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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.

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The winner of this year's Pagan Studies Contest is Tarostar. Congratulations! The winning entry begins on page 28.

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Bakersfield--My, have we been busy! My father crossed over in mid-May and I was away for two weeks and came back to find not one, not two, not three, but five new students! We are very happy to have all of them with us. Elizabeth and dean conducted the Pagan Way Solstice and we all had a great time. dean and I did the Georgian Solstice ritual and we had a great time there, too. Elizabeth and Delana canned plum jam from the plums out back and we had lots of good help to prepare for the Solstice and get out last month's newsletter.

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Theban Alphabet Revisited, Part 2 by Rik

Ed. note, jeannie: This is the chart and paragraph omitted at the bottom of page 2 in last month's newsletter.

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| η | η _{TH} | μ _P | | ϙ _H | μ _F | ρ _V | | 1 | | | | |
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When you follow this chart, you may find a number of discrepancies with your own experiences. First, when you chart every known form for each letter you come up with the following variations:

Ed note (jeannie): The variations mentioned above begin on page 3 of last month's newsletter. My apologies to Rik!

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Many a nobody who isn't known by anybody becomes a somebody and is known by everybody and everybody tells him they knew him when he was nobody and they knew he would be somebody someday.

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Winds of Mariah

I have so much to say and I do not know how to keep it short, so I will leave it to the editors to shorten it if they wish.

I thought that we would hear how others felt about the prisoners letter; I stated mine very plainly. But all we heard was a few people's opinion about what I wrote.

I reacted the same way to another witch locked away from others.

Years ago, my own brother was out partying and he was causing problems around himself. Needless to say, he was put in jail.

He called me knowing I have the money to bail him out, but I told him I would not bail him out. I told him to make himself useful the best way he could think of. Then I got the word that others in Bakersfield were putting their money together to help him. I called each one and told them to leave him there and do nothing to help him. He has to learn to stand on his own first. Then he would be a better person to stand next to in this world. I felt bad because everyone said to me, "How can you do this to your own brother? That is such a bad place." It was not easy. I felt bad and lost a lot of sleep, hearing their words over and over in my mind. I felt I had to do it, knowing it was going to be the best thing for him in the long run.

When he got out, he tried to get me to feel sorry for him. He told me how many bricks were in that cell. I told him, "Good. Remember the number of bricks it took to keep you there." He began to see why he must learn to stand on his own. His own actions will be how the world of people will treat him. He has not been back to the room of bricks.

I still will not give aid to a stranger prisoner saying he is good and the world is against him. But let's start over. Introduce yourself to the world of witches. I would like to read more from him in the newsletter. I would like to know what kind of life did he have. Did he ever fall in love? If so, what happened? Does he have any children? His age. What crime did he commit? How many years did he get? Write and tell us anything on your mind. It will help you and we will learn from you. This way, you can be a great help to the world of witches. You can start slow if you wish, but

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Winds of Mariah (cont.)

please write. You can start with by telling me to kiss off--whatever you wish.

Spare us on words to get pity on you--just straight facts. If you say you had a sad childhood and that is what started you along the way of crime, I will not buy that. My husband's childhood is very sad indeed but he went on to become a success in the life he made.

I made that shocking statement to slow down witches' actions. I knew some of you would try to rip my head off for writing in such harsh words. Think of it this way--does not a mother scream harsh frightening words to her child she sees walking in front of a fast moving car? Why? To get the child's attention over everything else in the child's mind. I would rather have you direct your rage at me than to give your addresses and names to the list of names that was given in the newsletter by the prisoner. Once they have a list of witches' addresses and names they can give them to anyone they wish to. Everything I say and do is for the world of witches. If I didn't stand for something, I would not stand for nothing.

The slang word "slimebag" means someone putting slime/slippery substance/sweet words on a bag/situation to get you to be caught inside their bag/situation. Nothing more and nothing less.

In the March issue of the GNL, "From Spirit Within News," p. 17, it was stated, "They have backed us into a corner so to speak on the issue of allowing a High Priestess into our meetings, forcing us to file suit in the courts." That is what upset me. Did no one notice what they were saying with sweet words? Can you see what can happen? First, the prison allows a High Priestess in his cell or somewhere else, then if they choose they will do the grand rite, in his religion's name, of course. I am not saying they are planning to do this, but who knows what is in the man's mind but himself? Then he will go back into court saying it is his religion to do this if he chooses.

I will not get behind such an action. We need upstanding citizens, people that have contributed to humanity in some way to represent the world of witches in the newspapers for the world to see. Why is it that people that have not been a success in their own right are the ones that seem to get in

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Winds of Mariah (cont.)

the papers or news on TV? It seems that it gives them a sense of importance.

I'm sure that if Grove of the Unicorn appeared as dropouts in the world they would not have been as successful as they were in their court case (it was good for all witches in the world). They went and made their point, but if they were losers and looked like a bunch of bums, the courts and others would have treated them differently.

If the prisoner really wanted to help the world of witches, he would serve his time in peace. Read and get his own quiet space within himself and grow within himself. Then when he gets out he can be a better help to the world of witches. There are a lot of solitary men/women that worship without a High Priestess/Priest. The prisoners are no different.

When I made the statement that witches "must learn to stand alone," I meant stand one witch out for the world to see, to be an example of what a witch looks like and how one acts. Ask yourself, what do I look like in the eyes of the world? Do you look like a dropout, loser, non-achiever, crazed freaked-out person? Or do you set a good example, respectable, honest, someone others look up to and want to become just like?

I have been everyone's favorite writer to debate with, so what have I got to lose now that I'm batting one hundred?

I have seen and heard a lot of witches going to and giving circle after circle for any reason they can think up to fulfill empty hours and days. Why not put all that time and energy into something to help the world in some way? Look for something to help the world and do it to help set a good example for others to see. Just saying we are for "love and peace and we love all the animals, rivers, etc." is just lost words. All thoughts demand action, so where's all the action?

What did you do last year? Did it matter that you were on this planet? Or did you just breathe the valuable air and eat the valuable food? And not give back to the planet that keeps you alive (Mother Earth and her children)?

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Winds of Mariah (cont.)

I think it's time we all start thinking positive and doing positive actions. We have come a long way, we must keep going forward--the path we are on is a long path.

Ask yourself, what did Pat leave to the planet and its children? The newsletter and us writing and talking. He then passed it on to the people that he thought would stand up to other pagans that would want their own selfish way.

One day, just before he left us, he was talking about dean and Lady Fauna. He smiled and said, "They have better morals than myself. I wanted to pass it up, not across or down." Yes, it mattered that Pat lived.

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The Preacher and the Seven Eleven by Tarostar

One would think a convenience store and activity in such places would be very mundane and have nothing to do with a person's religious affiliation whatsoever. At least, that is my understanding of normal business activity. I could be wrong.

In the past few months at the Seven Eleven in my neighborhood, a man has been working as a clerk there who insists on wearing a Roman priest's collar under his work smock while on duty. He drives a van painted with crosses and bible verse numbers all over it. A real nut, you would say, no?

