GEORGIAN MONTHLY

The Georgian Church
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Back Issues, $1 each, are listed later in the newsletter.

The first Georgian Annual will be published eventually, and $35 will put you on the mailing list (if you aren't already) up until we order the paper. After that, subscriptions will be entered for the issue following. If you have subscribed, you will get annuals equal to or greater than the number of times you sent in your 35 bucks. All two of you.

We no longer take ads but will be happy to make mention of you in the monthly as space is available.

To submit articles for consideration in the Annual, please help us out by:

1. Sending a cover letter with your publishing name, other name (see below), and permission to print in the Annual (and monthly, if you so desire);
2. A SASE sufficient to return your manuscript or check (see below);
3. The typed (double-spaced) manuscript.

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The Story of Rhuddy The Good (A Pagan Fairy Tale) by MTCK

Once upon a time in a Kingdom called Atlantas in the land of Georgias, there lived a handsome prince named Rhuddy the Good. Now Rhuddy was from the house of Tilly Teg, a very great family of witches, who had much power and owned stock in AT&T. And he was no slouch himself when it came to casting or catching magic spells.

But times had been hard for the family of Tilly Teg, and he was the only witch still living in the Kingdom of Atlantas. Rhuddy the Good was a very intelligent and articulate person as witches go, but he did have several unfortunate characteristics: he was disorganized and tended to believe people for no good reason.

One day in the White Castle, as Rhuddy was herbalizing, stirring his cauldron, and passing his wisdom on to those who were seeking truth, justice, and the American Way, a wicked bitch, by the name of Satana, who was hooking and crooking nearby, spied him. "Ah Ha!" she said, "A likely victim of my evil intentions. Since he is the only witch in Atlantas, if I can pass myself off as a witch and besmirch his good name, I can steal all his students, spread my evil philosophy far and wide, and rule the kingdom of Atlantas. I will gain this kingdom for myself by Hook or Crook."

First, knowing that he was fond of Big Bazooms, she crafted two of them out of Silicon and attached them so they wouldn't fall off, although she did have trouble walking.

Then, she found out that he knew the lady Sirce of the Kingdom of Toledo, so she obtained credentials from the lady which would represent her as a witch of the first order.

Finally, knowing of his fondness for ballet, she used her magick to transform herself into an exotic dancer and gave him a call on the palace hotline. "Hi Prince Baby," she slyly crooned, "I am a poor little witch thing from the Kingdom of Toledo, who would really like to move to Atlantas and live happily ever after. But I need help, lots of help, in fact tons of help, because I know next to nothing and have these Big Bazooms that I have to Feed."

"Big Bazooms! You have big Bazooms?!!" he stammered, "I'll be right there. Ah, where are you?" he stammered.

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Rhuddy the Good (cont.) by MTCK

"Why you wonderful man you," she crooned, "I'm stripping... I mean... I'm dancing with an exotic ballet troop at the little theatre on the Street of Peaches in Beautiful downtown Atlantas," she ended.

"The Goddess has answered my prayers!!! A ballet dancer with Big Bazooms! My cup runneth over!" he shouted.

He literally leaped over the palace wall and landed on his trusty steed, which of course, carried him gently and softly to his destination. "Mmm, this doesn't look like any Ballet Theatre I've ever seen," he said as he looked at the scantily clad women on the marquee. "Maybe I have the wrong place."

But suddenly, his eyes fell on the picture of a tall, red-haired woman, and she had... Big Bazooms! "Thank you, Goddess. I just hope this is worth it," he said, as he made his way through the foulest garbage he had ever smelled on his way into the sleaziest tavern he had ever seen.

Suddenly, his Spirit guardian, Fred, who had been watching the unfolding events with some alarm, spoke up. "Uh, Rhuddy, do you really think this is a good idea? Have you given this any rational thought? I think we better do this some other time. She doesn't look like any witch we've ever seen."

"But... but... but... SHE HAS BIG BAZOOMS!" Rhuddy shouted as he pushed through the swinging doors.

"Oh, no," said Fred. "He's lost his soul to Big Bazooms."

At first, Rhuddy couldn't see anything. It was blacker than the Ace of Spades. Then, as he eyes began to become accustomed to the dim, smoky interior, he saw her.

"And here she is, direct from the armpit of the world, the luscious, desirable, and somewhat bisexual... SATANA!" The announcer said.

