threatened cutoff of loans has resulted in 92 percent of 18-year-olds being registered now...compared with 85 percent a year ago.

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Impressive is what church officials promise from the National Council of Churches cooperation with NBC in the network's two-part, two-hour documentary, "The Church of the Russians," a wide-ranging look at the Russian Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union.

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For grassroots members of the United Methodist Church, ordination of homosexuals to the ministry is emerging as an important and volatile issue for the denomination's bicentennial celebration next year.
Homosexuality has been an issue in the denomination since 1972. But in recent years it has received greater attention...largely because of the appointment of avowed homosexual pastors to jobs in New York and Colorado.

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The latest coup in Guatemala reflects a deep distrust of Protestant Evangelicals by a resentful Catholic majority angered over the "Born-again" tilt of their ousted president. There are even fears in Guatemala City of reprisals against evangelicals under the new government of General Oscar Humberto Mejia Victores. That, despite a pledge of religious tolerance from Mejia, a devout Catholic.

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From Lady Rhea in Atlanta, GA

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Planning a big Equinox Festival? Here is a suggestion for your Feast...all simple, all VERY traditional (They came from the Old Country years ago.)

HARVEST FESTIVAL STEW

(This one can be made ahead of time, or, if you're lucky enough to gather in the woods, bring your big cooking cauldron, and start early!) (But, better 'double up' on the recipe--this one is for a small group.)

Sautee 2 onions, diced and 1 large green pepper, diced, in 3 tablespoons butter or oil,
Move to side of pan, add 2 pounds of stew beef, cut into small pieces and mixed with seasoned (salt and pepper) flour. Stir and cook until brown.
Add 3 cups beef broth (water will do--but the broth makes it richer), 2 dashes Tabasco Sauce (or a couple of red peppers), 1 teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper to taste.
Cover and let simmer 1 1/2 hours.

Add 1 1/2 cups diced/sliced carrots, 1 1/2 cups diced/cubed potatoes (1 to 2 cups diced tomatoes may be added if desired)
Cook about 20-25 minutes, or until vegetables are tender.
(NOTE: other vegetables may be added if desired. Use the fruits of the Harvest!)

Lower heat, stir in one cup sour cream, if available (not absolutely necessary, but does add a nice touch).

Make large drop dumplings (small 'biscuit' type), add to TOP of stew. Simmer, with cover on, about 30-35 minutes, or until dumplings are done.

THEN, top off the stew with this traditional Harvest Cake--this cake was baked at harvest time, when milady had a large numbers of harvest hands to feed.

HARVEST FESTIVAL CAKE

Mix 1 cup dark brown sugar, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup water, 1 cup lard (shortening can be substituted).

Bring to a boil, boil 3 minutes. Set aside to cool.

Add 3 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder (or use self-rising flour), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon all spice. Beat into cooked and cooled mixture.

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Lady Rhea (cont.)

Bake in rectangular pan or ring pan approximately 30 minutes, at 375°.

Serve sliced or cut in squares--even better served hot with lots of cream!

These two, plus a crisp salad if you can arrange it, a beverage--and the Feast is Served!

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From RAYNA in Florida..she sez: I guess I should introduce myself first. I am Tara, Craft name Rayna, and a member of Moonstar Coven in Sarasota. I am a new Georgian, initiated about 2 months ago, and am fortunate enough to hold the position of Maiden in our coven. I am also writing on behalf of my boyfriend, Keith, Craft-Logan, who is a very nice guy, but doesn't like to write letters. He holds the Summoner position in our coven, so it works out nicely that we are friends. Enclosed is a poem he wrote for Moonstar's Lammas ritual, which Lady Hecate encouraged him to send. Our Lammas, by the way, was a humdinger and a lot of fun.

Mostly I wanted to write to you to introduce Logan and myself, but I also wanted to express to you how fortunate Logan and I feel to be Georgians. We have wonderful opportunities here to study other traditions with various Craft friends and Lady Hecate and Lord Orion, and have said many times over to each other, "isn't it nice that the Georgian tradition is freely eclectic and that we can use the Strega, Alexandrian, etc. material if we choose to." That has been a really nice thing to keep in mind as we read and use Georgian rituals, etc. and begin to write some of our own.

So, thank you, Pat, for a lovely tradition and way of learning, and I believe all the rest of Moonstar Coven are as appreciative of your work.

Much love & Blessed Be,
Rayna

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LAMMAS by Logan

Full-grown grain on sunbaked fields,
A welcome summer shade,
Given by a hearty oak
In a quiet summer glade.

Water warm and breezes smooth,
And seashells on the shore,
Sunset's deepening reds and blues,
To soothe a weary soul.

And stars, oh, stars above the earth,
With tales of old to teach;
A map of old, forgotten lore
Is there for me to see.

(continued next page)

Lammas continued

In all my Lady's gifts to me,
The more I walk Her ways,
The more I learn of magick things
In ordinary ways.

Like how to breathe the good things in,
And breathe the bad things out,
And how to see a summer breeze
Float gently through the house.

And how to feel the wind say, "hi",
Or breakfast with a tree.
How to know a special field,
Where magick things may be.

The Lady gives me many things
In many special ways.
There's magick in what used to be -
An ordinary summer day.

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Just received a note from Starwind. Catalog subscriptions are now $5. for 2 years. Well, they really do make beautiful catalogs with excellent photography. STARWIND, 3015 Classen Blvd., Okla. City, Ok. 73106.

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ED: NOTE: A, thank you for the cash you sent. That was very nice ...but you go to the doghouse anyway. How many times have I said.... always enclose your name & address inside the letter??? And if you use a Craft name, also include your other name. I really can't remember hundreds of Craft names & legal names and who belongs to which Witch. It do get confoooosing! If you don't want what you wrote or your name in the newsletter...just say so. Anyway, in this case we know who is you. So, thank you, again.

Some of you do get upset if your newsletter is a bit late. Usually you recieve the original before you get the replacement. You know how the P.O. is. A fellow on one of my farm news reports the other day was talking about receiving a letter that had been mailed to him about 20 years ago. So...see how lucky you are...your newsletter is never that late!

More sad news. We were advised recently that Cyprian in Tennessee was in the hospital with a kidney problem. He passed to the Summerland Sunday, August 14. Both Cyprian and Richard Clarke wrote numerous articles for the newsletter, and both will be sorely missed by many.

BEING A WITCH IS....
...trying to remember that passing to the Summerland is progress and should be a happy event.

