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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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Bakersfield--This month marks the sixth anniversary of the incorporation of the Georgian Church. Here's to many more! dean and Lady Fauna attended the Southern Council Covenant of the Goddess meeting in July as representatives of COWB and Fauna was reelected Pursewarden.

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Aureole by Stan

Witches are a fun group. Dancing, singing folk songs, enjoying love, their motto could well be "Life is for Living." A joyous occasion and pagans go together like bees and flowers. So it was at the Wiccaning, or christening if you prefer, of the boy child of Freyina, one of the coven members.

The child's given name was Ion. He had been named after a famous rock star of the sixties, Ian Whitcomb.

He also had a secret name, but that was known only to those in the circle and the Watchers, to whom he had been presented. Besides their protection and the protection of the God and Goddess, each of the witches present had brought a gift of good wishes. The wishes had been written out and placed on the altar.

Each contributed what they thought would be most beneficial to the child. One, a schoolteacher, gave him success in his studies. Another gave him athletic prowess beyond all others. Another promised fame and fortune. Still another said he would be liked by all. And the coven astrologer promised a complete horoscope since his exact birth time, 9:09, was known. A little silver amulet was among the gifts. Written in Gaelic, it said, "I and the Goddess are one, she is in me and I am part of her."

Perhaps it was the mead, which had never flowed so freely since Avalon was an island, that caused one witch to exclaim, "He shall see the Goddess when he becomes a man."

It was a most successful Wiccaning. All went well and even the loud chanting of I YO I YO I YO as the cone of power was built did not seem to bother little Ion. As the chanting broke off, a golden glow rested over the child.

As many esbats passed, and Sabbats too, little Ion became everything his parents could wish for. His teachers adored him. He seemed to know the answers to questions almost before they were asked. His SAT score was so high the principal had the school psychologist test him over. He scored even higher the second time.

In sports, especially basketball, if he got the ball anywhere near the hoop it would roll and drop in. Yet Ion was liked by his teammates, always giving them credit for scores he himself had made.

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Aureole (cont.) by Stan

The promised horoscope was made, but somehow or another, it never was delivered--even though Ion's mother asked for it several times. In due course, it was forgotten.

So it was that Ion became a professional athlete. The fans came to see him in droves, especially the women. He was the best box office draw in years. More than once, in the last few seconds of a tied game, he turned the tie score into a winning one.

It was right after the season's championship game and not only was victory being celebrated but Ion's birthday as well. A toast was proposed to the victory and to Ion's twenty-first birthday. "Today you become a man," someone shouted. Ion raised the glass to his lips and then, as if in slow motion, crumpled to his knees and fell on the floor.

As the team doctor bent over him, there were cries of, "Doc, do something, Doc."

"There is nothing I can do," the doc replied sadly. "He has gone to meet his maker."

The spirit of Ion had left the body and was following the golden glow that had been present at his Wiccaning. "It is true, it is true," his spirit murmured. "I and the Goddess are one."

The doctor marked the time of death on the birth certificate as 9:09.

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If you can take the broken dreams of men
And help them fit the pieces back again;
If you can sit with sorrow for awhile
And help disperse the storm clouds with a smile,
The sun will shine, not in their lives alone;
Its light will be reflected in your own.

When all the walls you built with patient care
You wake someday to find no longer there,
When all your hopes and plans have gone awry,
If you still smile and hold your head up high,
Your friends will find you worthy of their trust
And help rebuild the ruins from the dust. --Anna M. [unclear]

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Follow Up in the Preacher at the Seven Eleven by Tarostar

I sent an epistle about the born again with the priest's collar working at the Seven Eleven, who could not stand to wait on a Witch over the counter. Even after he had that run-in with the dopey who threw him through the coffee machine, he still refused to treat me like any other customer and would just not accept my money over the counter.

He began telling all other customers that I was some sort of evil person and would point me out to people as I walked away from the Seven Eleven. People began to walk on the other side of the street rather than in front of my shop as if I were going to jump out and molest or sacrifice them or something.

Oh, well, what's an honest Magus to do? Speaking to his boss, I simply said, "Mark my words. That character will do something kooky."

A week later, I noticed the preacher was not around. The boss seemed close-lipped and sheepish. I asked another attendant what happened to the preacher. He beamed from ear to ear and said, "He got canned for smoking dope in the toilet while on duty!"