He was stunned, he had never seen such Big Bazooms on any witch!

She began to dance. "Hmm... that is a very strange pirouette and a stranger ***," he said, as he pulled someone's hand out of his pocket. "Maybe she is dancing a new tradition, because it certainly doesn't look like anything I've ever seen."

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Rhuddy the Good (cont.) by MTCK

But he gave her the benefit of the doubt and watched her dance and listened to the music.

Later, she came to sit beside him. "Rhuddy, I sure need help. I want to open a Bitch... I mean a Witch Shop, and sell candles and incense and all manner of occult things."

"Why sure," he smiled. "I would be more than happy to help you. What do you need first?"

"Well... I guess I would need some students."

"Of course," he said. "That can be arranged, I have a few that I can spare."

"Then I need someone to teach them. Could you help me tach them?"

"Well, I guess so," he frowned. "Aren't you going to do anything? Where is your Book of Shadows anyway?" But she shook her Big Bazooms, and he lost track of what he was saying.

So she opened The House of Ravensblood. Over the next months, he found that the more he helped her, the more she needed help. And he discovered another curious thing. Every time a dissatisfied student left his classes, they were suddenly welcomed into her inner circle of hoods and Hookers.

He found out that she encourage drugs and un-wiccan behavior at every turn. But there was nothing he could do about it. Finally, he decided to sever his connection with her. So one day when he was particularly disgusted with her encouragement of her male students to work at Adult Mechanical Device and Manipulation stores, he called her and said, "Satana, even although you have Big Bazooms, I feel that I can no longer help you. You are not acting like a Witch."

"Witch? WITCH? You need your ears cleaned out, Prince. I said BITCH!"

Suddenly, he saw the light for the first time. "You lied to me!" he wailed.

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Rhuddy the Good (cont.) by MTCK

"So, what else is new," she sneered. "If it hadn't been me, it would have been some other Bitch. And no other Bitch but me will rule Atlantas. Don't you understand? I am teaching BITCHCRAFT and there is no place for Love, Knowledge, or Wisdom in my Kingdom."

He turned white and immediately put a circle of protection around himself.

"Told you so," muttered Fred.

He went back to the White Castle and tried to ignore her antics. But it was very hard. First, she brought shame to the Witchcraft he loved. She taught the use of sex to bring students in, then she would control her students by washing their brains with dirt and filth. She didn't even use soap!

But that wasn't the worst. She was arrested several times for Hooking and Crooking. In fact, several young girls were even forcibly abused with her Hook and Crook.

But that wasn't the worst. She began to collect any and every lie that had ever been said about the Prince, and if they were not vile enough, she would add to them and embellish them as she spoke to seekers who were asking about Witchcraft.

"Prince Rhuddy? Oh no, you don't want to study with him. He will only want you for your Bazooms! In fact, he will cast a spell upon you and you will lose your innocence, in a most terrible sexual manner. He uses young girls terribly."

But that wasn't the worst. Soon, those same young women were beating down the doors, looking for a sexual thrill. "No! No!" he pleaded. "This isn't Witchcraft! Please Goddess, please make them stop."

But that wasn't the worst. He fell in love with a young maiden with beautiful Bazooms and had a passionate affair with her, but when Jealous Satana saw this, she growled, "He won't get away with this!" For she secretly desired him, and he had scorned her Bazooms.

So when the sweet young maiden parted from him, Satana obtained a copy of a letter written by her purporting to claim that Ruddy the Good could not play chess very well and should stick to

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Rhuddy the Good (cont.) by MTCK

poker. So she substituted a trashy letter in it's stead, which attempted to smear the Prince and ruin his good reputation. "I'll make sure no student ever studies with him again," she fumed. "How dare he squeeze another's Bazooms!"

But that wasn't the worst. She found out that Rhuddy the Good was teaching classes at a local establishment called Abalony Center, run by a despicable character named Foul Marteen.

He had told all the local Pagans, "Any pagan group can come and teach here, just pay me a percent of the gross. And you don't have to worry about me. Abalony Center will be totally unbiased." So Rhuddy the Good had begun to teach classes there.

But the sinister Satana would have none of it. "I will drive him from this land," she said. So she told Foul Marteen that he should spread lies about the Good Prince, to keep anyone from attending those classes, and he should tell them all to only associate with Satana of the House of Ravensblood. And if he didn't, he would lose all her business.