I have been a customer there for several years as it is close to my shop and convenient for buying quick odds and ends. Therefore, as the local occult shop proprietor, I am known around the area. I do wear a silver pentagram, but unobtrusively. It can still on occasion be seen.

This clerk began working there wearing that ecclesiastical garb and giving bible quotes to every purchase he rang up on the register. Now, I ask you, before morning coffee? Who needs it?

I am not the type one would want to challenge in a debate on theology, but I will not discuss those subjects with that kind of a nut. I would just smile and step out after my

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The Preacher and The Seven Eleven (cont.) by Tarostar

purchase. One must leave those children to their own illusions.

Later, one informs the owner that is a good customer. One does not appreciate religion thrown at one over the counter at Seven Eleven. Right?

The next day, when I went for my morning paper, etc., the Preach begins flailing his arms in the air, shrieking, "My power is better than your power." Then he refused to accept my money, as if it were tainted.

Well, I'm not going to let that go by.

His boss came down hard saying he had better treat all customers with equal respect. They put him on the graveyard shift, midnight to morning.

He loved it! The pimps, hookers, dopeys and midnight rambler in the neighborhood, however, did not. They were getting the benefit of his ministry to the "unenlightened."

Late one a.m., a spaced-out freak went into the store and began throwing the groceries all over the floor. The Preach came running out from behind the counter and tried to stop him by jumping on him. Wrong thing to do! The freak smashed him head first into the coffee machine and broke his arm in several places. After he came back to work, on the day shift, he began to stare at me as if I were Original Sin Incarnate.

When I come in, he ducks away and asks the other clerk to wait on me. Fine with me! He is just validating my own position, that his religion is phoney. I do not take issue with Xtian beliefs or doctrines. They do not enter into the question at all.

For some reason, ever since I was a child, hypocrites cannot abide my presence. I love it that way.

p.s. Look for The Witch's Spellcraft by Tarostar, International Imports, to be soon available on the market. The publisher informs me it has just gone to print.

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From Stan

Here is another something for the newsletter. I hope the readers like it. It is, of course, a take off from Hiawatha which in turn was a take off from an old Finnish epic, Kalevala. When you read the complete poem, "Hiawatha", it is amazing the knowledge Longfellow had of Indian witchcraft and the similarity to Wicca. Whether the Indians developed it independently or were taught by some early settler witches I don't know. The poem was written in 1855 and deserves a much better place in literature than usually accorded to it.

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Upward Spiral by Stan

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these tales of woe and wonder? I should answer, I should tell you, from the echos of the earth. I heard them from the Goddess Ga ya ee ah came these tales of might and splendor.

Through the passing of the eons lived the Goddess Ga ya ee ah, her robes unfurled in love and splendor. Created first the earth, the terra, dotted it with lakes and meadows. Made the seas for fish to swim in, made the oaks, the forest primeval, made the prairies rich and verdant, filled them with the kine of nature, filled them with the ferns and flowers. Tall and waving grew the grasses on the bosom of the prairie.

Made the mountains tall and stately, crowned their heads with snow in winter, fed the streams below in summer.

Then the Goddess Ga ya ee ah made the rainbow in the heavens, made the iris in the opal, made the pearl with all its shimmer, she adorned the earth with beauty.

Made she then a man and woman that they might enjoy the beauty of the rainbow and the opal, that they might share love and wonder with the creatures of the forest.

Then the Goddess Ga ya ee ya taught the woman all the secrets of the plants and herbs for healing, of the grains and fruits for eating, that they might live in peace and plenty, live in love and peace and plenty.

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Upward Spiral (cont.) by Stan

Then from far across the heavens, blew the breath of Jup it Peter, he the oldest and wisest of the patriarchs of heaven. Sent them blessings, sent them wisdom, taught them all the lore of heaven, did the mighty Jup it Peter.

Still another in the heavens, across that broad expanse between them, sent his message, fraught with warnings of the justice of the heavens, gave to them the lore of Cronus, offspring of the mighty Titans.

Yet another, in that circle that makes up the band of heaven, sent a missive hurtling earthward, with the speed of thought he sent it. From the trickster of the heavens came the gift of sly Mercurous with not wisdom was his message, but a boon of knack with numbers, from this speedster of the orbits.

Then the mighty Mars was heard from, filled the air with thoughts of courage, sounds of combat, strife and turmoil, 'til the heart of Ga ya ee ya cried, "Enough the gifts not needed," but by now the man and woman knew the secrets of the heavens, knew the time to plant and harvest, by the moon these things were taught them.

Then the mother Ga ya ee ya, showed them deep beneath the surface, deep beneath the earth she showed them, covered with the dust of age's mighty temples, mighty statues of a race no longer with them. Of a race that would not listen to the warnings of Saturnus, would not live in peace and plenty that the Goddess Ga ya ee ya had once before provided. Showed them rocks that bore strange writings, told of glories long departed of a war-like people who heeded not the counsel of the mother earth who bore them.

Then she made a pair of glasses from the crystals of the earth. She made them that he might have magic vision, read the stories in the temples, carved in rock inside the temples.

The Human learned the story of a race that came before him, of a race that would not listen to the warnings of Saturnus. Learned how they had enslaved each other, how they butchered all the creatures killed for fun and spread the poisons of their waste throughout creation.

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Upward Spiral (cont.) by Stan

Read how the wheel of life still turning, always upward, always spiral, brought another foe before them, brought a deadly foe before them.

Read the story of a demon, called by them Je ho va he, demon of the fierce volcanos, demon of the desert wastelands filled men's hearts with war and hatred, singled out a chosen people. Singled out a chosen people, so t'was written in the runics, promised them the earth's dominion. Then they stole the forbidden secret, stole the secret of the atom, stole the secret of creation. Mighty now rang their war, cried from a nation drunk with power. No one dare now to pay obseiance to the Goddess of creation nor to read the signs of planets, to revere the blessed mother. Drunk with power was the priesthood, gone insane the rabid priesthood, claiming all the earth's dominions.

Then the goddess Ga ya ee ya, saw with dismay the awesome power, read the hearts of those in power, thought about her other children, knew what she must do to stop them.

Expel the demon, Je ho vah he from the fiery volcanic mountains, from the wastelands of the desert.

But the demon Je ho vah he challenged the mighty mother, caused the earth to fill with lava, caused the earth to shake and tremble, caused the earth to fill with ashes, blotted out the goddess Luna, caused the sun to pale to nothing, brought about an arctic winter, nothing lived and nothing grew there.

But with the passing of the priesthood, no one left to sing the praises of the demon, Je ho vah he, he began to fade and wither for t'was thought alone that fed him, he became a dimming shadow, finally passing from existence and the goddess Ga ya ee ya once again brought forth the essence of the beauty of her being.

Now the goddess Ga ya ee ya gave to both a simple dictum that they might live in peace and plenty.

"Do what thou wilt," said Ga ya ee ya. "Harm ye none," said Ga ya ee ya. All your acts of love and pleasure are my worship," said the Goddess. Drop your garments in the springtime, dance in thanks for coming harvest, dance when the moon gives you her blessings, blessings for the coming

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Upward Spiral (cont.) by Stan

harvest. For the beans and maize and pumpkin, for the roots and bark and berries, food and drink for all the people, dance in honor to the Goddess.

