GEORGIAN NEWSLETTER The Georgian Church September 1985
1908 Verde
Bakersfield, CA 93304

Bakersfield--In June I tell myself I have the entire summer in front of me, in July I say I have a half a summer yet to go, and by this time of the year I'm saying, "Where'd the summer go?" With about one-quarter of my summer projects finished and two weeks left before school starts, tomatoes threatening to break into surplus for canning any day, watermelon rind in the fridge waiting to be pickled, and furry heads needing pets at every step, it's no wonder the days are growing shorter. Many thanks to Adrienne for donating five cases of canning jars to the cause. Dean is working on another gate in the back yard and Don, Delana, and Elizabeth came over to help us shuffle furniture so we can continue to work on the temple. Don keeps himself busy practicing guitar and Elizabeth has been experimenting with different combinations in her yard. Delana and dean did a lovely job of conducting our Lammas Pagan Way celebration. Finally, happy birthday to all us Virgos. What would the world do without all our mercurial talents?

NOTE: If you send correspondence to us and expect a personal reply, please send a SASE. Otherwise, we'll reply in the newsletter or throw the letter in the round file, depending on the nature of the letter. Granted, $.22 isn't much but $.22 times the number of letters we receive adds up. Also, if you do send a SASE, please be patient. I have letters I drafted in June I have yet to type... maybe next week.

Newsletter subscriptions are $6 for 12 issues in U.S., $12 foreign surface mail, $24 foreign air mail. Please check the address label on your newsletter for accuracy. The date in the upper right hand corner is the expiration date of your subscription.

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From USDA

Maybe you've heard about germplasm banks for plants and seeds. Now along comes the insects. A USDA research project involves techniques of freezing and storing cells of insect pests at very cold temperatures--minus 195 degrees centigrade. Rare or genetically unique strains of insects are research tools for developing effective and environmentally safe methods for supressing insect pests. If the new cryogenic research is successful, scientists can establish an insect germplasm bank similar to those already established for plants and seeds. This method allows this generation of humans to share the same bugs with the distant future generations. They're bound to be grateful.

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From J. Shepard in Santa Ana

I have been enjoying the warm sunny days here in So Cal. I love to go to the beach a lot. My herbal garden has been put off another year. My cactus garden is doing nicely, though. They love the sun and the warmth of summer.

In the June issue of the GNL you printed my letter on earthquakes. Since then, there has been lots of activity in the California area. Mother earth needs our love, honor and respect. She can heal Herself, but the destruction to human and Her animal friends would be massive. She is trying to get our attention and the media is ignoring the fact completely. So I've enclosed more data I've collected. Food for thought.

May 10th	7.0 New Guinea
May 10th	4.3 in Los Angeles
May 14th	3.9 in Hemet, CA
May 24th	5.8 felt 80 miles away in Alaska--centered in ocean
June 15th	Sweden and Denmark 4.2. Strongest quake in Sweden this century.
June 17th	Three quakes in San Diego, all 3.9
June 18th	4.0 Barstow, CA
June 19th	San Diego, 2 quakes, 4.0 and 4.1
June 21st	San Diego 3.0 (12 quakes in 5 days in San Diego)
July 13th	San Diego 2.8
July 23rd	Coalinga, CA 3.1
July 29th	Afghanistan, Pakistan 7.0

I can see a pattern between the continents and California. Well, again, just thought it interesting and food for thought.

Ed note (LF): Yes, it is interesting. National Geographic had a comprehensive article and a wonderful map (their maps are always wonderful) in the August 1985 issue, "Our Restless Planet Earth" for those of you interested in studying plate tectonic movements and theory.

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Mr. Jamis patted his daughter's hand fondly and told her, "Your young man told me today he wanted you as his bride and I gave my consent."
"Oh, Dad," gushed the daughter, "it's going to be so hard leaving mother..."
"I understand perfectly, my dear," beamed Mr. Jamis. "You just take her with you."

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From Bon

Although this is my first letter to the GNL, and I don't wish to start it on a negative note, I feel that I must make a correction on the two newsletters I have last received from you. My name is not BUN. If my name were BUNE, in which case I would be a demon of Goetia, then maybe I wouldn't mind being called BUN for short. Maybe if I had a son it wouldn't be so bad either. Then I could be BIG BUN and he could be LITTLE BUN (Please forgive my perverse sense of humor). As it is, I am called BON (as in bon voyage). But, enough of this. I have more important things to talk about. Yes, the Satanic scare has reached Las Vegas, too, although at this point in time the police and media are focusing mainly on the teenage-pseudo-Satanic aspect. Lucky Simone, of the Bell, Book and Candle, has thus far been interviewed at least five times, thrice for TV, and twice for the newspapers. My friend, Tarostar, has also been interviewed for a paper called The Las Vegas Sun, although I don't think they were very satisfied with him. He gave them the straight, unsensationalized answers... boring. I helped the same newspaper as a technical advisor on their photographs for the same article (I will send clippings), and I must admit it was a little fun. I took the reporter and a few scared photographers out in the desert where I set up a little makeshift altar, just like the teen-agers would make. Their friend, the photographee, was dressed in a letterman's jacket, and I had him pose in all sorts of SATANIC positions for the pictures. We also substituted a Swiss army knife for what might have been an Athame. My main concern in this project was to make sure that nothing we represented in the photographs could be associated in the least way with Magick or Wicca. For that reason, I refrained from using inverse Pentagrams or even Baphomets for symbols on the altar (a pentagram is a pentagram no matter what its aspect as far as the public is concerned). Instead, I used some rather obscure symbols from some of the old grimoires, like the character of Lucifer from the Grimorium Verum. I would venture to say that not even Anton LeVey would be offended by these pictures. But all in all, this whole thing has been nothing but a three ring circus, and I've decided that I want no part of it. A lot of other people have decided the same thing, too, like my friend Stewart who practically jumped all over a reporter who was interviewing Lucky the other day. The poor woman didn't know whether she was coming or going after that. She ended up going. Frankly, I admit that I enjoyed the whole thing, although I'm not sure that it was in our best interest for the long run. Put it down as the pleasure of catharsis.

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From Bon (cont.)

My general feeling is that the Xians are seeing Satanists behind every tree (what's new), and that the police are just looking for a new way to harass kids. But you'd do better to ask Tarostar about that. He was invited to a city meeting on the subject and was so disgusted by what he saw and heard there that he got up and walked out, half way through the meeting (he deserves a few cheers for that). Since then, he has written several letters to the media and people in general which I feel would make a good contribution to the newsletter. Well, enough said for now.

Ed note (LF): My apologies about the name. My typing is not always perfect, just mostly perfect. Yes, we are having a Satanist scare in Bakersfield, too, but associated with a much more serious affair than teenagers running amuck--child abuse. So far, the media has been very good at differentiating between us and them, mainly by not mentioning us. As long as it doesn't concern us, we stay out of it. So far, the SO has been unable to produce any physical evidence or any evidence at all beyond the testimony of the children. The investigation, both of the allegations and the SO's actions, goes on.... Too bad you are having problems.

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Dog Days (UPI)

In London, an old English sheepdog named William of Arethyn has accumulated $110,000 on the stock exchange. Not only that, the dog is dodging the tax collector and showing a better nose for money-making than the financial pros. William has consistently outwitted top market analysts since he presented his first portfolio in 1973. That's the year American Robert Beckman says he began buying shares for William on the London stock exchange. Beckman, a London-based investment analyst, says he was "trying to show that a randomly selected group of shares picked by a dog can out-perform the unit trust and mutal funds industries." Beckman said he lets William sniff out the best buys from a chart book opened in front of him. Beckman reads from a list of shares and invests in those that get a bark or a nod from the dog. Britain's tax authorities have tried unsuccessfully to assess Beckman and the dog's owner for taxes on the dog's account. But under British law, animals are not liable for tax. But Beckman concedes, "There is absolutely no tax advantage because no one has received any money from William."

