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Bakersfield--We combined our Spring Equinox celebration with Full Moon this time. Delana and Elizabeth brought loads of flowers and Elizabeth and Don chased all over town until they found a dogwood--kinda hard to find and expensive in this neck of the woods. Dean and jeannie attended the quarterly SoCal COG meeting and, as always, it was delightful.

Subscription rates are \$8 U.S., \$16 foreign surface, \$32 foreign air mail. Ad rates are \$36 for a full page, \$20 for 1/2 page, \$14 for anything less than 1/2 page. Ads must be camera ready. We always welcome submissions--typed double-spaced if possible, but we're not real picky.

DON'T FORGET THE PAGAN STUDIES CONTEST! The deadline is June 21st, 1986. If you haven't heard about the contest, send a SASE for information.

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Ideals? by Tarostar

Arma virumque cano... of arms and the man I sing. So opens the classical heroic epic of the founding of Rome. The stories of the trials and tribulations of mythical heroes from the ancient classics, once a standard feature of any well-educated person, no longer seem to be taught to the young people in the schools. Do young people today know of Aeneas and the fall of Troy? Do they read the story of Scaevola, who burned off his own hand rather than betray his nation? Do they study the mighty orations of Cicero to protect the ideals of decent fair play? Do they understand the values and motivations of a Brutus? Unfortunately the answer is no. "Brutus who?" is the usual reaction one gets from school kids today.

It was the ideals of the pagan classicists which inspired the flower of the Renaissance and the idealism of the last century. Caesar's De Bello Gallico, laboriously translated by school children, had a very pronounced affect on the shape of the young minds which built the early United States. The Iliad and Odyssey, the Annals of Tacitus, the works of Livy and Homer were the very basic groundwork in a proper education curriculum.

In the modern Craft, there seems to be a movement to provide a sound literature for the up and coming Witchlings. Calls have gone out to those of the Craft to produce healthy pagan stories and study material for the young minds being raised by Craft families. In my day, Latin and classical literature were taught on the high school level. Now one would be hard pressed to find those subjects even at the university level. The parents of the young Witchlings who ask for a pagan orientation in reading material for their children perhaps are products of the education systems of the late fifties and early sixties and seventies. That is when the classicists were banished from the high schools. Latin disappeared from the curriculum, English Lit was castrated to almost nothing, and history practically abolished altogether. History, as was taught, simply became an exercise in memory for names and dates and did not get taught as example and exercise in thought and speculation on ideals and ideas.

Philosophy can hardly be found even in universities these days. We have been left with a couple generations of people who are ethically and morally bankrupt. Instead of asking pagans to write new reading material for Witchlings, bring them up on a diet of the pagan classicists. They can be

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Ideals? (cont.) by Tarostar

found in good translations in English. Teethe them on Homer, nourish them with Virgil, mature them with Cicero. Give them an appreciation for history and philosophy and they will always remain true to the ideals of the Craft in all its many ramifications of pagan splendor.

Does anyone read Sophocles or Aristophanes anymore? Does anyone see the wealth of pagan folk wisdom in Menander? What of the ideals in the Arthurian legends? The Grail Romances are pagan to the core. Witchlings can and should be given those ancient writers on which to cut their teeth. There is a myriad of pagan lore not lost to us, if we but look.

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Cone of Power by Stan Shultz

"Jumpin' jehosaphat! What is the newspaper business coming to, hiring the likes of her?"

But the senior editor had his own version of the matter. "The boss said, 'Hire her,' the Great White Father in Washington said, 'Hire her,' so I did."

"Yeah, but a woman, and a Black at that, and fresh out of college. Not only that but her name is Ishtar. Now I ask you, what kind of name is that?"

What Jerry didn't know was that Ishtar was a witch and a very brilliant woman, besides.

A report had come in that the genetic research lab, located close by, had asked for a reporter as they had a very important announcement to make. The editor thought, "here is a good assignment for our new cub. She can't mess this one up and it probably isn't very important anyway. Those people are always announcing a new strain of potato or something. I'll just save my other reporters in case a big story does break."

He was right on the first thought. But, oh, how wrong he turned out to be on the second one.

When the article appeared in the Daily Courier, it read like this: "Local Genetics Lab Claims Major Breakthrough in Genetic Research. According to Harold Wilson of Certainteed

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Cone of Power (cont.) by Stan Shultz

Genetics, the substitution of an atom of iron for an atom of magnesium in a chlorophyll molecule produces a molecule of blood. A substance called colchicine, plus the altering of the magnetic and L-fields, makes this possible.

"Mr. Wilson states that although fantastic combinations are possible, such as a tree that could eat a man, there is no danger. Everything is under the watchful eye of the EPA so there is not cause for alarm."

The senior editor saw no cause for alarm either. He ran the story on page 56.

A month later, he saw plenty of cause for alarm. People in Terrace Heights, where the lab was located, began to notice that when they mowed the grass, instead of the expected green of chlorophyll, a red liquid oozed out that later congealed to a reddish brown, having the smell and appearance of blood. Chemical analysis showed it to be blood.

The worst was yet to come. A spongy, redish-looking fungi began eating all the vegetation in sight, stripping the bark from trees as though in search of insects. People even claimed the fungi made a noise, although this was put down to hysteria or a spoof. Nevertheless, something was going on and it was serious. It was not until skeletons of small rodents began to be found that Washington finally acted.

Realizing this should never have been allowed to happen, they moved decisively and swiftly--cordoning off the entire neighborhood and clamping on a total news blackout.

Top level cabinet meetings were being held in Washington. Every top geneticist, biochemist, and plant pathologist was in attendance as was the President of the United States.

"Mr. President, all we know of this matter for sure is that it is deadly, it is spreading, it could encompass the entire world, and we have no idea how to stop it."

A cabinet member spoke up. "Panic is going to be our greatest worry for now. Once the truth becomes known, we are going to be in deep trouble--not that we aren't already."

Someone else spoke. "That damn preacher isn't helping any. He has got a lot of people hysterical already."

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Cone of Power (cont.) by Stan Shultz

The Secretary of State spoke up and said, "May I remind you, that damn preacher as you call him has only to get a mere twenty-six percent of the vote behind him, since fifty percent of the populace do not vote, to swing an election. Without his help, none of us would be here. Keep that in mind."

Heads turned to the President as he began to speak. "Gentlemen, when all has been said and done, more has been said than done. This is time for solutions, not recriminations."

Earlier, another meeting had been taking place. These participants, likewise, were worried, but for a different reason. Sepaking was the aide to the electronic preacher referred to so bitterly at the cabinet meeting. "Gerald, things aren't looking so good--contributions dropped another \$50,000 last week."

Gerald, looking thoughtful but nothing like the genial figure he portrayed on the television screen, remarked, "What in hell can I do about it? What we need is a gimmick and that is what I pay you 1,000 simolleons a week to come up with."

"Yeah, well, Gerald, I think I've got it." He handed Gerald the news item that had been in the Courier. "Not only this but one of our boys was a former Secretary of the Interior. He says this threat is worse than the atomic bomb. It is a plague worse than the plague that beset the Pharoahs."