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LADY HECATE in Sarasota sez: We had a very nice Lammas in spite of an all day rain. Can you imagine nearly 30 people crammed in a 9 x 12 room for a ritual? Well, we couldn't either, so we had a stomping party and had all the kids (tall & small) take newspapers and lay them on the grass in a circle, then walk, jump and stomp on them to absorb the water and dry the grass. It worked great and the outdoor Circle was ready and useable.
Everyone seemed to enjoy the Sabbat. We did an Indian feather dance, and the Circle rang with laughter and vibrated with prancing people. We nearly ran out of food, and Lady Thea and myself weren't quite quick enough, so when all else fails, pull out the bologna.
Hosting a Sabbat is a lot of work, but the extreme pleasure and excitement and the wonderful memories makes the preparation a very worthwhile prelude.

We have one more interview with the folks from Free Spirit (a local new age paper) on Paganism and the Craft, so when it's published we'll let you know how it comes out.
We talked Logan (Moonstar's Summoner) into sending his poem to the Georgian. It's really very nice but he said it sounded Sappy. So what's wrong with sounding sappy?

BEING A WITCH IS: from Lady Hecate
...after a heated disagreement, you agree that you disagree, hug in Perfect Love, go picnicing together and agree on who brings the hot dogs.

Love and Blessings and all that Good stuff to you and all.
Lady Hecate

ED. NOTE: Several photos enclosed of the Moonstar group. A nice-looking bunch of Witches. Some sexy female gals (I don't comment on males). Tell Raina (Rayna?) to leave her hair down.

*

Another ED. Note: Not long ago I mentioned that I could no longer have overnight guests due to the problems with my furry children. Guess I need to mention it again. I'm always glad to see visitors if they call ahead...but please, not at 2 A.M. since I now get up at 4 A.M. I really do need some sleep.

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FROM U.P.I. L.A. police have taken to horseback in a bid to deal with drug pushers in the Pico-Union area. Six officers on horseback are patrolling the high-crime area during the afternoon and evening hours when drug trafficking is at its worst. Police say a foot patrol working the area was scrapped a month ago because it couldn't handle the volume of narcotics problems. Horse patrols also have been used to curb prostitution in Hollywood.

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FROM LADY RHEA...There is one thing we shall never have a shortage of...opinions.

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Catherine & Kent of COTOR in Australia mentioned the following in the last newsletter. Too late for last month.

STEP LIGHT LADY

WRITTEN BY WREN TO ANNALISE

Step light Lady,
There's far too many folk
Who go through life on leaden feet
And wear a duffle cloak.
So go you clad in silk and fairy feet
And who cares who shall pay.
It's worth it, so your fairy feet
Go tripping on your way.

Step light Lady,
God bless you for your mirth
Though all the world begrudge your place
Amongst the great of earth.
Yet why must all these virtuous ones,
The strong, the pure, the wise,
Lack your swift grace, your elfin smile,
The sparkle in your eyes?

Step light Lady, Nor heed what folks may say.
Let better woman gird and gibe,
But you my sweet be gay.
Wear rings upon each finger slim,
And bells on every toe,
And you shall hear the sighs of men
Make music as you go.

Step light Lady,
Your gay philosophy
Is worth a thousand things
To comfort sould like me.
Though women frown and turn aside,
The hearts of men will lie,
A carpet for your aery feet
Until the day you die.

Step light Lady,
Step lightly to the end.
What's death, but just another man?
So he will prove your friend.
So laugh that lovely laugh of yours
And toss your lovely head
You'll trip it as tripped in life,
Among the ancient dead.

(continued next page)

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STEP LIGHT LADY continued

So since, within a weary world,
Kindness and mirth and song
May serve as well as graver things
To help mankind along.
When Gabriel shall blow his horn
Upon some still far distant morn,
When all the souls line face to face
Each one his triumph or disgrace
When the great Judge shall summon
This pray we all your lovers true
O Lady fair, when you must meet,
Like all, the judgement day,
We hope, for all the sins you sinned,
The joy you brought may pay.

*

JUDY in Orange sez: Well, it's raing, hot and humid here, very unusual weather for Orange county. Usually it's cool and nice. We had a record of one hundred fires in one hour in L.A.
I was ill, but with the love and support of many friends I'm better now.
I'm sending love and positive vibrations to the Georgians.

In love and Peace,
Judy Shepard
345 N. Batavia, Apt. 5
Orange, Cal. 92668

You may print
my name & address.

*

The fox
mourns the death
of the rabbit,
for the same fate
could happen
to him.

--Chinese Adage

DAVID in Iowa sent the above, and he said he had been taking regular classes in Fortran Programming, and in the machine shop, and helping grow and store crops.
A later letter sez: I would like to express my deepest sympathy to Richard Clarke's relatives and dearest friends. I feel I knew him from the many excellent articles he wrote for your newsletter, which I will miss.
I have been transferred to the Riverview Release Center in Newton, Iowa. I will have my annual parole hearing next month, at which time I hope I am granted a parole to Chicago to attend DeVry Institute of Technology to pursue a bachelor's degree in Computer Science. If I am granted a parole, my classes will begin October 31st.

Much Love and Blessed Be,
David

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JIM in Winchester sez: Recently I had the honor of being a guest for the weekend at Lady Allusha's Met many old friends and some fine new ones in an atmosphere of true Craft love and hospitality that was enjoyed by all and will be long remembered as a very special time.
I never thought you could get 20 Witches in an 8-foot hot tub but it definitely can be done. On Sunday, Mike was the chef for a delicious bar-b-cue, and Gypsy from Berkeley cooked up a tasty lasagna. Lady Allusha and Lord Aragon and their fine people conducted two beautiful Circles: an indoor on Saturday evening with about twenty-five people, and outdoors Sunday afternoon with about 40 Pagans from many traditions. There were also a few four-footed friends who visited the Circle, and many beautiful children of all ages.

Thanks, Rik, for the great article in the last newsletter. You are right. So many times it is hard to put into words the special feelings we have for the Lord and Lady in our hearts. This also goes for special Craft people who mean so much in our lives, and we don't always tell them we love them and give them an extra hug for just being there when we really need them.

Love and Blessed Be,
Jim

*

LADY RHEA in Atlanta sez: Finally cooled off enough here that I was able to cut the grass. Been about a month and a half! Been so hot and dry that it just didn't grow. But - finally got to the point where it needed it, and the weather cooperated by not going above the 80's, so I didn't think it would harm it too much to trim it a bit! We have had two days of some relief from the heat - just into the 80's rather than the 90's, and believe me, it makes a difference! On the way back up again--but the "cool" spell was nice while it lasted.

