GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER THE GEORGIAN CHURCH APRIL 1984
1908 VERDE STREET
BAKERSFIELD, CALIF. 93304
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SPRING HAS SPRUNG AND ALL IS WELL. HELLO SPRING, GOODBYE TO ICE.

BAKERSFIELD - So all goes well here. Your editor still has a bit of sore throat, but mostly I'm feeling better than I have in months. And with lots of help from Elizabeth and Don, we're getting things back in shape here. Soon the outdoor Circle will be as nice as it used to be... we don't bother much with it during winter.
The old swimming pool has been taken out...about 25 by 28'. We're going to fence in that area to keep the furry children out of it, Then Elizabeth and Adrienne are going to use the space for an herb garden.
Our sabbat turned out very nicely. It is always nice to have Lady Fauna and Dean come up from Long Beach. And it was good to have Bobbie join us in a celebration again, also the smiling Kathy came up from Canyon Country. We also had our first outdoor bar-b-q of the season. A very nice day and evening.

Lots of nice mail came in this month...and much of it early so we could missthe last minute rush. But will have to do a lot of editing as we run out pages.

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VALERIE VOIGHT sez: we did put sub inside inside front cover but not easy to see. PAGANA is $9. 6 issues surface, $15. 6 issues overseas air mail.

E.A.J. in Wisconsin sez: something you could try for your sore throat: try drinking Pepsi or Coke. They have a base made from coke syrup which is used in medicines for coughs & colds.

JIM in Winchester sez: finally settled things with the main county newspaper that had been refusing to take ads for a small Pagan study group. A little give & take on both sides, so we'll see if anyone is interested.

Rhea in Atlanta sez: do you know why Smokey the Bear never had a family (offspring)? Simple. Everytime Mrs. Smokey came in heat, he tried to beat out the fire with his shovel...Help, brush fire!!!

I'm really disappointed! We announced last year that we'd give an extra Georgie for the best article on What Is A Witch or What is a Pagan or combination..appearing between April '83 and April '84. Only 2 to vote on, Vicki in April '83 and Ima Non in June '83. Are there really that many people who are not sure of what is a Witch or a Pagan????

Cal State Bakersfield's spring fair is now called "Rutmorfest". As it stands now, we expect to have a booth there Friday & Saturday May 18 & 19.

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LADY ALLUSHA...Pismo-S.L.O. area sez* Greetings to you and all! I feel an eternity has finally passed, and it is time to write. First, I would like to make a gift of the G.N. to a friend..check enclosed.
Second, in response to Rik in Tucson about an open rite for Coven loved ones: We at Coven Tara have found the best times for these is at Sabbats that have strong ties to mundane celebrations, such as Yule (with the tree and gifts), Beltaine (with the Maypole festivities), and and Lughnasadh (or Lammas, with the harvest festival theme). Instead of 'Casting a Circle', Sacred Ground (area, space) could be marked and blessed. Instead of 'Invoking the God/Goddess, you could honor the Forces of Nature that brought forth the gifts of the season.

And instead of 'Raising the Power', all could join in a simple singsong chant. Short and sweet rites or activities which obviously connect the people with Nature and the season are good to include, especially if the guests can actively participate in them. Avoid the mysterious aura of 'Magick'. Try to make the guests feel as comfortable and natural as possible. In these ways you can let them see what you're all about without divulging any 'Sacred Mysteries', and you might help heal any hurt they may feel at being left out.

Third, I would like to send a great big THANKS filled with hugs and kisses to Lady Mariah. Her letter of understanding, strength, and encouragement to one in grief also had deep meaning for me.

Love, Light, and Laughter,
Lady Allusha

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HARAGANO of N.W.C. in Seattle sez: Enclosed is check for 2 year subscription.
It hasn't been my work with C.O.G. or the N.W.C. that has kept me from writing, it has been the putting up of insulation, replanting most of the front and back yard and making arrangements for a new roof and storm windows. The past 8 months have been home and hearth. I sent one bunch of cat facts in October but it seems you didn't get them. I'll put another bunch together.

Blessed Be,
Haragano

ED. NOTE: Nope! Sorry we didn't receive the cat facts. Probably someone in the P.O. absorbing your knowledge. We'll look forward to new batch.
Sorry I haven't kept up with dog brushing and saving the hair for you. For some months I've had so many flu or virus problems, and have been working so many hours....all I do with dog hair is sweep it up...in large piles. But since that is hair from 4 different breeds and is mixed with dust from the floor, I didn't think you'd want it.
I know of the positions you've had with C.O.G. and N.W.C. but in your branch of the Craft do you do or do you not use the title 'Lady'?

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By Tiffany St. Moonstar

THE LAND OF PIPES AND REEDS
Manuscript found off the Pacific coast...

The storm had come with the force of a thousand wet windy jiins. It was made of water possessed by martial entities, having a will of its own and invoking it. It was wind from the very dervish center of Windingo dance, crackling with energy drawn from the black starless sky. It was the violence of the fire lords screaming down oaths of thunder and hurling their silver spears of death.

And it called to me.

It came and whispered to me like the softest of my lover's caresses... tempting me with the promise of all mystery, of all wisdom, of all knowing. Its cacophonic symphony vibrated through my cells, touching each to the very center of the nucleus. It was not the language of the human race that it spoke to me, it was the instant knowing from a time so long ago that mankind would go mad in the attempt to imagine it's true age. It was a dialect embedded in the deepest roots of my physical self; the same self that was a link in the chain of cells since the very first cell. I later discovered the meaning--the horror was the source of that unspeakable first cell. The source...

Had I only not been so unafraid--had I veins that easily filled with the icy wine of fear--then I would have been spared from the grim curse of knowing. It was my failing. Since my first initiation into my families way of the Old Religion I had held no fear of gods nor demons. I had no terror of the powers of the Dark Horned Lord or the blinding might of the Goddess of the Stars. I accepted them as my equals instead of recognizing them as my superiors. This was my only mistake. I thought I, too, walked on their private Olympus.

It was cold and harsh as I fought the elemental forces along the drenched sands. My hair was sodden and wild but it only made me more one with this dark watery world. I had not the wisdom to remain within human shelters--I fancied myself a bacchanite, immortal and untouchable. As I strode among the seaweed and wreckage spilled sands I laughed at Poseidon's wrath...

My laughter was not unanswered. On the crest of a black wave; ghastly in its very height, came a small open boat. The craft was oarless, sailess, the rude bark remains of a ship. I watched as its barnacle encrusted hull approached. With a final jolt it was hurled on the sands.

Even then had I felt afraid I would have been saved. But the mystery of the bracken ark attracted me rather than repelled me. Sanity was replaced by courage, a cheaper commodity.

It was a pithy craft, and not of this world or period, though I did not let my intellect acknowledge this at the time. It was charred in spots, and soaked, and covered with lichen but it was once a ship

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The Land Of Pipes And Reeds (cont.)

of glory. A great dragon's head adorning the prow was yet intact and gilded. Down the sides ran streams of greenish-gold writing; a cross between runes and ancient arabic.

I approached the side and looked within. Inside lay a woman, broken against the slats. She was dead. Her eyes stared frightenly at horrors that had long since left her. I gently closed her glistening eyes. She was a young woman, about my age, with long reddish hair. Her hair was too long to be of this era, she must have been a medival throwback. But I didn't dwell on that then.

Beside her rested a rectangular box of black stone. It was hinged and cornered and clasped with a strange green-silver metal, all irridescent and shifting. The metal and rock of its make were not of earth, had I only taken the time to notice it then.

The box sang to me. It seduced me with it's secrets. Secrets sweet as opium and just as deadly.

I pryed open the lid. Within the chest lay a rod two feet long made of blackest ebony. Running along its length were the same odd golden writings as those that decorated the ship. On the end was mounted a strange violet stone. I reached for the rod. As I grasped it the violet stone began to shine with an unwholesome glow. It flashed green and purple and black streaks of light and I found no matter how I tryed I could not put it down.

As I held it my entire body took on the aura of the wand. It was as if we became one in mind and body. The voice of the wand thundered inside my head..."we are one...you are I...and I am you...my name is Orion...come!"

I could not break my gaze from the violet stone. I could not place the shaft in the case, nor close the lid. The wand started dragging me in the direction of the sea.

It's strength hauled me deep into the angry and frigid waters until my head fought to keep above its cold depths of death. I felt a strange claminess in my heart and thought..."so this is the eternal silence of the end." But it was not escape into the Summerland I found then. I only wish it had been.

My body began to change. My legs became numb yet stronger somehow. I soon saw why...they had merged into a fishy tail of green-blue scale. My hands became froglike, webbed, and my throat opened up to form gill slits. I tried to scream but my voice could no longer form the warm blooded mamillian sounds of anguish. This was not surprising for I was no longer human.

Orion urged me on, he pulled me down, deeper into the pitch black sea. I was his prisoner for he had indwelt me, his will and power now controlled me. Black dolphins joined us. Their eyes glinted wickedly, and their mad cries of "loroooo, lorooo" were a horrible mockery of their grey cousin's soft sweet bubblings.

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The Land Of Pipes & Reeds (cont.)

After a time we halted. Orion drew me down into an underwater cave. It's blackness was that of the abyss. I never thought I would beg to enter the Summerland before my time. But I did then.