I chortled all the way back to my shop.

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Wellington once wanted to buy a piece of land adjoining his estate. His steward conferred with the owner and found him in financial difficulty.

"I have bought the land," he told the duke, "and as the man was in need, I got it cheap."

"How much did you pay?" asked the duke.

"Eight hundred pounds," answered the steward, "and it is worth eleven hundred."

"Then you have sold my honor for three hundred pounds," said the duke. He wrote out a voucher for the balance, so that the owner might receive full value for his land.

The rules of the game of life are loyalty, unselfishness, and chivalry. Players who prefer not to win at all unless they can win honorably and splendidly are needed everywhere--on the playing field, and in the fields of business and of politics. Such men in business consider their honor worth more than a hard bargain.

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The Adventure of the Mathematical Wizard by Rik

(from The Adventures of Summerland's Salamanders, Biker Coven)

It was Indian Summer, a tactic developed by the Red Man to confuse the White invaders, when our insipid heroes approached a local pond with the intention of skinny-dipping. They had just finished the Incredible Chocolate-covered Ritual invented by a crazy Tucson Witch, a ritual that causes the participants to be banished by every robed Witch in the country and also causes the remaining Witches to purchase gallons of chocolate syrup in the hopes of being invited to the next ritual, and felt the need to clean up.

Our heroes were carefully making their way to the water while keeping an eye out for the agents of the Environmental Protection Agency and the morals squad when a logarithm scampered across Suzi's foot. Suzi jumped in astonishment but Harley quickly grabbed the creature and proceeded to pull log scales from its back.

"What the Summerland are you doing?" demanded Davidson.

"I want to see if they really progress," replied Harley cryptically.

This was so unlike Harley that the others suspected some evil curiosity spell had been placed upon their companion. They tossed him to the ground and began to strip search him, a situation that would have been more enjoyable had he not already been naked.

They had finally worked up to his head, after a few side trips to less hairy parts of his anatomy, when a theorem crawled out of his ear and spun a cocoon. Moments later, the shell split apart and an established law appeared. The creature bared its teeth and dared anybody present to refute its existence.

"I think that we are in trouble," commented Honda.

"How do you know?" asked Suzi.

"If we aren't, we'd better move onto the next episode."

"Good point," replied Harley. "So, what do we do now?"

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Mathematical Wizard (cont.) by Rik

"Since the author appears to be in a bit of a rut, let's help the story with an aside," offered Suzi.

Little did our heroes know that, just past the bend in the road, was the home of that arch-mathematician, Dr. Ira Delaware Bunk, who, after spending weeks proving to his calculus class that one did, indeed, equal one (a situation that a three-year-old could have done, thus saving thousands of dollars in tuition) became curious about the scientific basis of magick. Unfortunately, just as he was about to stumble over a major breakthrough, he was overcome by a swarm of doubts and consumed by an improper research technique. Thus, all that he had invoked broke free and began to terrorize the local dropouts.

"Well," said Suzi, "if that is all true, we have to do something."

Honda raised his hand. "I suggest that we pretend that nothing happened, go about our business, and hope everything turns out all right."

The others considered this to be an excellent idea and began to leave when Suzi pointed out that the breakthrough had lumbered out of the woods and was stripping their bikes.

"We don't have any choice," Beemer commented while eliminating an option with his steel-toed sandal. "We have to exorcise this place."

Our reluctant heroes low-crawled through the woods, dragging their bench press set and treadmill until they arrived, dirty and covered with flies (remember, they haven't washed the chocolate off yet. You have to pay attention to these stories to get the full effect.) at Dr. Bunk's house. Between the Biker Coven and the house were arrayed a random conglomeration of postulates, theorems, symbols, datum, and miscellaneous trivia.

"There is only one thing to do," cried Saki. He pulled out his combat Athame and, chanting banishment charms, attacked the hoard.

"Eko, Eko,, Pizza!" he cried and scratched a banishing pentagram on the back of a formulae.

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Mathematical Wizard (cont.) by Rik

"Eko, Eko, Lasagna!" and another corollary bit the dust.

The others pulled out an array of tools and began to annoint, scourge, and bind their opposition. Eventually, with only a few casualties, Harley being overpowered by doubt and Suzi being wrapped up in overtime, the rest of the Bikers made it into the building.

"There it is," screamed Davidson. And all looked to see the computer terminal still pouring out calculations at an alarming rate.