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From Morgana

This letter may cause some consternation in the craft community but the time has come for me to write you and explain to my former peers what has happened. I would beg of you the opportunity that this open letter to the Witchcraft community might be published in your fine newsletter.

I have accepted Jesus Christ as my saviour and hope to walk in the footsteps of this gentle man. So often the letters and articles in the newsletter speak of born again Christians in very unkind terms. They seem to fairly bristle with hate and loathing. Having been one of yours for over 20 years, I apologise to the community on behalf of those Christians who would do you harm in the name of a man who spoke of peace.

I would wish that each of you be blessed by whatever spiritual force is followed.

Your newsletter has improved greatly in the past few months with more articles of interest. Unfortunately, my subscription ran out with this month's edition, so I will never know if this letter is published.

I have read your articles by Tarostar, Tiffany St. Moonstar, Vicki in OK, Lady Dematar, Lurline, COTOR; I agree with those who teach the covens must meet God on their own terms. Arguing and trying to be persuasive from "our side" will only turn away those whom we care for.

Please remember not all Christians are like those that Vicki, COTOR and Lurline have encountered. Some of us really do care and love you as brothers and sisters.

Those who have Christ in their hearts do not perpetrate hate, but by their example show the way of the Lord. The Fallwells, Robertsons, Swaggarts bombard all people with their narrow view of Christianity.

Be concerned about yourselves, take care of yourselves and may God richly bless you in all your earthly endeavors and give you all a bright heavenly reward.

There is one bad problem in the immediate future for those in the Craft and that is that there will be a big push in September to convert those in the occult to Christianity. It is well organized and well planned plus being well funded. So be alert but don't run scared. Most of the people who will attempt a conversion will turn tail and run if

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From Morgana (cont.)

you just stand up to them. Remember this is still a free society.

Ed note (dean): It is, I believe, important to make a distinction between fundamentalist and Christian. May the light, love, and happiness of the Lady's smile accompany you on your path. Blessed Be.

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More from J. Shepard in Santa Ana

I have received some information from Animal Rights groups. I sent and asked for a list of companies that do not experiment or use animals testing for their products. They sent the list and a list of companies that do use animals. I will pass on their addresses to you:

Lifeforce Vancouver
Box 3117 Main Post Office
Vancouver BC Canada V6B 3X6

Ark II
542 Mount Pleasant RD Suite 103
Toronto, Ontario Canada M45 2M7

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA)
Box 42516
Washington, DC 20015

Yesterday, another grey whale was beached in Sunset Beach, CA. That makes 27 this year! They get caught in fisherman's nets and even if cut free, die from drowning in the net or heart attacks from struggling to get free. How sad. March ends the whale season for traveling on our coast so they don't know why it was here or where the mother whale was. The grey whale was only a year old. That makes me remember as a child going to Seal Beach. Fond memories of the beach covered with Seals. That is why they changed the name from Bay City to Seal Beach. It was a beautiful sight, all those seals living happily in peace. When people moved in and built homes, they (the seals) moved on, but I'll always remember them.

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An ounce of performance is worth more than a pound of preachment.

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From Tarostar

Follow up on the meeting with the Police and Commissioners of July 24, 1985 (Las Vegas)...

"First, we are not on a Witch hunt!" was the opening shot from the social psychologist.

Perhaps that was due to the phone calls she had received from several local loud-mouthed Witches. Witches were there in force. My shop was represented and so was the Bell, Book and Candle by Lucky Simone, who bought the BB&C after Lady Charmaine's passing.

The head of the Catholic Welfare Services asked the police why a Satanic Priest was allowed to be present. The police shot back because he was invited just as the Catholic Welfare Services was. We did not know to whom he was referring--me or Lucky. We asked for the real Satanic Priest to please stand up. No one did.

After that point of order was taken care of, the meeting was a presentation of police findings concerning Heavy Metal leading to Devil Worship among the kids. With a whole front row of angry Witches staring at the City Commissioner and the District Attorney, every effort was made not to mention Craft or Wicca or Witchcraft.

The Satanist was described as being not the object of the query, but only as how kids misapply what they think is Satanism. The great evil of Rock Music was blamed as the culprit for kids spray painting reversed crosses and reversed Pentagrams on street overpasses and walls. Ozzy and Black Sabbath were decried as the main offenders. The public was not allowed to give any input, but sit and listen to the police make a pitch to the Elected Officials for more powers and money to come down hard on the kids. They suggested special classes in the schools to place all these Devil Worshippers in with a Mr. "T" type instructor to see that the little dears do their schoolwork. The school Board was not represented. Various police officers spoke about Satanism, gangs and spray paint. When a Baptist minister was allowed to wave his Bible and give a prayer, several of us Witches got up and walked out. I heard him choking on his words as we passed by the podium on the way to the door. I guess we were supposed to sit there and be preached at, but we rained on his parade.

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From Tarostar (cont.)

Those Witches who remained to the end said nothing further was discussed concerning the Occult and the whole thing was a bore. I do think they will not try to create a Witch Hunt of any kind, either for Satanists or for us. They were not ready for Witches as registered voters. One does get their cooperation when they need votes, or public approval for their fundings.

Ed note (LF): What happened to the days when PARENTS were responsible for their children's behavior?

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From Lurline in Rosemead

The GNL improves with each issue. It really seems to be a news journal rather than the usual "gossip" newsletter. It is great that this form of media expression serves a real purpose; communication, instruction, pleasure, poetry and warnings of the activities of the "far and radical" right is greatly appreciated. Who says you can't be all things to all people? Being notified of what is going on in the xian community is really "being forwarned." Thanks to Vicki in OK (GNL July 1985). She has brought up the subject of gross distortions perpetrated on the Craft/Pagan community.

Frequently I, too, listen to the xian radio and TV stations. It started out as an observation of mirthless xians and to really see how they function. Everything Vicki says is 100% accurate and much more takes place in the name of xianity than she was able to record--ever catch Jimmy Swaggart? He hates Catholics, Jews, but is extremely impassioned over the actions of the Pagan community and what he calls other satanic freethinkers...

KBRT, an AM So Cal radio station is a nonstop diatribe against witchcraft, paganism, Buddhism and any other ism that does not fit into their literal bibical interpretation. She was also right on when it can to the 20/20 program that equated satanism with Witchcraft. How many of us took the time to write the shows producer and KABC (ch7) who put on this show without a response from the Pagan Community? I know I did. I also took the time to write KNBC (Ch4) when the Donahue program presented Selena Fox and company. It was done in good taste and presented as well as could be for an hour's show. This is the method so freely used

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From Lurline (cont.)

by radical fundamentalists to press their cause. They bombard the stations, producers and sponsors with their letters, expressions of dislike for a program's subject, i.e., gays, the Occult, satire on xianity and pro-choice. They do their bit at every turn including inundating the politicians when a new bill is up for a vote and it does not meet with their approval.

We could indeed, learn from them on this matter. There are times when I wish I had the name and telephone number of each Pagan in the area and could have a network system so that an "alert" could be sounded and many pens taken in hand could fly over the paper getting the message out that we, too, have opinions and there is more than one church and one way.

As for going underground, as suggested by Vicki, I feel this is the wrong approach. It is just what "they" want. The "theys" don't want the rest of the community to know that we exist, much less grow in strength each day. Of course, each group or person must make this decision as is best for them. Perhaps we in California are a little more fortunate as people seem to be more accepting of those who walk to a different drummer. Although we, too, have our "satan busters" read then as Pagan and Craft persecutors. As for me, my family, and Coven associates--we will just "stand tall."