"Hmmm... plague that beset the Pharoahs, plagues of Egypt, hmmm...."

Now Gerald may have been a little short in the ethics department but he didn't bring in a million dollars a week by being stupid.

"By damn, youv'e got it. God is punishing America for her sins of omission. We are on the road to damnation and nothing but prayer can save us now."

And it won't come cheap, he mused, already planning a revival to end all revivals and fatten the contribution plate to overflowing.

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Cone of Power (cont.) by Stan Shultz

About the time the President and his advisors were wondering about how much money they could squeeze out of Congress to fight this thing and every university in the country was lined up for a grant, another important meeting was going on. It, too, was held in secret and only a comparative few attended.

Heading up the conclave was the reporter, Ishtar. But not in her role as a reporter but as High Priestess of the Coven of the Samhain Moon. "It is this simple. We either lick this thing or we and countless others will die. Not only that, if it isn't stopped soon there will be a witch hunt to make the burning times look like a picnic. People are near to hysterical, they sense how serious this is, and they are looking for a scapegoat. Namely us."

"True, true, Ishtar, but what can we do?"

"First we must have a gathering of the Clan. Every HPs that can get here, we need--especially the older ones. Then we will elect a Grand High Priestess, just as was done in Ancient Albion at the time of the Spanish Armada and later at the time of Hitler. This is even more serious."

"George, you are good at math. Figure out a circle that will hold three full covens based on 1.72 megalithic yards. Next find the exact midpoint of hours between sunset and sunrise for next Friday eve. I have a friend in the Sierra foothills who will build us a super Hieronymous machine using electronic amplification. We will raise a cone of power. Some of us may die of exhaustion as of days of yore. Dump the energy into the machine which in turn will direct it to Stonehenge from whence it will be willed to the Terrance Heights area. This is our only hope to destroy the deadly thing our scientists have allowed to get loose. I believe it will work. It better."

There were those who claimed that they saw a huge upside down cone over the area for more than six hours. Some thought it was a product of the war department, others thought it was beings from outer space come to save the world. None knew where it came from, although a few got on the television and took personal credit for the lifting of the plague.

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Cone of Power (cont.) by Stan Shultz

There were a few who knew. But they never said. Perhaps they remembered the olden adage, "The power than can be talked about is not the power." Of those whose lives were expended in the effort it was said, "A person should live as long as they should, not as long as they can."

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Frankly, My Dear, I Don't Give a Damn by Lady Mariah

I am writing about the person that wrote to the GNL about prisoners needing help from pagan areas. As I have stated before, I am a security guard and I work daily with the police department. I now have the rank of sergeant.

I do not like people that break the laws of the land. If you are in prison, I feel you have no rights. If you are a pagan, you have broken the law of karma and you have entered into the dark side of life. You said you "barter with our newsletter, Spirit Within News," and you are self-supporting. I feel you are using your religion to make money or receive certain types of power in the world you have made for yourself.

To me, a pagan is a peace-loving person that upholds the laws of the land, not do your own laws to get whatever you want. I feel that the Druids had a very good idea in the olden days. Once a year they put all the bad people of the lands into a basket and sacrificed them back up to the gods to keep the land free from the dark side of life. This worked so well that, as the years went by, there was not enough to fill the basket.

I feel that the time you are spending locked up should be spent thinking about what good you can do for your home town and the people you betrayed. A pagan's goodness starts within and will show without around them.

Using any religion as a weapon to get your way is doing a great injustice to the people that are involved in that religion.

Every day and night I see all the slimebags ripping off people for money or trying to get something they did not work for. And I do not like going up against scary freaked-out people, but I will do this because I have always felt that

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Frankly (cont.) by Lady Mariah

white witches will fight for the good of others and white witches protected the people of the land.

When you ask for help from the pagan people, I feel that the true pagan can stand alone. Whatever problem a pagan has, if they cannot hide among the good pagans to give them honor, power and glory they did not earn for themselves.

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Beltane by Moondancer and Lady Raven

Beltane blaze on hilltops high  
Full moon rides a star-strewn sky.  
Covens gather about the pole  
And dance a tale of the growing soul.  
The Lady comes and touches us all  
As winter's death passes like a pall.  
Life renewed and life resumes  
And the circles blaze with the Old Ones' power.  
Love and Peace and Trust Abound.

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He was a locally notorious horse thief. He had been caught dead to rights. Good citizens of the town were all set to do business when a sharp young lawyer who had just come to town asked that he be permitted to defend the thief.

Since they knew they were going to hang the scoundrel anyway, the citizens thought such a defense would add a little to the entertainment. They approved.

The young lawyer shucked his coat, and for two hours he orated in the most flowery and persuasive language. When he finished, there wasn't a dry eye in the crowd of tough cowpokes. Some were swearing they would hang any guy who accused the thief of being a thief.

The scoundrel was released and that night the lawyer looked him up. He demanded the truth. "Did you really steal that horse?"

"I must be cracking up," said the horse thief. "I really thought I had stole that horse until I heard you speak. But since then I just don't think I coulda done such a thing."

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The Truth About Hansel und Gretel\* by Tarostar

What has come down to us from the Brothers Grimm  
 Is that Hansel und Gretel were sweet cherubim,  
 But I will tell the truth of the tale  
 Though you will gasp and want to turn pale.  
 In Nurnberg during the Witch-craze years  
 On Angel Mountain, not far from town  
 Lived the Baker-Witch of much renown.  
 She sold all sorts of cakes and pies  
 Along the road out under the skies.  
 Katherina Schraderin was her name  
 In the Witch trials it stands with shame.  
 A rumor got started, most dastardly and daft  
 That Katherina practiced evil Witchcraft.  
 It said she used human flesh and meat  
 To make her pastries so very sweet.  
 She was taken before the judge of the town  
 As all looked upon her with distain and frown.  
 But he was a man of sense and smarts  
 He tasted all her pastry and tarts.  
 And after eating a very large pie  
 he concluded the charge must be a lie.  
 But the word was out through all the land  
 That Katherina made money at her pie stand,  
 That she lived all alone in the woods on the hill  
 With four bake ovens and one flour mill.  
 A brother-sister team of local toughs  
 Sneaked through the woods and bushy scruffs.  
 Hans and Gretchen Metzler, as they were called  
 Did the thing so much appalled.  
 They broke in upon poor Katherina at night,  
 Killed her and set the house alight.  
 They took her money and to conceal the deed,  
 Stuffed her in the oven with ashes and weed.  
 Many years later it was turned around  
 By the Brothers Grimm for a reason profound.  
 The Metzler family, as it all turned out  
 Had become wealthy with political clout.  
 Stealing and killing were left in the tale  
 For the smart to discern and sift with a pail.

\*Die Wahrheit Uber Hansel Und Gretel by Hans Traxler, Verlag  
 Barmeier und Nickel, Frankfurt am Main, 1963.

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Teach thy tongue to say, "I do not know."--Talmud

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Calls to the Guardians of the Quarters and Levels  
by Charles Arnold

Spirits of the East  
Yellow Guardians of the windy watchtower  
Grey creators of cyclones and calm zephyrs  
Violet creatures who fly above the earth  
Watch over us and protect us as we sing our song of worship.  
Blessed Be.