Revere the earth, do not despoil, keep it clean, receive its blessings with the gratitude deserving of the mother of your people.

Now I leave you, man and woman, you are on your own henceforward, you can make life a joy and beauty.

Thus departed Ga ya ee ya, to the lands far, far to westward, but she still lives for all to see her. See her in the snow-capped mountains, here her murmur in the rivers, see her in the crimson sunset, greet her in the dawning sunrise, feel her life within your bosom, for in truth she never left you.

Thus ends my tale of hope and wisdom, from our mother Ga ya ee ya, the great Goddess, Ga ya ee ya.

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Four Years in the Life of the Horse Poop Coven by Bonnie

Dear friends, Georgians, and especially Tarostar, picture if you will a beautiful, sunny Bealtaine morning dawning in the mountains, a string of people winding their way on a mountain path carrying food, flowers, spirits, and other implements of celebration. They are all shapes, colours, and varied pagan backgrounds. Some are in a meditative mood, others are talking quietly, others are playing musical instruments joined by a chorus of voices. All are joyous. The path finally ends and a beautiful meadow opens up before the celebrants. There, at the edge of the meadow, seated on makeshift thrones, sit the HP and HPs of the Horse Poop Coven, the Lord Jackal and Lady Hyena. Between them on a bed of wildflowers is a scale, behind them two signs. The one on the left reads: Freaks, Fats and Fems only. The one on the right says: Voluptuous Bodies (oops, I mean aesthetically acceptable) Only. One by one they step on the scales and although a bit baffled, they comply with their elders' wishes and categorize themselves.

The following year, same scenery, same thing, only the original categories are divided into meateaters and vegetarians. Again baffled, the group complies, taking their turns on the scales and going to their appropriate places.

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Four Days (cont.) by Bonnie

The third year, the original categories are further divided and on the left we now have Freaks, Fats, and Fems; Meat- and Non-Meateating Freaks, Fats and Fems; white meateating or non-meateating Freaks, Fats, and Fems; Black Meateating or non-meateating Freaks, Fats, and Fems; Hispanic Meateating and non-Meateating Freaks, Fats, and Fems; Native American Meateating or Non-Meateating Freaks, Fats, and Fems; Nondescript Meateating or Non-Meateating Freaks, Fats, and Fems.

The fourth year, same time, same station, only blonde-haired, blue-eyed pagans were allowed to attend the gathering at all, and ever after they were instructed by Lord Jackal and Lady Hyena of the Horse Poop Coven what to eat, what to wear, what movies to view, what books and magazines to read, and taught what was the proper music for all good pagans to listen to. Now they have a group of aesthetically acceptable, visually acceptable, intellectually acceptable, audibly acceptable robots--oops, I mean pagans.

(For the record, most people tell me I am not overweight though I can see where a few pounds can be shed.) It is my opinion that, for the purpose of a public gathering, it should be decided beforehand by the organizers (and these are usually open meetings) if there are to be cowans present, then perhaps ALL should wear robes and not just a few who are chosen by someone with "general standards."

As for the ancients making these decisions, when was the last time you looked at or thought about art history? Pop Quiz: How many skinny women can you find? For that matter, how many women can you find with clothes on? Nudity has always been a part of art--gee, were we really born without clothes? So it follows that nudity fills the arts from cave painting days to Renaissance to present and the women have been what we term today ("general standard") fat. General standards in ancient times were fat = healthy = beauty.

One small censorship leads to another which leads to another--remember your article, "Prom Night and the Baptist Minister?"--until we are all bound and shackled and grouped by our looks, our colour, our beliefs. Just open a history book, any history book. Now look at us, who call ourselves "pagan", "ecologists", "environmentalists", "spiritually advanced", but oh! How we cling to our ribbons of prejudice!

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

There are several days this period good for creative baking. Creativity, in general, is highlighted through the end of the month.

July 16th--A fishing day, particularly good around Baltimore. Red and grey candles.

17th--Creativity helps to overcome obstacles and delays. Think of ways to avoid spending money.

18th--Not a good day for making changes or travelling. Exercise caution near water--particularly in Australia.

19th--A better day for travel. Harvest crops and herbs.

21st--Full Moon. Good for creativity and baking.

22nd--Mend fences.

23rd--Cut grass and do weeding. Also a good day for haircuts.

24th--Continue working on fences, creative baking.

25th--Cut hay, pruning.

26th--Harvest crops and herbs. German potato salad and English tea. Red candles.

28th--Another day good for creative baking.

29th--Good for Irish studies, buying clothes, planting root crops, housepainting, working on fences. Green candles.

30th--Another day for creativity and baking. Harvest herbs and crops.

31st--Cut grass, weeding.

August 1st--Lammas. Creativity, baking. A memorable day for folks in San Francisco and London.

2nd--Harvest crops and herbs. Yellow candles.

3rd--Haircuts, creativity, baking. Pale blue candles.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

4th--Cut grass, weeding. Wit, perception, reasoning, mental ability, and writing highlighted. Art, music, pleasure. Burn silver candles.

5th--New Moon. Harvest crops and herbs. Clothes shopping. France, Italy, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Chicago highlighted. Gold candles.

6th--Travel and romance, particularly in the cities mentioned immediately above, is prominent. Red candles.

7th--Orange candles.

8th--Buy clothes and transact business, particularly in Virginia, Boston, and Paris.

9th--Harvest crops and herbs.

10th--Plant cauliflower, corn, and beans. Blue candles.

11th--Creativity, baking, travel, romance. Pink candles.

12th--Another good fishing day.

13th--Watch spending.

14th--Avoid changes in wardrobe and hairstyle. Danger near water.

15th--Travel and romance. Harvest crops and herbs.

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From dean and the news: Lorrie Cabot, the official Witch of Salem, MA, while recently protesting the filming of a motion picture in and around Boston which portrays Witches as... the sort of things most people think of when they think of Witches, was quoted by Charles Curralt as saying that there are six million Witches in the good ole U.S. of A. Now, I have heard Ms. Cabot make several claims which I personally would take exception to, but if she is correct on this count, that would mean that there are two Witches for every Episcopalian. I have my doubts, Lorrie.

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Untitled Poem by Ceridwyn

I step lightly now.
 I am easily bruised.
 My spirit is stronger,
 But is somewhere else.
 A door has been closed...shut...
 There are things going on behind it.
 I know not what.
 I wait.
 Then a crack appears
 And with it a soft breeze,
 Strange and different--
 A light of a new color--
 A hope that touches something
 That has not yet been formed--
 So--
 i step lightly now.

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An Untitled Poem by David

I used to walk life's pathway
 Looking for answers that had true meaning.
 Searching in vain day after day
 Hoping to find a true sense of being.

Just walking along side to side
 With no equilibrium to help me thru,
 At times wanting to run away and hide.
 Raised serving one god, feeling there should be two.

That's when I left all behind
 To look for answers and my heart's desire,
 Just trying to ease my troubled mind.
 She came to me and now my goals are higher.

Now I walk a path where there's light
 Finding answers and meaning in my life,
 Knowing for me the Wiccan way is right,
 Forgetting the days when all I had was strife.

