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

In this issue...

Byte of the RAMpire by Blacksun. 2
Of Death and the Tarot by Tarostar 5
Physics of Magick, Part II, Appendix A by Rik. 6
Your Marriage Service from Catherine and Kent. 9
Pluto by Tiffany St. Moonstar. 11
Words, and Other Useless Things (like deeds) or
Reclaiming The Present by Scarecrow and Moondancer . . . 12
Gentle Breeze of Mariah. 14
From Stevie. 18
From Jae 18
From Moonchild 19
From Rik 20
From Rayna, Traci, and Logan 23
From COTOR 25
From Shadowhawk. 26
From Albion. 27
From Grove of the Unicorn. 28
Notes and Publications compiled by Lady Fauna. 33

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Bakersfield--Yes, we're late. Our sexatary took off to get a college education and didn't reappear until the day after finals. Elizabeth and Delana came over one Saturday and helped us clean up the yard and the house. It sure is nice to have the extra help... and the yard looks so much nicer for their efforts. Delana and family joined us for turkey and fixins on Thanksgiving. Dumpling raids the trash can every night... isn't puppyhood wonderful? Sirius is happy to have a playmate and so is Oedipus; the other girls are rather indifferent to our latest addition.

Subscription rates effective January 1, 1986 will be $8 U.S., $16 foreign surface, $32 foreign air mail. From now until then which ain't long, we will accept two-year or one-year subscription renewals at the current rate of $6/year ($12 foreign surface, $24 foreign air). Ad rates will remain the same--$36 for a full page, $20 for 1/2 page, $14 for anything less than 1/2 page. Ads must be camera ready.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

One other item of Bakersfield news--Lady Adrienne is pleased to announce the establishment of a Covenstead in Bakersfield, Coven of the Bow.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Byte of the RAMpire from Blacksun

There is a strange and powerful change that sweeps over any and all who dare to enter the world of home computer use. First there is only the small spark of pride that gives the user a sly smile every time they pass an ordinary typewriter. Then, slowly but surely, they begin to extol the virtues of the great god Word Processing, and his subordinate spirits, WordStar, Perfect Word, PCWrite, Perfect Writer, etc. These spirits of the CRT pantheon are called forth by priests and priestesses of the Autoexec. Late into the night they can be heard screaming their terrible Dot Commands and crying out for more RAM (obviously some kind of sex cult thing).

I know; I've been to these rites. I was a captive of one of these crazed groups. I was driven mad by the horrible blinking Cursor and was subjected to all kinds of unspeakable error messages.

But I have Escaped! Oh, my borhters and sisters. And I have come here to tell you the terrors and dangerous pitfalls that lay in wait for any who think themselves so bold or clever that they can enter the domain of that function-key-riddled world and still remain themselves. Hear my words and heed them well, for I have seen the face of the CRT and it is called Mo~No-Chrome. And it shall take you in with pretty words like High Resolution (does your high really need resolving?) and User Friendly (no wonder they need to resolve their highs, with all those Users--they even have User Clubs!)

And, of course, that is only the very tip of the iceberg. Soon they will be trying to sell you unholy amulets called Floppies, and protective items like Surge Protectors and Screen Filters! But the worst evil of them all is learned in Programming School. These are for the True Believers who have shown themselves most vunerable to the promise of being a Power User. I have sneaked into the shadowy rooms, illuminated by CRT screens and heard the strange language incantations muttered by these lost souls. They all looked pale and sick in the green and amber glow of their own individual altars. Most have the unmistakable glassy-eyed look of a Hacker if they have been there for any length of time. I knew that I was doomed if I kept up with my nightly rituals of Data Entry and Interactive Tutorial Interfacing.

I knew I had to escape, but the question I had to answer was the same that is on your lips right now: How? And I will share it with you here and now before any more fall into the accursed ways of the casual bulletin board user. Oh, sure,

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Byte of the RAMpire (cont.) by Blacksun

you think you are safe. You wouldn't be lost. But I tell you, my friends, that just as surely as Word Wrap comes before Right Margin Justify, you CAN wake up down that string of commands and find yourself in a dreaded Infinite Loop with no way out. I was lucky; I found a way out. Perhaps they thought I would not notice, or maybe that I wouldn't dare to use it. But I did, and I must share the knowledge I was almost too far gone to use: SAVE and EXIT! Yes, my friends, I was SAVED and I EXITED!

Now I know that many of you find it difficult to believe that such a simple thing could break the heavy bonds that I found myself in. And I must admit that it seems unlikely to me, too, even though I am able to stand here and tell you about it. But let me tell you, brothers and sisters, it really IS that easy! Yes sir-ee, all you gotta do is have faith in that little button that says "SAVE." Just a little faith! Hit that little button, my friends. Just touch it once and have faith and all your data, all your spreadsheets, all of the multitude of words that have been spreading their way across that screen WILL BE SAVED!

Now I know that this may come as a shock to some of you, but there are literally millions of lost souls out there who want to get out and away from their keyboards. Yes, I said millions. But they just don't know how. And it's not their fault, friends. It's not their fault at all. They just have never heard the Word. They sit there day and night, chained by their ignorance to those infernal machines, trying to find files, undelete data, and convert everything to hexidecimal, when what they really need is to get out into the sunshine. They need to EXIT. They can't, brothers and sisters. They can't UNLESS they can be SAVED. And they can't be saved, my friends, unless we help them.

That's why I'm here tongiht, my friends. I'm here to ask for your help. I'm here to ask for your pity for these poor unfortunate people. I'm here to ask for you to give these desparate creatures a chance to pull away from their false ways and join us. But this is no easy thing. It will take a lot of work. And it will take a lot of money!

So I want you to dig down deep into those pockets and give with all of your heart. Remember that there but for fortune... and now it's going to take a fortune. So don't be selfish. Just give--give until it feels good. Send your checks today. Send your cash, your spare change, your credit cards. Send

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Byte of the RAMpire (cont.) by Blacksun

your Mother-in-law! We don't care what you send as long as we can convert it into cash. Tell your neighbors to send us some money, too. Tell the milkman. Tell the mailman. Tell him to send all of the checks from Social Security to us! We'll make good use of them. Tell the kids to send in their lunch money. Tell your cat to go hungry, you've spent the money on victims of the RAMpire!

But do it now, brothers and sisters. Do it before you think about it. We'll only be at this address a little while longer. We have to move around a lot. But if we don't meet again, remember that YOU can tell the world that YOU had a part in freeing millions from the terrible RAMpire. You'll know just how much that means to them by the look on their faces. And we are sure that you will remember the day you gave all your money to this worthy cause.

The preceeding was brought to you in pleace of Blacksun's usual "Power behind the Crone" series. He is busy with his new computer and will be back next month with an article about his strange discovery: D.O.S. (Disk of Shadows).

Ed note (LF): I think I'll just Gold/File, thank you.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

A first-grade boy ran up to the playground monitor and said, "Teacher, did you see a little girl with a short skirt and makeup on? She's been chasing me and bothering me and won't leave me alone... and I can't find her anywhere."

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Hodja's fable about the farmer and the hen.

The seer, it seems, once noticed a parrot on sale in the market place for 100 gold pieces and asked why such a small bird was valued so highly.

"He talks," said the owner.

So Hodja rushed home, took his favorite hen from its roost, ran back to the market place, and put it on sale for 200 gold pieces. "Why twice as much gold for an ordinary, silent hen?" the parrot-seller asked.

"She doesn't talk," said Hodja. "She thinks."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Of Death and The Tarot by Tarostar

Why is it most novices and most Querents in the Tarot fear the Death Card? As a reader, but by no means an expert, or authority, in the academic sense, on the Tarot, I have seen the Death Card cause squeals of panic from Querents when it falls out into a spread. They become horror-striken when they see a smile on my face over it when I begin to read it. Often it is the only ray of hope in the entire spread. Tarot Cards do not mean everything they say as to their symbols.

It is not the Death Figure cutting down Kings, Ecclesiasts, Barons, Merchants, and Peasants, but the white rose of hope which blooms after his path that is the main symbol to read. Death, in the Tarot, means the ending of a phase of life experience, a drastic change from the norm, an omen that many things in life have reached their conclusion and are to be passed into re-cycling for bigger and better experience. It by no means portends physical death. Reversed, it shows a needed change that will not come about.