Davidson threw a pentacle at the terminal, smashing the speaker. The alarm quieted and, in the ensuing silence, the Coven attacked their enemy. Davidson tripped over the bones of Ira Bunk and was covered with scavaging postulates. Saki threw himself at the keyboard and struck at the erase key but the fiendish device punched him out first. Indian grabbed for the power cord and was tackled by a doubt that lingered behind the bookcase.

And then there was one. Beemer kicked himself free from a group of sine waves, avoided a question, and valiantly attacked the console. He invoked a program and force fed it to the machine which responded with a do loop. Finally, he grabbed a pi and tossed it into the screen which exploded with a spark that revealed a notable lack of breakers in the system.

Our heroes dragged themselves back to their bikes and proceeded to effect repairs, leaving certain questions unanswered. Is Pi really infinite? Does the end justify the means? Will Indian ever get that chocolate-covered cherry away from Suzi?

Stay tuned for more adventures of Summerland's Salamanders, Biker Coven.

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I like to think Plato and Aristotle might have appreciated the witty and sarcastic rejoinder which the English painter Whistler once made to a woman to whom he was showing his paintings. When she complained, "I have never seen a sunset that looked like that," he replied, "Don't you wish you could?"--J. Glenn Gray.

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Have Altar, Will Travel, Part II by Puck

Welcome back, fellow travellers on the Wiccan paths. Last time, I covered some suggestions for the home altar or, if you're lucky enough to have them nearby, some alternatives. This time, I'd like to write about a way to carry your complete altar with you--a portable altar.

Before I begin, full credit for the suggestion of this should and will go to the following people who suggested this to me at one time and in one way or another: Rus and Lady Seanara of Arcane Crafts, Moondancer, and Lady Zenoni Silverknife of Star Born Wicca. Thank you, one and all. It was such a good idea, I felt it should be shared.

And now, for all you on-the-go Witches, the Portable Altar, or, as Rus called it, the "Instant Witch Kit." I love that name so much, I'll use its abbreviation--IWK--throughout the article.

The basic idea is very simple--an easily-carried case containing all the necessary ritual gear, BOS, and four screw-in table legs which attach to the bottom corners of the case and can be carried inside. Rus suggested it be an artist's supply case which has, among other things, several sections already built in and a handle and lock. These can be bought for around \$30.00 to \$35.00 for ones that are already stained and polished. I personally go for the plain ones, due mostly to the price, but to each their own. The size should be about 16" x 20"--enough for all the altar tools, candles, BOS, altar cloth, and table legs. All that you'll really need to do is buy four detachable table legs from any good hardware store and attach the brackets to the corners of the bottom of the case. If you want to stain and/or varnish the outside of the case, I'd suggest doing it before you attach the leg brackets. The top of most of the cases I've seen tilts back to accomodate a wooden pallet and canvasses. If you slide a piece of fiberboard into the highest slot, you can use this area to carry your BOS; otherwise, take the pallet out and nail two strips of wood (how wide is up to you) to carry it and the altar cloth there.

One word of caution about packing--you will be turning it up vertically to carry the IWK, so be sure to pack with this in mind. Don't risk putting glass or highly-breakable objects on the bottom. If the case is facing you, the handle will be at the top of the case, and everything will settle down to the bottom of the case where the hinges are.

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Have Altar (cont.) by Puck

It helps if you use the altar cloth, your cords, and robe as packing to surround anything breakable. For Goddess and God symbols, you can either find two small statues or a pine cone and seashells or holed stone or two ceramic tiles of appropriate nature. These can be found in a ceramic tile store. Look for Renaissance, classical period, or Greek-looking tiles--they're more apt to have appropriate designs.

For those who carry and use a staff, just take it along, especially if you're hiking in hilly country. Or, if you want to make it look like "Andy Artist goes fishing," pack your staff in a fishing pole carrier. For those die-hards who feel naked without a sword in the Circle, sheath it and either pack it in a rifle or shotgun bag (minus the gun, of course), or strap it to your back like the knights of old and ignore any smart remarks. (Would you argue with a person with a sword strapped to their back?)

Once everything is packed (don't forget matches), just pick up a bag of croissants (love those crescent-shaped goodies), a bota or bottle of wine, and you're off to the beach, mountains, forest, field, or fen.