Spent the weekend at my usual (these days) pastime--typing on the compilation. Oh, my aching back, fingers, head and eyes! But, it is coming along great --am now through July '81. Only two more years to go! Very excited about the whole thing--really some great material in there!
Take care--
Love and
Blessed Be!
Rhea

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FROM U.P.I. The operator of a San Diego Sex Therapy clinic says unpublished research at U-C San Diego convinces her of the validity of the so-called "G-Spot" - or sexually sensitive area - in women. Sexologist Dr. Theresa Crenshaw says medical tests have located such an area. But the urologist who conducted the research, Dr. Jeff Pollen, is incensed that his material was publicized by Crenshaw. He says he hasn't had a chance to prepare it for publication in medical journals.

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ELLEN in North Hollywood sez: Talk about ups and downs! the last couple of months have been a real roller coaster! Starting with the weekend of Pacific Circle, we've been burglarized three times in a 4-week period. I doubt they'll be back--not much left.
The coven went down to two, Chris and me. At one point I was ready to chuck it all and hide under the bed (which ain't easy because it's a waterbed) for the rest of my life. The Lady didn't let me, though. She, my husband and a High Priest we know grabbed me by the ankles and bounced me on my head a few times, so I'm better now.

So much for the "downs". Fie on them, and I don't want to think about them, any more. Let's get to the "ups." Sothistar lost two people and gained three--all bright, enthusiastic, and wonderful. We're starting fresh and building a solid foundation.

If that wasn't joy enough--Llewellyn is going to publish my book! It will be out sometime next year. We're still trying to choose the best title. I'll let you know when it is decided.
I'm still hysterical about that. When I called Chris to tell him the news, all I could say was "He took it! He took it!" He thought we'd been burglarized again.
Anyway, if you don't hear from me for awhile, you'll know why. Go ahead and put me in the doghouse, though--I'm always in good company there!

I really felt for you re: the problem of articles being withdrawn after you've printed them. You have every right to be ticked. Anyone who pulls something like that should consider themselves very amateur. It is definitely not a professional thing to do, not to mention horribly inconsiderate. I do hope you've received some sincere apologies, although I doubt it. It's my opinion that those who have done this should make a nice contribution to make amends. It may be mimeographed, but the GN is as professional as any other publication, and more than some--and should be treated with respect! Whoever you are, you should be heartily ashamed.

Some of us in Pacific Circle have decided to provide some semi-public celebrations for the "sabbat-go-to-meeting pagans" who wish to worship and celebrate but do not wish to join a group. The first will be on September 25, a Harvest celebration, probably at Veteran's Park in Sylmar. Anyone in this area interested in attending, please drop me a note fast at the P.O. Box and I'll try to get back to you. We will place flyers in various shops and bookstores giving details as to time, etc. Different festival rituals will be given by different groups, so no one group will be responsible for all. I know at least four different groups will be involved, and maybe more. Not only will it give pagans a place to celebrate, but will also be a meeting ground for those who might want to study. It can also provide a little public education. We don't plan to advertise in the paper or anything, but word will get around. The Harvest celebration is a mixed

(continued next page)

ELLEN continued:

group project, Sothistar is presenting Hallows, and ROebuck will present Yule. Don't know who'll do what after that.

On the whole, I think the ups we've had outweigh the downs (although I do miss my typewriter--I can't always use the one at work), and I view the seasons to come with joy and anticipation.

I hope all is well with everyone.
Blessed Be
Ellen Cannon Reed
Box 9513
N. Hollywood, Ca. 91609

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BONNIE & AL in Albuquerque sez: got the newsletter the day after we mailed the letter saying we didn't.
Moved to the country - mountains N.E. of Albuquerque but still have the same P.O.Box. Nice to be out of the city, and the critters really love it! Been a real busy summer - will try to write more later on -

Love and bright blessings
Bonnie, Al & Co.

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Nice note & material from The Fellowship Of Isis.
Reply: Georgian Editor, Pat, joined the Fellowship some few years ago.
I am happy to see the book order form shows some prices in dollars as well as pounds. I often became frustrated when they ran nice book reviews that made me want to order the book...but no price in dollars and no address for ordering. Often the books were not for sale in this country.
I guess it really is often difficult to list in dollars when the exchange rate keeps changing. I know that whenever I get a check from Australia or New Zealand, I don't know what it will be in $'s until I get to the bank.
Fellowship Of Isis, Clonegal Castle, Enniscorthy, Eire.

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During our recent heat wave, Lady Musgrave, an Appaloosa mare knocked down the fence of her pen and was found in the nearby swimming pool in the backyard of Don & Cher Ottman. Cher says that since there are no steps in the pool, they had to drain it, place a ramp in it and then lead the horse out. The unanswered question is: did she want a drink of water or did she want to cool off?

And after all that heat, a cloudburst. We don't really expect rain in the summer, and this one caused a lot of problems for lots of people. One business section was flooded with two feet of water. I thought I had all the leaks repaired in the roof here...I didn't ...made a mess of the cielings in two rooms.

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DOG DAYS

FROM A.P. - A dog named Pookie was detained by a veterinarian after the dog's owner couldn'y pay the vet's bill will get his day in court - the state supreme court has ruled. A jury should decide if a veterinary clinic actually threatened to dispose of the dog unless the young brother & sister who owned him paid $155. in full, Justice Ray Brock said in an opinion overturning a ruling by the State Appeals Court.
The unanimous opinion came in a damage suit filed by Annette Powell on behalf of her son & daughter, against J.L. Stanford, a Chatanooga veterinarian, and Ashland Terrace Animal Hospital, where Pookie was treated for injuries after being hit by a car.
The Supreme Court said the animal clinic admitted telling Pookie's owners they could not have the dog until the bill was paid but "denied stating that Dr. Stanford would 'do away with the dog as he sees fit.'"
The high court said the dispute over what was said should be decided by a jury.

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FROM U.P.I. - Sacramento - Senate President Pro Tem David Roberti will try again to get his controversial Animal Protection Bill over its first hurdle. A spokesman said the L.A. Democrat will fight for passage of his bill, which would outlaw the use of pound animals for scientific experiments.
Roberti withdrew the bill from the Assembly Governmental Organization Committee because he didn't have the needed votes.
The Governmental Organization Committee meets the same day another Assembly Committee will hear a rival measure that would provide some of the same safeguards -- but only to animals identified as stray pets.
Roberti had bowed to heavy pressure by medical researchers, but was suported by animals rights groups.