If the Death Card does not mean physical death, what then is the omen of the passing the Veil? Surely systems of Divination as intuitive as the Tarot would not leave that unsaid. Actually, the omen of Death is the two most unlikely cards one might imagine. The upright Judgement and the upright World as the last two cards in the spread, in that order. How would that combination be read? Life has been assessed and evaluated and judgement has been passed. Move ahead into the cycles of Time and Space to higher levels of Being. The Cosmic calls and will not wait. The Mother beckons from the other side. The dutiful Child obeys. All this may sound cryptic, but it must be so. I have had this come up only once in the many years I have been reading Tarot. It was to a grand old Lady of 79. An expression of peace and thankfulness swept over her face at the reading and gratitude sublime shown forth from her inner depths. She went to meet the Mother in full confidence of love and peace. The Cycle was complete. It must be couched in cryptic speech and the Querent allowed to pick up on it him/herself. If he/she does not, allow it to pass unmarked and nothing further said. The Cosmic will manifest in its own way. One thing the Reader must not do is call direct attention to the fact of death. It is not up to the REader to announce absolutely that death is pending. However, it should not be glossed over and ignored.

As a Reader, as one who is asked to delve the mists of Time, one has a responsibility to speak out that which is seen, but

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Of Death and the Tarot (cont.) by Tarostar

not use the prognostication to sadistically cause pain, fear or panic. I had no way of knowing the old lady wanted death and was looking for a sign. It was her hope to pass the veil. Others may not be ready to make the transition and reel in shock from a blunt indication. The Reader must be sensitive as to how the revelation will be taken. Couch the words accordingly, but do not hide the meaning if asked to explain further. Then the death omen of the Tarot can be handled and accepted as it was meant by the Wise Ones of Old.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Physics of Magick, Part II, Appendix A by Rik

Dean, you are half right about the math for the $E=1/d^2$ formula. I find that the exact same formula occurs for time in that $E=1/t^2$, and NOT $E=d/c$ as you mentioned. If you want to take your calculations on page 26, June GNL, and change mile to feet or kilometer or light year, the numbers still fit. E is still $1/2^2$ then $1/3^2$ then $1/4^2$ etc. The question then becomes... how far is d and how long is t? I read your comments while at work and began to consider the half-distance and half-life of the magick while driving in 100 degree heat with my window down and the a/c on low (see prior article on torture/binding and scourging as a path to enlightenment) and I think that I have the answer. Again, I remind you that I am not a mathematician or a physicist but a social scientist so my math may be a bit rusty.

Consider the ideal situation where the Full Moon occurs on January 1. In this case, the new moon would be on January 14 and the next full moon would be on January 28, new moon on February 11 and so on, each phase occurring 14 days later. Thus as magick is done during a phase that is 'symbolic' of that need (banishing illness or people during the waning or full to new phase and attraction of wealth or health during the waxing phase) I would assume that the half-life of a spell is equal to the phase of the Moon or two weeks. Thus in an ideal situation where a small perfectly balanced Coven does a healing spell for cancer on January first and raises 1000 watts (I like to divide even numbers), on January 14 you will have 50% energy left or 500 watts. Two weeks later on January 28, you will have 25% left or 250 watts and on February 11, you will have about 11 or 12% left or 125 watts. I tend to halve the power each time I add a distance so I would say 12 1/2% but 11.1% is more accurate.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Physics of Magick (cont.) by Rik

A problem occurs here in that very few covens meet on the exact Full Moon. I know mine rarely does. So, suppose that January 1 is on a Monday and due to conflicting work schedules, the coven meets on Saturdays. Thus, the time from the meeting to the next phase in this case would be only 8 days so the half-life or 't' in this case would be not 14 days but 8 days. So 1000 watts on the day of working (January 8) drops to 50% or 500 watts eight days later on 14 Jan, then to 25% or 250 watts on 22 January and then to 11% or 125 watts on 30 Jan. As you can see, the power drops off far more quickly because of the shorter half-life. Addendum A: I'm working on a theory on the differences of energy flows between violent emotions such as anger and lust vs. gentle emotions like desire and love. Some sticky math here that may alter above formula. So in conclusion to this, the formula $E=1/t^2$ holds but t must equal the time remaining in that particular lunar phase.

So, what is d? How do we decide on the half-distance? Again, under ideal situations of no static (see page 24, June GNL), the ancients made the one league rule. This states that no two covens can meet within one league of each other and so, one league is the area of the Covendom. In the British Isles, one league is about three miles. If the reason for this was to prevent static and energy from one Coven from interfering with the magick of another coven, we can use this to calculate the half-distance of the spell. If d is one mile, then 100% power at origin or covenstead drops to 50% at one mile and then 25% at 2 miles and 11.1% at 3 miles or the next covenstead. Still a lot of power! How about d=1/2 mile then at 1 mile you have 50% power, 25% at 1 1/2 miles and 11/1% at 2 miles, 6.25% at 2 1/2 miles and 4% at 3 miles. I can live with a 4% power interference. After all, we aren't trying to do laser surgery here, just cure cancer. So I am going to assume that d is about 1/2 mile.

Since the GNL doesn't publish graphs (see me if you want one), I am including a chart of the power drop for various random times and distances. If you want to understand this more fully, draw a graph with E or energy on the vertical or up part and d or t on the horizontal or lower part. You will have a curve that drops off sharply at first then begins to level out at a lower power and never reaches zero. As you can see, in one month the power left, if done on the Full Moon, is still 25%, but if done a week later is less than 10% and if done just before the new moon is almost non-existent. The lesson here is to try to do your magick as close to the proper moon phase

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Physics of Magick (cont.) by Rik

ENERGY	D. 1/2 mile	14 days	10 days	8 days	5 days	3 days	1 day
100%	origin	... time of spell or when you do it....					
50%	1/2 mile	14 days	10 days	8 days	5 days	3 days	1 day
25%	1 mile	28 d	20 d	16 d	10 d	6 d	2 d
11.1%	1 1/2 mile	42 d	30 d	24 d	15 d	9 d	3 d
6.25%	2 miles	56 d	40 d	32 d	20 d	12 d	4 d
4%	2 1/2 miles	70 d	50 d	40 d	25 d	15 d	5 d
2.7%	3 miles	84 d	60 d	48 d	30 d	18 d	6 d
2.04%	3 1/2 miles	98 d	70 d	56 d	35 d	21 d	7 d
1.5%	4 miles	112 d	80 d	64 d	40 d	24 d	8 d
1.2%	4 1/2 miles	126 d	90 d	72 d	45 d	27 d	9 d
1%	5 miles	140 d	100 d	80 d	50 d	30 d	10 d

as is possible then repeat it later to strengthen the spell. For example, if you receive a request for help and you can only do the spell 14 days after the Full Moon, repeat the spell a few days later and again on the next Full Moon. NOTE: If the spell should be done during the waning moon, repeat it as close to the new moon as possible. Also try to get as close to your target as is possible. Either bring him/her into the Circle or have a real good object link handy such as a poppet with hair, blood, or dirty clothing. The poppet is, in effect, the target and will ensure that the target receives 100% power distance and time-wise.

Also, since many of us practice inside the city, it is advisable to work after everyone has gone to sleep. This will reduce the electrical power flowing through the power lines outside your home and thus, reduce static (see further parts to this article for rexplanation of static levels) since few people watch TV, use their blender or microwave while asleep.

Comments, criticisms and attacks will be cheerfully accepted but curses will be returned postage due. Blessed Be.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Without using a pencil, and using only your brain, see if you can get the right answer: Short lions eat more than short tigers. Long lions eat more than short lions. Long lions eat less than long tigers. Which eat least?

Answer: Short tigers.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Your Marriage Service from Catherine and Kent

Relatives and Friends, my name is (name of celebrant).

On behalf of (bride) and (groom) and their families, I welcome you to witness their marriage and to share their happiness on this day.

Before you are joined in marriage in my presence and in the presence of these witnesses, I am to remind you of the solemn and binding nature of the relationship into which you are now about to enter.

Marriage is the intimate sharing of two lives, a sharing that should not diminish, but enhance the individuality of each partner. A marriage that lasts is one which is continually developing, and in which each person is individually developing, while growing in understanding of the other. Thus it is possible to share not only the joys and successes, but also the burden of sorrows and failure.

We are here today to celebrate the love that (bride) and (groom) have for each other, and to give social recognition to their decision to accept each other totally and to share their lives.

Celebrant to parents: Will you, their parents, grant them your blessings and pledge them your love and acceptance?