The IWK can also, of course, be set up in the house and quickly dismantled and hid in a closet (or wherever) when you need to hide it, such as when friends or relatives stop by.

Well, that's all for this segment. My next (and final) segment will cover tips for trips.

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My uncle ordered popovers
from the restaurant's bill of fare.
And, when they were served, he regarded them
with a penetrating stare...
Then he spoke great Words of Wisdom
as he sat there on that chair:
"To eat these things," said my uncle,
"You must exercise great care.
You may swallow down what's solid...
BUT... you must spit out the air!"
And... as you partake of the world's bill of fare,
that's darned good advice to follow.
Do a lot of spitting out the hot air.
And be careful what you swallow. --Theodor Seuss Geisel

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Kenneth MacKenzie, Wizard of the Highlands by Albion

We would like to share with the readers of the GNL some of the story of Kenneth MacKenzie, a famous seer from the Scottish Highlands. MacKenzie was a farm laborer whose fame started when he accurately began to predict deaths and other local events in what is now Ross and Cromarty. He also predicted the births of children, one with two navels and one with four thumbs, and with these predictions coming true, word of MacKenzie's power began to spread.

As the "second sight" was accepted in almost all of the Highlands as fact, so too were those who held the gift in such a powerful way. Kenneth MacKenzie began to travel the Highlands acting the part of a wandering wizard. He predicted that some day ships would sail behind Tomnahurich Hill in Iverness, seeing clearly 150 years before its construction the Caldonian Canal.

While walking one day on Culloden Moor, 100 years before the Scottish Clans were destroyed and driven from the land, he said, "This bleak moor shall, before many generations have passed away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see that day, for it will be a fearful period. Heads will be cut off by the score, and no mercy will be shown, nor quarter given on either side." He also later stated that, "The Clans will flee their native country before an army of sheep." In both instances, Kenneth MacKenzie was correct as the Highland Clans of Scotland were killed by the hundreds or forced to leave their native homelands and immigrate to other countries.

A third and perhaps more sinister prophecy in the progression made by MacKenzie was that eventually even the sheep would disappear and "the whole country will be so utterly desolated and depopulated that the crow of the cock shall not be heard... the deer and other wild animals in the huge wilderness shall be exterminated by horrid black rains." This part of this particular prophecy has not yet come to pass, but perhaps "the horrid black rains" that MacKenzie mentions are of the same sort that fell on the destroyed city of Hiroshima immediately after the atomic blast occurred over that Japanese city in WWII.

Kenneth MacKenzie apparently had a rather sarcastic sense of humor as well. When the wife of the Chief of the MacKenzie Clan summoned him to inquire of her husband who had been in Paris for many months, her question was, "What is he doing?"

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Kenneth MacKenzie (cont.) by Albion

To which MacKenzie replied, "He is happy and merry and kissing the hand of a woman with his arm around her waist." This infuriated the Chieftain's wife who decided that the wizard had seen his last vision. MacKenzie did not help his case when he commented to her that most of the "highborn" children playing in the castle yard "appeared to be sired by gillies and lackeys."

Thus it was that the seer was dropped into a barrel of boiling tar in which knives had been driven into the sides. But before the wizard died, he made a final prophecy: "I see into the far future and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor, whose long descended line will, before many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honors of his line are to be extinguished forever, and that no future chief of the MacKenzie shall rule at Brahan or in Kintail. As a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds (a sort of land ruler) in the days of the last deaf and dumb MacKenzie chief--Gairlock, Chisholm, Grant and Raasay--of whom one will be buck-toothed, another hairlipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. When the last chief looks around him and sees them he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end."

With this the great wizard went into the boiling tar. But many generations later, the vision of the wizard came to be--a deaf and dumb MacKenzie chief came along and he had four sons, the Chisholm of Chisholm who was hairlipped, the laird Gairlock, who was buck-toothed; a half-witted Grant who was a laird as well; and the stammering laird of Raasay.

The four MacKenzie sons died before their father, and with his death the line was forever extinguished.

This story is from a book about the Hebrides Islands, The Crofter and the Laird, John McPhee, published by Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, New York, 1969.

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From Lady of Shallot

The 'Tower' fallen, not all truths are pretty at first. While I feel I must experience and learn from the shadow side, I also choose to feel as good about it as possible by searching out the light or beauty in each situation. In this way, hope and direction may be found almost as I go through whatever lesson I might be going through at the time.

