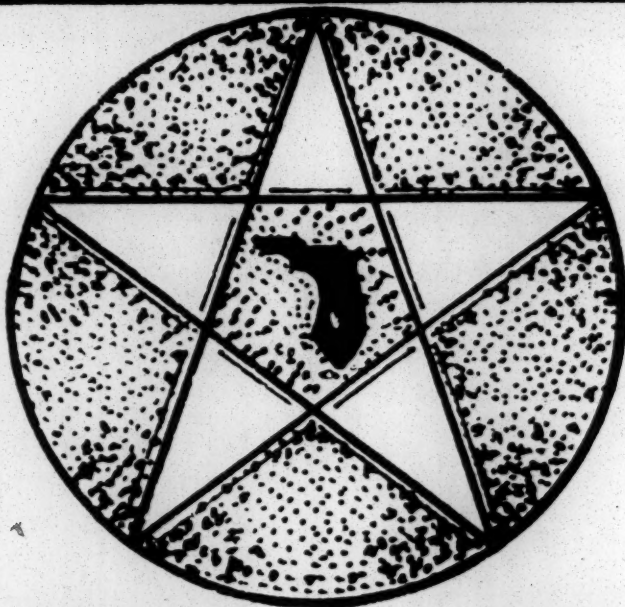


FLORIDA AQUARIAN



**A FREE LOOK
INTO THE
NEW AGE!**

ISSUES 8&9

MONTH OF ARIES

VOL. 2

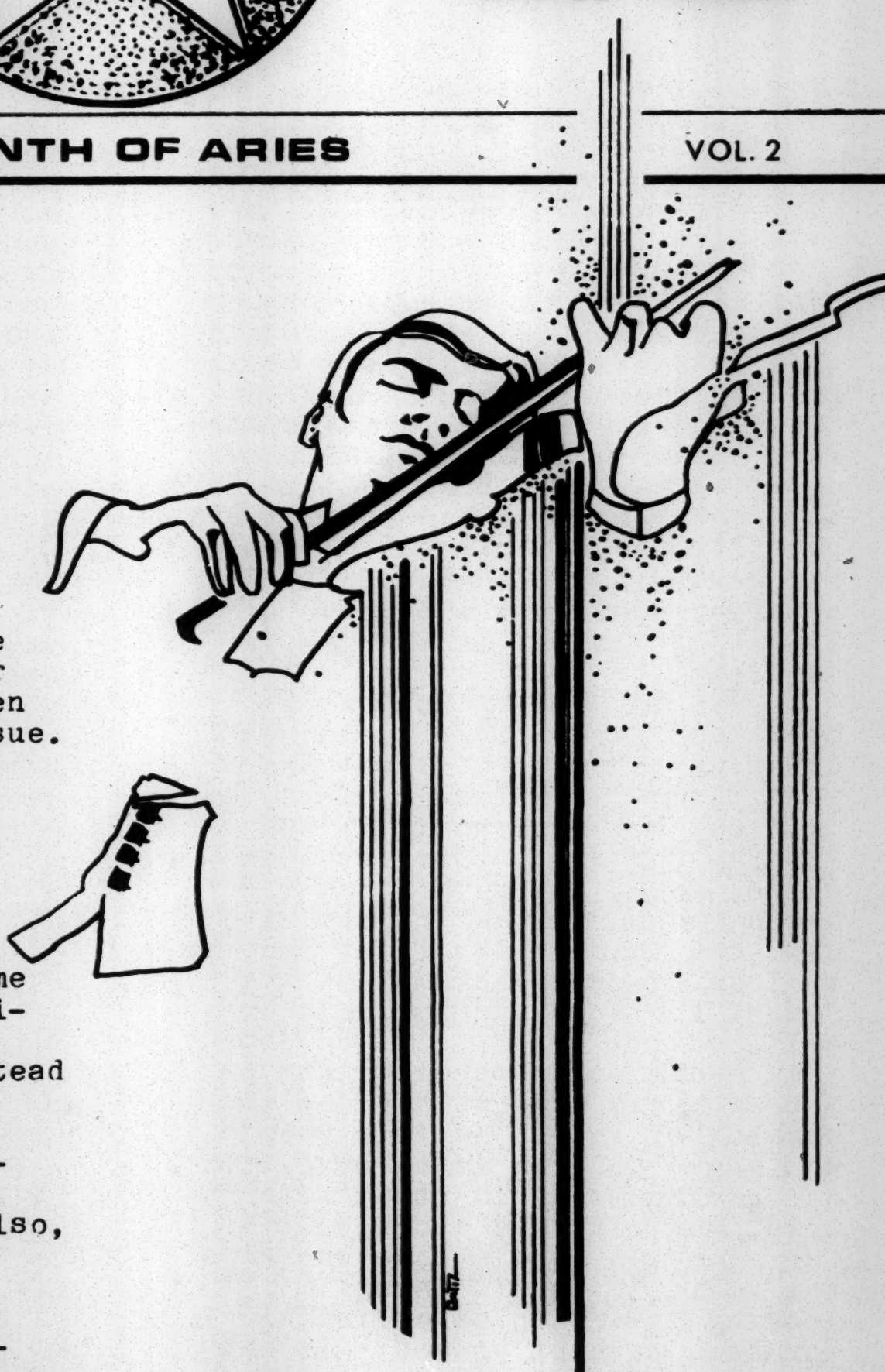
*** EDITORIAL ***

Welcome to the next to the last issue of FA's second year of production. There have been two changes since our last issue. First of all, we are at a new address:

Florida Aquarian Newsletter
540 N.W. 183 Street
Miami, Florida 33169
(305) 651-1530

Secondly, the FA has now become a larger, but bi-monthly publication. For our readers, it still works out the same; instead of four pages twelve times a year, we now have eight pages six times a year. For our impoverished staff, it allows us mailing costs cut in half. Also, longer, in-depth articles are much more readable than tidbits.

We hope you will look forward to our next, special anniversary issue of the newsletter.



The creator of this publication is an inspired writer, who often doubles as editor, reporter, paste-up person, and artist. Although he attempts to banish spelling and grammatical errors in this publication, he cannot do so with those outside his realm of consciousness.

Laren Bright: Who Are You?

Laren Bright is probably one of the best known Aquarian personalities in South Florida. Many of us grew to know him when he hosted "On the Bright Side", a television show appearing on Channel 51 and covering many Aquarian beliefs. An open person, he has made it a point to use his natural talent for communications to uplift the Aquarian community and leave a little of himself in the people he meets.

It was in Jamaica some years back that Laren first turned to Aquarian thought. "It was the last thing I was looking for", he told me, but apparently it was looking for him. Interested in UFO's, Laren met with a man who began discussing the subject with him, and this person later led him to Yoga, vegetarianism, and the "quest for Spirit" (God, Higher self, ect.).