When we come upon any yellow journalism, any distortions of our religion, any anti-occult, anti-New Age programs, we should take up the pen, after all the pen is mightier than the sword. When any communication is sent out along with a little special Craft energy, it can be very effective.

One of the very best actions any Pagan/Craft member can take is to join the ACLU--it costs $300 for a membership--less in cases where funds are a problem and gives you an opportunity to serve others in need. Should you at one time or another be persecuted for practicing your civil rights, you will be a recognized member of a group that can really help you out. Everyone hang in there: keep all your senses attuned for the bad press and then do something. If anyone who has access to newspaper articles or has heard misleading information aobut our practices would send them to me I would appreciate having them for my files. Please include sources and date. Also, anyone who would like to know more about the ACLU, please contact me.

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From Lurline (cont.)

No, I am not a membership chairman. It is just another way to be aware. Please write to WCC, POB 6133, Rosemead, CA 91770.

Blessed Be to all and may everyone have the freedom to practice his or her own religious beliefs.

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From Thor in Connecticut

Recent reportings in GNL have caused me, as I am sure they have caused ALL of us, a good bit of concern. Of greater uncertitude, however, is the way in which we are going to react to this attack by the "born agains" et al.

The Burning Times are over. May they NOT rest in peace.

At my Pagan Grove this past week, I broached the subject of your article last month about the Philistine Libowitz and his dangerous brand of buffoonery. As you might imagine, all present were in total accord as to the seriousness of the matter. What scares me though, is the fear of discovery that was registered by several Coveners--and the "silent majority" apathy on the part of the rest.

Fellow Pagans--this is 1985. In the United States of America where, despite rampant hypocrisy, we are (albeit sometimes necessary to fight for the protection) protected by a pretty good Constitution which was written for ALL of us. Over the past twenty-five years, as we all know, activists have fought (and some even died) to help secure our civil rights; not just on the basis of color or sex--but RIGHTS for ALL. When we worship the Goddess, we are exercising our RIGHT of freedom of religion. Over recent years, different special interest groups (some of them I am sure, well meaning) have attempted and are attempting to take away certain rights as granted under the Bill of Rights. No matter how we as individuals may feel about certain issues, we should not let this happen because if one of the ten rights is "proven" not to apply in our society, then why should the remaining nine, or eight, or seven, etc. be sacred. My point is, that other interested groups are fighting for the specific right which they hold dear--should we be any less willing to stand up for our right to worship the Goddess?

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From Thor (cont.)

If I might return to my Grove meeting--one bit of concern that was registered was that the person held a responsible position and has a fear of losing it if she were discovered. I cannot agree with this attitude, although her consternation is understood. The person who has something that s/he considers shameful will attempt to hide it. I don't consider my worship of the Goddess as shameful but rather something beautiful. As for responsible positions, I, too, have one of those, being an Assistant Vice President in international banking. Notwithstanding, my friends and my wife know that I am a Witch. I have made it my business to educate these people as to what a Witch and a Pagan is, contrary to the so-called "popular" beliefs and "comic book" concepts. Among these people, incidentally, is the Xtian Minister of a close friend who has evinced an interest in reading my copy of The Spiral Dance and who, additionally, feels that we have something to share on an ecumenical level. I would also like to interject that around my license plate on the back of my Granada are the words "Blessed Be". For those who know, no explanation is necessary. For those who don't, it conveys a beautiful meaning anyway.

Afraid to be known as a Witch? A Pagan? NO! I am both proud and grateful to the Goddess for having again in THIS lifetime led me to her worship. May I propose that EACH of us, in our own special Goddess-given way stand up for our rights. They ARE our rights.

We might give some thought (perhaps at this coming SAMHAIN, which I feel would be a most appropriate time as a new beginning) to raise the cone and bind not only those people attempting to do us unjust harm, but also to bind from their collective conciousness such thoughts. If enough of us partake of this united effort, I have no doubts in my mind that we will be successful. Just remember what a dynamic impact a like effort on the part of British Covens in 1940 had on the archfiend Adolph Hitler!

Beyond this homily, I return to the theme that it is and will be incumbent on each of us as Witches and Pagans to be the educators and ambassadors of good will for the Goddess. This should not be too difficult a task however, when we realize that she is present in each of us.

We're out of the closet and we've come through the flames. Let us NOT retrace our steps.

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From Isis Moonshadow

Something is really eating at me and I must get it off my chest or explode. I am speaking of the petty, bitchy, gripey POLITICS within the craft. I am only a recent subscriber to the GNL, but thanks to my HPs, I have read a couple of years' worth of back issues. Sometimes it seems like half the newsletter is taken up by a person tooting their horn and taking potshots at Person B. This isn't simply in the GNL, but in others as well. It's enough to gag me. Even within my own working group, the ego trips and politics will at times rear their pointed little heads and I think this is very sad, indeed.

Now before you get the wrong idea, I'm not totally without an ego of my own. Leo and ego seem to go together. What I am saying is that ego tripping does not belong in the craft. We need to put the good of the craft before individual jealousies and feelings. This bickering among ourselves only weakens us. The time may come sooner than we think when we will have to band together in an effort to be allowed to worship as we please. We need quiet strength, not a cacophony of power tripping. This intra-craft fighting brings us down to the level of those who would deny us our freedom of religion. After all, it was egos who brought us the Burning Times, the Inquisition, and the Jerry Falwells. Let the strength we get from Our Lady and Our Lord put us above that. Let us live in peace with ourselves, and ultimately may we be guided into peace with all Humankind and the Universe.

On the lighter side, I have a poem to submit. Georgia thought I ought to send it in, so here goes.

A Night in the Palace of the Goat Foot God

Let's take a walk one night very soon,
  And stroll a forest lighted by the midnight moon.
We'll walk down the path where has trod,
  The cloven hoof of the Goat Foot God.
Chill of mystery there is though the night be warm,
  Have no fear, we'll come to no harm.
As down the forest path we plod,
  Hearing the pipes of the Goat Foot God.
Soon we come to a stone-circled glade,
  By a babbling brook where one might wade,
And there sitting in the center on a hollow log,
  Playing his pipes is the Goat Foot God.

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From Isis Moonshadow (cont.)

We silently stand at the edge to spy,
He sees us and he winks an eye.
Then off he goes, horns, hooves, and erect rod,
That lusty old Pan, the Goat Foot God.
We stand there and we start to shiver,
The realization has made us quiver.
And yet, we will not think it odd
Our night in the palace of the Goat Foot God.

My familiar, Ness, and I send your bright blessing from OK. She's added her fur person power to this letter.

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From Tiller in Seattle

I haven't written in a while, so I figured I'd drop you a line and let you know that I'm still here. I am at this moment (middle of August) getting ready for the Grand Council of the Covenant of the Goddess, at which I will arrange for my successor as National Pursewarden. It's been fun (at least some of the time), but it's been a lot of work this past year, and I am very glad that my term of office is coming to an end. This coming year I plan to work on getting my album finished, working on the house with Haragano, and maybe even catching up on correspondence.

Haragano and I have put in a lawn now, and have added a number of trees since last I wrote. Haragano is almost done with the cement walk around the house. The very hot (90 degrees--wow) weather in June and July helped things grow, but it's very nice to have the rain back again.

A comment to George in New Zealand: I have a letter on the way, sorry for the delay in the response. Please write care of: P. O. Box 30511, Seattle, WA 98103.

A last note: I made an amateur radio contact withsomeone from Bakersfield a couple of weeks ago. It turned out that he had met Pat a number of times. Small world....

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Frazzled babysitter to parents returning home later than the arranged time: "Don't apologize--I wouldn't be in a hurry to come home, either."