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Mrs. Mountaineer: "Paw, why're ye wearing all those clothes
 to paint the barn?" Mr. Mountaineer: "I'm just following
 the directions on the can. It says to do a good job, you
 have to put on three coats."

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From Robyn

Merry Meet, I am writing giving you our new address. We have moved to a small country town to escape the city pollution. It is a pleasant hour's drive from work in the city and the animals love all the trees and bushes to run around.

The March issue of the GNL arrived yesterday and May arrived last week so April is still to surprise me. The index on the front is a great idea.

I enjoy all the ideas and news in your newsletter.

I feel as if the familiar names such as Tarostar are old friends. Also I've enjoyed reading Lady Fauna's star guide. Do please keep it going. Handy little tips.

I've been cooking plenty of healthy dinners in my old slow combustion stove. It took awhile to master but a few half-cooked dinners later and I've worked out the secrets. Herbs flavour the cooking beautifully. I wasn't meant for mod cons I'm sure.

I'm really a nature girl at heart. That's why the gentle ways of Wicca appeal so much to me and my ways of life. Love to hear from your newsletter.

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In the west, Arab veils are viewed as a means for maintaining the mystery and subjugation of females. How, then, do we explain the Tuareg people of North Africa? Not only do Tuareg women go unveiled; but they dispense with premarital chastity; keep their male friends after marriage; obtain divorces simply by asking for them, and then keep the children. Among the Tuareg, it is the men who wear veils, beginning in late adolescence and continuing forevermore - even while eating, sleeping, and smoking.

From the Banana Republic Travel and Safari Clothing Co. catalog. Box 7737, San Francisco, CA 94120

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What we think is less than what we know; what we know is less than what we love; what we love is so much less than what there is; and to this precise extent, we are much less than what we are. --R.D. Laing

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From Albion & Bonnie

After reading Puck's article in June's GNL, it makes me realize just how material-physical oriented that we as modern pagans and "Witches" and potential wise ones have become.

If one considers the time of the persecutions and really thinks about it, how could these olden wise ones have used much more in a ritual than perhaps a "walking" staff, a knife, a drinking horn and maybe some cord? Most of these olden day pagans "worked" outside, and they traveled to and from a ritual site at risk of life and limb--most people carried the above articles in the Middle Ages while travelling in their "regular" lives--why would anyone trying to hide something that, as these people who had pagan beliefs obviously had to do--carry something that, if they were found with, would make them a prime candidate for the hangman's noose?

I have read of one olden group from the West Country of England that used a stang (that is a forked staff, the so-called "Devils Pitchfork") as the only altar, and I have corresponded with some folks from Wales who used only a stang in invoking the God/dess forces.

In most of the historical accounts of the Druids the only magical "tool" mentioned is the wand or rod--I do believe the olden pagans kept things more simple, not that I don't find silver chalices nice, or fancy censers beautiful or swords romantic, but it seems like we've lost simplicity, and thrown the baby out with the bath water.

I also know that in many modern groups various tools represent various elements, forces etc. and it's not that I necessarily disagree with this symbology, but is an athame or staff any more symbolic of fire than actual fire itself?

At another level, how many athames does it take to cast a Circle, really?

I've heard of one olden group in England who cast a Circle, and consecrates the Circle as well by joining hands and then "reinforces" the same Circle by going around again with an athame'. The thing that I'm trying to say is that the power to do these sorts of rites is in our minds (and I would say "hearts", as well), and not in all these fancy "tools" that we use these days, and sometimes we all seem to lose focus of that.

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From Albion and Bonnie (cont.)

The real "altar" is the Mother's sacred ground beneath our feet, and many modern pagans seem to forget this, shame on us! Blessed Be!

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From Timothy

I have developed a computer-based integration of the I Ching, Tarot and the Astrological natal chart. This program has met with enormous success locally. The program is a culmination of 15 years of intense research, tracing original sources.

Traced to their source, each discipline reveals a commonality. I have used the wisdom of these disciplines and the miracle of computers to manage the complexity of material in developing the comprehensive Personal Dynamics Profile.

This tool for professionals in the area of Parapsychology, supports the individual to reach back into their own programming and realign themselves with their true self.

I am interested in sharing this very reliable system with your readers in the form of written articles and/or paid advertising.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Write Timothy at: Dynamo Enterprises, POB 41595, Tucson, AR 85717

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By simply keeping a diary, you can usually put a stop to headaches, says Dr. Alfred Messer, Atlanta Psychiatrist. The diary should be kept for a minimum of 90 days and should include the date, time, and duration of the headache--as well as a description of any chores or situations you were facing when it struck you. The majority of headaches--at least 75% of them--are caused by emotional strain or stress. And, by keeping a log of your headaches, it's much more possible to chart a pattern of the specific stress factors that triggered them. Once the tension pattern becomes clear to you, it's simply a matter of learning to face up to it. That doesn't mean you should avoid it--just understand what causes it and face up to it. If you do this, you don't need a psychiatrist. You are, in effect, your own psychiatrist.

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From Sylvia

Well, how very nice. All ye' good folks did it again! Not for sure, cause there were many--inter--rupts---during the time from May issue till this A.M. (I just rec'vd my copy of my prized GNL). ---14/6/86

B-U-T -- I tried to get some Lady-bugs sent to me, as I and a friend can keep them well fed and happy for a long time in our yards. So I should have tried Burpee, but tried Jackson & Perkins Co. in Medford, OR. They finally-(today 6/14/86) replied--no luck. They can't supply me with the Ladys. So I'll try Burpee and a few others.

Anyhow--many, much, thanks to all the good, and continued info. from my favorite--News Letter--Can hardly wait to read and dig in this issue.

Also, received my 1st copy of my "The Kitchen Witch" from Idaho Springs, CO--Now am not sure if one of your Ads steered me to this, or one other publication. Anyway, I'll get to enjoy it for one year. Think it might have been Crystal Well? Well, whatever.

Time here now 1:43 p.m., have "The Munsters" on. (Last 1/2 hour) one of my oldies--favorites. So I'll close for now--

Besides, have just turned (1) page of my newsletter. Our three hounds, Chee Chee, Cha Cha and Pepper are looking at me in their special way, saying--it's now afternoon, and we so far don't smell our Din-din cooking. All you've given us so far is fresh water and dog treats. You've fed the Birds, are watering our yard, but us? Get your A. in gear and go to cookin' work Mom.

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A golfer encountered a severe mental hazard every time he approached a certain gully. One day his caddy said the gully had been filled in. However, after a beautiful drive, the golfer was surprised to find the gully there just as usual. Said the caddy, "If I hadn't told you the gully had been filled, you'd never have crossed it."

Many of us are letting mental hazards destroy our "approach shots." When these hazards are recognized for what they really are--character builders and stepping stones--then we can really succeed.