Spirits of the South  
Red Guardians of the fiery watchtower  
Orange creators of warm hearths and raging infernos  
White yellow creatures who wander over the earth  
Watch over us and protect us as we dance our dance of  
worship.  
Blessed Be.

Spirits of the West  
Blue Guardians of the watery watchtower  
Turquoise creators of raging seas and twinkling streams  
Indigo creatures who flow through the earth  
Watch over us and protect us as we tell our tale of worship.  
Blessed Be.

Spirits of the North  
Green Guardians of the stony watchtower  
Brown creators of garlanded glade and towering crag  
Black creatures who are the earth itself  
Watch over us and protect us as we build our circle of  
worship.  
Blessed Be.

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When the subway train I was riding on stopped at Grand Central Terminal, two people got on. They were strangers to each other. I heard the man say, "I never expect to find one on the subway." The woman answered, "Oh, I always pick one up. If you look you'll find one. I collect them."

I couldn't figure out what they were talking about until the train pulled into my station and the woman got up to depart as well. She gave me a great big, bright smile and, of course, I smiled at her. Whereupon the woman turned back to the man and said, "See, there's another one!" And with an air of satisfaction she left the train. --Jean Schwartzstein

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Calls to the Guardians of the Quarters, Forces of Nature  
 by Charles Arnold

Hail Guardians of the watchtower of the East, powers of wind  
 Senders of the zephyr and the whirlwind, gentle breezes and  
 cyclones.

Protect our minds and watch over us as we create a sacred  
 place

In which to worship our Lord and Lady

Blessed Be.

Hail Guardians of the watchtower of the South, powers of  
 flame

Senders of the drought and the gentle sun, raging inferno and  
 warming glow

Protect our hearts and watch over us all as we create a  
 sacred place

In which to worship our Lord and our Lady

Blessed Be.

Hail Guardians of the watchtower of the West, powers of the  
 waters

Senders of cooling rain and raging flood, gentle mist and  
 crashing wave

Protect our souls and watch over us all as we create a sacred  
 place

In which to worship our Lady and our Lord

Blessed Be.

Hail Guardians of the watchtower of the North, powers of  
 stone

Senders of soaring peaks and fertile plains, parched deserts  
 and flowered glade

Protect our bodies and watch over us as we create a sacred  
 place

In which to worship our Lady and our Lord

Blessed Be.

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A man making his first parachute jump pulled his rip cord  
 and nothing happened. He tried his spare chute--still  
 nothing. As he was falling, he met a man coming up from the  
 ground and asked him if he knew anything about parachutes.

"No," the man gasped. "Do you know anything about lighting a  
 furnace?"

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Come Down, O Maid by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height.  
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),  
 In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?  
 But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease  
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine.  
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
 And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
 Or red with spirited purple of the vats,  
 Or foxlike in the vine, nor cares to walk  
 With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,  
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
 Nor find him dropped upon the firths of ice,  
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors.  
 But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
 To find him in the valley; let the wild  
 Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave  
 The monstrous ledges there to slope and spill  
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
 That like a broken purpose waste in air.  
 So waste not thou, but come, for all the vales  
 Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
 Arise to thee; the children call, and I,  
 Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
 And murmuring of innumerable bees. (1850)

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A man had a little puppy and he wanted to train the animal to 'speak' for his dinner. He would hold the dog's food just out of reach for a few minutes and then bark a few times before giving it to him, hoping that the puppy would associate the barking with the food, and start to 'speak' for himself.

After a couple of weeks of this, the man held the food just out of reach and waited for the puppy to start barking. The little dog failed to take the cue so the man put the dish of food in front of the dog anyway. Then came the real shock. The puppy refused to eat--until his master barked!

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From The Oaken Door

We would like to thank "Pagan X" of the Aquarian Tabernacle Church, who inspired this new series in the pages of The Vigil. While these are not exactly the materials she had in mind, they are the real pornography of the Pagan Theosophy... "inhumanities." In this first of a series, we are presenting a form of "child porno" in which children are indoctrinated, trained, and exploited in "terrorism, killing, and other atrocities." To a responsible human being, this is perhaps one of the greatest pornographies against humankind.

In this series, we are preparing to gather materials (photos, news features, dialogue, and other forms of "porno") and your comments and opinions. The end result will be published in "whole form" and entitled, "Pagan Pornography." Sales from this volume will be directed towards various humanitarian efforts and project activities which elevate the quality of life among all people, regardless of race, religion, color, or national origins.

In this series, we are soliciting contributions of material which offends the morals of our readers. The subject is yours to choose. Those things abominable, offensive or disgusting, atrocious and inhuman, which really irritate you. Anything that you consider to be real pornography will become a part of this essay.

Contact The Oaken Door, POB 31250, Omaha, NB 68132

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Mother's Day. A treasury of quotes about Mother from celebrities who have put their feelings on record:

"My mother was a saintly woman. I owe everything to her."--Lyndon B. Johnson

"My mother always seemed to me like a fairy princess: a radiant being possessed of limitless riches and power. She shone for me like the evening star. I loved her dearly."--Winston S. Churchill.

"When I was a child my mother said to me, 'If you become a soldier, you'll be a general. If you become a monk, you'll end up as the Pope.' Instead I became a painter and wound up as Picasso."--Pablo Picasso

"In spite of the squalor in which we were forced to live, she kept Sidney (a brother) and me off the streets and made us feel we were not the ordinary product of poverty but unique and distinguished."--Charlie Chaplin

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From Stan

Here is a fictional story you might enjoy (ed. note: see p. 3). In these times which we live, fiction has a habit of, all too often, becoming reality. Let us hope this is not the case this time. Of course, really good fiction always carries the seeds of truth. Not that this is such good fiction. I hope the seeds never sprout into the tree of truth. For one thing you can depend one will be a hunt for a scapegoat ala Stewart Farrar's Omega.

I'm sure you are aware there is a militant xtian group called "Killers for Christ" and there are Jewish groups also training youths in the use of automatic weapons. All is not so serene on the ecclesiastical front as it would seem. A saving grace is that the Mormons and the Zionists are at loggerheads and both have a lot of political clout. As I point out in my story, less than 50% of the people vote. This means that it only takes 26% of the vote to swing an election.

I live about seven miles from Angels Camp halfway up a mountain top, pretty much isolated. Which is the way I like it, but I don't get to meet any Witches or take part in any Craft activity.

If you were to ask me what tradition I follow I would be hard put for an answer. I try to not be influenced unduly by the Cabalistic aspect of Wicca but, of course, as the saying goes, "it ain't easy." Not that I feel it isn't valid--I'm sure it is valid. I just feel it is a different discipline, just as the Tao is a valid but different discipline.

I am inclined to the belief the Earth is a sentient being, typified by the Goddess, at the same time trying to think in terms of the Cosmos. Perhaps there are several or more Cosmos existing in a parallel time frame.

At any rate, Wicca is a working way of life, even though beliefs may differ in minor ways from one coven to the next.

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I was nearly forty before I felt how stupid it was to pretend to know things I did not know, and I still often catch myself doing so. Not one of my schoolmasters taught me this, but otherwise. --Samuel Butler

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From Neul

Greetings to all good folk and a happy Spring Equinox (now past) and Beltane to come!