ED. NOTE: It is certainly sad to realize that people take pets or strays to "Animal Shelters" for the protection of the animals. only to discover that these "protectors" are selling the animals to "mad scientists" who will happily spend their time torturing the poor animals with insane experiments, often without giving them any form of pain killer. As one scientist (sadist) said not long ago when he was reprimended for toturing animals when neighbors complained about the screams of animals in pain at night..."my assistant should not have left the windows open." And you are asked and expected to contribute to continue this kind of "research".

FROM U.P.I. A dog named Fred is a genuine hero in Miami. Fred was awarded the Canine Medal of Valor by Tampa-based National Animal Rights Inc. Fred forced open the door to Arbury Sander's bedroom and woke her when fire broke out, then helped round up 8 children in the house. He then ran back thru the flames looking for the father who already left for work. Fred suffered burned legs in the search.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON RIBIRTH
From Rik in Tuscon

ONE of the advantages on teaching a regular class on Wicca is that you have a constant stream of new people who don't know what questions not to ask and so ask the most embarrassing questions imaginable. Thus, you are forced to consider ideas that you haven't thought about since you were in that position. This article is based on one of those questions. I don't submit it as fact, simply as a possibility.

To simplify matters, man (as is all life) may be considered a colony creature. We have a physical body composed of a hundred-plus pounds of gross matter. Also residing within this material body is an Astral body weighing about 1/8 ounce. We also have a Mental body composed of energy and a Soul all of whom live in harmony.

At conception, the physical body begins to form and at about six weeks, the Soul steps in. The Mental Body develops some time later and I don't have any idea of when the Astral body appears on the scene.

At death the Soul, mind and Astral leave the body and move on to a new life. Sometimes an accident occurs and the Astral Body and Mental body remain on Earth as a ghost. Eventually, following that classic psychic mathematical formula: E equals $1/t^2$ the mind runs out of energy and moves on leaving behind an astral corpse that will in time run out of energy and move on.

The body is planted into the ground or cremated or whatever it takes to recycle the materials. Ideally it becomes food for the worms who digest it, pass it out as worm castings which are food for plants which are eaten by people or animals which in turn are eaten by people.

It should be noted that the material of any one person will eventually be devided among a large number of new people. Thus you cannot say that you possess the body of any one person, but rather you are a combination of hundreds of other people. Why not the same with the Astral body, the Mental body or even the Soul?

Thus, I submit for your inspection the following theory:
After death as the body separates into its four parts (astral, mind, soul and body), each part breaks down into smaller bits which are then absorbed by waiting bodies. Thus, when the foetus absorbs a 'mind', it may recieve say...50% of George from New York, 20% of Sally from London, 10% of Paul from Mexico and 20% from a hundred other people to make up the Mental body of the new person. At birth, the new baby, John, then proceeds to receive life experiences that adapt, change and form Johns Mental body into something uniquely his own.

Twenty years later when John is regressed into an earlier life, he

(Continued next page)

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Some Thought on Rebirth (cont.)

reveals that he was once George from London and recalls the step pyramid that was near his house where the koalas used to play. In other words his memories are a mixture of all of the people that make up his Mental body, and not of just George or Sally or....However, as 50% of his mind is from George, he refers to himself as George. Unfortunately he has some of the memories of the other people mixed in like a jig-saw puzzle to confuse matters and so the sceptics can then 'prove' that life regression and reincarnation is a fake.

If this can happen to the Mental body, why not to the Soul and Astral bodies as well? Think about it.

by Rik in Tuscon

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ANIMALS

FROM UPI:

Lee Keaton was trampled when an elephant broke loose at Lion Country Safari in Irvine. His mother, Helen Keaton, says he told her a few days before he died that if an animal ever killed him, he didn't want the animal hurt in retaliation.

The trainer was trying to calm a three-ton indian elephant named Misty when she broke loose. Police said the animal "did a headstand" on Mr. Keaton, killing him instantly.

Officials say the animal has been removed from the preserve and there are no plans to destroy it.

A man in Bedford, Virginia, thinks a horse he bred is the smallest in the world. Bob Pauley has been a miniature horse breeded for 17 years. Of the one-foot-tall horse he says: "I named her Fantasy because she's kind of a dream come true for me". The tiny horse weighs only eight pounds. Pauley says the Guinness Book Of Records lists the world's smallest horses as 12-inches high...but, he says they were Shetlands--a dwarf breed. Fantasy, he says, is perfectly formed.

Thieves thinking about taking auto parts from Fletches Haynes' junkyard had better beware of Oscar.

Oscar is a seven-foot-tall ostrich that guards the junkyard, located in Lambert, Mississippi.

Oscar replaced a couple of Doberman Pinschers who were too easily out-foxed by human pilferers.

In Haynes' words..."While I had the Dobermans, I lost tires, wheels, and other parts. They were taken from right under the dogs' noses."

Haynes says his interest in exotic animals led him to Oscar, whom he bought for $400 at an animal auction in Kerville, Texas.

Haynes brought the feathered giant to Lambert and set him free inside the 25 acre fenced salvage yard.

Haynes explains that thefts from his junkyard used to be very common.

"But since Oscar has been prowling around out there,we haven't lost a thing."

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STUFF & THINGS

VICKI in Oklahoma sez: before I get to anything else, I want to correct your error in the May 1983 newsletter on page 21. You said Georgia called to remind you I had been initiated. I had my first but not my 2nd. Also, you called Georgia Lady Ishtar, and that's my Craft name, not Georgia's.
Sorry I haven't been writing but I've been pretty sick and still am. I've been in and out of the hospital, finally found I had a gall bladder problem, had it taken out. I'm having a really difficult time with my nerves and severe depression. Please ask the coven to send me some positive energy; I really need it right now. Georgia & Rick came to see me last Saturday, and it really helped me.
I'm wondering...when I'm ready for 2nd if Georgia can arrange to take care of it.
Please let me hear from you: I really need all the support I can get.

Blessed Be,
Vicki

*

ED. NOTE: Vicki, sorry if I got the names confused but it still sounds right to me. Anyway, tell Georgia it's all her fault for leaving the coven here so many years ago and moving to that foreign country of the Southern Baptists.
Sorry about your health. About nerves and deprossion: review your lessons on relaxation and meditation. Also, get some strong vitamin B1 tablets. Very good for nerves.
See no reason Georgia can't arrange for your 2nd. Ask her.
Also, somebody explain the name confusion. I hear from both of you so seldom, no wonder I get confused.
A Witch by any other name.....

*

ROBYN in Australia sez: Georgian Newsletter arrived today,,,sorry I didn't read expiration date properly. Money enclosed.
I sent a poem from my mother last time and, of course, you may print anything I send.
My garden is thriving. I was able to plant a few more bushes before the cold set in. My daisy bush has three flowers on it!