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From Bon

I have enjoyed the newsletter very much, and I look forward to another year of receiving it. Not only has your newsletter provided me with a source of entertainment and new ideas, it has also given me greater insight into the workings of the Pagan community in general. Through the newsletter I have been exposed to some of its great strengths as well as its more regrettable weaknesses. It is my hope that together, we (the pagan community) can build upon these strengths and minimize the weaknesses so that we might stand together as a respectable and dignified group of religions. In this way I feel that the newsletter is an invaluable tool in accomplishing this, for it has opened lines of communications that were not available in previous eras. If nothing more, the newsletter reminds us each month that we are not alone and that there are other people like us out there who share our same beliefs, hopes, dreams and fears. For this I would like to sincerely thank you and offer you what ever support I might be able to give, so that this endeavour might continue well into the future.

May the Ancient Ones bless you and keep you safe.

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In looking through the alphabet, you'll find the letter "o" a letter full of romance and I'll tell you why it's so.

It's used in spelling cheerful things; it's used in spelling love; it's used in spelling peaceful things, like home and house and dove.

It's used in words that stand for warmth, like coal and also hot. It's used in words that stand for youth, like young and boy and tot.

In spelling groom, two o's are used to give them ample show, and when a maiden cheek is kissed, she answers with an "O!"

Let's take a simple sentence that is full of warmth and cheer and see how many o's in it will bob up and appear: "O boy of mine, your mother loves you so." In every single word but one you'll find there in an "o".

No o's you'll find in misery, in grief, nor yet in pain. You will find one tucked away in snow, but not a one in rain. There's romance in the letter "o" and, what's more striking, there's warmth and cheer within your hearts since "o" is found in you! --Author Unknown

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From Isis Moonshadow

I want to begin this letter with a few comments directed towards Tarostar and his remarks on pp 22-23 of the June newsletter. Dear Tarostar: With all due respect, who abdicated and appointed you to the Powers that Be? While I agreed with your statements on druggies, dropouts, etc. I take strong issue with your cruel remarks directed towards the overweight. We chose our current bodies before this life, you know, as part of a life lesson to learn. Overweight has many causes. Yes, some people do eat too much, or have physiological problems that prevent weight loss. Others have different metabolisms from "normal" weight people. I have a size 7 friend who has always been less active and eaten twice what I do. I always said she'd be 300 pounds at age 30. She's now in her mid-thirties, eating like a horse, still a size 7. Here I sit with my diet peps and cottage cheese, an active life that my skinny friends can't keep up with, and still a size 20. And not bad looking either. There are many big, beautiful people around. There are also skinny slob! That's all beside the point. The Craft teaches us to be nonjudgemental; are you not perhaps judging some beautiful people solely on the basis of a few extra pounds? And how do you know that the Ancients insisted that big, beautiful people be robed? Do you know for sure from a past life regression? I personally choose at this time not to go skyclad, but I defend anyone's right to do so!

As far as "dropouts" are concerned, sure, there again, we have some--any organization does. Some of the worst misfits I ever saw were back in my B.C. (Before Craft) days when I was a member of the fundamentalist Campus Crusade for Christ! Talk about some strange, lost people, and seeming weirdos!

Then I think of my particular working group which consists of college-educated, middle class people in their 30's and 40's with jobs such as drafting, computers, teaching, office worker, electrician, etc. Get the point?

I's say we're basically middle America except for our religious preference! And we're all big, beautiful people.

As for the "druggies", right on, who needs them? If they need drugs to open their channels to the astrals, they have no minds to expand whatsoever! Our group thoroughly forbids any drug use except for antibiotics, aspirin, sinus medication, etc! Only for medical reasons, never recreation!

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From Isis Moonshadow (cont.)

So Tarostar, please don't judge your fellow man strictly by physical appearance. All of us have our bodies in this life for a reason!

Now that that's off my 40D chest, I'll write the letter I've been planning for several months.

In April I had my 1st degree initiation from Lady Lathina with a loving group of Craft sisters in attendance. It was in April of 1984 that I stumbled into a local metaphysical shop on a rainy Saturday afternoon after attending an all-day workshop at the Board of Ed. I found a copy of Weinstein's Positive Magic, took it home, read it entirely, and knew I was home. Within weeks, a series of teachers appeared, a study group was formed, and I was on my witchy little way! I've come a long way in two years, but the more I learn, the farther I know I have to go!

School's finally out. I'm teaching preschool art part time, and brushing up on my metaphysical studies, working in my B.O.S., etc. I've also more or less made peace with the monster my husband keeps in the bedroom, otherwise known as a computer! Anyone who knows me knows I've been fighting against the high-tech monster for three years. Then one day I got a hold of a print program. Wow! The thing does have a use I can put it to for enhancing my pagan way of life-- Festival greeting cards, Sabbat banners, WOW! The coven is even considering if we could program the thing for writing rituals. There's a nice selection of fantasy artwork in the program--wizards, fairies, witches, dragon, castle, candle, crystal ball, outer space, etc. Now I actually fight my hubby for computer time!

We're trying to sell our condo this summer and get a house. I can just see a festival about the fireplace, and maybe even a ritual room (or corner). The condo has been nice for over six years, but it's time to move on. We and our fur people are about to burst out at the seams!

Something that concerns me a lot right now is the negative, untrue press that pagans are getting from the fundamentalist crowd. My HPs, Vicky, monitors the local radical Xtian radio station and a show called "Point of View". Many of the speakers would be hilarious if only people didn't take them seriously. However, they are dangerous because people accept what they say. People are reading trash like the "Seduction

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From Isis Moonshadow (cont.)

of Christianity" and "Hidden Dangers of the Rainbow" and are losing all reason. Case in point--remember my size 7 friend I mentioned earlier? Her life has been misery for weeks because her husband read those books. She's an enlightened Xtian who believes in reincarnation, astrology, crystal power, etc. He's very fundamentalist, but left her alone until recently. Now he keeps her up nights praying over her, preaching to her about her madness, delusions, and satanism. Satanism because she wants to join a local Methodist church, while he wants to be Baptist! She's close to a nervous breakdown, and I hope his fanaticism doesn't lead a once-happy marriage to divorce!

I don't think he's an extreme or even unusual example. What do we, or can we, do to let people know what we are, and aren't? How can we protect ourselves and enlighten people? Any ideas?

Blessed Be.

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Charles M. Schwab, one of the first presidents of Bethlehem Steel, asked an efficiency expert to suggest a way to improve the efficiency of his business. The expert handed Schwab a blank sheet of paper and said, "Write down the six most important tasks you have to do tomorrow. Then number them in the order of their importance.

"The first thing in the morning, start working on Number One until it is finished. Then tackle Number Two in the same way; then item Three and so on. Don't be concerned if you have finished only one or two by quitting time. You'll be working on the most important ones. The others can wait. If you couldn't finish them all by this method, you couldn't have done so by any other method, and without some system you'd probably have failed to finish the most important.

"Do this every working day and after you've convinced yourself of the value of this system, have your men try it. Try it as long as you wish, then send me a check for what you think it has been worth to you."

It is said that a few weeks later Schwab sent the expert a check for \$25,000 with a letter saying this lesson was the most profitable he had ever learned. In five years this plan was largely responsible for turning the unknown Bethlehem Steel Company into the largest independent steel producer in the world.

