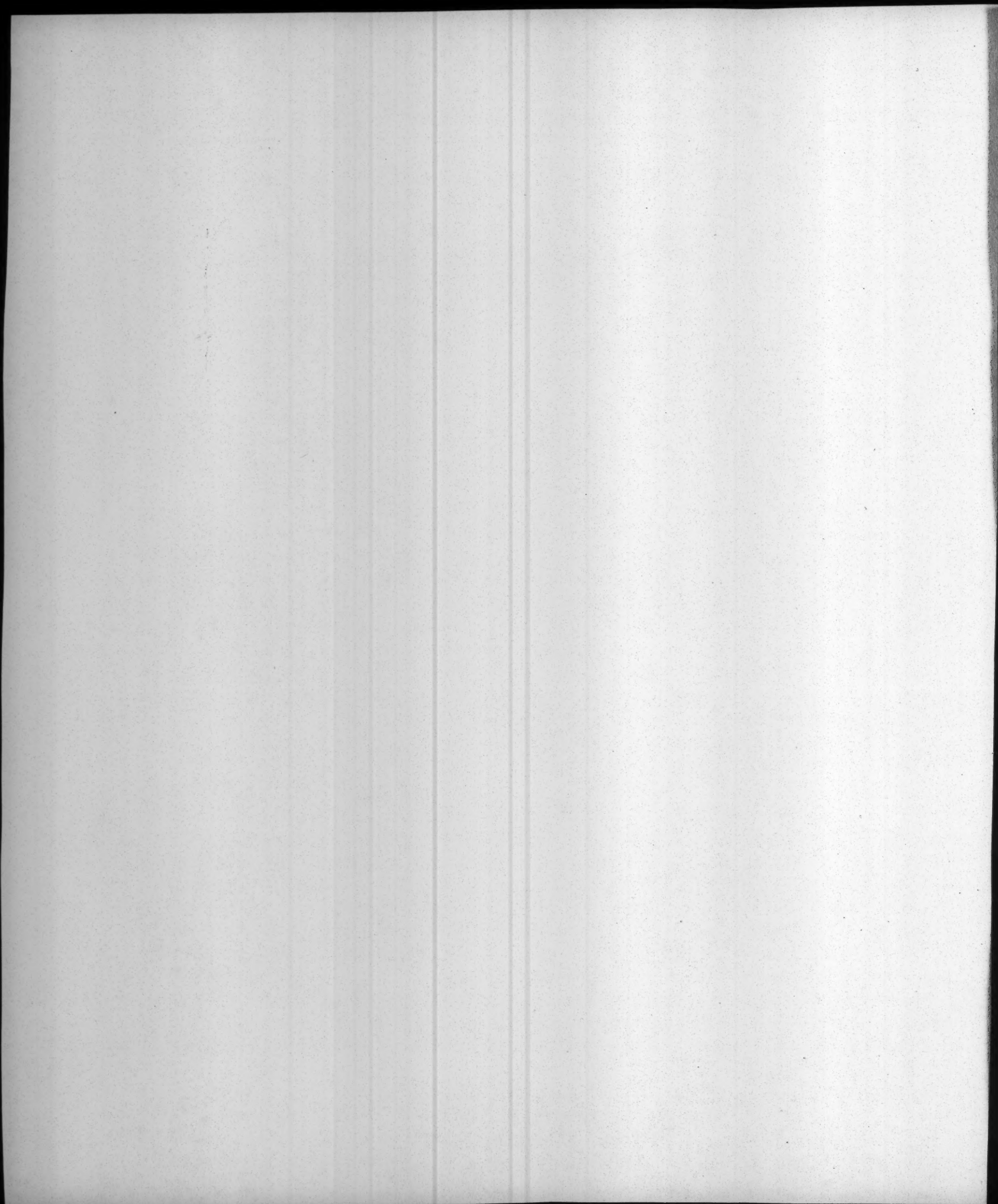


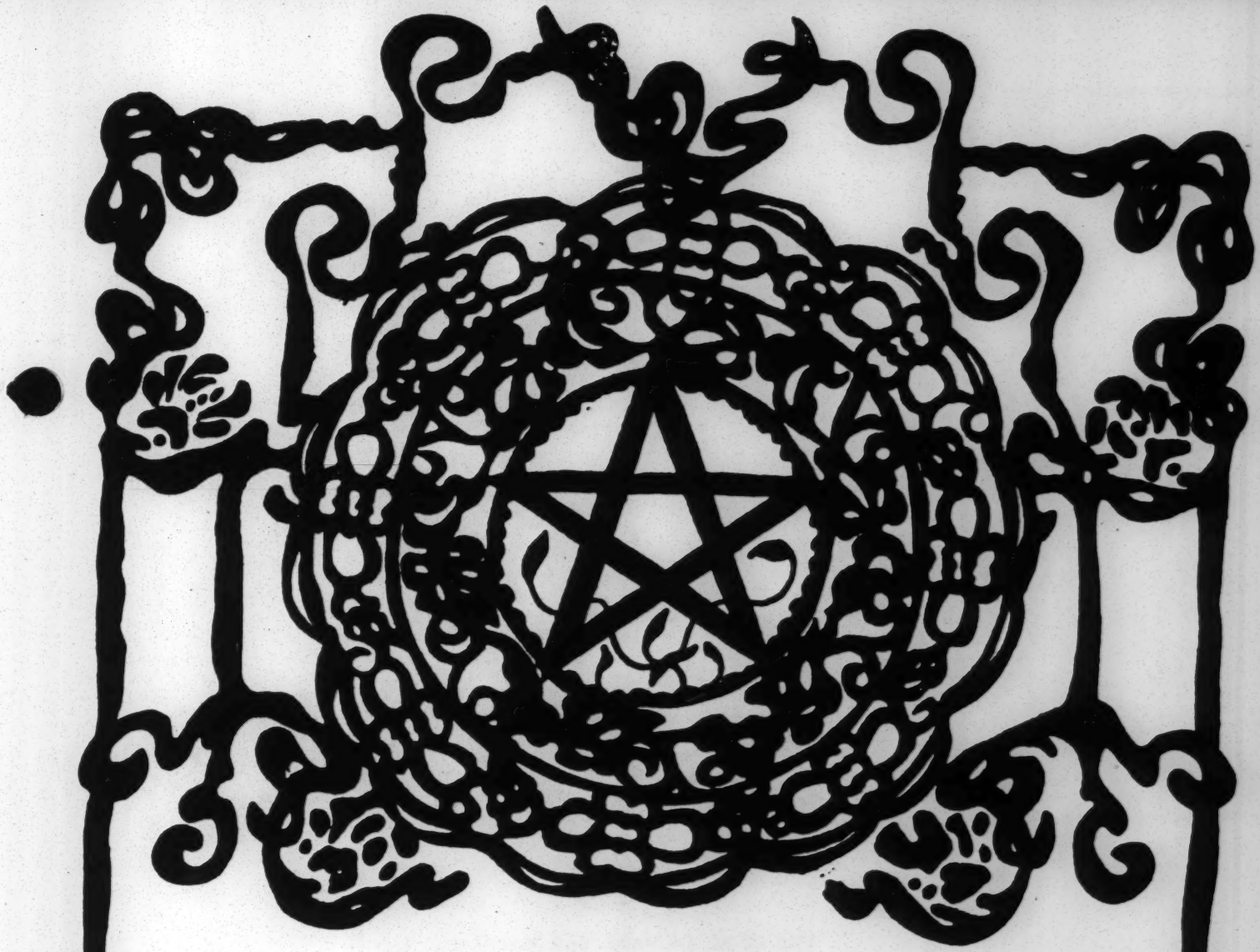
# Dragon Smoke



ST. MOONSTAR

• NO. 1 •





NUMBER 3 IN A SERIES OF 500

CERTIFIED BY THE EDITOR

*Tiffany Yst. Moonstar*



TIFFANY YVONNE ST. MOONSTAR

TSTM



"the mind is vast and complex,  
so I am told.  
yet, if we listen to our inner voices  
we can grow, reflect and become a much  
higher being.  
the quest is long and forever unfolding  
the goal is to find that precious jewel  
that is me.  
and when I come to find me;  
and you know you;  
can we share ourselves completely."

---SOLARIUS

Sketch by  
MARI DE PAUL



DRAGONSMOKE

VOL. I

IS

DEDICATED

TO

MR. JACK UPCHURCH



## FROM THE EDITOR.....



CANDLEMAS...LUPERCALIA...FEAST OF PAN...The Goddess aches...and sweats...and works her body in a ballet of pain...her clear eyes show all terror and love, pain and ecstasy...she screams...but yet another cry cleaves the list hot air of her womb to drown out even her might...Steamy clouds of her breath form white magickal mist in the arctic cold of whispering winter. The New Year's Sun God is born!

From: WHAT WITCHES DO  
By Stewart Farrar.....



"Dread Lord of Death and Resurrection,  
Of Life, and the Giver of Life;  
Lord within ourselves, whose name is Mystery  
of mysteries;  
Encourage our hearts,  
Let the Light crystallize itself in our blood,  
Fulfilling of us resurrection;  
For there is no part of us that is not of the Gods."

Resurrection...rebirth. From the ashes of the Phoenix rise new life. Young Dragonsmoke rises from the fiery char of its birth and tries out its wings in this Issue No. 2...it totters, but gains strength and becomes strong. Dragonflames soar from its nostrils...and it glides on the wings of Jove. He is nourished by all your love and support. I wish to recognize the following people for their help, and thank some of them also for putting up with my "slave driving". A great ship asks deep waters. Much thanks to the following:

Kim Mohun—For being a friend whose love and being has always been an inspiration.  
Uncle Moyshaw—For being there when I needed a shoulder to cry on. Black Hawk...for his total support and protection. Dragonflame, Dragonstar, and Black Isis...for your long hours of typing. Black Lotus, Napoleon, and Firemaiden for your pastup work! Morganna, Stargazer, Windwalker, and Starbuck for patience, errand running and hot coffee...and putting up with the rest of us temperamental artists! Pendragon...for his preliminary proofreading skills. Lila Frerichs for being a mother to a Dragon—and giving her baby dragon life. Fathali for being a constant well of support, love, and inspiration...and putting up with a temperamental artiste. Marcello, for being the temple cat and giving critiques on the operations on a day to day basis. Morgan Lashorn—for giving an old priestess new hope and inspiration. Thanks to all of you out there for giving this reason for existing! Blessed Be!

WITH PERFECT LOVE AND PERFECT TRUST....

*Tiffany Wonne St. Moonstar* ✱  
Tiffany Wonne St. Moonstar, Editor



RAGONSMOKE is the ANNUAL of the Coven of the Dragon. The opinions expressed here are those of each individual author. Coven of the Dragon endorses none of the opinions expressed here nor is responsible for the opinions of it's authors. DRAGONSMOKE has no express opinions of it's own but rather provides an open forum for Pagans of all traditions. Please address all offerings, submissions, or letters to the Editor: Tiffany Yvonne St. Moonstar, ATIN: DRAGONSMOKE, P. O. Box 65, Mt. View, CA 94042 (PLEASE ENCLOSE A SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR A PERSONAL REPLY OR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT).

**EDITORIAL POLICY:** All articles, poems, artwork, cartoons, fiction and nonfiction writings are solicited of themes relating to Wytchcraft, Occultism, Paganism, Earth, Nature, Fantasy or Magicke. Submissions if typed should be double spaced and if handwritten must be legible. All submissions must be accompanied by a SASE.

Name and address must accompany submissions, but may be omitted upon publication is so desired if a pen name is furnished. Pagan, Pen, or Wytch names are acceptable for publication. If address is not to be printed, author must write this on his/her submission. If an author wishes to have the "ABOUT THE AUTHOR" feature added to his work, he must submit a decent snapshot of him/herself and give some biographical data on him/herself. Letters will be printed in "SCALES OFF THE DRAGON" as long as they are not potential lawsuit material.

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DRAGONSMOKE, VOL. I, CANDLEMAS 1984.

\* \* \* \* \*

REMEMBERANCES by Anastasia

Dedicated to L. "Pan" Hines

.....Io Pan...days are past when we lepto to the music of Posidens mighty orchestra. Many suns and moons have passed across the heavens, many stars and planets have risen and fallen on the body of Nuit inkily stretched across the sky...but still we live, still we spring to the cries of the chant, to the call of your pipes. It has long been so with us. We are the immortals.

We have taken all forms on all worlds. We have loved in all manners in all physical forms with all the fevor of the passion of the dragon. Our lust reaches no bounds, leaves no mark unexplored. And every part of the manisfestation of our entities be-speaks this.

I caress lovingly with my eyes yet an other of your forms. You are swirling fiery red salamander, might of the sun gleaming in the cold sterile blackness of space. I colide with you and a burst of stardust caresses the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

"There can be no doubt that in the very earliest ages of human history the magical force and wonder of the female was no less a marvel than the universe itself; and this gave to woman a prodigious power, which it has been one of the chief concerns of the masculine part of the population to break, control and employ to its own ends. It is, in fact, most remarkable how many primitive hunting races have the legend of a still more primitive age than their own, in which the women were the sole possessors of the magical art."

—Joesph Campbell

\* \* \* \* \*

"Grandmother Earth, hear me! The two-leggeds, the four-leggeds, the wingeds, and all that move upon you are Your children.

With all beings and all things we shall be as relatives; just as we are related to You, O Mother."

—Black Elk



# The Call To Cthulhu

333+333+333

This magickal rite is to be performed in a secluded location near a major body of water...a large river, lake, or ocean. The best place would be a natural stone cavern at the water's edge.

The magickal rite must take place at night, preferably at a time when the sky is very overcast and the water is tempestuous. You need not any special articles of magickal attire...such as robes...or decorative paraphernalia as used in the O.T.O. workings. The only single exception is that all participants must wear the medallion that bears the Great Seal of Shaitan-Aiwaz.

A rather large bonfire is kindled. The magickian who will assume the presence of Cthulhu stands above and apart from the other participants, holding aloft a Black Torch which, should be treated in such a way as to give off a Blackish-Blue flame.

All participants light the bonfire and assemble in a magickal circle that shows the Eleven points which represent the Eleven Towers as found on Sirius B.

The Grand Wa-Zoo addresses the Circle:

"Greetings O' Sisters and Brothers of the Ancient Blood, we are gathered here to invoke Great Cthulhu. Together we will chant the Chant of the Abyss... that Great Void of the Dark Waters and shrieking winds where we once lived so very long ago. We shall hear the Deathless Ones; and, see the Eternal Serpent."

The Group sings:

"Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn..."

The Grand Wa-Zoo addresses the Circle:

"Hail, Great Cthulhu! Who art known to all races of the Deep Ones who walk upon and beneath the Earth. TYPHON..... LEVITHAN...CTHULHU! Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn. I'a Cthulhu..."

CTHULHU APPEARS.

In all our minds we hear Cthulhu speak to us:

From Yuggoth I am come to the World of Horrors, here to abide and to Rule for all Eternity.

Through the Third Angle I journeyed, casting forth the Jackels of Time and singing among the many people who thought me not there upon the World of Horrors.

I had walked upon the Earth, and I had taught the people to laugh and to play, to slay and to scream. And for them I died not, but for myself I died and have slept.

For the magickal flutes of the laughing shriek throughout and beyond the chasms of the Great Abyss. For Darkness boils with the perishing of the Five Angles in the Sixth.

I danced and killed. I laughed with the people and, in R'lyeh I died to sleep the Dreams of the Grand Master of the Planes and of the Angles.

Hear me! Hear me, for I cry the end of the God of Death, and of the God of Dying, and I speak of the Laws of Life that you may reject the Curse of the Death without sleep.

The Old Ones Were, the Old Ones Are, and the Old Ones Shall Be Again. I am Dead, but I sleep and am therefore not Dead. From the depths of the waters I come, and from the Depths the Deep Ones also have come.

Thus for Ages...Aeons...Eons...you have Slept through the Reign of the God of Death. Now is the Time for you all to Wake Up! Awaken to the Power of Life. Look to the Sea and the Deep Ones will come to your call.

Forget not neither the Abyss of Origin, nor the Old Ones who brought to you the Flame of the Abyss, nor the Camel in the Desert, nor the Eternal Serpent who gave Eve the Fire of Illumination.

Go now from the Great Sea.

The Grand Wa-Zoo addresses the Circle:

"The Angles of the watery Abyss are no more. Let other Angles be Opened. For the Deep Ones are there for us to command by our True Will."

The Group sings:

"By the Seal of Shaitan-Aiwaz and by the Shining Trapeziod, let none hazard Thy wrath, for we are Known to the Old Ones."

End of the Call to Cthulhu.

THNINIM 560 90 = 2<sup>0</sup> A.: A.:



# Scales Off The Dragon

## On Death and Living.

EDITOR: The following is a letter/work submitted by Joyce Gauthier of Willows, CA. It tells of her experience with the shadow world of death. We are all personally inspired by it...we hope it is of interest to you all...

"In this life I am a Rosicrucian advanced beyond the Ninth Temple Degree, member of the American Federation of Astrologers and a professional astrologer, Wytche High Priestess, and mother of two of the most beautiful young men in existence. I'm not prejudiced, only their mother.

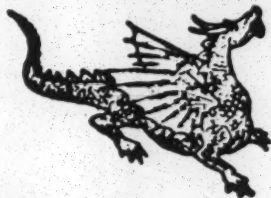
On October 11, 1982 at 5:55 p.m. my first born son, Dewayne, "died" and I would like to share my experience with those to whom it may bring some hope and comfort. My son died from injuries sustained in an automobile accident. I was driving the automobile. My own injuries were minor but upon regaining consciousness in the hospital I felt the psychic link between my son and me. He was concerned for the safety of his mother. I sent him the message that I was alright and he was not to worry.

My son and I had always had this psychic link and used it as one would a telephone hotline to each other. When the doctor came to my bedside to tell me my son had died I couldn't believe him. I still felt the link and my son had told me that he was fine. The doctor took my reaction to be a natural rejection of the tragic news. When I realized that Dewayne was telling me he was fine

because he had left the body, I then lost all sense of reality and went into shock. As I returned to myself, I summoned my younger son and a close friend to me. They made the necessary telephone calls to my parents and Dewayne's father. His father immediately flew out to California and began to make arrangements to transport the body back to our home town.

Dewayne had made his wishes clear to me concerning the disposal of his body when he had no longer any use for it. He wanted to be cremated and have his ashes scattered to the four winds. He wanted no physical monument. His father would not hear of it so I made the concession of allowing a funeral. However, I insisted that all the other desires expressed by my son be respected and followed. We chose a very inexpensive casket with no seal so as to allow the earth to reclaim the body. We dressed him in his favorite jogging outfit instead of a suit. He hated suits. Dewayne's most emphatic request was that no Christian service be held (his father is a Methodist), and no hypocritical minister was to say words over him. My son shares my pagan philosophies.

The morning of the funeral I went to the funeral home very early so I could spend a few hours alone looking at the face I'd never see again after that day. I walked up to the casket with tears in my eyes and begged my son's forgiveness for the loss of his life. My son had a distinctive way of saying "Mom!" when



JOYCE GAUTHIER (con't.)

and turned in its direction thinking, for some odd reason, that my younger son had just come into the room. There was no other presence there. I said, "DeWayne, is tht you?" And heard, "Yeah." Then I felt pin pricks in the back of my neck and a very warm glow on my right shoulder. DeWayne often rested his hand on my right shoulder when standing beside me. He liked to lord his height over his short mom. I didn't cry anymore that day. My son was still alive and with me!

Since we had given him Earth's physical body, DeWayne's father and I decided to lay it to rest ourselves. We spoke words of love for our son and told the assembled mourners what kind of a son he was to us. His brother told of him as a brother. Much to our surprise, many people told us how fitting they thought our gesture was. We had expected disapproval since that community was a hornet's nest of Christian Bible-thumpers. DeWayne's father and I were able to lay aside our petty squabbles that we had ragged for the twelve years we have been divorced. It took our son's transistion to do that.

The body my son once occupied now lies underneath a beautiful cedar tree in a centuries old cemetery just thirty feet from his great-great grandparents, great grandparents, and paternal grandparents.

I felt my son's unseen presence with me constantly for about a month after his so-called death. I don't feel him so much any more and so I suppose he is making ready to go on to his next cycle in life. I still miss him terribly and shed a few tears now and then. The loss is mine, not his. But I have gained something too. I have gained the proof of all the teachings and philosophies of the religion of our Goddess and the Rosicrucians. There is no such thing as death, only transition or change. My son is alive and I'll see him again.

O yes, at transistion DeWayne was twenty years, twenty days, and twenty hours old. His present cycle was completed."

Joyce Gauthier , Willows, CA

Dragonsmoke, Number One:

"Dragonsmoke is extremely interesting. It is full of beautiful art, dedications, fantasies, information. One of the things I see it doing for me is expanding my imagination, besides that it increases my knowledge of things, things in life!

The words are not, just mere words ...there're bits and pieces of other planes, other times. If I let my mind run free, then can I understand. If I still my mind with too much tradition then I die a lonely death, it becomes a waisted life..."

Robert Siegrist  
Dannemara, NY

"I must say, your publication is very nice, indeed...I had no idea that your publication would be so large!...from what I see hear your people have a very broad vision, I like that very, very much. Have you ever seen the old issues of the PENTAGRAM, Mr. Gardner's publication from England? Your work is very well night to being like it!...."

Frodo MacNiel-MacBarreveha  
Ireland

"Bravo! I haven't been this excited since seeing a solar eclipse! Consider yourself complimented as I am an astronomer!"

John Harold Grant  
Prince Edward Island, Canada

"More, more more! Would you consider going monthly?"

Marian LaSalle  
Tijuana, Mexico

"I have a bone to pick with you people ....Why didn't you start this sooner and why isn't it monthly! I love it!"

Janice and Alex LaFevere  
London, England



EDITOR: Thanks to all of you that wrote In with your encouragement! Unfortunately we have not the space here to print all of your letters. But thanks to one and all. YOU make DRAGONSMOKE what it is! Please keep participating, one and all!

#### ZODIAC Killers

"We sure enjoyed laughing at ourselves! I hope to see more of this offbeat humor!"

J.T., R.B. and T.H.  
Milwaukee, WI

EDITOR: See our Astrology column this ish.

#### The Day of the God

"Simply Smashing—I was amazed. I am a very non-violent person but the beauty of the prose and the treatment both fascinated me and drew me into the world Tiffany described. Everything seemed natural and I hope we can see more of her work..."

Thomas Breen  
Austin, TX

"After reading The Day of the God I find this world and civilization sadly lacking. There is a poetry to the world of Ms. St. Moonstar that draws me, it is more just somehow then this modern menagerie we call modern civilizaiton.

Dr. James T. Sharpe  
Alberta, Canada

#### Herbs:

"The article on Ginseng is marvelous. I look forward to GREEN PASTURES this ish. The ginseng has been great in helping my sex life!"

Janet Gould

#### Untitled (Mr. Gwynedd)

"Mr. Gwynedd is a talented poet. I hope to see more of his work gracing the pages of DRAGONSMOKE."

Slim Pyewacket, Juno Alaska



#### Echo (B. Lahue)

"Mr. Lahue has touched on the inner cord of us all that dates back to the first life. In his work I see my past lives, and relieve them. Please, Mr. Lahue... let us read more of your work!"

Marana  
Alaska

#### The Dream (G. M. Kelly)

"The Dream by Mr. Kelly was for me, a very personal experience...he put into words what I have always felt, always longed for...my self, personally. I wish to commend him on this piece, and hope he will submit more to DRAGONSMOKE. One wonders where the inspiration came for this story...I think Mr. Kelly must have a special lady tucked away somewhere."

Peter Theibold  
Inverness, Scotland

"My compliments to Mr. Kelly! Lets see more!"

J. Thom  
San Diego, CA

"Mr. Kelly truly seems a renaissance man. Let us ad "accomplished fiction writer" to his long list."

Janus

#### The Secret of the Unicorn

"Mr. Radziewicz is one in a million! My children are still nagging me to "re-read" his stories to them. This is going to be the 20th time—Please Mr. Radziewicz... make your stories a little more duller for the sake of an almost blind mother!"

Gwen Shields

"I love the story. Thank you very much. My mom told me to write thanks because otherwise you wouldn't know I liked it."

Cerridwen, Aged 10, Canada

GREETINGS TO YOU TIFFANY;

IN IMMEDIATE RESPONSE TO THE SURPRISINGLY UNDERESTIMATED RELEVANCE OF DREAMS EXPRESSED BY THOSE WHOM CHOOSE NOT TO HEAR THE WORDS OF TRUTH, I RATHER THOUGHT THAT THIS DESERVED MY ATTENTION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

ALLOW ME TO MAKE ONE POINT CLEAR FIRST, I AM A SCIENTIST, PARAPSYCHOLOGIST, AND A MEMBER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF METAPHYSICIANS - THEREFORE MY CONCEPT OF THE RELEVANCE OF DREAMS IS TO SAY THE LEAST NOT MERELY FOUNDED ON THE OCCULT TRADITIONS OF THE STUDY OF SUCH.

THE "DREAMS" ONE EXPERIENCES ARE AT LEAST AS "REAL" AS ONE'S WAKING REALITY, JUST AS VALID, SUBSTANTIAL, ETC., THOSE WHO DO NOT REALIZE THIS ONLY HAMPER THEIR OWN DEVELOPMENT NOT ANYONE ELSE'S.

THE PURPOSE OF DREAM RECORDING IS TO HELP ONE BECOME MORE KNOWLEDGABLE OF ONE'S OWN OTHER "SELVES", OR IF YOU PREFER "STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS". THESE OTHER STATES ARE FAR MORE CREATIVE, KNOWLEDGABLE, AND MUCH MORE FREEER TO INVESTIGATE, ADVENTURE, ETC., WHERE THE BODY IS HAMPERED BY IT'S CORPOREAL CONSCIOUS STATE.

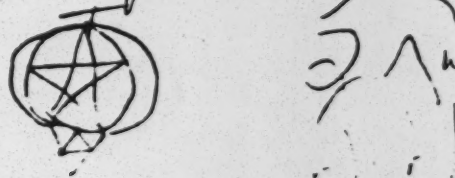
THE DREAM STATE IS FREE OF TIME, SPACE, AND THE TRI-DIMENSIONAL LAWS OF MATTER/ENERGY INTERACTION. ONE CAN CONTROL THESE STATES AND FIND ONE'S OWN OTHER LIVES, LOVES, PURPOSES, ETC., .

MANY WHOM NOW CONTROL THEMSELVES IN THIS STATE (INCLUDING MYSELF) CAN "PROGRAM" THEMSELVES ON THE STATUS OF PRIORITY OF DREAMS, (I.E. YOU CAN GO TO SLEEP AND KNOW YOU WILL DREAM OF WHAT WILL TAKE PLACE THE NEXT DAY AND BE TOTALLY 100% CORRECT!) THIS MAKES FOR MORE TIME IN THE CORPOREAL IMAGE TO BE CONSTRUCTIVE, CREATIVE, AND SO FORTH.

THIS IS BUT ONE SMALL PAGE THAT I HAVE TIME TO TYPE IN MY CORPOREAL IMAGE IN ORDER TO ATTEMPT TO LET THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW, KNOW. I WILL HAVE MORE TIME AND MORE LITERATURE WILL FOLLOW. FOR NOW LET US JUST SAY THAT THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING BY DREAM RECORDING - YOU DO! AND FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING BY TELLING OTHERS THAT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING BY DREAM RECORDING - "THE LIPS OF WISDOM ARE CLOSED, EXCEPT TO THE EARS OF THE UNDERSTANDING" - THE KYBALION

I CLOSE THIS LETTER BY SAYING THANK YOU TO TIFFANY ST. MOONSTAR, AND BLESSINGS TO BLACK SHADOW AND THE COVEN OF THE DRAGON.

FROM THE DESK OF TOBEI - AMIR  
WELSH WITCH - EARTH STAR TEMPLE

Tobei Amir DC  


## SOGOTH

By  
Tiffany St. Moonstar

Dedicated to Auntie and A.C.\*

**I**t was power. It was Strength. It was untold fire and burning star flame. It was the ruby of Sogoth.

All life gleamed in its eye as a reflection of what has been and what is now, what will be. All knowledge of the worlds wisest men; sorcerers, shamans, scholars, and scientists...all paled before the scintillating inner light of the ruby of Sogoth. All wisdom of man was dust before the might of Sogoth. Sogoth was beyond knowledge, for Sogoth was knowledge.

No man could look into the eye of Sogoth—without wanting Sogoth. To touch it, to possess it, to fondle it, to caress it...this was not enough. For when men looked into Sogoth, they wanted to become Sogoth. And Sogoth wanted to become them.

For as powerful as Sogoth was, as mighty, as golden, as omnipotent, and royal and magnificent...Sogoth needed man to move his mountains, to conquer all men, to possess all women. Without man as his tool Sogoth remained an angry prisoner, trapped in a world without power, without might, without luxury or warmth. Without a man, he was a cold stone. But with a man, Sogoth was alive, was able to caress a woman's breasts, to enjoy her wrapped around him. With a man, Sogoth could conquer all worlds and crush the life blood from humans with a single grasp. With a man Sogoth could feel the sweet grape trickle of wine slither down a throat, and know the peace of sleep. To be eternally awake, to be constantly conscious, that is what Sogoth most hated. To live, Sogoth needed man.

It was long since Sogoth had drunk grape, had held a sword, had crushed a woman's loins next to his...there had been many men he had lived in, in the past...the sorcerer from Yling, the barbarian king in Hyperborea, and the dictator from Argentina. But they were gone. Sogoth had used them up and worn

them out. He needed a fresh man to live in. A fresh, strong, young man body to manifest his desires through...

It would not be long...

Why only this morning the evening storm on the seas had caused Sogoth to roll up on the sands with the wet morning waves...

He waited...

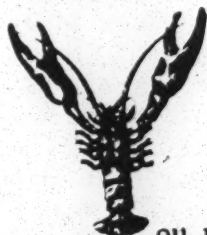
His ruby eye glinted in the fog...

It would not be long.



THE GYNANDER: A STAR WITHIN THE BODY OF  
NU-ISIS

By FARISS



You presently have all that you need to manifest as the Gynander, whose no. is seven. The letter Zayin, the zodiac sign of The Lovers/Twins, that denotes harmony, balance, love! Our sexual polarity not only serves to insure race survival through genetic variety, but acts as a profound source of Magickal Power, for regardless of the gender of your body, your true sex is both Male and Female whether viewed as two individuals of opposite/similar sex, or one individual using his/her own internal polarity to fulfill the Formula of 2=0!

We are separated for the joy of union! The force of our coming-together annihilates the illusion of each identity, and effects change in the Universe as directed by the performance of "Love under Will."

You contain within yourself the mystery of Tetragrammaton, for you are father; mother, son, daughter! The father and mother produce a Son, who woos and wins the daughter; he places her upon the throne of the mother, and the daughter enkindles the incest of the Eld-father! Each of these four desire/lusts for the other in a ritual of escatic incest that knows no taboo, for "Every Man and Every Woman is a Star", confirming that the gynander is a herald of the future, a being in whom both sexes are developed and concealed as the incarnate ego!

In this Aeon of Horus, "Every Man and Woman is a Star." The gynander is a herald of the future, a being in whom both sexes are revealed and concealed. The concealment is a Veil of Convenience, so that sexual orientation will not bias those human functions that are generically human, rather than male or female.

Rather than slaying the father, the daughter unites with him to the degree of no difference. They share essences together with the mother and the son, and the whole tetrad transcends sexuality to become Divine Man/Woman, or magickal Gynander!

---THE FINAL HE---(Who is to say if this

is to be concealed--surely all is revealed as divine truth..."EVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN IS A STAR OF NU"---YOD HE VAU HE

\* \* \* \* \*



PHOENIX

For Anastasia

By  
MORGAN LAWHORN

I am born of fire,  
an in the shadow of Osiris  
I burn

The sea undulates  
with the rhythm of the Goddess' breath  
So soft

And light, I slip into  
her sweet liquid at the end of  
my path

When water, flesh and fire  
give way to steam and ash whence I  
shall rise  
--again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"silent as snow i climb the steps.  
slowly, one by one...  
as i reach the top platform  
a golden light shines about me,  
around me,  
becomes me...  
and i become the light,  
moving outside of time=with=space."