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Power Behind the Crone--The Law of an Anarchist from Blacksun

One of the first things I noticed about the people who first introduced me to the Craft was that they seemed to be very anarchistic. If you are not familiar with that term, let me explain: an anarchist is one who believes that group produced laws are not applicable to individuals. In other words, a person who believes they don't need other people telling them what to do. Being the natural born rebel AND a child of the 60's, I thought this was just great. Then I got a rude awakening: before I was to be allowed to study or work with any of these people, I would first have to copy and learn a set of LAWS which were the basic rules agreed upon by all of these people that they said governed their lives.

I am not letting any secrets out in telling you that these laws were very much the same as what one will find in Lady Sheba's Grimiore or What Witches Do. Many other books contain these same laws with only minor differences. Later on, both Shadowhawk and I were told that these would be the laws by which our actions would be judged as we went through the initiations. Finally, when we reached third level (in our tradition, that is where you are given full privileges to form your own circle and initiate), we were told that we could re-do the laws any way we pleased. We made some very small changes and left things pretty much as they were.

But in the last couple of years, we have been thinking more and more about making some major revision to the laws. Our circle, which now is being led by another couple, has decided that it shall fall upon the Elders to re-write the laws and bring them up to reflect the way in which we actually behave. This is not because we wish to whitewash or justify our behavior, but we should incorporate some of the lessons we have learned into the body of laws so that others may see our motivations and guideposts.

Let me tell you, this is one of the hardest jobs this circle has ever attempted. It requires that we be as candid and honest with ourselves and the rest of the people that are working on this project as we can be. It also means that we must keep ourselves from being over-dictatorial as well as over-permissive. It is a very fine line (if indeed there is a true line) to draw when writing a law. The wording must be clear, the meaning and spirit of the law must be well formulated so that others can agree on its application and yet be able to interpret it in cases where there are no specific laws covering the situation. It must not be

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The Law of an Anarchist (cont.) by Blacksun

nit-picking or petty and it must be fair for all. It must blend and harmonize well with the rest of the body of laws, but it also must add new and important information, depth of meaning, and insight to that body of laws. It should be able to be followed by any who wish to be in our circle without making them or us into something which is undesirable. It should not block Love and Trust amongst the circle members and it should make the lives of each more full of the blessings of the God and Goddess without harming others or making their lives in any way suffer. Put another way, it should be a "good" law.

This project has brought to mind a very important question which I had to wrestle with when I first got the laws shown to me: why have Laws at all when everyone is supposed to be a responsible adult who is a "good" person? Well, despite some very remarkable psychic abilities some of the people in our circle may possess, nobobdy is a "mind reader." And if we are to operate as a unit, it is important that we know what the other people are going to do under any given circumstance. Thus, it seems best to develop some kind of statement which reflects the true nature of our collective motivations, ethics, and desires. In this way, we all can expect certain general ways for situations to be handled. It also is a good way to establish a format by which one who is not experienced in something can follow along and arrive at a similar point as others who have been there before. In this way, the laws serve as teacher and guide so that a common ground of experience and knowledge can be passed from one to another. This reinforces the gestalt of the circle and makes the magic more efficient and more elegant.

I believe that the biggest problem in the basic laws of the land in this country is that there are simply too many laws. It is easy for me to believe that it is possible for ANY action to be both legal and illegal at the same time, depending on the section of the law one wishes to look at. Thus our courts are bogged down with caseloads comprising of legal actions being brought to judication which never should show their nose inside a courtroom. Instead of a body of laws which a careful and reasonable person can adhere to, there is a complication of verbal mush which even the "experts" disagree on most of the time.

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The Law of an Anarchist (cont.) by Blacksun

So rewriting the laws for our circle is not just a matter of adding more "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots," but of carefully combing through to find where the shags are and trying to untangle them without ripping out so much that the subject becomes bald.

I would suggest to any who are in the position of a circle leader to think long and hard about the rules and guidelines that are applied to the group's behavior. Even if there are no written laws for your group, there are unwritten ones which are there for the looking. Think about them and ponder them in relation to YOU. It is a rewarding task, though not an easy one, for in such study, you will find greater understanding of yourself and your relationship with others. And any who enter a circle, you, too, should study the laws that you are expected to follow, written or not. By understanding them, you will make yourself a more complete and magical child of the Goddess.

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Animals (UPI)

Tufty Fluffytail is a sort of institution in England. Tufty is a squirrel that has been appearing for 23 years in road safety cartoons for children. Joining Tufty in the cartoons are his friends, Willie Weasel, Mrs. Brown Rabbit, Policeman Badger, Mrs. Wise Owl and Minnie Mole. But now, Tufty is the target of some harsh criticism from some British politicians. A subcommittee of the Lambeth Borough Council complains that Tufty comes from a "white middle-class" background and seems "unaware of the multi-cultural and multi-racial nature of society." And there are objections to "sexual sterotyping" because Tufty is always seen out with his mother. But if you ask conservative opposition leader Peter Davis, the controversy is much ado over nothing. As he puts it, "Since Tufty is aimed at two to eight-year-olds, I don't think it necessary to replace him with a gay or black squirrel." Tufty's creators also see no need for alarm. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents says the cartoons already have been updated with an "ethnic" alternative that includes children of many racial hues. An RSPA spokesman says, "How Tufty and his animal friends can be multi-racial I'm not sure, but the children in Tufty films are of varied racial origin."

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Of Gypsies and Witches from Tarostar

There is an old saying that where Gypsies are found, Witches also are close by. There have always been "secret" people, people apart, free people, not bound to the feudal tenure of yore, nor the economic bondage of today. People who came as they willed at their own pace and at their own bidding, not to work nor do the will of "Lord" nor "Boss," have had a pronounced mystique upon the psyche of the serf, peasant, and city dweller down through the ages. Such people have been feared and hated for their freedom, yet also loved and extolled in song and fable for that very freedom. As the old Romanian Folksong says: "Along the Armenian Street the Gypsy Caravan clatters," indicating something exotic, untamed and joyful denied to those who toil, till, and labor for State, Church, or Business.

The passing Caravan in the night, with many voices lifted in song, with earrings and white shoulders swaying to the music, stir a deep chord in the depths of one's being with a longing to drop all care and join the campfire. Long ago, around the fire, the men's talk would be of Horse Flesh. Today it would be of Horse Power. The women would read the palms and cards and deal in herbs and advice. Not much has changed for those few who remain.

Carmen reading her own fate in the Tarot, or Maria Ouspenskaya as the Gypsy Mother, in the old movies, seem to be all that is left in our memories of that once proud race. Even though but few are to be found, the Gypsy still pulls on the heart with a lifestyle of unfettered freedom to come and go at will. A Witch is a Gypsy of the Soul, if not of body. To complete cycles in the fullness of Time, both groups consign their dead to the Great Mother. Both groups have been both fascinating to the Outsider and persecuted almost to extinction by those who keep their lore alive. The Witch would not vanish with the night wind, as did the Gypsy, but represented a "Free Spirit" society could not tolerate, yet could not forget.

Not accepting splashings of Holy Water and recitations of Te Deums and Credos made the Witch into an archenemy of the established Order of things. A Will not cowed becomes a threat. A body not fettered becomes an enemy. Hence both the fear and fascination of and for the Gypsy and the Witch. The legacy of the Free Spirit, seeking the Light in its own way and coming and going in its own Will must never be allowed to be removed from this World. A Society without the Gypsy and the Witch would be a dreary place indeed.

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Jupiter from The Planets by Tiffany St. Moonstar

I am the lightning on the water and the clash of thunder in the mountains. I am the burning bush and I am the scimitar of Allah, the forest Lord of Horned countenance. I am Jehovah and Christ and the force of the patriarchy. I am judge and I am law and I am lawyer, but I am never the guilty.

My force fills halls of marble and wood and steel and entities in the colors of power; purple and black in all their shades.

I am also lord of the material and the inventory of Money in all its forms.