Parents: We will.

Celebrant to Bride's Father: Mr. _____, will you give your daughter to the care of (groom)?

Father: I will.

Celebrant: Into this state of marriage (bride) and (groom) come now to be united.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Your Marriage Service (cont.) from Catherine and Kent

Give your hearts but not into each other's keeping
For only the hand of life can contain your hearts.
And stand together yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Groom: I want to live with you just as you are. I choose you above all others to share my life with me. I want to love you for yourself in the hope that you will become all that you can be. I promise to honour this pledge as long as life and faith endure.

Bride: I want to live with you... etc.

Groom: With this ring I take you as my wife. I pledge to share my life openly with you, to speak the truth to you in love. I promise to respect and tenderly care for you; to cherish and encourage your own fulfillment as an individual through all the changes of our lives.

Bride: With this ring... etc.

Celebrant: In making public this bond uniting (bride) and (groom) I now declare you to be husband and wife. May you both retain the strength you need to keep the promises you have made. May your home bring joy to your family and friends. You may now kiss your bride!

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

When Alonzo Stagg was one of the country's outstanding football coaches, he kept substitutes on the bench constantly alert by suddenly popping questions at them while a game was in progress. One afternoon he turned to a forth-string sub who had played the role of human tackling dummy in practice all season, but had failed to get into a single game, and demanded: "You, Cartmell! What would you do if we had possession of the ball, one minute to play, the score nothing to nothing, and we had only four yards to go for a touchdown?"

"Well, coach," stammered the substitute, "I'd slide down to the end of the bench so I could see better."

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

We have two ears but only one tongue.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Pluto from The Planets by Tiffany St. Moonstar

Dark and ponderous and heavy is the air I breathe, black is my world and none of the living may enter my realm. There is no light within me, yet there is also no dark. But these are not valid considerations in my world. I am Pluto.

My world is fermentation and decay, contamination and infection, destruction, disintegration and elimination. I am everything putrid and foul. For I am the halfway house of the dying, dead, and living dead. In my vast necropolis the air is cloying, the sights beyond memories madness. I am the universe's vessel of sacred degeneration and decay.

I am gangrene in a wound, the rotting cancer in an organ, the sickness and pestilence that ravages the Lands of the Lost, the place of No Cure. And these lepers, refugees from Death, I and I alone take into my home, and give shelter--SANCTUARY. The Plague, Polio, Rheumatic Fever, TB, Cancer, Muscular Dystrophy, Syphilus... these are some of my children.

But listen well, for within all the blackness of torment I am also the cleanser, the regenerator, the healer. I make life from the land of dispair, I give hope to the nights of endless nightmare, I give sight to those beyond darkness, but not yet within the light. I cleanse the putresence, I absorb the sickness and the pain and the horrors without end. I am the lord of rot but I am also the catalyst for rebirth and new life. Where my brother Saturn merely takes, I cannibalize to create new life from the waste of what was and what will never be again. But I'm not a total despot, I have many children among the People to aid me... Salk, Barnard, Louis Braille, Linus Pauling, Pasteur, Marie and Paul Curie, these are but a few of my priests.

For my portals are strong and my waters are deep--it takes a great ship to cross them. And those that would be of my fleet must be those who will not flinch, fear or despise--they must be lovers with the very thing that they loathe, that they seek to destroy. For the secret of life is death, and the secret of death is rebirth. Thus my priests must make offering to dark gods at dead altars to manifest the preciousness of life. From dust comes the spark and they must see this above all things. In the solid, silent metalic taste of thunder I am present, I, Pluto, and I will be there to guide my sacred warriors home.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Saying: Every great thinker started as an amateur....

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Words, and Other Useless Things (like Deeds), or Reclaiming The Present by Scarecrow and Moondancer

In the literature on the Pagans of Older Times (pre-Christian Europe), one is often struck by the many references to sacred sites, such as rivers, wells, lakes, groves, etc. Yet, in the American regions, those of the Craft and Neo-Pagans of today have few, if any, such sites available to them. Many persons lament this but do nothing to correct the problem. Others say, "Well, there are Indian sites all over, why not use them?"

While this may seem to be a reasonable solution, one needs to look at it from the other's view: it's their sacred site. Do you know why it is sacred to them? Do they have objections to your usage of it? Many of the Amer-Indians that we have spoken with have extreme objections to those "not of the People" using their sacred sites--or, for that matter, borrowing their forms of ritual and worship. One person told us of a time when he had gone to the Mission Church (Catholic) and attended Mass. He returned a year later to observe the Priest now using a greaswood branch for an asperger and a wooden bowl to contain the Holy Water. He feared that next year they would be burning copal and sage for their incense and an Eagle Feather to fan it with--and was quite upset with the mere thought of "Anglos" further desecrating their Holy Grounds and rites.

As an alternative to using another religion's sacred spaces (Goddess knows we had enough of our shirnes taken over by others), may we suggest consecrating places sacred to our faith, and further recommend February, in particular Brigidh/ Candlemas as "Stake out a Sacred Space" month, and offer the following as an example of how a body of water could be consecrated.

Several weeks prior to the actual ritual, each person shall procure a rock, handful of sand, plant or container of water from the area. These shall be placed on the home altar, and ritually prepared and charged in whatever fashion is appropriate to the group. These items will be returned to the area during the rite. The actual site selected should be chosen after careful divination and meditation, considering the site's suitability to the group, and the group's suitability to the site. Common sense doesn't hurt, either!

The group shall assemble, and at sundown, cast the circle, without the use of either fire or iron. No iron or steel or fire should be allowed in or near the ritual area.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

...Reclaiming the Present (cont.) by Scarecrow and Moondancer

Each participant shall be purified and blessed by earth and air, and then by water. The water used in this rite should be a good non-carbonated mineral water--Evian or non-carbonated Perrier are acceptable, but if there is time and opportunity, water from another sacred site would be even better. The Gods are invoked, and Guardians are called to the site. The Blessing water should be placed in a bowl or cup.
HPs says: In times past, the people assembled at the waters, in those places where the spirits of the waters did commune with our ancestors, and with the spirits of wood and wind. But many of our people forgot the old spirits who laughed and played in the woods and waters; and forsook them for a distant god, who would chastise with fire and brimstone. A grey cloud fell over our people, and they moved to a distant land, lonely and orphaned.
And, if they remembered the spirits, it was most often as evil and hauntings, and things to be feared.

The Priest continues: But we have not forgotten our kindred of wave and wood, and we remember them as helpers and guides and guardians.
And, as the Mother once blessed us with her springs, streams, and saplings, so do we return a blessing to this place, so that the land may live and prosper.

All dance down to the water, or around the grove, chanting and singing, calling the Elemental Spirits to the site, holding their rock, sand, etc. as they go, raising the Power. Once the Priestess feels sufficient Power has been raised, circle again at the water's edge (or center of the wood).

All build a small cairn of their stones, sand, etc., while the Priest evokes the Guardian of the Site, using words the group has chosen for that purpose. They should address why the site is now sacred, the name of the Guardian (which may be the actual name used, or one chosen by the group) and the Priestess pours out the blessing over the shrine. The Circle is released, and conclude the rite with a party and a picnic, leaving an appropriate food offering for the spirits and animals. Return often.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Never one thing and seldom one person can make for a success. It takes a number of them merging into one perfect whole.--
Marie Dressler

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Gentle Breeze of Mariah

I will share with you how we can start out showing our child life in the animal kingdom, and how nature can seem cruel when it is solving problems. Also what our eyes saw, and how we got emotionally involved with abortion.

I have never had an abortion. I had the child I wanted and then stopped the process of childbearing so I would never have to face this problem in life. I did not ever want to fact this part of life.

What I will tell you will upset all of you cause we are all nature lovers of all the little critters on earth. It bothered me more than I can ever express. I could not sleep, thinking about what had happened.

As a mother, my job is to teach my son about life and life can be cruel at times. I wanted to show my son about life but faced death. All mothers in the animal kingdom on earth will do things that they normally would not do when they are faced with great stress.

I do not need anyone telling me I did it all wrong because I have been punished with my own conscience and we all know that is the strongest punishment we can receive. I did not expect this to happen, but it did.

I was trying to show how the animal kingdom will live as a happy caring family. He would see how the mother mouse and father mouse would work together and raise a family together. He would see the father caring for the children when the mother needed a rest. He would see how the father would sit on the babies to keep them warm, the same way the mother would sit on them to keep them warm.