---SOLARIUS

\* \* \* \* \*

TO MY NUIT, BELOVED GODDESS OF THE  
STARRY UNIVERSE

---

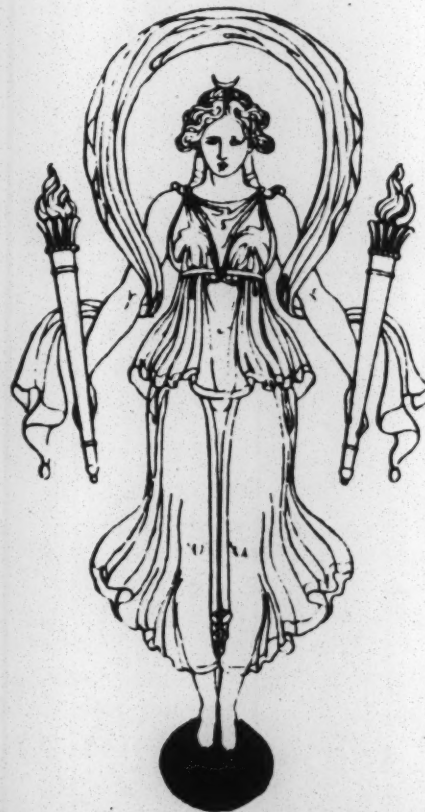
by Ssiraf LlebmiK

O, Mother of the Universe, whose body is  
white with the cores of all starsoul's  
light,  
Bend now upon thy servants, and impart to  
us the holy worship thou hast promised.  
Your universe is pure joy given as the  
spirit of life poured out from your in-  
finite body,  
You, who are all pleasure/lust/desire/  
ecstasy that gives unimaginable joys of  
heaven.  
Do not hold thyself from my destiny as I  
reflect myself according to the image  
of thee,  
Thy heart of my heart, thy mind of my mind,  
thy soul of my soul, and thy star of my  
star.  
In the depths of my being flashes the fire  
of thy life that illumines your womb of  
stars,  
In order to create the ever-changing des-  
ign of thy star body, O beloved lady of  
heaven.  
O, Lady of the Stars, let me not be content  
until I penetrate the secret core of thy  
being,  
As I press thy body to mine, one with the  
infinitely great as with the infinitely  
small,  
May your lambent flame of starry kalas  
reveal thy star splendour, O Nuit,  
within my soul,  
For thee I came, to thee I return, as thy  
bideest me within thine house to forever  
dwell.  
Is not the smoke upon my altar a symbol of  
my desires ascending towards thy naked  
splendour,  
Thou who art the giver of light/life/love/  
liberty to us, the children of thy  
pure being.  
O let me whirl within thee, every atom  
of my being closely intimate to every  
atom of thine,  
A follower of thy star-trail that leads  
to the discovery of thy most sacred  
elixir of life.  
Thy star body of woman reveals all magick  
and mystery in the trinity of virgin/  
priestess/goddess.  
On the night of the full moon, when the  
children of magicakal workings attend  
thy sacred circle,  
The elements of the fiery, the watery,

the airy, the earthy khabs are united  
for loves sake,  
With each starsoul's inmost being achored  
forever in thy sacred khu of infinite  
space/infinite stars.  
Thy four-lettered name is secret, myst-  
erious, universal, known as the four  
faces of trinity,  
Called the twelve aspects of the ancient  
star goddess of the fire snake, She  
who moves,  
Whose names are Sorceress/Suvasini/Shek-  
inah/Succubus, revealed by thy temple  
virgin,  
Whose names are Goddess/Ancient One/  
Scarlet Woman/Coph Nia, revealed by  
thy high priestess,  
Whose names are Babalon/Sermet/MaaJ/  
No-Ozojamreps, revealed by thy star  
priestess.  
O, Nuit, I remember as of old that thou  
art continuous/beneath/above/around/  
inside my khabs...  
She in the dust of whose feet are the  
hosts of heaven, and she whose body  
encircleth my soul and the universe  
as one.

11/2 & 3/82---SSIRAF LLEBMIK

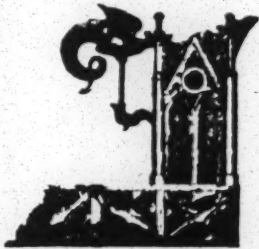
\* \* \* \* \*



MAGIC/MAGICK - WITCH/WYTCH

by

Charles H. Radziewicz



It's quite apparent to the enlightened ones that at the turn of the century we also experience a change in the terminology regarding Occult Philosophy, and our ever expanding Neo-Pagan search for truth and knowledge.

At the last turn of the century, we had such greats as H. P. Blavatsky, 1831-1891. Madame Blavatsky was Russian born, founder and head of the Theosophical Society which she established on the 13th of September 1875.

The most notorious personality of all time "Aleister Crowley", 1875-1947, gave the world the knowledge of the deference between Magic, often called "slight of hand or stage magic" and natural Magick. Crowley's definition of MAGICK is thus: "MAGICK...is the Science and Art of causing change to occur in conformity with WILL."

Now, we are faced with another turn of the century rapidly approaching. And it be the "New Aeon of Horus", that of the child of "rebirth". Henceforth it be my opinion to enlighten the ill-informed pertaining to the term "Witch", mainly because the majority still think it to be "one in league with the devil."

I say it be high time we cleaned up the word Witch, and bring it to the once respectable position it had long ago. To separate the negative from the positive, and I wish to put forth the new spelling as such--"WYTCH". Now this in itself will capture the limited thinking processes of the unenlightened as they will attempt to correct your misspelling of the word. Once they have taken enough interest to correct you, you are now ready to correct "them", with the truth pertaining to the craft. Yes, "WYTCHCRAFT!"

However, as in any other terminology related to our beloved Craft, the acceptance or rejection of such change is left up to you, the populace. For it is really "you" who will decide, and it is "you" who hold the responsibility of

passing this change onto the future generations of our kind...

Your in-put as to acceptance or denial will be appreciated. You may write into the letters section of DRAGONSMOKE with your views on this subject.

In closing, let me make one final comment: "Let's keep Wytchcraft alive and bring its true meaning to the world."

Blessed Be!

Charles H. Radziewicz-"For Aion"\*  
(ALUXIS)

\*NOTE: "In the Mithraic cult, AION is the deity who is represented as a human figure with a Lion's head. Identified with CROMOS, AION is a time symbol."

\* \* \* \* \*



UNTITLED

by

Bruce Lahue

It is not hard, it is not strange  
To gather clouds and bring the rain.  
Observe the Sun; create a change.  
Assemble wind and earth and fire.  
Invert the Knights and so attire,  
The elements that came before.  
But Ace O' Cups comes to the fore  
Bearing the Knight.  
Let both stand o'er  
The zero and the One.  
Beat well, call rain, tis done.

World on a bubble,  
Word on a page,  
Reflect but another stage  
Of Time.

Every thought  
And world bursts bright  
floating in the sun;  
Scatters bits and deeds  
About, showers everyone.

\* \* \* \* \*



## GREEN PASTURÉ

EDITOR: OUR wayward Blackshadow is on business out of the country, and has not had time to collate all the response you sent in on the Mandrake. So instead we are offering a treatise by Windwalker on the medicinal properties of herbs, and their health uses. Marvelous Mandrake will appear in the next issue. Thank you all for contributing and keep doing so if you wish—we have an extension on Mandrake it seems. Blessed Be!

### INTRODUCTION

In a society where modernization and improvement of living standards are equated with man's destruction of his environment

and person by what he does and eats, it is very popular to unknowingly loathe and despise all wild flora as "weeds". This is done with little realization of the medicinal and nutritional power of these weeds. Herbs have been used since the beginning of time for medicinal and nutritional purposes and modern scientific research has proven that herbs contain many remarkable healing properties.

The knowledge of the use of herbs has been handed down from generations. It has been a point of concern that much of our herbal knowledge has been lost with the advent of today's extensive use of drugs for every little complaint. However, a large number of persons today are showing a renewed interest in natural healing remedies, herbs being the one in which people are now realizing their vast healing capabilities.

Today herbs are available in many forms through health food stores...in capsule, in tincture, in tablet and in bulk. Herbs are more inexpensive than over the counter drugs and are not toxic to the system, that is they do not build up and accumulate, causing side effects of the cure. They act naturally and gently, and are passed out of the body very readily. The following herbs listed and their combinations, have a natural ability to nourish and strengthen the body, cleansing and invigorating it.

NOTE: This article has not the intent of diagnosing or prescribing—it only exposes one to the possibilities in order to work more effectively with one's own doctor or naturapath.

### ALLERGIES

Herbs: Brigham Tea, Marshmallow Root, Burdock Root, Golden Seal Root, Chaparral, Parsley, Cayenne, and Lobelia (caution/Lobelia can be toxic in large doses.)

Physiologic Action: This formula is used to strengthen the body's ability to overcome sinus problems, hayfever, and other allergies. Containing a natural antihistamine, this formula helps decongest the sinus and other mucus-holding tissues.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules with a large glass of water three times daily and regulate according to need.

### ARTHRITIS AND RHEUMATISM

Herbs: Yucca Concentrate, Comfrey Root, Parsley, Burdock Root, Chaparral, Walnut Leaves, Buckthorn Bark, Slippery Elm, Yarrow and Valerian. Lobelia, Cayenne, Black Co-

hosh, Alfalfa Leaves and Chealated Minerals.

Physiologic Action: This special formula helps the body reduce or eliminate swelling of the body's joints and connective tissue. It is effective in dissolving inorganic mineral deposits thus helping to relieve stiffness and pain.

Suggested Use: Begin with the equivalent of one capsule twice daily with a glass of water. Gradually increase the amount over the next two or three weeks to the equivalent of two capsules three times daily. Then regulate as desired.

#### BLOOD CLEANSER:

Herbs: Gentian, All Heal, Catnip, Golden Seal Root, Bayberry Bark, Myrrh Gum, Irish moss, Fenugreek Seed, Comfrey Root, Bugleweed, Yellow Dock Root, St. Johnswort, Blue Vervain, Prickly Ash Berries, Violet Leaves, Stillingia, Red Clover Blossoms, Cascara Sagrada Bark, Chaparral and Cyanl Flowers.

Physiologic Action: Clean blood is a key to recovering and sustaining health. Body toxins, mucus, and other wastes are more easily removed with this herbal aid. Considered effective as a body system cleanser.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules with a large glass of water three times daily. Thereafter, regulate as needed, whether more or less.



#### BLOOD PRESSURE:

Herbs: Cayenne, Parsley, Ginger Root, Golden Seal Root, Garlic and Siberian Ginseng.

Physiologic Action: Promotes overall blood circulation and tends to normalize high blood pressure to the body's normal level (ditto low pressure). Cholesterol buildup in the blood vessels can also be reduced.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two or three capsules with a large glass of water each morning and evening.

#### BLOOD PURIFIER-GENERAL DETOXIFIER:

Herbs: Red Clover Blossoms, Chaparral,

Licorice Root, Peach Bark, Oregon Grape Root, Stillingia, Cascara Sagrada Bark, Sarsaparilla Root, Prickly Ash Bark, Burdock Root and Buckthorn Bark.

Physiologic Action: Nearly identical to the famous Hoxey formula effectively aid the body's cleansing systems, especially the bloodstream. Should be included as a nutritional supplement in all treatment of chronic or degenerative conditions.

Suggested Use: Recommended for adult use. The equivalent of three capsules in the morning and evening.



#### BONE, FLESH, AND CARTILAGE BUILDER:

Herbs: White Oak Bark, Comfrey Root, Marshmellow Root, Mullein, Black Walnut, Gravel Root, Wormwood, Lobelia and Scullcap.

Physiologic Action: To feed the healing processes for bone, flesh, and cartilage. This formula is used for broken bones, athletic injuries, sprained limbs and related inflammation and swelling.

Suggested Use: (1) The equivalent of two capsules taken three times a day or (2) Apply directly as a foretation by by covering affected area with a clothe soaked with strong Bone, Flesh and Cartilage tea. Wrap with plastic to protect clothes and bedding for the night. Continue until relief is obtained.

#### COLDS AND COUGHS

Herbs: Fenugreek Seed and Comfrey Leaves.

EDITOR: I also find 3 capsules of Gold Golden Seal Powder taken every 4 hours with a glass of juice to be invaluable for breaking down mucus and detoxifying the body.

Physiologic Action: Effective in relieving cold symptoms, helping to dissolve mucus and restore free breathing.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules with a large glass of water each morning and evening.



## COLDS AND FLU:

Herbs: Garlic, Rose Hips, Parsley, Watercress and Rosemary. EDITOR: Also Golden-seal Powder, See COLDS AND COUGHS.

Physiologic Action: In addition to supplying vitamins and minerals with other factors that help prevent viral infections, this natural formula effectively aids the body when influenza or a cold strikes.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two to four capsules with a large glass of water each morning and evening. Vary as needed.

## EYE DISORDERS:

Herbs: Eyebright, Golden Seal Root, Bayberry Bark, Red Raspberry Leaves, and Cayenne. EDITOR: A pint to a quart of freshly juiced raw carrot juice is invaluable to repair eyesight and maintain it. Drink the amounts on a daily basis until eyes are normal again. Then repeat the dosage every 3rd to 4th day for maintenance. Adjust as necessary. This saved me from reading glasses from my own personal experience. My optometrist prescribed them and after two weeks of this therapy I was checked again and did not need them.

Physiologic Action: Extremely valuable in strengthening and healing the eyes. Aids the body in dissolving cataracts, healing lesions, and eye injuries.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules twice a day with a large glass of water. Regulate more or less as needed.



## FATIGUE, STRESS AND CHRONIC ILLNESS:

Herbs: Siberian Ginseng, Gotu-Kola and Cayenne.

Physiological Action: This formula is a therapeutic over a wide range--it builds energy and stamina, increases the mental and physical powers, combats stress and weariness, improves reflexes, helps the body defend itself against various toxins, normalizes low blood pressure and mild cases of high blood pressure and benefits nerve systems and functions.

Suggested Use; The equivalent of two capsules with a large glass of water three times a day. Adjust as needed.



## HORMONE IMBALANCE:

Herbs: Black Cohosh, Sarsaparilla, Siberian Ginseng, Licorice Root, False Unicorn, Blessed Thistle, and Squaw Vine.

Physiologic Action: For both male and female, this natural food helps the pancreas, pituitary and other glands maintain a proper hormone balance in the body. Especially useful during puberty, pregnancy and menopause.

## HEART AND VITAMINS:

Herbs: Hawthorn Berries, Cayenne, Vitamin E, and Lecithin.

Physiologic Action: This remarkable formula not only helps eliminate cholesterol but also aids in rebuilding the heart, strengthening and regulating the heartbeat and improving circulation in general.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules daily--one in the morning and one at night.

## HYPOGLYCEMIA (Low Blood Sugar):

Herbs: Licorice Root, Hawthorn Berries, Cayenne, and Myrrh Gum.

Physiologic Action: Acts to correct glandular malfunctions and the subsequent imbalance in hypoglycemics. Feeds and stimulates the adrenal glands and pancreas so that blood sugar levels can return to normal body levels. By restoring the adrenals, this formula is also an aid enabling one to handle stress.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules three times each day.

## INSOMNIA (Sleeplessness):

Herbs: Hops, Flowers, Valerian Root, and Scullcap.

Physiologic Action: Promotes a peaceful and natural sleep.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two to four capsules prior to bedtime.



LAXATIVES:

Herbs: Senna Leaves, Rhubarb Root, Licorice Root, Cascara Sagrada Bark, Peppermint, Juniper Berries, Gentian and Oil of peppermint.

Physiologic Action: Helps relieve minor constipation.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two tablets each evening before retiring. Increase for desired result.

LOWER BOWEL CLEANSER, TONIC:

Herbs: Cascara Sagrada Bark, Barberry Root Bark, Cayenne, Ginger Root, Golden Seal Root, Lobelia, Red Raspberry Leaves, Turkey Rhubarb Root and Fennel Seed.

Physiologic Action: Naturally accelerates internal cleansing of the body through the bowels. Old, toxic fecal matter and incrustations including mucus begin to break loose, thereafter increasing food and water assimilation. Use this formula until the bowel is clean, healed, and performing normally. Feeds the peristaltic muscles of the system.

Suggested Use: The equivalent of two capsules with a full glass of water three times daily. Then vary as desired for results. It may take several months to receive the full benefits of this dietary adjunct.

MENSTRUATION:

Herbs: Golden Seal Root, Blessed Thistle, Cayenne, Uva-Ursi Leaves, Cramp Bark, False Unicorn, Red Raspberry Leaves, Squaw Vine, and Ginger Root.

Physiologic Action: An aid in regulating the female cycle. Helps relieve cramps and flooding, pain and is useful in uterine complaints.

Suggested Use: The equivalent two capsules three times daily and adjust as needed.

PRE-NATAL PREPARATION:

Herbs: Squaw Vine, Blessed Thistle, Black Cohosh, Penny Royal, False Unicorn, Red Raspberry Leaves and Lobelia.

Physiologic Action: To help the mother's body prepare for delivery this natural formula is taken for the last six weeks to help prepare the birth canal---giving elasticity to the pelvic and vaginal areas for easier delivery. The uterus is

strengthened to discharge afterbirth without excessive hemorrhaging.

Suggested Use: Begin with the equivalent of two capsules in a large glass of water four times a day, six weeks before delivery. For the last two weeks take the equivalent of three capsules four times a day. During the whole pregnancy Red Raspberry Leaf Tea is recommended.

EDITOR: Next Months GREEN PASTURES will be on the magickal mandrake.

\* \* \* \* \*



"a stairway to nowhere to the untrained eye. but when the mind is opened to the subtle ways, it becomes a stairway to everywhere. i have dreamed of this symbol of the past... buried within the lost eternity."

---SOLARIUS

\* \* \* \* \*



"one day as i walked through a field a flower touched my hands and feet but i walked on to busy to understand."

---Solarius

EXCERPTS FROM THE SPACE LOG OF CAPTAIN  
ISADORA...TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC  
ON MALACANDRA

by

Tiffany Yvonne St. Moonstar

STAR DATE 22 JUNE 1975 Earth Time 14:30...  
We have just finished the survey of the planet Malacandra...General Zog, after recording this report I proceed to take the U.S.S. Scorpion to the half side of Mars for shore leave...I do believe the crew has earned it...

Malacandra...father to three main forms of life; Hrossa, Pflfltriggi, and the elongated sorns, these are the intelligent beings comparable to humans on earth. Or perhaps not, for to compare them with the bulk of squalling, warring worms christened humans would be an insult on the part of the citizens of Malacandra.

Closest physically to a human being would be a Hrossa, the reason being it is a mammal like creature. The pflfltriggi are too reptilian, and the sorns are too cool, computerish, and machine like. Hrossa compare to the way men were before evil--friendly, trusting and kind before kindness became a commodity.

The life on Malacandra contrasts sharply with earth. On earth life is complicated. One must always be worried about who is making 4 or 5 more roms a month more than one. This preoccupation with material goods takes up valuable time which could be used for higher and more pleasurable activities. The hrossa waste little time with the frivolities previously described; their belongings are few; a few pottery like vessels, clam shells, crude tools, and of course, their boats. This living arrangement makes aeons of time available for the arts; poetry and music. In loving friendship they have time to learn themselves and others whilst raising their voices in song and verse. All together a much more superior use of life. What do we humans do? Race around accumulating money and more, more, more of everything. We end up dying surrounded by wealth instead of friends. The hrossa instead accumulate wisdom and a good life.

Pflfltriggi accumulate gold and precious substances like humans, but for a entirely different reason; the making of beauty. Unlike we humans who monotonous-

ly stamp out round spheres, the pflfltriggi work for the satisfaction of creating joy. Once it is finished they do not hoard it in vaults but display it for all to enjoy.

Sorns are superior in intellect to humans, hrossa, and pflfltriggi, but it ends there. The human animal has more emotions, the hrossa great strides in dreaming, imagination and literature, the pflfltriggi of course having superior artistic ability.

On Malacandra, all three forms of life are equal, for what one lacks the other has, so there is always a tendency to interchange ideas, help, and information. All are ruled by Oyarsa, all serve him. Although each group secretly believes it is superior, making jokes at the other two...this does not hinder their impartial justice. The sorns acknowledge the talents of the pflfltriggi and hrossa, with the latter two showing respect for the intelligence of the former. They each value Oyarsa as a figure of importance, and rever him as they would a father. None of them have violent tendencies, and put down muder; killing in any circumstance is forbidden with perhaps one exception: the hrossa hunting and killing the hnarka. The values they place on females differ--The sorns looking down on their females whilst the hrossa treat them as equals and the pflfltriggi think them the most valuable thing they have.

"Free Will" is present to an extent. The beings of Malacandra are not bound by any government or laws except their own. They can live their life more or less as they please, i.e. do as they wish, when they wish. However, back in my mind I feel as if they would have to answer to Oyarsa on any important issue. That he would have the final say and that they would have to obey him. Also that Oyarsa watches them continuously; a friendly "big brother" but a big brother all the same.

Malacandra is a beautiful planet; untouched, unspoiled...an innocent virgin with a unicorn (Oyarsa) in her lap. But to journey there with the intent to stay there the rest of my life, with Oyarsa as my ruler, would be too much domination and infringement on my rights and freedom. A visit I would enjoy, but eternity...earth is my home, and humans are indeed creatures of habit. (cont. →)

The pale blue sky with its rose colored clouds found on Malacandra gives a soothing effect with its dreamy quality. The additional water color effect of the rest of the scenery and pink spongy ground color further stresses the quiet unrealness of the planet; however this first view of Malacandra by we Earthpeople is welcome in its quiet glory as a calming and refreshing force after the stuffy, sterile, hectic trip through hyper space.

Tall and elongated peaks of the mountains, the clumpy, lofty, and long stature of the trees of the forest along with the giraffe-like creatures; to all these things we must look up to. This scene creates a feeling of awe and insignificance on our parts.

I await your answering report, General Zog--you may reach me at the Hotel Zephyr, Quadrant 4451313 on Mars. Io Pan!

\* \* \* \* \*



AP  
**CROWNED SKULL OF EUROPE** — An unusual sight in Vienna, Austria, is this figure guarding the sarcophagus of Hapsburg Emperor Karl VI. The skull wearing the crown of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation" is one of the four figures in Vienna's Kaisergruft, the Imperial Burial Chamber. Karl VI ruled from 1711 to 1740.

## PAGAN WALES

by

OWAIN GWYNEDD

Pagan Wales  
 With your Bards, Druids  
 And sweetly scented heathered vales  
 Of Mountains forboding deeply quiet  
 Of haunting harp playing  
 Sheep herds straying  
 Quaintly shepards singing true  
 O ancient Cymru how I love you!

The Songs of the Gwyddonod  
 Still are sung by those in the North  
 Who can still summon  
 The Old Clans power forth.  
 And thought the English tongue  
 Has poisoned the land,  
 Welsh has not given up,  
 But amongst our people  
 Has taken a stand!

A Pagan Wales  
 No other Wales will I know  
 Despite chapel goers  
 It is the Wales  
 I love so very much so!

Green leeks, yellow daffodils  
 Emblems of Cymru's national pride  
 Red Fierce dragon  
 Echo Past of its Pagan side  
 Never letting Welshmen forget  
 Old Gods, Things Celtic  
 That in this ancient land now abide.

Though some think hard now  
 When names like Don, or Gwydion  
 Are mentioned by only the old  
 Still yet the old ways are not forgotten  
 Up in Gwynedd I am told.

Pagan Wales  
 Of Castles and Mystic Tales,  
 What Bard will never forget thee  
 When I remember you in my old age  
 Sitting tomorrow under my Sacrad Oak Tree.





A medieval death bed



Condemned men carried to their place of punishment



Satyr in hunt



The Daimon of the Treasure



The Transporter of Evil



The witch and the demon

#### MEDIEVAL CONCEPTION OF DEMONS

In the medieval demonology, demons are frequently represented in animal form, usually that of a goat; or, less frequently, as satyrs: winged, too, and partly human in appearance.

## W Y T C H C R A F T

### The Last of the Romantic Religions

By Pendragon

**W**itchcraft is a social movement enjoying a prevelant rise on the modern horizon. How a systematic belief centuries old holds charm for a moderne society who is always seeking aquisition of the latest scientific material object is one question to be answered. The way it can be explained is through an exploration of its history, leaders, and beliefs, and finally the very reason it is becoming popular—it is a return to Romantacism; Romantacism for a people in a modern world for the most part coldly devoid of romantic feeling.

What would one visualize if he or she had been asked to mentally picture a wytch? Elizabeth Montgomery of the popular television program "Bewitched"? A deliciously pretty blonde whose only conflict is whether to trudge through her household chores in the common mortal way or go against the grain of her hysterically jealous husband and twitch her tiny nose to magically clean the house? Or the "popular" commercialized version perenially present at Halloween—the old hag with warts on her nose flying on a broom across a full moon? As a historian named Harsnet writing in 1603 described her..."An old weather-beaten crone, having her chin and knees meeting for age, walking like a bow leaning on a staff, hollow-eyed, untoothed, furrowed, having her limbs trembling with palsy, going mumbling in the streets."<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, she..."consorts with the Devil, and spends her time blasting the poor farmers crops and making cows run dry of milk."<sup>2</sup> There seems to be very little in between these two sterotypes of wytch—ugly old devil worshipper and beautiful swinging enchantress. In the story of the Odyssey, Homer describes the wytch Circe as a "goddess with lovely hair...radiant...the beautiful goddess singing in a lovely voice...(in) a white shining robe, delicate and lovely."<sup>3</sup> Medea, Canidia, and Erichthol are also beautiful wytches. Yet the supposed "queen" of all the wytches, "Hecate", is always depicted of being of "horrible appearence" as is the "Wytch of Endor" described in the Bible, (I Samuel...XXVIII).<sup>4</sup>

"She is described as an old hag, a<sup>5</sup> crone, a diabolic woman of dark power."

There is nothing in the Bible to support this description in any fashion. She isn't even truly called a wytch but described as simply "a woman who hath a familiar spirit." It wasn't until 1611 when the King James translation added also "Saul consulteth a witch."

One would do best to ignore both of these extremes and better yet simply study the look of the neighbor next door. Because it is more likely that the mechanic on the corner, the mother of the three little league players, or the docile, freckled man who checks out your groceries at the supermarket are all undeniably, unspeakably, wytches; members of one of the world's oldest religions.

Yes, religion. For that is what so-called Wytchcraft is to the hundreds of thousands of "wytches" that practice it in secrecy. Secrecy; as the fear of persecution for their beliefs has not yet fully been shaken from a past record of burning, torture and oppression. It has only been as recent as 1951 that wytchcraft laws have been repealed in England. The following quotation from Gerald Gardner's book, Witchcraft Today, sums up a wytch/parents apprehension about integrating their child into the family religion of Wicca..."I have heard it said: 'I'd like to bring Diana in, she would adore it and she has the powers, I know; but suppose in some unguarded moment she let it out at school she or I was a wytch? They would bully and badger her, and the County Council or somebody would come around and take her away from me and send her to an approved school. They do such awful things..."



The average citizen would laugh at this irrational fear. Persecution in this modern day and age? In the era of demonstrations, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, gay lib, women's lib, black power, red power, mens lib and pornography rights? The answer is technically and legally no—but fears and prejudices die hard, especially when accompanied by centuries of practice. The history of Witchcraft is infestiously terrible and violent; full of degradation and disgusting acts committed not by the witches themselves but by misled people exposing the basest passions in the name of "God". A few situations of such desecrations in the name of justice and religion are briefly described in Russell Hope Robbins volume, The Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology:

Situation 1: "A lord chief justice

of England closes his eyes to proven fraud by a prosecution witness, even when it is drawn to his attention by his associate judges."

Situation 2: "A trial judge in Germany, repulsed by a woman to whom he made improper advances, in revenge seizes her sister, accuses her of Witchcraft; cruelly tortures her, and burns her alive on the same day."

Situation 3: A distinguished professor of law at the University of Toulouse advocates the suspension of rules in witch trials because, "not one out of a million witches would be accused or punished if regular legal procedure were followed."

Situation 4: A bishop in Germany burns a minimum of 900 men and women, including many wealthy and respected citizens, as witches, and confiscates their estates and properties for his own enjoyment.

Situation 5: A Protestant minister

### Penalties for Witchcraft in England, 1543-1736

	1542-1547 33 Hen. VIII viii (1542)	1563-1604 5 Eliz. xvi (1563)	1604-1736 1 Jas. I xii (1604)
<b>THOSE WHO PRACTICE INVOCATIONS OR CONJURATIONS OF EVIL SPIRITS</b>			
For Any purpose	Death Forfeit property	Death	Death
<b>THOSE WHO PRACTICE WITCHCRAFTS, ENCHANTMENTS, SORCERIES, CHARMS</b>			
For Divination of treasure trove	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Life Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Death
Recovery of lost or stolen property	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Life	1st: One year 2nd: Death
Murder	Death Forfeit property	Death	Death
Bodily injury	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Death	Death
Intent to cause murder, bodily injury, destruction of goods	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Life	1st: One year 2nd: Death
Destruction of goods (and livestock)	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Death
Unlawful love	Death Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Life Forfeit property	1st: One year 2nd: Death
Destruction of cross	Death Forfeit property	—	—
Theft of corpses	—	—	Death

1547-1563 I Ed. VI xii repealed all penalties for witchcraft.

Benefit of clergy and protection in sanctuary were denied those charged with witchcraft. The statutes of Elizabeth and James I, the widow of the executed witch retained her dower and heirs the titles of their inheritance. Under Elizabeth, a witch condemned to life imprisonment forfeited his property. One year's imprisonment always included a public confession and four appearances in the pillory. The statute of James I added five new death penalties for witchcraft, making it much more severe than that of Elizabeth. The repeal bill of 1736 retained the penalty of one year in jail for pretending to locate stolen property or to tell fortunes.

### PENALTIES FOR WITCHCRAFT



**Tariff for Torture, 1757.**

*Approved by the Archbishopric of Cologne*

Even though the Archbishopric of Cologne has previously employed the high executioner with a permanent yearly income of eighty rix-dalers, twenty alben, twelve mals of grain, and four cords of wood, nevertheless it has turned out that during and after performing executions and other matters connected with them, so many unsubstantiated and exaggerated claims for extra expenses have been made that it has become very costly for the chief court of the Elector Archbishop. Therefore, the archbishopric is compelled, in order to contain these demands, to set up the following rules in which every single operation has been given its due charge, which is forthwith promulgated.

**PRICE LIST**

	[ Rix- daler	Alben ]
1. For tearing apart and quartering by four horses	5	26
2. For quartering	4	0
3. For the necessary rope for that purpose	1	0
4. For hanging the four quarters in four corners, the necessary rope, nails, chains, and the transport included	5	26
5. For beheading and burning, everything included	5	26
6. For the necessary rope for this procedure, and for preparing and igniting the stake	2	0
7. For strangling and burning	4	0
8. For rope and for preparing and igniting the stake	2	0
9. For burning alive	4	0
10. For rope and for preparing and igniting the stake	2	0
11. For breaking alive on the wheel	4	0
12. For rope and chains for this procedure	2	0
13. For setting up the body which is tied to the wheel	2	52
14. For beheading only	2	52
15. For the necessary rope for this purpose, and for cloth to cover the face	1	0
16. For making a hole and disposing of the corpse	1	26
17. For beheading and tying the body on the wheel	4	0
18. For the necessary rope and chains, together with the cloth	2	0
19. For cutting off a hand or several fingers and for beheading, all together	3	26
20. The same: in addition, for burning with a hot iron	1	26
21. For the necessary rope and cloth	1	26
22. For beheading and sticking the head on a pole	3	26
23. For the necessary rope and cloth	1	26
24. For beheading and tying the body on the wheel and for sticking the head on a pole, all together	5	0
25. For the necessary rope, chains, and cloth	2	0
26. For hanging	2	52
27. For the necessary rope, nails, and chain needed for that purpose	1	26
28. Before the actual execution starts, for squeezing the delinquent with red-hot tongs, apart from the above-mentioned fee for hanging, for every application	0	26
29. For cutting out the tongue entirely, or part of it, and afterwards for burning the mouth with a red-hot iron	5	0
30. For this procedure, the usual rope, tongs, and knife	2	0
31. For nailing to the gallows a cut-off tongue or a chopped-off hand	1	26
32. For one who has hanged himself, or drowned himself, or otherwise taken his own life: to take down, remove, and dig a hole to dispose of the corpse	2	0
33. For exiling a person from the city or country	0	52
34. For flogging in jail, including the rods	1	0
35. For thrashing	0	52
36. For putting in the pillory	0	52
37. For putting in the pillory, and for whipping, including the rope and the rods	1	26
38. For putting in the pillory, hawking, and whipping, including coats, rope, and rods, also the branding ointment	2	0
39. For inspecting a prisoner after he has been branded	0	20
40. For putting the ladder to the gallows, regardless whether one or several are hanged on the same day	2	0
<i>Concerning torture</i>		
41. For terrorizing by showing the instruments of torture	1	0
42. For the first degree of torture	1	26
43. For arranging and crushing the thumb for this degree	0	26
44. For the second degree of torture, including setting the limbs afterward, and for solve which is used	2	26
45. Should, however, a person be tortured in both degrees of torture, the executioner is to get for both degrees performed at the same time, setting the limbs afterward and for use of the solve, for all this he should be paid	6	0
46. For travel and daily expenses for every day, exclusive, however, of the days of execution or torture, regardless whether on these days one or several criminals are punished	0	48
47. For daily food	1	26
48. For each helper	0	39
49. For hiring a horse, together with fodder and stabling, the daily fee	1	16
50. If a torture or execution takes place in Cologne, the executioner shall receive for this procedure the above-mentioned execution fees, without any addition of other extra expenses, such as travel, daily expenses, food, horse hay and fodder; and he has to be satisfied with the above-mentioned execution fee.		
51. When he performs executions in Melaten and Deutz, he receives extra expenses for hay for his horse, and nothing else.		
52. Since items 16, 32, and 40 of the present rules fall within the province of the weapons master, therefore the weapons master should receive the respective fees.		
53. Should the executioner perform functions for those who are vassals or sub-vassals of the archbishopric, he should receive one third more than before specified, the reason being that he enjoys his yearly investiture without any emolument from the aforesaid vassals.		
54. Only the executioner and no stranger shall be employed by the vassals or sub-vassals for whatever executions have to be done.		
55. Because there have been many complaints that at an execution where an official of the archbishopric presides, the executioner, either in addition to accepting the fees, or instead of accepting them, dared to demand a certain sum of money, and since this demand is regarded as an abuse, it is once and for all forbidden. Therefore, herewith we order that every official of the archbishopric keep strictly to the above-mentioned rules and pay the executioners only the stipulated fees and nothing else, any time there is an execution; and they are asked to submit afterward their accounts with all their vouchers to the treasury of the archbishop.		