An Aquarian to Laren Bright is a person who understands the true meaning of love. He is a person who seeks to live in harmony with his environment, in touch with nature, and with his inner self. The Aquarian is also one who sees the validity in all things, looking inward to establish his personal path of growth. In many ways his beliefs are in harmony with the MSIA (Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness), a group founded by Sri John Roger. Laren

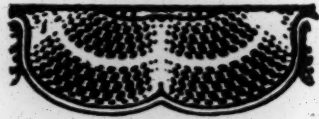
expresses the philosophy of the MSIA and some of his own thoughts at a weekly seminar at his home, held Tuesday nights at 8 PM, and those interested can call 661-7808 for information.

In communication of Aquarianism to the public, Laren's "bright" spots (shining suns!) are his television program, "On the Bright Side", and his present association with Alternatives magazine. The former was a weekly TV show which Laren was asked to host, and presented interesting and diverse topics of Aquarian interest. The program also served as a reference and guide to activities and organizations in the South Florida area. We explored Alternatives magazine and its creator, Chik Shank, in our last issue of the newsletter, and Laren said he became associated with Alternatives after becoming associated with New Age News, of which Chik Shank was also a part of. Laren feels, as I feel, that Alternatives magazine will become a major magazine exploring New Age thought, and certainly its informative articles and refreshing approach will carry it through. There is even some talk that the magazine will sponsor a radio program dealing with the topics covered in Alternatives. We certainly hope this pulls through even as we know that the magazine must!