We rose up through it all and as the water became first hazy then clearer we broke the surface of the water with a slapping sound.

Before us rose an island. It was covered with strange vegetation--perverted abnormal variations no longer seen on earth. Even the color of the place was corrupt; mauve and purple-green and black...a great angry, ugly bruise of vegetable life. Yet it was not dead or decaying, it was alive. All too shudderingly alive.

Orion drove me closer until I lay on the sand gasping for air through my burning, tortured gills. Soon though I was able to scrabble to my feet--my human form returned. I shivered in the damp, cool air, for my clothes had long since been destroyed.

I gazed straight ahead. Directly in front of me stood a black city of stone. The structures were trimmed with bands and caps of copper. Orion forced me forward again. As we came up to the city I sobbed a silent scream. It was the bas-reliefs. They depicted a hideous gargoyle-like race with long viscous hair and claw-like, webbed hands. Some of the figures had multiple limbs and heads. But the most disturbing characteristic was that they were still part human.

This macabre revelation was too much for my pitiful mortal intellect. The city rose up before me and all became darkness.

It has been about three years now since that first day when they brought me to this tower and locked the door. I can see their city from the barred window that faces east. This is more a curse than a pleasure for the landscape is indeed a morbid one.

The creature which appears to be their king visits me nightly to deliver his attentions according to the strange fashion of their land. They are a very intelligent race and that terrifies me more than the thought of enduring his lovemaking. Yes, I am frightened finally... in this place I have learned fear.

My body is heavy with his child. I have been carrying this unimaginable fetus for two years now. Orion tells me that is is fully formed and I will give birth by the next night. I wait. But I never want to see this issue. To behold it with my own eyes would truly drive me to take my life. And I musn't. Not yet. Not until I have escaped to warn my family, to tell my people of the dangers of insulting the gods. They are not to be mocked. They are not to be defied.

I have not been idle. During the day they must sleep and in the last year I have loosened two of the bars on the tower window. I have woven ropes of my hair which for some reason grows literally a foot a day in this place. I am ready.

Even now I can see their dragon boats tied below; softly glowing in the misty sunlight. Soon the birth, if you can call it that, will

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The Land Of Pipes & Reeds (cont.)

be over. I will be able to fit through the slender space formed by my painstaking removal of the bars.

It is a hopeless journey, but I must attempt it. I will seal this record in one of their cylinders and let it float free once in the boat. I must stop writing now as the pains upon me become more insistent. It will not be long.

To the loyal people of the Old Religion, to my beloved family, to my strong and steadfast coven I send this warning. Blessed be.

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From the Kitchen Witch

TURTLE CAKE

It isn't for the health food nut--but, ohhhhhhh, so good!

Mix together:
1 box German Chocolate Cake Mix
1 cup evaporated milk
3/4 cup melted butter

Mix well. Pour half of the mixture into a greased and floured 9" x 13" pan.
Bake six minutes at 350°.

Mix 1 package Kraft caramels with ⅓ cup evaporated milk. Heat, melting the caramels.
Pour caramel mixture over 'baked' cake while hot.
Sprinkle 1 package (12 oz.) chocolate chips and 1 cup chopped nuts (pecans or walnuts) over caramel mixture. DO NOT STIR.

Pour rest of cake mix over this mixture. Return to oven and bake 30 minutes at 350°.

Top with pecan-coconut frosting if desired.

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DIDJAKNOW?
If you want to know the temperature but have no thermometer, there's still a way to find out--if you have a cricket.

To tell the temperature, count the number of times the cricket chirps in one minute, subtract 40, divide by four and add 50, the result--the temperature in fahrenheit. The method was described in an article written by Tufts College physics Professor A.E. Dolbear in 1897.

The census bureau put the median family income in the United States at 19 thousand 908 dollars.

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Dear Pat,

We do not know who was responsible for the "joke" on page 3 of the January '84 issue but we think they should be ashamed of themselves.
It seems unlikely that the people suffering from Aids or Herpes or the relatives of those who have dies from these dreadful sexual diseases will find this feeble attempt at "humor" very funny.
We are shocked that a cheap jibe of this type, which will obviously be offensive to gay people, should be published in a pagan newsletter.
It reflects badly on paganism in general and is the sort of sick comment which one could understand if it was published in a Christian fundamentalist publication but which we find morally indefensible in a pagan magazine.

Myrddin
Editor "The Cauldron"

ED. NOTE: Myrddin, your sense of humor seems to be slipping. Obviously these diseases are not funny in themselves either to those afflicted with them or anyone else. BUT...there can be an amusing side to most anything. Most all comedy is based on the unfortunate happenings to people or groups. Certainly the Nazi prison camps were not funny...but Hogan's Heroes was. The Korean war was not funny... but Mash was. To someone lying in bed with a broken leg it may not be funny to see someone break a leg on TV...but watch the people laugh when it happens on their favorite comedy.
In recent years our society has created such a fear of offending anyone that most speeches, writings, movies, etc. have become dull, insipid.
Most every issue I seem to say something that offends someone. Well, it gets a response either pro or con...as it has from you. And that gives the readers something to think about, or be happy about, or get mad about.
I don't intentionally try to offend anyone; I just damned well say what I think, and if someone is offended by that I don't consider it a catastrophe.

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GEORGIA in Oklahoma sez: things here are coming along. We have been working on our land every chance we get. Hoping to start building our house in a couple of months. It's going to be a subterranean (½ under ground).
I met Vicky (Ok. City) on Lady Day. I really like her. Sure didn't want to part after talking for about 3 hours, but we'll get together again soon, I hope. She is really a super lady.
I'm going to be grandma again. This will make 3...or 4 if she has twins.
Take care. Blessed Be.
May the Goddess shine Her light on you.
Love
Georgia

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From Janel Clarke

Dear Georgians: May the Goddess Bless you. There is so much that your work accomplishes. There are so many creative, intelligent, dedicated Pagans in the world and your newsletter gives a voice and vehicle to their words, thoughts and feelings.

Your Georgian awards are great! It means so much to those who are nominated & chosen. They are better than Grammy's in my book. Richard was nominated for one of the awards in 1982 and he was touched. He felt really special that his articles had reached someone. This year, when Morgan and I opened the box and saw Richard's 'Service to the Craft' award, I was moved beyond words. In life he was dedicated to the Goddess and in death he serves Her, yet. Your award to Richard will have a place of honor in my home, and may your work continue to serve the Goddess.

Note: In the February '84 issue of Georgian Newsletter, I noticed you published the article Strength Through Love with Richard Clarke as the author. I must set the record straight as I am the one who wrote the article. Perhaps I wasn't too clear about that one article, as I noticed later on some of the copies I did not type my name on the bottom. Personally, I don't mind Richard getting the credit for that one as the wisdom reflected in that piece wouldn't have been possible without his life's example and the encouragement and Love he gave me. It is necessary to set the record straight because I have mailed the article to others who have published it in my name.

Once again thanks for your efforts in our Craft community. May the Goddess Herself Bless you.

Blessed Be,
Janel Clarke
Calumet Pagan Temple

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From UPI--It's silly season for the Internal Revenue Service...the time of year when the strange questions start coming in. Answering them is part of the job for IRS agents around the country, and apparently, the questions are the same every year. Ken Hubenak of the IRS office in Little Rock says one that always comes up is, "Can I claim my dog?" and he says later this year the "My dog ate my refund" phone calls will come. Other's he's received in the past include the weekend soldier who asked if a haircut is deductible since the army requires one for reserve duty. Then there was the man who wanted to know if the money he gives his wife to pay the monthly bills falls under the gift tax category. The answers to both questions are an unqualified "NO".

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DIDJAKNOW?
The 17th amendment was passed in 1913, giving the people the right to elect senators.

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FEMINIST WICCA VERSUS REAL WICCA

Teresa & Michael, Quebec, Canada

Many women nowadays are trying to redefine their orientation and role in society. That a substanstial number have turned to Pagan Goddess worship in recent years is obvious to anyone observing the current occult scene. This phenomenon has been largely classified as Feminist Wicca, or just as plain Wicca.
As holders of a Traditional Wicca lineage, we would like to put forward a traditional viewpoint on this current trend. Speaking plainly, we some elements of this trens as very positive and others as needing further exploration.

Our standard of measurement for these attitudes is that of the Wicca throughout the ages - How closely do they follow the Witch's passwords of "Perfect Love and Perfect Trust"?
For both well-known sociological and no less compelling mythological reasons, many women are attempting to re-align themselves with the Old Religion. This has often been presented as a return to a more desirable matriarchal world view, away from the obviously repressive values of a self-destructive patriarchy.
The exaltation of the individual, the "one and only rightness" of an individual religion, social structure, or of a human being (usually male) is clearly at the root of most of the ills of patriarchal society. From it stems such phenomena as nationalism, class or gender exploitation, and religious "holy wars".

On the other hand, the almost complete denial of the unique and creative individual which was the hallmark of historical matriarchy seems to have an equally serious effect. Society and custom tended not to change, thereby preventing advances in art, medicine, science, and the psychological growth and independence of individuals and of the community as a whole. In short, patriarchy tended to inflate, and matriarchy to stagnate the individual.