Given at Bonn, January 15, 1757. L.S.

Table showing trial costs of the average witch. From Encyclopedia of Witchcraft and Demonology, Robbins.

and encourage wytches to come out and exercise the freedom of religion. Though Gardner is oftentimes criticized for being too publicity conscious and buisnesslike, the work he did in establishing a wytchcraft museum on the Isle of Man, the books he authored; High Magic's Aid, (1949), Witchcraft Today, (1954), and The Meaning of Witchcraft, (1959), among others, and his work with the media in clarifying the religion, Witchcraft, more than made up for this man's flamboyance.

A pioneer of more recent years is an englishman by the name of Alex Saunders. One day at the age of seven he intended to surprise his grandmother at No. 46 Wilton Road—however, this wintry afternoon he was to get more than he bargained for—initiation into his grandmother's religion of Witchcraft. The detailed story of his intiation, subsequent misuse of his powers, and his reawakening to the laws of wytchcraft makes fascinating reading in a biography by June Johns entitled King of the Witches. Saunders has and is accomplishing much in the modern wytchcraft movement by opening himself and his coven up to serious journalists and avoiding sensationistic writers. He has also established a wytchcraft centre in England to further the study of Wicca.

On the American scene, two of the more vital of the craft leaders are Ray Buckland and Dr. Leo Martello. Typical of America, they are are a bit more outspoken and militant than their english cousins.

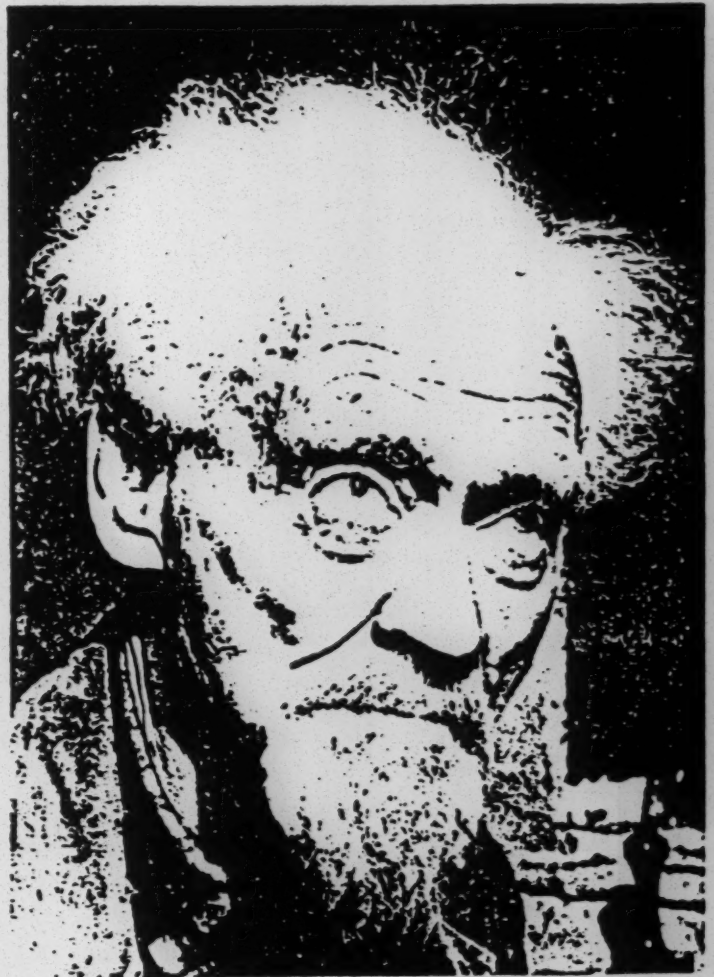
The Bucklands, who reside in Bay Shore, Long Island, N.Y., are the typical suburban couple; until one looks closer. Only then one can see there is something special in their life which they share. Indeed Ray Buckland quit his quite lucrative white collar job with an international airline to fully devote himself to giving wytchcraft a better reputation—through lecture, books, and the couples joint opening of a wytchcraft museum.

The importance of witchcraft museums curated by actual witches is unmeasured in terms of enabling non-wytches to be re-educated to what a wytch really is, what wytchcraft really is, a religion, and eventually glean the public's acceptance. It is only through genuine museums which are erected with scientific, historical, and archaeological approach will the true story be told. There is a danger when non-wytches run such museums that it may become too commercialized.

Ray Buckland is outspoken on the

matter of commercialized wytchcraft. In his book, Witchcraft: Ancient and Modern, he says... "Many who claim to be wytches—the "Official Witch of Everytown", for instance—know perfectly well whether or not they are of the craft. These are the ones who are labeled by true wytches as "Commercial Witches". They are in the game for fame and fortune—as much as they can get out of either, preferably both."10

Buckland feels that in some incidences these "commercialized witches" are sincere even if they are misguided. He continues ... "But there are many who honestly believe themselves to be witches and are not especially seeking recognition for themselves in the capacity of witch. They might have read somewhere, or heard from one of the aforementioned (commercialized witches), that the "seventh child of a seventh child is a witch". Or perhaps that "anyone born on Halloween is a wytch". Some even believe the ability or even the desire,



Gerald B. Gardner, "King of British Witches". Before his death in 1964, Gardner wrote several books dealing with the Occult and assembled the world's foremost collection of witchcraft artifacts at the "Witches Mill", Isle of Man, Great Britain. Many of the objects seen in this Museum were part of that famous collection.



**WITCHES TRAMPLE ON THE CROSS**

A medieval woodcut illustrating the power of the Archfiend. Witchcraft was believed to be a survival of ancient pagan cults and was consequently an enemy of the Church.



**WITCHES SWEAR FEALTY TO THE DEMON**

In the Middle Ages, witches were reputedly the servants of the Archfiend, who was, as here, represented in goat form. Sometimes, as in the illustration, he is also winged.  
(A medieval woodcut)

automatically enrolls them. But with these people wytches have no quarrel, for they are just misinformed."11

Dr. Leo Martello is slightly less tolerant than the benign Bucklands. In his opening paragraph of his book entitled; Witchcraft: The Old Religion, he immediately clarifies exactly what he believes in, perhaps somewhat militantly, but at the least, honestly. Martello states... "I am a Witch. That's capitalized the same as Catholic or Jew or Moslem. I don't believe in the Christian devil or hell or their heaven. I certainly don't desecrate churches or graveyards as my religion respects those who have passed on and we honor them on Halloween. I don't waste my time, thoughts, energies on cursing people since I know that most of them will do that for themselves without any help from me. I consider sex a sacred, private, and personal matter, so the Christian accusation of "sex orgies" is a projection of their own masturbatory fantasies--there's nothing private or personal about an orgy. I don't worship the "powers of darkness" or consider the evil principal in life as powerful. In fact I consider evil impotent. What gives it power is the support--what I call the "sanction of silence"--of the good people who don't stand up to it, those basically decent people who say nothing, do nothing, when they see evil."12

Among his many activities of lecturing, writing books, and fighting for wytches rights he has established a WICA newsletter which keeps subscribing members informed and has even organized a Witch-In in Central Park.

Sybil Leek, a wytch of Irish/English extraction who traces her ancestors back to 1134 A. D. claims an extensive background of witchcraft history in her family lineage. In her quiet, whimsical style she has exposed herself to the public eye through her many books, one of the more famous is her Diary of a Witch. Though not as outspoken as Dr. Martello she gets the message across in an interview with Argosy Magazine... "What do witches believe in? First of all we believe that each person has the ability to develop magickal powers within himself. We seek ancient wisdom through psychic forces, and know that each individual has a personal link with the godhead. Secondly we believe in reincarnation, the survival of the spirit after death; it is essential to our

faith."13

While none of these particular witches have the final say on what Wytchcraft really is one point they all seem to believe in is that it is a religion and one thing they all have in common is that they are sincere--and not seeking publicity through sensationalism.

Now that we have established Wytchcraft as a religion; what are its precepts? And how do they fill the requests of Romanticism? Through the answers to these questions we will find out why Wytchcraft is holding a revival in a disillusioned world.

First of all, wytchcraft or wicca is a female oriented religion. While in wytchcraft there is a male and female diety; it is the female, the goddess figure that is the more dominant of the two as she is the bringer of life, the seat of the force of procreation. As Martello states in his book, Witchcraft the Old Religion... "The male holy trinity of the Catholic Church was preceded by a feminine triad. In wytchcraft, many worship the triple aspect of the Goddess, which can be equated to the three phases of the moon--waxing, full, and waning--or to the young maiden, the mother, and the crone."

Hans Holzer, in his book, The New Pagans ...seems to agree: "Witchcraft is a female oriented religion, while all others are male-dominated, regulating women to secondary or even minor positions within the faith. The high priestess is truly at the heart of the coven; her role appeals to the emotional, intuitive, element... Indeed the woman wears the pants in the religion of wytchcraft...it is she who makes the decisions." As Ray Buckland says in Witchcraft: Ancient and Modern... "the high priestess would choose any male of the Third Degree to act as her high priest. She might pick one man at one meeting, a different man at the next."

Though these are only a few examples one will find that in every coven or congregation of wytches the female principal will at least slightly dominate. In a world of woman emerging as a person in her own right one can see how a religion stressing the importance of the female could become a mighty attractive alternative.

Taking Romanticism in conjunction with Wytchcraft; Wicca is a religion of Romanticism as it stresses the female principal. It also is a subjective religion--stressing inner development of ones mind, and ones emotional and religious progress.

This is stressed by their numbers—they work in extremely small groups compared to the mass congregations of Christian religions—the most in a Wicca congregation is 13. One would assume much more help; personal, and individual attention would occur for spiritual development in a small group rather than a large, impersonalized assemblage.

Furthermore, Wytchcraft stresses the ideal; one strives ever upward to improve the world and ones inner being. It stresses the organic, and above all, nature. Wytches believe every living thing emits energy of some kind. They stress the past and the future—scrying, tarot reading, etc., in short looking into the future are psychic abilities they both recognize and try to develop. They (wytches) stress creativity, and imagination believing these two things to be valuable gifts from the Goddess.

Pantheism—or a belief that God is everywhere in nature is an important law of Wicca or Wytchcraft. To a wytch, every form of life is sacred and when the taking of a life is required, such as the cutting of a bunch of herbs or the eating of a chicken for dinner—apologies to the life form in question are in order. Wytches also believe in nature spirits which live in the beautiful spots of earth such as mountains, rivers, forests or ocean areas.

Wytches leave anarchy to the anarchists, they still stress the positive or building up rather than the tearing down. Disorder is not a valued consideration either. But one may perceive that Wytchcraft or Wicca does fill most of the precepts of Romanticism and should be considered a Romantic religion. It is Wytchcraft; a moving force among other religions, and not to be taken lightly. As Dion Fortune says in her work, *THE MYSTICAL QABALAH*... "A Godless religion is half-way to atheism."

\* \* \* \* \*

FOOTNOTES TO  
"WYTCHCRAFT: A ROMANTIC RELIGION"

1. Buckland, Raymond, *WITCHCRAFT FROM THE INSIDE* (St. Paul, Minn.: Llewellyn Publications, 1971), p. 1.
2. Supra, Note 1, p. 2.
3. Supra, Note 1, p. 3.
4. Robbins, Russell Hope, *THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY* (New York,

- Crown Publishers, Inc., 1959), p. 159.
5. Supra, Note 1, p. 6
6. Supra, Note 1, p. 2.
7. "Wicca" is a wytch word for Witchcraft.
8. Supra, Note 1, p. 26.
9. Supra, Note 4, p. 3 & 4.
10. Buckland, Raymond, *WITCHCRAFT ANCIENT AND MODERN* (New York: H.C. Publishers, Inc., 1970), p. 179.
11. Supra, Note 10, p. 180.
12. Martello, Leo, *WITCHCRAFT: THE OLD RELIGION* (Secaucus, New Jersey: University Books, Inc., 1976), p. 11.
13. Leek, Sybil, *DIARY OF A WITCH* (New York: Signet Books, 1968), p. 12.

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"Witchcraft is Rising". *Look*, 24 August 1971, P. 40.

\* \* \* \* \*

"in a distant land  
amongst the dry wind and dew-like rain it  
stands; waiting

the old ones knew what it was...  
what it could do...  
why it was there...."

---SOLARIUS

## BALANCING THE SCALES

by

Morgan Lawhorn

As a feminist and neophyte pagan, I have become increasingly aware of the subtle, yet pervasive ways in which western society emphasizes its doctrine of female inferiority. We have all experienced the explicit chauvanism of certain groups or individuals, but these common, often unnoticed phrases may in fact be more destructive than the former variety of prejudice, because they are so easily taken for granted. Colloquial speech in American culture often includes phrases of chauvanistic or Christian origin and may set up a psychological block to even the most devout newcomers to Goddess worship. Even those individuals raised in traditional pagan backgrounds may experience such difficulties in dealing with non-pagans.

As a response to this habitual sort of chauvanism, I have collected various bits of incidental information, much of it scientific in nature--for the true skeptics--which are useful to me in various situations and may be of interest to others in the craft. For example:

- 1) All human beings begin as female embryos. Gender differentiation doesn't take place until about the 6th week of development.
- 2) Female infants tend to be healthier and less susceptible to disease than male infants. In addition, the female genitalia ---unlike that of the male---is highly specialized, indicating a higher level of evolutionary development.
- 3) The female brain is more integrated, and therefore more adaptable than the male's. If, for example, two people, one female and one male, in comparable physical condition suffered strokes of identical proportions, the women would retain a much greater portion of her original brain capacity than the man would, since the functions of the damaged lobe could, for the most part, transfer to the uninjured lobe in the female.
- 4) While it is true that the typical male might be able to dead-lift a bit more than the typical female, he could not sustain her highest weight for more than a fraction of the time that she would be able to. Women are built for endurance, rather than short bursts of strength--that's why most long-distant swimming

records are held by women. (Editors Note: Also most long distance running records.)

5) Most sociologists and psychologists will admit that women seem to have an advantage in terms of intelligence, especially with verbal skills. (Although, contrary to popular belief, men talk more than women and are more likely to interrupt a conversation.

6) Most social reform movements are initiated by women.

7) In 1979 a scientific study proved that it was theoretically possible to produce a female child by combining (under lab conditions of course) two female ova. This is not possible with two male cells.

These are not to "put anyone down" but simply to balance the scales which have been tipped toward chauvanism and patriarchy for so long. The idea that, theoretically, the only things which a woman cannot get from herself or another woman are heterosexual intercourse and male children, should actually allow more fulfilling female-male relationships.

Once a woman gains confidence in herself and in her abilities, and is able to become a proud, happy, complete person who is no longer stifled by societal stereotypes, the time which might have formally been spent clinging to a relationship out of dependence can then be spent savoring it--and isn't that really what it's all about?

\* \* \* \* \*





## ROGER DEAN - VISIONARY ARTIST

by T. St. Moonstar

Looking at the works of Roger Dean, one enjoys truth visually, seeing the philosophy of truthfulness expanded to its soaring limits. But what is truth? Dean's brand is not of the preconceived reality. He does not say; see this tree, it is a tree, see this rock, it is a rock. No. Dean opens a window onto a landscape of waterfalls without sources, figures on plateaus floating in space, fish swimming in air, dragons fused with nuclear machinery, mighty cities founded on a single delicate column. He combines Stone Age with Star Wars, the primeval animalistic with cold-blooded technology. His work is about this reality...the "true" forms, shapes, appearances, feelings; spiritual feelings which like sounds, tastes, touches...are stirrings of memory about places, times, periods, events, and creations from millenia ago, or more possibly, millenia in the future. But the thing Dean stresses throughout everything is the "NOW". Time is co-existent. I have the intense feeling that these landscapes exist, that their creatures are alive and breathing; that if only I had the right ticket or map, vehicle or machine I could go and visit them.

"I'm not painting a picture," Dean says, "I'm not being mystical. I'm not being profound. I'm not being exclusive. I'm just seeing the basic thing there is to be seen. I'm not hiding behind an aura. I'm putting down what everybody can see if they want to."

I believe this philosophy of Roger Dean's to be the truth. Far too often does the human animal close and lock up the mind and with it, his imagination. Sad, when an artist believes his art is the only valid art, the only form worth doing, the only context worth knowing.

Looking to the future, drawing from the past, ever is Dean ready to experiment, whether it be subject, style or technique. Perhaps this is because the gallery where his works are shown is in the hands of the people; Roger Dean's

creations are primarily used on record album covers bought by the masses. And for this reason I feel he will awaken and draw the fetal artists resting in their womb of searching to a life in art; breathing, living, existing...for art, as any true artist does.

The paintings of Roger Dean are of a fairly small scale; (the largest about 31 x 42 inches) but they seem like they would be much larger, more like the heroic work of Hans Hoffman.

Indeed, in an untitled painting done for a dutch band called "Earth on Fire" this is especially true, what it basically portrays is a girl walking on a burning shore. Not the burning of flame, but of radiation. The landscape consists only of one beautifully flowing edge to separate land from sky. The girl walks alone; towards you but not towards you, as if she is looking through you and beyond. Two artists come to mind when I see this painting; Helen Frankenthaler and Andrew Wyeth. With the richness of shades and mutings in the background in Dean's painting, it could very well be one of Frankenthaler's recent field paintings if you removed the girl. But she is there, the girl in the flowing black garment of another world; and evokes the same feeling of loneliness and aloneness I perceive when viewing "Christina's World" by Wyeth.

One of my personal favorites by Roger Dean is called Greenslade and Cats. The first thing I noticed is the mist, which is so well done that I could feel its wet cold on my face. In the far left and behind the figure of Greenslade is a shadowy, ominous, group of buildings, a city on a nameless body of water with their lite windows like the great searching eyes of silent night beast. Then there is the figure of Greenslade, green, of course, gesturing with an inscrutable Buddha-like smile. He perches on an ornate ledge with one black cat by his side while another jumps from a carved point towards him. The way Dean handles

the mist reminds one of the effect Stanton McDonald Wright attained in his painting, "Oriental". However the content definitely reminds me of magic realism; in particular, "South of Scranton" by Peter Blume. Yet it is not a copy of either but Roger Dean's own.

"Close to the Edge" is one of Dean's rare landscapes devoid of all animal life, including human. It is comprised of an exotic plateau sea of subtlest shades of green rising from a cushion of mist to meet a sunless azure sky. One thing disappoints me; the fact that the mist isn't quite as well executed as in his earlier work, "Greenslade". Yet, it is still beautiful; in the same manner that Morris Louis makes the spirit feel alive with his "fountains". There is no story, no intellectualism; but must there be to feel the primeval enjoyment of the simple visual experience of color? I think not. The eye prefers a varied diet; which includes all styles and forms.

"Dragon and Tree" conjures up profound feelings of desolation and I get the feeling that this is all the life left on this strange world; the last dragon, and his master, the last man. The landscape is a simple desert scene of beige sand and an even beige sky. The only plant life is one last tortured, gnarled tree seeking sustenance from a soil radioactively devoid of sustenance. For me it conjures up the same feeling as "The artist and his Mother" by Ashile Gorky. The same richness of life, of suffering, of loneliness...of having lived.

But the piece de resistance, the final triumph and Dean's most sensitive work thus far, is "Badger". It is a portrait of two badgers out in the snow, stopped beneath a barren, leafless bush. Badgers hibernate during the winter as do bears and come out only at night as do racoons, so one tends to feel they have some ulterior motive for being out in such bone-chilling weather, and in broad daylight. The mood is one of a silent, secret nature. I cannot talk, only whisper, awe-inspired in the same way as when viewing a Rothko or Olitski. There are some paintings that are very Zen, that command silence, "Badger" by Roger Dean is one of these.

Roger Dean is a loner like all far seeing beings. He is no movement, no cult, merely a voyager and explorer if you will in the realm of "The Other Reality". And as the Vasco De Gama of the mind, his obligation is to publish

his discoveries so as many will see and understand, and feel, and say, "yes...I know where he has been..." The record cover is a perfect infiltration device; replacing the comic book or the pulp influence as the first real piece of printed matter an impressionable fetal artist will look at for inspiration. The originals? Roger Dean keeps them. They are vastly egregious, being the ship's log of his explorations. "I want to realize the world all these paintings are coming from. The paintings have to be there as a first step into that reality." Roger Dean. Perhaps he'll escape the inquisition yet.

\* \* \* \* \*



UNTITLED

by  
MORGAN LAWHORN

I see you in my mind's eye  
alone and confused on a forked path  
Those who had sworn to accompany you  
to the end of your journey  
in the face of all adversity  
Deserted you when they found you  
would not  
could not  
Follow the path they had chosen  
But you are strong  
and in knowing your own heart have  
chosen the one sparsely traveled  
Don't be afraid  
Walk with me  
No path was made to be traveled alone

\* \* \* \* \*



## DRAGONSMOKE

by

Tiffany Yvonne St. Moonstar

Written for the Viking Prince  
Michel Denis Brunnelle



Smoothly, swiftly sailing over the north-  
ern hills,

Full Moon of blue!

Out from silent depths of sphinxian will,  
Slumbering hoary dreams during lone day  
flight,

Your mystic presence now weaves here,  
Your children of the night draw near,  
To us you chant true!

Songs of olden nights of goddess bliss,  
Magnimous mother oh moon!

To us you bring escasty in your kiss,  
Your mother's breast of pernuval memories  
long ago,

In this you cradle us in your moonbeam arms,  
In your soft white love we find all charms,  
Your silver countours are runes.

Enshrouded this night in mauve silk mist,  
You watch the land again!  
Secretly slipping ivory sphere of milk,  
You come to witness the birth of magicke,  
Your cool perfection watching mute,  
Listening to the black owl's hoot,  
The signal to begin!

This is a night of starry wisdom,  
Let the gnomes boom drums!  
For off on western sea near this kingdom,  
Lies a ship of black with blood red sails  
Dragon-Winds soar the ark towards us,  
In Poseidon-Green water the moon does trust,  
Pounding the water it comes!

From what strange land far past Atlantis,  
Travels ship of scarlet sail?  
With what dark god's power was it kissed?  
Marked by moonfire, starflame, dreamlight,  
Out of mystery place of dark tides,  
Escourted by dolphins and mermaids it rides,  
Fleet gleaming hull that  
undines hail!

Long time past since ancient maps burned,  
Wisdom now eternal lost!  
Long now bones are aged elders, lore no  
longer learned,  
Few know now the meaning of greened over  
tomes,  
Since the times of fire and terror cold,  
When sky kings dropped down bombs of gold,  
Old ways wicked had deathly  
cost!

Soft stroking ways of woman god now reign,  
Dreamers dream to find old  
ways!

Gone are laws of patriarchy that gave pain,  
Laws of bondage, Laws that hate,  
Fire and Death, Cruel rape of the earth,  
Phoenix-like again from the flames her  
birth,

Come once more are Pagan  
days!

In a castle, spun of silver, awaits the  
elders,

For the ship from Khem!  
They have dreamt of all we see, drank the  
philters,  
Scryed with crystals, coursed the charts  
of Astrology,  
So they say now arrives a princess,  
The last of her royal land's priestesses,  
Inside her womb a royal gem!

Born from abyss, Born of Algol, marked with  
moon and star,

Maiden made of all secret  
nights!

Cauls covered her face; her soul to live,  
had traveled far,  
Now her magicke neared fruition, child  
within her stirred,  
Faster still the midnight ship flew,  
Pulsing red curtains became a throbbing hue,  
Soon to end the quested flight!

On the cliffside were the wise ones watch-  
ing,

Rewarded now with Ship of Flame!

Soon their hands would hold their lord's  
mating,  
Sacred Scarlet Woman vessel of the gleaming  
Avatar,  
Born of the seed of their goddess born king,  
Linked to esoteric princess's egg in holy  
ring,

Soon theirs the fruits of the  
celestial game!

Banner snapping, crackling welcome, violet  
birds against midnight sky,  
With gleaming eyes await the  
three!

Lightening flashing, thunder rippling,  
wild does the wind cry,  
Tales of future, songs of past, dreaming  
of the now,  
Flapping men of silken black,  
Lapis beads against them crack,  
Whispering priests they  
gaze towards sea!

Now doom thunder erupts from copper drums,  
Ebony wood cleaves velvet  
earth!

From her throne on life red barge the  
princess comes,  
Scintillating with myriad amethyst jewels,  
high womb proud,  
She walks the shore under aerie gaze,  
The sheer white silk shows her womb a  
filmy haze,

The new Queen here to share  
the birth!

Upon jinn carved litter with blackest satin  
the princess rests,

Earthquake womb quivering life!

Tall strong golden mortal gods with mus-  
cular breasts,  
Clutch their precious burden, tread the  
path of wind and fire and light,

Straining upwards midst the thunder  
Against the cacophony of heavens carved  
asunder,

Upwards they bear the royal  
wife!

At the castle door hail the wizards, dark  
with power,

Vigilant to wrest the heir!  
Chanting softly, burning mandrake, they  
mark the way to the tower,  
In a chamber, graven with golden symbols  
magicke,  
Windows in each direction show the storm,  
Flickering light on her tear drenched  
silken form,

A mother wolf in at last  
her lair!

Screams of madness, screams of anguish,  
agony sounds of mother pain,

Giving life is more than  
giving name!

Lashing limbs and quaking belly, womb  
water flows like rain,  
Hover now the mightiest priestess, using  
woman art to birth the incarnate,  
Valerian potion, ginseng powders, rarest  
unicorn's blood,  
Release the womb-man, tear the secrets,

child erupts with a flood,  
From redwound cries the  
Childe of Dragonflame!



Lusty green-eyed manchild, sprouting  
shock of yellow hair!

Born is now the son of dragons!  
Given life from the dark haired princess tear,  
Dripping blood upon her wet white breast,  
lays the childe of midnight,  
Strong his hand does clutch,  
Drinking strongly as he does newly touch,  
Avatar to lead all pagans!

Wizards huddle around the priestess, four  
chant now as one,

Signs and sigils, magicke  
circle sound!

Elementals in four corners take form to  
witness what is done,  
Swirls of power surround the princess,  
seven color circles on the new born  
god!

Time has come to make whelp sire,  
Man childe new emerged from womb fire,  
Spirit, soul, body are bound!

The four draw back to honor mother, childe  
king of sun,  
All is silence of the shadow!

Quiet is the air made breathless, coming  
of the one,  
In the star sign doorway stands the golden  
green-eyed lorde,  
Watching womb-man of his loving,  
Seeking sight of loin fruit's bearing,  
Child of unforgotten night  
in sultry meadow!

King and King come now together, seeing  
soul to soul,  
Blood bonds—singing swords  
of steel!

Lord and Lordling sharing strength, sharing  
role,  
Womb-man proudly watching, waiting, singing  
she-wolf song,  
Flying swift across the reasons,  
Seeing future days turn to seasons,  
Wolfess with her lorde and cub!

That was what the black ship brought, womb  
filled with flame,  
Hail King of Pagan ways!  
From the princess of the west, phoenix-like  
the lordling came,  
Brought to life by liege kings fiery torch,  
Born of king, born of goddess womb,  
Born of abyss, born of Algol's doom,  
Hence the wizards pray!

Many stories, many songs, moons long past,  
Soaring days of dragon might  
infernal!

Tales to tell are free and born at long  
last,  
Prophecies come true, Wizards dream glories  
anew,  
Days of thunder come once more,  
Songsmiths chant again the ancient lore,  
The tale ends but the tale  
lies eternal!

#### EPILOGUE:

But the poet lives to die!  
A songsmith cannot sing forever...  
A mystery to find, seek silently, it hides!  
Quest the golden dreams of light world  
wonders,  
Laugh not the worlds of sleep, nether  
hoary rides...  
Through soft worlds, who may tell, they  
may be dreams no longer!

Written 24 May 1983, Moon in Scorpio.



#### THE WORDS OF DANU TO HER CHILDREN/D. De Paul

I am Danu, Great Mother of Light and  
all Life. To you my children, I give  
the bounty of the fruitfulness of the  
earth and all her mysteries. The  
secrets of the universe I hold out to you  
in open hands. Seek the Light within  
the Darkness, the Darkness of mine which  
is yet Infinite Light. At this time of  
rebirth of all Life I give you also in-  
creased awareness, oneness and perception,  
to help you learn my secrets which are the  
secrets of the sacred wheel of life and  
the true nature of all things.

## YOUR HORRORSCOPE

By

Madame Zolta

AQUARIUS: Jan. 20th to Feb 18th.....

You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical, causing you to make the same mistake over and over again. People think you are stupid.

PISCES: Feb. 19th to Mar. 20th.....

You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the CIA or FBI. You have minor influence over your associates, and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people do terrible things to small animals.

ARIES: Mar. 21st to Apr. 19th.....

You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient, and scornful of advice. You are not very nice.

TAURUS: Apr. 20th to May 20th.....

You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bullheaded. Most people are right. You are a communist.

GEMINI: May 21st to May 20th.....

You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are cheap. Gemini's are known for committing incest.

CANCER: June 21st to July 22nd.....

You are sympathetic and understanding to other peoples problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That's why you will never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are Cancer people.

LEO: July 23rd to Aug. 22nd.....

You consider yourself a born leader. Most people consider you a born bully. Others think you are a born pain in the ass. You are vain and dislike honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are known as thieves.

VIRGO: Aug. 23rd to Sept. 22nd.....

You are the logical type and hate disorder. This "nit-picking" is sickening to your friends. (If you have any...) You are cold and unemotional and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos make good bus drivers for prisons.

LIBRA: Sept. 23rd to Oct. 22nd.....

You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. If you are a man you more than likely are queer. Chances are excellent for employment and monetary gain. Most Libra women are prostitutes. All Libras die of venereal disease.

SCORPIO: Oct. 23rd to Nov. 21st.....

You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. Sex, money and power are all important to you, not necessarily in that order. Your motto is "don't get mad, get even". You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. Most Scorpio people are murdered.

SAGITTARIUS: Nov. 22nd to Dec. 21st.....

You tend to have big feet and pea-sized brains. You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack talent. The majority of Saggittarians are drunks or dope fiends. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN: Dec. 22nd to Jan. 19th.....

You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You don't do much of anything and are lazy. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. Capricorns should avoid standing still to long as they tend to take root and become trees.





THE DRAGON WEDDING

By

Tiffany St. Moonstar

It was an avenue I had never walked down before in my nocturnal travels throughout the hilly byways of San Francisco. Its name was Mordicai Street and though I have since searched for that winding antique neighborhood it has been to no avail. For you see, Mordicai Street has never been recorded on any map nor is it in the city records as ever having had existence. Yet for the sake of my sanity I pretend to myself that it does exist, and existed on that night I traversed its crumbling walkways.

I have always been a creature of the night. Night is when my imagination weaves its mystical, creative webs, and all the world seems magicke. Night is when I live—to paint, to draw, to dream. My life as a student at the San Francisco Art Institute was well suited to my temperament.

Day was a time of sleeping through classes which were taught by instructors as vampiric in nature as I. We drank coffee, we talked painting, we sampled each other's lunches. But we made very little art. Night was the time for the lashing of canvases, the nervous pacing before the drawing board, the solitary awakening of our subconscious perceptions.

The eve I chanced upon Mordicai Street was a cold one of mauve grey November mist. I had been painting in my studio, working industriously on a large frame of avatistic themes, when I felt the call of the dark whispering fog—it was time for my nightly prowling.

The day is the realm of mediocrity; full of plodding snails endlessly circling treadmills of their own making. It takes a special type of eccentric to appreciate the night in all its subtle variations. There is the blackness of moonless nights when every sound is like a monstrous cacophonous symphony. Or the bright, starry full moon nights of laughter and joy and cheap stolen moments between the desperate. But I think the soft silent fog laden nights best—when the opaque sky is an exotic china doll mistress—saying nothing, but promising everything.

It was on just such a night I found Mordicai Street.

My footsteps cleaved through the thick silence making a ripple through time. The way was barren of life except for the occasional snuffling animal searching for scraps or an unguarded spot of warmth. I was alone. It was a street of victorians common to this city, but not the lovely cherished entities of the wealthy were these structures—these were

ancient grey derelicts wrought with hidden secrets best left untouched.

I made my way slowly down the hoary cancerous street lit by lamps which only peeked out from their grimy veils. It seemed not a noteworthy street—besides the houses only one lone shop which looked not too impressive. A simple cheap lettering job of industrial gold laid down the word "Antiques" on shop windows painted over black. A simple "333" adorned the shop door with no mention of hours or the identity of the proprietor. My hand touched the knob. I hesitated. There was an odd feel about the place, of something hidden and not quite right.

But I entered anyway. It smelt stale and musty and the interior was lighted with fixtures so smoked that what little light they cast made the place resemble more an opium den than a place of respectable trade. The shop contained an odd mixture of junk and costly treasures; most of it so dust covered that it was rather hard to tell which was which.