Now, Foul Marteen was always interested in a buck, so, of course, he began to tell every student of Rhuddy the Good that they were making a terrible mistake and should instead visit the House of Ravensblood.

When Rhuddy the Good found out that Foul Marteen was in fact more foul than fair, he quit teaching there and moved to another place of refuge.

But that wasn't the worst. She began to travel far and wide, spreading her filthy lies about the Prince, until one day she met The Evil Baron Whoreman Sluter of the Kingdom of Noose Yorks. He was one of the vilest creatures known to humanity. He was in some ways worse than Satana. He chewed Tabbacy, and Peed in the corner.

Now Whoreman Sluter also knew the prince, since he had cheated him more than once and spread evil gossip about him, too. "By my father in Hades," she said, "a kindred spirit."

So they both formed an evil alliance with Satana's father, Luey, and began to decide upon the best way to attack the prince. "Let's cut off his nuts and eat them raw," fumed Satana.

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Rhuddy the Good (cont.) by MTCK

"Let's send all the deamons of hades after him," crowed Satana.

"No... for goodness sakes, no! I want him whole. He's such a luscious man," whimpered the Baron.

"No, a thousand times, no," insisted her father. "I need them to polish my shoes and give advice to all the Christian ministers."

Finally, they agreed that Baron Whoreman Sluter should again plagiarize the works of others and publish "Pagan Way Ceremonies III". In this infamous work, he would attack every Witch that had a good name, and then if anyone asked about Prince Rhuddy the Good or Margold Aster, the daughter of the great Professor Aster, or Dorin Valentine, the high priestess to Gerard the Gardener, or Fred Itch, the Author of all the Pagan Rituals that Baron Sluter was plagiarizing, or any of the poor, poor, poor witches of the Kingdom of Chicagos, or Sillinois or Sindiana, then Baron Whoreman or Satana could tell them, "Hey, do I look like the 5 o'clock news? Read the book of Pagan Ceremonies III. Especially the introduction! Hee, hee, hee, hee."

But finally, Prince Rhuddy the Good had had enough. One day, as Satana and Baron Sluter were engaged in their favorite pastime of Hide the Salomi (in his case, hide the vienna sausage), Prince Rhuddy sent a terrible spell upon them. "I wish them upon themselves," he said. And they immediately turned into slimy little slugs who crawled into a bowl of beer and drowned.

There are several morals to this story:

"Beware a Bitch Bearing Bazooms"

"Count your fingers after you've shaken hands with a Baron

and "Don't Piss Off the Prince."

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The City of Ur (from Funk & Wagnalls)

Ur (Biblical, Ur of the Chaldees), city of ancient Sumer, situated midway between Baghdad and the head of the Persian Gulf and about ten miles west of the Euphrates River, on the edge of the Al Hajara desert. The site of Ur is known today as Tell Al-Muqayyar, Iraq. In antiquity, the Euphrates River flowed near

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The City of Ur (from Funk & Wagnalls) (cont.)

the city walls. Controlling this outlet to the sea, Ur was favorably located for the development of commerce and for attaining political dominance.

Ur was the principal center of worship of the Sumerian moon god Nanna and of his Babylonian equivalent, Sin. This deity's massive ziggurat, one of the best preserved in Iraq, stands about seventy feet above the desert.

The Biblical name refers to the Chaldeans, who settled in the area about 1000 BC. The Book of Genesis describes Ur as the starting point of the migration westward to Palestine of Abraham's family about 1600 BC.

History. Ur was one of the first village settlements founded by the so-called Ubaidian inhabitants of Sumer about 4000 BC. Before 2800 BC, Ur became one of the most prosperous Sumerian city-states. According to ancient records, Ur had three dynasties of rulers who, at various times, extended their control over all of Sumer. The founder of the First Dynasty of Ur was the conqueror and temple builder Mesannepadda (fl. about 2500 BC), the earliest Mesopotamian ruler described in extant contemporary documents. His son Aannepadda built the temple of the goddess Ninhursag, which was excavated in modern times at Tell el-Obeid, about four miles north of Ur. Of the Second Dynasty of Ur little is known.