I am the keeper of the flame of power, father of rulers and queens, presidents and kings and dictators. I move these of The People on my four dimensional chessboard. One to the left and one to the right and one across and in between--each move vibrates upon the planes and manifests on Earth.

My temples are banks, my churches are pyramidal government halls. Since the first rock existed to fight over, kill for, and die for I have been welcome among The People. To guide. To teach. To balance.

I am the eye for the eye. I am the champion for the small. I am Joan of Arc and Winston Churchill and Gandhi and Martin Luther King. I am the father in all his power and rule, I am Joseph Stalin, Rockefeller and Carnegie and John Muir. My fathers in excellance in the executive roles. Hitler, too, was my child, but the dark side of Mars swayed him too far, and unbalanced my scales. So I cast him out into Naught. And there he shall remain.

In my amethyst and gold palace I sit with my unicorn of purest white. Outside my window, under a black starred night, is a navy sea that stretches to eternity. I am father and I am needed. Thus I am content. Sacrifice your children to my fires and I will love you.

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Two employees were leaning on their shovels and having a chat when one of them suddenly turned around and smashed a tiny snail on the ground behind him.
"Why'd you do that?" asked his partner.
"Darn thing's been following me around all day," said the other.

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The Changing--A Childrens' Story by Blacksun

Introduction

There are some places in the world where the weather does not shift and change like it does in most places we know about. Like at the ends of the world where it is always ice bound Winter or in the middle of the world where it is eternally summer, and far away near some of the tallest mountains in the world called the Andes, there lies at their feet a barren waste. Endless sands and hot sun broken only by cactus plants. Yet things do live in this desert, where it rains only once every 5 or 10 years. There are snakes and bugs and small scurrying animals. They get their water from the cactus plants or from the blood of one another (like the spider).

Our story is about one of these animals. It is called a Gerbil and is rather like a mouse, except that is has fur on its tail with a little tuft at the end rather like a lion's tail. In fact, people who first saw it named it the lion mouse. Gerbils live about four years, but like most creatures who's time is shorter on earth than our own, this seems to them a very long time indeed. Now we know that the animals do not speak as we do, but that they have speech with each other in their own tongue which we do not understand. So this story is written like the animals can talk in our language so that you can read it.

Shrool, the star of our story is a very smart gerbil and perhaps the smartest ever, but we'll let her tell the story of The Changing.

"The world has changed," Shrool thought. She patted herself again to assure herself that this was really happening and that she really was wide awake and not in some terrible dream. It was, she was, and it wasn't.

She looked up and saw only greyness. Silvery light in some places and shadowy dark in others. Two sleeps ago, the world started to change. The blue above became flecked with puffy white. Things floating on the wind and the wind began to grow chill. More and more of the white puffs came, crowding tightly together. The bright hot eye disappeared crowded out by the white things. They crowded so close together. Then it got dark and they turned grey. They packed so close one on top of the other that in places they were as black as shadows cast under cool opening and closing eye in the dark. Indeed now it was hard to remember

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The Changing (cont.) by Blacksun

that the white things came one at a time. And where was bright hot eye? Long ago Shrool figured out that Bright hot eye made things light and warm, and that cool eye only opened all the way for a little time every 28 sleeps. Sometimes cool eye and bright hot eye would be above together for a little while, "looking at one another," Shrool liked to think.

She nibbled at tall green, careful to avoid his needles.

Then, all of a sudden, there was a bright bright flash--like a thousand cool eyes open all the way at once and shutting again, and a terrible noise. The noise rolled out of the grey and shook the sand. Shrool flicked her tail and scurried as close to tall green as she could get. The flashes happened again and again, and the noise got louder and louder.

Shrool shivered in the cold and huddled close to tall green. Even the wind was cold, like in the dark. In fact, it was almost dark now.

Then funny things from above began hitting the sand. They made a platt platt noise as they fell and turned the ground darker. Some fell on her. They changed the feel of her fur, and they were cold. Some fell on her hands and she got a chance to really see them. They moved like the sand, they were clear through like the bright shiny rocks that sometimes came up out of the ground. They slipped through her fingers. Shrool was very afraid now. She looked out towards the burrows but the clear, falling things were so thick in the air she couldn't see very far. They were running all around the ground now, pushing it into new shapes and textures. She watched several lines of them converge and run down toward the burrows. Her friends and family were scurrying up to tall green as fast as they could come. The clear falling things had gotten them, too. They were all dark and thinned and different.

Her brother, Krell, told her that a long clear snake had run into the burrow, but she knew it was the clear falling things all banded together and not really a snake at all. They comforted one another by rubbing whiskers and huddling close for warmth. She watched the clear things. Great long strands of them ran every which way and collected in hollows in big round clumps.

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The Changing (cont.) by Blacksun

A line of them ran very close to tall green and Shrool decided to do something very brave. She crept out from the shelter of tall green and the warm bodies of the others and padded over to the clear thing line. They were moving very fast now, and did look like a long clear snake, but Shrool stuck her paw inside the running line and watched. It was very cold and strange to feel as the clear things pushed against her hand. "They don't seem to notice," she thought, "they just move around me or through my fingers." Her paw was very cold so she put it in her mouth to get it warm. Then she really discovered something. Where it was all cold and different from the clear things touching it, it was delicious. It was covered with delicious drinking stuff, like the kind you could suck out of plants, like tall green's insides. She sucked it all off and dipped her paw again. This time she licked it off and as she did one of the clear falling things fell right on her tongue. It filled her mouth with a cool freshness. After she swallowed that, she leaned over the running line and licked at it. It was just as good as the drop--better because she could lick as much as she wanted. She licked until she was full and bounded back to the others huddled under tall green.

"It's good," she cried. "It's good! You can drink it! It won't hurt you."

Slowly Krell ventured out to meet her. "You can drink it?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered. "Lick yourself where it fell on you and taste."

So Krell did. "It is good," he shouted. "Don't be afraid, C'mon, everybody, you can drink it."

First Nish, their mother, came timidly out to drink, but soon the others followed in small groups until the whole village had tasted the clear things.

Last of all came white whiskers. He was the oldest one in the village. He was so old that no one remembered a time when he wasn't there, and his real name, if he'd ever had one, was long forgotten. He smiled and sighed, "I remember..."

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The Changing (cont.) by Blacksun

Krell and Shrool scurried away. White Whiskers often started one of his long, boring speeches with exactly that smile, sigh, and phrase and today was far too exciting and wonderful to spend politely listening to old White Whiskers' ramblings. Still, Shrool half listened, but White Whiskers didn't launch into one of his usual long talks. He just smiled and mused aloud, "It was a very long time ago--I was still a nursling when the drops fell from the sky."

Shyly Shrool edged closer, embarrassed now that she had earlier tried to get away. What White Whiskers was saying was very interesting and exciting to her. "You mean sir," she always politely called him sir to his face, "You mean sir that the world has changed before?"

"Oh, yes, little one--come closer. I can't see you," he said. "Who are you?"

Shrool came right up almost to his nose. "I'm Shrool, Nish's first cublet. Oh, sir, if the world has changed before, then it changed back again, right?" she asked.

"Of course," White Whiskers answered. "After tonight's sleep, Bright Eye will be back and the clear snakes will have all settled in the hollows. By the next sleep, the burrows will be dry enough again, too. But if you think the world has changed now, wait until four or five sleeps from now."

Shrool got scared all over again. "Why? What happens? More clear falling drinking things?"

"Oh, no," White Whiskers chuckled. "It's not like that. You see, tall green and the other greens also drink the clear things. And the baby greens hide in the sand, so small you can't see them, but when the clear snakes come, the baby greens drink and grow and become real greens. They they make pretty edges in all the colors of bright eyes passing before sleep. And the whole world is good to eat. There are greens everywhere. Some have white parts or blue or red or yellow parts and all taste sweet."