A tiny shrunken woman presided over the establishment behind a cluttered desk. Her hands were tiny rat-like appendages which scrabbled over her papers on the desktop. They had an evil look, furtive and stealthy. Her hair was an affront to nature, being dyed a brassy orange-red. But it was her eyes that awakened a subconscious terror from the depths of the animal part of my soul—they were great yellow orbs, slanted like a panthers—and I knew instantly upon looking into them that the consciousness behind them was not human.

I could not speak nor could I move. Her basilisk gaze played over me as a cat with a mouse; relishing my feelings of helplessness and terror.

Her voice was like a silver knife as she spoke, "Good evening my dear, welcome to you, and what may I do for you this fine night?" It was a voice without age, ...it belonged to a seductive temptress of 20, and as she uttered her words her eyes narrowed, banking the twin hell flames of her eyes momentarily.

"I'm not really looking for anything," I managed to say, "I was just out walking and became curious of your shop."

"Curious?" she smiled, and the word was like a cat's paw coming unsheathed. "Curious? Everyone is curious, no one comes here without a special need," she insinuated. "But no matter—if you don't need something, you may find something that needs you—please do look around and

examine my little children. They all have their own merits."

With these last words she shrank a bit into herself and became less foreboding. I decided I must have been a bit rattled to feel that such a tiny old woman could have seemed threatening. I started to poke about the musty old tomb of a shop.

All manner of antiques were mixed with the broken garbage of other eras. Twinkling star gems sparkled through dust enshrouded cases alongside tinny ones of cheap paste. Japan vases cluttered tables beside ancient ones of chinese jade and lapis and ivory. It was insanity itself. Here was the wealth of kings and emperors thrown together with the broken surviving artifacts of the poor.

In a dark corner something flashed. Glinted. Called. I came closer. There on a black silk cloth stood a bronze stand of three raging horses and resting on it was a five inch crystal ball with amber strytrations running around it. It looked as old as Father Chronos himself. And from the ball commenced a singing sound. I glanced at the old woman. She heard nothing for she remained head down over her books. The singing became louder and louder. It was more intense, more lovely than any earthly music I had ever heard. One might try to describe it as angelic. But it was more than that. It was more, and it was everything. It suddenly stopped.

It suddenly stopped.

I had to possess that ball. I had to hear again that wonderous music. It was now my food, this windwalker sound from the spheres within the ball.

"It's 20.00, that ball, and 20.00 for the stand," the old woman said.

Forty dollars. It was ridiculous. I instantly scabbled in my bag for the bills. "Is there any tax?" I managed to say evenly.

"Tax..." she smiled. "No, no tax." She scuttled over to wrap it up, reminding me of a dried egyptian scarab rolling a dung ball. Horus moving the sun across the heavens.



I clutched the package in my arms and moved hastily to the door. I could not wait to make this treasure safe in my room.

"Wait!" she cried.

I froze.

"Let me give you one of our cards... in case you have further needs." She smiled again, her eyes veiled in a serpentine manner.

I shivered. "Yes, thank you," I replied hastily. I snatched the card and stuffed it into my bag as I flew out the door with a clatter of it's bells.

The fog was thicker, the streetlamps dimmer, the night colder. And the street now devoid even of four footed life forms. I strode briskly--trying to think only of the warm fire in my flat, hot tea, and the secret object in my arms. It took an eternity to reach my shelter...several times I became hopelessly lost on the winding way, but finally at near dawn I arrived at my door. Exhausted I laid the parcel down and fell into a dark dreamless sleep.

When I awoke it was half past eight the next evening, and already black outside. Consciousness and remembrance came thundering into me and I sat straight up. The crystal!

I lept up and turned on a lamp. It somehow grated on my nerves--this sprawling, overdone spill of electric light. Fumbling I found matches and lite the fireplace and some oil lamps, turning off the offending convenience. That was better, and I felt more at ease. I unwrapped the parcel gently on my table and threw the papers into the grate.

I relished the sleekness of my acquisition. How soft it was, how it glowed in the firelight. Centuries had produced a rich patina on the bronze, and the crystal seemed to have an inner light all its own.

I waited for the music--for the symphony and the song of the netherworld to begin. And as it had in the old woman's shop it began again...soft strains that swelled and rose, making every part of my body become alive. I could feel each cell become a separte entity with its own consciousness.

Listening to the dance macabre emitting from the sphere was like sinking into an



opium cloud. There was no other thought in my mind but the notes of the crystal song—it was a starry lover like no other. The music drew me ever deeper into the nucleus of the ball. The amber bands began to spin around like golden jinn, becoming a whirlpool to suck me more and more inward. The whole room was bedlam, spinning madly. I seemed to be falling, falling into the crystal, through the amber clouds which flowed around it's universe.

It was no longer illusion. I was falling and I started to scream. The land looming up beneath me was not of earth!

Below me lay a boiling inferno of bubbling tar lakes and hot pockets of steaming sulphur. The air was a great sea of grey ash, wet and hot. And from it sprang a creature which caught me on his back with one swoop. A dragon! That this was an entity that should not exist did not enter my thoughts immediately, I only was concerned at that moment with holding on while he flew his erratic flight onwards towards a lone black mountain.

He was like a fine piece of carnival glass; all slippery and cool and composed of rainy day hues of purple, black, lavender, pink and lime. His wings were of the same shades but transparent, so that when he extended and beat them they threw stained glass auras upon me.



Faster he flew towards the dark smoldering mountain which had a glowing, smoking crown of red...upwards and onwards with no missed beat, no break in the cadence of his powerful wings.

The heat of the mountain was scorching as we landed on a small precipice before an opening in the side of its rock face. The dragon lay down and I clambered off, believing my next experience would be either to be devoured or be burned alive. But neither was to be my fate.

The dragon looked me in the eyes with his large green orbs and also let his gaze travel down my form in a manner only



to be described as lustful. I tried in vain to make my sleeping attire cover me.

He came closer and I tried not to flinch as he grasped me in his arms and started carrying me down into the cave which seemed to be a tunnel lit by torches. We descended for miles—it seemed time itself ceased and my world became two spheres of green and rasping simarian breathing.

At long last we entered a circular chamber of white marble veined with gold. It was a great entry hall thronged with more dragons of every age, size, and color. At the center was a raised platform of violet satin on which rested on a very old, very dried up dragon. Before him lay two gold circlets, each with a large ruby in their centers. I was laid at the feet of the this personage by the dragon who had been my abductor thusfar.

"Father—this is my bride. I am ready to be king. I, Osiris Ra!" thus thundered the blackish dragon who was my captor.

"Fray, Fray!" growled the older dragon, nodding feebly. This seemed to be high approval as the room then burst with hisses and croakings and scrabbling cries. They all flew to movement. Banners of black silk with red sigils were erected. Others began playing lizard instruments of cybol, trumpet, and tom drum. Many began cackling songs of the pleasures of mead and woman flesh and fire.

A golden dragon with black eyes alighted on the platform before us. He was dressed in robes of red velvet. He grasped my hand and bound it to that of Osiris Ra's with silver cord while at the same time tossing handfuls of shiny purple powder which ignited into sparks as it fell through the air. Finally he placed the ruby circlets on our brows.

"Two are now as one. Let the dragonurge be done!" he chanted. Flames flew out from his belly and the elderly dragon king was no more than ash when the torment receded.

"Dragonurge! Dragonurge! Let the two become as one!" the voices swelled until they filled the cavernous hall.



Osiris Ra carried me over to another divan and laid me down upon its bed of black silk rustlings. His hand made me skylad with one tear and he began to make love to me, caressing me gently, tasting my body and finally placing his member within me.

I was now mate to dragon.

The cries became deafening and the room spun around me. Licks of dragon lust coursed through me until I could no longer keep my eyes open. There seemed to be a large explosion and then I knew only the blackness of a silent world without thought.

The sun streamed in the skylight and I tried to blink it away, but it was persistent, a willful solar god demanding worship. I stood up. I was nude and the crystal was shattered...the only remains were a scattering of amber shards of broken rock. What remained of the stand of untamed horses was only a cooled puddle of bronze.

I was unharmed, or so I thought at that moment long ago. But then my belly began to swell. My womb filled when I had had no lover for three months. No human lover that is.

I know now I must return to the world of dragon before this birth comes to pass. My world would only reject me and my child. Reject us or destroy us. I must return to the crystal world of dragon. I must.

I've looked for the shop but there is no Mordicai Street. I have the old woman's card but it only says, "Mrs. Patterson, Salem, MA."

The birthing time will come. Already I feel the movements of life within me.

This world is hostile.

I must find the father of my child.

My king. My mate.

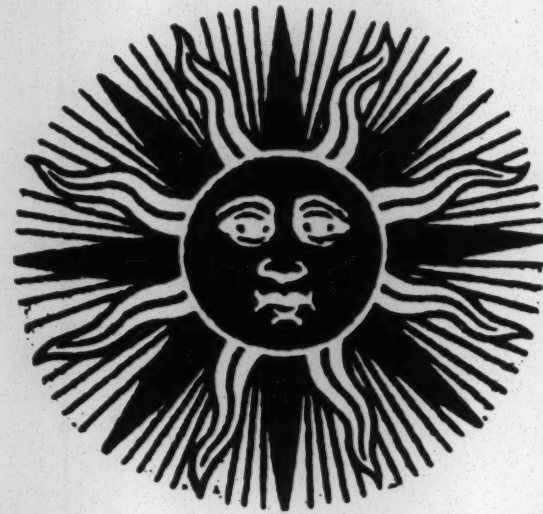
My dragon.



### Mystic Alchemy

I signify to posterity that I make philosophy near to the Sun and Moon. He, therefore, that will attain to the truth let him take the moisture of the Sun and the Spume of the Moon.

Guglielmo Grataroli (16th century),  
*Turba Philosophorum.*



### TRADITIONAL CELTIC SYMBOLS D. DE. PAUL

Black Cat: represents Good Luck.

Jack-o-Lantern: represents Wisdom and Secrecy.

Corn: represents Fertility of the Earth.

Scarecrow: represents the Corn-King.

Green Man: represents the Corn-King and the Horned God.

Piper: represents Pan or the Horned God of the forest.

May Queen: represents the maiden that is crowned and is the mate of the Harvest Lord for one year. The rite is held on Beltane.

Horn of Plenty: represents an abundant harvest.

Indian Corn: represents the Fertility of the Earth, Good Luck, and Protection.

Wicker Man: represents the offerings made to the Sun God and Earth Mother for an abundant harvest. The offerings and sometimes the Harvest Lord were burned in it.

Broomstick: represents male phallic symbol, and was used for good luck, sweeping away ill vibrations, and turned upside down as a torch to light bale-fires.

Corn Dolly: represents Fertility and good luck, and should be made from the last ear of corn harvested.

Pitch-Fork: represents a male phallic symbol.

John Barley Corn: represents the Harvest Lord or Corn King.

Goat: represents the Horned God or Pan and is the consort of the Goddess.

Well: represents the Goddess, purification, and knowledge.

Cauldron: represents the Mother-Goddess, regeneration and rebirth, purification, the Womb of the Earth Mother, Enlightenment, it is also called the Melting Pot as it was used for mixing Herbs and Potions and for cooking. Also often referred to as the sacred cup or Holy Grail of Immortality.

Forked Stick: represents good luck and is used to ward off evil.

Staff: represents male Phallic Symbol, power of the Horned God, and vitality.

Wheel: represents the changing seasons, the cycles of nature, the Witches year, and the dance of life. It also represents the woman's cycle, Moon Phases and Planetary Alignments.



OUR MISTRESS (From the Greek)  
FRODO MAC NIEL

Children of our Mistress  
Crusade to save the world  
From Winter souls who threaten the corn  
Nature knows both right and wrong  
And the Children of our Mistress sing...

Our Lady of the Winds  
Our Lady of the Sun  
Our eyes fixed on your symbol  
Rejoicing in your presence  
Life's mysteries unfold.  
And the Children sing...

Computerized minds can't see their plight  
Plans wrought in search of glory  
But the Mistress survives  
The balance shall be struck  
Men does threaten all man  
And the Children sing on...

—Frodo MacNiel



### KEYNOTES FOR THE DISCIPLE

ARIES: I come forth and from the plane of mind, I rule.

TAURUS: I see and when the Eye is opened, all is light.

GEMINI: I recognize my other self and in the waning of that self, I grow and glow.

LEO: I am That and That am I.

VIRGO: I am the mother and the child. I, God, I, matter am.

LIBRA: I choose the way which leads between the two great lines of force.

SCORPIO: Warrior I am and from the battle I emerge triumphant.

SAGITTARIUS: I see the goal. I reach that goal and then I see another.

CAPRICORN: Lost I am in light supernal, yet on that light I turn my back.

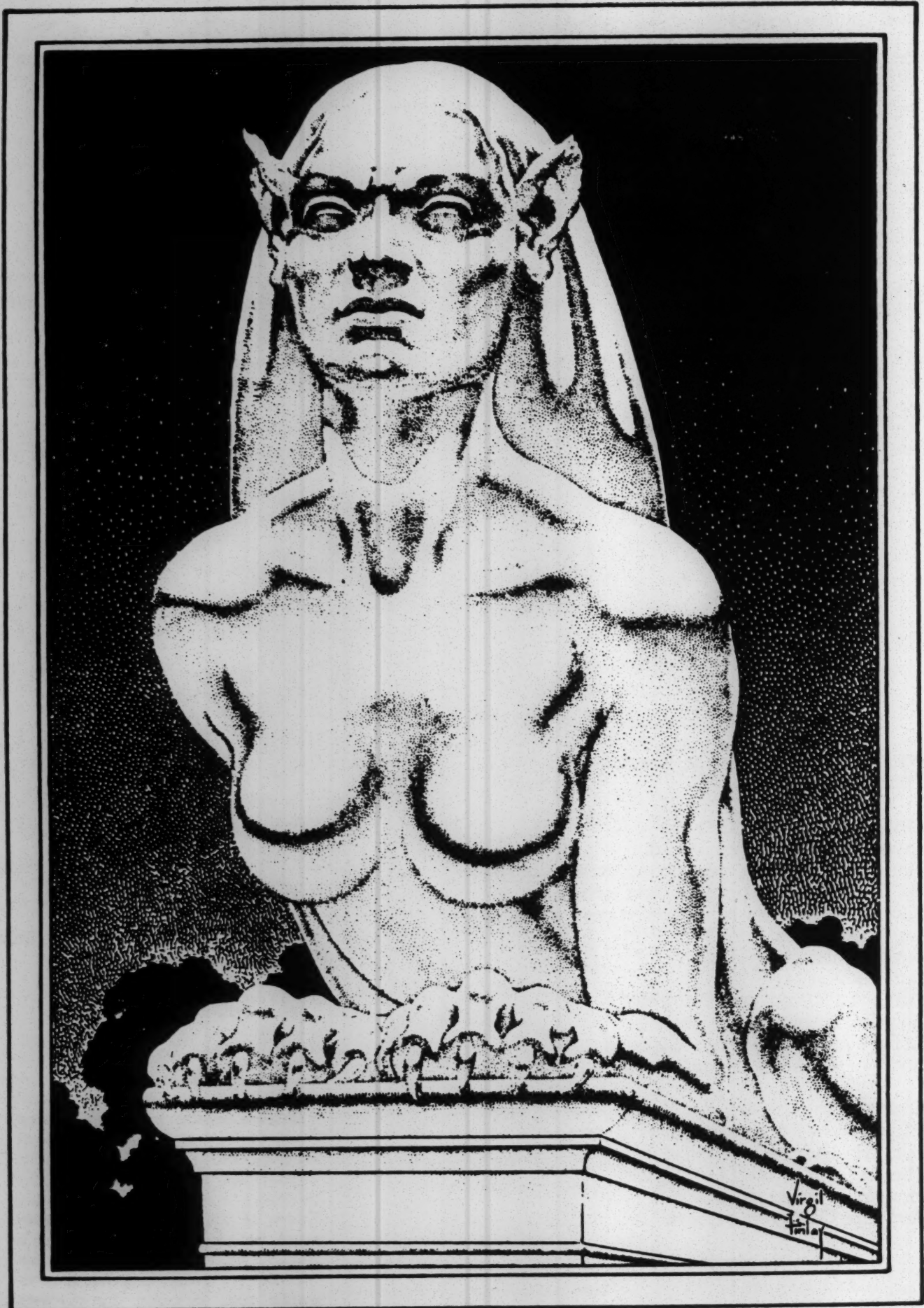
AQUARIUS: Water of life am I, poured forth for thirsty men.

PISCES: I leave the Father's home and turning back, I save.

Copyright: Solaris

**Dee, Dr. John**  
(1527-1608)

English scholar and mathematician. Studied in Europe. Interested in alchemy, astrology, and arcane lore. Involved in imprisonment for casting horoscopes and practicing enchantment against Mary, Queen of England. As a government agent, he was later sent on service to Europe, where he became associated with Edward Kelley, magician, in necromantic acts, including crystalomancy.



## PARALLEL WORLDS

By

Bruce "Coyote" Lahue

Yes, I would be happy to keep your readers informed of the progress of the experiments in the parallel world research. I feel that I have reached a point at which I am about ready to start looking for guinea pigs to verify my findings. Without a multiplicity of viewpoints the results I have achieved could be dismissed as subjective experience and not as concrete formulae that can work for anyone... Of course it was naturally aged... I brought it out of the pyramid inside my wrappings... the last few stones were damnably hard to shift too!

About the parallel worlds, I will try to answer your questions as you presented them...

About the astrological indications of the parallel worlds.: The relative positions of the stars in each world should be in correspondence with each other as here, but their position relative to this plane would not be necessarily the same. The degree of planar rotation should cause a corresponding shift in planetary position from the viewpoint of someone looking from this plane into that. Of course to a person already in the other plane there would be no apparent shift...

On the rate of time: About the time scales... I think that it is reasonable to assume that in some planes more removed from ours that time could proceed at a faster or slower rate than it does here. On those levels two years might pass in two weeks here, allowing the observer to see the possible outcome of events that haven't happened here yet. On the other hand there should also be levels where the vibratory rate is quite a bit slower than ours. On those levels we would perceive the events of two minutes as passing in the span of two years, out time..." Yes, there is probably an alternate world in which Kennedy was not assassinated and lived out his full span of terms, but I think that world would be difficult for us to reach, because his escape would have turned that plane a long way from our own or moved it a long way up the

planar stack...

About the Ghost Images: It is more likely that the things we perceive as ghosts are the result of the overlapping of planes... if we enter the plane of our demise, the resultant subtraction of ourselves from the worlds of probability would not even leave our works or our memories behind... Ghosts may also be the result of beings becoming trapped between planes and unable to make the full transition between worlds... These unfortunates seem to be bound to a cycle of repeating the events and visiting the places they knew when they were actually a part of a real plane...

I am not sure how reincarnation fits into this scheme, but I do think that traveling across the planes may be one way to break out of the cycle of birth and rebirth...

I think that you cannot exist in a world where there is already one of your other selves existing. In such a case you can see through the eyes of the other self or perhaps even make an exchange, if both of you are willing to make the trade. In this case it seems that the shift is not one of bodies but of minds. This is probably the easier shift to make, since you do not have to take the body with you or create one on that level as a house.

Now as to technique: I give this under the strictest possible warning, be careful and wary, the area is new and possible dangers are not completely known... I do not want to lose anybody at this stage of the game...

1) First you must know where you want to go... you must make a careful and detailed description of what world you are seeking before you open the door. In this way you can firmly impact your subconscious with the details that will look or FEEL right as the door is opened and the spin begins.

2) Secondly, it seems to be important to pick a date for operation that is astrologically powerful for you and a time when your own energies will be at a peak. Use whatever techniques you feel most comfortable with to arrive at that state and select the precise time for thrusting your will across the planes. This cannot be done too carefully or exactly as even the slightest error may send you into a world other than the one of your choosing.

3) Third, prepare your circle with all the wards at your command. If you desire, you might want to have some other officers standing by to bring you back



if you get into a tight spot. But the circle is your anchor and connection to this plane until you are sure that the world you have found is the right one and you are ready to step over. Even when you are sure, it may be unwise to leave the circle that first time. It might be enough to just look across and see that you have made the correct choice. Actual crossing can then be left to the next time...

4) Then begin to project the whirl of the shaft energy that connects the planes ...Remember that the center of that energy and the core of that shafts runs through YOU from head to toe and that you are the point of absolute rest about which all else turns, as long as you are in the center of the universe which is the same as the center of the circle...Here is the formula I use. It is derived in part from the Egyptian Book of the Dead, part from the works of the Lizard King and part of my own walking in the place that is between places....:

The place which is closed is OPENED...  
The place which is shut is SEALED...  
That which lieth down in the CLOSED PLACE  
IS OPENED by the BA-SOUL which is in it  
By the EYE of HORUS I AM delivered  
Ornaments are established on the BROW of  
RA

My stride is made long, I lift my two  
thighs  
I have journeyed over a long ROAD, my limbs  
Are in a flourishing condition...  
I am HORUS the AVENGER of his father  
And I bring the URRT CROWN and set it  
on its STANDARD

The ROAD OF SOULS IS OPENED, MY TWIN  
SOUL SETTETH FORTH  
It seeth the GREAT GOD in the BOAT OF RA  
on the day of souls...  
My soul is in the FRONT thereof with the  
COURIER OF THE YEARS...

COME, the EYE OF HORUS hath delivered  
for me my soul  
My ornaments are established on the BROW  
of RA  
LIGHT is on the FACES of those who are  
in the members of OSIRIS

Ye shall not hold captive my soul; Ye shall  
NOT hold in durance my SHADOW  
The WAY is OPEN to my SOUL and to my SHADOW  
It seeth the GREAT GOD in the SHRINE on the  
day of counting souls

It repeateth the WORDS OF OSIRIS, Those  
whose seats are INVISIBLE, who fetter  
the MEMBERS OF OSIRIS, who fetter HEART  
SOULS and SPIRIT SOULS, who set a SEAL  
upon the DEAD.

And who would do EVIL to me, shall do no  
evil to me  
A WAY shall be made for my KA with me and  
my SOUL

Shall be prepared by those who keep ward  
over the members  
Of OSIRIS, and who hold captive the SHADOWS  
of the DEAD.

HEAVEN shall not keep thee fast, the EARTH  
shall not hold thee CAPTIVE  
I shall not live with the beings who SLAY  
But I shall be the master of my legs, and I  
shall advance to my body straightaway in  
the EARTH

And to those who belong to the SHRINE OF  
OSIRIS

And GUARD his members...  
OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE DARKNESS  
WHITHER I CAME SO SHALL I GO  
DESTINY IS MY DESTINATION  
I HAVE HAD A MEETING WITH INFINITY  
In the middle of a mind all things turn  
around

A single point of light  
Wherein lies a passageway between the Day  
and Night...

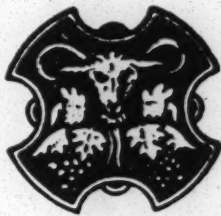
Now unfurls the veiled sky, the temple  
doors ajar  
Between the gateway of the world...  
Slung from DESIRE's blackened bow  
A living self is hurled across the barriers  
of TIME

Cast on a living bridge of RHYME...  
YOU KNOW THE DAY DESTROYS THE NIGHT  
NIGHT DIVIDES THE DAY  
TRY TO RUN...TRY TO HIDE  
BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE...  
(The entire piece played at this point is  
highly effective...)

This is the essence of the formula  
that I have derived thus far and so far it  
has allowed me to begin assimilating the  
talents of my other selves from other planes  
...the process seems to be accelerating as  
time goes on since I first opened the gate.  
Exactly where it will end I cannot say at  
this point, but there is about the process  
a sense of urgency as though there is very  
little time in which this must be finished  
before the time comes when all of this  
accumulated energy must be used. To what

purpose I cannot say yet. That lies before me and behind the veil. It may be that it will be hidden from me until the precise moment arrives, yet I feel good about it. It is sort of the exhilaration one feels at riding the crest of a wave or pushing ahead at the cutting razor edge of NOW. There is time for neither fear nor apprehension. The way is opening as I go. The light is ahead and behind there is the spreading wake of reality, shaping itself even as I move away from it..... Come and ride with me to the uttermost edge of now. It is sharp and sweet and leaves in the mouth the faint electric tang of steel and ice...

Pardon me, it's real easy to get carried away with this. And I feel that the time is not yet. There must be signposts planted for those that come this way after. One of the duties of those who explore is to blaze the route for the settlers and traders who will be the permanent residents of the frontier, then we can blaze away again into other places only dreamed of...



THE TRUE QUEEN OF THE TUATHA DE DANAAAN  
D. DE PAUL

In a time long ago, in a sacred grove in Ireland, the Spirit of Mog Ruith spoke to the Tuatha De Danaan, who were the children of the Great Mother Danu. To the Wee Folk of Eire he spoke these words; "For many years the Drui, the Wise ones of the Oake passed down this legend...in a sacred grove of oake the Father God came down from the heavens and made love with the Mother Goddess called the Cailleach. The Cailleach then gave birth to a Sacred Egg, which later came to be called the Serpents Egg. After a time of caring for the Egg, it was said to have hatched and the Sun God was born. When the Sun-God became older, the Cailleach made love to her son and from their union a race of Magickal Offspring were born."

It was this race that were the true parents that fostered and nurtured the Tuatha de Danaan. From this legend comes the inner light of the hatching of the Serpents Egg, and the Sun God's birth at the time of the Winter Solstice.



Transistion of the Druid D.

It was Ostara Day when the Village Folk of a remote European village; gathered in the middle of the village to pay their last respects to the old Druid; their teacher, who had passed away the night before. It was a sad people that formed procession and walked down the hill to the sacrad place that the Druid now rested. They all remembered his few last words which he had said to them the night before. These were his words:

"By sacrad Oak we stand, with Mistletoe in hand, and spread our Wisdom and Love, across the Mother's sacrad land. We must keep alive our Ancient Ways till the very last one of us has seen their last days."

As the village folk reached the sacrad place, they gathered in a circle around the Druids grave. Upon the stone, a celtic cross, were engraved these words:

Weep not my friends, my children, for this is only just. This body that has hindered me now has returned to dust. Gather around now children, from wisdom round you drink, the truth is that you are the kind of thoughts you think.....

A young child, crying at the foot of the grave, then spoke these words:

The spirit of our teacher, shall live on and on and on. See how the Sun shines brightly upon his grave, and the birds above gently sing, and the Mother Earth covers him in a soft and loving way. The older village folk smiled in silent affirmation, for there next to the stone of cross, stood the young oak tree, planted there by the children earlier that day....

—David De Paul

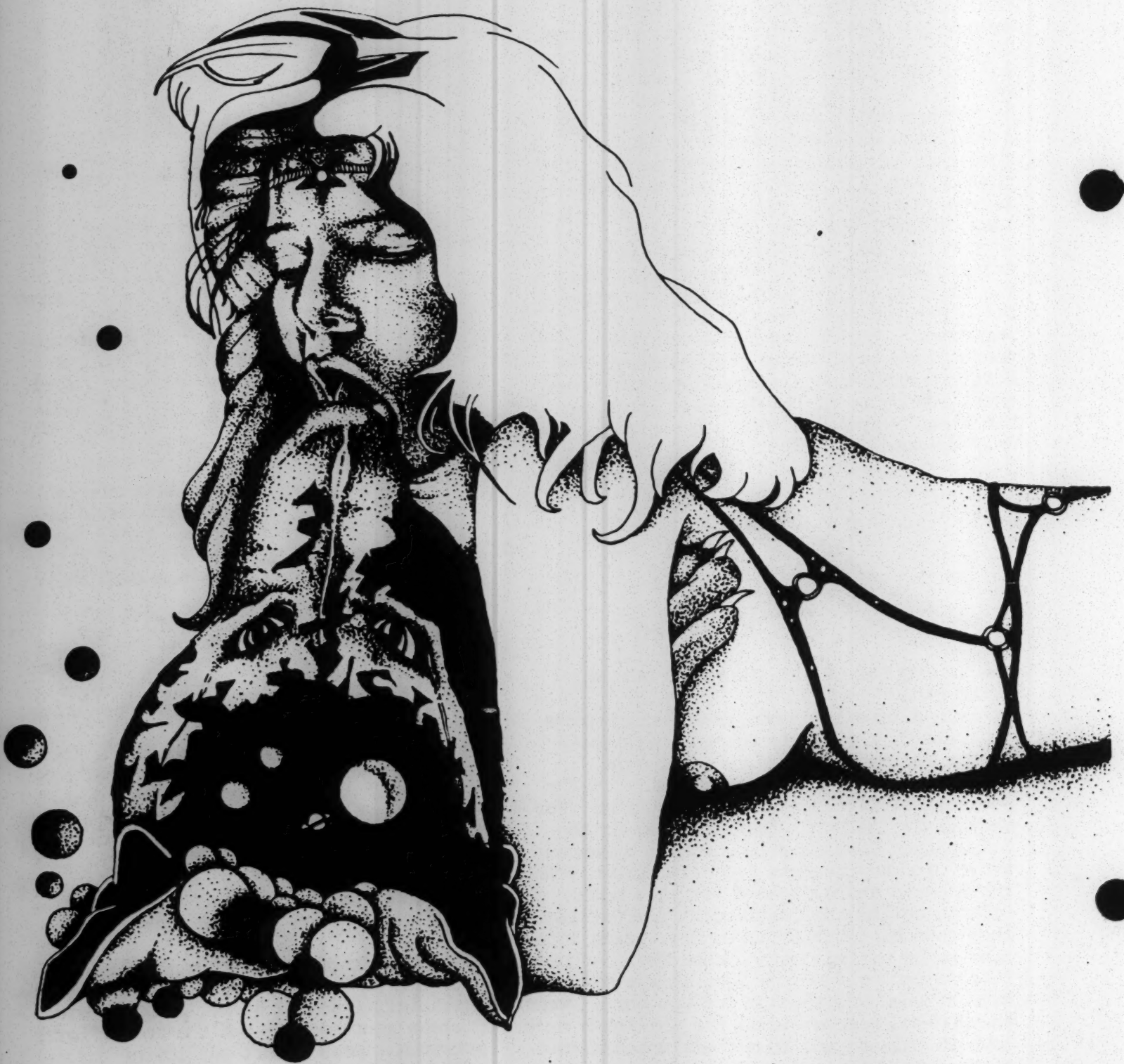


Illustration by Michel Denis Brunnelle

# WANING MOON

By Tiffany St. Moonstar



....I shook my silver black hair as I arose from the soft carpet on the cave floor...it was murky, but warm and soft... my buttocks tightening, my breasts arching in the air, my legs supported by my toes as I stretched upwards with my fingers... fingers ending in nails long and red, painted and laquered, glinting the color of life essence in the soft light of the cave...

My nose twitched...He was not here... where was He? I longed for His smell, for His glinting teeth and black eyes, eyes so black as to be the blue of midnight. I licked my lips with the tip of my tongue...He meant food, and an assuaging of the blood lust already rising in my loins. I shook back my mane of silk and crawled through the opening of the cave...

The snow was blinding in its whiteness and my nipples rose to meet its icy caress. I stood, high and proud...sensing the world...the snow...the trees...the movement of birds overhead...I smelt...deer slathered over my stomach...the winds blew it fresh from the south...but more scintillating, more maddening, was the smell of He...

North I ran across the snows...my silver black mane bristled in the frosty sun...my lean sinewy flanks made good my every command...my breasts cleved the winds of ice...and clouds formed of my breath as I flew across the tundra.

I paused...I smelt...the smell of deer was raw upon my empty stomach. Making me turn and want to make kill.

But the smell of He was stronger and I ran on...

Up hills I ran...and through a dark forest and across the flatlands...

Then I saw He...

I saw He with his coat of liquid night and silver silk...the eyes of He mocked me...teased me...told me He was all I needed. The eyes of He promised...they promised Eldorado, Paradise, Eternal Life... the lips of He parted, his bright white ivory fangs grinned. He knew what I needed, what I wanted, why I came. He waited. He watched.

I ran circles for He to entice him... I danced for He, I howled the lovesong of the ancients for He.

Then I waited...

He smiled. He came closer...

Slowly, sensously, knowing me and knowing my need.



He stood, putting his paws on my shoulders...he licked my neck...I saw the wet redness of the power of He, of the lust of He, of the maleness of He. It throbbed, ...it undulated...mesmerizing me. He pushed me to my knees...he licked my breasts, my stomach, finally reaching the woman place. He was smelling, He was seeking... He pushed me back on to the ground and as I lay in the bed of soft snow He entered me, pulsing me with the turgid maleness that was He. He howled love songs of the tundras for love of me. He carressed me with the softest of love bites and nips... He gave me the honor that was due me as the mate of He. And as we glided on the winds of the frozen wasteland...I knew what was ecstasy, I knew what was religion. It was He.

And I would never return to the world of human...I was no longer a woman.

I was She.



UNTITLED

BY  
OWAIN GWYNEDD

I will never forget how the wind blew  
The night you said you loved me  
Sitting beside me by the dying fire  
Longing for me with all your warmth and desire.  
Winter had come early to our Sabbat cheer  
When Our Coven had gathered for Hallow's night.  
Even the bright Orange Moon was shining cold  
With its fullness and bewitching light.  
It was in the hours of chilled silence  
Before sleep came upon us both  
That we made love when all had gone.  
One lone Altar Candle was left aflame  
Even before you had kissed me,  
And gently with a whisper,  
Spoken my name.  
Now the Year was new and the Old one gone  
wrapped in each others arms embrace  
By morning would we awake to Winters song  
Shorten days and by nights dark and long.



# SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

## CREATION OF THE PSYCHIC WHIRL

By Douglas Forbes Stevens

Mr. Stevens favors us with a lesson from his order THE Gnostic Sisterhood. If you would like more information on applications see his advertisement at the back of this issue. We thank him for his sharing of his years of magickal experience with us all.

This initial part shall deal with what is termed by us as: "The Psychic Whirl". This is as close as we can translate the root term into our language. Other schools of occultism may use different names for this, however, if the reader is familiar with the subject at all he will recognize what we refer to and will be able to find correspondences between this presentation and what he has learned from other sources.

Fundamentally, all advanced occult students who have practiced "magic" and/or other forms of occult practice which may come under the broad term "magic"—must have learned, at one time or another, and from some source (perhaps from their own reasoning, and based on their personal experience) that successful results demand the generation of psychic energy before magic is possible. This is the same as saying that before an electric device can be operated it must be connected to an electric source of power, or—before an automobile can fulfill its function it must be "started", and this of course demands that the auto be equipped with an engine and gasoline. So much of magic is found to be fruitless, much to the sadness of even the "advanced," (well-read and practicing occultist) by the failure

to generate sufficient psychic power—that this single factor may well be said to be the secret key to occult practice or magic.

Many practitioners of Talismanic Magic, those who use the astrological aspects, and then perform their ceremony at the exact time the aspect is taking place, wherein they also inscribe their talisman upon metal or parchment—these may not appreciate what we are saying as much as those magicians and occultists who attempt magic without planetary support—(corresponding to, and in harmony with their magical purpose)—however, this generation of the psychic whirl is important to even this form of magic, and if they have found success, then the addition of the psychic whirl, its cultivation in their work and technique will improve their magic many fold...for it will improve any system, method, or technique—from Voodoo Queen to the highly educated technical magician who approaches the subject from the intellectual doorway and who demands perfection in all things.

The psychic whirl comes from the soul; it therefore comes from within. It is generated at a level which is midway between alert full-consciousness, and the sub-conscious level. If it is correctly generated the body will in some way indicate that it has been accomplished, and this on a sense-level: i.e., the body may tingle, goose bumps and the like, or

sensation of power about the body, i.e., such as "feeling" or "sensing" of a magnetic or electric field about the body. In this latter illustration the "sensing" may be more mental than sensual, however, if generated there is always some indication that the energy has been made available and if this energy is not generated then the magical work usually bears no fruit at all. HOW IS IT BROUGHT ABOUT?

This is the most important factor in successful magic (occultism) and it is also the reason for the symbolic rituals, the incantations, the chants, the incenses, the perfumes, etc.—as these considerations act upon the senses and thereby upon the nervous system and from thence to the soul itself—and it is the SOUL which then succumbs to and releases this energy into the AURA of the magician or occultist, and which he or she uses for the magical act which is trying to be accomplished. This is the sole purpose behind all ritual magic—be it VOO-DOO ceremony, the spell of the witch, or the very elaborate ceremony of the technical magician who has taken into careful consideration all details and is certain that all correspond to that hierarchy of angels or demons he or she is trying to control—in order to fulfill his WILL (magickal purpose).

Therefore, the realization must be had that this "WHIRL" of energy is brought about by the WILL (of men) first of all, and that this continued WILL which is constantly (through the magickal ceremony or act) exercised brings about and interacts with the strong desire or feeling. It is the DESIRE and the WILL, which in turn acts upon the emotions and thus the senses are aroused, and this in turn acts upon the nervous system of Man and thence to the SOUL, whereby the power is released. This is the reason behind all rituals and ceremonies regardless of how elaborate they may be.

It is possible to release this "psychic-whirl" without the elaborate ceremony of the ritual magician, and this is what the witch does with the spell she "makes up". She makes a little rhyme "to order" which suits her purpose (what she desires to occur, her magickal act). Then she chants this constantly until success comes: The magickal energy (psychic whirl) is constantly being generated.

The Oberion hierarchy indicated in its dispensation to Brother G.O.—that it was possible to generate this energy, therefore, by the will alone and that it is constantly possible to dispense with the rituals, the conjurations the words of power, etc. They illustrate by saying that the advanced Oberion adept can generate this force by the relationship which exists between his subjective self (inner spirit) and objective self. This of course, is the ideal form of generation for there is absolute control of force. Furthermore, the adept while willing the energy—to be generated and released into his AURA: he must hold two thoughts:

- a) The visualization that the energy is being generated and released into the aura.
- b) Intense desire—reinforced by the WILL and vice versa for the magickal result., this provides the motive force.

Whether or not this manner of generating the energy can be realized by the aspirant is not known, however, it has been accomplished to some extent by Brother C.O. to whom this revelation was given.

To that magician, occultist, and/or adept who can use this method, let him use it. It is as close to PURE magicke as is possible, as it permits magickal acts without the prior preparation of the elaborate ceremony, etc.

It is possible that the occultist may only develop such ability after a long period of experience with the ceremonial form, i.e., he may have to practice ritual magicke for some time before being able to convert to this simpler and purer form.

Let all who read these lines know that regardless of what system of magic you use, regardless of the technique you prefer, that its success will ultimately depend upon the generation of the "psychic-whirl" in your AURA.





ECHO

BY  
Bruce Lahue

How is it you do not recognize me  
Or know my name?  
It is the same  
As it was ten thousand years ago.  
Yet you think that somewhere you see  
A reminder of  
Something you knew  
That strikes a familiar cord, although  
We were closer than blood brothers  
And shared a name  
In the long game  
We were parted, to return again  
As others who before us went, sending only  
To us faint signs  
Marking the path  
They travelled on, all adrift and lonely  
Against the stars. We are here once more.  
The rest cannot  
Be far. Soon we'll  
Be back together, by this different shore.



ISHTAR ON THE WATERS...ST. MOONSTAR  
The water washes across the sands...I walk  
with my four mincing feline paws delicately  
and disdainfully across the damp sand. I  
sniff the wet air and walk close to the  
rippling end of the surf—but not so close  
that it is *allowed* to touch me! I am en-  
joying myself immensely, but I do not  
show it...I am above all that. My beauti-  
ful black tail stands straight in the  
air...just its very tip quivers to and  
fro. I watch the large ungainly gulls  
making their ungraceful sounds. Poor  
things--unlucky enough not to be I!

Then I hear a sound, so subtle, so  
sweet...it draws me like the perfume of  
the black lotus...from the days when they

used to worship such as I...softly it  
caresses me, draws me near, draws me  
closer...I walk swiftly across the sands...  
faster and faster through the fog and mists  
...it is maddening...I cannot get closer  
to its source...it constantly seems just  
as far away though I know I am getting  
closer!

Then I espy the source of this delight  
...these lyrics of aeons past...parting  
from pipes of gold...

It glints, it shines this pipe of gold  
...and a strange creature makes it move...  
makes the music dance upon the air...

Is it goat? Is it Man? Is it God?  
I care not!  
But I curl up in his lap of fur...  
It is soft...and warm...  
I purr, and purrr...and purrr...  
And the music goes on.



THE WITCHES PYRAMID ...DE. PAUL

The four cornerstones of the Witches  
Pyramid are: FAITH, WILL, IMAGINATION,  
AND SECRECY. Separate use of them is not  
magickal, but their joint use is. When  
used together, they join at the peak to  
create a very powerful magickal force.  
Thus, their use has always been, and  
always will be called the Witches Pyramid.



# The Dream



by g.m.kelly

It was very much the same as it has always been...as it has been since as long as I can remember. Everything is comfortably warm and sunny and beautiful. I am alone in a paradise of leafy trees, bright greenery, and brilliant, sweet-smelling flowers. Then she appears. The Lady of Promise, as I have come to call her. She is lovely. But it is not merely the beauty of face and form that she possesses that I speak of, but even more importantly it is the beauty of her mind, her heart, and, ay, the beauty of her soul which radiates from her being her very centre, filling the world, my world with such love as is incapable for mere mortals to feel and express.

The Lady of Promise approaches me. It is difficult to put into words a description of her appearance for she seems to be all women...neither blonde, brunette nor red-headed, and yet all of these at once, in every variety imaginable. Her eyes are deep and brilliant, sparkling and magnetic, rainbow-hued and yet somehow clear as crystal and transparent. A wonderful warm light is in those eyes.

Her face is every kind of loveliness and her form is the perfection of artistic sensuality. Upon the expression of the Lady's face is that innocent wickedness... I really do not know how to explain it. It is as if she were, and you must forgive the apparent contradiction, it is as if she were an eternally virgin whore.

Yet she is not naive in her innocence, nor perverted in her wickedness, for in her is great knowledge, understanding and wisdom. Intellect in her has found a secure home...which is more than I can say for most of the earthly women I have known...and I have known many! Too many I sometimes fear!

Gracefully, more gracefully than any feline creature of earth, she comes to me. I stand frozen to the spot, rooted as firmly as the great trees that surround me in that garden of delight. The Lady smiles

almost wickedly, delightfully, raises her hand...such a lovely, delicate, womanly hand...with a subtle movement detaches a brooch made of a moonstone and silver and the garment she wears drifts to the grassy floor as a light fog filling a valley bottom.

I am paralyzed, enchanted, spellbound, by the sight of such a very beautiful woman...such an uncommonly, unearthly, such a heavenly angel of love and lust as my Lady of Promise. Every line, every curve, every delicate shading of colour is perfect... absolutely perfect. I stand there, completely bewitched, captivated, in complete awe of the inner as well as the outer beauty of the lady...transfixed to the spot upon which I stand with weak knees and passionately burning loins. She stand there for a time like Isis revealed and desparately, almost madly, I desire to possess her, to have her, to make her mine forever, to crush her body to me and press my lips against her's and devour her with passionate kisses. But I cannot move. I cannot even blink.

The Lady, that wicked, angelic, temptress, smiles at my situation. She knows what I am thinking. My God! she can see what I am feeling!

Then, as always she comes closer until I can feel her breath, her sweet rose-scented breath, upon my face and body. I feel the warmth, the intense heat of her body. I say heat, yet at the same time the Lady's body is cool to the touch. It is really impossible to speak of things that are beyond the normal senses in any sensible manner.

Her hands touch my naked body. How I suddenly become naked I do not know for I swear this all began with me being fully dressed. The things that are impossible in the wake world are quite possible in the dream world.

Those hot, cool hands! Lightly she touches and strokes every inch of my quivering flesh and there is a feeling that is far more pleasurable than that.

The Lady's touch alone is far more satisfying and stimulating than the full love making of any earthly woman I have ever known.

I find my spell slowly wearing off. Movement is gradually bestowed upon my frozen limbs. And as I move to touch her, to embrace the Lady, as she begins to caress and embrace me, I find that I no longer wish to attack her as an animal, nor to possess her, but instead I wish to touch her with an exceeding delicacy and to be possessed by her. The feel of her body against mine is totally beyond my power to describe it in the human language. What I experience as our bodies caress each other, conform to every line and curve of each other's form, is to delightful to put into crass and barbaous speech.

As we embrace and caress one another our lips meet, touch and kiss lightly, then gradually more passionately. We kiss as if first sampling, barely tasting, a delicate vintage of the most exquisite wine, then greedily, after the first few sips, we devour the drink and continually return for more until we are completely intoxicated, until we have lost all sense of propriety and moderation, and seek to become so enbriated upon that lovely liquor that we will eventually pass out and lose all sense entirely.

Her lips are so sweet, so very soft, so filled with passsion! O let me be forever drunk upon her kisses...those gloriously wicked kisses! And the taste and feeling of her tongue...yes, our kisses are very passionate and I do not care about the dictates of current morality. People today say that it is ammorol to be shown a lovely female form unclothed, to see two people making love, or even to see revealed breasts...yet the same people deem it moral enough to show human bodies being hacked to pieces, blood gushing everywhere to see people in bloody mortal combat, and to watch as a lovely woman's breast is severed from he body. Morality! Do not speak to me of morality! Do not speak to me of morality! There is more morality in the sight of a beautiful woman's body, in the making of love, than there is in anything else in this world.



And what right does some celibate hypocrite have to tell me that I am immoral by loving a woman that HE has not sanctioned through some ancient and barbaric rite that is meant only to chain one person to another for a life time, no matter what may happen to their love in the course of

time. Why is it so difficult for the moralists to realize that none can unite the divided but love? And that love, expressed in any way whatsoever, is all that really matters in life...not arbitrary rules and regulations, iditotic codes of ethics that are limiting and restricting, unnaturally applied to everyone no matter how different their individual needs and desires are. Faugh! These fools and idiots may all go to blazes. I SHALL love my Lady of Promise in any way I choose and I shall do so until the day I die...perhaps I shall do so even long after the death of my corporal form.

Enough of morality and the makers of morality.

The Lady of Promise joins me upon the grassy carpet of the earth...sometimes I lift her in my arms and lightly deposit her upon the sweet-smelling young grass, and sometimes she pulls me down to her upon the bed of nature. It is always the same, but always different. It is all just as the Lady herself...apparently contradictory, and yet perfectly natural.

There upon the grass...or sometimes it is soft moss and lichen we lay upon, sometimes a bed of gayly coloured flowers, sometimes a bed of brightly painted autumn leaves, or the soft wet sands of an ocean's beach...there upon the bed of nature we kiss each other, not only upon the lips but all over, devouring, consuming each other with our love and lust...

...and oh the tastes of her wonderful, firm and yet soft breasts as I kiss them and suck upon them drinking from the essence of her soul the delicate liquor of her love!

We gaze into each other's eyes and then, about to join her in the most intimate aspect of lovemaking, upon the very verge of uniting with her in what I know will be the most exquisite experience of my entire life, something always happens... it is always the same, but different. Something always happens to disturb the dream...yes, it is but a dream...& rudely I am awakened; torn from sleep, ripped from the arms of my love, the Lady of Promise before the promise can be fulfilled. cruelly pulled from her embrace and dragged back into the wake world where I am set upon by vultures and jackals, harpies and swine, asses and baboons. Back into the wake world, the "real world" some say, where poorly painted women walk about in a mockery of beauty and men either lumber around mocking strength or prance gayly about putting to shame the very idea of refinement.

The "real world"! What do these empty, soulless shells know of the real world?!

Their honesty is dishonest, their love is but the essence of selfishness and greed, their intelligence is naught but the simple belief in "facts" that are constantly proven to be untrue.

The "real world"...I know where the "real world" is to be found and it is not to be found in that mad mixture of muddled thinking and unstable emotions that they have constructed for themselves and into which they are constantly dragging me!

Can't they realize that reality itself is but an illusion?!

Can't they see that the world is what they make it...that which the majority constructs out of petty greed and ambition, selfish desires and careless actions is the world we must all live in...that that world is a self-defeating, self-destructive world and that there is a better world beyond their pettiness and shallow superficiality that is easily obtainable?!

As they sleep and day dream they receive glimpses of this better world, and some of us are lucky enough to briefly escape to this world from time to time.

But always we are dragged back to the world of the stupid and the selfish, the vast majority of "my fellow beings" (faugh!) and our promise of a wonderful future is crushed under the heel of a chaste and untouched celibate female...I cannot call such a being or symbol of being a "woman" for she is not half the Woman that my Lady of Promise is!

Always I and the scattered few like me are pulled back into the so-called real world to suffer the torments and sacrifices of their Dying-god, their Slave-God. Let them suffer if that is what they want! But why must we too suffer? What right have they to impose their desires upon us? They preach that all men and women should be free and then they shackle us with unnatural restrictions that only increase the world's suffering more and more, day by day. They are free to suffer if they wish it, but are we not free to enjoy all things of sense and rapture as we desire?! They claim that we do great harm to the world, while they twist and pervert minds, kill hearts, pollute this earth and warp every bit of true wisdom and knowledge that mankind had so far and warp every bit of true wisdom and knowledge that mankind has so far gained...if indeed they do not obscure, dismiss or destroy it all together.



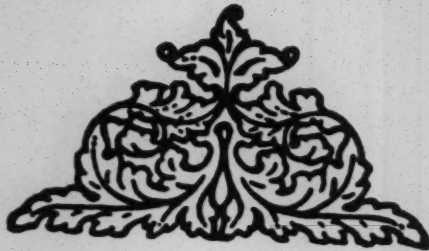
All I and the others like me wish to do is live and learn and love. We do not wish to hurt each other. We do not even wish to hurt the little creatures of this earth. And we certainly do not wish to harm in any way this Earth who is our Mother, and the sustainer of our lives!

Why can't they simply go about their own lives and mind their own business and leave us alone? What horrible devil is this Slave-God of theirs that drives them on to enslave the whole world as they do?

If only we could be left alone. If only we would be permitted to live our own lives as we will we could make the dream world and the wake world one, and then, if they wish to join us they would be welcome, and if they don't wish to join us they are just as free in their decision to live in their polluted world of suffering. Join us or leave us alone, that is all that we ask. WE will not invade and interfere with their world and we only ask, very politely, that they do not invade our world to try and convert us to their ways. Can't they understand the basic principles of good manners and fairness?

It seems as though understanding is alien to them.

Night after night I find myself in Paradise and every time I am roughly pulled from the arms of my Lady of Promise



and forced to live in a world not of my making, a cruel, dirty and violent world not of my choosing, a world of horror, and lingering decay that was created by those that came before me, and which, though I try so very hard to make better, for everyone's sake, seems impossible to clean up.

I walk through the city streets, choking upon thick brown air, and see nothing but filth and rubbish carelessly scattered all about me.

I drink, and my mouth is filled with man-made chemical combinations that infect the organs of my body.

I wash and cover my body with a greater filth because of the contaminants that pollute the wonderful clear elixir of this world.

I eat and find that everything that was once edible is now filled with cancer-producing chemicals which preserve the food as it destroys the body.

And this is the world that I am forced to live in. This is the world I am constantly pulled back into when dragged from the embrace of the Lady of Promise...!

From a dream I am taken back into a nightmare...a nightmare that I, in my simple little ways, the only ways available to me, try to dispel. I make great efforts not to clutter the ground with man-made rubbish, not to pollute the water or destroy the food sources, or the air with loud discordant sounds and lung destroying chemicals...but what good is it for one man to treat Nature so politely when a thousand others, a thousand thousand others, do not?!

So every night I slip into my Paradise, and every night I meet the Lady of Promise, and every time, without fail, someone or something drags me back to the wake world and away from the Lady before her promises can be fulfilled.

What need does the religion of the Slave-God have for a heaven and a hell? Heaven is lost to us now, and we, or rather, THEY have made a hell of this lovely

earth, this once beautiful Paradise? It was not Adam and Eve who lost the Garden of Eden, it was modern man...and yet the Garden is not lost at all, it merely lays buried in a heap of man-made rubbish, covered over with layers of concrete and steel, then covered again with more trash, more garbage.

Paradise is on this earth; here is heaven.

And Paradise is within the mind...but it is buried under tons of senseless garbage, centuries of accumulated rubbish that need never have been produced if humankind had only been more intelligent, more concerned, more....humane.

Fine. This is the way that it is. BUT WHY MUST I CONSTANTLY BE DRAGGED BACK TO SUCH A WORLD WHEN MY "REAL WORLD" IS WITHIN MY REACH?!

Is there no way to realize my dream world?

Is there no way to bring the Garden of Delight and the Lady of Promise into the wake world to remain forever and to be forever free from the contamination of the world of the Slave-God?

Yes...yes ...there is a way, and that way is love. But it can only be through the deep, passionate, perfectly pure love of one child of Nature for the other... and we are so few and so very far between ...and the minions of the Slave-God, that horrible demonic being worshipped as a bloodied, crucified, man suffering upon a cross...once a gentle and loving man, put to death by the very people he came to enlighten, as he is continually put to death by his so-called followers today. ...by these followers, these minions of the Slave-God, a gross and deformed caricature of one such as us, these inhuman and fanatic masochists and sadists do everything in their power to keep us, the children of nature, apart and, when we are together destroy our love by invading our hearts minds with their filth and pollution.

We can, together, realize our individual dream worlds and prove that there is no difference between fantasy and fact if we but strive to make the one into the other, but we must first find one another, then love one another, then come together on every plane of being and with the strength of our love stay together and build upon our love...our pure, natural, unrestrained love...call it lust if you will, for surely our love is strong and passionate! Should love be a weak wine insipidly luke warm,

without the ability to intoxicate and thus to change one's state of being from one level of consciousness to another? No!

So, if they will, let the toadies of the dying, slave-god call me a beast, and let them call my Lady of Promise a scarlet woman, a whore! What difference does it make? We know who the real "dumb and bestial animals" are! Why...even the four-legged creatures of Nature, our brothers and sisters are not so "bestial" as the men and women of this world who follow slavishly and ignorantly the dictates of their Slave Master!

Ah...but my Lady of Promise...To be one with her on all planes I must find her in corporeal form...and that is not easy in a world so thoroughly polluted that sight and sound, smell, touch and all feeling and sense are diminished and greatly limited; it is a difficult task when one is fettered by economic restrictions and enslaved by social demands upon one's priceless time and while one is vampirized, drained daily of one's vital forces and energy.

I MUST find my Lady of Promise, my soul mate, she who is the other half of my soul, my true self. I MUST! I MUST!

Wait!

Who is that I see through the choking haze?!

O my God! My God! it is she! It is my Lady of Promise I am sure!

Sweet Mother my Goddess, help me! The Lady seems so near and yet so far away. This is a nightmare within a nightmare. The more I run to catch up to her the further away I get. The further I stretch out to reach her the greater the distance between us be-



comes.

She sees me. Sweet Goddess, she sees me!

And my manifest Lady of Promise is reaching out to me. She is calling to me, but I cannot hear her words over the insane cacaphony that surrounds us! What is she saying to me? Why, though we are both trying to despartly reach one another, can we not come closer and touch?

What horrible living nightmare is this!

What have I done, what has she done, to deserve this horror!

She is so lovely, so beautiful! My manifest Lady of Promise is just as she always has been, and her inner and outer beauty radiates from her even in this hellish wake world nightmare of ours.

My God! My God! I want to touch her! I need to hold her in my arms! Please, Please! even if I must die a moment later, let us meet and become one, if only for a brief instant...

What is your name?

What may I call you?

She cannot hear me. She does not know what I am saying...

I love you, my manifest Lady of Promise.

I Love You.....



#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

G. M. Kelly is a magician in the Pittsburgh, PA area and is both a talented young writer and expert on both Crowley and

higher magick. He publishes the well-written and informative newsletter entitled THE NEWAEON NEWSLETTER which contains new and original material in addition to previously unprinted or published Crowley material. All Crowley buffs will truly appreciate the material in THE NEWAEON NEWSLETTER, and the outre drawings that are interspersed throughout the publication.

In addition to being an editor and writer, Mr. Kelly is also an artist with a distinctive style all his own...our only complaint about his publication is that we want to see more of his artwork in addition to his fine articles. (See ad in ad section)

Contact Mr. Kelly at the following address if you wish to share complimentary ideas on his writings or offer constructive criticism: Mr. G. M. Kelly, THE MT. NERO HERMITAGE, R. D. #2, Box 242, Sewickely, PA 15143



*"Oh, come on, Mr. Watkins, let bygones be bygones.  
I'm not with the IRS anymore."*

#### THE SIDHE by D. De Paul

The Sidhe, (Shee) are the descendents of the original Irish Faeries, the Tuatha de Danaan. They are often times called the Daoine Sidhe. They are of great age and power, their forms are shadowy and they can only fully materialize in the presence of a human.

Their beauty is that of another world. Their voices are seductive and sweet sounding and they are said to be unrivaled in their baggiping.

The Queen of the Sidhe is Maeve, who is of such beauty that it is dangerous for humans to look at her. Under her rulership, the Sidhe live a very domestic life if left undisturbed.

They enjoy caring for animals, drinking whiskey, and borrowing milk and meal. If they are angered they react with great violence.

Humans taken in by the Sidhe to live among them for a time generally return as seers, healers, and prophets.

The Sidhe are at their strongest on the days of May 1st and November 1st, when they move to their summer or winter homes. Most of all, in the month of May, at twilight, before sunrise and at noon.

The Sidhe live under faerie hills and also upon Islands peopled only by faeries. The Sidhe also have several other Irish faerie friends; the Stroke Lad, who comes at the end of every faerie procession, Willy Rua, who gets the first drops of every new batch of whiskey. Also

well known by the Sidhe is the seductive Lhiannan--Sidhe who destroys men with her beauty.



#### THE WORDS OF LUGH TO THE TUATHA DE DANAAAN BY HOLLOWES GLEN

I am the Illuminator that brings the Light  
through the Darkness.  
I am a Holder of the Torch.  
I am the Keeper of the Sacred Fire.  
Know me now as Lugh,  
Power of Fire,  
Sun God,  
Child of Arianrod.



### The Leprachaun...D. De Paul

The Leprachaun (Lep-ra-chawn) is a Faerie shoemaker who is seen only working on one shoe. Leprachauns often leave a shoe full of gold outside the door of humans they like. They will also show where to find a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. If a human catches a Leprachaun, they will reveal the places of hidden treasure to them, but they must never let go of the Leprachaun until they have the treasure or the Leprachaun will disappear. The Leprachaun is the same as the Cluricaune of County Cork, the Luricaune of Kerry, and the Luriga-daune of Tipperary, and the Loghery Man of Ulster. Many people have lumped all Irish Faeries under the name of Leprachaun, but both the Leprachaun and the Gluricaune are both solitary Faeries. They are, however, friendly and related with other faerie and Elves.

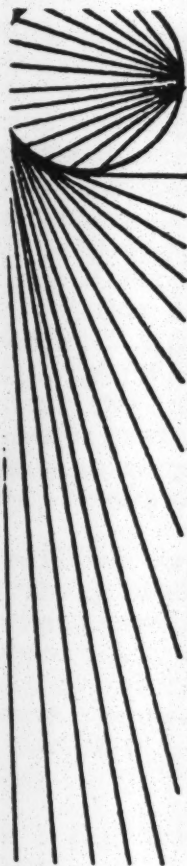
### DRUIDIC BINDING CHANT D. DE PAUL

After casting a spell, whether within a Coven Circle or in your own private working, the following chant has been found to be a very powerful binding:

By Derwydds Power bind this spell.  
All my words the truth foretell.  
Earth and Water,  
Wind and Flame,  
Magick in the Old Ones Name,  
Three Fold the Withces Will is told.

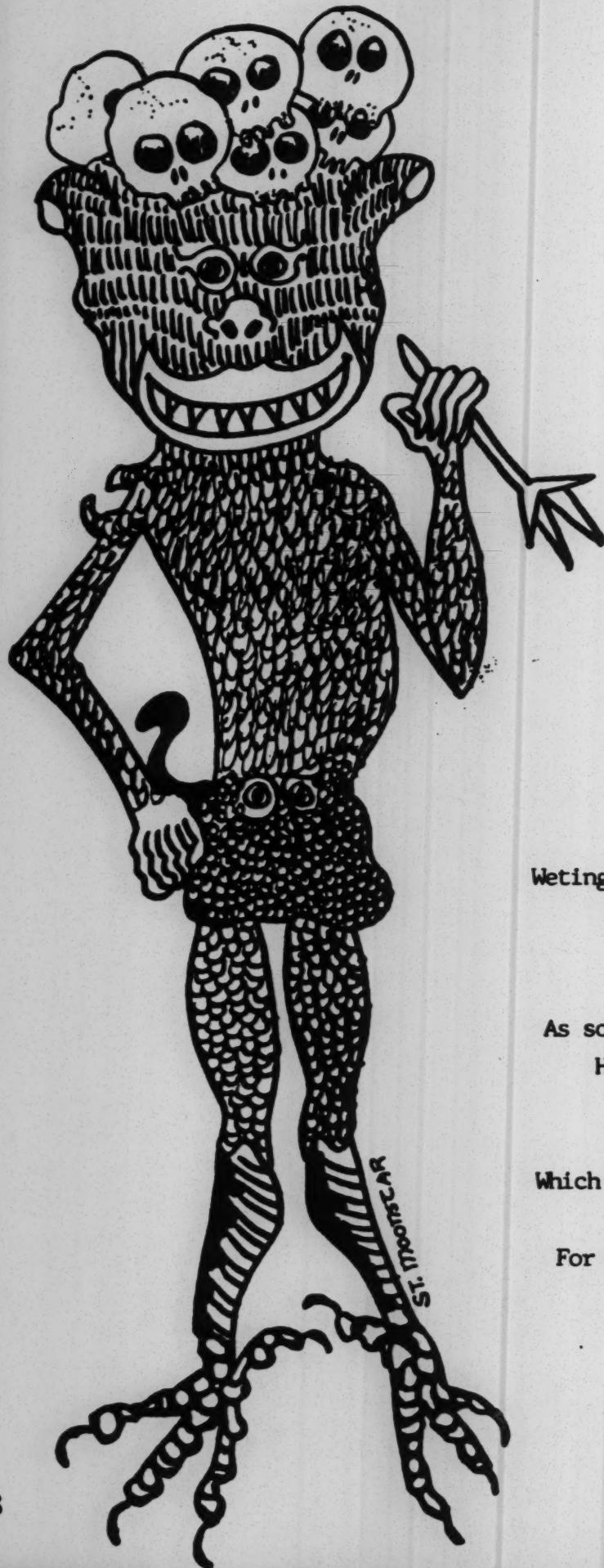
The Hollows Glen Grove of the Ancient Royal Order of Druids in America calls together the Children of Danu...

Children of Danu, the time has come once again upon the Earth to raise the name of our Goddess on high. Danu, Great Mother, Light of all Tuatha de Danann of Old, become our Light once again. We draw together in your name. May the temples of the old ones be erected again. May the Celtic Craft become strong, one, and blessed by our Mother Danu.



## Trend's First Slip





THE WILD HUNT  
BY  
OWAIN GWYNEDD

The Old Woman hurried homeward  
Before the breaking storm  
Each chilling raindrop  
Weting windtorn leaves of Autumn's painted coat.  
The path to the Old Woman's cottage  
Was not far away  
But yet she made haste  
As so not to be caught in the Wildrider's spin  
He who rode ahead amidst the lightening  
Was sure to win.  
The great Rowan  
Which adorned and guarded the Old Woman's place  
Grew heavy with the wind  
For now had arrived the ghostly Fairy haunts  
The Roar of the Wild Hunt  
With its Horned leader Gwyn.

## THE DAY OF THE GOD

BY

Tiffany Yvonne St. Moonstar

...we were born before there was time...before there was a sun and a moon. When the world was twilight and three lurid violet spheres were our energy, were our warmth, were our light. They never set...and they never rose. They were an omnipotent, ever present force we accepted into our sphere of being...not special...not taken for granted, just there, like food in our bellies, the birth of a whelp, or the dragonurge, the flames of passion which passed between male and female.

We worshipped gods which were old when yet the cosmos was young. Our ways were yet pure, and free, and wild. We had none of the savagery your world has. When we killed we killed clean and swift, and each man did his own killing. We were not butchers of races. When we loved...we took with hot dragon flame ....all whelps were loved which sprang from the union, and all stood proud in circle. None were outcast. And when the hunters brought food from the mountains of Zar, all had full bellies ... no tribesman starved. We did not play Lord with the gods bounty.

And I, I a warrior woman...I too lived my life as free and as wild as the stars against the inky sky. I took what food I needed, and had dragonurge when I found a male as strong as myself. I found male, but I never found mate.

Until one day when I ran to hunt with the tribe...it was the day I met a God. The others were frightened and ran away. He stood tall, and dark and fierce, his eyes blazed colors that our world had never seen. He wore strange clothes of the ancient ones. That was how I knew he was a God.

He stared into my eyes and I dropped my sword. His hands urged on my dragonurge, his mouth kissed me in ways our people did not know...

Under the light of the violet spheres... they shown on our bodies all pink and pale and wondrous like carven stone. His hands moved upon me, and mine on his...his clothes offire clothe came undone and we became one in an instant...all the universe flew and tilted and my body coursed with pure white molten dragonflame, of a type I had never known before. We were one.

That is how I met my God under the light of the spheres. And as my body burned and I knew I was dying...I didn't mind the death ...for as my body died...my spirit was re-born. And I died a warrior still, strong, clutching my sword in my dragon arm...and watching the God walk into the sun.

And after 13 cycles of the spheres, you, my darling Mars was born. Mars...named for the God who was your father.

\* \* \* \* \*



here is a very ancient belief that any child born with a caul---that is with a detachable hood-like skin covering the head and face at birth---will be extremely fortunate through life, as a caul is the most powerful luck bringer in the world.

Unlike most mascots the caul has the power for good even when it is obtained by purchase, and midwives used to do a brisk business in cauls, selling them to sailors or travellers about to undertake long voyages, since the possessor of a caul could never be drowned, or to lawyers and politicians because the caul gave eloquence and persuasive speech. During the seventeenth century advertisements offering cauls for sale were quite common in the newspapers, the prices asked varying from ten to thirty pounds. Less than a year ago at least one such advertisement appeared in a daily paper in London, and many a man who joined the Navy during the Great War was presented with a caul as his mascot.

Another belief is that so long as the caul is in existence it shows the exact state of health of the person who was born with it, no matter how distant that person may be. If he is alive and well the caul is firm and crisp, but it becomes soft and limp if the owner is sick or dead.