May the following chant, in combination with your own talents and needs, help you as it has me. Time, Deity, and technical set-up are your personal choice and will make any recipe more your own, however, sincerity and simplicity are as important to the end result.

~~See the darkness~~
~~Feel the darkness~~
Warm and closing in
Pull it 'round you
Once it bound you
Never to again
Freedom find you
When you find you
See the light therein.

Light in darkness
Let me see the
light in darkness
That there be.

Repeat the last four lines at least five times.

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The workers in a large factory were making secret plans to stage a big office party for the 70-year-old cleaning woman who had spent the better part of her life with the company. Somehow the secret leaked out and the woman got wind of it. Much perturbed, she rushed to the office manager.

"Please, sir," she cried, "don't let them do it! Don't let them do it!"

~~"Oh, come now, Mrs. MacIntosh, you musn't be so modest. After all, they simply want to show the great esteem in which you are held."~~

"Esteem, my eye," exclaimed the woman. "I'm not goin' clean up after a mess alike that!"

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

Things start taking a turn for the worse around the 8th or 9th of September and don't get much better until after the 15th. So prepare, prepare. And those of us who live in Southern California, hang on.... Organization, paperwork, money matters, and travel should be undertaken prior to the New Moon. After the New Moon, caution should be exercised in all these areas. Meditations on the lion, the raven, Hercules, Helios, Osiris, and Hydra are good activities prior to the 22nd.

August 16th--danger of earthquake in Mexico; watch out for accidents, especially near fire or water.

18th--good day for mending fences, cutting grass or brush, weeding, intuition, socializing.

19th--Full Moon. Plant beans, cauliflower, corn, endive.

21st--Good for fishing, fixing fences, retirement, change, reading, writing. Especially good day for imagination, intuition, reasoning, fertility, literature, marriage, publishing. Green candles.

23rd--Good for business, taking risks, harvesting crops and herbs. Watch for sudden changes. Danger near water, particularly in England and Germany. Red candles.

25th--Harvest crops and herbs. Good day for friends and lovers, chemistry, finance, and business with the opposite sex; intuition, music, and singing--especially Irish songs. Green candles.

28th--Changes and journeys in Melbourne and San Francisco. Good day for cutting grass or brush, weeding, harvesting crops and herbs. Literature and the sciences highlighted. Yellow candles.

30th--Danger of earthquakes in the northern hemisphere near or in water. Cut grass and brush, weeding. Good day for socializing at home. Watch for psychic obstacles. New Yorkers may want to go antique hunting. Blue and silver candles.

Sep. 2nd--Harvest crops and herbs. Pleasures at home in arts or sports in France, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Chicago. Gold, orange, and red candles.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

4th--New Moon. Good for buying clothes, taking risks, weeding and cutting the grass, harvesting crops and herbs, memory, learning, science, clairvoyance, literature, teaching, and paperwork--especially in Virginia.

5th--Particularly good day to do the things mentioned on the 4th in Boston, Paris, and Los Angeles.

6th--Unions emphasized. Blue and pink candles.

7th--Arts highlighted, particularly light literature and drama. Social encounters bring pleasure, money.

8th--Good day to cut grass, weeding--especially if you feel quick-tempered. Be careful when travelling in Baltimore, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Portland. Getting sarcastic may cause someone to lose their temper. Grey and red candles.

10th--Watch your money, prepare for delays, unfortunate changes of residence, ignore gossip for your own good.

11th--Another day like yesterday but a little less predictable in nature. Harvest crops and herbs. Danger near water. Purple and blue candles (for the bruises and your dignity?).

12th--More slanderous gossip and another day like yesterday... and the day before.... Earthquake danger. Avoid impulse anything.

13th--Disputes, difficulty with property, danger near fire and water. Take care in money matters and exercise caution when dealing with the public or organizations.

15th--The trend of the last six days continues. Plant kale and broccoli. Cut grass and weeding. Do be careful!

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A recent survey of college students revealed the following vocational careers they hoped to pursue: Wholesale salesman, technician, physicist, pilot, architect, agriculturist, teacher, writer, psychiatrist, librarian, and administrator. Some students selected engineering, engineering or engineering. Other preferred business, industry, episcopalian, Liberal and scholology. Naturally, some were undesired.