"Oh," said Shrool, largely because she couldn't think of anything else to say, and she couldn't even imagine what White Whiskers was saying. "Food everywhere? Impossible," she thought, but she kept asking questions. "And what happens then? What happens to the clear things?"

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The Changing (cont.) by Blacksun

"Well, the greens turn brown and blow away, and Bright Eye takes away the clear ones, or the sand drinks them up."

"Which is it, Bright Eye or the sand?" Shrool was getting rather impatient with White Whiskers' riddles, but was far too polite to say so or to just leave, so she listened, waiting for an opportunity to say thank you and dash off to play.

"Well, both, I think. If you lick a pebble and put it out when bright eye is out, he'll take the lick away, and once we dug down really deep making burrows, we found wetness in the ground."

"Thank you," said Shrool, and she hurried off to join her brother who was playing dart and dash.

The clear things were falling less now and by the time it got dark they had stopped coming altogether. Everyone slept outside huddled together under tall green because the burrows were still wet. Shrool woke up in the dark and all the fluffy things were gone and she could see Cool Eye open almost all the way in the skies and the many many small eyes that twinkled far away. She sighed and went back to sleep.

The next day, Bright Eye was back. Shrool and Krell played in the clear thing filled hollows splashing and laughing. By rest time the burrows were dry enough to move back into and so they did. There was a lot of fixing and clearning to be done, but everyone worked very hard and there was even some of Bright Eye's light left for them to play in when all the work was done.

Krell and Shrool played with their friends until dark and then went home to sleep. When they got there, their mother Nish told them that White Whiskers had died a little while ago, and Shrool felt sad about that. Krell just said that White Whiskers had been older than any gerbil had a right to be anyway, and that he wouldn't miss old White Whiskers boring stories much.

"But I will," said Shrool. "How old was he Mother?" she asked. Nish thought about that for a while and said that he was a grandfather when she was little, so she didn't know.

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The Changing (cont.) by Blacksun

The next day when they went up to play and feed the world had changed again. There were tiny green things all over the ground.

"What are these?" asked Krell.

"They are green ones, food." Shrool answered and began to eat. It was the best food she had ever tasted.

When they had eaten their fill, Krell asked her how she knew that the little greens were good to eat, and she told him that old White Whiskers had told her about it. Then she told Krell everything that old White Whiskers had told her about the clear things, and the green things, and the changes that would happen in their world over the next few days. "Impossible," said Krell, but Shrool knew it would happen anyway so she didn't argue with him.

And it did happen. The green things grew, and grew the bright colored parts that were sweet to eat, and the clear things went away, and finally the newer green things turned all brown and dry and blew away.

And Shrool promised herself that she would never forget what White Whiskers had told her, and that she would tell her cublets someday about the Changing so that they could tell their cublets and it would never be forgotten. And in this way no one need be afraid of the Changing ever again.

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FELINE DISTEMPER

Feline distemper is probably the most deadly of all cat diseases. Animals affected by the disease are usually under two years of age and unvaccinated.
Symptoms: listlessness, vomiting, lack of appetite, bloody diarrhea, discharge from eyes and nose. Sick animals may die within 24 hours.
Prevention: anyone obtaining a cat should have it vaccinated immediately. Cats need two vaccinations three weeks apart and annual boosters.

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A hangover is something that occupies a head that wasn't used the night before.

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Getting Out the Vote by Hugh Kramer

Ed note (LF): This article was another of the entries in the Pagan Studies Contest.)

DATELINE WASHINGTON: REAGAN TAKES 26 STATES IN CLOSE ELECTION. DEIFICATION NOW DEEMED CERTAIN.

Deification? No. In this country, no matter how many people worship you, you cannot be elected god. Elsewhere and elsewhen however, this was not always true. Imagine, if you will, that it is now the year 14 of the Current Era and that we are in Rome the Eternal. A huge crowd has gathered to watch an immense funeral procession wind through the streets of the city. Praefects, Tribunes, and grave-faced senators march bareheaded towards the pyre as a choir of the city's most beautiful children sing the dirge. Borne on the broad backs of sweating senators, the body of Caius Julius Caesar Octavianus Augustus makes its last journey. As the fire consumes the mortal remains, an excited ex-praetor swears he has seen Augustus' spirit soaring up to Heaven through the flames. When the pyre cools, leading knights, barefoot and wearing unbelted tunics, collect the ashes and place them in the family mausoleum (4: Suetonius).

Thus passed Augustus, first emperor of Rome (29 BCE - 14 CE). The Senate, under the watchful eye of Tiberias (14-37 CE), foster son and heir apparent, cannot shower enough honours on the late emperor. They lament, they pray, they name a new month, "August", after him; and finally, they declare him a god. The apotheosis is achieved by unanimous vote and the now divine Augustus is given temples, altars, and his own priesthood (5: Tacitus).

Augustus was the first Roman emperor to be voted divine honors but he is by no means the last. On the passing of almost all the less obnoxious emperors, the Senate would honor their memory in this manner. In fact, by the reign of Domitian (81-96 CE), there were so many divine emperors and empresses that it was decreed that henceforth all the "divi" would be worshipped in the temple of Divus Augustus only (1: Boak and Sinnigen). (I guess the proliferation of Godlets was causing a shortage of temple-building material.)

Things deteriorated from there. A mad Emperor like Caligula (37-41 CE) could declare himself a god while still living (Caligula at least had family loyalty--he also declared his sister a goddess). (4: ibid.) Hadrian (117-138 CE), whom many despised for his "greek" tendencies, had his boyfriend

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Getting Out the Vote (cont.) by Hugh Kramer

Antinous declared a god after the poor lad fell into the Nile and drowned (2: Gibbon. Additionally, he founded the city of Antinoupolis at the site of the drowning.) The Taj Mahal, built as a mausoleum, is often given as an example of love-inspired grief; but can that compare to making your lover a god?

How sincere was the worship of these elected gods? The Romans were, if nothing else, an extremely pragmatic people. Except in the Provinces, they generally paid little but lip service to the deified rulers. In Rome itself, they were considered something of a bad joke. As an example, the cynical last words of the dying Vespasian (69-79 CE) were, "Dear me, I think I'm becoming a god." (4: ibid)

It was a great surprise to me to find out that Constantine the Great (308-337 CE), the first Christian Emperor, was also voted Godhood after his death (2: ibid.). It was an even bigger surprise to find out that he wasn't the only Christian emperor to receive this honour. Whatever religion the rest of the empire espoused, the Roman Senate remained devoutly pagan right up until the zealot Gratian (367-383 CE) forced them to accept Christ at swordpoint almost 50 years after the Empire was "Christianized." (2: ibid.)

The Romans were pragmatic and political-minded in almost every facet of life including the religious. The progression toward Senatorial election of Gods, therefore, seems to have been inevitable. The consequent debasing of the virtues of Paganism were a major factor in Paganism's decline, and another step towards the fall of the Roman Empire.

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Saying: I like to see folks get what money can buy--if it doesn't deprive them of things money can't buy.

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Publications from other folks (compiled by Lady Fauna)

Thesmophoria. 8 issues per year. $7-$10 USA, add $2 for first class, $13.25 foreign. Published by the Susan B. Anthony Coven, P. O. Box 11363, Oakland, CA 94611. Z Budapest, editrix. Four page flyer with articles, poetry, letters, announcements, contacts with focus on wimmin. Lammas issue contains, "Lammas Greetings," "More Notes From India," "The Berry Pickers" (poem), "The Kwan Yin Book of Changes."