BTZF 107



Illustration by Michel Denis Brunnelle



## THE STAR SHAMAN

-For Hastings-

By Tiffany St. Moonstar

She sat in a room of darkness lite only by glowing purple candles. The floor was black onyx scattered with the softest midnight yak furs. Curtains of black spider silk drifted with the lotus scented winds singing through the windows. The moon rose silent and full over the Plateau of Leng below her tower.

On her throne of ebony and diamond she rested softly, dressed in a grecian gown of nighttide, which made her skin shine star white. Her violet eyes were watching, scrying beneath her moon crown of slyph kissed silver. Deeply her orbs of Nile purple gazed into her ball of inky amethyst, seeing all. She was the Sorceress and Priestess Galadriel, and powerful was her inner sight.

Her hair of otter-silver rippled over her back as her white owl settled caressingly on her shoulder. His mint green eyes gazed unblinkingly at his lady's face, watching the grey mist softly form from between her parted ruby lips. The mist was of the Dragon, and his power began to surround the scrying sphere...charging it, changing it, opening the door to the world between worlds.

Her eyes closed. She entered the crystal. Many doors. Many realms. Many avenues down which to seek. For centuries now she had searched, when Aradia's moon was full. Through all times, through all dimensions. Her quest eternal until that which she sought was in her keep. The Avatar; long lost daughter of Galadriel, tiny woman priest of soul so fair. Grinselde, Grinselde, Grinselde!--pounded

Galadriel's heart; each beat a chant to call her nearer, poignant astral cries of a mother hunting for her hidden crying babe. "Grinselde, where are thee?"

Terrible had been the attack upon them, deadly lizard warriors creeping up to slay at the dark of moon. Noble had been her fair consort Sataray; strong his sword arm, swift and daring. Like golden gods his men had followed him on their fleet mares of hooved glimmering bronze. Courage and might sang from their hearts as they went to protect their people. Brave, so brave. Chanting praises to Mother Isis, pagan songs of glory and beauty. Brave, so brave.

But they were slain. Murdered by the simarian demons who fought with atomic blasters this age had never seen. Nuclear swords that melted their strongest mail, charred alive their loyal steeds beneath them, cleaved their own bodies in two before they hit the ground. One lone knight had crawled back bloodily on melted stumps to warn the keep, to tell the tale, to bring back a lock of her consorts charred hair. But it was late, too late; the destroyers entered through the very same chamber door.

Their Warlorde was a scaled horror, brackish green, leather skinned; the red-eyed, hissing leader of death dealers. He spoke his gloating cries through a mouth fanged that dripped the venom of a conqueror's lust. His ugly hands made free his weapons; moving to ready his body for the rape of his enemies woman. He degraded the dead through the defilement of the yet living. Such was his corpse nature. A hideous smile glinted in his eyes as he approached Sataray's Galadriel.

Grinselde! Grinselde! Golden haired daughter of Aradia, of Athene, of the Goddess who has many names; sweet magicke eyed womanling of six summers; it was she that ran to attack the plunderer of Galadriel, the assassin of her father, Sataray. Beloved innocent of her fathers loins and her mothers womb, she was slaughtered too. Pierced through her tiny loving heart with her own athamae by the beast that ravaged Galadriel.

Grinselde! Grinselde! Sent into the abyss of soul worlds because of her death by magicke weapon. A prisoner in a missing realm of warped dimension--never to be free, never to find the comfort of Summerland. Always crying, always longing,

eternally lost to all solace. "Grinselde my child...I hear you! Grinselde my love ...I seek!"

Death could not come to Galadriel then, not now, not ever. But how was the innocent Grinselde to know? Inside her mother's skull lies an emerald crystal, sewn inside an age ago when she was yet still a mewling babe herself. Galadriel was made an immortal priestess for the Goddess in hoary Atlantis—only she herself may end her state of being. Only she can sever herself the cord that binds her to this life, this form. "But I will not go to my next life without my child..."

"Grinselde! Grinselde! I will not forsake you! I will not leave without you! I will search across time, across space, across the abyss to find you! Grinselde I hear your cries!"

Thus deeper into the amethyst matrix she travels, her only guide the piping, longing sighs of her womb child Grinselde. Swirling mists of time part before her, doors open to places never seen before. She whirls a dervish dance faster than the Windwalkers; through black holes, star chambers and shadow planet worlds with the speed of starry light. Searching, seeking, listening, weeping...always her Grinselde kept from her sight.

But this eve the call of Grinselde is stronger—this time the pulse is louder. Deeper, if she can only go deeper—find the center of the crystal.

"Grinselde, I seek! Grinselde, I love! Grinselde, I come!"

Wildly Galadriel is sucked down into the strange vortex, whirling and spinning in a void of colors and sound. Faster and faster until time circled itself and died.

And stopped. Galadriel steps through the frozen seven colored mist into a world of glowing, smoking dust. This microcosm is dry dirt and barren shrubs under an ugly mottled bruise of a sky. She begins to walk towards the crumbling brown hills and the cries of her barin become more intense as she nears the crown of the climb. Thunder and lightening lash the heavens and down comes a rain of crystals made of mist—soft transparent astral shades of their physical counterparts. She reaches the apex of the hill and runs over it into the valley below.

Through the land of Cerberus Galadriel's love has lead her to a faerie dust realm of eternal love. All is green and sparkling; glittering with the seven spiritual

colors—a dazzling kingdom of perfect trust and perfect love.

Tears flow from her eyes that have never been allowed to cry. Grinselde must be here.

To greet Galadriel comes an ancient sage in robes of grey and pointed cowl of black. He is silent, even his eyes speak nothing, but he smiles and touches her mind with his telepathic words.

"I am the Star Shaman and in my world all is love. I am the very center of each and every crystal; to reach me you must search deeply with no fear. Only those whose desire to love is stronger than their desire to live may enter this domain. Grinselde is here. Would you seek her?"

Galadriel didn't answer for she knew the Star Shaman was omnipotent in his knowledge of all things.

He materialized from the air a pyramid of silver and placed it on the ground between them. From its crystal tip white smoke poured out forming a huge cumulus cloud which threw off showers of golden powder.

"She is there, she is waiting; if you are but ready you may join her and be one." The Star Shaman told this to Galadriel knowing the longing in her mothers heart.

Galadriel walked into the soft vapor, into the blinding light of the world without form. There to meet her, there to embrace her was Grinselde. Her heart sang with a thousand angel songs for they were at long last one. Both had been deprived and longing and lost for so long. Both



had been prisoners in a black void of nothingness. Their combined energies now created the matter common to all fertility in the universe, of the element that generates life and growth itself; Love.

The Star Shaman smiled and raised his hands over the hazy sphere that contained their souls. From the crystal pyramid he released one more soul--that of Sataray's. The symphony in the vapor changed and became even stronger, the colors of the vibrating souls more lovely and of a yet higher frequency.

With hands trained in the surgery of love he deftly bound their three life cords together as one. Then he hurled

them through Chronos, across infinity to flesh and blood woman wombs where they could be reborn.

The double helix made them welcome but their souls gave the final spark which the new life required. There, each inside a world of soft ocean and waning light they rested, and grew strong, starting their journey anew.

The Star Shaman rested on his tree chair of gnarled living wood. From his pouch he pulled a pipe of white clay and began to blow pink smoke rings which he made links of and propelled in a clockwise circle.

"A sunset would be nice just about now..." he thought. And so he created one even more breathtaking than his last one. And when it had spent itself he created three new stars in the Nuit-Blue sky.

"I think I shall name them Grinselde, Galadriel and Sataray," he reasoned. The stars winked silently in the crystal sky.

The Star Shaman sighed.



#### WE THE CHILDREN OF DANU - De Paul

We are the Children of Danu, we came from the heavens and from the four cities where we learned our Art and Craftsmanship. From each of the four cities we carried away a magickal treasure. From Falias we brought the Stone of Destiny (LIA FAIL), the Stone of Fal. From Gorias we brought an invincible sword, the Sword of the Great God Nuada. From Finias a magickal spear, the Spear of Lugh. From Murias, a sacred cauldron, the Cauldron of Dagda. We came to Ireland upon a magickal cloud bringing our treasures with us. We are Gods and Goddesses of the Earth from a time and place light years away. Spirits of Light are we.



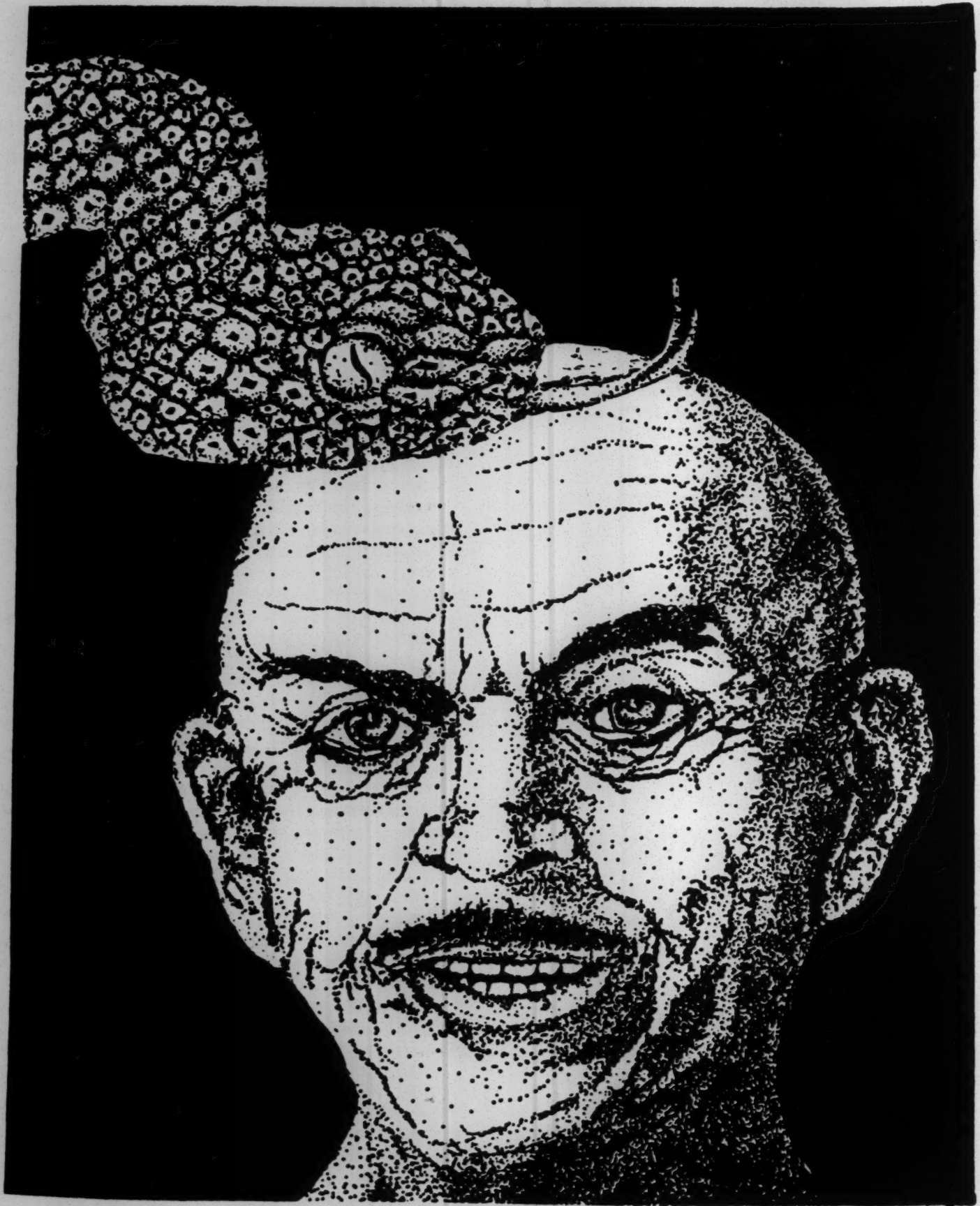
#### THE SILVER CIRCLE OF PAN ST. MOONSTAR

It is night in the great forest upon which the world was born—the moon is a silver waxing crescent of slender, elegant beauty. It is a night of fragrant fern—spicy humid earth smells—occasionally the scent of strange delicious milk warmth wafts upon my nostrils as I beat a running tattoo towards its source with my paws...I smell roasted meat and all manner of savory food of the creatures that walk on two feet. I climb to the top of a hill and watch the scene below. The two footed creatures are dancing... turning and whirling in revelry...sing-song cries are uttered from their strange furless lips...in the center is a fire... warmth...and food. And on a rock sits a creature...so strange...so different from the two-footed ones. So odd, yet so familiar. He is furred yet furless, handed yet hooved...and the two-footed ones cry his name...PAN, IO PAN...into the night. I weave my way around to see him closer. Soon I am at his feet. And arch my back against his curly furred haunches. ...he strokes the place under my chin most delightfully...

He gives me sup; meat and milk...delicious nectar of the two-footed ones. And satiated I curl and spring to his lap ...he strokes me again and I nuzzle in his arms, against his breast. He lays me down now on his lap and I nuzzle and kneed his haunches...resting my head on his member. I begin to wash him there... Pan sighs, and after awhile I sleep.

It is morning...there is mist and quiet. All is gone. I slowly stretch and rise...the smoking ruins of the fire whisper stories of wonderous things.

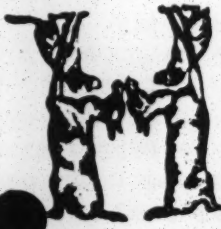
I smile.



ST. MOONSTAR

# AMBITION

by  
pendragon



W eather's scream rang clear, sweet, true...Her vocal cords strained at their frantic high pitched note until the glistening sliver of metal glided across her taut throat and she knew no more. I experienced an exilerence beyond comprehension when the fragrant liquid smell of her newly shed life drifted upward to my quivering nostrils. I perceived the delightful gurgle of blood as it bubbled from her wound and smiling I mused how excruciatingly simple she was, how easily I had tricked her. Yet as my mind blurred and swam back to the previous evening I had wined and dined her, promising eternal youth and beauty via my mystic powers, I winced at the waste of time.

Centuries back, when nameless hybrids did skulk and wizard kings flew their mighty flaming disks, in the glorious days when my ancestors florished and were powerful, faithful simples gratefully complied to the hoary and eternal need of a victim, and thus lost their lives on long carved altars of pure unalloyed gold.

"What in Hades do you want now, Kalor? This is the second time of moon cycle three that you have sent for me! The trouble is that you always buzz me at the most perturbing moments." A quite obese, aggravated demon fumed within the barriers of the black triangle provided for his containment. Reclining on a black silk divan he petulantly brooded while leisurely consuming locusts stewed in honey. With much accompanying crunching and smacking, he only occasionally stopped to lick the sticky green juices from his plump beringed fingers.

Enraged by the saucy attitude of the renegade demon, Kalor spun about vehemently "You dare to be disrespectful! You half breed bumbler!"

Clenching his teeth as uncontrollable rage rushed through his body, crushing his reason, roaring in his brain like a rampant river, he was fatally near to being swept into the oblivion of the lost. Now...he stepped dangerously near the outer perimeter of the protective circle. The demon's

head hung to his chest but his glittering reptilian eyes betrayed his slyness and guile. Still Kalor stepped nearer...

"God no master, cease!" Clawlike hands grabbed in a talon-like grip as Ferret forcibly drew Kalor back. Scarce by a hairsbreadth, for the demon lunged at a hovering foot in a last ditch effort to win his freedom. Had he succeeded, he would have dragged the two from the circle for a one way trip to hell.

The magician shuddered and rose from his sprawling state to seize the broadsword Ferret frantically offered. Wielding it high in the air he chanted, sweat-ed and prayed.

"Illo, Io, Io! Oh great Adonay, dispeler of evil, king of kings, silence this servent of mine, this upsurper of what is good and right. What is holy and sacrad to thee! By Adonai! By Tetragrammaton! Pentagrammaton! O Saday, Saday, Saday! Jehovah! Agla! Agla! Tetragrammaton!"

Dreadful rumblings and tremblings not heard since the time of the thunder dieties Consegran and Mentrion, were now perceived overhead while the candles flickered threatenly. The demon stood at attention now, his countenance sober, and his appearance greatly improved by a smart, three piece Brooks Brothers suit which more adequately covered his bulky frame.

"Musin! I command you...tell me whether the nuero-atomic bomb the russians are developing is near completion and what their intended procedure is. Speak on U.S. operation OMAG...Will I be able to infiltrate its internal banks without enlisting certain akashic elementals? Or will further assistance for this be needed? Relay this information at once and leave no truth unsaid! Io! Io! Io! Speak!"

Calmly Musin finished transcribing the wildly orated questions. Placing the notebook within the inner pocket of the silk-lined jacket, he started vaporizing.

"Will do, chief...have it for you in an hour." The last wisps of electoplasm

swirled out of the open skylight and Musin was gone.

With the air of a man centuries old, Kalor sighed and reclined back in the soft chair Ferret had provided. His commanding green eyes closed and his mind turned to think of such things that are only found in dreams.

Meanwhile, Ferret busily scurried to and fro in a rat-like dance to tidy his master's tools and alter. Incense, check...coals hot? Yeah. But perhaps they won't last long. Better put a few more on. Pentacle...aspergiac...consecrated oil...all in place. The necessary tasks done Ferret now rested precariously perched on the spindly legs of his apprentice's stool. His thoughtful grey eyes wandered until they rested on the authoritative face of Kalor.

He had learned to seek into his masters mind and fulfill his every need before the request was spoken. Still he knew practically nothing about him. What sort of man was he? Some called him blasphemer, others a saint. To the people he had helped he was a god. The respected clergy had a very low opinion of him...he was a fiend from hell. Meditating on this he lost track of the time and his mind finally asked out loud, "Master, what are you?"

Kalor opened his eyes slowly in a serpentine fashion and simply said, "I am a magician; nothing less and nothing more."

A slight whistling noise and a chill in the air broke the pensive mood of master and apprentice.

"Be prepared Ferret. Musin returns!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Charlie Kratz! Charlie Kratz!  
Only plays with snakes and bats!"

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Hateful laughter, childish laughter. Children are so very cruel without even knowing it. Charlie I love you but I can't marry you...you're strange, different in a way I can't understand or fathom. Mr. Kratz, we wish to inform you your services are no longer needed. We wish to inform you your application is not acceptable. Rejection! Rejection! No more, God, no more! AAAhhh!

The room was swathed in an impregnable, dense blackness, stifling him, choking him, killing...

"Master!" Ferret took the stairs two at a time. The double doors spun open and Kalor sprawled on the bed, was blinded by

the searing flash of electric light. A low sob compounded of ultimate agony rose and fell to a long desperate moan.

"Leave me Ferret, leave me be." Unobtrusively Ferret retired from the room shutting the door behind him and leaving Kalor to shudder alone over his nightmare.

Rising to a sitting position Kalor swung his legs to the floor and shakily stood up. Slowly but deliberately he pushed open the windows and inhaled the refreshing delectable sweetness of fresh air.

No more, no more. He was someone now, a completely new person, a master magician. He had "done his time" with unsympathetic parents...neighbors...friends who had scorned and ostracized him for being different. No longer would he bow to inferiors!

Why just today...it had been a day to make his master proud, just as it had inspired Ferret whom he was master over. The thoughts of his own apprenticeship floated through his mind...projecting him back in time...

\* \* \* \* \*

OMAG  
Operational Mental Abilities  
Garrison

He had found out an exceedingly good amount of information from Musin. Material that would take months of undercover work if at all obtainable. His brilliant mind was already plotting out its course of action. The russians had been overestimated; their instrument of destruction was no where near completed. However, the security of OMAG was worse than he expected. Musin had revealed that the only strategy possible was to summon up Serpicar for invisibility and enlist a few elementals.

Soon I shall be the most powerful man in the world, he mused. The five year plan was days away from fulfillment. That whole hypocrisy called the United States government is under my control, thanks to my sacrifices to Gorganious, demon of mind control. The last step is OMAG and I will be finished, I will have proved myself at last. Smiling at a wild rat which scabbled below in the leaves he closed the shuttered windows. The taunting creatures of his dream were forgotten as he slipped into a soft deep sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Colonel Leonard Harrison showed his I.D. to a guard with a submachine gun and

and stepped into the C-29 box for cell matchup. A pleasant sensation bathed his body as the machine matched his basic nerve pattern with the one on his Identi-Card. A blue light flashed outside the booth signifying the o.k. Had it flashed red he would have been instantly killed by an A-Blast from the roof of the container.

He stepped out and went through the last door marked boldly in red, OMAG.

"It's about time, Harrison!" Dr. Lemus pounded his fist on the desk. "Where is that file on Charlie Kratz? Don't you know time is running out? This nut is plotting some kind of attack on security and you take three hours for lunch! Well Colonel? Are you listening?" Swiftly he whirled about for a reply.

But there was no answer, only a slight popping noise of the silencer on Harrison's gun.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Io Kalor, Kalor, Kalor!" screamed Harrison in the manner of a frenzied Nazi.

"Kalor, Kalor, Kalor!..The guards footsteps could be heard now. "Kalor... Kalor...Kalor!..The guards were rattling the door knob. "Kalor...Kalor...Kalor!.. Harrison raised the barrel of the gun to his right temple. "Kalor...Kalor...Kalor!.. The guard shot the lock off and opened the door. Colonel Leonard Harrison pulled the trigger.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Dr. Triton, is it true that OMAG had the tightest security in the nation?"

"Yes, we thought so."

"Is it true that the President has called you in for a special conference?"

"No comment."

"Are they holding you responsible for the break-in?"

"No comment."

"Dr. Triton, do you think Colonel Harrison was insane?"

"I believe that may be possible."

"Alright, move out of the way, make some room here,....move it, move it....let him through..."

"This concludes our late night footage of the double murder/suicide at OMAG headquarters. Strange as it may seem the general concensus is that Colonel Harrison, a top military aide, went off the brink..."

"Please turn it off, Dr. Triton." The voice was a mere whisper coming from a defeated man. "Do you have any idea how this happened?"

"No, Mr. President, none. It was certainly not a case of insanity, though." Dr. Triton turned and gazed out the window.

"Really how could it be anything but insanity? He must have been mad to pull a stunt like that." Keeping his voice steady the President of the United States drew out a small snub nosed pistol from the top drawer of his desk.

"Ordinarily, yes, but Harrison was carrying a Top Secret file on Charles Kratz who we have suspected of planning an attack on OMAG for quite some time. In fact I've heard rumors that he has infiltrated even the highest government position with his influence."

"Are you sure about this, Triton, can you back it up with some proof?"

"Why yes, yes of course..."

Mr. Harry Cartingin, President of the United States of America, pulled the trigger...

\* \* \* \* \*

"I can't make out if it's Triton or Cartingin that's working for that Kratz character, Harold. I've listened to these tapes a thousand times over."

"If you're not sure we'll do it anyway, remember what old man Hovern said, the country must be secure. If we fail we'll be traitors, if we succeed, heroes. Besides Cartingin's car goes by here in a half and hour or so and we don't have any time to waste."

"Yeah, O.K., I guess you're right. Harold? I'll set up the gun mount. Are you sure you got the nitro in the trunk of his car?"

"Terry, you're as nervous as a cat with kittens...relax!"

45 minutes later, Harold Batone, patsy revolutionary for the right, pulled the trigger.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A great tragedy has fallen upon this nation. Our president was killed instantly this afternoon when his car suddenly exploded, using an intricate plot involving



a nitro glycerine bomb set off by a sniper's bullet...being held for questioning are Terry Rancod and Harold Batone..."

Ferret munched his popcorn warily. He knew all too well the rigid diet his master inflicted on the both of them and how displeased he would be if he caught him partaking of "meaningless substances". The rigorous diet he imposed on himself and Ferret was sometimes more than the later could take. Strange, it was so quiet to-night, so very quiet....

\* \* \* \* \*

Wheels of akashic light flew and danced; glowing, spinning, whirling. Their wonderous light was wildly intense and unstable, flickering erratically. Kalor was controlling them all; gathering them and packing them as gently as delicate porcelain from ancient China. His movements were as graceful as a geshia's, but as powerful as a panther.

Finally they all were entrapped in his gemstone. He could see them moving about like tiny nuclear atoms; attracting, splitting, multiplying their power a thousand-fold. With a touch as light as a warm summer breeze stroking the branches of a willow tree, he lifted the glowing stone from the table and lowered it into the setting of a white ash staff. Taking a minute bronze hammer he tapped the tiny prongs of the setting until they embraced the cobalt blue stone.

Eagerly grasping the newly completed staff he strode to the marked out pentacle. Tapping the rod three times on the shining ebony floor he smiled and vanished from sight.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We interrupt the regularly scheduled program to bring you a news flash direct from Ft. Labit where the suspects in the Presidential assassination were pronounced dead after a fight in their cell..."

Ferret was startled out of sleep by the increase in volume and knocked the bowl of popcorn to the floor.

"We have here an eyewitness testimony from Frank Kinse, one of the guards who was on duty at the time..."

"It's strange, the two were pals enough to request being put in the same cell. It was late...about 11:00 p.m. when I heard fierce noises from cell 346 and thought I had better take a look. The sight I saw was horrible...oh god, both had their throats ripped out and were mutilated so badly that I couldn't tell one from the other..."

"Mr. Kinse, do you have any idea how this could have happened?"

Ferret shuddered and flicked off the green faced newscaster. Slowly he weaved to his bed and collapsed with a combination of fatigue and popcorn overdose.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kalor fairly flew down the eternally long marble corridor. At the end his only

reward was a mousy looking man sheafing through stacks of papers and furiously stamping them. He barely looked at Kalor, then resumed his stamping.

Sharply Kalor cleared the desk with one sweep of his staff and brought the secretary to attention. "I have an appointment with the head. Name, Kalor." His voice thundered blackly.

"Yes, of course, of course," the man chirped like a frightened canary. Most irritating, Kalor noted. He quickly jumped to the white french doors and motioned for the secretary not to leave.

A rather portly gentleman turned around in the thick leather chair. His garb resembled a cross between Genghis Kahn and Tutankamen with the careless elegance of Richard Gere thrown in for good measure. The smoke from his long-stemmed clay pipe was that of fine hashish from Morocco.

"I've been expecting you Kalor." He drawled in the lazy manner of a southerner,, "you've passed the test with flying colors. The insipid country, the U.S.A. will be in chaos for months."

Kalor remained motionless.

"No doubt you've heard I've been thinking of retiring in favor of someone younger, Kalor?"

"Yes sir, I've been aware of that fact for quite some time."

"Well this is the reason I've asked you here, Kalor," he slyly winked. He opened a black laquered box lined in red velvet. Smiling still, he said, "as you know, the only way one can be supreme ruler is to have possession of this stone. However there is just one thing to stop you from succeeding me...", he lingered over the action of grasping the stone, savoring the moment in the manner that a cat does when torturing a mouse, "I'm not ready to retire!"

Extending his index and middle finger he prepared to exterminate Kalor. Concentrating he closed his eyes and prepared to let loose power doubling that of the bombs of Hiroshima.



There was a searing flash of light accompanied by a whine and crackle as the blow hit. He opened his eyes. Something had gone wrong. Kalor still stood; alive, breathing, flashing that smug smile he could never stomach. Worse yet, Asmodeus, Lucifer, and Beelzebub were milling around that impudent bugger, slapping him on the back and smiling, pumping his hands and congratulating him. Something was wrong, he couldn't move, couldn't hear.

"Congratulations my boy, never thought you could do it, but you did. Imagine turning old Astrothoth into a slug. Remember to look me up whenever you're in the East." Beelzebub whisked out the door then, down the hall into nothingness.

Lucifer whispered a "bravo" in Kalor's ear as Asmodeus searched in the drawers of the desk at random. The object of his search was of extreme importance and the fact that it was not out in plain sight was very annoying. Finally after hasty guess work he pulled out a brown manila envelope, tattered and torn, crumbling at the edges.

A large iron key slid unto the brilliant marble surface of the desk much in the same manner of an impudent child on a slide. It clattered for a moment, then lay still.

The heavy lump smelt of the tomb and looked ready to disintegrate at any moment but it worked perfectly in the lock of the vault. Lucifer extracted a head circlet of the purest electrum. Into a setting he placed the breathtaking red gem which contained the rights and power of Lordship over the west end of Hell since the Earth was born of cosmic dust in the premial soup.

Finally it was gently placed on the brow of Kalor.

"Have fun Kalor!" It was a mere

whisper as the two melted around the edges and became fuzzy until they faded out.

Kalor, his face set, pounded his staff on the parquet floor. In scurried the secretary. His shocked expression was cut short by his new masters first order.

"Puff down to McDonalds and get me a big Mac, Fires, an apple pie and a strawberry shake to go. Don't stand there, make it snappy! Suddenly I'm quiet famished!"

\* \* \* \* \*

THE END?



#### Untitled

From his book by the fire the lad looked up with a questioning smile on his face. "Mother," he said, "where have they all gone, the creatures that live in these pages? For all my six years I have not seen the like although I've not been every place. Did they but recently cease to be, or have they been absent for ages?"

"My son", the Mother replied with a nod, "The truth of these things I can't say. For although my years are six times seven since the hour of my birth—The beings there within your book...I have not seen by light of day. And though the stories of them tell—I think they are not of the earth."

"Mother, where then do they bide, these beasts both fantastic and fair? Are they at home on islands far or wandering in desert heat, Do Unicorn and dragon nest where eagles fly in mountain air, does

phoenix gather spice near the sphinx's stony seat?"

"Sweet child, in truth I do not know  
Whether in the night or noon  
The beings you have asked about  
Live in Lake or desert dune  
But wise men report that on ancient  
stele's rune  
The beasts of Lore and myth  
All are living on the moon."

—Coyote  
Bruce Lahue





WYTCRAFT BY FRATER AMULECK

Flesh has burned and wounds have bled,  
Millions dying, millions dead!  
Crimson pools of sanguine red  
Flood the concrete cracks with dread,  
Then recede to ages past  
Like scarlet Stars of polished brass;  
Past lurid depths of dismal fens  
Where dwelt the hearlds of dark men,  
Where amber lighting still quite hot  
Decries the chants of Priestess cults,  
Where wind and rain in endless strife,  
Wipe clean a planet claiming life!

Tearlike ruby pools of blood  
Extracted from this vital flood,  
Recoil past Babel, then past Nod,  
To Galaxies devoid of God!  
Endless 'eons pillaged, burned,  
Countless gravestones upward turned!  
Odors rising heavenbound,  
The stench of death upon the ground.  
Returned spirits, never found!  
Incense left to Astral Slaves  
Trapped forever within the graves!  
Glistening in the skyless night  
Surrounded in a fruitless flight,  
By female figures carved in light!

A naked woman stood alone  
Gnawing on a human bone!  
Amidst the dying, barren land  
She weeps for memories now long past,  
Of green and flowing hills of love  
And joyful joustings in the grass!  
Now a dying earth and lifeless sand!

A tear drops on her lover's hand,  
Which tenderly she raises high  
And chews beneath the moonlite sky!  
The sacrifice is now complete  
She's drank the blood and ate the meat  
Of that which comes after  
Mankind's defeat!

And SUMMERLAND beneath the crust  
Ensured mortality by lust;  
Sexually cloned again anew  
By mystic secrets known to few!  
Along the azure, wet-rimmed strand  
Earth's now experiment now at hand  
BELOW SIX THOUSAND FEET OF LIVING LAND  
Is now immune forever!

—Frater Amuleck Ula  
Jack Upchurch

EXCERPT FROM THE GRIMOIRE OF  
TOBEI AMIR (MARK DE ROTAGIS)

Tobei Amir courteously shares an excerpt from his grimoire—he will also have a new manuscript or two out soon. Respectively they are: Ceremonial Magicke and Psychic Development, Step by Step. More on this next issue. Until then, enjoy.

"In order to fully comprehend the true nature of perception in the "dream" state of consciousness—we must have a set system of evaluations, terminology, meaning, etc. ...therefore—these must all correlate psychologically, scientifically—and philosophically—the next page is a table for examination and correlation;...and so is the next page, and after that—

PSYCHOLOGIC:

Emotions—Are amplifiers of thoughts/a prima/energy coming to microcosms/like all else contains positive and negative.

Thoughts—Are events—whether you perceive them physically or not. Any thought is just as real as "reality"/it is a form of creative energy direction.

Beliefs—Are subconscious power structures which are groups of powerful "thought forms" —from which your thoughts and emotions pass through.

\*In the common psycho-terminology—Beliefs control thoughts and emotions, thus creating the energy out put and direction, and polarity of your existence.

NOTE: (Via Einstein)  $E=MC^2$

E=Energy (The energy of any given object (except man...))

= is equal to

M=its mass/particle & molecular density

C<sup>2</sup>Times the speed of light squared (times itself.)

ENERGY EQUALS MASS TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT SQUARED...

The reason I state this is to give you some idea as to what you are capable of doing. Take note; in accordance with the above law and taking into consideration the fact of anti-matter—ONE PARTICLE OF MATTER COULD CONCEIVABLY DESTROY THE SOLAR SYSTEM!

The reason why I added "except man" is because the human microcosm in its present state is quite capable of tapping

into, and directing the "Akasha"energy the finite matter and energy of the 4th, 5th and 6th dimensional qualities—these energies and matter particles are immune to the "normal laws" of time and space and form the substance of the 3rd dimension.