I bought two white mice, male and female. I made them a small world of wood shavings and water and food. I told my son that this is their world and think of it as his earth as he watches the world of mice. I thol him that we are animals also, and all animals on earth will handle problems in the same way sometimes.

He waw the male and female playing and enjoying life and each other. He said that they love each other and they care for each other. Next he saw the female was going to have babies and watched as they both made a special nest for the babies. When the babies came he counted the babies and was pleased that they had eight babies. In a way they were his

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Gentle Breeze of Mariah (cont.)

babies also. The mother would keep the babies warm and then the father would keep the babies warm when the mother was eating and running around. Before the babies were weaned, the mother was going to have more babies. My son thought it was great!

The mother had seven more babies! He saw the father sitting on the older babies at one end of their world and the mother was sitting on the new babies at the other end of the world. The father started to feed the older mice with little bits of food. The mother was at the other end of the cage (world), sitting on the babies to keep them warm and feeding them. The father no longer helped the mother because he was helping the older mice. The mother no longer helped the older mice because she was too busy with the younger mice. He saw that the mother and father were not working together any more.

One day my son saw that the mother was going to have more babies. This time it was not exciting that she was going to have babies. He asked who was going to sit on them and keep them warm?

Every day he watched the mice world to see what was going to happen. Then he noticed the mother was not making a nest for the new babies. He said that the babies would be here any day and she had not made a new nest. How come? I told him that the mother will go with her instinct, and to try to understand what she was going through. I asked him what he would do if her were the mother mouse? He looked at the small world and said, "I don't know."

One morning he woke up and saw that she was not pregnant any more but there were no babies. He looked closer and saw that she was feeling sick or sad. I had to tell him that she ate the new babies. The look in his eyes was of bewilderment and questions of why. He said, "How could she change into a bad mother mouse?"

I told him that this is the cruel part of life. And the mother mouse is grieving for the babies that she had to eat to save the mice that were already here. I told him she knew that she could not take care of all the babies because she would not have enough milk for all the babies. He saw that she no longer cared for the mice in the same way that she had always cared for them before. He saw that she was still grieving for the babies she ate.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Gentle Breeze of Mariah (cont.)

"She is not a happy mother mouse anymore," he said, "why don't we take her to the vet and get her an operation that you had so she will not have to go through that any more." He said that she should never have to go through that again, because she is a loving mother to do such a thing to save the ones that were already here. And let the mother mouse and daddy mouse raise their babies and have a happy world again.

I told him that the vet would not give the mouse that operation, but we would help them with their world. So we took them to the pet store and told the man what was happening. He said that he would give them a new world that would be happier. He put some babies in the cage of another mother mouse that had just lost her young. The pet store man put our mother mouse and daddy mouse together with the younger mice. But my son said that she needed to be alone and rest, and he did not want to have her having babies any more. She had already done her part to keep the world of mice going, let her grow old, and rest her heart of pain.

I told him that a mother would go through pains of the heart for her children and they would walk through hell of the heart for their young. Love is the strongest force on earth. To others looking on it can seem cruel but that is how nature will solve problems. The mother mouse had to eat her young because if she did not do that everyone might of died from hunger or hardship. Her intuition told her this, animals will listen to their intuition. To the mouse, this was part of life. One good thing about the mother mouse--she did not have to listen to other mice tell her she is evil or a bad mother mouse. Only human mothers have to go through this added pain from others that do not understand the animal world, which we are part of. Then I told him to look at the plant world and he will get the answer on abortion also.

The farmer will plant fruit trees and care for the trees like they are living things. When the tree gets too many fruit (children) on the tree, first he will put supports under the branches to help the tree. Then when the fruit gets bigger and starts to put too much pressure on the mother tree to hold all the fruit on the tree, he will remove (abort) some of the fruit to save some of the fruit. When this happens, the tree goes into a type of shock. At all times he will do everything to help the mother tree.

If the fruit gets a problem that can risk the life of the mother tree, the farmer will remove all the fruit from the mother

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Gentle Breeze of Mariah (cont.)

tree. At all times the mother tree is the most important. Then the farmer will help the mother tree get stronger and the next season he will let the mother tree have more fruit (children).

The main goal is to have a healthy mother tree and fruit (children). To the farmer he will suffer over the loss of the fruit. The tree will miss the life that was plucked from her arms.

Now he understands why a mother will do the things that she would normally not do. So now he feels that a mother has to have an abortion sometimes. He saw that the mother suffered greatly by this action and it did not matter if it was from the plant world or the animal world.

Ed note (LF): Before anyone even thinks it, I do not believe Mariah is advocating baby-eating in any way, shape, or form for human varieties of the animal. It ain't the choice for us now. What the ultimate human answer is none of us really know. As long as there are a variety of choices, hopefully it will remain an individual, or couple's, decision based on what they think is best for them.... It doesn't, however, include cannibalism, as I am sure Mariah would most heartily agree.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

A wise man pasted this in this hat to serve as a reminder: "Any man can spoil himself for himself. He can allow himself to grow so sensitive that he lives in constant pain. He can nurse his grudges until they are an intolerable burden. He can think himself insulted until he is apt to be. He can believe the world's against him until it is. He can imagine troubles until they are real. He can insult his friends until they are no longer friends. He can think himself so important that no one else enjoys his friendship. He can become so wrapped up in himself that he becomes very small."

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

The little man was pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big supermarket. "Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved. "Gangway," he shouted. A few men stepped aside. He ruefully surveyed the situation, thought a minute, and shouted: "Watch your nylons." The women scattered.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Stevie

Hope this letter find s you all well. I thought you might like this schedule of the L.A. Tree People's winter schedule. They are a great group of people who have done a lot toward making L.A. green and raising the public's consciousness on the necessity of living in harmony with our environment. If anyone in the Pagan community wants to get a little more involved in a service organization, the Tree People would be a good choice--either openly as a Pagan or just as a concerned citizen.

Eye on L.A. did a 15 minute segment on Paganism on 10/30/85. They interviewed Selena Fox among others. It was a little sensationalistic, but basically positive. If you know anyone that would like a copy of this show or the film The Wicker Man have them send me a VHS tape and a SASE and I will dub them a copy free of charge. Keep up the good work.

Stevie: I have misplaced the schedule and your address. Could you please send another? Thanks, LF.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

From Jae (Judy) in Santa Ana

I'm feeling a little better. I'm weak and tired. Its hard to read or write. Yesterday it rained very hard and the wind was very strong. Across the street there is a park with beautiful, old, wise trees. I have a cactus garden doing great! Didn't plant my herb garden yet, put it off every year since 1980. Is there hope for this herb garden?

Didn't get any news on earthquakes--was in hospital. Volcano in South America was really terrible and tragic. All the lost lives. First Mexico City now South America. See any connection? There is always a pattern between U.S. or North America and Europe. Well, must go and rest. Will write when I'm feeling a little more myself.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Many thanks to all of you--especially Georgia--who wrote but whose letters we did not print. We enjoy hearing from all of you.--LF

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Moonchild

Please excuse this 'form' letter, however, in the interest of saving time in getting the enclosed information to you I felt this was the most direct. Recently, in my travels, I have come across replicas of 19th century hiking staffs made by an individual craftsman (he is NOT a member of The Craft) in the northern fringes of the Catskill mountains. The quality of the craftsmanship, for the price, is EXCELLENT and there are four choices of wood combination styles to choose from.

For those Craft practitioners who would like to have a Magickal Staff, these staffs can be purchased at reasonable cost, shipped in protective cardboard tubes, and once obtained, can be modified and customized with little effort. They are a good basic foundation to use in making (finishing touches to your taste) your own personal staff... for whatever Path you walk.

To that end and in the event you wish to inform your friends and readership about the availability of these staffs, I am enclosing descriptive materials and ordering information.

Remind any who order these staffs that the staff-maker is definitely NOT of the CRAFT.