The South Florida Aquarian community is viewed by Laren as a focal point of energy, which he postulates may be of an Atlantean source. He feels that the Florida environment has attracted highly evolved and devoted individuals. What he does worry about is that many of the groups in the area became more concerned ego and dogma when they should have been concerned with the welfare of their members and the quest for Spirit (self, God, ect.).

Laren Bright is an inspiration to the community. His personality, open-mindedness, and familiarity

Dogma



"The meek shall inherit the earth"
- JC

"The slaves shall rule"
- AC

Dogma, at best, has received a very low rating on the philosophical totem pole, especially in this modern, freedom oriented culture. Usually the term is applied to religious beliefs (even though any belief is applicable), and a person who adheres stubbornly to his beliefs and doggedly practices them without relief or combination is considered dogmatic. The low-rating undoubtedly comes after many years of misuse of dogma and the dogmatic action, but basically a dogma and its practice are extremely useful.

Millions of years ago when our ancestors had four hands and lived in trees, a chemical accident brought about a change in his mentality, giving him the means to be greater than other animals. The great change was manifested as acute memory, and the ability to transfer the accomplishments of one generation to the next generation. (The main intellectual difference between humans and animals is this ability to retain and transfer information. Our being today is owed to millions of years of combined and accumulated thought.

The animal must start from scratch each generation, the knowledge of past generation dying with its members.) The acute memory manifests itself in many ways, one of the most valuable is the human ability of action independent of thought. Frankly, if you had to sit down and think of exactly what a word looks like before writing, nothing much would ever be written. The establishment, then, of certain precepts and being able to follow them independently of thought or decision, is a most valuable attribute of humanity, and one of the vehicles which moved him out of the jungle.

The anti-dogmatist is self-defeating. He sees a goal and knows nothing that can stop him from achieving it. He begins to act as if the goal was already achieved, and immediately falls, not understanding and usually in a shock that leaves him completely insecure in his own abilities. This is a phenomena which many call being "burned out". It occurs in the inexperienced who attempt a practice, are successful at first, but then fail miserably from then on. This person is considered to have been destroyed by a misuse of power, but this is most certainly not the case, since there was never anything there to destroy. The failure came because his spiritual edifice had no foundation. We can find an analogy in long-distance running, for instance. Anyone can

run a race once (anyone can do anything once; mastery comes when one can do what he wills at will) but a second race is impossible because of exhaustion and depletion. The answer to mastery, then, is dogma. When you can run around the block, you can attempt the mile, then two miles, ect. After a while the short runs become second nature and give you a higher platform from where you can reach higher pinnacles. Even in the ris-

ing on the planes, one must first master the earth plane, until work upon it becomes dogmatic action. One is then liberated to learn to walk upon the astral plane, and from there onward till the nine numbers are mastered.

The danger in dogma is that it will become all encompassing. The total or major subjugation of consciousness to dogmatic action naturally makes one a machine, and completely cuts man off from valuable human attributes such as compassion, wonder, ambition, and any possible hope of achieving understanding. The exclusively dogmatic are usually those who are confused by the contradictions of "A bird in the hand is worth to in the bush" and "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", so opt to remain in **their** own (and usually limited) conceptions. Fear of discovery of the new, insecurity in different situations, ego stepping over self, are all symptoms of the incurably dogmatic. It is in this unpleasant aspect of dogma that the greatest danger lies, for a tree, however tall and healthy, is nothing without its inquisitive roots. There is a total destruction of consciousness in the abyss if one is unprepared for its crossing.

With all things, yet especially dogma, one must observe the laws of balance and basic human concepts, such as love and will, which must underide all action. Imbalance becomes more and more obvious the taller the structure, and when it reaches that certain point in height, the entire edifice must fall and is destroyed. Dogma is the liberator and the enslaver.

SPECIAL PREVIEW

Our Anniversary issue will contain an end of year review of the FA, some projections into the future, and a special article concerning one of the most popular contributors to the FA's pages. Via interview and excerpts from her work, we will explore the philosophy, poetry, and beauty of Caryatid.