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From Rowan

Hope this letter finds all well. Blessed Solstice to everyone from Coven Amber Moon! We are doing very well. The three women were initiated in April and the men are now taking classes. It looks like Okute' may be ready for initiation by the first of the year. We shall see. The Lady has given me a wonderful gift because I get to initiate my husband and working partner, and then we get to initiate my own sister when she is ready. Her 13-year-old son is also interested. She tells me that she was reading What Witches Do at the breakfast table and he stumbled in to get a glass of milk. Later on in the day, he said to her, "So you're learning to be a Witch, huh Mom?" She said her teeth dropped and when she asked him what made him think like that, he answered, "I saw that book you were reading at breakfast. Looks like a how-to book to me." He is a natural telepath and very talented but a little young for any real training as yet. I plan to just answer any questions he has and adopt a wait and see attitude. I am so pleased that my sister is studying the Craft. Now I have someone in my blood family that I can talk to. We have really been running up the phone bills since she decided to study. She lives in NC and really feels isolated from any other Craft people. She did find out recently that there is a coven in Charlotte which is about 30 miles from where she lives. I told her to get a PO Box and run an ad in the personals column of the paper and ask the folks to get in touch with her.

Sorry to hear that the Grove of the Unicorn folks have been ill. I met them when my company sent me to Atlanta for some schooling in April. Real nice people. Hope everything is better now.

What has happened to the folks from COTOR? Haven't heard from them in a while. I hope they haven't been sick or anything like that.

I have looked over the letters from Tarostar and BD and I have to agree with them on several points. Many times when the Craft presents itself to the public at large we do not present a very favorable image. For example, USA Today recently ran a story on Witches picketing a major motion picture company for making a film that had a negative image of Witches. I applaud the motive, however, the photo they ran was a picture of Laurie Cabot in black eye makeup, teased hair, and black clothes. By appearing this way, we only perpetuate the negative image that the public already has of

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From Rowan (cont.)

the Craft. Why perpetuate the sterotype? How much better response would the Craft have gotten if the picketers were well-dressed and well-groomed rather than appearing bizarre to the public at large. We should attempt to show the ignorant public that we are not just a lunatic fringe but ordinary people just like them who happen to follow a different philosophy of life and a different religion. Rather than reflect the established norm, as Tarostar suggests, we should present the world with a viable alternative to their accepted norm.

I suppose I would be classified by some as a yuppie witch. In fact you could say that of our whole coven. We are all in our 30's or 40's, hold down professional jobs, and have excellent credit ratings. Big deal. All of these outside trappings don't say a thing about the kind of people we really are or about the love we have for the Lord and the Lady. Nor does it say anything about the contribution we can make to the Craft and the world as a whole. Underneath the "designer robes" we are just people like everyone else. If the robes help us to achieve the proper frame of mind for a ritual, fine. I have worked skyclad and I have worked robed. I don't see that it really makes any difference as long as you are comfortable with yourself. Different strokes for different folks.

Concerning the question of skyclad heavyweights in Circle and at festivals, I have this to say. If Tarostar and BD are so concerned about aesthetics, maybe they need to do a little work on themselves. If I had taken everyone I have met since becoming a Pagan on surface looks, I would have missed knowing some great folks. One of the things I have tried to do since deciding to walk the Pagan Path is to look at someone the way they really are. Many of the folks I know I couldn't really tell you what their physical looks are but I know their heart. Don't be too quick to judge, Tarostar, there but for the grace of the gods go you. Some day, you may be in that boat yourself. I myself am quite overweight. I became that way through various reasons. I won't go into the gory details, but I resent being classified as a second-class Pagan because I have a weight problem. I realize that I put myself there and I must be the one to get myself out, but remarks like those in Tarostar's letter don't help. There are many complex reasons why people are overweight. Some have medical reasons and some are psychological, but I think it would be very hard to enter a circle at a festival
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From Rowan (cont.)

if you always had to worry about how other people were judging you on account of your weight. The Goddess loves all of her children just the way we are. I am not using this as an excuse, but I do think that as pagans, we should try not to be judgmental with others whom we may not even know. After all, we are not running a Bunny Club. Who is going to go around at festivals and tell people, "You are aesthetically pleasing so you may go skyclad, but you are not, so keep your robe on." This is ridiculous. I'd like to see someone tell me that. As for the comments that "the ancients did it that way"--who says? In many cultures, ritual nudity was the norm for all. For that matter, in the Polynesian cultures, the bigger the person, the better. I guess what I'm really getting at is, who the hell is Tarostar to tell me how to worship? If he is offended by my nudity, then he should either work on himself or look somewhere else. I did not get into the Craft to have someone else tell me that I have to conform to their standards of beauty or be classified as being without pride and self-discipline. In Circle, people are very open and vulnerable, and crass remarks about weight, etc. could do serious harm. We should try to be a little more loving and accepting of each other. Don't we have enough enemies outside the Craft without fighting among ourselves?

On the subject of drugs, however, I couldn't agree with both Tarostar and BD more. Amber Moon does not allow drugs at the covenstead or in Circle and I don't think any of our members would enter circle with someone they knew to be on drugs. As I said before, people in Circle are very vulnerable and you don't need any kind of psychic flak flying around. People who are drugged do not have control and at best are a drain on the power of the Circle. At worst, they are a disaster looking for a place to happen. I don't think I want to be around when that happens. No, thanks. I have enough problems on my own!

For so long, the public has had a concept of drugged out, weird social dropouts in the Craft and we all have to work hard to overcome that image. Remember, when working with the general public, try to appear neat and well-groomed. Be knowledgeable and accurate when giving information and always try to be polite. Never make fun of people, even if you think it inside, and don't be sarcastic.

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From Rowan (cont.)

One of my projects is monitoring the Christian radio shows here in OKS. When I hear someone giving inaccurate information on the Craft, I always write them a very polite letter, using my craft name and my PO Box, explaining to them what the truth is about the subject, suggesting good reading material, and offering to correspond with them on the subject. So far, no one has taken me up on the correspondence, but I think I have made a few people stop and take notice.

I am very concerned about the publicity being given to the Satanic activity lately. Ever since the 20/20 report last year, the newspapers have really pushed this thing. Recently, we had a double murder here in OKC and they are trying to connect it to Satanism. Of course, the Christians are really playing this up. There is one group in El Paso called WATCH which stands for Watchmen Alert to Cultic Harrassment. I sent off for their literature and, of course, they are making no distinction between Satanism and the Craft. I wrote back to them and suggested some reading material, but I haven't heard anything from them since. With all this going on, we have to be especially careful about how we present ourselves to the public. If we appear as weirdos and kooks, then we do the whole Craft a disservice. Heavy makeup and exotic clothes may be fine for ritual, but when dealing with the public, please try to appear non-threatening and businesslike. Tarostar is right when he says that the public will not take us seriously if we do not take ourselves seriously.

I would be interested in corresponding with anyone who has ideas about what the Craft can do concerning the publicity surrounding this Satanic thing. I feel we must do something because we are catching a lot of fallout from it. Write to Rowan Moonstone, POB 21058, OKC, OK 73120.