Without a doubt, humanity is at this time just like a growing adolescent who needs to find its own way, a middle path between the two powerful archetypes of money and daddy. This view should emphasize both individual value and cosmic context. Some traditions have represented this as the dawning of the "Age of the Child", the "Age of Aquarius" or as the "Age of the Hero".*

*Mythologically, this is represented by a hero who, while on a Quest, encounters and slays monsters or dragons which symbolize the negative aspects of the Mother and Father archetypes One such ancient myth is the Babylonian tale of Marduk who slew Apsu the Father and Tiamat the Mother. The age of this myth shows that while humanity as a whole may be undergoing this particular initiatory experience, individual women and men have successfully undergone it many times in the past as a stage in the search for inner Wholeness. It is unnecessary and in some cases pernicious, to suppose that because mythological

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TERESA & MICHAEL continued

> character is of one sex, that the role of this character applies to this sex only. Modern Depth Psychology, as well as the Ancient Wisdom, recognizes the existence of both a Feminine and a Masculine archetype in everyone.

In accordance with this, traditional Wicca emphasizes that as we grow, we must synthesize our previous experiences and constantly expand our point of view. Wicca is not, and never has been, a uniquely Matriarchal religion. Instead, it strives to embody the best qualities of both extremes.

It has been stated in numerous books and articles by Feminists that Wicca is a means for "women to reclaim their Power". The question is, of course, Power for what and why the need to reclaim it? A basic Wicca teaching describes the Goddess' three modes of activity as Power, Love and Wisdom. Any Traditional Witch would support Power for equality, justice, and the alleviation of suffering for others. These are, after all, expressions of Perfect Love. To follow the tenets of the Wicca, however, Perfect Love must be balanced with a "bird's eye view" in which all experiences are seen as teachings presented to us directly by the Goddess and the Horned God in a loving, sometimes painful, sometimes pleasant fashion. Of course, what they teach us is precisely what we need to learn the most. This means seeing evil only as relative degrees of ignorance in both ourselves and in others.... something to be worked out and cleared up rather than fearfully or hatefully attacked. This attitude is part of the traditional teaching of "Perfect Trust".

A great deal of how we approach this question depends of course on our understanding of, and devotion to, the Goddess and the God. It is their teaching and example which forms the only possible justification for Wicca as a religion.
In one way, the Traditional Witch sees Them as embodiments of the two truths or expressions of the One Universal Organism or Ancient Harmony, inseparable from every moment and experience if we but know how to recognize Them.
To put it another way, They are great Cosmic Beings; Aradia, the Goddess, engaged in an eternal Quest to discover and eliminate the causes of suffering and death and who is motivated by Her ability to identify with and thus feel total compassion for all creation; and Kernunnos, Father of Wisdom, Lord of Death, who experiences all things as One, as mere fleeting moments in a vast and indescribable Divine experience. But who, according to legend, when confronted by Aradia, was so overcome by Her beauty that He bowed at Her feet.

Aradia's Love and Compassion can be understood as an expression of Wisdom since it is based on Her capacity to identify with and thus become one with the entire universe. Kernunnos' Wisdom is an expression of Love since it is based on the exact same capacity. Both represent a different "flavour" or mode of the same basic insight.

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TERESA & MICHAEL continued

In her or his daily life, a Witch cultivates the attitude of seeing themself and everyone else as part of this same Quest by which the Ancient Harmony constantly rediscovers Itself. This means striving to develop in ourselves, through the techniques of the Ancient Wisdom, those ultimate states of Compassion (Perfect Love) and Wisdom (Perfect Trust) which are beyond any restrictions of either concept or circumstance (i.e. Perfect) and which are really one and the same.

On the other hand, if we begin to see ourselves as victims of an "enemy" force instead of having, or at least trying to cultivate, Perfect Love and Perfect Trust, we can't help but become bitter, angry, resentful, and so on. Instead of effectively righting wrongs, we will simply create new negative situations, thereby fueling the process.

With the balanced application of Perfect Love and Perfect Trust, we are talking about the Old Religion in the Traditional meaning of the expression (Latin: re ligio - to re-bind, re-join) - the re-integration of ourselves with the Old or original or fundamental Whole. One example is the rediscovery of the Goddess in all women. If there is too much Power and too little Love and Wisdom, we will begin to emphasize our own importance at the expense of others. Eventually, we will say as have some well-known religions, "God is on our side" and "Death to the unbelievers!" And since we are engaged mainly on the level of Power, there will always seem to be someone or something trying to repress our freedom. This is the nature of Power.

As we consequently identify with some things more rigidly and deny others more forcefully, we will eventually become fanatical and life-rejecting, in fact, very Patriarchal! When Power serves nothing but our personal needs, it seems to inevitably become a demonic master (Sanskrit for demon is "Asura" - off centre, Qabalistic is "Qlipoth" - shell - the rigid extreme, not the Centre.) Perfect Love and Perfect Trust, then are not just empty words but expressions of our Centre. Only from that divine Goddess/ God place in all of us can flow true Power, devoid of ignorant and self-destructive extremes.

As well as being, if we so choose, a presence for the Goddess in the world of society, we must first devotedly serve this inner shrine with love for all others and with self-honesty.
Unless, of course, we really are not as interested in the best for everyone as the Goddess is traditionally said to be. We may find it more satisfying to place ourselves on the top of the heap...as though we did not believe that every person, animal and thing is Her child and therefore the responsibility of the fucarnate Goddesses and Gods that we all are as human beings. As if we did not know Her as the Three Fates (Western equivalent of Karma or the results of our own thoughts and actions).

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TERESA & MICHAEL continued

If we believe in the Fates, then we know that when we right so-called wrongs, they were ultimately created by ourselves both individually and as a race due to past errors. After all, if we believe in reincarnation, who of us can swear that centuries ago, we ourselves were not the tyrant, the oppressor, the one with the torch?

Any well-motivated person who tries their best to apply Perfect Love and Perfect Trust whatever the situation, is acting in accord with the tenets of the Wicca, and if they choose to call themselves Witches, who has the right to say nay?
Anyone who prefers to worship Power alone rejecting the rest, cannot in honesty say that they are of the Wicca ("Wise Ones") or even practicing any form of re-ligio-n at all. Let them instead openly join the ranks of those others who throughout history have attempted to use religious dogmas to impose their own personal beliefs on humanity.

Blessed Be!

Teresa & Michael Straw

Comments, criticisms, suggestions and questions are encouraged and welcome. Please write to:

Isis-Artemis Coven
P.O. Box 92
Lachine, Quebec H8S 4A5
Canada

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Received a long form letter & newsletter from Index, Wash. Pete says they are creating a new Wiccan tradition of service to the Pagan community. Plans for camping, workshops, weekend retreats, etc. Much too much to cover it all here. For more info and free newsletter write: The Aquarian Tabernacle Church Inc. , POB 73, Index, Washington 98256.

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Haven't yet received a copy, but there is a new Pagan Annual.... DRAGONSMOKE. This is a publication of the Coven of the Dragon... Tiffany St. Moonstar, editor. This edition limited to 500 copies at $13. including postage. Hopefully the annual will raise funds for a Pagan Center. Contents: articles, art, poetry, rituals, contacts, suppliers, letters, etc.
Check or money order to Tiffany St. Moonstar, POB. 65, Mt. View, California 94042.

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DIDJA KNOW???

The longest railroad bridge in the world is 13 miles long. It is located in Japan, which has 11 railroad tunnels longer than four miles.

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JUDGEMENT 25 January 1984

By the rights invested in the Judicial Council of Dryades of the Drieiche Druwyddon by tradition, the following judgement reached by majority is herewith proclaimed.

By order of the Council:

Luther (Luke) is from this day eternally banished from the Order of the Drieiche Druwyddf for the following crime:

Criminal and sexual assault against a minor.
Luther used his position of trust and standing in his community to befriend a couple and their nine-year-old daughter. Finding the child in a vulnerable position, he forced her into sexual acts.

To keep the child silent, Luther threatened both the child and her parents.
Upon discovery by the child's parents, Luther used death threats to silence the child and child and her parents.

Luther has been caught, tried, and convicted of this crime. He is now serving his prison term at Chino.

Any member of the Drieiche Druwyddf giving aid and comfort to Luther or to any others who have been banished stand in danger of banishment themselves.

For the Council

Kanamanah

ED. NOTE: You will note that we did not use the last name of this person although it was given in the original. This is because we have not been able to check on the accuracy of some of the above statements.
However, those of you who have recieved the newsletter for a long time may recall an issue several years back that told of a person named Luke who had been banished here.

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JIM AND LISA in Florida sez: hope this letter finds everything there going great.
We keep busy here at Coven Moonstar as we are sure you do between putting out a great newsletter and keeping everything else going too.

Blessed Be
Jim & Lisa

Ed. Note: There was more to the letter but not for publication, and no real news. To the doghouse, Move over, Fido!

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DOG DAYS

FROM U.P.I. - Tucker, the convicted killer has disappeared from his cell just two days before his scheduled execution, reportedly is alive and well in the New York hideout of the National Doggie Liberation Front.
Pamela Shain, an advertising executive in Portland, Maine, says she's been contacted by the group which threatens to "bomb" the Maine statehouse "with dog poop" unless its demands are met.
The N-D-L-F claims responsibility for snatching Tucker, a 140-pound Bull Mastiff, from his death row kennel cage a few weeks ago.