* The following poem, although more of a story of love lost, is included for some of the spiritual **concepts** that it touches upon, as well as for the enjoyment of our readers.

Contessa De Moro



Sister of the singing light, disperser of the fouled and foreign visage of a world, unfamiliar and uncolorful. Were you but the sweet restorer of a crumbled canopy, your soft white back, pillared lifter for a time of Atlas' godly burden. Steal not the golden fruits, my dreams, to leave no burden lost and only memories of Aurora's airing flight. So small a dent in the cart's wheel you harbor me, to be broken and returned to earth with its passing. You, the singing light, nesting in the master's tree of earth and air, yet barren, leave it bare!

The falling leaf to budding life, my Contessa de Moro, so your face within my eyes. Such irony of time enthroned, so unfounded and vile usurper of **our greater** kingly power, saw so long ago the walls inpenetrable, in an autumn smoldering. To glimpse her at some public place, hear the chatter of the gulls over the rolling of the sea, above all else security to a young shell gently clinging to the waves. And a nightly run to home, obscured by stony sentinals brown and dented, reddened by the nightly dew and dank of hidden places, earthly sister of the blue. You enshrined, an altar and a wall a-

waiting a templed God. A chancy gaze from the weight of heavens high glimpsed a yellowed smile, framed, within the mirror of a pond. The walls could not bid that within to hide its melody of light. the forest cleft the way. A fox-look up and down in earnest to receive framed light from past the chisled stone, a sight of earthliness, familiarity, the meeting in a gaze. If contentment could be won by sight alone, no sound less touch, no harmony would sing, no roundness fill the picture. Without I wait, the verdict of a juried gate.

"Who walks the orbs of I that sails the waves to sunny tall my edifice? Who seeks the harbor of my home? Living lord, good morning and a smile. So quickly gone! A flight vielded by earthbound clouds of distance carry far! Again come the setting of the sun; the flight!"

A flight to where, my speeding limbs denatured by the prescence of obsession. Trained to run, my legs continue though the race is done. The little runner jogs the daily round, the well worn, well trod, untried path. Occassionally a pass to some swift universe aimed in directions, same, until two eatenbacks vanish east and west, seeing none and seen by none. In the morning of some day, bound by the traffics of a pass, a two engulfed in side and side to run the course in different paths till the stronger win the way. The weaker sees the back away into the night, unknown, unwon.

What willfull phase of age allows the flowering of the bud? The turning of the wheel unlocks the door, out steps the mighty Amazon, shield in hand, rich red her robes, three auric rings inscribed about a golden crest of hair, the round face, the eyes grey, then blue-green for the mighty sea. Athena to the world of men! A year ago such age met me, but shieldless now would I brave brick walls with javelin strong in hand to liberate castled diety. To revel in the enfolding of a mystery, smooth the texture of my hand over velvet cloth, yet shield is only strong in hand, and hand is only brave with shield. Contessa

de Moro, what visage to the world we show? The mask is mirror to mask on mask, a hall of glass, great corridors into obscurity in every face, illusions of eternity and unending depth in man. But a face, visaged combination of the flesh and seplechur of the mind and senses strong, may only wear a mask. It is often but the same, a mask through which we ourselves see not. And if the second be unmasked, what there remains? After years in unreallity, abysses of the world, and mind, what remains for so long rapped without air or sight of the sun? Hecate, you are my mistress! My shield allows naught entrance, though saves me by day and night from unmirrored, polished sight!

"The setting of the sun once filled my harbor with expanding breaths of sails, and I with fast lungs cruised round about them. The one who's brave mast like Jason's oak foretold a rescue to the shores of earth, obscured in piety and disillusion is brave no more. No empty prophecies fill my gown, but sturdy strong convictions curve crisp satin and the cotton over my shoulders. A race begun in concession and unfolding gasps in grave enfolding and aggression toward the nearing of the prize, my broken ribbon in my hand! Away, new sails enjoy my horizon, and I my cape spread to the winds, and the crescents on my feet to sail."