Little Dog, my friend and I went for a long drive to the bush. It was a lovely day. Funny how I didn't need my medicine while there. Says a lot for the dirty city and suburbs, doesn't it? We spent the day around a fire and just wandering around the countryside of a friend's property. Little Dog had a ball, and I hardly saw her.

Last Saturday I arrived at Lynne's in style...a lovely red hot rod coupe. My 'cuz', Kerrie,and I had been to a car show in Dandenong with my friend Paul. He had washed & shined his car. Lynne's garden is lovely, and the plant s he gave me is growing very well.
I'm hoping to taken away to the warm coast shortly. If so, I'll send a postcard. My fingers are crossed very tightly.

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ROBYN continued

Who out there has come up with a cure for asthma? The cold air, especially at night, really gets me. Hope someone can help.
Merry Part for now. Blessed Be and all my love to the hard workers.
Robyn & the Furries

*

ED. NOTE: Robyn, only cure I've heard of is to stop breathing. I don't recommend it.
About expiration dates: the date on the address label with an * after it is the date of the last issue for the sub. Your newsletter may be stamped "expired" a month early...that's just to remind you that it's running out. Go by the address label date for last issue.

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PEOPLE from U.P.I.

New York City Police Officer, Cibella Borges, has paid a heavy price for giving the department too much of the wrong kind of exposure. The 25-year-old Public Morals Division Officer was fired for posing nude in a girlie magazine spread and other publications.

Carolyn Cox was only 29, but her weight had swelled to 269 pounds. In 1979 she agreed to what is called a "Tummy Stapling" operation at a hospital in San Jose, California. Two days after the operation ...she died. A lawyer says her family has accepted a 275-thousand-dollar malpractice settlement.

At a party in Stony Point, New York, a teen-ager doused himself with gasoline and dared his friend to set him ablaze. The friend took him up on it. 17-year-old James Sarolick went to the hospital with 2nd & 3rd degree burns over 30 % of his body. His friend was charged with assault and reckless endangerment.

A routine obscenity case drew plenty of attention in Honolulu. That's because the case involved seven X-rated films. The films were shown at a hearing to determine whether they were indeed obscene. About 150 spectators showed up at the courtroom to see the films. Afterwards, some applauded.

The Mexican farmer who grows giant vegetables is at it again. Jose Carmen Garcia became the marvel of the marketplace in the late '70s with 10-pound onions and such. A few lean years and now, success again...50-pound cabbages.
Garcia said the secret had been placed with the Rosicrucian Order. A P.R. spokeswoman says the organization has tried the formula with some success. She said some superstition is involved along with some scientific processes.
As she says..."Basically you hold the seed in your hand. By certain deep breathing you can possibly change the bioelectricmagnetic field of an object."

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FROM THE U.S.D.A.

If you get elected chief cook and bottle washer for a picnic, take care to avoid food poisoning. Here are some tips for preventing food contamination.

First of all - don't ask anybody with a cold, or a cut on the hand, or any sores to help with the food or dishes.

Wash hands, utensils and work surfaces thoroughly after contact with raw eggs, fish, meats and poultry.

Keep your hair and/or beard out of the food.

Thoroughly wash all raw fruits and vegetables before cooking or serving.

Properly cook meat such as pork and poultry...and foods containing eggs and stuffings.

Remember, you cannot always determine food spoilage by sight, taste, odor or smell. If there is any doubt, throw the food away.

Carry the fried chicken, potato salad and tuna salad sandwiches in insulated bags or chests. Be sure to use ice, dry ice or reusable cold packs. Do not depend on cold food staying cold just because it's in insulating bags...especially on a warm summer day.

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The 1983 edition of "Gardening By Mail: Where To Buy It" contains 4,000 different listings. This publication of the Mailorder Association of Nurserymen lists over 400 different trees, shrubs, perennials, bulbs, seeds, houseplants and accessories sold by mail. All are cross-referenced to the 76 member firms that carry each item.
For a free copy of the booklet, send an SASE, business-size envelope containing two 20-cent stamps to:
Mailorder Association of Nurserymen, Dept. C, 210 Cartwright Blvd., Massapequa Park, N.Y. 11762.

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When cooking fresh pork, the U.S.D.A. advises you to cook it to a consistent temperature throughout of 170 degrees Fahrenheit...or 77 Celsius. The reason is to make sure any trichanae organisms are destroyed. Only about one-tenth of one percent of the 80 million pigs slaughtered annually contain the parasitic worms that cab cause trichinosis in humans...and only about 100 to 120 cases are reported annually. Many of the reported illnesses result from eating bear meat or from some people's preference for undercooked pork.
Fresh pork should be cooked to an internal temperature of 170 degrees. Cured hams labeled "cook before eating" should be heated to an internal temperature of 160 degrees and cured picnic shoulders to 170. Fully cooked cured pork can be eaten without further heating but it has a more flavorful taste if you reheat it to an internal temperature of 140 degrees.

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NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA

CATHERINE & KENT sez: Just received the last issue of T.G. Great, as usual. So glad our letter with the goodies reached you safely.

Now maybe you would be so kind as to help us? In January '83, we sent cash U.S. dollars for a book called Vol 11, of The Book of Ways, from one, Gavial, Nemi Enterprises, P.O. Box 1172, National City, Ca. 92050. We had previously bought a book from them, and as is our custom, we enclosed about $10. for air mail. The total enclosure would have been between 25 and 30 U.S. dollars. As we are trusting people, and had dealt with the firm before, we did not keep a record of date and exact payment (silly us). We also enclosed a year's cash U.S. sub to a magazine called Shadows Edge. It is now August, no book, no magazine, no letter in reply to two we have written, and the third letter came back last week from U.S. post. I enclose a photostat of the envelope. It would appear these people have gone to Mars. They have our money, we have egg on our faces.

Sorry to trouble you, but can you find out who or what they are about? We realize we have lost our cash, not to worry, we can always print some more, but we would like to know WHY???? These people purported to be Craft. Where has "Perfect Love and Perfect Trust" gone?

ED. NOTE: The return envelope says, "Box closed - no order". This means the box rental has expired and has not been renewed. There is a possibility of some mistake, and some reader may have an explanation. They can write to you at THE AUSTRALIAN WICCAN, POB 80, Lane Cove, N.S.W. 2066 Australia.
If you hear nothing within a week or so of receiving this newsletter, write a letter explaining the situation, mail to: U.S. POSTAL INSPECTOR, National City, Ca. 92050.
It is necessary to do this yourself because it was your order and letters. They'll look into it for you.