Since I don't know where he is at, I would like to take this opportunity to send my belated greetings to Puck upon his return.

A note on Rowan Moonstone's Celtic bibliography contribution: Katharine Briggs' Abbey Lubbers, Banshees and Boggarts is an abridged version of her Encyclopedia of Fairies (Pantheon, 1977).

To add my own few poor listings to Rowan's and Albion's most excellent and extensive suggestions:

Laing, Lloyd. The Origins of Britain. Granada, 1979.

Laing, Jennifer and Lloyd. Celtic Britain. Granada, 1982.

The above two books comprise the first two volumes of the Britain Before the Conquest series by Granada. The first book, while not about Celts proper, covers the Megalithic issue and the Bronze to Iron Age Transition so well as to be a good introduction to the second volume.

The next three books are all given the distinction of the same title: The Celts.

Powell, T. G. E. The Celts.

Chadwick, Nora. The Celts. Penguin Books, 1970.

Herm, Gerhard. The Celts. St. Martin's Press, 1977.

The last is an odd one. The author argues that Atlantis was situated in Scandinavia, among other things.

That ends my Celtic references, but to anyone interested in herbalism, folk medicine and ethno-botany, I would recommend Medical Botany, Walter H. Lewis and Memory P. F. Elvin-Lewis (Wiley-Interscience, 1977). It is divided into three sections: "Injurious Plants," "Remedial Plants," and "Psychoactive Plants." It concentrates on biochemistry and actions while giving useful (and understandable) explanations of how and why various substances affect the bodily systems. Lots of handy tables and charts as well as a complete index

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From Neul (cont.)

make it extremely useful as a medical reference, alone or in conjunction with other more traditional herbals.

Does anyone know any details of the theft (and recovery) of the "Stone of Scone" from the Coronation Throne at Westminster?

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From Lady Mariah

When you both talk about people just dropping into your home at any time of the day or night, I'm on your side.

People in your area remember Pat and he was alone and needed people around to fill his hours and hours of being alone. Now the house has been made into a home of husband and wife. People forget that a husband and wife need privacy and they need time to get ready for visitors.

I am extending the invitation to both of you next time you are in the neighborhood, call and I will get ready for company. I am like everyone else. Somedays you may think I'm a good housekeeper and other days you may think I'm not a good housekeeper. I hope you come when my house is comfortable--in between--where you feel free to put your feet up on the coffee table (shoes removed), or sit on the floor. To me that is a home.

I do not like homes that are too clean because I get nervous that I am going to mess up something. it must go back to my childhood when my mother would say you can come in if you don't mess up the house that I just cleaned up. Now in her old age she never says that any more, but bad habits are hard to break, I am still afraid I am going to mess up the clean house.

Ed. note (jeannie): You needn't be afraid of a clean house here. It hasn't changed that much. We were expecting you to knock as you had called--and rued we had not heard you when we saw that you'd been by. Thank you! Thanks also for the invitation, but know we won't take it personally if you let us know you aren't much for company at the moment if we call at an inconvenient time. We'll just make it some nother time.

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The Witches' Qabala, Ellen Cannon Reed. Llewellyn Publications, POB 64383, Dept. 666, St. Paul, MN 55164-0383. Soft cover, 5.25" x 8", 148pp, \$7.95. Reviewed by dean

I try not to harbor preconceived notions, but something inside me said, "This has all the makin's of marshmallow fluff." Let's face it, the Qabala is no lightweight subject. It is seldom discussed over tea. And right up front, the reader is advised that this volume is for those "... who have neither interest nor background in the Qabala's Jewish origins or its Christian and Masonic interpretations" and that the reader will be able to "... use the Qabalistic system without dependence upon scholarship or facility with ancient languages...." It sounded like yet another case of well-intentioned personal fiction in the guise of authority and research; and at times, that is perhaps what the Witches' Qabala is. But it is a lot more. First, it is a really pleasant surprise. There is a much greater proportion of meaning than marshmallow conveyed in its pages. The author's prose is reassuring and warm, a fresh departure from most books on this topic. Much of what has been written heretofore on the Tree has been in language which tended to alienate if not antagonize pagan readers.

Ms. Reed takes the silver thread of the Charge of the Goddess and weaving it about the web of the Tree creates a splendid tapestry which tells of a jeweled "file cabinet to contain the universe." She draws on her personal experience as pagan, Isian High Priestess, and student of the Tree of Life to speak of the magickal or mystical Qabala which has evolved since the rise to power of Xtianity and particularly during the nineteenth century complete with "planetary attributions, the Tarot, Gods and Goddesses, jewels, animals, elements, plants and a multitude of correspondences...." The Tree is presented in its major aspects and relationships. Each name of power or sphere and their interconnections are introduced in terms of pagan mythology.

The book contains an author's recommended reading list, bibliography, and index. There are several appendices, among them a pronunciation guide and a Rite of Mending Love. The Rite is for healing dissention between two members of a circle. The ritual creatively uses both pagan and Qabalistic symbolism. The deliberate student of Hebraic mysteries will most likely not find what s/he seeks here. Remember, though, this is only book one. The Witches' Qabala should be particularly of value to solitaries and pagan groups studying without an Elder's council or to the High Priest/ess with a student whose curiosity has been roused by the Qabala.

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

This month there's good news and bad news. First, some good news. April 16th is a good day for planting green vegetables--particularly cucumbers and peppers. It is also a good day to go fishing and breeding. Wait. It's a good day for fishing and also a good day for breeding. Wait. Oh well, whatever works. Burn green candles.

The period from April 18th to April 24th may present some excellent clothing bargains. You may run into an intriguing person while shopping or travelling between April 18th and 20th.

April 21st is a good day to do house painting, plant gold or yellow flowers and yellow squash, a good day for finances. Burn gold candles.

April 23rd is good for travel, marriage, and romance. For a truly electric evening, burn blue candles and Venus incense.

April 24th. Total Eclipse of Full Moon. Alliances made under the light of this moon endure beyond time and space. Circle meditations might include reliability, patience, endurance, values, will, affection, trust--on a global scale. An excellent opportunity for a global cooperation and respect ritual, par none.

After the Full Moon, prepare to take a break. If you haven't completed most of your preparations for Beltane by April 25th, you are in for a rather frustrating week. Best to plan a fishing expedition on April 25th after planting potatoes and doing any major baking tasks for the upcoming week.

And now, for the bad news. On April 26th watch out for accidents and be careful with your money. On April 27th, 28th, and 29th there is a danger of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions south of the equator. Watch out for accidents, especially near or on water or while travelling. Burn gold candles to ward off financial reversals.

People are particularly argumentative and stubborn on April 28th and 29th. Delegate tasks before April 25th to avoid misunderstandings. On April 29th watch out for accidents--particularly near water and while baking. Are you seeing red?

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

April 30th--Beltane.

May 1st is a good day to cut timber, cut the grass, weed, and otherwise work off the adverse atmosphere of the past few days. Burn blue and green candles.

May 3rd is a good day for writing, particularly literary criticism. Finish cutting timber and hay. Burn white and green candles.