The group is demanding that Tucker get a full pardon, a steak dinner, the company of three female companions in heat and a screen test for a dog food commercial.
A judge last year sentenced Tucker to death for killing a Poodle in Augusta.
Shain says during a recent business trip to New York, a collar and a set of dog tags turned up at her hotel, apparently proof that the N-D-F-L really has Tucker.

The dog's owner, Eric Leonard, confirms--quoting now--"it's Tucker's collar all right, right down to the hairs stuck to it."
The group promises to send Tucker home once its demands are met. Governor Joseph Brennan says he can't grant a pardon because the case is a civil matter, not a criminal case.

Swain says when she told the story to a dof food manufacturing firm, the company officials loved it. She says they'd give Tucker a screen test, but their legal department advised against it because the case is still in the courts.

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ED. NOTE: However it may be done, let's hope Tucker is released. Certainly I wouldn't want any dog running loose that might kill other dogs...but certainly Tucker could be released to his owner with the probation provision that he be restrained.
This matter of trials and execution of animals smacks of the burning times when animals were burned, charged with Witchcraft, simply because they were the pets of those charged with Witchcraft.
There are other dark periods in history when animals were tried for various crimes the same as a human.
And some damned fool is forever saying that we are civilized!

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The recipient of this year's "Dog Hero of the Year" award was awarded her medal recently by Barbara Rush, wife of vice president George Bush.
Villa's owner says the 2-year-old black dog "behaved beautifully" during the ceremony at the v.p.'s mansion.
Villa won the award by saving the life of a 12-year-old girl who was lost in a blinding snowstorm. Andrea Anderson was trapped in a snowdrift up to her waist. The dog heard her screams, jumped a 5-foot wall, circled to pack the snow, then pulled Andrea to safety.

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ED NOTE: We would like to apologize for not including in last month's newsletter the OSTARA DIVINE PLAY by Lady Allusha.

OSTARA DIVINE PLAY
by Lady Allusha, Coven Tara

Characters: Narrator, Olwen, Hare, Lugh, Cernunnos

Props: appropriate costumes, armful of flowers, basket filled with red, boiled eggs, Fire Wheel shield, Lush's weapon, Cernunnos' weapons

Narrator: "Lugh, the young Sun-God, has grown strong in his travels, and is now returned to his people to wrest the Power of Darkness from Cernunnos. He has brought Olwen, the beautiful Spring Goddess, who spreads the signs of returning life wherever she goes."

Olwen: holding flowers "Hear me, my people. I am Olwen of the Spring, and I have brought new life to Nature. Wherever I go I spread the desire for life, that magickal pulse from which none, not even Gods, can escape. It is this which awakens all life from which awakens all life from its long sleep. Awake! Be free to live and love again." She tosses flowers all around.

Hare: holding egg basket "I am the Goddess's sacred animal, the Hare. Of all Nature's animals, I am known most for fertility. Thus was I chosen to give Olwen's gift to her people, the Egg of Regeneration." The Hare holds up an egg. "This is her promise of new-born life." The Hare gives an egg to each person present.

Narrator: "Meanwhile, Lugh must follow his destiny."

Lugh: with shield and weapon "I, Lugh, must champion my people in a battle against the Powers of Darkness. I have grown strong, and am now ready to meet Cernunnos, and my destiny, on the High Mountains." He walks deosil three times around the room, then goes to the center. "Cernunnos, I challenge thee to battle!"

Cernunnos: with weapons "The Ruler of Darkness am I, Cernunnos, the Horned God. I accept thy challenge, Lugh, to battle on the High Mountains. But ever mind, I shall be fierce and merciless." He walks widdershins three times around the room, then goes to the center. He stands before Lugh, staring eye to eye.

Pause for five heartbeats.

Cernunnos SLOWLY strikes out at Lugh with his weapon. Lugh shields the blow, then strikes back SLOWLY. They battle back and forth, moving slowly as to not actually harm each other. After a few rounds, Lugh points his weapon to the heart of Cernunnos. Cernunnos freezes.

(Continued next page)

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Ostara Divine Play (cont.)

Lugh: "By the sheer force of my will, I banish thy spirit, Cernunnos, from thy flesh. Return now to the Land of the Dead from whence thou came!"

Cernunnos: falls to the ground "A curse unto thee, Lugh. Never will thee wed of flesh and blood!"

Narrator: "Thus were the people freed from the Dark Rule. The Lord of Light and Life now sat in the Throne of Power. And the people rejoiced."

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BELTAINE DIVINE PLAY
by Lady Allusha, Coven Tara

Characters: Narrator, Horned God, Earth Maiden, Deer, Hare

Props: appropriate costumes, music pipes

Narrator: "Spring has blessed the land with youth and vigor. The Sun shares with us his warmth, the Earth shares with us her life. From across the rainbows the Sun-God has descended upon the land into the earthen body of the Horned One. He has come in search of a bride. From her holy bosom the Earth has sent forth a maiden so fair, to shower new life upon the land. In the distance we can hear the music of the Horned God's pipes. . ."

Horned God walks on scene, holding and/or playing his pipes.
Deer walks on scene beside Horned God.

Horned God: "Ah, . ., the Earth Mother has done well. She has adorned all the lands with flowers and greenery, and filled the hearts of all the creatures with thoughts of love and joy. But, alas, young Deer, mine own namesake, my heart is not light. I have no bride to share this beauty with."

Deer: "Do not be heavy-hearted, O Great Horned One, for your sadness could hide the Sun. The forest animals talk of a fair Maiden Goddess in a far wood, whose voice is so sweet as to charm the trees to bud."

Horned God: "We must find her! Go now, ask the animals in the woods where she will be found."

Deer exits.

Horned God: "I, the Mighty Lord of Life, am nothing without a bride and queen." He exits.

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Beltaine Divine Play (cont.)

Maiden and Hare enter on the scene.

Maiden: "I have brought Spring back upon the Earth, and all things are teeming with life. But, alas, my favoured Hare, I am reaching maturity. My innocence is fading, and I must insure the fulfillment of Nature. My sweet song brought forth the buds, but it will not bring the fruit. I must be wed."

Hare: "My Lady, there is talk in the forest of a strong and virile God, who has come down from the skies in search of a bride. It is said his horns are so mighty as to touch the sky itself!"

Maiden: "Oh, sweet Hare, be ever so kind as to bring him to me. Spring cannot wait."

Hare exits.

Maiden: "By the Moon and Stars, if I accept the Horned God, he shall be my Lord and King." She exits.

Deer and Hare enter from different places.

Deer: "I am the messenger of the Horned God. He seeks the Earth's Maiden Goddess in hopes of making her his bride. O forest Hare, do you have news?"

Hare: "I am the messenger of the Maiden Goddess. She requests the Horned One's presence in yon dale" (points) "that she may choose if he should be her consort."

Deer: "Then I shall bring him there."

Deer and Hare exit the same way they came in.

Maiden and Hare enter.

Maiden: "Oh, my faithful Hare, do you have news?"

Hare: "Yes, my Lady. He is on his way."

Horned God and Deer enter.

Horned God: looking at Maiden "By the Horns! You are a vision of loveliness. My heart has lifted by your sight, and sings now the song of love." He plays a little on the pipes.

Maiden: "Your song, O mighty Horned One, touches the spirit within my bosom."

(Continued next page)

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Beltaine Divine Play (cont.)

Deer and Hare sit, look at each other, and nod approvingly.

Horned God: "I have come down to this land in search of a bride, O fair young Goddess. I need a queen beside me. I ask that you accept me as your consort, and be my queen."

Maiden: "My life on this Earth is meaningless without a consort. I sense in your eyes strength and compassion. You spark desire and love in my heart. Yes, I will accept you as my Lord and king!"

Deer and Hare jump up and dance around for joy.

Horned God: "Then let all the world rejoice with us on this, our wedding day!"

Maiden: "And let all of Nature be fruitful!"

All exit.

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From the Kitchen Witch

EGG ROLLS

Dough:

Mix 2 cups pastry flour, 2 eggs, 2 3/4 cups water. Beat until smooth.
Lightly oil small skillet.
Pour in small ladleful of batter, tilt pan until batter covers the bottom and a thin layer of dough adheres to the bottom of skillet. Quickly pour excess batter back into bowl.
Cook, on ONE SIDE ONLY, for approx. 1 minute. Turn out onto plate, cooked side up.
Repeat until all the batter is used up.

Filling:

Mix: 3 finely chopped scallions, 2 cups shredded bean sprouts, 2 cups finely shredded cabbage, ½ cup toasted sesame seeds, salt to taste, (1 teaspoon of sugar--optional).
Cook mix until tender, yet crisp (approx. 3 minutes) in 4 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons tamari sauce.
Place about 2 tablespoons filling on wrapping, fold in sides, roll tightly. Seal ends/sides by brushing on paste of cornstarch and water.
Deep fry rolls until well browned on all sides. Drain well on paper towels. Serve hot or cold.
Note: Finely diced shrimp, pork, etc., may be added if desired. Any leftover Dough mix can be deep fried and eaten like chips.

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RELIGION IN THE NEWS from U.P.I.

A woman in San francisco has been arrested on suspicion of embezzling 50-thousand dollars while she worked as a director of the S.F. Council of Churches Food Bank. Terri Zanides was arrested and released later on her own recognizance.