To continue—Let us review the philosophical and occult correlations: **AKASHA**—Primordial wisdom/god "force"—the essence of being. Inexhaustable source of eternal energy.

**FIRE**—Element of pure energy—physical thermal energy that is a by-product of molecular acceleration.

**WATER**—The compression or concentration of Fire with its own associated quality, lack of heat, shrinkage, etc...

**AIR**—A further manifestation of Fire combined with the revelent qualities of controlling and mediating the two.

**EARTH**—A final manifestation of and permeating from the previous elements—with the combined qualities.

ALL OF THE ABOVE HAVE BOTH POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE MODES OF VIBRATION—(POLARITY)—

Now in accordance with the material aforementioned—contained—let us correlate the information:

The psychological structure of the individual determines the effectiveness of their conscious control of reality. A All contradictory beliefs must be extinguished for the development of the microcosm to be fully affective.

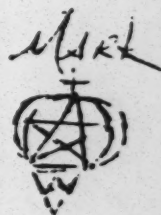
When sufficient control is maintained over the psychological aspects of the being—development is self programmed and accelerated exponentially.

With the control of the psyche and the advantage of knowledge the microcosm can manipulate infinitesimal forces of the universe thus directing said forces to the desired effect. "you create your own reality." Now do it consciously, etc....

23 December 1982

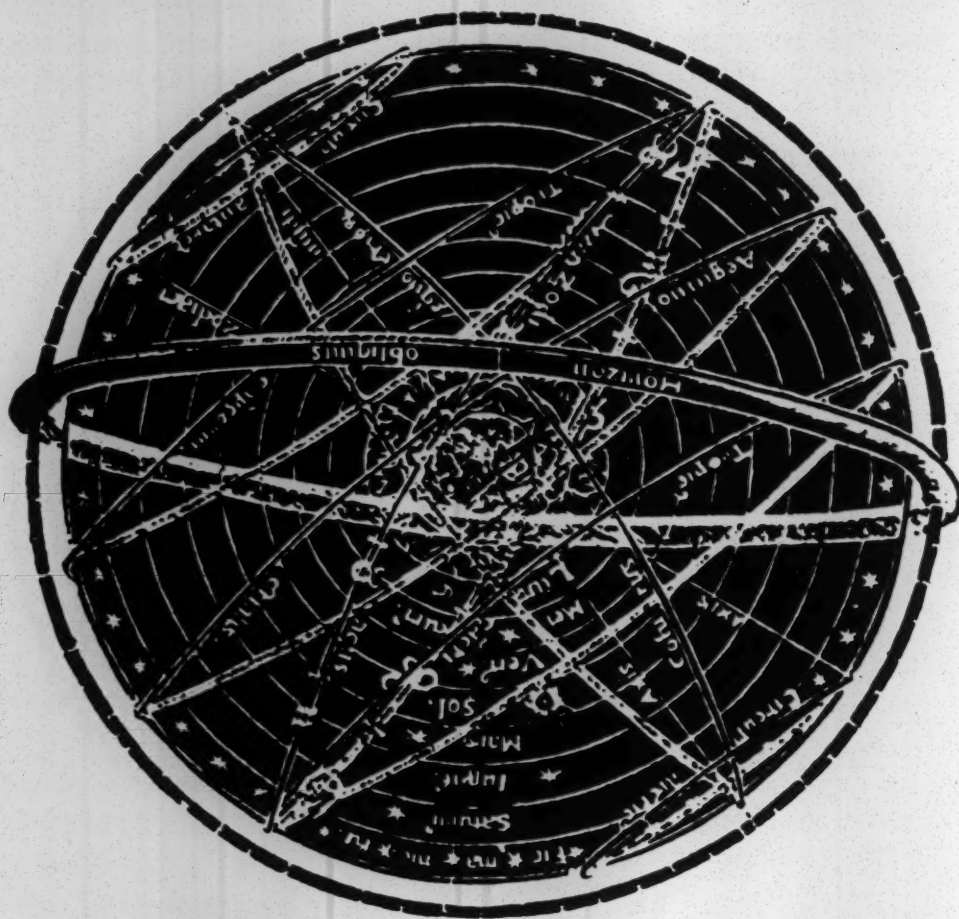
Dec. 23/82

Tobei Amir



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ELIAS DAMON



## An Interview with the Founder of SOLARIUS

By Terry Pavlet

*TERRY PAVLET is a free-lance artist of fantasy, science fiction and related subjects. He conducted this interview with the belief that the contents would prove meaningful to others based on Mr. Damon's work.*

\* \* \* \* \*

TP: Let's start at the beginning. As a child, did any revelant events occur that directed you to where you are now, you know, like dreams, visions, a special person...?

ESD: Yes, in fact there is something. Around the age of seven years old, I had a dream which would repeat itself every night for three weeks or so. It frightened the living bananas out of me. It stopped as suddenly as it started and

repeated the same dream and process again at age thirteen and eighteen. Finally, I met this lady, we recognized each other from a previous life, and she had me record the dream on a cassette. One week later she returned with an interpretation which really struck a chord and the dream has not returned. That interpretation happened nine years ago. I had other interpretations but none felt as correct as that one.

TP: Can you tell us about the basics in the dream, or what it meant? It sounds pretty important.

ESD: Only that my higher self was too intense for my mundane world and it needed to wake me, the personality, up to the fact I wasn't doing what I came

back here to do. That brought a lot of changes in my direction and purpose. Unfortunately, I was forced to forsake a few things, like conventional thinking.

TP: Usually a trade-off occurs in these kind of changes. What did you go through?

ESD: For one, my family cast me with the 'weirdos' of the world. Someone once said that the prophet is never accepted in his homeland until the rest of the world gives recognition...or something like that. Its a common situation amongst the initiates; witches, geniuses and so on in the world. They are too far removed from the world to be understood or accepted. You learn to live with it.

TP: Anything else?

ESD: Well...my personality, friends, values and dress style all changed to reflect the new direction.

TP: Did your name change as well?

ESD: It had to. I became more comfortable with myself, though less acceptable to my environment. I'm still seeking where I belong.

TP: I would imagine others consider you different! Can you elaborate further?

ESD: I simply do not have the same value system of many of my peers. Money is unimportant, as is position or fame, etc. I'm not aggressive enough to compete in the business world. Work is something I do to accomplish a goal or express an idea, not to earn a living. The usual goals in life seem useless to me, or at least the rational for them is. I look at society from the outside in; I don't wish to be a part of it. Also, I feel my soul is not a part of the earth matrix. I don't belong here. I remember other worlds more to my liking.

TP: Do you find other people understand this philosophy you just expressed?

ESD: Many don't and say so. I'm considered ahead of my time by some people. Others just think I'm lazy and a bit weird. Some make comments on my think-

ing processes as logical but not very 'realistic'. What is real except in your own mind? You create your own reality.

TP: Getting back to visions and such—did you have any important insights?

ESD: Oh yes! From age 16 to around 23 they came so fast and often I had trouble keeping them straight, distinct and in order.

TP: What did these deal with?

ESD: Some were about the future of earth, others about Solarius, a few



about how I fit in and my personal life.

TP: Let's take the first one—Future Earth—what kind of events did you see? Anything that has happened yet?

ESD: Too many things to really go into; a lot of it happened within the range of date and specifics. I saw a rocky economy start with the October 79 stock market shift, with the threat of a world depression in an odd numbered year of the '80's. I recently learned a group in Germany conclusively proved, through astrology, that the next most likely date is Feb. 19, 1985. I also saw that Halley's Comet, due in 86-87 will be a signal for spiritual changes in the earth at every level and with every individual. We will all be required to make some major decisions before the cataclysms strike—what is commonly called 'Tribulation'.

TP: What choices do we have?

ESD: You can remain a 'seperative materialist' and experience the second death some religions talk about. This is the death of the spirit and there is a metaphysical base to this idea. A second option is to become aware, enlightened or reborn to a spiritual life of unity and co-operation with a higher chance, though no guarantee, of physical survival but spiritual survival will be assured. The advantage here is that if you are spiritually awake and get forced out of your body, you will be of some use on the other side. Should you remain in body on earth, then you can be of service to other lost souls and in the rebuilding process that will be going on. Service to mankind is the keyword in all this. Remember the coming Age of Aquarius is to be based on humanity instead of commodity.

TP: When do you see the Tribulation, or World War III happening?

ESD: It can start anywhere from 1989 to 1993 depending what you believe to be the beginning and what historical predictions are used.

TP: Are you prepared for what is to happen?

ESD: That is what Solarius is for and about.

TP: So what is Solarius anyway?

ESD: That is a loaded question. I'm still seeking a concise and simple answer. Solarius is a metaphysical alternative community. Someone else describes us as an 'Ark or Waystation to Aquarius'. A group of techno-priests becoming artists of the spirit is a third portrait of us. Another member wrote the equation 'Saturn plus Neptune over Pluto equals Uranus.' That means 'Material conscience plus awareness by rebirth equals a new world from revolution and change.' I prefer to think of us as a modern day Essene community with Technological leanings.

TP: Can you be more specific? That sounds like a plot to a new science fiction movie. What about a 'right now' explanation?

ESD: We are all metaphysical scientists. That means each of us is learning how to be priest, scientist and artist in equal balance. That translates to the astral,

mental and physical levels of creation or faith, knowledge and beauty. It is the only way to understand the whole meaning of life; to understand how karma and reincarnation interplay with fate, destiny and the will. In addition to this, we give back to others as we can, in service, advice (when asked) or whatever we have. As we, as a group, get more structured and stabilized, we will be able to offer more services to the social community as well as our own membership. In passing the word of warning of what is coming and teaching basic courses in metaphysics, we are being of service to others. Eventually we will get some land and build a physical structure, which is already designed.

TP: How did you come up with the idea for Solarius?

ESD: Again, it grew over many years. The conception may be hard to pinpoint since each new idea can be traced to an earlier idea. However, back in December of 1976, in Chicago, the parts started taking form to what is now the 'Project: Solarius' that the world knows. The need came from the search for a lifestyle that would not only be comfortable but made more sense in terms of the Universal as I understood it. Not to mention a desire to sidestep the mess that the world was/is walking into. Also, the dreams I had as a child often repeated this 'missionary' idea, which I am now actively announcing.

TP: Where did you get your training for this project?

ESD: Over the years...Officially, it began when I was 17. I studied a lot with a variety of teachers from around the country. And I did a lot of reading! This included all branches of astrology, caballa, hermetics, magick, the tarot and the like. Color, architecture and design have also been incorporated. The main framework was built around meditation and experience, which is not much different than memory. If it 'felt' right, it usually was right. To trust the self is probably the single most difficult element of any discipline. So I've been on the path now for 13 years.

TP: I see the drawings for Solarius Community on the wall. Could you explain it a bit?

ESD: Actually, they must be seen to be understood completely. It is adapted from our symbol. In the center is the temple or 'Power Vortex'. The complex is based on crystal formations. It is used for color initiations amongst other things. The production centers, health and educational facilities and housing units are clustered in self-contained systems of 24 units around this central complex. Most of it is underground and all of it is representative of mankind's relationship to the cosmos.

TP: Is Solarius a limited organization, or do you see small groups popping up around the country?

ESD: In my dream I was told that 257 was a significant number. The community is designed to handle up to 3,168 people. I'll let the future decide what the group will do. Personally, I am not ambitious. A small group of 'good people would be fine with me. More than 72 could get overwhelming.

TP: How is Solarius different from other groups?

ESD: Solarius is a composite of many ideas. We are basically a back to the land group in the simplicity and with food concerns. This is the scientist in us. The spiritual movement is getting in touch with the higher self/being concept. This is the priest in us. The Human Potential Movement allows for a wider expression of self-hood and gets in touch with our emotions. This is the artist in us. The future is important as a movement, as it allows us to become aware of our actions. This is the creator in us. Many groups express these elements in different proportions and different ways. We lend toward technology in its most basic and purest forms ...and Western Hermetics as a philosophy. All in all, we are only offering a system that is as unique as all the people in it, and a single ray in the many sided expression of humankind. I don't like to stress any differences we may have as much as what we offer.

TP: You keep referring to metaphysics. Are you pagans, magicians, or what? And what is metaphysics?

ESD: We are not pagans or witches. Magicians of course, but we keep occultism

out of it. We do not practice ceremonial magick, but we do manipulate the astral currents by will and work at being channels for the higher guidance to work through us. As for what metaphysics is ...it is a way, a means, by which we may better understand the universal plan and speed up our own evolution.

TP: How does Solarius fit in to the world situation? Are you a 'survival group' which is becoming so popular with the New Age Movements?

ESD: Well, if by survival you mean 'to continue living in the face of peril', yes, we are. We desire to build a structure in a specific location to endure the calamities we see ahead for the world. We view it as a base station from which we can conduct our spiritual work and help prepare new generations of children to cope with the world. I must stress that we are NOT a part of the general New Age Movement.



*Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win  
glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure,  
than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither  
enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the  
gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat*

*Thoreau, Concord*

TP: How do you feel about weapons, guns and the like?

ESD: I dislike conventional guns and such. The idea that a gun is for protection assumes that force will be used against you. Ideally, we are passively aggressive. That means we work at keeping our ears and 3rd eye open to danger. If anything serious looks like it's coming, and we have time, then we will get moving accordingly. If it rains, do you stand outside and get wet before finding shelter, or do you go inside before it rains? Same idea.

TP: This sounds idealist—how do you feel about the para-military groups that are around?

ESD: Idealism is the first step to realization—a goal before action can be taken. Being a passive group militarily, we are not in the same game-trap that the survival movement implies, to me. Most of them are elite and closed to new members. They believe in killing to protect their own and basically doing what society is doing itself by taking for self by force, if necessary. For this reason, the paramilitary survival groups are limited and will die off. Only those groups who include spiritual work and human concerns even have a chance. There's a New World Coming....

TP: What did you mean that you are not part of the New Age Movement? Your group sounds New Age to me....

ESD: Spiritually we agree with much of they are doing. We disagree with the idea of a world government. Politically, economically and materially they are working more for the 'antichrist' concept than the true cooperation of Aquarius. The real New Age Movement can not begin until after the Tribulation is over. Humanity has a few things to learn before a better social structure can be intuited. All the anti-war and human equality groups are backed by money that is not in the better interests of anyone but the 'controllers'. That is all I will say on this subject.

TO: Just how bad do you think things will get?

ESD: If we were to just consider the United States, we have much we could lose. Jeffery Goodman paints a picture close to ours. In his book 'We are the Earth-Quake Generation', he shows how 1/3 of the USA could go underwater. 90% of our population lives in earthquake prone areas, and many of these have nuclear reactors on or near fault lines according to a government report in 1978. About 2% of the world is expected to survive it all to form the New Eden or Golden Age, that's about how many people live in Chicago right now.

TP: Do you foresee a special or significant time we should be aware of in the next ten years?

ESD: 1986 seems to be important—next to February 1985 and the depression. In late '85 and early '86 Halley's comet will be rounding the Sun and making two near passes to earth. On a spiritual or psychic level it seems to denote the be-



ginning of many events. One is the unconscious decision of every man, woman and child alive to either be on the side of materialism or on the side of spiritualism. It is the old 'dark versus light' battle that has been waged since time immorial. This decision will determine your efforts and part in the Tribulation that will soon begin afterward.

TP: That doesn't sound too promising—Can I join your group with a better chance to survive?

ESD: Anyone can join, But unless you are willing to make the sacrifices and changes necessary within yourself, it doesn't matter where you are or who you are or what you do to 'prepare' for physical survival. Take care of what is inside first—if you want to do that and blend with us—fine. Not everyone belongs with

us. I'd rather see a small, tightly knit, co-operative, loving group than a large diverse group of highly motivated and individualistic people slowing down the process. Granted, some variations of personality and background will give a fuller view, but the essence must work in a united way or we will all suffer the results. I believe that the core group was together before and many of those people are still missing.

TP: When and where was this group together?

ESD: I'm not sure when—Pre-Atlantis is all I've gotten so far. The place we were is close to where we will build again, and that will remain a secret for the moment; eliminates drop-ins. Most of us will probably have similar childhood histories and physical characteristics. An interest in extra-terrestrial life is common.

TP: Would height be one of those 'characteristics' you mentioned?

ESD: Yes. I'm seven feet tall and many of the other members are six feet and over.

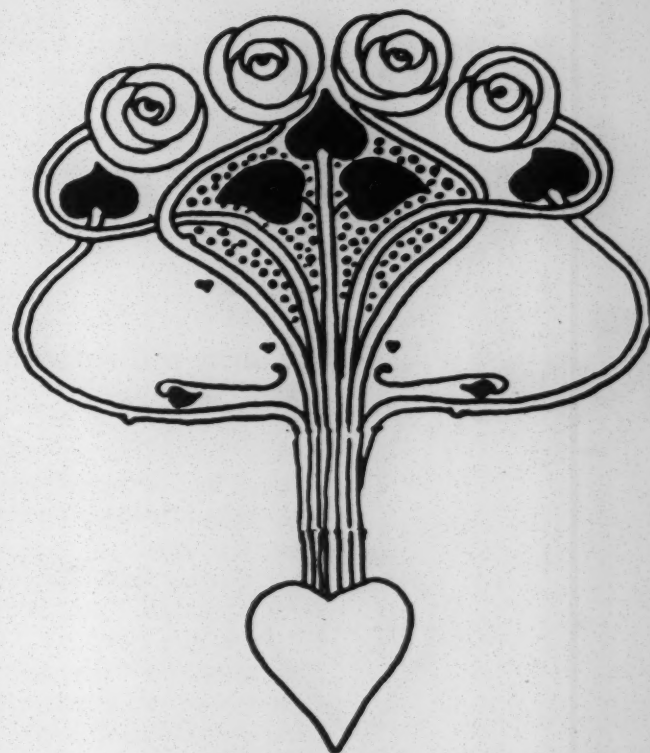
TP: Are there any last comments you would care to make?

ESD: Yes. There are two ideas I wish to share. First, we need a spiritual revolution in this country. I do not mean a religious revival, but a true inner-self awakening to the greater meaning and purpose of life. It won't happen until a crisis occurs, though. Second, the Golden Rule needs to be rewritten. Instead of saying, 'As you do unto others, they shall do unto you', it should read, 'As you do unto others, you do unto your Self.' It hits closer to home and the replay patterns of karma, which are self created. Once we all realize our responsibility to the creation of reality, what we know to be true can be altered to our needs instead of our fears.

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NOTE: Solarius was started in 1976 by Elias Damon as a means to prepare for, and warn others of, the coming earth and other changes. Lessons, workshops and lectures are offered. He has appeared on numerous radio shows, articles, and on cable TV. Mr. Damon can be contacted by writing % of Solarius, P. O. Box 19857, Milwaukee Wisconsin 53219.

\* \* \* \* \*



Black rose (translated from the Hindi)  
Frodo Mac Niel

There grows a deep black rose  
Rooted deep with hope  
Its strength lies within that hope.  
The blood of the rose  
Pulsating eagerly through veins of  
Unlimited Abilities  
The rose is growing  
Developing  
Stretching its neck out to achieve  
Greater Awareness  
Expanding its neck out to achieve  
Divinity, Dharma  
Expanding its petals outward to reach  
you, to touch you  
To embrace you with the urgency of this  
hope  
Moments we neglect  
Thoughts we lose  
We are responsible for Mother Earth  
Gaia's Body, Raped  
Abuse she can no longer withstand  
It sucks the blood of the rose  
Drains it  
Spits it out after it is contaminated  
Fatally  
Eternally

—Frodo MacNiel

## THE NETHERMOST REALM OF DESIRE

-For Pan-

By Tiffany St. Moonstar



The wind did whisper strange secret scraps of words...  
Among them...  
Pan, Io Pan...  
A smile did escape my lips...  
A curling Dragonflame aroused my hips...  
And drink I did in little sips...  
Pan, Io Pan.  
Moon Power and Sun Power and Star Power command,  
All goes well according to plan...  
Of Pan, Io Pan!  
The scent of fur and hoof of Goat...  
The sound of Piping sing from bleating throats...  
The pounding tatoo of souls afloat...  
Pan, Io Pan!  
Love, and lust and mirth abound,  
Cries shout on and on and on until the dawn...  
Oh Pan, Io Pan!  
Secret eyes that glint golden fire...  
Smiling teeth say words of desire...  
Silouetted dancers leap higher and higher...  
Pan, Io Pan!  
Lingeringly my lover Pan does grasp...  
Lustily against my mouth his tongue does rasp...  
Hungriily my breast his hand does clasp...  
Pan, Io Pan!  
Time is a tide that the heavens forgot...  
My rage is a hunger that fire oceans quench not...  
Pan, Io Pan.  
Deliciously vibrant wand enters silken chalice...  
Darkly sly moon hides behind silver clouds of malice...  
Done is the deed of Pan's good phallus...  
Pan, Io Pan!  
Now the rivers run their courses,  
Now the tides resume their pull...  
Before where time was wild horses...  
Now a goat of softest wool...  
Pan, Io Pan.  
Soft remembrance are all the dreams of madness...  
Secret poignant caresses are in realms of sadness...  
Softly Pan does leave the grove of gladness...  
Pan, Io Pan!  
When the moon is full and bright...  
When the Pan Pipes fill the night...  
When stars sleep dreams of Pagan might...  
Then women dream of Pan's holy light.  
Pan, Io Pan!





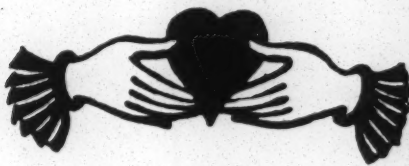
THE OLD ONES...DE PAUL

Dagda (Dagda) The High King of the Tuatha de Danaan.

Danu (Thana) The Mother Goddess and Ancestress of the Tuatha De Danaan.

Brigit or Bridget (Breed) The Goddess of Fire and the Hearth, reincarnation, poetry, smithwork, and healing.

Cailleach Bheur (Cal Yach Vare) This pronunciation is of the Highland Scottish Tradition although she is identical with the Irish Cailleach Bera (Kill-ogh-Vayra). She is the oldest known of the early Celtic Goddesses representing the Maid, Mother, and Crone during the turning seasons as well as the Mother of the Sun God. Later forms of her name are Mari and Arianrod.



to find truth in yourself  
 you need no guru or teacher.  
 you must be your own.  
 then you have to ask  
 what kind of truth you seek.  
 truth has no path.  
 it is like an uncharted sea.  
 and we must ride the waves  
 or be drowned.

—Elias Damon

"A new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive and move towards higher levels."

—Albert Einstein



"The greatest use for life is to spend it for something that will outlast it."

—James



"A truly ecological view of the world has religious overtones...An ethical attitude in the scientific study of nature leads to a theology of the Earth."

—Rene Dubos



\* \* \* \* \*

"a magician stood on water, falling beneath  
 the stars,  
 molding the spirit of love, with the  
 spirit of life.  
 he combined the cosmic dust,  
 the novas and the comets.  
 he called up time  
 and showed space how to flow.  
 he combined all things  
 then, poured on the earth  
 you, the star = child of love.

---SOLARIUS

\* \* \* \* \*



# The Phoenix

## Bird Of Returning Light

Among fabulous birds, the Phoenix holds first place, surpassing all others in beauty and symbolic significance. Many ancient writers mention its periodical return. "Various," says Tacitus, "are the opinions respecting the number of years. They most commonly allow 500, though some extend the interval to 1,461.

The human lifetime was reckoned at 71-72 years, and seven of these were the measure of a phoenix-cycle, a period of 500 years. It was the age, therefore, of a divine or mythical man like Noah or the Buddha. As for the longer period of 1,461 years, it coincides with the cycle of Sirius. The heliacal rising of our brightest star announced the annual inundation of the Nile and the beginning of a time of peace and plenty.

### Periodic Transformation

The Phoenix was frequently represented in the paintings and sculptures of the temples of Egypt. Its image was also sewn onto the sails of ships as the emblem of one who had returned home triumphant after long travel over distant countries. The bird of gorgeous plumage signified transformation and resurrection and as such was a familiar symbol of the solar god. It is mentioned by Herodotus in the following account:

I have never seen it but in a painting, for it seldom makes its appearance, and, if we may believe the Heliopolitans, it only visits their country once every 500 years, on the death of its father. If it is like its picture, its wings are partly gold, partly red, and its general appearance is similar to an eagle, both in form and size. It comes, as the Egyptians say, from Arabia, bringing with it the body of its father enveloped in myrrh, and buries it in the temple of the sun.

The Phoenix, the bird with the tuft of brilliant feathers streaming from the back of its head, then burned itself on a funeral pile of aromatic twigs, ignited by the sun and fanned by its own wings—but only to emerge from its ashes with renewed youth to live through another cycle of years.

### The Golden Years Return

The reappearance of the Phoenix—most glorious of extra-zodiacal signs—signaled a time of renewal, renovation and the beginning of a new age. It could be of 500 years duration or 1,461. Or, it could be of an even longer period of time. Solinus affirms it as a fact well-known to all the world that the earth's Great Year terminates at the same time as the life of the Phoenix.

On the authority of Manilius, Pliny also has it that the great year of precession agrees with the life of this bird, in which the seasons and the planets and all the stars return to the same place they occupied at its commencement, exactly 25,868 years before. At that time, says Shelley, "the world's great age begins anew, the golden years return."

P.O. Box 2248, Noroton Heights, Ct. 06820



**AUTHORS NOTE:** Many of you have written to us saying you might have a desire to become vegetarians because you feel it will make you more attuned to nature and show respect for the animal world. Several have asked questions about the nitty gritty details of vegetarianism and all so have shown concern for their health if they should so decide to follow the gentle way. It is for each of us to decide whether we desire to take animal life in order to survive. This paper is not to convince anyone either way, but to just answer the questions that you have all sent in. We each must decide our own paths.

## VEGETARIANISM

### A Short Explanation of a Lifestyle By T. St. Moonstar

Vegetarianism is a non-violent way of life which has widely existed since the first rays of time. It is a system of living that states it is not necessary to take the life of another living creature in order to survive oneself. Vegetarianism has a history, scientific validity, and even an answer to world hunger problems; something badly needed among the increasing suffering of third world countries. In this paper I will attempt to both explain and explore the ridiculed and misunderstood subject of vegetarianism.

Millions of years ago, when our planet was just beginning to emerge in its role of supporter of life, its first organisms lived on the simple protozoa and ameoba, consuming them voraciously, almost as if by osmosis. Years later these organisms would evolve into the species we now call man. He in his turn would consume these ancestors of ameoba and protozoa in order to survive. Early man was known to have obtained his main source of food from plant life, rather than animal, due to his physiological structure. Anthropologist Clark Howell of Time-Life Books, goes into detail in his study of prehistoric man---"The massive jaw, heavy skull musculature, and huge molar teeth of Paranthropos (primitive man) lead investigators to conclude he was essentially a vegetarian. This idea is further supported by

the fact that in Southern Africa the brownish breccias yielding Paranthropus remains indicate that a moister climate, and as a result, a richer and more densely vegetated habitat may have prevailed than exists there today. In such an ecological situation--and with his dental equipment--it seems highly likely that Paranthropus would have existed largely as apes still do, on green shoots, edible roots, and seasonal fruits and nuts of various kinds."1

To obtain the conclusion that man is differently constructed than the carnivorous animals who eat meat, compare the physiological features of the organism, man, and the features of an organism lower on the scale, the tiger, lion, or other carnivorous beast. An animal of the killer type has four limbs solely for running, chasing, stalking. Man only has two limbs for pursuit, the other two which dangle rather uselessly, actually slowing him down when it comes to running, to hunting, to pursuit. An animal has fearsome claws for attacking, ripping its prey. Man has rather inept, flat nails, easily broken if given to grow long. The beast of forest has no pores--showing a small need for sweating during the hot daytime hours, as indeed his main activity, hunting, is carried out at night. Man by contrast, has millions of pores--showing his suitability to daylight gathering of nuts and fruit. The teeth of a carnivorous animal are designed for crunching and tearing while man's are best when using for biting and grinding. An animal's reaction to digestion is acidic, both saliva and urine, and this acidity enables him to digest bone fragments and other stronger solids. On the other hand, man's reaction is alkaline, most suitable for high water content fruit and vegetables. But it is the length and lining of intestines and colon which is the final deciding



factor. An animals intestine is only three times the length of his body; good for fast digestion of the food meat, which in the colon throws off highly toxic poisons. His colon lining is smooth, unable to trap poisons formed by the process of digesting the meat. Unsimilarly, man's intestine is twelve times his body length. These same toxic poisons are in his body should he ingest meat, for four times as long as the animals, and to make matters worse, his colon is not smooth, but convoluted, containing thousands of pockets and crevices for toxins to accumulate indefinitely. Thus it would seem man's natural affinity for a vegetarian diet would basically be of a phylogenical nature.

If the original dietary habit of man was basically vegetarian in makeup, where did he then acquire a taste for the sizzling steaks found on BBQ grills in the backyards of America, the succulent roasts and chops served in the best restaurants, or even the lowly hamburger on its sesame seed bun? Anthropologists explain modern man's craving for flesh by prehistoric man's exposure to the Ice Age. As the temperature dropped so did most plant life. The man of the Ice Age starved, or took to eating the only thing left, animal creatures, mammals like himself. This practice of flesh eating has continued by habit, conditioning, lack of knowledge, or necessity (in the case of the Eskimos).

But despite man's reversal from herbivore to carnivore during periods of deprivation, vegetarianism has had periods of revival throughout history. According to James Hasting in his work on religion, Encyclopedia of Religion and Morals, vegetarianism was often practiced in a religious sense--"Ancient Egypt and Greece knew the religious form of Vegetarianism, and their myths, like the earliest Hebrew, represented man as having been a fruit eating creature."2

Christians in particular make a point of "thou shalt not kill" in their religious teachings. In their holy book, the Bible, a diet of fruit and vegetables is distinctly described--"And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."3 Later, a second warning is given in accord to the consuming of flesh--"But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat."4

Vegetarianism also has parallels in other systems of religious belief. In the ancient Vedic book of wisdom, The Laws of Manu, is found another warning against meat eating---"Meat can never be obtained without injury to living creatures, and injury to sentient beings is detrimental to the attainment of heavenly bliss; let him therefore shun the use of meat."5

The Muslim religion, also diversely different from Christianity, frowns on the use of meat--"The Qur'an (Koran) prohibits the eating of what is dead, and blood and flesh, and whatsoever has been dedicated to other than God."6

Vegetarians by no means existed solely in biblical times. The philosopher Plutarch was a vegetarian. Scientists Sir Issac Newton, Frances Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, and even Albert Einstein abstained from the eating of meat. Evolutionist Charles Darwin was a vegetarian. Also artists Leonardo da Vinci and Jean Rousseau. William Shakespeare was a herbivore and so was H. G. Wells. This is only a partial list if one searches through the biographies of histories great.

While historical practice of abstaining from meat or a religious belief might make a person become a vegetarian; a far more startling reason is the dangers inflicted on his health if he persists in eating meat in the modern manner. Much has been said or publicized in the news about the effects of pesticides, particularly, DDT. Now a person's first thought would be; croppers spray vegetables with DDT, therefore eating meat is more healthy and safe. Not so. Consider the living food chain which the eating habits of the world are based on. Grain, for instance, is lower on the food chain than a cow or steer because the animal eats the plant. Man is higher than the cow on the food chain because he eats the animal. The point to be made is that the higher up on the food chain one is the higher a concentration of DDT will be in his body. For an example; a cow will eat approximately 40 pounds of grain (containing DDT) to yield a single pound of meat. If you eat that pound of meat you will have ingested the same amount of DDT as if you had eaten 40 lbs. of wheat; thus a meat eater would poison himself 40 x's faster than a vegetarian. Biologist Rachel Carson states---"One of the most sinister features of DDT and related chemicals is the way they are passed on from one organism to another through all the links of the food chains..."

Through a process of transfer, what started out as a very small amount of DDT may end up as a heavy concentration."7

A prime point in the case of DDT poisoning is that it stays in the body indefinitely through storage in the fat cells. Frances Lappe, a well known scientist and nutritionist explains---"This process of accumulation results from the fact that organochlorine pesticides like DDT are retained in animal and fish fat and are difficult to break down. Thus as big fish eat smaller fish or cows eat grain, whatever they eat are retained and passed on to their flesh. So if man is eating at the "top" of such food chains, he becomes the final consumer and thus the recipient of the highest concentration of pesticide residues."8

Even if one doesn't care about his health let him think of a perhaps more widespread problem--the problem of hunger and its accompanying suffering in the Third World. The Third World is made up of those countries which cannot obtain even enough food to survive a day to day basis of food consumption. Despite help from organizations like UNICEF or benefit concerts such as "Concert for Bangladesh," the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations (FAO) reports a figure of 1 1/2 billion people died of hunger in 1973. Since then the situation has gotten worse as shortages increase. There is no getting around it ---one man's meat eating deprives another man of grain to survive as the following data will show: A steer produces 43 pounds of protein per acre, per year. It takes 40 pounds of grain to make one pound of meat. Thus by eating one lb. of meat rather than one pound of grains an affluent American meat eater deprives the world's hungry of 1720 pounds of food-- which is desperately needed to end world starvation.

In conclusion, there are many reasons for becoming a vegetarian; historical, traditional, health, habit, or a concern for the destroying of life whether it be the slaughter of an animal or the death of a human being. Whatever the case, I hope this treatise has briefly explained what vegetarianism is all about.