Ur-Nammu, the first king of the Third Dynasty of Ur, who revived the empire of Sumer and Akkad, won control of the outlet to the sea about 2050 BC and made Ur the wealthiest city in Mesopotamia. His reign marked the beginning of the so-called renaissance of Sumerian art and literature at Ur; Ur-Nammu and his son and successor Shulgi (about 2030-1995 BC) built the ziggurat of Nanna and magnificent temples at Ur and in other Mesopotamian cities. Ur-Nammu's descendants continued in power for more than a century or until about 1950 BC, when the Elamites captured Ibbi-Sin, King of Ur, and destroyed the city.

Rebuilt shortly thereafter, Ur became part of the kingdom of Isin, later of the kingdom of Larsa, and finally of the empire of Babylonia. During the period when Babylonia was ruled by the Kassites, Ur remained an important religious center. It was a provincial capital with hereditary governors during the period of Assyrian rule in Babylonia.

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The City of Ur (from Funk & Wagnalls) (cont.)

After the Chaldean dynasty was established in Babylonia, King Nebuchadrezzar II initiated a new period of building activity at Ur. The last Babylonian king, Nabonidus (555-539 BC), who appointed his eldest daughter high priestess at Ur, embellished the temples and entirely remodeled the ancient ziggurat of the moon god Nanna, making it a rival even of the temple of Marduk at Babylon. After Babylonia came under the control of Persia, Ur began to decline. The city disappeared from history in the third century BC, probably as a result of a shift in the course of the Euphrates River.

In 1854-55 AD, the ruins of Ur were found and first excavated by the British consul J. E. Taylor, who partly uncovered the ziggurat of Nanna. The British Museum commenced, in 1918-19, excavations there and at neighboring Tell el-Obeid under the direction of the British archaeologists Reginald Campbell Thompson (1876-1941) and Harry Reginald Holland Hall (1873-1930). These excavations were continued from 1922 to 1934 by a joint expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania under the direction of the British archeologist Sir Charles Leonard Woolley.

Besides excavating the ziggurat completely, the expedition unearthed the entire temple area at Ur and parts of the residential and commercial quarters of the city. The most spectacular discovery was that of the Sumerian royal cemetery, dating from before 2500 BC, and containing art treasures of gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones. Within the city itself were discovered thousands of cuneiform tablets comprising administrative and literary documents ranging in date from about 2700 to about 300 BC. The deepest levels of the city contained traces of a flood, alleged to be the Deluge of Sumerian, Babylonian, and Hebrew legend. However, all scientific evidence indicates that it was merely a local flood.

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How Come "Craft" Teachers Never Offer Spells? by Tarostar

Sitting like the proverbial fly on the wall, this Witch often overhears students from various classes in "Magic", "Craft", Wicca, and the Occult Arts and Psychic Sciences discussing their lessons among themselves. They attend lectures by some of the

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How Come "Craft" Teachers Never Offer Spells? by Tarostar (cont.)

celebrity "names" in Wicca/Craft circles and feel let down because they were only given theory on do's and don'ts about Magic.

Authentic spells and actual hands-on practice seem lacking from the lesson curricula taught or offered through lectures. Theory can be obtained from any of the basic texts used by the teachers, but the students want "the real stuff."

Is it because the "celebrity" lecturers really do not have a sufficient supply of correct spells in their bags of tricks? A good Witch could spout spells off the top of his/her head at the drop of any requested "hat." Knowledge kept reserved for the "elite" will tend to make Wicca/Craft as absolutist as repressive Xtianity. It looks as if a few carrots are dangled for the lower "initiates", while the "heady" stuff is kept amongst the higher orders. Then, the result would be Deacon, Priest, Bishops. We know what mind, thought, and body control that leads to.

In teaching the Occult and the Arts of the Craft; id est, Magic, Astrology for Magic, Spellcraft, Talismanics, Ritual and Ceremonial over the years, this Witch spices the lectures with practical examples and actual spellworkings with and for the students. Getting the students to be actual doers, rather than passive learners, results in a highly-successful mode of training, which produces active occultists, who will go on to be forces to be reckoned with in the years to come. So much so, that the students hate it when a particular course of study is over and track this Witch down, wherever he goes, wanting more and more training. This Witch has had students shoving wads of money in his face if he would only continue to teach on an individual, one-on-one basis after the general class is over. Not acceptable. Charging a reasonable fee for the Arts of the Craft is acceptable. This Witch does not accept money to teach Wicca (the religion). The reason for such a flurry of activity after a class is that this Witch teaches authentic spellcasting, not just magical theory. Students are not interested in how it works but more in how to get it on. Theory sinks in later from actual practice.