CATHERINE & KENT continued: Your point about the Bastille day letter, well taken. Now you can see, we are so busy here, we not only don't know what day it is, but also don't know what year we are in! Still, life's a ball, if you don't weaken.

Glad you enjoyed the funnies (?) on animal life species in Oz. You wondered what else we have over here. Well, we have blue-ringed octopus, a pretty little occie with blue rings around it. It settles in small rock pools all over beaches. It looks so harmless and pretty...but..touch it! It stings instantly, and the sting is fatal, no known antidote...and the person stung dies in agony within hours. We have the Taipan snake. Kent's cousin used to collect them and milk them for their venom for laboratories to try to find an antidote to their always lethal bite. Sorry to say, at age 23 he was bitten, and went to the Summerland within hours!

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Catherine & Kent continued

Next, we have spiders, Funnel Web. They live in holes in the garden. There is no known antidote to their bite. The male is most ferocious. About two years ago, a pregnant woman, bush walking, was bitten. Again, sad to say, she died before arriving at hospital.
We have redbacked spiders; they like to live in outhouses. There is an antidote...IF treated stat!

There are man/woman eating sharks. Only two weeks ago, a 15 foot tiger devoured a young couple up in our Northern waters after their fishing trawler sank. The captain managed to get on a coral reef, but the creature circled him for hours. Thank the Gods, hee was rescued! It was a terrible story. The young man who was taken tried to lure the beast after him, to save his friends, after it had taken his leg, but to no avail.

We have Box jellyfish, long tentacles, they sting! Hospitalization for weeks, sometimes death. We also have poisonous shells which inject poison if picked up. We have a super venomous sea snake. Again, no known antidote.
So dears, if you have any silly folk over there who want to play psychic attack, why not send them to Oz? That should ensure no further trouble! Anyway, on to sweeter subjects.

We approach Spring. Not a bad winter, fairly wet, but with a promise of hot humid summer to come.
Kent had a birthday just recently, and we also celebrated our 32nd wedding/handfasting anniversary that day. Is that some sort of record? A great time was had: lobsters, oysters, scallops, whitebait vol au vonts, strawberries, Irish coffee, lots of music and good friends to help the party along. Wish you all could have joined us, (free willow bark tea to take home).
Well, enough for now, love to you all, Blessed Be,
Catherine & Kent, & the gang at COTOR

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ED. NOTE: It is obvious that you guys DO NOT work for the Oz Chamber of Commerce...not unless they're trying to tell people to stay away. Happy Birthday and Congratulations and all that good stuff. Guess yours must be a record. Don't think most people last 32 months now.

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ROBYN in Australia sez: Paul whizzed me away for two weeks (one left to go) to get away from cold Melb. I hope to see Clair & Simon on the way back home.
We have been to a Reptile Park, and had kangaroos follow us for puffed wheat, and to a zoo and had peacocks follow us for peanuts. It was all fun, and beautiful to see the animals so happy and safe. The park was for all injured animals to be taken and nursed back to health.
We saw monkeys, koalas, snakes, emus, kookaburros, dingoes and many more.

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Robyn continued

A favorite was a monkey that kept on trying to grab our shiny jewelry. What a dear little guy. Merry part for now.
Love & Blessed Be,
Robyn

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LYNNE in Australia sez: There was an article in the paper a while back about an ethnic community offering the council to clear up the stray dog problem by eating it away. Apparently in their home land roast dog is a delicacy. The offer was politely declined. Another article stated that the neo-pagans of today (Aust.) are beer-swilling slobs that worship their cars and covet their neighbours' wives.

Some nut rang me some time ago to tell me that he had a psychic message to warn me my life was in danger. But not to worry, his group had saved me. I was in danger of being possessed and they exorcized me. He then proceeded to describe me. If only I looked half as good as he seemed to think, I'd be quite happy. I don't think I re-acted quite how he expected. When he told me how devastatingly good looking I was, I naturally agreed wholehartedly. (I can tell lies too.) I always seem to get the nuts.

If there was an award going for songs I'd vote without a doubt for Jim Alan's Talkin' Wicca Blues. It's number I on my list. I've got a couple of the Circle tapes, and I found they're great to relax to. I think the songs are very beautiful.

Merry Part, Blessed Be, Lynne.

P.S. Robyn, I don't think we're as good as we thought we were. That ESP just isn't working. I don't know about you, but I'm falling asleep.

**

From UPI---(Walnut Creek, CA)---Deborah Shurson, who plunged 2800 hundred feet from an airplane after he parachute failed to open, is not only alive but taking her first steps.
She hit the ground at 120 miles an hour...Her husband, Randy, calls her survival and progress toward recovery a "miracle".
He says his wife jumped from a plane during a parachuting class April 24th, 1982, at the Antioch airport. Her main parachute failed to open. About 100 feet from the ground, a secondary chute did open... slowing her fall.
Mrs. Shurson talks with difficulty, walks with a limp, and has permanent brain damage. She is undergoing physical therapy.
The couple is suing the Antioch Parachute Center.

**

From Jeannie sitting across the table from me, slowly working her way out of the dog house:
Being a Witch is....running out of green candles during recessions.

* * * *

PUSSY CAT CORNER

FROM U.P.I. Katrina the cat is back.
And that's something to purr about...because as far as anyone can figure, she was dead five days ago.
Katrina's owner--Judy Lawson of Pleasanton, California -- decided to give the Siamese-Burmese cat up...because a member of the family was allergic to her. Katrina was taken to an animal shelter, where the policy is to kill the animal by injection if a new home isn't quickly found.
There were no takers for Katrina. So she was given a "Death Shot".. and put in a refrigerator for pickup by a rendering company.
But five days later...Katrina non-chalantly walked into the Lawson home. That's a hike of about two miles from the shelter on the other side of a busy freeway.
In the words of the animal shelter officer who administered the injection..."There is simply no explanation."
The Lawson family has decided to keep Katrina.

*

The official Soviet news agency, Tass, says Russian scientists have determined that cats are not color-blind, after all. That could explain why Morris The Cat is so finicky.

*

Catherine & Kent in Australia sez: Her Bibi, our Queen Siamese, will celebrate her 16 th birthday, seems to be time to celebrate.

*

Again we're short of Pussy Cat news, so here's a dog story from U.P.I.

Kevin Nolan, a retired Boston store owner, says he "felt really bad" when he heard the story of a Chicago family who lost its puppy when the family's mobile home was stolen last month in Boston.
So Noland called police and searched every dog pound in Beantown for two weeks...until he finally found the Labrador Retriever named Prince...and just in the nick of time.
Prince was about to be destroyed.
Nolan says he and his wife put the dog on a plane to Chicago.... because he felt the family could..."buy a new set of knives and forks, but they could never replace that dog."