*

The Dean of Students at Calif. State University, Northridge, has rejected a grievance filed by a temporary Assistant Dean who claims she was fired for taking part in an Indian ritual. Karen Miller says she'll forward her grievance to the Director of Personnel & Emplyee relations. She said the Dean of Students accused her of practicing black magic and fired her for that reason.

*

State tax officials have reached a compromise in the case of the Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove. The church will have to pay about half the 473-thousand dollars it has paid under protest. Property taxes were imposed because of secular, money-raising activities.

*

Proposed legislation that would allow interstate advertising of state-operated lotteries and casino gambling is drawing opposition of the Southern Baptist Convention.
The measure is sponsored by Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, President Reagan's closest friend and political ally in congress.

*

In another apparent crackdown on Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union, Moscow allowed only 88 Jews to leave the country last month. That, according to the Intergovernmental Committee for Migration, means only 1300 Soviet Jews arrived at the Vienna processing center last year...less than half those allowed to leave the previous year. A rise in the number of refugees fleeing Poland in the past year... 263 in January alone.
In another Polish development, Cardinal Jozef Glemp has confirmed that he ordered a well-known activist priest who supported the underground Solidarity Trade Union movement to leave his parish in Warsaw. Glemp refuses to discuss it, but observers say it is virtually certain to spark charges that the Roman Catholic Church in Poland has knuckled under to the Communist regime.

*

As some critics see it, the assertion of some U-S officials that diplomatic relations with the Holy See will give Washington more influence in the Vatican is simply one more reason why the move should be opposed.

*

The American Lutheran Church says its income in 1983 rose by more than 5%, bouyed by a steady increase in congregational gifts and a bigger jump in designated giving. Income for the year reached 37½-million dollars. That's an increase of 18-million from the previous year....but it's still more than one-million-dollars short of what was needed to balance the church budget.

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STUFF & THINGS

The sixth annual Rites of Spring Pagan celebration will be held May 25-28. Theme will be Shamanism. Workshops, circles, etc. For info and registration forms, send SASE to The EarthSpirit Community, POB 464, Allston, Ma. 02134 or call 617-395-1023...not collect!

*

We have so often had letters and calls from people asking where they might find a copy of "What Witches Do" by Stewart Farrar. It was first published in 1971 and has been out of print for quite awhile but it's back again. The book is the same including the same photos. Only changes are in the 2 nd edition preface with corrections. Though it has been criticized by some (what isn't?) we think it should be in every Witch's library, and it is certainly recommended for the neophyte.
You can order from PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO. , POB 10, Custer, Washington 98240. $9.95 includes postage.

*

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL PAN PAGAN FESTIVAL sponsored by The Midwest Pagan Council, August 9-12 at Union Pier, near western Michigan. For info or registration write: Calumet Pagan Council, 1519 Kenilworth, Calumet City, Ill. 60409. Attn: Janel Clarke.

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WITCHES' ANNUAL available now, includes the Earth Calendar, 100 pages. $4.50. Back issues for '82 & '83 for $4.50.
Arcane Crafts, POB 383, Mastic Beach, N.Y. 11951.

*

Facility For Animal Care and Treatment (FACT) at Cal State Bakersfield did quite well with the Bird-a-thon. Various groups and individuals promised from 5¢ to 55¢ for each species of bird that Mark Chichester could identify in a 24 hour period. He managed to identify 111 different species and raised over $1700. for FACT. FACT cares for sick and injured wildlife. They are getting so busy that all info and records are now being stored in a computer.

*

The Kritter Kronicle is a newsletter of the Bakersfield S.P.C.A. From their recent edition: the total pet population in this country includes 48 million dogs, 27 million cats, 25 million birds & enough other critters to make a total of 4.7 billion. Recently, the local SPCA has started a 2 hour class on "How To Choose Your New Puppy", a 4 week Puppy Ownership Class (socialization/obedience), and two 10 week Beginning Obedience Classes.
SPCA, Rt.5 Box 547, Bakersfield, Ca. 93307.

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DIDJA KNOW????

Wyoming is noted for "Firsts" for women and politics.
The first state to give women the vote in 1869.
The first woman governor, Nellie Tayloe Ross...elected in 1924 in special voting after her husband's death.
In 1933 she was appointed the nation's first woman director of the mint.

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EARTHSTAR CAMP OTO &

magickal childe

35 West 19th ST New York N.Y. 10011 (212) 242-7182

PRESENTS

THE BIG APPLE MAGICKAL SUMMER

ALL *IN PERSON* WORKSHOPS & WEEKENDS

Sat. April 14 – Joanna Sherman (*Designer of the Sacred Rose Tarot*): ***Basic Tarot Workshop I*** (6 hours) – ***$35***

Sat. April 24 – Kate Ferraday/Moser: ***Beginners Tarot Workshop I*** (6 hours) – ***$35***

April 27, 28 & 29 – Dr. Raymond Buckland: ***Seax Wicca Weekend Workshop – $150***

Sat. May 5 – Max Thoth: ***Parapsychology as a Science*** (6 hour workshop) – ***$35***

Sat. May 12 – Joanna Sherman: ***Sacred Rose Tarot Advanced Workshop*** (6 hours) – ***$35***

May 18, 19 & 20 – Dr. Jim Haskins: ***Voodoo, Hoodoo Weekend Workshop – $150***

Sat. May 26 – Max Thoth: ***Parapsychology II*** (6 hour workshop) – ***$35***

June 1, 2 & 3 – Dr. Israel Regardie: ***Weekend Workshop – $150***

Sat. June 9 – Dr. Leo Louis Martello: ***Fortune Telling through Playing Cards*** (6 hour workshop) – ***$35***

June 15, 16 & 17 – Dr. Al P. Manning: ***ESP Lab Weekend Workshop – $150***

June 22, 23 & 24 – Simon: ***Necronomicon Weekend Workshop – $150***

June 29, 30 & 31 – Migene Gonzalez Wippler: ***Santeria Workshop Weekend – $150***

July 7, 8 & 9 – Grady McMurtry (*Caliph, OTO*) ***Aleister Crowley Weekend Workshop – $150***

CALL FOR TIMES

July 13, 14 & 15 – Brad Steiger: ***Spiritual Alchemy Weekend Workshop – $150***

July 20, 21 & 22 – Kenneth Anger: ***Magick Lantern Cycle Lucifer Rising Weekend Workshop – $150*** (Films & Presentation)

Sat. July 28 – Kate Ferraday/Moser: ***Advanced Tarot*** (6 hours) – ***$35***

August 3, 4 & 5 – Gavin and Yvonne Frost: ***School of Wicca Weekend Workshop – $150***

August 10, 11 & 12 – Janet and Stewart Farrar: ***What Witches Do Weekend Workshop – $150***

August 17, 18 & 19 – Sherel Ito & Lavinia Williams: ***Divine Horseman Film, Haitian Dance Demonstration & Weekend Workshop – $150***

Sat. August 25 – Lady Heather: ***Magickal Mishaps or How to Fry Yourself*** (6 hour workshop) – ***$35***

Sat. Sept. 1 – Simon: ***Enochian Magick Workshop*** (6 hours) – ***$35***

Sept. 7, 8 & 9 – Melita Dennings & Osborne Phillips: ***3 Day Magical Retreat Workshop Weekend – $150***

Sept. 14, 15 & 16 – Michael Borteaux: ***Monastery of 7 Rays; Voodoo & Gnostic Teachings on Time & Space Weekend Workshop – $150***

ALL EVENTS MUST BE PREREGISTERED AT LEAST ONE WEEK BEFORE COURSE.
MASTERCARD & VISA ACCEPTED.
NO LAST MINUTE TICKETS
REGISTER EARLY!
LIMITED SPACE

CATHERINE & KENT in Australia sez: What a great time of year is Autumn, (oras you say, Fall). From my study window today, a light breeze is blowing. The golden leaves of the poplars are drifting earthward, and there are flocks of gulls, pigeons and sparrows all over the park. Makes one almost feel poetic.
Our warmest congrats to the Georgie winners, they really did deserve those awards for their fine work.

Sorry to hear you still have that horrid throat. Have you tried using pineapple juice, the unsweetened kind, with a few drops of thyme oil added, and a spoon of honey? It is very soothing and can be sipped all day/night to ease and heal. A few drops of thyme oil added to ½ glass of tepid water and gargled will also bring relief.

We have now come to an official ending of the Baby and the Dingo case. In our country the highest court of appeal is the Supreme High Court. There sit 5 judges who hear appeals, consider new evidence, etc. They can order a new trial, dismiss the case, alter the sentence, or refuse to alter it in any way.
The mother, Lindy Chamberlain and her husband, Pastor Michael, appealed against her life sentence for murdering 9-week-old Azaria at Ayres Rock, as you may remember. Three judges found her to be guilty and the sentence just, two others disagreed, but the ruling stands. There is no further court she can appeal to, so it's life in prison for her, and he stays with a suspended sentence and bond for being an accessory after the fact.
It has been established to the law's satisfaction that she cut the baby's throat, and they both disposed of the body. There is still talk that the child was part of a bizarre ritual sacrifice, especially now it has been revealed that she kept a coffin, childsize in her home, and was dressing the baby in black clothing for weeks before the Dingo was supposed to have taken it. Also, there is an aboringinal fertility cave at The Rock, and the Aboriginal women go there to do their fertility rites at Moon time. In the cave was found a circle of large blood spots, and they were noted after Lindy visited the cave alone. They have been tested and found to be Lindy's blood type.