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Being yourself is a veyr practical way of life. Being yourself usually keeps you from getting too worried about being successful. Half the world's misery is caused by people who think they aren't successful enough. If you did not have a job to do, you wouldn't be here. So accept yourself, and be yourself. It's the first step to maturity and happiness. --Annetta Bridges

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****Pagan Studies Contest Winner****

O What Have They Done to the Gods? by Tarostar

As Witches/Pagans/Wiccans/Old Religion, we sometimes harp about how bad Christianity is and how repressive and bloody its history has been, with our religion/faith receiving more than its share of Christian Fundamentalist hate. However, fair is fair, and we should try to see Christianity separate from its Church.

Its values are universal and of the ancient wisdom, making them much larger than the sects which may narrowly apply them. The modern western world as we know it has come into being through the Christian orientation. Modern pagans write poems, essays and praises of the ancient pagan gods as if they were all goodness and light. I am sure none would really want to have lived back then.

The pagan gods were demanding, cruel, and arrogant, as shown by their priesthoods, in many respects (where did the Christians get the idea?). The fact being, both the pagan classical world and the pagan barbarian world were tamed and civilized by the Christian church. It espoused unity of community and the reign of goodness and love. Such ideals it fostered off on everyone else.

It did not always live up to its own image, but inspired civil representative government which grew out of the Middle Ages, slowly but surely, in spite of the Institutional church and secular humanism, from the Renaissance which took the inspiring thoughts of Western Christianity and applied them to life outside of and above and beyond the Church. (Why else would the Church hate secular humanism so much?)

Therefore, modern pagans, in their devotion to the Old Gods, must realize that if they are not willing to accept the negative side of the gods, as well as the positive, they are only deluding themselves and are only pseudo-pagans or paganized Christians.

As much as we deplore the evils of Christianity, we must face the fact: it is to the Piscean Dispensation that we owe our civilized values. Christianity has handed on to us a "civilized paganism."

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Gods (cont.) by Tarostar

Now let us look into the pagan systems that have been treated thus. What can we say of the old lore of the Norse? It seems contradictory at first glance.

The most striking feature of the legends and cosmologies coming down to us is depression and futility. Yet, at the same time, the Eddas of Iceland display a sound common sense and folk wisdom. Sources available seem to put forward the "heroic" ideal of manly death in struggle, the resisting of a futile situation, going down to defeat rather than surrender to the unworthy. Victory is seen only through a glorious death. (Sound familiar?)

The primary god, Odin, is pictured as the all-knowing, who sees the ultimate ruination of the Universe, but will resist valiantly to the end. Gods and men have nothing to look forward to but the Ragnarok--Age of Fire and Gravel. Chaos will triumph.

Although scholars try to explain this depressing feature by saying it is due to the cold north wasteland in which the Norse civilization evolved and imply life was a hard struggle for them, that pessimism reigned supreme in their outlook (Mythology, Edith Hamilton, Mentor Books). Such would be much too simplistic an explanation.

If we were to accept that view, it would appear life in the North of Europe would have been much too hostile and severe for human life. That view places too much emphasis on environmental factors to be acceptable. However, it is the only explanation for the dark depression in the Norse cosmology as we know it today. Edith Hamilton says, "The only light in the darkness is heroism."

A faith which bound the Viking bands together for seafaring, raiding, plunder, and conquest into a formidable force would have to have had something more inspirational in it other than vainglory as settlement, farming and trade followed upon their initial raiding incursions and expeditions (In Search of the Dark Ages, M. Wood, Ariel Books, 1984). Thor, the Thunder god, was also the God of civil magistracy and town life, as the Icelandic Sagas indicate. Mere heroism was not the *raison d'etre* of Norse civilization.

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Gods (cont.) by Tarostar

It would appear the Norse inspired fear and terror in the hearts of the Christian Saxons and Franks who resisted their raids. Odin demanded that defeated enemies have their lungs and rib cages cut out and spread upon the altar in the Rite of the Blood Eagle (In Search of the Dark Ages, Wood). The victims had to be alive for the ritual act. Saxon kings, abbots, and nobility fled in panic at the thought. Once the word was out, Norsemen could just walk in and take over. Very effective PR.

The savage fury of the Norse, to the mind of the early Middle Ages, is hard to fathom so many years later. We think it quaint that Christian prayer litanies stated, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us!" but such had vivid meaning to those days--with good reason.

It is my supposition, on account of the foregoing, that when finally Christianity became firmly established in the Norse countries, the missionaries set about deprogramming the Norse and extirpating anything positive and attractive about the Norse pre-Christian religion.(1) The castrated views of the Norse gods allowed to come down to us, make them out as futile and fatalistic with a morbid outlook on life. They are not seen as warm and inspiring gods and goddesses at all. It makes one wonder what the Norse ever saw in them. That is just what was intended. The Christians tamed the Norse, but feared the ancient lore so much they purposely created a dearth of information about it and twisted the Norse cosmology to serve their own ends. As an example, the use of runes for magical practices is mentioned by many writers, but no one seems to be able to clearly explain just how they were properly employed. Many offer theories, but the job of deleting clear answers has been so thorough it only makes one wonder what was it about Die Heilige Runenmacht (Sacred Power of Runes) Christians feared so considerably. The lore of the Norse, as we understand it, tells us the gods, more particularly Odin, knew all was doomed and that there was absolutely no hope for their civilization and way of life. It indicates the gods will go down fighting and all the universe, as they knew it, would vanish in fire and ice.

Then the legends do an about face and say a new age will dawn with a new god who will establish a golden age of love when all the ashes of Asgard, Valhalla, Midgard and Niflheim are no more. It would appear such an addenda to the Norse cosmology may have been created to point to Christianity as

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Gods (cont.) by Tarostar

the new age. Would it not then also stand to reason the pessimism, darkness, and depression of the legends were manufactured to discourage speculation on the Norse lore after the Christians took control?

In the Norse lore, as we receive it, there is nothing comfortable about the afterdeath state of the human soul. It gives a place of cold and dark with no hope of anything unless one were a "hero" given special treatment, having died valiantly in battle and deserving the rewards of Valhalla. This sound so strikingly similar to the afterdeath state in the legends and myths of classical Greece and Rome, which have also come down to us filtered through Christian writers, it makes one wonder.

To the Greeks and Romans, as we are told, the abode of death was cold and dark, with no hope of anything, unless one were an elect "hero" taken to the Elysian fields to be feasted by the Olympian gods. It sounds as if the same monkish hand came up with that view of both pre-Christian societies.

It is my supposition that since Christianity created the idea of the pagan faiths having no heaven in the afterlife, but just cold and dark for everyone, having rewritten the classical Greek and Roman ideas, it also applied the same format to the Norse, not thinking later centuries would see the ploy, as learning in those days was only for churchmen and, heaven forbid the folk should learn to read. It was never considered that the world would change and education become universal and peoples move around and compare lore. It was supposed the folk would accept only what it was told (standard Christian practice).

Since the rewriting of the Greco-Roman had worked for the old Roman Mediterranean world, why would it also not work for the Norse? Does one ever stop to think why is it the pre-Christian classical gods of Greece and Rome have no scruples about anything? It would seem they have been deliberately made to appear less than divine.