Ed note (LF): Staffs run from $34.80 to $39.80 as pictured in the flyer. $4 postage, &% extra for NY residents. Write: The Poestenkill Hiking Staff Mfg. Co., POB 196-J, Poestenkill, NY 12140. 4-6 weeks for delivery.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

An old and homely story tells of a father who, in guiding his son, told him to drive a nail into a post every time he did an evil thing, and to withdraw one nail every time he did a good act. The son did as he was told, and after a time, while he had driven many nails into the post, he had succeeded in doing enough good deeds to be able to withdraw all of them. So he proudly called his father, to show him that all the nails had been withdrawn. "But," said the father, "why those holes in the post?"
"That's where the nails have been," meekly said the son.
"And so it is with life, son," admonished the father.
"You may do good deeds, turn over a new leaf, or correct your mistakes, but the nail holes of wrongdoing are still there."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Rik

I must admit that I had my suspicions that the newsletter would fold after Pat's passing but, unlike so many other organizations; you people seem to have survived the hard parts of reorganization. I also note a definite shift from Pat's attitude to yours and I find it in many ways good. I'm glad that the newsletter will survive, it is one of the few really intelligent works to be published by the craft community. I suspect that the editorial policy of "print anything that does not advocate violence or drugs" has a lot to do with that. In many newsletters you find a racist policy (women only), or a policy of "any off the wall article that makes no sense," so keep up the good work.

Request: My HPs asked me last night about sex magick. I've read a couple of good articles on the subject inter-spaced with one bad book and a lot of people who seem to think that you can't be a witch unless you claim to be an expert in the field. Since I don't have a willing partner and my knowledge on the subject is limited, I can't teach it to her. So, if any of your readers have some experience or knowledge in the field of sex magick, I would appreciate them teaching me or writing.

Way back in May or June you asked a question about my Physics article. I responded with a burst of energy and thought and came up with the Appendix A which I mailed out around the 15th of June. I suspect that the mail service messed up again so I am sending a xerox of the article. More info will appear as it comes up. I did receive a few articles and comments that were interesting but the author requested anonymity so I have to toss them into a future article (with some credit of course) as soon as I have time and thought.

A few interesting things have happened. Patti, my catholic wife, has had some surgery that will prevent our divorce until she is well again and I can save up some more money. Sometimes I wish that I could be the SOB that some people think I am.

Back in July-August I went to New Jersey with the Air Force at about the same time that Sue (my covener and co-instructor) and her husband were in NYC. Thus we spent Lammas together in the Big Apple. We hit a couple of the Craft shops and

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Rik (cont.)

were invited to three Sabbats, one in NJ, one with Rus in Long Island and one in the city. Unfortunately, Sue's husband took off while we were at Enchantments (an occult store) and didn't return until we had missed the train to Long Island. We tried to call Rus for hours but no answer so we missed his Sabbat. Al, being an atheist, wasn't interested in attending any rituals but he was willing to go to the Pagan Way party in NJ. But we missed the train for that one as well. So we stayed at the Enchantment's Sabbat until Al returned for us and I will admit that even though their Welsh Ritual was copied 90% from the Gardnerian BOS, I was impressed with the HP and HPs memorizing the Charge of the Goddess and Invocation to the Horned God. Interesting ritual and party that taught me a few things.

I spent a lot of time with the Jersey Shore Pagan Way and discovered that I am not, after all, a Gardnerian witch. The reason being that in the Gardnerian tradition all is passed down from HPs to HPs. Along the way a few men snuck into the system of my lineage and... well, its like finding out that you are illegitimate. My three degrees are still valid but not as a Gardnerian. The people I met there were interesting and I was very tempted to stay. The Air Force had to drag me onto the aircraft to return me to Tucson. But I'm checking out the possibility of either transferring there or just moving for a year or two. Except for the snow the place will be wonderful. I got addicted to steamers while there and spent a lot of money eating the little slimy things. So much to learn there. The Gardnerian Coven, people that I can only read about actually live in that area, trees....

Onto another subject before I break down. There was a law enforcement officer out here that stumbled onto a Sabbat one day. He was so impressed with how he felt that he wanted to learn who or what these people were. He contacted Turner, the local "expert" (who at least has the intelligence to refer these occult cases to me), who suggested that he contact me. We corresponded for awhile then he took our Free U class, Basics of the Old Religion (Wicca). Then he started in our Outer Court then dropped out to be initiated into the Alexandrian coven in Tucson. As an aside, I do feel a bit of resentment for these people who are perfect for the Coven and the Craft then move onto another Coven without telling us to drop dead or that they would be better off in the other Coven. However I do agree with his reasoning.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Rik (cont.)

Desert Henge Coven is an open coven that does parties, picnics, lectures, interviews and so on; and a legal officer could lose his job if it became known that he was a Witch so the Alexandrian coven, being underground, is better for him.

Well, this officer was taking Turner's Paranormal Anthropology class and decided to do a slide show on a Wiccan Ritual for his term paper. Unfortunately, his coven was too small and underground to help so he contacted us. We thought that it would be a great excuse for a party and he found a place in the desert where we could meet away from the public. Since Sunday morning was the best time for all we met then and had a picnic instead. We came in robes and hoods, set up a 'circle' near a wash (for you easterners, rivers in Arizona flow only two months out of a year, the rest of the time they are dry and called washes), set up our 'altar' and faked a ritual for him. Something like, I hold the sword to the ground with the coven behind me and a picture is taken with the label "drawing the circle." We did request a copy of the slides though so that we can have an instructional slide show for our class and outer court.

Initiations: a couple of our people moved to Globe about two hours north of Tucson, and a couple of times a year we go up or they come down for parties or rituals. This summer we went up to elevate J to the second degree and then to initiate her husband E to the first degree. We always enjoy these trips and would like to od them more often. In Tucson over the last year we've initiated John and Sandy so the coven is officially up to five members. Soon Sue may be ready for her second degree, then nothing for about a year.

Final thing. One of the women in the last Free U class (we do these classes at least twice a year) invited me to her MENSA meeting. I was asked to lecture to them on Wicca which was scheduled for yesterday. It was interesting but I found them to be the most inconsiderate and impolite people in the world. People kept getting up and leaving and then returning throughout the lecture, then discussing among themselves the topics that I was still explaining. Finally, about six of them began to argue among themselves about psychics before I could even start that part of the

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Rik (cont.)

lecture. So I got up in disgust and left about halfway through the lecture. The head of the local sceptics society was there and said that Wicca was too much trouble. If you must believe in a religion, you should choose one that takes up the least amount of time, money and effort! Jerk!! Fortunately, I half expected this to happen so wasn't too upset. But I doubt that I will return there again.

To Valerie of the Pagan/Occult/Witchcraft SIG of MENSA, I'm sorry that it turned out this way. I never even had a chance to mention your group.

I also plan to visit Las Vegas in December the week of Yule and hope to visit Tarostar and any other witches in the city.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

From Rayna, Traci and Logan

I know it's been ages since I wrote to all you nice folks, and I hope you will forgive me. It's just that I've been going full tilt boogie since school started and have hardly had time to breathe. Since I last wrote, Logan and I have been enjoying studying with Lady Thea and Windstar, her group. We both have been busy being archaeologists--we spent the summer at excavations in Western Kentucky, a place akin to a Pagan Wasteland--and I thought we had fundamentalists here in FLA! Also this summer we were lucky enough to vacation in England and Scotland for three weeks, courtesy of some hard work and my mom, the Great Benefactor. Of course, we had an outstanding time. Didn't get to see Stonehenge because the English "hippies" were rioting there at Summer Solstice and the police closed the place down. Our Craft friends there said it would be too depressing to see it all covered in barbed wire and barricaded, so we passed--until next time. We did visit some lovely places though. The homeland--oh, what a place. So that was our summer; early fa-l we went to the Spiral Gathering in north Georgia, our first Pagan Gathering. We met lots of wonderful people there--hugs and kisses to all of you reading this. I think both of us are now addicted to Gatherings--they will be the undoing of my meager bank account. Just came back from the FL east coast and a wonderful Samhain celebration. After sabbat we had our first Florida Council Covenant of the Goddess meeting.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Rayna, Traci, and Logan (cont.)