The Path of the Occultist is the path of the Doer; the snake ascent up the Tree of Life, not the straight-shot at "Nirvana" espoused by the Mystic, or willowy "New Age"-Space Contactee-Psychic. (Those dingbats who go to the Sedona Vortex come back spacier and kookier than they were before, right?)

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How Come "Craft" Teachers Never Offer Spells? by Tarostar (cont.)

To know is powerful, as the ancient rede says, but to do is more powerful still. The Occultist simply gets in and does.

I have a lot of respect for those Occultists who learned through the mistakes they made than for those who worry and do everything exactly "proper." If one does a "perfect" ceremony or ritual, something is amiss. There may be no life to it! Wicca should get off its ecological/socialist/political platforms and get back to basic witchery. Just because this Witch may be associated with Wicca does not mean he is Greenpeace/Pro- or Anti-Choice/Save the Temagami/Anti-Fur, or anything else the Gaiaists are putting forward. Basic witchery is sorcery pure and simple. If one cannot manipulate one's own corner of Terra Firma to benefit, how can one expect higher planes of being to take one seriously?

Stop doing all-inclusive-shotgun-effect rituals to save the whales and magically choke the shit out of the Interior Ministers to get off their duffs and save the Planet! Be practical, not kooky, idealistic.

This Witch sees the Art of Spellcasting being watered down to total ineffectuality by rituals too broad and general to do any good, such as rituals to punish rapists, rituals to heal "The Mother", rituals to heighten public awareness of Gaiaism, etc., ad nauseam infinitum.

Love, luck, money, revenge, and psychic prognostication are the things people want to obtain when they seek out a Witch. Why are the Wiccan/Witches much too busy off demonstrating and getting arrested at Diablo Canyon Nuclear Protests? Such Witches are neglecting their very reason for being?

The Witch is the one to whom the "folk" come when there is a need to lift the veil of the future. He/she is the only one who can truly explain the things that go bump in the night. He/She works with the practical spiritual problems of people, helping them navigate through the stormy sea of life, where the official religious "ministers" cannot, or will not, tread. The Witch needs to be there always among the folk, where his/her ancient wisdom is needed; where his/her spells can be applied to those thorny situations of love, luck, money, revenge, and seeing. Idealistic social and political agendas are not of the traditional classical Witch and to be busy engaging in them sidetracks the Witch from his/her true place in this world; ministering to the practical spiritual needs of the folk. That be Witches' Work!

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Back Issues

All back issues are $1 each. First come, first served. Some back issues are mailed at our regular mailing, some are mailed first class. (Parentheses are inventory codes.) Please order by month and year. Only the prior year's back issues are available.

1989

March (J27) From Knighthawk; From TAWN; From Alex G; From Lady Mariah; From Elizabeth; Author Complains of Death Threats; A Method for Teaching Tarot; The Politically Incorrect Behavior Opposition Resolution; book reviews.

April (J11) From Circle of Trianon; Beltaine; From Lizard; Amazon Indians Protest Brazil Dam Project; Endangered Species Decision Criticized; Earth Medicine Song; Spicing; Court Widens Scope of Religious Liberty; book reviews.

May (J18) Witches Against Animal Abuse; Religious Leaders Win One Against US Snooping; LEM Survey Project; From Moonraven; Lady of the Moon; From Knighthawk.

June (J16) Ginseng Information from Lloyd Herbals; When; A Coven Cauldron Rite to Make a Magical Elixir; Jesus Must Be Black; From Andrew; From Robert; From Reed; From Runaristi.

July () Thoughts on the Sabbats: Autumnal Equinox; Homemade Henges Part III: Magickal Use; From Reed.

August () Thoughts on the Sabbats: Hallowmas; Earth-Base Projex; From Chief Medicine Bear; From Reed.

October () The New Witch Hunt; From Fags to witches; book reviews.

November () A Cure for AIDS by an Extract of Shiitake More Effective than AZT; From Robert A. Mayer Medical Center; The Covens are Coming, The Covens are Coming; Society of Solitary Witches; From WAAA; From Stan; In Loving Memory from Herman Slater; Call for Submissions; From United Wiccan Church; From Tarostar; From Reed.

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Back Issues (cont.)

December () Religion in the News; To Chief Medicine Bear; From L. Hernsen; At the Getty Museum; From Rayna; A Word about Steel and Knives; From Liz; From Reed.