We are only given myths showing Zeus in his extramarital affairs, his anger and punishments. Zeus/Jupiter stood for moral uprightness, but no myths, as we see them, attest to that. If the gods of classical times were such poor humans, how could their societies have erected the great monuments to

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Gods (cont.) by Tarostar

their worship? How could they have inspired the "Glory of Greece and grandeur of Rome"? Certainly not as we have them come down to us through Christian filter. It seems the gods were to be made fallible so as not to inspire veneration. Therefore, all classical and Norse myths must be taken as suspect, having been bandied about by churchmen since the fall of the ancient world.

Fortunately, Egypt was not filtered to us through the Christian church. In the cosmologies of the gods of Egypt, there may yet be some light as to what the afterlife state was thought to be like by ancient societies, even as far apart as Greek and Norse. Egypt kept her secrets until the 19th century of the current era, so those who did break the code of her ancient symbols were not guided by any need to establish the Christian faith but could present the teachings directly from the hieroglyphics in their purity (Ancient Egyptian Magic, B. Brier, Quill, 1981). To the classical world, the teachings of Egypt were held sacred because of their antiquity to that time (The World of Rome, Grant, Mentor, 1960).

Egyptian mystery rites, along with the version of Isis as a universal world mother, spread to all parts of the Roman empire. It is from the Nilotic mystics that cosmological theories of what we may call the ancient wisdom teaching, the Old Religion, may be traced in purity--not given Christian overlay. The afterdeath state was entered through various degrees and in progressive stages. It indicated the later idea of planes and, to a degree, what we see as modern spiritualism.

Theories of astral counterparts and the facing of one's own self in the judgment before the gods, to be either elevated to higher level or recycled into the World of Form, come from those mysteries (Ancient Egyptian Magic, B. Brier, Quill, 1981). The veil of Isis was partly lifted for the understanding of our time. The mysteries of Isis/Osiris hold the key to what today may be understood as Craft/Wicca/Old Religion/the Ancient Wisdom. From them, more of a pristine clearness may be gleaned for modern pagans in the Craft--lore not bastardized to serve Churchianity's ends.

It is too bad the Greek and Norse civilizations, in their purity, have been lost to us as modern pagans as we cannot be sure the myths and cosmologies have not been reworked by

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Gods (cont.) by Tarostar

churchmen. However, the veil of Isis obscures the vision of the profane and unworthy, but allows the wise to see and pass beyond. It is to Mother Isis we must look for our ancient heritage.

(1) 1152 A.D.--rather late in time. Europe in Renaissance and Reformation, S. Harrison Thompson, Harcourt Brace, 1963.

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Announcements 'n' Stuff

The premier issue of Converging Paths, which focuses on the traditional ways of Wicca, its roots, and current directions, will be available Fall Equinox '86 for a specially discounted price of \$3.00. Published 4x/year, \$13.00. Articles and issues, rituals, poetry, artwork, sidelights on other magickal paths, etc. Write Converging Paths, POB 63, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572.

Announcing the formation of The Rowan Exchange, a pagan letter exchange. Confidential contacts forwarding service. Membership and a magazine which consists of listings from pagans who want contacts with other pagans via writing. \$9/year, updated quarterly. Membership includes one half-price listing--\$2.50. Each listing \$5/issue (75 words or less). Write: The Rowan Exchange, POB 63, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572.

Camelot Press Ltd., POB 4196, Athens, GA 30605 announces the publication of The Quest: A Search for the Grail of Immortality by Rhuddlwm Gawr ("The Way") and Marcy Edwards, Introduction by Merlin; Book One of the Quest Trilogy. They say: "A fascinating account of Cymmry (Welsh) Witchcraft by a High Priest of the Craft. This is good, solid material covering religious beliefs, meditation, nutrition, psychic healing, spiritual awareness. The Quest contains a Book of Shadows relevant to all Celtic Traditions such as Gardenarian, Alexandrian, Celtic Traditional, and Druidic. Rhuddlwm Gawr is the spiritual leader of the Clan of Y Tylwyth Teg which is the Welsh tradition in America. He is a graduate of the University of Georgia and makes his home in north Georgia. Marcy Edwards is of Welsh ancestry and lives in Washington state. She longs to visit Wales once again. 224 pp, illustrated. Retail \$12.95.

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Announcements 'n' Stuff (cont.)

Sun, Man, Moon, Inc., 4891 Pearce ST #1, Huntington Beach, CA 92649 announces the publication of two new illustrated dictionaries on dowsing and palmistry. They say:

Dowsing Dictionary with Illustrations by Janice Baylis and Adrian Bartlow--Dowsing, especially for locating life-sustaining underground water, has been a practice worldwide for millenniums. This new dictionary defines 1,100 terms, 318 illustrated, which cover dowsing to locate earth materials and to evaluate energy fields as well as informational dowsing. Tools, techniques, and theories of dowsing are defined from coat hangers to aura meters. There is basic, up-to-date information for the brand new dowser and more obscure information for those interested. Many of these definitions have a how-to-do factor so a willing reader could learn to dowse from studying this dictionary. Here is a fascinating way to get acquainted with the marvelous, ingenious, fun things that dowsers have discovered will work to channel subconscious messages or information from the essence of a target through a dowser to a responsive device such as an L-rod, Y-rod, wand or pendulum. 250 pages, 4 1/4 x 7, \$9.95.

Palmistry Dictionary with Illustrations by Adrian Bartlow and Janice Baylis--Everyone has their two hands with them and visible most all of the time. A person's handmap imprints and topography can be read for clues to the character, talents, motives, and compatibility of relatives, co-workers, business associates, and friends. For all students of human nature, this is a must-own reference book. A good deal of common psychology is evident in the definitions but what else would be the base of a system for coding and encoding human character? 956 terms are defined, 432 are illustrated. 275 pages, 4 1/4 x 7, \$9.95.

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The folks at Shadowplay have decided to do another series. Series 3 will be issues #9 through #12 and the subs will be \$10.00 in OZ for the four issues (A\$16 o/s airmail, A\$12 o/s sea mail) and \$3.00 per issue sample in OZ (A\$4.00 o/s air). They are now up to 52 pages and it looks like they will stay there for a while, which means they still need your contributions to keep them going with interesting material. Make checks payable to Shadowplay and send to POB 343, Petersham, NSW 2049 Australia.

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Announcements 'n' Stuff (cont.)

From Rhea and Bill: on 12-14 September, 1986, The Third Annual Wiccan Festival will be held in Sydney. \$39 per person (until 31 July), \$50 per person thereafter. Children welcome. We meet in the Spring, at the waxing moon, in the time of renewal and beginnings, to share, create new ways of celebration, to dance, make music and new friendships, to walk in the ways of the Old Ones in celebrating the Goddess and God coming into balance at the equinox. Workshops on tree magic, tool making, folk singing, creative ritual, body energy, dreaming and sacred space, pathworking, circles for women and men, gatherings, children's workshops, and workshops for younger self in all of us. Any profits will be donated to the Wilderness Society for the very good work they are doing in preserving the rain forests and natural resources. Make checks payable to Shadowplay, see previous page for address.

That's all for this month, folks!

Blessed Be,

dean, jeannie, and
The Georgians

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