The two Georgian covens from our west coast and the two Gardnerian covens from our east coast have finally got it together. We can be organized--with a little help from the coffee maker!! I was very pleased to be elected Second Officer, but then I'm not sure if anyone else wanted the job. So, that institution is now a functioning body. Lady Thea is fine and recovering from yet another surgical operation on her leg, this summer. Cursed be drunk drivers! We (actually Logan) built a beautiful sweat lodge at Wind-Star's covenstead and we have been enjoying its benefits, including increased telepathic communication between those involved. Well, that's about all of our news that could even be interesting to anyone else. Oh yes, the Sarasota/Bradenton area Craft Community seems to be grpwing in leaps and bounds--but with little communication betwixt us. If anyone in this area reads the GNL and hasn't yet met with/networked with Windstar, please write me at the address below. I know you're out there! THe GNL is a pleasure in my day each time it comes. Lady Fauna and dean, you are doing a marvelous job, following in some pretty big footsteps. Hurrah, hurrah!! Well, I'll finish this meandering thing with love and light to you all. Happy New Year and hugs to you all. Traci, 1244 15th ST, Sarasota, FL 33577.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

An old Indian was entertained in one of our large cities. He was taken to the best night clubs, heard the swing bands, and was shown how white men have their fun. He sat through a number of movies, and was feverishly rushed from place to place and given a taste of modern life in all its phases. When the entertaining was finished, the old Indian was asked what he thought of it. "Ugh," he grunted, "white man must be unhappy--work so hard to have good time--no have good time at all. Indian, he sit on rock and watch sun go down every night. Much good time. Moonlight on rippling water--much good time. Watch fire burning low--much good time. Hear pine trees whispering together on hilltop--much good time. Very still stars, like heap and heap candles in heaven--much good time." The Indian trail to happiness is worth following. There is healing for jangled nerves and tired minds in the woods, the hills, the singing streams, and the mountain tops.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

How can you fail if your goal is only to do the best you can?

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From COTOR

G'Day Mates! Sorry for the delay in writing, but what a month we have had! Our beautiful old Witchmobile, our Ford Fairlane V8, over 20 years of age, has gone to where-ever good servants of the mechanical type go. Kent waS involved in an accident at the beginning of the month, thank the Goddess, he was not badly hurt, but the car was a total wreck. Some idiot shot through a red light and collected him, head on. We had thousands of dollars worth of damage and had to be towed to the wrecking yard. I guess the Lady watches over us in all circumstances, for we are now waiting for delivery of our new car, a Volvo, and will be mobile again soon. One of our Covenors, Michael, left us for the summerland the day after the accident, and Jane has been in the hospital with a problem cyst. So you think that is all that could happen? Uh uh, Kent's stepfather is now terminally ill and I caught a nasty virus. At least that will go away soon. All I can say is, roll in soon November!

I forgot to tell you, feel free to use the handfasting ceremony in the GNL, we like sharing, and maybe someone would like to adapt it for themselves. (Ed note (LF): The handfasting ceremony appears elsewhere in this issue.)

We had a Wiccaning for the two daughters of one of our coven priestesses a few weeks ago, about the only good thing in this month. It was a wonderful day, a lovely sunny and warm morning, so the rite was held out of doors. We were all served a lovely buffet lunch afterwards and lots of lovely chilled Oz white wine.

What is happening over there with the threat of denial of your tax exemptions? We are not given that status over here, but can they really take it away from you, when your constitution seems so clear on the subject? Do keep us up with any developments.

Sorry to say, with the chaos surrounding us, plus our recent postal dispute, it has just finished, but we have had little or no in or out mail for three weeks. And so, we have no news from other states to relate. Until next time....

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

One newlywed to another: "Marriage is really a grind. You wash dishes, make beds. Then two weeks later you have to do it all over again."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Shadowhawk

Merry Meet and Blessed Be. A few days ago the Gods answered our request for a boon. We finally found a way to buy our own computer. We bought one that would be adequate for our needs (mostly word processing) not the fanciest or best on the market. The good part of all this is that now people can read my letters without finding 50 typos or moreper page. We got a really good deal as far as price and credit terms and are quite happy.

This is a project we have worked toward for over two years and I believe an important one. As a thank you to the Powers that be, we made our very first project done on the machine something for the circle. We are using our word processor to reorganize, rewrite and update our laws and rituals. Believe me, the magic box makes this task a LOT easier.

I am the kind of person who gives names to things. I name my blades and other weapons and some of my tools. I would like some suggestions on a name for the magic box. I've looked through Bulfinch's and couldn't find anything that really clicked. Archtypes for Mind, Memory, Logic, Writing or Tools would be preferred. Culture or era are unimportant, and so is source. I read a lot of fantasy and SF literature and wouldn't mind a fictional archtype.

Speaking of archtypes, I made a promise to the Gods that when I got a computer, I would start a dictionary of non-fictional archtypes to be cross-referenced by dominion and function as well as by geographical origin and culture. I have wished for such a book so many times as I searched out correspondences for spell work that I couldn't begin to keep count. I finally decided I'd have to create one. I'd like to focus on Celtic, Greco-Roman, American Indian and Nordic. Of course there would have to be some information on Oriental and African as well as Arabic major archtypes as well.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Be like the bird
That, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way
Beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

--Victor Hugo

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Albion

I would like to make a couple of corrections to my article of last month ("Celtic Bibliography"). Celtic Mythology is by Prionsias MacCana, not MacCara. And also some good news here, one of the best of the bunch is just now back in print: Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race by T. W. Rolleston. This is a classic, folks, better get it while it's still in print!

And the best book about working with the faerie folk is also again in print: The Real World of Fairies by Dora Van Gelder. This is also an oldie but a goodie, and it has information on one person's working with many kinds of fairies and elementals, an excellent book.

And to those folks who have been telling me that "most of these books are out of print"--28 of them are now currently in print and can be ordered from a bookstore or borrowed from a library. This only leaves 12 books out of print of which only six are fairly hard to find. Finding hard to find books requires perserverence, a belief in one's need for the book or books at that time in one's life, and some help from a good bookstore or librarian. Like any kind of magic, if you believe it's too hard to do or you won't find the book, of course it will be too hard to do. And the book or books won't "come to you" but if you don't give up, it's possible and really fairly easy to find these books--all of them.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

It is hardly possible to find anything perfect. Yet people allow themselves to become miserable because they cannot find everything they want just as they would like to have it. This is true whether they are planning a trip, buying a home, exploring a friendship, or satisfying any of the myriad wants people have today. Nothing ever quite comes up to expectations. We cannot expect to find things perfect, nor can we expect to make them perfect. We can only hope to make them better. That is the challenge. Misery is the lost of those who resent the challenge. Happiness is possible for those who meet the challenge, who take things as they are with the hope that through their efforts improvement can be made.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

There is no education in the second kick of a mule.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Grove of the Unicorn

As promised, an update on the happenings in Atlanta. Ah, me, keep thinking back to all the times when we could write and say, "Things are quiet here..." Certainly can't say that these days!

Seems there is a new development every day. Lady Galadriel has been scheduled for a number of media appearances: a TV noon news live interview which, though short (five minutes) was very positive; a newspaper article promised (on the religion page--waiting to see if this promise is kept), several radio appearances scheduled, including "Southwind" (aired nationally, no date set); an interview on a local talk-show Monday, Oct. 7--again, very positive. Still haven't firmed up a date for the "Sound-Off" talk show--probably saving it for Halloween! At least we will get a chance to be heard--the small voice in the wilderness....

Now to some of the heavier things: On Sunday, Sept. 29, we went to the property to close down the Temple and unwind the Circle. We were promised police protection, and even changed our chosen time to fit their choice of time. The police were not there when we arrived, but, as there were so many of us, and believing the police would be along at any moment, we proceeded to the site and began setting things to rights. Which was quite a job--the site had been completely demolished--it was heartbreaking. What we had seen on television was minor compared to what we found--the place was in complete shambles--seems they decided that once they had begun the destruction they would finish it up completely--and they did.