Harvest herbs on May 5th. Burn white and pink candles.

May 7th is a good day to finish up a writing project or a business transaction (particularly sales).

May 8th. New Moon. Harvest herbs. Good for housepainting and new hair styles. Burn red and yellow candles.

May 9th. Plant cucumbers, pumpkins.

May 10th. A good day for breeding, business transactions. Burn blue and red candles.

May 11th. Cheerful people attract financial gains.

May 13th. Plant above ground crops, try another hair style, good for breeding.

May 15th. A good day for travel and romance. Burn red candles. Go sunbathing. Better go sunbathing before burning red candles!

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Bennett Cerf in his The Life of the Party reprints the following from the classified ad columns of a San Antonio, Texas, paper: "Wanted, a big executive, from twenty-two to eighty. To sit with feet on his desk from ten to four-thirty, and watch other people work. Must be willing to play golf every other afternoon. Salary to start: \$500 a week. We don't have this job open, you understand. We just thought we'd like to see in print what everybody is looking for."

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At The Sound Of The Tone by A. Friend

It will be

"...impossible...to make 'em sleep on May-day morning..."<sup>1</sup>

Polydore Virgil says that the Roman youths used to go into the fields and spend the Calends [first days of] May in dancing and singing in honor of Flora, goddess of fruits and flowers. The English celebrated May-day with games and sports, particularly archery and Morris dancing and setting up of the Maypole. In due time Robin Hood and Maid Marian came to preside as Lord and Lady of the May, and by the 16th century May-day was Robin Hood's day and Robin Hood plays became an integral part of the festivities.<sup>2</sup>

To the Anglo-Saxons this season was known as 'thrimilce'<sup>2</sup> since the swollen udders of lactating beasts feeding on spring's rich, budding growth could be milked three times daily.

In Britain 'may' did not mean a month which commences at eleven degrees in Taurus until after the coming of the Romans and the Julian calendar. Until then it referred to the practice of fair ladies going a field to the woodlands to gather mosses and flowers.<sup>3</sup> It was a season and practice conducive to the adoration and picking of flowers of many

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At the Sound of the Tone (cont.) by A. Friend

sorts. It was at the first of May when Gwyn captured Arthur's Guinevere; the Mabinogion's Teirnyon Twryf Valiant found the babe Pryderi; and Nudd's son fought the son of Griedawl for Ludd's fair daughter.<sup>4</sup> The English, pre-Roman 'may' appears to derive from old words with both masculine and feminine forms which could be said to signify family youth, son or daughter. Some of its known earliest contexts, however, seem to mean woman or kinswoman and eventually maiden or virgin.<sup>5</sup>

The Hawthorn has long been nicknamed May owing to its habit of blooming in this season. Pay attention, as well, to the osier bed if withies you'll be needin.

The Roman month May appears to derive from the Latin Maia, the goddess of growth and increase.<sup>5</sup> The May of Fauna and Maia and the may of flowers, whether plant or human, blended nicely. As time came to be marked by calendars announced or written rather than from observation of the Sun directly, Beltaine slid from the vernal equinox to May-eve.<sup>4,5</sup> Indeed, Beltaine as May-day and Samhain as Halloween, its other half, are the festivals that could not be eradicated from popular celebration. The offspring of parents who would blush at the word phallus and rail at the name of any other god, let alone goddess than their own will yet dance around the May-pole. Bonfires will be lighted by joymakers who have never heard of Bilé or need-fires.

I recommend the old Germanic tradition<sup>5</sup> of adding to white wine a bit of woodruff. Let the wine and herb mingle 'til

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At the Sound of the Tone (cont.) by A. Friend

that joyous eve and then, with a friend, delight in a merry  
May wine.

1 Henry VIII; Shakespeare; act 5, scene 4, lines 12-15.

2 Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable; Evans, Ivor H.,  
editor; Harper & Row; New York. p 722.

3 Morte d'Arthur; Mallory; XIX, i, 773.

4 Celtic Myth and Legend; Squire, Charles; Newcastle;  
Hollywood. pp 407, 41 & 65.

5 Oxford English Dictionary; pp m255, b793.

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The entire length of the brook that flows through our acreage is strewn with obstacles to the stream's peace. Big rocks and little rapids make the brook falter, hesitate, stumble, and sprawl. The smooth flow of the stream is thwarted by decaying logs and baffled by fallen limbs. The brook is plagued by fretful frustrations and failures, suffering from back eddies and contrary cross currents, its flow interrupted by rock-strewn waterfalls. But the stream has its main direction. It is moving toward its destination, and it will stand for no nonsense from back eddies, cross currents, and cataracts. They can exist but they cannot control. They can get in the way, but they cannot stay in the way. They can raise a ripple or a protecting wave, but they cannot succeed in rebellion against the brook's determined course. Along the way a stream is certain to be encumbered, interrupted, delayed, and it will suffer momentary failures. But even when a stream fails, it fails forward. Even when the water falls, it falls toward its goal. --Harold E. Kohn

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String, Thread and A Yarn by Old Woman

When you travel in the mist, of One called Love seek a friendly kiss. Look, there is laughter in and through those eyes. Listen to Her telling song, you might even hum along. Feel the rhythm and deep warmth. Join Her dance, add to your charm. Taste the sweetness of Her juice. Drink lingeringly and satisfy the need for knowledge with a nectar of the Ancient Ones. Breathe deeply the bridge intellect travels on its passage destined for the waters of the mind. Glory seeds, devours and yields for Love. Love is ambrosia for the soul, food of the Gods. Partake and savor from the table of our Parents; to appreciate one must choose and experience for even in One there are endless choices, sugar and/or spice-- how nice. Remember next you pass through a veil; But truly never a stranger tell, These windings of the Old Woman.

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From B D

As a future "Yuppie," I feel that I must reply to the article from Blacksun in the February GNL. I am an up and coming professional, and I look forward to the challenges of my career and the advantages it will bring. I have found however, that it is a disadvantage to mention such things in pagan circles. It would seem that persons such as myself are not to be trusted in the eyes of most pagans. Yet at the pagan gatherings I have been at in the midwest, there were people who were in drugs to the point that they could not follow a conversation, people who walked around in leather chaps, chains, and not much else, people who had decided to drop out of society completely, and people who are grossly overweight parading around with nothing on (I have no hang ups about nudity, but massive sunburn is another matter). And all these people are gladly accepted by the pagan community. What they do is their thing, and you feel that it is not your right to say nay. But it would seem different for those of us like myself. I and my friends have found that all too often, the promoters of an event will gladly accept our money which includes a subscription to their zine, and lo, we will not hear from them again 'til next year when they write us to ask if we will pay in advance, so they will have front money!!