Isian News. Quarterly. $7, $8.50 airmail. Published by Cesara Publications, Clonegal Castle, Enniscorthy, Eire. Approximately 20 pages, mostly news of member groups. The Lughnasadh issue (No. 37) caintains "Oracle of the Goddess Dana," "Mystical Awakening of Virgo and Dana," contacts, media contacts of members, book reviews, and announcements of interest to and about members.

The Unicorn. Frequency of publication and subscription rates not given. Published by the Rowan Tree, Box 8814, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408. Approximately ten pages. Letters; poetry; contacts, festivals, and goings on; articles; book reviews; and marvelous artwork. Lammas issue offers poetry, "Seeker's Tarot," "The I Ching," book reviews, "Notes From An Herbal," and other notes and letters of interest.

Also from the Rowan Tree, The Littlest Unicorn, a publication dedicated to "provide positive material to our children concerning topics related to Paganism." Lammas issue contains a story about the littlest unicorn, artwork, poetry, brief facts, "From A Child's Wish Book," "Leonard the Lizard," a meditation on hands, and a pencil maze.

Harvest. 8 issues per year. $10/year US and Canada, $16 elsewhere. P. O. Box 228, S. Framingham, MA 01701. Approximately 25 pages with artwork; news items; editorials; book reviews; articles; network; classifieds; festivals; ads. Lughnasad issue o-fers "About the Season," "The Study of Tai Chi," "Footsteps of the Sun," "The Magick of Music," "The Other Day."

Panegyria. Frequency of publication not given. $8/year. Publication of the Aquarian Tabernacle Church, P. O. Box 73, Index, Washington 98256. Articles, artwork, reader comments, "media monitor," book reviews, calendar, announcements. ATC is the sponsor of the Solitary Convention. Summer Solstice issue offers "Holiday Folklore," "Androgyny and the Craft," "On 'False' Names," "Inventing Witchcraft?" "Brian Hayden

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Publications from other folks (cont.)

is Right," "Tabernacle Connections?" "May Day Revisited," "Another Pagan Land Fund?" "Tolerance or the Trash Heap? The Pagan Process Reconsidered," and more. Approximately 15 pages (legal size).

Ockult Arkiv. I would like to tell you more about this publication, but I can't as it is completely in Swedish. Write: Box 3103, S-136 03 HANDEN, Sweden. Any translators out there?

The COG Newsletter. 8 issues/year. $13/year. Current publications officer is Dave Norman, P. O. Box 60451, Chicago, IL 60660. Sample copies $2 pp. Publication of Covenant of the Goddess. National COG news and events, local council news and events, applications, letters, articles, poetry, humor, rituals. "Membership in COG is open to established covens and individuals of all Goddess-supporting craft traditions." Articles in the Lammas issue include "The Alchemist as Jedi," "Pagan Scounting Awards," "A Wiccan Seminary."

Pagan Parents League Newsletter. Frequency of publication not given. Free. Write Pagan Parents League, P. O. Box 423P, Bay Shore, NY 11706. Articles, letters, "relevant education and entertainment," "single pagan parents." 6 pages. August issue contains an editorial by Belinda and "Pagan Parents."

Center for Shamanic Studies is offering a subscription/membership offer for their new publication, Shaman's Drum. Write Box 673, Belden Station, Norwalk, CT 06852.

Another new publication is Shadowplay. Quarterly. $8 Australia, $12 foreign, $15 airmail. They didn't send us a review copy, just a flyer. "...journal of Neo-paganism, Wicca, Magic, Divination, Art, Poetry, Celebration and Good Times..." P. O. Box 343, Petersham, NSW 2049, Australia.

Stormraven writes the following: "I am sending a copy of The Rune. It is the second issue of a publication that the Kansas City pagan community is starting. I hope that maybe you could review it and publish either this letter or the basic information on it. We are interested in finding subscribers anywhere in the US or abroad. A sample copy is $1, a year's subscription, $8." Frequency of publication not given. Midsummer issue contains "Runes and Rune Magick,"

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Publications from other folks (cont.)

"Discordian Notes," "Pagan Plaza Tour," "Editorial," "Healing Ritual," "Weather Lore," "Yarrow," "Sun Prints," "Agates," "Daphne and Apollo," more.

Magical Blend. $20/8 issues. Magical Blend, Magazine Dept., P. O. Box 11303, San Francisco, CA 94101. "The transformative journey... Magical Blend accepts the premises that society is presently undergoing a fundamental transformation. A new world view is being born and whether this birth is to be an easy or difficult one will depend largely upon the individual. It is our aim to chart the course this transformation is taking and to assist the individual to cope with and contribute to the birthing process. Since we believe people's thoughts determine their reality, our goal is to channel people's thoughts into positive, uplifting areas, and since we see creativity as being an important part of the process of building a better tomorrow, each issue contains articles on metaphysics, healing, ancient mysticism, human potentials, holistic health, interspecies communication as well as fantasy, comics, art and poetry. We endorse no one pathway to spiritual growth but attempt to explore many alternative possibilities to help transform the planet." Issue 10 contains: "A Ritual for Peace," "Perspective on New Age Music," "The Boy with Birds in His Hair," "Brian Eno," "Mime: A Silent Participation," "Principles of Homeopathy," "Your Relationship as a Course in Spiritual Growth," "The Red Spinach," "Crystal Tools," more. Glossy.

Nexus. Membership Newsletter. Write P. O. Box 532256, Grand Prairie, TX 75053.

Pagana. Frequency of publication not listed. $12/6 issues, $20/10 issues, etc. Foreign air mail, $15/6 issues. Published by the Pagan SIG (Special Interest Group) of MENSA. 20 pages. Lammas issue contains "Man is a part of Nature," "Which Witch is Which?" "Impolitely Correct," book reviews, art, happenings, announcements, "Sword Song," "The Back Fence" (one letter in Lammas' "Back Fence" column is helpful advice on locating herb seeds and plants), a glossary, and classifieds.

The Newaeon Newsletter. Caveat emptor--I have not seen a copy of this yet. Volumes I and II are out of print, Volume III Numbers 1-6 are $7.77 each, Volume 4 Numbers 1-6 are $6.66 and "subscribers to Vol. III are entitled to the 6

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Publications from other folks (cont.)

FREE Newaeon Encyclicals that appeared during the recent Period of Silence." Another footnote further explains that "Volume IV is currently being distributed as of the Vernal Equinox 1985 e.v." Also advertised: "The True I Ching Cards" $11.00 and "Liber CMXXI sub figura MCXXX being Parsifal: A Brief Initiated Interpretation and Explanation $23.00. An address for these folks was not given on the flyer... maybe the person who sent in the information will send us the address for the next issue.

This is not a complete list of pagan publications or publications of interest to a pagan audience. These are just the ones I've been collecting on my desk since dean last did reviews. Many thanks to those of you who have mentioned us with such kind words in your publications and who continue to strengthen Our networking capability by exchanging subscriptions with us.

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CONTACT

Thor in Connecticut writes: "I would very much like to start a Wiccan study group (or for that matter, join one) where I could, with the group, worship the Mother and her Horned Consort at the traditional times. My study thus far has been with a Welsh Grove in New York City. I would want to form or join such a group of Magickal minded folk on positive paths for the purpose of healing, mutual aid, festivals, and giving praise to our Lady." To contact Thor, address a letter to him, put a stamp on the envelope addressed to him, put that envelope in an envelope addressed to us. When we get it, we will remove the envelope addressed to Thor, put his address on it, and put it in the mail to him.

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Go to Bed! (UPI)

Britain's bed makers are warning parents against sending their children to bed early as a form of punishment. The National Bedding Federation says that creates the image of a bed as an unpleasant place and may damage the child's ability to enjoy sex as an adult. The bedding makers suggest parents of misbehaving children restrict television viewing time instead.