We had just begun cleaning up when several smart-aleck rednecks appeared, and began hassling us. We got rid of them and went back to work. Another one appeared--we eventually talked him on down the road. We had just begun our simple rite to close the temple when we heard gunshots and trucks approaching, and knew it was time to act! As the site is on private land and the dirt road into it is a private road, we blocked the road with a few dead trees after the first men showed up. Thankfully. Up rumbles seven or eight pickups/jeeps/four-wheelers, all loaded with "dyed-in-the-wool" rednecks--most of them completely intoxicated. Thank goodness for the barricade--they did stop--for a while. A confrontation followed--you can probably imagine--or can you? We never could have--before. We've heard a lot of language in our lives, but never so much filth at one time out of human (and we use the term loosely) mouths. Several of them came over the barricade,

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Grove of the Unicorn (cont.)

on foot, to challenge us in their attempts to provoke us into a fight. There were five males and three females in our group at the roadway, eighteen to twenty men in theirs. That's the kind of odds they like! (What they didn't know was that we had left seven of our females at the circle site about 100 yards away) to send us energy, and four other males stationed as watchers in the woods between the roadway and the circle site.) It was funny, in a way, that when they were counting odds they stated "there's only five of them...," discounting the females they were aware of. That could have been a fatal mistake! Several of them came over the log barricade with their trucks and within inches of running over several of us. Ever have a big pickup with monster wheels coming at you and stop just inches from your nose? Several of us did--and believe us, it is not a pleasant feeling! Were we scared? You're darn right we were! One of the most difficult things we've ever done--stand there while they came at us. But we weren't being completely foolhardy--each of us had our "escape route" planned. They threw beer cans at us, but mostly it was sewer verbage and threats. We said later that if they were going to throw beer cans at us, the least they could have done was to throw full ones--think all of us could have used one about that time--even those who don't drink! The confrontation lasted about twenty minutes, luckily, no one was hurt, no damage done (except to our nerves). Not one blow was thrown, although they did everything they could to push us into it. Everyone stood there, calm, cool, and collected (on the outside--but our astral knees were knocking). That was the saving factor for the rednecks couldn't deal with our apparent lack of fear. Probably one of the few, if not the only, times that someone faced them down and they turned around and left. It will take them a long time to get over that.

Was/am so proud of our folks! Through it all not one word was said by our side that couldn't have been said in the First Baptist Church on Sunday morning. In fact, the preacher probably used worse, for not even one 'hell' or 'damn' was spoken from our side of the line, while pure filth poured from the other side.

To back up a bit, after the first men came by, two of the group went to call the police, to find out why they hadn't shown up and to let them know they were needed right away. It was almost an hour after they left before a policeman arrived--one man, one car. By the time he arrived the rednecks had left, we had finished closing the circle, and were getting

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Grove of the Unicorn (cont.)

into our cars to leave. Can't blame the officer who came--he was just responding to a call, and was very nice. He called for backup and they went down the road to see if they could find the other group. Whether they did or not, we have no way of knowing, for we left as they told us to do.

Tuesday, Oct. 1, a group of us went to file charges against these people for trespassing and simple assault. The detective kept saying there wasn't anything they could do. We kept saying there had to be. Our attorney, who was with us, also kept saying something could be done. After a while the detective became a bit more cooperative. At this time we're not sure just what action can/will be taken. We had the license plate numbers of five of the trucks, the name and town of one man, photos of some of them, and a tape recording of the entire incident. Yes, we were well-armed in one respect. Just happened to have cameras and tape recorders with us and enough presence of mind to use them. The tape came out loud and clear, so there is no question of who said what. The detective finally called us back after identifying several of the people through their license plate numbers and photos, and our attorney advised us that our best course of legal action would be to file criminal trespass warrants against the persons involved, leaving the assault charges to the discretion of the judge who hears the trespass case(es).

Many of you have written and asked what you could do to help. Your support means so much to all of us for there is much to be done and so few of us to do it. We certainly appreciate the positive energy which has come our way--we have been very aware of it and know it has helped sustain us through some harrowing times. "Facing the enemy in bright daylight" is not easy! What can you do to help? Energy directed toward helping us through the harrassment and legal battles; to helping us find another site for our temple (with 30 to 40 people at each Sabbat and New Moon, living rooms get crowded!); to helping us find the finances for the legal fees (our attorney has spent, and will spend, many hours working on our behalf without charge, but he can't afford to pay filing fees, deposition fees, etc., for us. And the USPS gets richer while we get poorer! Even SASE's would help.)--all these are very much needed. Information on how others have handled similar situations would be helpful, also. Also, letters to the Editor (Atlanta Journal-Constitution, 72 Marietta ST, NW, Atlanta, GA 30302) referring to both our situation and the Jesse Helms Bill may help focus attention on the situation.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Grove of the Unicorn (cont.)

We have been asked, on several occasions, why we are standing to fight instead of quietly folding our altar cloths and stealing back into the shadows, as some have suggested we should do. We are certainly not doing it for just ourselves, as witnessed by the fact that at least two people have lost their jobs and the rest of us realize that we could be next. It is costing us dearly--in money, time, energy, and wear and tear on our nerves. One person walked out of work to find "witch" scrawled across the windshield of her car--what will the next act be? We believe that if we allow this to happen without protest, then every other group in the area, and in other areas, may meet with the same fate. We are proud of our religion, and feel that we have as much right to openly follow our beliefs as anyone else does. We do not ask others to believe the way we do--each person must walk their own path--but we do ask, no, insist, that we be allowed to walk our path with dignity and in the sunlight, not in the shadows. It was not an easy decision for us to make, for we all have much to lose--jobs, families, friends. But, someone, somewhere, must make a stand--this time it is our turn. Others have done it before us, and we know that others will have to do it again in the future, but each time one of us wins a small skirmish, we alter the pattern of the future. It is our dream that someday our children can walk proudly, without fear, and in the light of day, to their Circle site. That's why we are determined to see this through, as far as we can take it--for ourselves, for our brothers and sisters of the Craft, and for the future of all Pagans and Wiccans, wherever they may be.

Another matter of great importance: Have YOU contacted anyone in regards to the Jesse Helms bill? We feel it is something we should ALL work on, for it will affect so many groups if it goes through. Not just Wiccans, but all the small religious groups, even the small individual churches of some of the major faiths could be affected. The little independent Baptist Church will be in as much danger as we are. We believe this may be the first step in the government's stated goals of taking tax exempt status away from all churches, and if they do it to us they will have a precedent on which to base further actions. We are perhaps the most controversial and likely subject to pick for passage of such a bill, and linking Wiccans with Stanists gives them more ammunition, for other faiths may not realize that what happens to us could also happen to them. If you haven't already done so, contact your local, and the national, ACLU and let them know you support

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

From Grove of the Unicorn (cont.)

their efforts in fighting this bill. Write to your Congressmen, your local officials, your local newspaper, and anyone else you can think of, protesting this bill. We called the bill to the attention of a number of the local small religious groups, of all denominations, and many have joined in the letter-writing campaign. Once it was called to their attention, they realized that the future could hold the same threat to their group. We encourage everyone to do the same in their area.

To all of you, again, our sincere thanks for the support and encouragement you are giving us in our struggle.

Ed note (LF): Again, the GC is not publicizing their views, but the views of our readers. When we received our non-profit organization status, we agreed not to endorse views on political issues.... We can, however, try to keep you informed on what's happening and we do appreciate our reader's interest in keeping us informed, so we can try to network information. That's what it's all about. More from The Grove of the Unicorn next month.

\+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

Following Instructions

It is said that to be able to give instructions you must be able to follow instructions. How well do you take them? Here's a test that tells you of your ability to follow instructions--explicitly, intelligently, completely. You have 120 seconds, so time yourself.

1. Before doing anything, please read everything on this page.
2. Place your name here:_____
3. Place a square around the numeral 1 above.
4. Place a circle around the question mark in the first paragraph.
5. Put a line under the words: "Here's a test."
6. Check off the first four numbers in this list.
7. Put a circle around the word number in the next sentence.
8. Punch a hole with your pencil through the number in this sentence.
9. If your last name begins with one of the first 10 letters of the alphabet, check here___.
10. Multiply 100 by 10 and place answer here_____.
11. Circle your name above.
12. You have now finished reading 12 instructions. Reread number one and do ONLY instruction number 2.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Notes compiled by LF

SourceNet, a guide to magazines, newspapers, journals, newsletters, sourcebooks, directories, bibliographies. '86/'87 edition. Write SourceNet, Box 6767, Santa Barbara, CA 93160.

"Eagles, Hawks, Falcons and Owls of America", 44 pictures to color, color renditions, descriptive text, $3.95, CSB FACT, 9001 Stockdale HWY, Bakersfield, CA 93309

Forever Forest's Tree Planting, December 27-29, $20-$35 registration, write POB 212, Redwood Valley, CA 95470.

1986 Magic Calendar of the International Society of Calligraphers. Engagement calendar. Make checks payable to Dorothy Barenholtz, 645 Water ST #20E, New York, NY 10002. $9.95 + 15% shipping.

Mi-World Supplies, POB 8237, Hialeah, FL 33012 is offering its 1986 A Witches' Calendar, $3.50.

New Circle Guide to Pagan Resources. Covens, circles, networks, councils, and other groups focused on Wiccan paths, Neo-Paganism, Goddess-oriented Feminist Spirituality, Shamanism, and other Nature Religions. If you want to be included in the Group Directory of the next edition of Circle Network's Pagan Resource Guide, please contact Circle right away. The new Guide is to be published early in 1986. Send the following: name of group, group mailing address, brief description of path/tradition and focus. Write: Resource Guide, Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 USA.