So what is wrong with us? The "holy water" I use as a druid is very alcoholic, and is made at home with love under the full knowledge of the local government. While distilling is

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From BD (cont.)

illegal, they gave us a religious exemption because we presented our case to them in a respectable fashion. I don't drink Perrier, but consider that it is water bottled straight from a spring, rather than processed, as is tap water. Designer robes? Sounds like it beats pointed hats or freezing in winter and getting sunburn in summer. Then again, nice robes allow one to a great many more sites for ceremonies because they add respectability. People are more likely to accept your religion if you are successful, or at least look the part. As for your "rambo athames," both as a Yuppie and as a member of the U.S. Army National Guard (I run the surgery unit of a field hospital, in case you wonder...), I question the patriotism of some one who makes millions making movies about a war he did not fight in, because he was busy making sleezy films. Mr. Stalone knows no more about Vietnam or the military than he does about Paganism. And he doesn't care.

Many people have strived to win some respectability for the Pagan faiths, and one of the signs that it is coming about is when you get respectable people in your midst. But let me tell you something that you should remember. People listen to successful people. They want to be like them, to not appear to be more ignorant. The word of a successful person is worth four times that of someone else. All of the detractors of the Pagan faiths are successful, they drive big cars, and have lots of money and appear on prime time TV. We can do much to help your religion, if....

As for your comments about spiked hair and paper clips, that too, is their thing, and who are we to tell them that we are better?

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A motorist had the ill fortune to become bogged down in a muddy road and finally had to pay a passing farmer \$20 to pull him out of the mire with his tractor. When he was back on dry ground, the motorist said to the farmer, "Mister, at those prices I would think you would be pulling people out of that mud hole night and day."

"Nope. Can't," replied the farmer. "At night I haul water for the hole."

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Herb Cabbage from Gee+Hah

Cut cabbage into wedges or slices to fit the baking dish.  
 Wash cabbage and drain.  
 For medium cabbage, squeeze juice of one lemon over cabbage.  
 Arranged in dish.  
 For medium cabbage sprinkle one tablespoon sweet Basil leaves  
 and dehydrated sweet pepper flakes (or fresh if available and  
 ya wantta cuttum up).  
 For medium cabbage sprinkle 1/2 teaspoon white pepper.  
 Dot with butter (I use a heavy hand on this dot...mmmmmmmm).  
 Cover with a lid or foil and bake at 325 until it's as done  
 as ya like it.  
 (If ya like ya cabbage real soft add more lemon juice or  
 water before covering or save yaself some time, don't  
 drain it sa good or sa long).  
 Use a heavy baking or casserole dish fa this un, them thin  
 metal uns sumtimes they'll scorch the bottom (Yuk, I hate  
 to clean that stuff off one that's scorched, don't ya  
 know.)

Well, ya'll hear frum me agin when the Creativity  
 Strikes Again!!!

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Most people know the value of a grandmother, but I doubt  
 anyone has put it into words like a little girl I met  
 recently, who lives in an institution and sees foster  
 grandparents. Her description speaks for itself:  
 "A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own, so  
 she likes other people's little girls. A grandfather is a  
 man grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys, and they  
 talk about fishing and tractors and like that. Grandmas  
 don't have to do anything except be there. They're old, so  
 they shouldn't play hard or run. It is enough if they drive  
 us to the market where the pretend horse is, and have lots of  
 dimes ready. Or if they can take us for walks, they should  
 slow down past things like pretty leaves or caterpillars.  
 They should never, ever say, "Hurry up." Usually they are  
 fat, but not too fat to tie kids' shoes. They wear glasses  
 and funny underwear. They can take their teeth and gums off.  
 It is better if they don't typewrite, or play cards except  
 with us. They don't have to be smart, only answer questions  
 like why dogs hate cats. They don't talk baby talk like  
 others do, because it is hard to understand. When they read  
 to us, they don't skip, or mind if it is the same story  
 again. Everybody should try to have one, because grandmas  
 are the only grownups who have got time."

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From Catherine and Kent of COTOR

It seems an age since we wrote, but we have not gone "walk about," as we say down here, when friends go missing for a time, just been our usual busy selves.

Last week we were rushing to complete some talks on Craft, which were used on Feminist radio programmes over here, from what we hear, the information was well received. Then had a deadline for an article on the Healing Factors of Aromatherpy. As most of you know we tutor a diploma course in this alternative healing method, and so we often are asked to give a talk or offer an article on the subject. These things pop up while we are still writing several books, the first to be finished will be the Kitchen Witch, Down Under. From the latter, we send you all a preview of some delights we will be publishing, the recipes we enclose are tried and true Coven favourites, so we hope you all cook up a storm, and enjoy a sample of Oz cookery.

Our weather here is great, real Indian summer, but I guess when we get some rain, the first winds of winter will arrive with it. We held Autumn Equinox last weekend, and it had to be an indoor Rite, I can assure you, it did not feel like Fall, we almost melted! Next month we have two elevations to second Rite, time seems to go so fast, seems like yesterday we were preparing for their Initiation.

There was a big series on Craft in West Oz last week on TV, one of the Covens were trying to explain our beliefs in the face of some derogatory publicity about "cults" and their dangers in Oz. I think they got the message across, at least they made it clear that Craft does not require folk to hand over their money and possessions and leave home and family, which the articles had implied. They also made the point that one cannot become an initiate by mail order, e.g. initiations have to be performed in person, not by letter. Study and learning by mail is fine, and for so many, the only way to learn and have the first knowledge and contact with Wicca, but too often we hear of some sort of initiation diploma, being issued through the mail. We ourselves have had a number of letters and calls from people in Oz telling us they have been initiated by a group in New Bern USA, and asking to attend Coven meetings. The group they always refer to is conducted by the Frosts. Unfortunately, these people get pretty mad with us when we have to explain that to us, and any reputable Coven in this country, their piece of paper is not worth the paper it is printed upon. The only

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From Catherine and Kent (cont.)

initiations we recognise are those done personally by a known Coven of any reputable tradition, and as that covers so much, we feel it gives lots of scope. Well now, to our promised recipes. The first is PUMKIN SCONES. These are a great Oz favourite, and our recipe is the same as that of Lady Florence Bjelke Petersen, the wife of the Queensland Premier.

SET OVEN TO 240C. Take 1 and 1/2 breakfast cups of mashed pumkin, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 Tablespoon butter, 1/2 cup caster sugar, beat these for 5 minutes on electric mixer or by hand until smooth and creamy. Add three cups of pre-sifted self-rising flour, and mix with spoon until reasonably firm, flour hands well, and put mixture on well floured board, press to desired height, about 1 inch, then cut into rounds. The mix is a bit sticky, unlike ordinary scones. Place cut rounds on floured oven tray, bake 20 minutes. When removed from oven, have ready a damp tea towel, and wrap scones in this for 10 minutes, then serve with butter, or add jelly if you like it that way.

In Oz we serve for morning and afternoon tea, or with meals in place of bread.

## MIMOSA SALAD

1 small lettuce, 4 sticks of celery, stringed and chopped, 1 large tomato, 2 hard boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon cream, 1/4 cup french dressing. Shred washed lettuce, cut tomatoes into 1/4's, remove seeds, slice thinly. Push egg yolks through sieve, cut white parts into slices. Drain chopped prepared celery, combine all ingredients, except sieved yolks of eggs. These are sprinkled over the top of salad, after all else is well tossed and serve stat.