*

As some 200 demonstrators protested the use of animals in research, a panel of psychologists defended the practice at the American Psychological Convention in Anaheim, California.
Professor Neil Miller of Rockefeller University in New York said, that most research animals are well cared for but he added, "to do research, such as on pain, it is unfortunately necessary for the animal to suffer."
The demonstrators said they were especially angry that Dr. Edward Taub of the Institute For Behavioral Research in Silver Spring, Maryland, who was tried for cruelty to animals, was invited to speak at the convention.

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REPORT FROM THE HALF-ASTRAL
#3
by Blacksun

I don't know about the rest of you folks out there who have been running your own circles or other wise making the most of your craft, but there are times that I wonder what it would be like to be "a mundane" as Shadowhawk and I refer to people who don't know that they can do magic. Small whisps of "burn-out" touch us once in a while and fantasies of MUNDANIA fill our heads. I'm sure that you all know some 'mundanes'. They are the couple next door that have the impossibly neat house with two color TV's (and they BOTH work!) and the black and white TV in the bathroom. They are also the people who attend the PTA meetings and not only enjoy, but ADD to the banal conversations about the new guest host on the Johnny Carson show.

Well, sometimes I'd like to be able to just wonder about what the lastest standing of the Mets is rather than what people should be invited to the next Solstice. Of course, if I REALLY want to fantasize wildly, it has been suggested that maybe we should think what it would be like to bring in a TOTAL mundane to play "PRIEST FOR A SABBAT"!

I would be quite wild. We could kidnap some poor, unsuspecting guy off the street and convince him that he had won some kind of a prize. Of course, we would make sure that things went all right by keeping Shadowhawk as high priestess. (Does this sound nasty, or does this sound nasty?)

First, I suppose it would maybe be a little upsetting if we told him he was going to be naked, so we'll just call it skyclad and hope he doesn't bolt when he finds out the meaning. It might come as some comfort to him to know that he will have a sword - until he finds out that <u>every</u>body else will be carrying a knife.

This being the Pacific Northwest, it might be stretching the fantasy a bit to think of an outdoor ritual. But, what the Hecate, why not dream a little more and think of a nice, convenient, cooperative weather where the evening is warm with hardly a hint of a breeze. So be it: ZAPP!! An outdoor ritual in Pugent Sound land without the aid of umbrellas! And no mosquitoes!!! I mean, it IS a fantasy, right? Well, well, now we <u>really</u> have the makings of some WEIRD times for our PRIEST FOR A <u>SABBAT</u>.

I can see it now: there he is, the poor sucker, all decked out in his pink skin with this sword by his side, wondering when he is to be sliced up for the 'RITUAL FEAST'. Maybe visions of a nubile young virgin balancing candles in her belly button are dancing through his head. (The last nubile young virgin was when whats-her-name had her new born daughter last August Full Moon.)

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Report From the Half-astral (cont.)

Into the circle walks the High Pristess, who tells him to get out! while she sweeps. He just stands there, wondering what she is going to sweep when the whole place is covered with pine needles and weeds and dirt. All of a sudden, he finds his feet and ankles being scratched by a rather stiff broom being wielded by a feisty naked lady! Then she tells him to come back into the circle and "cut it". Once he is told how to do that, he stands there swinging his sword around and feels like a fool. In every direction he turns, there are naked people watching him!

As I am sure you can imagine, there are untold numbers worth of things that could give rise to wonder and more than a little bit of misunderstanding. If he were told what the Great Rite was, would he feel weirded out when told to stick his athame into the cup of wine? Would anybody bother to tell him that that was only the symbolic G/R? What would he think about how seriously we take our religion when somebody starts chanting:

Cakes and Ale,
Cakes and Ale,
Soon we'll look
Just like a whale...

Oh well, all things must come to an end sometime. Time to draw our athames and break the.....

Now why do you suppose our PRIEST FOR A SABBAT is screaming like that and running off into the woods?

Blessed Be,
Blacksun of D.A.O.

P.S. I wish I could take credit for the cakes and ale chant. Actually, it was given to us by two members of D.A.O. who have definately got the Pagan spirit. It goes to the tune of 'Hoof and Horn'.

**

FROM UPI:

A young woman in Southeaster France complained of headaches for days--then collapsed at work. Her problem turned out to be a .22 caliber bullet lodged in her skull. Her husband, who was charged with attempted murder, admits that he tried to kill his wife. She has now filed for divorce.

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MURPHY'S LAWS OF THE OFFICE

If it's not in the computer, it doesn't exist.

* *

STUFF & THINGS

FROM A.P. - Feminists disrupted the re-enactment of a medieval "witch trial" in the 1250-year-old town of Fritzlar, West Germany recently, unfurling banners protesting the suppression of woman as thousands of spectators booed and jeered.
Nine German women clad in black took to the market square stage to stop the performance. They stood in a circle beside the stake where a blond woman in a flowing white gown was to have been chained.
"I say no to this cheap spectacle," read one protest banner. "Women power is still suppressed today," proclaimed another.

When police stepped in after 10 minutes, the protestors lowered their banners but prevented the show from continuing with howls and yells.
An estimated 3500 spectators crowded into the cobblestone square, site of a weekend medieval crafts fair, and others leaned out from overhead windows. Many of them whistled, jeered and shouted at the protestors.
"Put them to the stake," yelled one man, earning laughter and applause from the spectators.
"Those demonstrators should be the ones on trial," said a middle-aged woman.

Fritzlar, a town of 9,000 residents set in the woody hills of northern Hesse, was the site of more than 100 executions for witchcraft in the 16th and 17th centuries, town spokesman Karl Wilhelm Lange said.

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FROM U.P.I. - Police investigating a marijuana cultivation case in the city of Riverside, California, got more than they bargained for.
Police said a search of a Riverside house turned up two alligators and more than 50 snakes...including rattlesnakes, cobras and a 17-foot boa constrictor. Officers say they seized more than 20 handguns and rifles at the house.

*

In a decades-old event aimed at controlling the pigeon population, Aliquippa, Pennsylvania held an annual pigeon shoot. Police used to spend a day or two each fall shooting the birds, killing 60 or more. But recent publicity triggered a flood of calls from people who denounced the pigeon shoot as inhumane. In the words of Police Chief Albert Merulli - "We had to do something. It creates so much bad publicity."
So this year...the pigeons will be trapped...not shot.
A Wintersville, Ohio, firm offered to trap the pigeons free of charge and haul them out of town.
Merulli says the firm captured 48 of the birds over the weekend... and probably will use them to train retrievers.
Merulli added that "No harm will come to the pigeons."