1986 International Pagan Spirit Gathering. The 1986 International Pagan Spirit Gathering will be held June 17-22 at a private natural site in Sourthwestern Wisconsin. This week-long celebration of the Summer Solstice and Full Moon includes rituals, nature meditations, workshops, feasting, sweatlodge, music, and more. For more information, contact CIRCLE, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572, USA.

Publications compiled by LF

Moontides, POB 20751, Cathedral Finance Station, New York, NY 10025. 4 issues/year, $5.00. #9 and #10, double issue, contains articles on Amendment 705, tradition, Samhain, meditation, music and dance, poetry, artwork (nice stuff!).

The Faerie Folk, Eilonwy, POB 100585, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310. Quarterly, $5/yr. 10/85 issue contains "The Origins of Halloween," "A Samhain Wish," poetry, herbal lore, more.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Publications (cont.)

The Waxing Moon, POB 4172, Sunland, CA 91040. Freq. of publication not given, $5/yr. The following is "An Open Letter to the Leaders of the Ravenscall Collective," reprinted from the Winter 1985 issue of WM, with permission of the board of directors and officers of the Temple of the Elder Gods:

We, the Board of Directors and Officers of the Temple of the Elder Gods, find the contents of Stormclouds #1 to be deplorable and wish to go on record as publicly denouncing the ideas expressed in it.

If, as you claim, our government has "publicly declared the Pagan Community as a topic on the lists of perpetrators of anti-American actions" then you and any others who advocate the use of illegal means to change society have given them good reason to hold that opinion.

If you want social change you have the opportunity to spend your energy in constructive ways to bring about that change. Register to vote and then vote in every election. Get involved in your local community; run for office and campaign for those things which you believe in. Have the real courage to stand up publicly for that which you believe and you will earn our respect, if not our agreement. Hide behind pseudonyms and advocate violent revolution and you earn our contempt for your cowardly actions.

The laws of this country do not create the problems you deplore. The attitudes of society create them. Attitudes are changed for the better by positive public relations; for the worse by the activities you suggest.

Only after legal procedures failed in a just cause would we advocate civil disobedience. History has shown that such non-violent leaders as Mohandas Gandhi and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., created more lasting positive social change by their methods than did radicals who advocated violent methods.

If you take up arms against the governments of this land you will lose. If you attempt to do battle with gun and knife you will die. The Earth Mother will drink your blood and your martyrdom will fade as quickly as last winter's snow. Your only accomplishment will have been to stir up more hatred and distrust from society. Unfortunately that hatred and distrust will be directed at those of us who are not involved in your activities.

(cont. next page)

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

An Open Letter to the Leaders of the Ravenscall Collective(cont.)
by Temple of the Elder Gods

Since your own tradition has been gleaned from impure sources you are in no position to advocate purity of tradition or to establish yourselves as anyone's judges. Pagan religious experience is extremely personal. Each individual must decide whether or not their own religious experience is valid. It is irrelevant what their form of religious expression is based upon. As Pagans we must extend to all others the religious tolerance which we expect for ourselves.

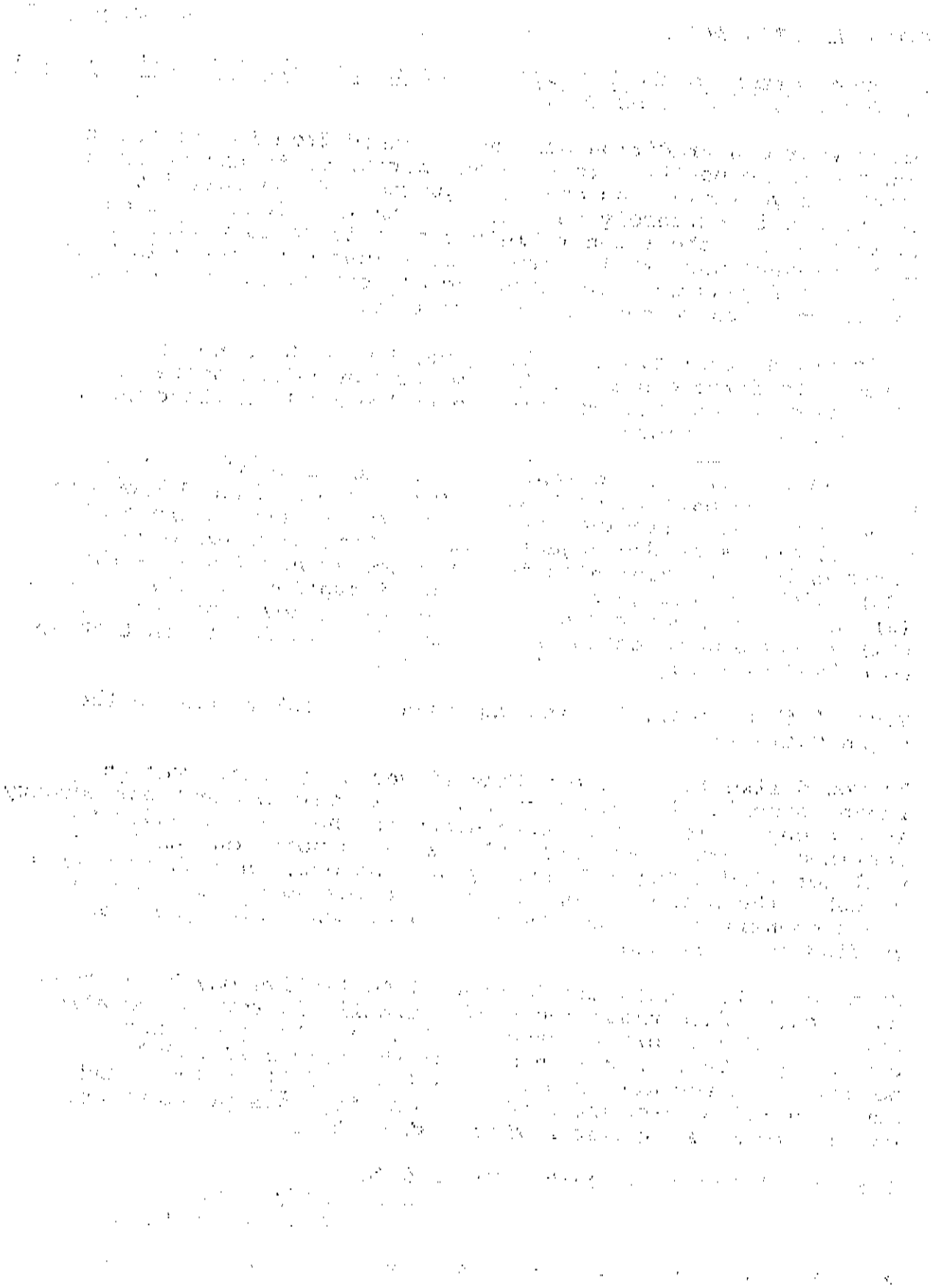
It is our natural right to disagree, but we have no right to attempt to force others to follow our own belief systems. If we were to do this we would be no better than those whose activities we deplore.

The extreme Left-wing orientation of the material in Storm-Clouds #1 suggests to us that it may have originated from one or more of the following possible sources: (1) A group of romantically misguded Pagans. (2) A Communist (or other "unfriendly") government's intelligence agency (such as the KGB) which has the goal of creating disruption in this country. (3) An American government intelligence agency (such as the FBI) attempting to establish a "sting" operation against those conceived of being a potential threat.

Each of these possibilities represents a real threat to the Pagan Community.

We would like to point out that 20 years ago there was no Pagan Community in this country. It is only because our country is the way it is that we have grown and have the freedom to continue to grow. We would also like to point out that you will not find a Pagan Community such as ours in such countries as Cuba, the Soviet Union, or the Peoples Republic of China. These countries have the type of government which you seem to find so desirable.

Ed note (LF): While the Ravenscall Collective may be a group to watch, I find these types of journalistic reviews equally extreme. Why resort to name-calling when the group has obviously established a "name" for themselves already? We have just recently received an issue of Stormclouds and many inquiries from our readers regarding this publication. We hope to have another review next month....

That's all for this month. Blessed Be,
dean, Lady Fauna
and the Georgians

* * * * * * * * * * * * *