Fail, fail! When lost, a darkness fills the globe, the minds men become unleashed to fill their worlds with terrors, demons blasphemous to their gods. With each appeasing glance, the easing in another's touch, guzzling of imitation, the smoking of drugged relief, I walk a barren forest to invoke destruction. The piercing visions, fluttering into hair, rustling about the floor, the screaming of the banshee wind, are all company, as the leprous white and swan soft dead, to the chill that bites my soul. The midnight sun sinks beneath the frozen sea. Were I

true universe, it sould not be; were she. But paradise is lost, the sun's song shines from time to time, but mask on mask may only cross the path of that dark world that's lost it's light. Our shields are too strong, the mirrors too tightly worn.

Some divine error in distant skys brought thrashing down from the north great stones of water, cold, to rip apart warm earth and her delight in the light of the sun. The reckless child sees a flaw in his consumation and quests corrections, forgetting his own existance, and in purging, dies. Some thought, oppressed, might have freed the heavens from their bars, some hidden light might have outshone the stars. No, the stores of the mind accept the ruling of no lesser. A prostrate may never see his God. There is no more of the sight. The soft face hurries to turn away for the depression of the chin, and the back is long soldered stiff against the fear of burden. The night and the revel of the dead, memory, conqueror of time, and love, the life-wheel's axle, are all that's mine, and the hope of a fresh spring. Turn, turn the spiral till the origin is seven lengths apart, unwound, and momentum is impossible to be overcum. Trained to run, my legs continue though the race is done.

—QUOTES—

"No! Let me know
And knowing what I am,
I know what she shall be."

The Tragedy of Othello,
William Shakespeare

"As Charms are nonsense, nonsense is a charm".

- B. Franklyn

"Remember all ye that existance
is pure joy; that all the sorrows
are but as shadows; they pass
and are done; but there is that
which remains."

Liber Al vel Legis,
Aliester Crowley

As editor of this publication, one of the greatest spiritual benefits afforded to me was coming into contact and correspondance with a lovely Lady who writes under the pen name Caryatid. Below is another of her excellent poems which she generously submitted for publication in this newsletter.

CONTINUUM

caryatid

I am who I am - but who am I?
Through the dim dark corridors of my
past, I cautiously creep
exploring each crack and crevice of
memory.

Long forgotten chants and rituals
stir slumbering primordial responses
of my soul -
recalling what?

Somewhere, somewhen, I was here.
And now -

I am here again
to pick up the warp and woof of my
Karmic Tapestry -
to inundate the sense of Creation with
my cosmic chords and weave - for destiny's sake - my image
upon the Universe.

I will find my thread among the many
and continue -
for that is my task.
So mote it be!

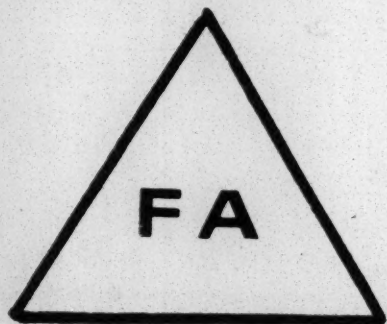
ANNOUNCING!!!!!!!!!!

Almost two years ago, the Florida Aquarian Newsletter began production with the intent of unifying estranged segments of the Aquarian community, and its success to a certain extent was observable in its end of year celebration. But these are only two points of the triangle, and a third must be established to effect a true manifestation.

This third point in the newsletter and its activities will come via a personal approach. After speaking with several Aquarians in the area and some discussion with them concerning valuable areas of Aquarian thought, the FA has prepared a letter of introduction and outline for a course on Aquarianism. A modest course, it will serve as a basis for study along any Aquarian (or other paths) and some of the subjects covered will be the Quabalah, Applied Quabalah, the Tarot, Philosophy and Spiritual principles, ritual, and many more. The class will instruct and guide participants in what we feel is a rounded study of Aquarian principles.

As all should be, this class is absolutely free and all that is expected from the participants is a willingness to learn. We hope to have two bi-weekly classes operating by the 16th of ~~April~~ ^{May}. The classes themselves will be small and informal, usually meeting at the homes of the instructor, or some open area when lovely Florida is gracing us with her weather.

Call 651-1530
(after 5 PM) or
223-5762 for
information.