*** note *** no 1990 issues

1991

January--From Avalon Network; From Luinrandir; Ancient Temple Unearthed; From the Association of Cymmry Wicca; The Devil You Say; Reviews.

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Events

If you have announcements of one-time events or events occurring on a specific date, we recommend Larry Cornett, who has been compiling such data compactly and nicely for some time now. His address is: 9527 Blake LN #012, Fairfax, VA 22031. If you sponsor an annual event or have attended a gathering, we'd love to have a feature article on the history of the event, your experiences in management and organization of same, reviews of the event itself, etc. But send the announcement of the event itself to Larry. The calendar is available for $4/year, and he uses some snazzy postage.

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Herbal Gathering, Wildcrafting, and Plant Identification, 10 am to 4 pm. Contact: Earth Emporium, 2335 Alpine BL, Alpine, CA 92001. Also, Women's Herbal Workshop, $30 (includes samples, etc.).

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June 20-23, 1991: 13th Annual Gathering of the Tribes and International Earth Religion Leadership Conference. Near Atlanta, GA. Contact: Church of Y Tylwyth Teg, POB 674884, Marietta, GA 30067.

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Events (cont.)

August 7-11, 1991: 15th Annual Pan Pagan Festival. Near South Bend, IN. Contact: Midwest Pagan Council, POB 313, Matteson, IL 60443.

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July 11-14, 1991: Planet Fest '91. Near Bloomington, IN. Contact: PPF '91 c/o EBPX, POB 1328, Bloomington, IN 47402-1328. Send two stamps.

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Books

Wicca Craft: The Modern Witch's Book of Herbs, Magick, and Dreams, Gerina Dunwich (Citadel Press, June 1991, $7.95 paper).

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Earth God Rising: The Return of the Male Mysteries, Alan Richardson (Llewellyn, $10.95 paper).

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Bulletin Board

Rik is looking for contacts in the New Orleans area, as he will be visiting there in May. Contact him at POB 40451, Tucson, AZ 85717.

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Military Personnel: If you are going to be away from your regular duty station (i.e., in the Persian Gulf), let us know, and we will send your GNL under cover through first-class mail until your safe return. Please let us know when you get back, and we're sure our readers would love to hear your perspective if you are in the Gulf and can share.

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If your manuscript is accepted for publication in the annual, you will be sent a check for $20 on acceptance. (If you prefer equivalent compensation in silver, please let us know in your letter in lieu of your other name. Be sure to send a sufficient SASE.)

If your manuscript is rejected for the Annual and your cover letter indicates that it can be considered for the monthly, we will do so. Rejected manuscripts will be returned only if you have sent a SASE. All publication rights revert to the author on publication.

Please mark all other correspondence CLEARLY with either "for publication" or "NFP" (not for publication). This greatly simplifies my work. It also helps if you enclose a SASE.

Getting in touch. By far, the best way to ensure a hasty reply is to send a SASE. Phone calls normally don't get answered, so please write a letter and send a SASE so we can track your request better and save the phone for MESSAGES ONLY. Those letters that cannot be answered in the newsletter get round-filed if there is no SASE enclosed. If you want us to forward, be sure to include postage sufficient for the material to be forwarded.

If you see something you like, let us know. Our writers are now getting paid, even if it isn't much.

The opinion expressed in the Annual and monthly are not necessarily those of the Georgian Church. So there.

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THAT'S ALL FOR THIS MONTH...

BLESSED BE,

dean: philosophy editor
Fauna: editor in chief
Marc: chief publication assistant

... the Georgians, and all the other fine folks that make this publication possible and worthwhile.

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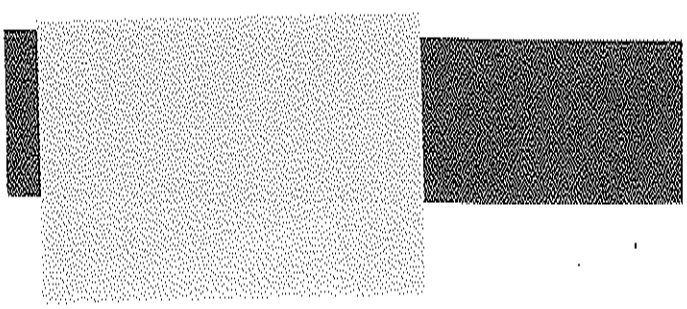
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