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Physics of Magick, Part V by Rik

If we consider Bohr's structure of the atom as essentially accurate, we have a situation where the atom is composed of a central nucleus surrounded by a series of concentric rings of electrons. These rings are called the electron shells and each shell will hold only a certain number of electrons. There are a number of shells but we will concern ourselves with the first three as the basic principles hold for all. The first shell is the 1s and holds only two electrons, the second shell is the 2s and also holds two electrons and the third shell is the p shell and holds six electrons.

The 1s shell MUST have two electrons before you can put anything into the 2s shell and both 1s and 2s must be full before anything can enter the p shell. If this is not done, the electron shells become unstable and begin to adjust their positions in order to achieve stability. This is done by absorbing energy and moving up to a higher shell or by giving up energy and dropping to a lowershell, depending on what is required.

If you add energy to an atom, you kick electrons up to a higher shell which then becomes unstable and eventually, the electron must give up energy and return to its stable state.

Although we cannot determine which electron will absorb energy nor can we determine when that electron will give up energy, we can give a statistical formula to determine how often they will break down. The formula is $e = 1/t^2$.

Thus, if you invest an object with psychic energy, a certain number of the molecules will absorb that energy by kicking their electrons into a higher shell (i.e., electrons from the 2s shell into the p shell and maybe 7 electrons in the p shell). As this is intolerable, the electrons will begin to release energy, quickly at first then more slowly as time goes on. Thus, a spell will give one great burst, then work slowly over time until it fades away.

If this is so, then it explains possession and hauntings. The dead person, upon his death, releases a great deal of energy. Some of this energy will be absorbed into the materials of the place where death occurred and will raise a percentage of electrons to a higher state. As these electrons give up this energy, they will drop to their more normal state and the released energy will give the manifestation

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Physics of Magick (cont.)

of the 'ghost.' If there is enough energy, a part of the prsons' soul may also be bound to the area to give consciousness, at least until enough energy is lost to achieve the static threshold at which time the manifestations cease until something adds enough energy to allow another manifestation.

In cases where there is a charged object (talisman, house, etc.) that you want cleaned, there are two good ways to go about this. The first is to ground out the object. You do this by placing it upon freshly turned earth to allow the electrons something to give their energy to. To burn the energy out, you expose the object to adequate energy such as fire or bright sunlight. This will add enough 'clean' energy to the object to excite the electrons and force them to an even higher state. This will make them more unstable and they will give up their energy far more quickly and cleanse themselves.

So, to sum this section, enchantment and possession may be related to energy absorption of the local area and can be released by grounding or adding more energy to force the electrons to a normal state and thereby give up the energy that they absorbed. There doesn't appear to be any coorelation between electron valence or conductivity and the acceptance of energy.

One of the first things that an aspiring magickian or witch learns are the Laws of Magick. These Laws are rules that help us to utilize the power in a more efficient manner and are based upon thousands of years of study in widely varying cultures. Generally, if people A on Borneo feel that an object belonging to a target person is necessary for magick, and people B in America and people C in Argentina also feel the same, there are two conclusions. The first is the Diffusionist theory which states that someone in Mesopotamia developed that idea and then it spread to all the world. (This theory gives the impression that creativity is a non-renewable resource and if the person who discovered fire burned himself to death before he could tell anyone of his discovery, then fire could not ever be discovered again.) The second theory is that there are ideas that are so self-evident and true that they will be discovered as often as necessary even by peoples that have no contact. (The modern ideas are that Ideas are discovered independently and then spread by diffusion to other cultures. This is why both Witches and Jewish magickians use the Magick Circle (independant

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Physics of Magick (cont.) by Rik

discovery) but both also may use the same specific god-names (diffusion)). Thus, if we discover the same rules of magick used by many widely separated cultures, we can assume that they are true physical laws, especially if they appear to work. In this section I will attempt to state some of these laws, their mathematical formulae and their relation to Wicca. I refer the reader to Bonewitz's Real Magic for further data.

LEGEND*****

= equals--what is on both sides of this sign are the same
> greater than--the left number is larger than the right number
< less than--the left number is smaller than the right number
oc proportional to--if you increase or reduce the left number, you have to do the same to the right number.
⇒ yields--whatever happens on the left will produce the statement on the right. Not necessarily equal.
X_a a variable relating to X; i.e., X_a means the lifetime of X.
X^a X multiplied by X the number of times described.
m mass, usually expressed in grams
c the speed of light, possibly a constant, 3×10^3 cm/sec.
E energy or spell
d distance travelled
t time that occurs
N number, a variable that depends on the situation. i.e., N referring to a Coven means the number of people in that Coven.
X unknown variable
G a group or working couple or Coven
P Priest or Priestess or Magickian
☽ God or Goddess
Ψ psychic energy, equivalent to E
I individual Witch or magickian
S spell or energy
R relationship or correspondence
X_p perfect as in a perfectly matched working couple
X_i imperfect as in a couple who argue a lot, thus affecting their work
X_l lifetime or the time a spell will operate, also duration. In a ghost, the half-life is about 350 years.
X_r return or the force sent out will return to the sender
X_f faith, the confidence that the witch has in this situation
X_s simplicity.

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The Physics of Magick (cont.) by Rik

The following formulae have been found to work and are simple to use and understand.

$E=mc^2$ The energy needed to manifest something in a material manner is equal to the mass of the object in grams multiplied by the number of the speed of light in centimeters times itself. c^2 is $9x10^6$ or 9,000,000. An idea is that if you turn a 160 pound man into an 8 ounce frog, the remaining 169 1/2 pounds will be converted to energy which is enough to turn your home town into another Hiroshima.

I_ℓ N I_ℓ The power of a God depends on the power of his followers multiplied by each other and multiplied by their faith. This means that the more worshippers a god has, the stronger that god will become depending on how strong his followers are and how strong their faith. Note: crazy people seem to have a lot of power.

P The power of a God is dependent on the strength of the priests who serve him. In the old days, a priest was removed from office as he aged to prevent the god from losing power.

$E=\frac{1}{d^2}$ The energy received by the target will be reduced by the square of the distance. The farther away you are, the less power that object will receive. See Part II for a better explanation.

$E_s \propto S_\ell R^n$ or $E_x \propto N \frac{I}{R_s}$ The effort and success of a spell is dependent on the simplicity of that spell times the number of correspondences used. This is also called the KISS principle. Keep It Simple Stupid.

$E \Rightarrow 3E_r$ The energy of a spell will rebound with three times the force. Also called the Three-fold Law.

$G_p > IN$ The power of a Coven is greater than the powers of the individual members added together.

$G_i < IN$ The power of a Coven that doesn't work in harmony is less than that of the members added together.

$E=\frac{1}{t^2}$ The energy of a spell will fade away with the square of the time it exists. This is called the half-life and applies to almost anything from radioactivity

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The Physics of Magick (cont.) by Rik

to ghosts. The half-life of some of the heavier radioactive elements such as Lawrenceium is a fraction of a second while the half-life of a ghost is 350 years.

$E_x \propto I_e I_f N$ The success of a spell is dependent upon the strength of the individual witches involved times the faith they have in themselves times the number of witches involved.

$E_x > E_{xa}$ Where x is a protective spell and xa is an attacking spell. The defense is always greater than the attack if the amount of energy is similar. Or a relatively weak defense will ward off a relatively strong attack.

You may have noticed that these laws I mentioned are not the same ones taught to you as a novice witch. The reason is that I've tried to give you something new to think about. Feel free to add to this basic data and to make corrections whenever you see a flaw.

Next month: Conclusion to Rik's article, The Physics of Magick.

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Also next month:

"Time and the Tarot"
Musings of the Crone, Companion Article to "The Law of an Anarchist"
"Can you Say...?"
"Of Witch Law and the Tarot"
"Saturn"
"The Art and the Artist"

and more. But that's all for this month.

Blessed Be,

dean, Lady Fauna, and the Georgians