## VEGETARIAN MOUSAKA

This will happily settle the hunger of about six Witches. We serve with Scones and salad. You will need to prepare about 4 hours in advance. First soak for 4 hours, the following: 1 tablespoon chick peas, black eyed beans, lima beans, red kidney beans (you can swap bean varieties if you choose). Further ingredients: 1 small eggplant, 1 medium white onion, 2 cloves chopped garlic, 1 can pulped tomatoes, or equivalent fresh, 1/2 cup chopped parsley, 1 heaped cup chopped mushrooms, 1/2 cup fine chopped green capsicum, (bell pepper), Salt and pepper to your taste. SAUCE NEEDS....1 oz butter, 1 1/2 cups milk, salt/pepper, 1 cup grated cheddar cheese, 2 beaten egg yolks, corn flour to thicken.

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From Catherine and Kent (cont.)

TO MAKE:

Drain and place beans in pot, add salt, cover with water, cook until "al dente." While beans are cooking, slice eggplant, sprinkle each slice with salt, score lightly with fork, cover with plate and leave until required later in preparation. Chop parsley, prepare a large casserole dish, grease well with butter. Fry chopped onions and garlic in butter until golden brown. Remove from pan, add a little oil if needed and fry your capsicum until just soft, remove and keep aside. Rinse and dry prepared eggplant, then fry until golden brown on both sides.

Place cooked bean mixture in casserole, add onion/garlic mix, capsicum and mushrooms, stir lightly to combine, cover with tomato pulp mix, now cover top with eggplant slices.

SAUCE....melt butter with milk, cheese, seasonings, when all melted, add beaten egg yolks, thicken to pouring consistency, then pour over prepared casserole, sprinkle well with parmesan cheese and parsley, Bake approximately 40 minutes.

Hope you all like our OZ Wiccan recipes, and now must go. Happy Oestre (belated). Until next writing, Merry Part, Blessed Be.

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Ben Holden sez: Do you have a motto or two hanging on the wall at your house? We have several. This is a changing world, so I guess the mottos have gone out with the old leather easy chair and the rocker. It seems to me that most things nowadays are built for style rather than for real comfort and pleasure. Oh, I'm not denying that these new changes aren't smart; and maybe, even comfortable after a fashion. It's going to take a good long time to get used to them. Maybe it's a sign of old age, wanting a little comfort instead of so much style.

It's been there for years. Every time I read it, it sets me to thinking. I don't know why I don't read it more often because it sure does me good.

"Surrounded by those who constantly exhibit defects of character and conduct, if we yield to a complaining and impatient spirit, we mar our peace without the satisfaction of benefiting others."

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From Thor

Our Lady has once again brought forth from her bosom the beauty of rebirth; and to paraphrase from the Eostar Ritual in The Spiral Dance, "The Prince of the Sun stretches out his hand, and Kore, the Dark Maiden, returns from the land of the dead, cloaked in the fresh rain, with the sweet scent of desire on her breath."

As many who have read my writings in the past will probably note with surprise, Thor is not wildly swinging his hammer this time. Those who know Thor well, however, (my namesake, that is) will understand--for Thor has many guises, only one of which being to make thunder. His other "sides" are very different; and so it is, for all these reasons, that I have chosen his as my Craft name.

Springtime has bloomed beautifully here in Connecticut. As I sit writing and looking out to the woods behind my house, birds are singing, the air is warmed by the Sun God having been called back once again (Yule Ritual), buds have appeared almost overnight on the trees and shrubs and I see a pair of squirrels merrily frolicking on the grass. What a blessing our Lady has bestowed upon us--this life--constantly renewed--and made so much more so by our relationship with her.

My Coven has, last week, celebrated the Eostar Ritual for the Equinox. A beautiful Rite, held in a very secluded and wooded area on the shore of a large lake. The fire of pine boughs was set ablaze and kept burning throughout the celebration. As the time came for us to be ritually bound, and we, one by one, were stepping to the fire to break the bindings, the most beautiful large swan came gliding across the water and came to a landing very near to us. A hush fell upon all of us, for it was as though our Lady had appeared to our Circle, and, after all, hadn't She?

We are now making plans for Beltane, hoping that the weather is as lovely as it was for the Equinox. We have tentatively chosen another beautiful spot--where the maypole will be erected and where we can have the fire leap. Of course, by the time you are all reading this, Beltane will be past and plans will be in train for Litha. However, in my next writing (I'm beginning to like this more and more) I shall share with you the joy and love which was experienced in our Ritual for May eve; also, what we shall be looking forward to at the Solstice.

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From Thor (cont.)

Massachusetts, our sister New England state, shall over the long Memorial Day weekend see the regional gathering of COG (Covenant of the Goddess) of which my Coven is a member and which many of us are making plans to attend. While I wasn't at the past gathering(s), my understanding is that they were well worth going to.

Spring also means the gathering of our clans in many other areas, and at Circle Sanctuary in Wisconsin, during the Pagan Spirit Gathering in June, I have been given to understand that Selena Fox will be Handfasted to Dennis. This ceremony in itself will have special meaning to the many of us who know how much Selena has contributed to our Pagan Community as a whole... and Wicca in particular. I, for one, hope that I shall also be able to count myself as one of the participants at the gathering.

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From The Doctor

Have you ever wondered how to entertain yourselves on those long summer evenings? When you've husked your last ear, quilted your last bee, and even "Bowling for Maggots" has lost its allure? Well, I'm here to tell you about the hottest thing to hit the market since Rome fell to the Visigoths. It's called "The Falwell Game," and here's how to play:

Basically, the Falwell Game consists of an attempt by players to soak off as much of Jerry Falwell's ill-gotten millions as possible. Level I play consists of simply calling 1-800-446-5000 and hanging up. (That's 1-800-446-5000, toll free!) Ol' Jer's only got 50 phones at his Liberty Baptist Church set-up, and you can see how this could hog-tie the whole operation. One fellow even programmed his personal computer to dial the number automatically every 30 seconds, which it did 500,000 times before the phone company made him stop. And at about a dollar a pop (his cost), it adds up!

Level II players call up and ask for information on how to become a faith partner to be mailed to themselves, their friends, or even total strangers! It costs him about twelve dollars a year to keep each person on his mailing list, and you can use the resulting junk mail to feed your fireplaces, thus lowering utility bills and helping to make America more energy self-sufficient. How's that for patriotism?

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From The Doctor (cont.)

Level III players, the real heavies, call up and pledge to become a faith partner with the actual intent of not forking over the ten dollars a month dues. In return for each pledge, a player receives a free Bible in the mail. The whole outfit could be bankrupted by Fall. Battallions of new players can be recruited by the simple device of putting the toll-free number on stickers promising a "sexy" voice on the other end, especially when placed in bars, bus stations and public restrooms.

This game is free, it's legal and it's fun. Best of all, these rules are not copyrighted under federal laws, so you can do anything you want with them. Who knows how many copies and rewrites of the Falwell Game have been circulated already? Some players have copied the Game over 100 times and sent copies to all their friends who might want a free Bible, too, or who maybe just want to give ol' Jer a bit of his own back.

Any takers out there?

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The Good News (AP)

A woman who claimed a CAT scan she received at a hospital in 1976 made her unable to use her psychic powers has been awarded \$988,000 by a jury.