A strange story. The whole of Oz is divided on that sentence. Some say...no motive, no body, free her. Others feel the whole story is true and she got her just sentence. Who knows? Four courts have found her guilty, and of course, she became pregnant only a couple of months after the baby disappeared. She had another daughter but was not permitted to keep her. It was felt that it was too dangerous.
There isa book just released telling the whole story. After I get it and read it, Pat, if you would like, I'll send it over. There is also a complete TV story, documentary, which we saw last week. It may be bought by a TV channel over there, so you can make up your own mind on the verdict.

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CATHERINE & KENT continued

We have a funny to share. It was sent to us, and we are still chuckling. There was a little boy sitting on a street corner selling baby puppies. He had a sign on them which said CHRISTIAN PUPPIES FOR SALE. A guy driving past stopped and went over to him. "Son, are you sure these puppies are Christians?" "Yep", said the kid, so the fellow bought one and drove away.
A week later he was driving by again, and there was the little boy, same basket of puppies for sale, and a sign "WITCH PUPPIES FOR SALE". The guy stopped again, went to the little lad and said, "Son, last week I bought a puppy from this litter, and you assured me that the puppies were Christian. This week, you say they are Wiccan puppies. What do you mean, are they Christian or Wiccan?"
The boy replied, "Last week they were Christian, but they have now got their eyes open, and they are Wiccan!"

Our little book, THE WICCAN GUIDE TO WITCHES WAYS will be out again in a third edition next week. We are so pleased it is still selling world wide. The Gods sure were kind to us with that one.
At present we are writing a book of 13 short stories for children. It is set in the park below my window, and each story is about a bird or animal that lives in the park. One of our neophytes, Laura, is an illustrator of children's books, so will be doing the art. The book is to be named A CITY WILLY AND OTHER CITY TAILS. Do you have willy wagtails over there?
So until next time, I enclose a heap of interesting clippings.

Merry Part and Blessed Be to all,
Catherine & Kent

P.S. Can anyone help us with this query? Last Yule a nice lady in USA sent a card which had a pair of beautifully beaded (in colors) Indian moccasins. They look fabulous. We both wish to buy a pair and would appreciate info on where to write, cost, and in fact, anything about supplies of these moccasins. COTOR, POB 80, Lane Cove 2066, Australia. We still have the card. They have a fairly high back and tie with leather across the front. Don't know how sizes go. We are size 4 or 6'/B & Kent size 8½. Would we order by these sizes or wot?

ED. NOTE: Interesting about the baby story. That Dingo story never did seem to make sense.
Glad your "Wiccan Guide" is doing so well. We'll be looking forward to the new book. Hope it will be a success.
Sorry I can't help you on the moccasin thing. Perhaps some reader will have the answers.
What is a willy wagtail???
Throat seems to be improving but I'll try the pineapple juice thing. Elizabeth made hot, unsweetened lemonade for me last night. That stuff clears the throat for awhile!

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BLACKSUN of DAO in Seattle sez: this is perhaps the most difficult letter I've written to the Georgian. Many times before, I and Shadowhawk have written various articles and notes to you for various reasons. They have all been easily started and happily written. This, however, is quite different.
ED. Note: this runs 3 pages closely typed which would run 4 or 5 pages of newsletter...so I'll edit.

Pat, and it would seem some others, objected heavily to the approach that the catalog took about several things, not the least of which was the fact that there was a series of "lessons" on the craft offered for sale.
ED. NOTE: Objection was not because they advertise lessons...but.. they advertised "ELVENHEARTH" lessons. Now you say these lessons are sold by some group in Colorado or Arizona. So why didn't you just say they were not your lessons? How many Elvenhearths are there?
The real objection was not the lessons but the fact that they advertised animal parts...eyes, feet, etc. NO DAMN WAY WILL WE KNOWINGLY PROMOTE ANY SUCH CRAP which only encourages cruelty to animals, and obviously is aimed at the sickos because no one else needs such crap!

Now you go into a number of paragraphs which say only that they have to sell garbage along with the good to pay the rent and stay in business. So noone forced them to go into that business. Sure, we all do have to compromise to some degree at some time. But either you believe in what you're doing or you don't. If you don't believe what you are doing is right...then you're in the wrong damned business.

You explain that these people are your friends and you admire them. Fine. I'm glad you have friends. But that doesn't mean that I have to admire them or advertise something I definitely believe is wrong.
I wouldn't do it even if it was PAID advertising! That's one good reason why we don't promote advertising although we recieve many letters asking about it. If we just took any ad that came along to make a buck, then we'd have to worry about offending advertisers. If we had to do that to keep the newsletter going, then I'd say TO HELL WITH IT!
Sorry we couldn't print your entire letter but you did use about 2 pages of excess verbiage to make your point.

*

DAVID in Chicago sez: I'm doing pretty good here in Chicago. I now have a '74 Vega Station wagon that runs good.
I went to registration at DeVry March 1. My classes began the 6 th.
I have the addresses of some Pagan groups here in Chicago.
Today I went to audition for a male dancer for a private lady's club. If hired, I'll earn over $300. per week.
Much love & Blessed Be,
David

*

Let's have weekends twice a week. All in favor....

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ADRIENNE in Bakersfield sez: Hi! Sitting here at my desk, I realized that this would be a perfect time to write you a letter. I'm working a temporary job for Manpower right now. Today is my last day. It has been very slow, so I've had lots of time to practice my concentration exercises and read, read, read. Right now I'm reading "Creative Visualization", another Llewellyn Practical Guide. It's great! Has some really good exercises in it for relaxation and concentration, as well as visualization.

I've had a nice month. My husband, who is a staunch Lutheran, is becoming less and less vocal regarding my Craft activities. Sometimes we forget how difficult it is for others not of the Craft to understand what we're all about. They have been "brainwashed" from Day One to believe that witchcraft is something evil and it's not only a difficult subject for them educationally, but also emotionally. Especially if the person truly cares about you. I know that my husband TRULY FEELS that I am playing with my "eternal salvation", and that he is truly concerned for me.
Unfortunately, the brainwashing is slowing down his understanding of the Craft, and although he "listens" when I try to explain things, I don't believe he actually "hears" what I say. Anyway, although he says he'll never accept it, his anxiety attacks when I go to or return from Craft events are becoming less painful.

I had an uncomfortable experience lately with a person in a bookstore locally. This person, (although I've never spoken to him myself regarding my Craft affiliations), knows who I am. Last week, I popped into the store to pick up a book I had ordered. There was a stranger sitting at the table visiting with the storekeeper. As I entered the shop, the storekeeper said, "Here's the person you need to talk to!" Needless to say I was taken back. Number one, at the fact that I cannot become public for the sake of myself and my family at this time. Number two, that this storekeeper would identify me without my permission. Number three, that this "visitor", who I didn't know from Adam, would begin to ask me questions regarding Magic, thus leading me to believe that I had been identified. I avoided answering most of his questions at the risk of sounding rude. (At that point, I didn't care). Perhaps I took the wrong path, I hope that I didn't discourage one who is truly seeking. But I find it very disturbing that someone would put me in this position. Does anyone out there have a solution for a person being put on the spot like this? I don't want to be angry with the storekeeper, because obviously, by my response, he realized his error. Should I ask him politely but firmly to be a little more careful? Should I ignore it? Any advice will be appreciated.

I had a lot of fun this weekend. I blessed and consecrated my "magical" garden. Lots of neat goodies are growing there now; foxglove, horehound, coriander, catnip, basil, thyme, lemon thyme, parsley, poppies, angelica, wormwood, lavender, carnations, and lots of others

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ADRIENNE continued:
If anyone out there is in need of an herb they cannot find, I have some very good sources. Contact me through the newsletter and I'll get back to you.

Mentioned in the last newsletter was the "stuff" I made for Pat to use as a gargle for his sore throat. The recipe for the "stuff" is as follows:

¼ teaspoon ginger (ground) ¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper 1/3 to ½ cup cider vinegar

Mix 1 to 2 teaspoons of this mixture in ½ cup hot water (as hot as you can stand it). Gargle with it, letting a small amount run down each side of your throat if your glands are swollen.

It works in the following way: the ginger and cayenne pepper are irritants. They cause the blood to flow more profusely at the surface of the skin (the throat if gargling). More blood means more infection-fighting white cells to clear the "gunk" away! The salt gets rid of excess mucus, and the vinegar fights any yeast infection that may be brewing as well as soothing the throat.

This will nearly always knock out a simple sore throat if used immediately and continued every 3 to 4 hours during the day. Mr Pat's problem, however, is that he has waited so damn long that his throat is ready to give up and disappear and I, for one, think he's nuts for not seeing a doctor. He insists it be a witch doctor though, and Bakersfield is just not swarming with M.D.'s of that caliber. SO THERE!!

I'll give the recipe for the horehound coughdrops later. It's at home, and I want to be sure to give correct amounts.