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Ladies! Ladies! Please! by Tarostar

No one abdicated and appointed me to the Powers That Be. If you think that, you must not really read anything I have to say. It seems only one of you had the common sense to go to both mine and BD's original letter to see what was said. The others must have gotten into an emotional dither and began to flap their gums before the mind was in gear.

You seem to think a certain someone would set up a Board of Determination as to who should or should not go skyclad. Rather than the Craft have any standards of self deportment at all, you seem to indicate there should be none. Do you remember when Alex Sanders was taken to task because he had only pretty young girls running around skyclad, yet he always wore a robe? Due to the criticism, he then allowed himself to be photoed without robe. They screamed, "Put it back on!" He was a skinny wraith.

Six of one, half a dozen of the other. It is self discipline I call for, within the realm of good taste! Self evaluation, self censorship, self esteem and self judgment before the Gods. That is the Craft, Ladies! Self integrity and responsibility as a thinking adult. The "do your own thing," bring a little of this, a little of that, something from here, something from there, and don't forget that over there attitude brought into a magic circle before the Gods is Chaos! Chaos is its only result.

You validate the point trying to invalidate it. If one did have a group, hypothetically, of white, blonde, vegetarians as a Circle, they would be of a common interest and of one accord. Their magicks would stand a much better chance of being effective. Not so? Or do you know so little of The Old Religion?

That is just the point. The "let it all hang out" stuff from the Flower Child mishmash of the Sixties is over and, thank the Gods, done. It served its purpose to break up the old patterns. Now we can build new. Now the true light of the Ancient Wisdom can shine forth. If self discipline in and on the path of occultism, magic and wicca is not your thing, why are you here? What are you doing?

Ed note (LF): Oh, dear. Can we make everyone happy here? When in doubt, one should check with the HPs of the occasion to determine if robes will be worn. If the response is that robes are optional, then use your own judgment and do what feels good. Okay? Read on....

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From S. P. G. Fox

I have a progressive, genetic, disfiguring disease. There is no treatment or cure. The Pagan friends I've told tell me that as the disease becomes noticeable, Pagans will continue to accept me and care for me. But when I see the attitude toward merely overweight men and women, I know that Pagans are no different than anyone else and I will have to keep covered (gloves, long sleeves, etc.) in order not to offend or frighten the average Pagan. Thanks for the encouragement and comfort. For you this is just a joke. For me, it's the next fifty years of my life.

Ed. note (LF): Wait! Stop! I am always saddened to hear of another person who suffers, ~~whether it be physical, mental,~~ emotional--even more so when help in the medical field does not seem to be forthcoming. The fact that you are planning for the next fifty years is good for it indicates that you intend to lead a long, happy, productive life despite your unfortunate disease. If you choose not to robe, the types of Pagans your friends said would support you will be there. There will be the type you describe as well. If we are all there to honor the Goddess, her consort, and the Old Ones, then nothing else should really matter except personal comfort and safety. This isn't always the case as most of us are painfully aware. However, if we're in the Craft to be influenced solely by the prejudiced opinions of others, we're in the wrong religion. Again, consult with the HPs of the occasion if in doubt as to whether to robe or no, and if robes are optional, do what makes you happy. And may there be lots of that in your life....

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There is a museum in Vienna where the piano once used by Beethoven is exhibited. A girl visited the museum one day; she walked casually through it and sat down at the piano and played some jazz. She then turned to the attendant and asked whether or not there had been any famous pianists who had come to see the instrument. She was told that a short time earlier Paderewski had visited the museum.

"Paderewski," inquired the girl. "Then surely, he must have played something most beautiful on this old instrument?"

"On the contrary," replied the attendant. "Paderewski did not feel worthy of touching it."--Gerald Kennedy

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Controlled Alternatives by Blacksun

It's been quite some time since writing to the GNL, but I have a perfectly good explanation: I was captured by a high-tech one-eyed monster--our computer. Actually, what's stirred me into writing you good folks now is the fact that several places in last month's GNL I've found people making references to computers.

You know, people don't own computers, computers end up owning people. A year and a half ago, Shadowhawk and I bought a computer. She started writing more and so did I. In fact, I've finally gotten around to writing the book on ritual construction which I've been thinking about for five or six years. That's what is taking most of my time in the evenings when Shadowhawk will let me near it. I fully sympathize with anyone who is a computerphobe. I didn't think of getting one until a friend of our let Shadowhawk use his Apple II a few years back to help her rewrite a book. I got caught up in it and haven't lost the thrill yet. I was and am completely under its spell.