ATTENTION

A Mr. Roberts came into correspondence with us, but in moving, we lost his address. If he are someone who knows him would be kind enough to write back, we can settle our business. We're very sorry for this inconvenience!

'Laren Bright' con.

with the media often lead him to the center of Aquarian activities, such as the first Roundtable festival, which he helped organized and Emceed. We wish him strength and success in his future efforts.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING!!

I couldn't wait for the Sunday special to see fat Rita and her gym teacher cast the "Spell"! Normally protest letters in response to NBC's latest attempts to slander American occultism would have been in order, but NOBODY could have taken that seriously!

A news story broke recently which made most of the end of the news broadcasts which stated that English Astrologers (I love this generalization) had predicted the end of the world. This I totally disbelieve; no sane Astrologer would say such an abomination, and certainly not the community of English Astrologers! I wish the news media would leave comic relief to the dramatists!

AADL News was incorrect when it stated that Florida would recognize the Wicca religion of Grace Efstathiou settled out of court. Rhodes, Inc., which would gain the most for an out-of-court settlement, would recognize Wicca! This means absolutely nothing! AADL also made other mistakes in reporting the trial, as well as leaving a quarter page of valuable printing space empty save for one sentence which read, "This space is empty."! Come now people!

Ad Rates:

10¢ per word -
Business card printed, \$2

(For the following ads, the FA staff will work on artwork/mechanicals for the ad free of charge)

Quarter page ad, \$4
Half page ad, \$7
Full page ad \$13

We welcome exchange ads with publications following along Aquarian lines. All the publications listed below work at a high level and are highly recommended to our readers.

OCCULT AMERICANA, bi-monthly magazine of the Occult. \$5 sub.
PO Box 667, Painesville, OH 44077

ALTERNATIVES, large, informative, and readable Aquarian magazine.
\$6 sub. 350 NE 82 Street, Miami, FL 33138

REVIVAL, graphic magazine of the Craft. Subs \$8. PO Box 3343, Des Moines, Iowa 50316

NEW ATLANTIAN JOURNAL, large, quarterly Fortean publication (UFO's and related phenomena). Subs \$5. 4280 68th Ave-North, Pinellas Park, FL 33565.

Announcements

Liberal Catholic Church of the Holy Spirit meets second and fourth Sundays of the month, 4600 NW Highland Drive, Tamorac.

Sathya Sai Baba Center offers bhajans and meditation on the first and third Thursdays of each month, *8 PM, 1900 South treasure Drive -3R, Miami Beach, 864-7315 for information.

(Your free announcement in this space. Please inquire!!!!!!!)

Roundtable meets third Friday of month at *8PM, Washington Federal Building on NE 167 Street and 6th Avenue. 264-4118 for information.

Sivananda Yoga Vedanta Center, 227 SW 2 Avenue, Ft. Lauderdale, has varied activities throughout the month. 461-7632 for information.

Hare Krishna: Sunday feast at the temple, 10900 Coral Way, at 5 PM.

Liberal Catholic Church of Teilhard de Chardin meets third Sunday of month, 4225 North Harbor City Boulevard, Melbourne .

*Check with our bookstores for information concerning the regular services they provide.

FA Distributors

I would like to receive the next twelve issues of the Florida Aquarian Newsletter, at home, as well as any poetry or inspirations printed by the office, for \$2 postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mi-World Bookstore
511 Palm Springs Mile
Hialeah, 558-5021

Sungoddess Bookstore
2705 Biscayne Boulevard
Miami, 576-5483

The Avatar Center
2851 Florida Avenue
Coconut Grove, 448-2938

Helio Enterprises
1195 A1A Highway
Satellite Beach, 777-2004

Moving Light Carnival of Books
1461 Holland Street
North Melbourne,

Rainbow Bridge
125 Lakeview Avenue
West Palm Beach, 655-0136

The I Ching
3035 Grand Avenue
Coconut Grove, 448-3111

The Sugar Plum
906 NE 20th Avenue
Ft. Lauderdale, 763-6219

Sign of the Moon Bookstore
787 5th Avenue - South
Naples, 649-8055