Blessed Be
Adrienne

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FROM LAS VEGAS:
Circle of Starmeadow takes this opportunity to inform you of the passing of our dear Lady Charmaine. She crossed the veil in June of last year.
We respectfully request of you, that, at your Summer Solstice Celebration, you burn a memorial candle for her and commend her to the Gods. She was a Daughter of the Sign of Cancer, and that time would be very appropriate.
ED. NOTE: You may recall that Lady Charmaine wrote some fine articles for the newsletter a few years ago.
The letter continues about some 5 volumes of Craft material that Lady Charmaine hoped would be adopted throughout the Craft. However, the letter is not at all clear as to whether or not these volumes are to be for sale or when. We'll let you know when we know.
Don't forget the memorial candle.

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WINDS OF MARIAH

We are in the season of Spring Equinox, and this reminds us of the equal of Light and Darkness. I like to think of it as the battle of the sexes.

This is the time to balance out our emotions, take control of our own actions, of light and darkness.

1. Avoid anger (darkness).
2. Take positive actions (light).
3. Who owns the problem?
4. If you hurt; you own the problem.
5. If you don hurt; the problem is not yours.

What are these feelings?

When a mother loses her child for a moment she is scared, but when she finds her child she is angry or mad at the child and that is what she will show the child.

When a man is bypassed on his job by another person, his pride is hurt, but he releases anger.

When someone makes fun of us we are embaressed; but we will release anger at the person.

When our feelings are hurt in any way we will release anger.

We should stop and remember that anger is always the second emotion we will have to any emotion, of scared, pride, embaressed, hurt feeling, etc...

When we react to anyone or anything notice what the first reaction is, that is how we should react to our problem. But it is easier to get mad at the other person and react in that manner (darkness). The first reaction is the real emotion to listen to. And then tell the person.

We should say to the lost child; "I was so scared that I would never find you and that you might be in some danger".

We should say to the person that embaressed us; "What you said embaressed me". Don't tell that person to kiss-off cause they made you feel bad.

Ask yourself what personal needs are being attacked? React in that manner, remember that anger will be the second reaction.

We have the choice to react in the manner; Light, the real reaction, or we have the choice to react in anger, the second reaction.

No one can make us feel angry, we have to release this feeling.

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Winds Of Mariah (cont.)

Spring is here and we have to release these feelings ourselves, we must take positive actions (light).

If we react in anger all the time we are not solving our problems in a witches manner of balance. We are taking the dark side of life, and trying to solve our problems, all we will get is darkness around us.

Communicate your feelings and tell the person what is hurting you and in what way. Getting mad will not help solve the problem, cause you were not mad at the first reaction.

The egg, (Easter egg that christians took from us) tells us that our future plans are inside our egg. We must care for the egg and keep life inside our egg (plans), if we don't care for our egg just like the animals, keeping if warm and turning it, the life inside will die. The egg is ourselves and we must take care of life inside, or it will die out. We do not want to be an empty shell. As we look at each other see the tender shell and care for their shell cause we can break their shell, and all the kings and all the kings horses can never put Humpty-Dumpty back together again. We all have a hard head (shell), but life is inside and that is what we must care for. We spend to much time on the outer shell of others and forget to see the tender shell around us all. Care for the shell of others and we will be able to see the life that is in each one of us.

We all have dyed our eggs and some eggs that are not pleasent to our eyes we will not want to care for, as the ones that are pleasent to our eyes, we will give to special people, we forgot that each egg is the same inside.

This season we will get ourselves a new dress, shirt, etc. Maybe we will get a new comb for our hair, or new socks, to remind us that we are new people, we have come into the season of light. Just like Mother Nature She will don new clothes of flowers, new leaves, new grasses, She has come into the Light of Things. Again the christians took this symbol from Pagans, they all don themselves with new clothes on OUR DAY.

This is the season to purify ourselves and our home, to get rid of the dark season and welcome the season of light. As we all say sometimes "Come forth into the light of things".

Notice in nature sometimes the male will care for the eggs, and sometimes the female will care for the eggs. Nature showes us that even the males are a caring nuturing animal. Humans sometime think that this is a female trait, look at nature and see what they do. Does the male go to the female and say "Get back on those eggs"? Sometimes the male will care for the eggs alone, and sometimes the female will care for the eggs alone. Sometimes both animals will

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Winds Of Mariah (cont.)

take care of the eggs together. Humans will fight about who is to care for the eggs. If no one cares for the eggs, life will die.

So, as humans, let nature be your guide. Are you the animal that cares for the egg alone or does your mate care for the egg alone, or do both humans care for the egg together.

Sometimes in nature another animal that did not help create the egg, will come along and sit on the egg and help bring forth life. So who is the parent? The one that gave life to the egg (male)? The one that layed the egg (female)? Or the one that sit on the egg until the egg hatched (friend)?

Did you ever wonder how the bunny kept from breaking all the eggs as she hopped around? The Goddess knows best, that is why she gave her fur, to soften the blows that the egg will go through as she takes the eggs to children.

This shows us that we need to grow a little fur; be more soft, with all the eggs of many colors. After all this we will have more life around us, friends and loved ones.

Well, I guess I will go and grow more fur, or sit on eggs!

Merry Part and Blessed Be!
Lady Mariah

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From UPI
The strange goings on in a Columbus, Ohio home are continuing. A researcher says he saw a tape recorder fly off a dresser and a pair of pliers move by themselves in a home where a young girl has been at the center of strange occurrences.

William Roll, Director of the Psychical Research Foundation in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, says, "There were incidents that took place that I was not able to account for in normal ways".

Roll said he witnessed phenomena "highly suggestive" of recurrent spontaneous psycho-kinesis.

A series of incidents took place while 14-year-old Tina Resch was under Roll's observation.

While he was next to Tina in a bedroom, a picture in the adjacent bedroom fell from the wall, he went to rehang the picture and placed his tape recorder on a nerby dresser. Roll said the tape recorder flew off the dresser and moved.

Roll said he was watching Tina the entire time and she was not near any of the objects that moved.

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DIDJAKNOW?
Aged cheddar, Monterey Jack and Swiss cheese may help prevent cavities, according to University studies.

* *

AL in Albuquerque sez: I worked for the Little Rock, Arkansas Humane Society (really "The Humane Society of Pulask County" that was mentioned in the March Georgian) about 4½ years ago.
The director of the society at that time was this totally mad (in every sense of the word) lady who felt no remorse at all in wiping out an entire roomful of animals.
I saw her kill more than 60 cats in a couple of hours, also an entire large kennel of dogs in a day - for no other reason than she had a taste for death, and a power complex over beings she considered weaker than herself.
I also saw this woman lie to people whose animals had been picked up, then kill them, and say she "hasn't seen them"...when in fact they were dead.
I worked there for about 2½ months. When I left there I tried to get her in trouble with the state, but nothing happened to her. Other people around Little Rock had taken her to court, too - but to no avail. I felt when I saw her last that her Karma was going to do her in, and to tell you the truth, for the animals' sake I hoped it would happen soon.
Now it's 4½ years later, and from the articles in the Georgian, she is probably running the Humane Society there still. I liken her to the scum that ran Nazi death camps in World War 2.

I don't mean to expose my anger to half the Pagans of this country - but if you lose an animal, and you feel for <u>any</u> reason that <u>any</u> Humane Society shelter has your pet, <u>demand</u> to look at their animals - don't take their word for it - you can even look at their dead animals. You might have to raise hell to do it, but stand firm and don't back down. If they receive any <u>aid</u> or <u>funds</u> from county or state or city, point out that you are a taxpayer, and threaten to call your legislator - that might help.
Also - try to talk to someone who <u>works with the animals</u>, not just the person who directs the shelter and has "the final solution", that is -their death. The persons who feed and water them probably knows more about what animals come in, are picked up, adopted, etc.

I'm sure that this kind of thing is going on across America in other places than Little Rock, Arkansas. There are a lot of sickos. It's a shame that they can get positions at a place like an animal shelter!
I'd also like to point out that there is no such thing as a "painless death" to animals. In Little Rock they used an overdose of sodium pentethol, as they probably do elsewhere. It stings and makes the animals cry out in pain, especially the cats. It's an awful thing to see a beautiful, healthy animal die.
Please keep your animals off the street, and get 'em dog tags and innoculated, so never will any pet suffer as I watched so many suffer. Please, if you care - save the animals.

P.S. Everyone should know that many "Humane ? shelters hold dogs &

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AL CONTINUED - cats for only 5 days. If they are severely crowded sometimes only 3 days. They are then put to death.

I realize that this letter has a lot of anger. When I first read the article in the Georgian, it made me mad. As I wrote the letter and remembered, I got even angrier. I don't know, maybe some people need to lead totally sick lives like that to learn some lesson. some Karmic lesson I mean.
But on the other hand, the Druids had a teaching called "Truth against the world", I take that to mean, in one respect at least, that by telling the truth about something awful, like that lady at the Humane Society, the battle is taken to the inner planes where ultimately justice waits. Al

And from Bonnie: hope this finds you well and happy & recuperating from your sore throat. If not, I have a remedy to add to your myriad other remedies. You just mix a little golden seal & a little cayenne pepper in a half glass of water..and gargle. It tastes absolutely AWFUL!! - but the golden seal acts as an antibiotic, and the cayenne kills the pain..and it really does work.
Love and Blessed Be!

Bonnie, Al, Kerridwen & Olwen & furries!

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LADY RHEA in Atlanta sez: Much controversy locally about one of the local counties humane society (what a misnomer!) sending stray pets to the local colleges for lab experiments. A wee bit of a victory for us anti's-- now, if you send a pet there, you can specify that it may not be used for experimental purposes.