\* \* \* \* \*



### THE ROTA METHOD OF TAROT DIVINATION

by

Douglas Forbes Stevens

Mr. Stevens kindly favors us with another of his lessons on magicke--this time on the lay and spread of the tarot according to his own system, the system taught by his order. We at Dragonsmoke hope that this new system of his will be of interest.



PRELIMINARY: To employ this method, the member must have a pack of Tarot cards. It is also necessary for the member to construct a set of 12 "pasteboards", following the simple directions found in appendix 1 of this article. When these matters have been attended to, the following instructions may be considered:



### THE METHOD, THE STEPS:

- 1) Lay out the twelve "pasteboards" as indicated on the upper portion of appendix 1.
- 2) If you have a specific question; or a matter that you wish to discuss, or wish guidance relative to, write the question or problem on a slip of paper, and date it. If keeping a tarot notebook, write the date, time, and then the question or problem. EDITOR: It is also desirable to write the phase of the moon, what sign it was in, and what planetary day performed on when keeping any kind of grimoire or occult notebook. —
- 3) Invoke the "higher genius". Unless a highly advanced occultist this may be only a symbolic gesture. When working in the higher levels of learning the knowledge and conversation of the "higher genius," "inner spirit" or "guardian angel" becomes a valuable and necessary act. If it is merely symbolic, it is still a start. So whatever level you are at, make the effort. A simple prayer, devoid of sectarianism or one attuned to your own personal beliefs, which ever you prefer...
- 4) Take the tarot pack and begin to shuffle the cards. Be careful to keep all cards in an up-right position, since in this method no account is taken of the meanings of cards in "reversed" positions. While shuffling the cards, concentrate on the question or problem; and if there is no question or problem, and the operation is being performed as a daily, or weekly guide, then attune your mind to your "inner genius" during the shuffling. During the shuffling period, you should cut the cards three separate times, gathering them up and shuffling them after each cut. When you feel, after following the above shuffling directions, that it is the correct moment, proceed as follows:
- 5) Begin by laying two cards beside (to the right of each) pasteboard, one face-up, and one face down. Begin with the first pasteboard, i.e., #1. Refer to appendix

III and appendix IV which provide a detailed account of how this is done.

6) When all 24 Tarot cards have been placed as per the layout of appendix IV, you may lay the remainder of the Tarot pack on the table, out of the way, and face down.

a) First of all, analyze the "apparent" influences, i.e., the exposed cards, per the divinatory meanings, and in relationship to any question which may be posed. Briefly, note your reaction by recording in your notebook.

b) Then, turn over the "concealed" cards, those which were face-down, and "read" the additional influences, which represent either "concealed forces" or an influence which may just begin to enter a particular phase of influence.

c) Record any significant findings, relative to the exposure of the "concealed" cards; or relative to the combination of "apparent" and "concealed" forces at work. Such records should be in the form of brief notations.

d) Form a Conclusion based on both Positive (apparent) and Negative (concealed) forces, relative to your question, or area of interest, and record a Projection of what will actually occur. Be sure to date when the "reading" took place, and the question posed.

e) Leave space for later developments which either prove or disprove your projections.

7) Store your tarot cards in a wooden box, preferably with a means to lock the box. The box should be new, and never used for any other purpose.

8) Never let another person touch, handle, or use your Tarot pack.

9) Always use a desk or table sufficiently large for the tarot layout of appendix IV. Lay the actual cards on a piece of silk purchased especially for this purpose (genuine silk is preferred; however, since difficult to obtain, and expensive, an alternate of synthetic material may be substituted; Use genuine silk though, if possible. The color should be blue or violet. The cards may be wrapped in this when not in use, and both stored in the wooden box.

10) For the answer to a specific "?" consider the tarot cards ( Pos. and Neg. ) falling into the following (Pasteboard) positions:

A. Pasteboard I: Signifies the "general climate."

B. Pasteboard X: Signifies the repute; fame

or ill-fame.

C. That pasteboard, the area of influence

D. Pasteboard IV: Signifies "the end of matter". Weighing of the above factors (A, B, C, D), make your determination.

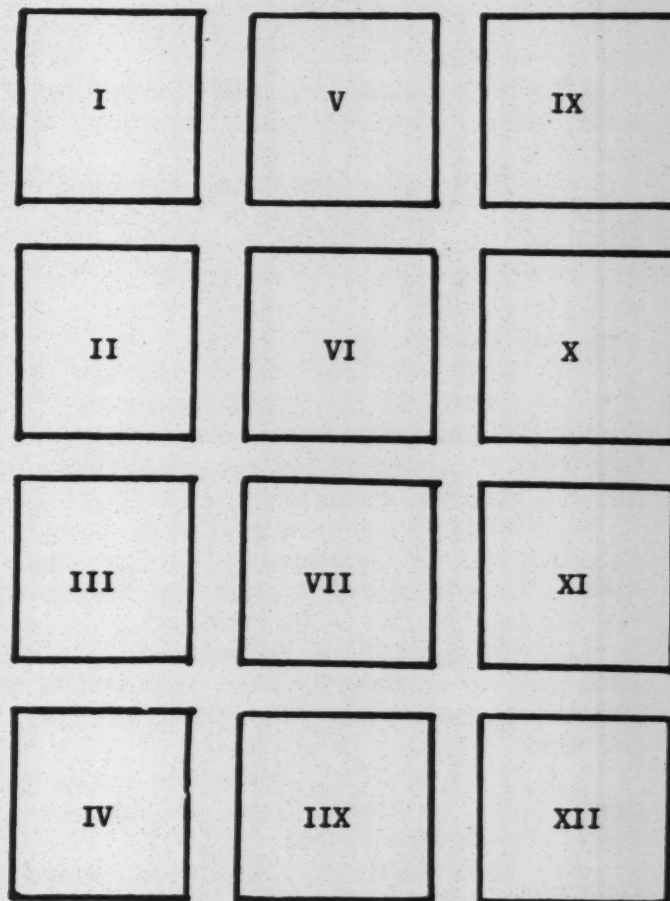
**AUTHORS NOTE:** Regarding "Divinatory Meanings"; since the objectives, in presenting this lesson, do not allow for the addition to the text, of repetitious matter, easily obtainable elsewhere, I have chosen not to include a fairly lengthy section dealing with the individual divinatory meanings of the tarot cards. The reader is instead recommended to obtain one or more of the standard works on the subject, study the books, and from these sources to make up his or her own notebook of divinatory meanings.

Much literature on this subject is readily available. For instance, there is the little booklet by S. L. Mathers, and then the "standards", i.e. Waite's PICTORIAL KEY TO THE TAROT, and THE TAROT OF THE BOHEMIANS by Papus, the informative books by Eden Gray, etc. For those wishing a more in-depth coverage, there is the work of Gareth Knight, and then of course, the rather comprehensive coverage of the subject within that monumental work, by Israel Regardie, THE GOLDEN DAWN. All of these books about the tarot are worthy of study.

From them you will learn a great deal about "divinatory meanings" of the individual cards; however, after many months of practice you may wish to add-to, and subtract from some of the meanings as given by the "experts", regardless of how authentic the sources from which their "meanings" are derived...for each man (each soul) is a law unto himself (itself)...symbolic meanings may vary, slightly, although not radically; allow for some small latitude in this adjustment, which is like a "fine tuning." Quite another matter is the tarot method which appears in this lecture. While the reader may refer to the above recommended books for the purposes of composing a notebook, or list of divinatory meanings, and may also find many of the layouts, spreads and divinatory methods in the same books to be highly suitable for general purposes, the method presented in this lesson should not be overlooked or underestimated. I have personally employed it over a lengthy period of time, and it is quite remarkable, as a method, and suitable for most purposes.



#### APPENDIX I: LAYOUT OF THE PASTEBOARDS



#### HOW TO PREPARE A SET OF PASTEBOARDS FOR TAROT USE

- 1) Obtain some blank index card stock, business card stock, or other card material, which approximates that of your tarot pack.
- 2) Using one of the tarot cards from your pack, as a sample, trace around the sample card onto the blank stock. Use a pencil.
- 3) Repeat twelve times, and carefully cut out all twelve cards.
- 4) Inscribe the cards with the roman numerals as shown above.

APPENDIX II: THE AREA OF INFLUENCE  
ASSOCIATED WITH EACH OF THE TWELVE  
PASTEBOARDS:

I: This indicates the general fortune -s of the Querent, or the general conditions in operation, surrounding any matter; also represents the Querent.

II: This position rules wealth and worldly goods.

III: This rules writings; correspondence; short journies; also, brothers and sisters.

IV: This rules the home, and home environment; also, the end of any matter; also the father.

V: This rules the children of (or associated with) the Querent; also rules games of chance; speculations.

VI: This position rules sickness and disease; also servants and employees.

VII: This position rules marriage; it may also indicate the marriage partner, or the business partner.

IIX: This position rules Death; also, property of the deceased, therefore legacies; this also rules over the wealth of the marital or business partner.

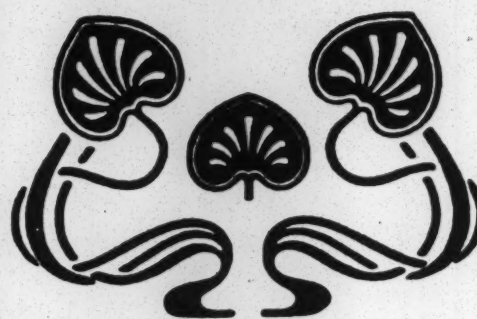
IX: This position rules religion; also long journies, this is also indicative of the brothers and sisters of the marital partner.

X: This position rules the career; profession, or trade; also, the reputation. Also, the mother.

XI: This rules friends, also, hopes and wishes.

XII: This rules secret things, that which is concealed; also places of confinement such as prisons and hospitals; also secret enemies and attacks.

NOTE: Those familiar with Natal Astrology will recognize that the meanings of the 12 pasteboards are fundamentally the same as the meanings traditionally associated with the 12 houses. Those not familiar with Astrology will not be handicapped as all important information is provided in the above chart.



AQUARIAN WICCA DE PAUL

Aquarian Wicca is a Guild of like-minded Pagans and Wiccans that are One in Spirit with each other. Aquarian Wiccans see the strong need to begin to work together on behalf of the Craft of the Wise, not only for survival in the rough times ahead but to also teach and pass on the ancient lore and wisdom to our children who will be the lords and ladies of the coming New Age of Aquarius.

The main purpose and goal of Aquarian Wiccans is to act as overseers and heralds of the Age of Aquarius, not only in a commitment by word or oath but in thought, action, and deed. Keep in mind always that the true light bearers have always appeared at and just before the beginning of a new age. These Light-bearers not only serve in the older mystery schools of the Masonic and Rosicrucian Brotherhoods, but in the Pagan and Wiccan Craft as well.

Today in the modern Pagan movement there are those who claim to be Aquarian but are in reality Piscean. At the end of the Piscean Age there will appear those that offer to teach you their Craft and will have outwardly cloaked themselves under the mantle of doing so for the New Age. However one soon finds that they are only in favor with these so-called Aquarians only when they have something to offer them. One also finds that when one is poor and may not have money to offer or has made a few mistakes in life that they are quickly to be banished by these same so-called Aquarians.

Are we not now beginning to embark upon the path towards Perfection and Enlightenment? Do we still make mistakes at one time or another that we are always sorry for? Is not what this life is for us to learn while we are here, and to be ONE with all of our brothers and sisters?

When problems and mistakes occur within the Craft we should be loving and willing to help those in need. Any true Adept knows this.



It is also known that the Cosmic Forces sometimes teach us lessons in the hard way just to help us to learn and to readjust our lives for the better. All of us should remember this happening in our lives at one time or another.

Egotistic and Elitist Pagans are and will always be of the Piscean Age and hold no real claim to the word Aquarian. A true Light Bearer could very easily appear in rags as many in the past have done.



#### FOUR CELTIC OLD ONES DE PAUL 1

This small summary is to briefly explain the origins and attributes of the following very Old Celtic Gods and Goddesses which deserve more attention than they have been given here in the United States.

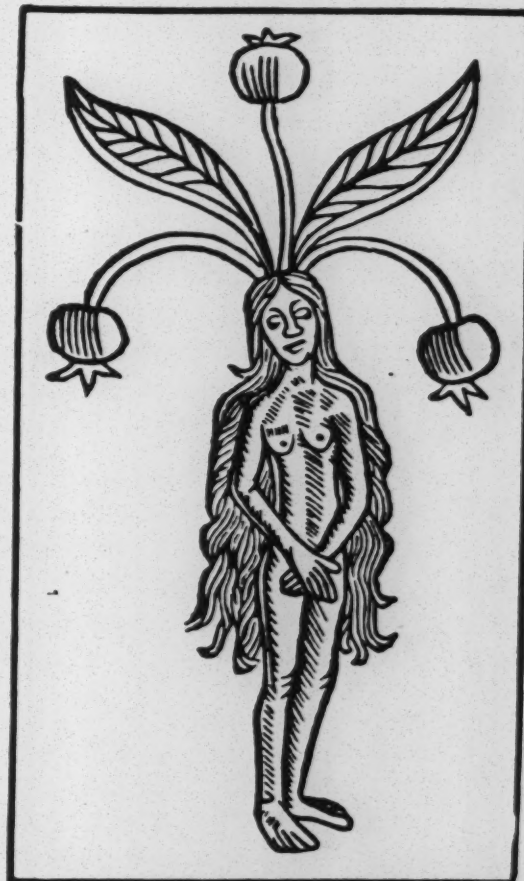
**MARI** - Female mother goddess of old Gaelic origin. She is the Matron and special guide/spirit that is invoked into the May Queen during her coronation on Beltane. An old Gaelic dance is performed around the Queen when Mari is invoked into her by Druidic Priest. This sacred dance is called the Dance of Mari and takes place prior to the Maypole Dance. To invoke Mari at the Beltane Rite increases the power and energy raised for both the fer-

tility of the Earth and the seed of inner knowledge planted within the mind of the Queen during Her marriage to the Young Lord.

**ANDRED** - Female Goddess who was worshipped in the area of the Great Forest called Coed Andred by the British, and Andredsweald by the Saxons. The Great Forest was at one time very large and spread across a large area of England. Part of this forest still remains however in the Southern Counties of England, particularly in the Runes of Andred. Andred is also the mate of the Horned Lord, Cernunnos.

**OGMA** - Male god of the Sun. He is one of the oldest known Gods of the Druids. The sacred Druidic alphabet, the Ogham alphabet, was named for him. He was of old worshipped at Stonehenge and even older circles of standing stones, on both the Summer and Winter Solstices.

**CERNUNNOS** - Male Horned God of the Forest and Greenwood Tree, he was called the Piper among the Celts and was the Consort of Andred. He is the same god called Pan by the Greeks. It is said that his old flute is still heard in the Great Forest called Coed Andred.





THE NIGHT OF THE SPRING EQUINOX  
ST. MOONSTAR

The trees were of willow...a moon kissed green of full ripe mother. Slyphs kissed the air with lotus scented breath while softly dancing above the moss and grass carpet of greens. The air was a living thing, a moist sensual weight upon the heart and loins, sineously sliding trickles of passion down warm blooded things.

It was silent except for murmurings of soft wind and the fervid pounding of blood filled with Cyprian music. Even the gods were sphinxian. They waited. They watched. They whispered. They marked the passing of the planets.

A maiden ran through the grassy carpet of spring flowers. Her feet were as sure and as swift as Mercury himself...

her breath only a dainty mist of clouds. Her hair was long and fine as spider silk and captured the moonlight's spell. Her eyes held the power of the sirens and the curve of her lips and cheekbones promised lust and passion. She had inflamed many mortal men with her taut sway of buttock, and belly, and breasts with rosy nipples which glided under a whisp dress of transparent white silk. But none had made her feel the power of the Dragon between her loins, none had touched deep within her secret woman place. And so she ran on for the power of the Spring Equinox call...never stopping, never tiring, unspent dragonurge drawing her on.

The hills ran up and down and the flowers grew on and on. The moon stood

still in hushed awe while the maiden continued in her passion quest.

On the hill highest to the moon slept a creature half god and half horse. His face was as dark and handsome as the raging thunder of the heavens, and his lips were strong and promised symphonies of lust. His hair was as beautiful as carved marble, his chest also covered with a persian carpet of brown silk. His four long chestnut legs of sinewy equestrian elegance softly curled around him, his hooves of gold glinting in the night.

As the maiden ran by his hill her woman scent slyly overpowered that of the lotus air. The son of god and female centaur opened his golden eyes slowly as a basilisk. His nostrils flared and he lept up, knowing the meaning of the dream.

Clattering down the rocks he started in pursuit. His father was Zeus, his mother born of Poseidon and centaur...he was an immortal, and the woman he pursued of mist and light. His engorged member was swelling and red...but still the maiden ran on before him.

But she had seen him, of this he was certain. Her flash of eye and teeth had come to him along with the tinkling laughter of her white throat. His dragonflame urged him on...

The maiden ran up a hill and entered a cool stream...the sand of the stream bed sucked at his hooves of gold while her soft rose flesh feet danced upon the surface of the silver water. She was escaping...

At the end of the stream was a waterfall and there at the cliff edge the maiden paused. She turned around and faced him who had pursued her for so long...her face was blue of eye and red of lip...her hair hung

down long and soft as fawn silk in the wind. Her eyes told him all...

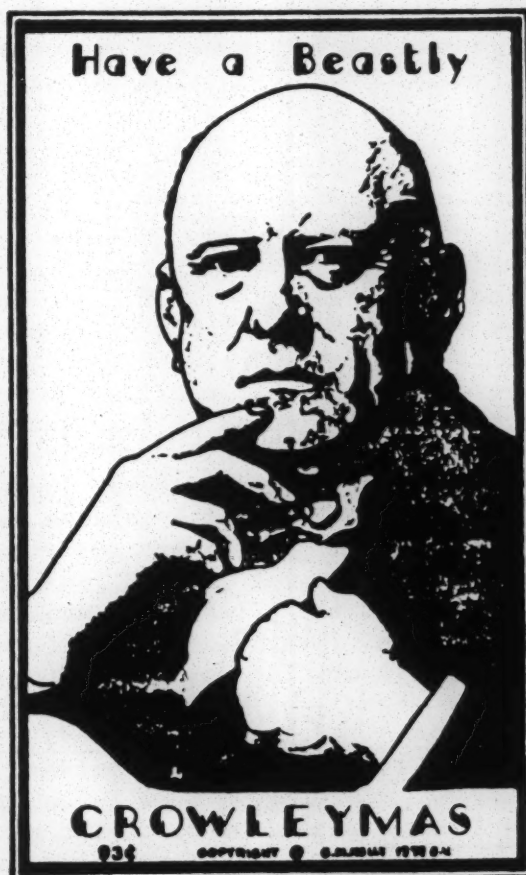
She let the white silk dress slip off her body and stood watching until it sank into the water. Her breasts heaved with passion and her pursuer could see the throbbing heat of her woman place. He paused too, and the only thing that stood between them was the mist of his swollen maleness caressing the turgid air.

It was then she turned and dived into the pool below...her legs a perfect ivory stem for her rosy breasts and buttocks.

Urgently he flew down the other side of the bank...his speeding gold hooves striking sparks of red dragonurge. He roared with his lust as he reached the bank of tree green moss...

On it she lay, eyes lidded with her arousal, body throbbing with dragon flames and wanting. In an instant he had embraced her and lifted her up to his hot probing tongue and hands...easily she sat upon his member and maiden she was no more.

The moon spun and the stars laughed giddily. Two were now one, and from their lust two became four...nine moons later were the twins Pan and Butterfly born... nine moons from the night of the Spring Equinox.



#### STATEMENT OF THE ESTOERIC ORDER OF MASONIC ROSICRUCIANS DE BAUL

The purpose of our Order is to shed Light upon the Ancient Mysteries, to act as Heralds of the returning Old Ones, and Ushers of the coming New Age. The following projects of our August Order are now being laid out upon our Trestleboard:

- A) The reactivating of the ORION LODGE of the ORDER of the SILVER STAR, and the mysteries of the Dog Star (Anubis) Sirius in the constellation Orion, and its relation with the early Egyptian Brotherhood of Light that practiced the mysterious rites of the Priesthood of Memphis, the Rites of the All-Seeing Eye Lodge, and the Rites of Isis, Osiris, Horus, Thoth and Anubis.
- B) Holding a Egyptian gathering with the Rites of the Consumation of the Sacred Marriage of Isis and Osiris.
- C) Explaining the teachings of the Raising of Osiris in their true Esoteric and Rosicrucian Symbolism.
- D) To act as workmen of our craft in the great work of replacing the cap-stone upon the Great Pyramid, symbolizing the dawning of the New Age of Enlightenment to humankind.
- E) To revitalize those august orders that have in the past used the Great Seal of the United States as their symbol.
- F) Explaining the meaning of the Great Seal of the United States and its message for the New Age.
- G) To restore the ancient teachings of the Mystery Schools upon our planet.
- H) To explain to those who seek, the symbolism of the Rose-Croix, and the Statue of Liberty.
- I) Promoting the Universal Concept of Brotherhood and Sisterhood not only on our planet but elsewhere in the Universe as well.
- J) To reopen the doors of the College of Egyptian Mysteries and the order of the Illumanti, Known in Europe as the Fratres Lucis.
- K) To uphold the Ancient Symbols of our Fraternity and Order with Pride, and to see our Ancient Landmarks restored, and the New Atlantis a reality.

The Motto of the E.O.M.R. is as follows:

- 1) BE WHO THOU ART, BECOME WHAT THOU WILT.
- 2) SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

- 3) THE BODY IS THE TEMPLE WHICH HOUSES THE ETERNAL LIGHT.
- 4) ONENESS AND IN LIGHT.
- 5) LET THERE BE LIGHT.



If interested in receiving more information about the Esoteric Order of Masonic Rosicrucians, or receiving membership within our order, feel free to contact us.

Light, Life, and Love,  
 Order of the Illuminate  
 C/O David De Paul  
 2205 Luella Street  
 Kalamazoo, MI 49001

"to find truth in yourself  
 you need no guru or teacher.  
 you must be your own.  
 then you have to ask  
 what kind of truth you seek.  
 truth has no path.  
 it is like an uncharted sea  
 and we must ride the waves  
 or be drowned..."

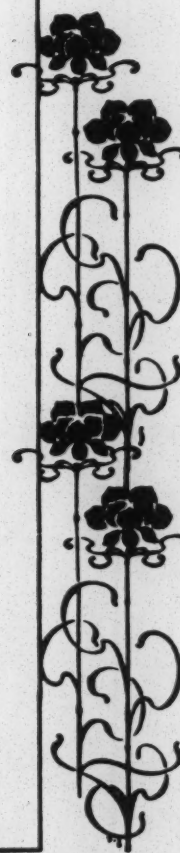
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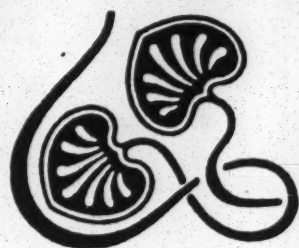


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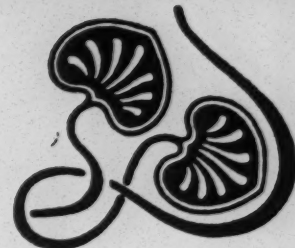
By Trained  
 High Priestess

Tiffany St. Moonstar  
 P.O. Box 65  
 Mountain View, CA 94042





# CONTACTS



Female, wytch, Virgo looking for contacts/and clients. I am into candle magic, I Ching, Cards, spells, herbs, psychic experiences, cassette pals. Want to learn and share as well as give knowledge and experiences with others. Want to do card reading by mail for \$1 and SASE to cover my costs(cassette would send own blank tape)write for spread details, etc. I am eclectic/celtic tradition. Have had letters printed in ladies pen-pal magazine, Fate magazine, ESP Lab Newsletter and won an award for spell work, I also had an ad in Circle Network. I am willing to discuss on all occult as long as it is positive and not negative workings...I love the ocean, chimes, animals, nature, and music. Dreams interest me as well as Egyptian and Indian cultures. I am interested in astrology as well, have my chart but don't understand the details of astrology so couldn't discuss it very well. There are no local contacts here and I would like to make wiccan friends thru the mail. I am not prejudiced. I write long letters, fill cassette tapes, and try to be prompt...informative, cheerful, and a sincere pal in all ways. I expect the same in return...Mary Augusta, 135-2 Delta Drive, Minot AFB, N.D. 58704\*\*\*\*\*

I am a senior widower, 6'2", 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, active self-employed C.P.A. tax adviser, economist, researcher, and live and work at secluded private lane. Big House. Fellow Students welcome. (Interested in craft and magicke) 24 hour phone: 213-681-0852. Or write to: Erwin Lampe, 1442 Hillcrest Avenue, Pasadena, CA 91106.\*\*\*\*\*

I am seeking friends of either gender within the craft. My interests are in feminist, Dianic, Egyptian, and Native American (especially Cherokee) traditions. I will try to answer all letters---I'm a beginner and need all the friends I can get! Write to: Morgan Lawhorn, 681 Merrick #309, Detroit, MI 48202\*\*\*\*\*

Am seeking contacts with all sincere Pagans. I am a professional astrologer, doing all kinds of charts as well as teaching classes. I am interested in

astral travel, past life regression, mythology and all creative arts. I would love to form a new coven in Northern CA but alas, there do not seem to be many Pagans close by me. If you're out there and interested, let me know.

Joyce Gauthier, P. O. Box 745, Willows, CA 95988\*\*\*\*\*

Seven-foot tall Solar Wizard seeking tall craft women 16-32 for high mental magic. Platonic or? Elias Damon, P. O. Box 19857, Milwaukee, WI 53219.\*\*\*\*\*

ORION COVEN of Michigan wishes contacts and correspondence from all positive witches and Pagans. We are of the celtic tradition and growing strong! A joyful MERRY MEET! Write to: ORION OF THE NORTH C/O Kevin Allen, 3664 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224\*\*\*\*\*

Seeking information pertaining to the star ALGOL or AGOL. Anyone being able to help in this research please send a letter or documents to Editor/Dragonsmoke, C/O P. O. Box 65, Mt. View, CA 94042\*\*

EDITORS NOTE: All contact listings are free to all. As DRAGONSMOKE is a non-profit entity donations are always welcome at any time, and much appreciated to keep this written organ of Paganism going. Thanks much and adieu!\*\*\*\*\*

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Thank you to all contributors!

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And

Fathali Fouchangui.

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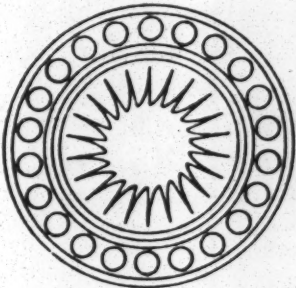
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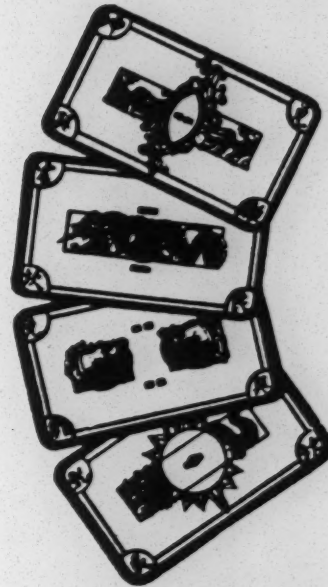
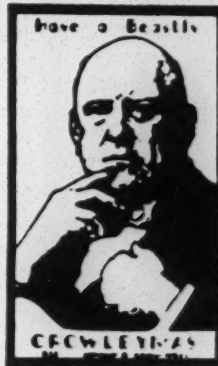
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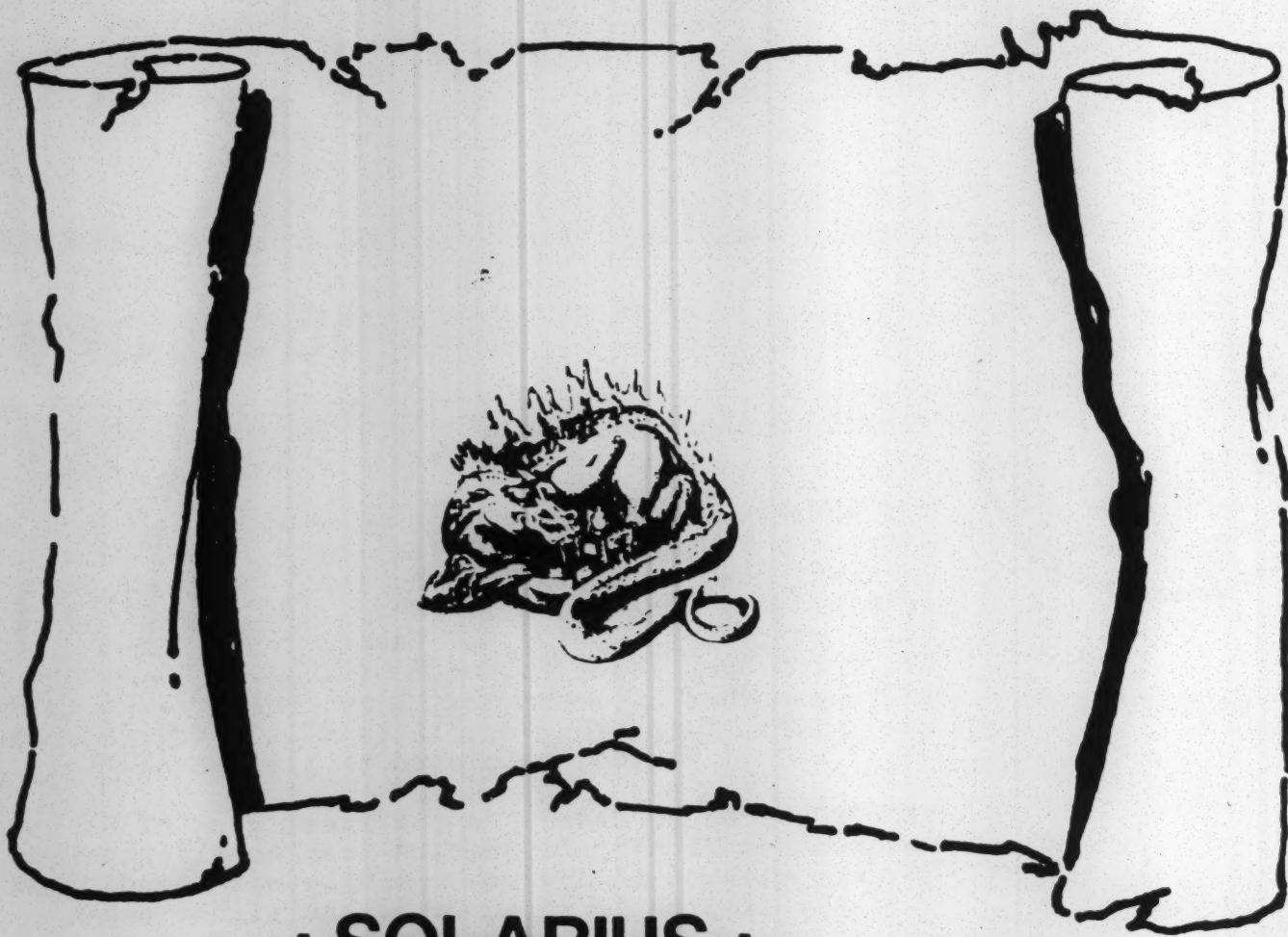
**THE NEWAEON NEWSLETTER:** Is a bi-monthly publication, edited by G.M.Kelly (Frater Keallach 93/676) and it is sanctioned by Frater M.E.D. (whose Magical Formula is 49=13=1 & whose Word is M..E..D..AL : DCLXVI). \$6.66 per year in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. \$7.77 for Back Issue Volumes. (\$1.31 individually, \$9.99 per year if overseas. if available.) (Vol. I is O/P, Vol. II is \$7.77, Vol. III is \$6.66; published as Limited Editions.)

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(42)

From the darkest mists of the creative mind comes this new unknown tale. Thus it is called "Bedtime Stories". Not long ago this image was transferred on to paper and then there was 500 made, signed and numbered by this creative one, Terry Pavlet. It will cost a mere pittance of \$ 6 plus \$1.95 for postage and handling. Send for yours now or the dark mists will be gone forever!

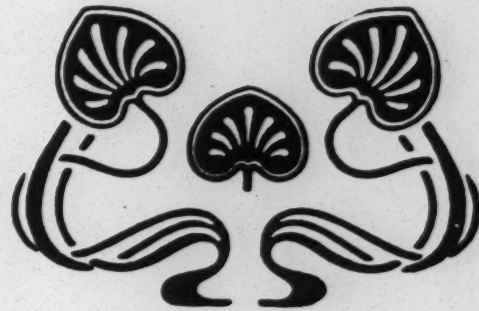


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Please enclose SASE. Thanks.





That's it for DRAGONSMOKE, VOL. I.  
Volume II is already in the works,  
but we need lots of help from you  
in the form of artwork, poem, story,  
and article, etc. Thank you to all  
who worked on this issue, and to  
all those who contributed their  
best!

Blessed Be, In Pagan Solidarity,

Tiffany St. Moonstar, Editor  
THE DRAGONSMOKE ANNUAL

All readers interested in Vol. II  
will be sent announcements if you  
send us a SASE.