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We mentioned last month that Richard of Calumet Pagan Temple had passed to the Summerland. The following is the last Richard Rambling's column we received from him.

RICHARD's RAMBLINGS

Evolution

When Einstein combined various disciplines for Relativity, disciplines were simpler than now. As knowledge increases, it becomes more complex, harder to see the whole picture. To meet scientific requirements, one must plan a path or at least map it out. The intiuitive does away with the map and trusts in the Goddess-lady luck, woman's intuition. Logic, a male principal, has triumphed in science although it is till the intuitive that makes the break throughs. As science becomes more complicated, it becomes more necessary for the intuitive to find the route around the blocks so that the plodders can once again resume the trek that does 90% of the work.

In the 40's and before, most kids went to school as long as they felt comfortable, then dropped out. It was OK to work as a carpenter, or a field hand at 14 or so, so the smart ones were free to study in the class rooms. After WWII, it was discovered that there was some correlation between education and material wealth and the system went to hell when dumb kids started staying in school to make money rather than to get an education. Education beyond an individual's true capacity enabled them to go slightly higher or beyond their level of incompetance. How many have 10 speed blenders and know what each speed is for? Radar ranges? Sure, the book tells you, but even at sixth grade level, half the people can't understand the damn thing. It takes time to master the state of the art. What do we do with the ICBMs and nerve gas and nuclear and toxic waste? How many people can appreciate state of the art stereo other than by cost? We talk about inflation: a 1932 Ford went for $500, an '82 goes for $5,000 - but how many '32s had a 50,000 mile warranties? How many had 3 year batteries? etc., etc. The emphasis on mass production means putting technology into the hands of people who can neither appreciate or even use it. How many people adjust the tone of their stereo for each record? How many have turned their stereo up full blast more than once, "to see what it could do"?

We have taught everybody how to write, and how to use punctuation. How many times in the last 30 days have you seen quotation marks used entirely inappropriately?

Ethics enters in, or rather exploitation. We brought the slaves over. Many great cultures had slaves, but a slave warrior was roughly the equivalent of a warrior of his master. There was no racial barrier, only class. We put up racial barriers, and denied

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Richard's Ramblings (cont.)

the existence of class (we were a free country; consequently, talented blacks, hispanics, etc. were limited by race, ("white hispanics had fewer problems than 'indian' hispanics - their class, was recognized" - Jose Iturbi.) instead of by their class, or level of ability). It became apparent there was a forced integration (I got rights) to change the forced segregation (Ain't no nigger commin in here) of the past.

Never mind who is at fault, we have to work with the consequences. To this end communities are forming on the basis of class. Evolution is the process of becoming one, as well as diverging. It is a two-way street. Magick and science were the same at one time, and slowly they diverged. Magick became a spiritual trip, science conquered the material world (to the point of destruction). Today, theoretical physics, which only a very few understand today, is approaching the outlook of the mystics of old. All this leads to a situation where many scientists get off on a mystic, spiritual trip, and many Mystics turn to UFO's, magick as a function of gravity, etc. to explain their spiritual trip.

There was a time when the masses ignored technology, and stayed close to the earth - to to work, never mind opera, who needs a tractor when they got a mule. The 'far sighted' farmers mechanized, but they did not forsee the fuel shortage or prices. The geologists of the 30's (there is enough oil for a million years) foresaw neither petroplastics or air pollution. It is just as hard to give up Newtonian physics for Relativity as it is to give up Individualism for Collectivism. What people fail to realize is that there is a balance point between the two. We tend to put everything on the 'bottom line', without realizing 'the bottom line' is a starting point for the next round. There was a time when a philosopher knew the state of the art in physics, or a physicist knew chemistry, etc. Today, even the chemist and the physicists are ignorant of each others work, and neither understands philosophy or psychology, let alone mysticism, mythology, music, or other "female" aspects. But music may be as much a part of the chemists' life as chemistry. The farther along in chemistry the chemist goes, the more likely (s)he is to appreciate several forms of music, or play an instrument, but not be as generally as appreciative of music, or understand its' emotional appeal, as they understand organic or inorganic chemistry. Soon, physical facts will force the top chemists to again understand physics.

Think of the double helix, it meets, diverges, crosses again, diverges again. This is life - how life of any kind, be it physical, emotional, or inspirational, functions.

RICHARD CLARKE
Calumet Pagan Temple

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Elexa--Box 9513, N. Hollywood, CA 91609--sez: My sister, Phoenix, called me this morning...she'd just received word that on August 15, Cyprian crossed over. He's done so much in his life, and had apparently accomplished all he set out to do, so he's gone home. I've enclosed a little requiem for him which cannot really express what I feel, but is at least an effort to do so.

For Cyprian

The Goddess has gathered my friend home for a well-earned rest. I rejoice in his freedom.

These tears are not grief, for look! I'm smiling. These are tears of heart-felt gratitude for the priceless gift the Goddess gave me--the gift of having my life touched by Cyprian.

Never did we meet face to face, but still my life was touched--by his letters, his articles, his wisdom, his humor. There has been no one from whom I learned more. It is to his wisdom I turned many times, and out of his great heart, he gave me comfort.

He told me once he preferred "Brother Cyprian" as a form of address; and he was brother, father, friend, mentor, teacher to so many of us.

Lady, thank you for this gift. I am a better person, better teacher, better priestess, better witch for having known Cyprian. All of us will cherish him, always.

Cyprian, my friend--so much love goes with you. Rest, be at peace, know that you have done well.

Oh, how selfish I am! For, though I rejoice for you, a part of me heartily hopes you won't stay away too long. We have need of spirits such as yours,--bright, loving, and altogether rare.

BLESSED BE!

Cross over gently, my friend.
Struggle is now at an end.
All pain and suffering cease
There in the Summerland's peace.
Once more your spirit is free.
Go, with our blessings and be
Safe at the Goddess's breast.
Cross over gently, and rest.

Loved ones who've gone on before.
Wait at the Summerland's shore.
Share the reunion you've earned.
Ponder the lesson's you've learned.
Till, on the Wheel of Rebirth,
In that sweet land or on Earth,
We'll be together again.
Cross over gently, my friend.

)Elexa(

**

ED NOTE: The above are two excerpts from a letter received on our publishing date -- the rest of the letter to be published in a later issue.

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THAT'S ALL FOLKS.

Love and Blessed Be,
Pat and all the Georgians

* * * *

Call