The eight-member Common Pleas Court jury deliberated about 45 minutes before awarding Judith Richardson Haines \$600,000 plus \$388,000 in interest on her malpractice claim against Temple University Hospital. Haines, 42, contended an allergic reaction to a dye injected during the exam gave her severe, recurring headaches that forced her to give up her practice in New Castle, Delaware, two months later.

Before the test, she said, she was able to read auras, conduct seances, observe the past and the future and help police solve crimes.

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A small town is a place where everyone knows whose check is good and whose husband isn't.

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Endnotes compiled by jeannie

Books

The Crone's Book of Words, Valerie Worth, Llewellyn Publications (PO Box 64383, St. Paul, MN, 55164), \$6.95, 155 pp, some illustrations. A 1986 reprint of a 1971 classic. Poetry and spells combined with some delightful results such as "To Enchant an Apple," "To Favor a Marriage," "To Spin Thread into Words." "Before Flight" is recommended for the airliner-wary; there is even a one-page lesson in reading tea leaves.

The New Book of the Law, compiled by Lady Galadriel of The Grove of the Unicorn, available for a legal size SASE. Contributions towards publishing costs appreciated. 15 pp, some illustrations. Write POB 13384, Atlanta, GA 30324.

Two new books sent in by Tarostar, but he didn't say whether it was okay to review them or if they were for circulation. Maybe he'll send us more information for the next issue.

Sophia: Cosmic Consciousness of the Goddess, Olivia Robertson, Cesara Publications (Clonegal Castle, Enniscorthy, Eire), cost: 3 pounds, 64 pp. Rituals for the "mystical awakening of the zodiac deities."

Contacts

Thorken  
Box P  
Carmel, CA 93921

Michael Curtis  
16508 Dillon AV  
Visalia, CA 93277

Periodicals

Parlez-vous francais? Le Petit Philosophe de la nature is a French publication. Contacts, essays, artwork, happenings, planetary positions, "alchemy." Contact Jean Dubuis, Impression LPN, BP18-45331, Malesherbes Cedex, France. My limited French precludes an in-depth review. Any French scholars out there?

(cont. next page)

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Endnotes (cont.)

Children of the Earth exists to provide a forum for Pagan families to share the joys and hassles of raising (or being) Pagan children. "We hope you will all send articles, and write letters to share questions, ideas, problems, experiences, stories, and whatever. In short, participate. This newsletter is whatever you make it.... COTE does not have a regular printing schedule. When you send enough stuff to do an issue, I'll do it. Send articles and stuff: if we're too long between issues, it might just be your story I'm waiting for. Subscriptions are \$5 for 4 issues that you aren't printed in; if something of yours is printed, your subscription is extended. Write: POB 417, Keyser, WV 26726.

"Of A Like Mind is a saying used by occult practitioners. It denotes that a group of individuals have enough in common to be able to work together on directing energy for magic. It also implies that there is that special spark which will make the work successful. Of A Like Mind is a wimmin's spiritual network dedicated to bringing together wimmin following a positive path to spiritual growth. Its focus is on Goddess religions, wimmin's mysteries, paganism, and our earth connections from a wimmin-centered perspective. Write with SASE for membership information. OALM is published four times a year at the cross quarters: Hallows, Candlemas, Beltane, and Lammass. OALM is a paper by and for wimmin. Ideally, we would like for only wimmin to have access to it. But, because the system we live in is currently controlled by men, we felt it was necessary to decide which was most important: to reach the greatest number of wimmin or to reach only wimmin. Our feelings resulted in our distribution policy. We are willing to use the system in order to reach the greatest number of wimmin." OALM, c/o RCG, Box 6021, Madison, WI 53716.

The March/April 1986 issue of The Mother Earth News has a couple of notes that may be of interest. On page 31, an article about Karen Smiley introduces work gloves designed for women in small, medium, and large at \$12.95 unlined or \$16.95 lined with Thinsulate. She also sells t-shirts-- "Strong Women Building a Gentle World" (price not listed). Include \$2 shipping. Write: Womanswork, RD539K, S. Berwick, ME 03908. For those who are planning gardens, pp. 108-109 have a seed catalog guide including seed exchanges and specialty seed companies.

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Endnotes (cont.)

Golden Isis announces the Poem of the Year Contest. Winning poet receives \$200 plus a free one-year subscription to Golden Isis and publication of the winning poem. The Poem of the Year Contest is held annually. Deadline is December 1st. Entry fees: 1-2 poems/\$1.00; 3-5 poems/\$2.00. Rules for entry: Only one poem per page. Name and address on upper left hand corner of page. Poems must be no longer than 45 lines, typed and double-spaced. Mail entries to Golden Isis, Poem of the Year Contest, Box 9116, Downers Grove, IL 60515. Poems will be judged on originality and sound.

Pagan/Occult/Witchcraft Special Interest Group of MENSA is an international network of persons interested in Nature spirituality, magic, and esoteric lore. It, and its affiliated local groups, sponsor activities as well as publishing a newsletter, Pagana, available to its members only. Non-Mensans are welcome as associate (non-voting) members. Pagana is \$12 for 6 issues, \$2 sample. POW-SIG, POB 9494, San Jose, CA 95157.

Other

The Institute of Human Development (POB 1616, Ojai, CA 93023) offers a new age approach to self-development through cassette tapes, music, books. No charge indicated for the catalog.

Occult Practitioner's Catalog, Tarostar, 125 N. Bruce ST, Las Vegas, NV 89101. \$2, refundable.

Happenings

The Goddess of Old Europe, a lecture by Marija Gimbutas, Saturday, April 12, Pierce College Community Center, Woodland Hills, CA. Donation: \$10. 6:00 p.m. Potluck dinner afterwards--please bring a dish.

Institute for Social Ecology (POB 384, Rochester, VT 05767) is presenting their 1986 Summer Semester in Social Ecology. "Ecology and Community" from June 21-July 19; "Building Sustainable Communities" August 4-16; "Advanced Seminar Program in Social Ecology," July 21-August 2; "M.A. Program in Social Ecology," June '86-August '87. Write for info, college credit available.

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Endnotes (cont.)

Pagan Community Networking Picnics. San Francisco: June 7, noon; Milpitas: July 12, noon. Send a SASE to Pagana, attn: Picnics, POB 9494, San Jose, CA 95157, for more info.

The Covenant of the Goddess (COG) MerryMeet Festival is scheduled for August 29 through September 1, 1986, near Kalamazoo, MI. The festival is the national gathering of COG covens and other Pagans to celebrate our harmony and our diversity. The program for the festival is now in the planning stages and we need workshops, rituals and special events. If you want to be sure of getting the festival brochure, drop a note to the festival publicity committee, c/o Our Lady of the Woods, POB 176, Blue Mounds, WI 53517.

There will be an outing to the Happy Hallow Petting Zoo on April 27 (Sunday) for Pagan Parents of Toddlers and their toddlers. RSVP, Valerie and Zephyr at Pagana's machine at 263-5283 or POB 9494, San Jose, CA 95157.

That's all for this month, folks.

Blessed Be,

dean, jeannie and The Georgians

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Endnotes (cont.)

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