My menagerie grows - Miss Boo (my Chihuahua) still reigns supreme, while Boogbans (the Cat) still terrorizes all the invisible entities --and me when I find out all the damage she has done on her midnight prowls! I threaten to exterminate her at least twice daily, then I melt like a snowball in the oven when she jumps up in my lap and purrs an apology! Add to that my son's dog--a large black Heinz (57 varieties) dog, and an aquarium full of fish. What next, Lady? (Besides all the neighborhood stray cats, dogs, and birds that fill my yard each day?) But I love 'em all. And they all seem to know I am a sucker for four-footed, winged or gilled entities.

Hopefully, the winter season is over...yesterday saw several large flocks of geese and sand cranes flying north. Good omen, so they say. But to date the maple trees have not leafed out, so know there will be at least one more killing frost.
Love and Blessed Be
Rhea

ED. NOTE: That about the frost was written March 7.
That part about not for experimental purposes sounds good. But I wonder...how could anybody ever trust them again????

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PUSSY CAT KORNER

By U.P.I.'s Joanne Allen in Chicago:

The 15-thousand-dollar custody battle over Marmaduke Gingerbits --if that's who he really is--ended in London. But Marmaduke--who may in fact, be Sunny--remains in custody of the court. For the ginger cat, it was another routine day. After all, he's spent six months behind bars...the innocent victim of a fight between two parties claiming to own him.

The court recently acquitted 57-year-old Monty Cohen of cat-napping Marmaduke from Police Constable and Mrs. John Sewell. Cohen claims the feline is his and that his name is Sunny. The judge said Cohen couldn't be convicted of the theft charge before the cat's identity is established beyond any reasonable doubt.

The cat's appearance on the witness stand during the three-day trial apparently shed no light on this pivotal point. However, Cohen was found guilty of assaulting the Sewells last year when they went to his home demanding that he turn over the cat. Sewell said during one altercation, the cat was literally the object of a tug-of-war between Cohen and Mrs. Sewell. Cohen held the cat's back legs while she pulled at the front ones.

Stay tuned. The cat may be going home with Cohen or the Sewells a-bout the time you receive this...but only if the judge can decide if it's Marmaduke or Sunny.

*

The Ontario Humane Society has been working on a voluntary program in which pet owners can use space-age technology to find their lost cats. The program calls for a tiny computer-coded microchip to be planted under the cat's skin. An identification number on the chip could be detected by an electronic scanner. The pet owner could be traced by a pet registry on a computer network. A Humane Society spokesman says the chip is used successfully on cattle in the U.S.

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PENNY in Florida sez: my familiar cat got hit by a car. She has a broken leg but otherwise is doing fine.

*

CATHERINE & KENT in Australia sez: our lovely Har Bibi cat is de-lighted with the gift we bought her this week. It is shaped like an igloo, same type entrance with sheep wool as a surround to the entry. Fully lined inside with fluffy white sheep wool, and a thick cushion of the same. Outside is a high quality lolly pink towelling, all washable. Since it came home, she won't get out...only for meals and loo duty, and the occasional bath. They are a fabulous idea for small pets, and are called Cat Caves. I truly feel like swapping places with her. Pity I can't get in, too!
ED. NOTE: Hope you have special washing instructions. I once had some sheepskin rugs. Washing ruined them.

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From Ima Non

THOUGHTS ON CASTING A CIRCLE

If you ask fifteen witches how to cast a Circle, chances are you will receive fifteen different answers. Each tradition, each group, each witch has their own pattern to follow for this most important step of ritual. There doesn't seem to be a 'right way' or a 'wrong way'. As long as a few basic "rules" are included, all methods seem to be effective.

Some witches begin casting the Circle by outlining the boundary with their blade, others do everything else and use their blade for the final circuit of the boundary. There are those who take each element around a given number of times (usually three) and the remaining elements only once. And, then, there are those who take all of the elements around more than once, again, usually three times each. Some begin all circuits with the elements at the East, but there are those who begin each circuit at the quadrant/watchtower which the element represents.

Many will insist that the Circle must be physically outlined with salt, stones, rope, paint, chalk, or some similar solid substance. And, then there is the "I don't need a physical substance to outline my Circle...I know where my boundary is and if you try to cross it, you'll know, too!" school.

And how about the "deosil/widdershins" controversy.....

The elements themselves? The purists will insist that only "pure" elements be used--rain water, sea salt, loose incense, etc. The not-so-purist crowd will use bottles water, distilled water, or, in a pinch, tap water. And, the "When-It-Rains-It-Pours" from the table shaker. (I never could understand using sea salt for Earth! Why not "earth salt"?) And what about the incense? Use stick incense? "Horrows!" cries the purist, while the other moans "But it's all I've got in the house..." Candles? "Well, really, you can't use that one--the color isn't the exact shade of sky-blue-pink called for in the ritual...."

Let's be honest--with ourselves and with those we teach. Each of these things IS important, but we're not ritual magicians for whom each thing must be perfect. And try as we may, none of us are always fully prepared for any contingency! SO--if you don't have rain water, use tape water. With the number of pollutants in the atmosphere today, tap water may be the purest of the two! If you reach for the jar of ritual salt only to find it empty--go ahead and get that pack of salt from the local fast-food emporium out of your car--and use it! If the candle isn't the exact shade the ritual called for, use white--or see it as the color you want it to be. If you say the purple candle is green, then green it becomes! It's best to be organized

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Thoughts On Casting A Circle (cont.)

enough to avoid the "have-to-make-do" occasions--but--who's perfect!?!

At the beginning I said there are a few basic 'rules' to follow in casting a Circle. Let's review them:

Know where your Circle boundary is and mark it physically or psychically.
Locate and mark the corners/watchtowers.
Purify/consecrate the Circle area.
Cast the Circle, using the elements.
Invoke the Guardians.

Now your Circle is ready for you to begin the ritual...

The important thing is to find your way, the one that works best for you, then follow that method each time. The more often you do it, the more confident you become and the more effective your Circle boundary will be.

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From UPI

It sounds pretty weird, but it's true...and it's a sure sign of Spring, for about 15 minutes early morning, March 20, you could balance a raw egg on end, and to prove it, around 100 people gathered in a city park on New York's east river to watch as not just one, but 30 dozen eggs were put through their balancing paces, how does it work? Someone, apparently an ancient Chinese, discovered long ago that at the Vernal Equinox, the official start of Spring, everything is in balance and that eggs will stand, unsupported on their large ends.

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A new report by an expert on female sexuality says women who say they were "swept away" or "blinded" by love are simply trying to avoid taking responsibility for their normal sexual feelings.

Writing in McCall's magazine, Dr. Carol Cassell says that despite the sexual revolution and women's liberation, it is no coincidence that women often use extravagantly romantic phrases when they speak of being in love.

"Being 'swept away'," she says, "allows (American women) to be sexual in a society that is still ambiguous about femal sexuality." In her words, "Sex is permissible when we're seduced, driven out of control, what we can't control, we can't be blamed for".

"No matter how liberated we are," says Cassell, "we have been taught that to separate the role of love from our sexual feelings leaves us open to the fate of the 'bad girl', ostracized, powerless, devalued."

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STUFF & THINGS

The Coveyne Dolphin wishes to extend an invitation to you and yours to attend our June mountain meet. Plan now to join us in renewing old friendships and making new ones while enjoying the beauty of the Goddess' high mountain scenery.
For information write to: Mountain Meet, 8180 Pioneer Drive, Bakersfield, California 93306, or call Shirley at 805-366-5972.

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TERESA in Tulsa sez: financial problems with a bill from the I. R.S. from '82. Boy! was that a blow! Oh well, they say if it weren't for the valleys in life....

*

PACIFIC CIRCLE 4, June 15-17. $10/ per person, $17.50 per couple. Rates increase after May 1. Checks to Julie Meyer. Mail to Pacific Circle, POB 9971, Glendale, Ca. 91206. For info call: Ian (818) 765-5398...or Chris (818) 896-1769.

*

LADY RHEA in Atlanta sez: Summerlands Salamanders is hilarious! Keep up the good work, Rik.
I was amused by the bit about the boss calling the girl a witch. One never knows just how much others know/ suspect.

*

Mail came in so good and so early this month we just had to do a lot of editing...and skip a lot that came in later. Keep up the good work. It does make our job easier.

Subscription price is still $6. for 12 issues in the U.S. $12. foreign surface mail. $24. foreign air mail.
Be sure you always send us a change of address. P.O. WILL NOT forward newsletters.
Expiration date of your sub is always on your mailing label. The date after your name is the month of your last issue.

We will no longer mention catalogs unless we have a copy so we can check the contents.

Hope all of you had a most happy Sabbat celebration!

That's all, folks!

Love and Blessed Be,

Pat, Elizabeth and all the Georgians

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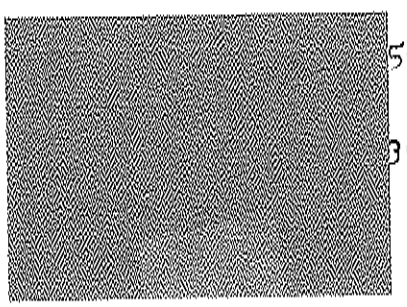

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