Which brings me to my next topic: magic by computer. I noticed somebody mentioning that maybe they could program their computer for ritual. I don't know if they meant make a program that would just turn out a ritual about anything they wanted (would you want YOUR computer knowing how to make ritual magic?) or if they meant they wanted to use the computer to word process (isn't it great how the language evolves?) their rituals so they are readable.

If it is the latter, then by all means, go for it. I have been putting all of our rituals in the computer for quite some time now. It is a very secure way to make them recorded. If you invite anybody to work with you who does not have a copy of the ritual, all you have to do is go to the High Tech Horus and command it to produce a copy. By the way, pagan hackers, there are lots of ways to make information safe from prying eyes, but I think probably one of the best ways is to put it on a 3M Data Security Disk. No, I don't have stock in the company. They provide a rather unique way of making the information coded and the only way to break it is to provide the right password which could be any number of words, letters, or numbers.

I'd like to point out to those who haven't caught the computer bug that not only I, but almost everybody I know who is working with computers for any reason felt pretty much as
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Controlled Alternatives (cont.) by Blacksun

I expect you to at this time--Who needs 'em. I would think that at least some of you will in the future change your attitude and some won't. In any case, computers will have a meaningful impact on your lives. To you who are witches and do magic and are the children of the Goddess who wish to know and honor Her, the computer is a major factor to have to be reckoned with.

You think this might be tough, think of what happened with the invention of the vacuum cleaner (electric brooms).

So I thought I might put down some of the thoughts that ~~Shadowhawk and I have had concerning computers and the Craft.~~ Remember, they're just ideas. If anybody has any other ideas along these lines, you can write to us (or the GNL, if they are willing to put up with computerized witches) at: POB 30654, Seattle, WA 98103.

First idea: why not set up all the witches we can find with computers and modems to all log into a national bulletin board? Then we could download a program that would run automatically if the computer were to have its clock set properly, and start scrolling up the screen at just the real time as everybody else's screen. Then we could have hundreds, maybe thousands, of witches doing the same ritual at the same time. Solitaries could be in on a giant national circle without having to leave their homes; groups could all work under their own HPs and HP, there would be little chance of any way to trace who actually was doing the ritual because the whole program would be uploaded at a previous time and set to run at a certain time after the uploading from the board.

Or, how about this: will the telephone lines with the ritual going out over them to various computers across the nation create a system of energy lines if done often enough? Will these energy lines have any qualities similar to lay lines?

If the process of this ritual, or any and all magical data, is stored in electronically readable form, will the collective power of all those collections plus the people doing the rituals make for a "psychic critical mass" which will call into existence a reality structure which we cannot understand or dream of at this time? Do we really want to do that? Is this, perhaps, a serious question? If mental activity is

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Controlled Alternatives (cont.) by Blacksun

also readable as electric pulses, what are the infamous Acashic Records?

How about a cross-referenced data base with a simple three or four field scan program of the major Gods' and Goddesses' names with information on their archetypes, pantheons, and other bits of information that make such reference works valuable to people like us?

I think that computers could become a great way of teaching herbalism, astrology, or any number of other things which can be useful to members of the craft. All that has to be done is for the need to be there strong enough that the people who make up such kinds of programs will get busy on it. Conversations and consultations with others within the Craft (who are protected because of the anonymity of the modem and bulletin board system) will be able to be made on either a real time or delayed basis with either passwords or not, depending on the need.

I know that our computer has made us much more prolific in our written communication. I also think that it has aided us in making our circle organization and operation a little more exacting and a little easier. Certainly, it has made the rituals quite a bit more readable.

So we have quite enjoyed our High Tech Horus. And I feel that learning how to live with this tool is important for many good reasons, not the least of which is that it will very likely be around for quite some time.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + +

David, back from two weeks at summer camp, was excited about badges awarded him for the greatest improvement in swimming skill and for naming the most birds. His mother saw that there was another ribbon. He said, "I just got that for having my bag packed neatest when we started home." "Why, that's fine," she told him. "I'm proud of you." "I hadn't never unpacked it," he explained.

A man was telling his grandson the story of Cinderella. When he finished, the wide-eyed lad looked at him and asked, "When the pumpkin turns into a beautiful coach, is that figured as straight income or capital gain?"

* * * * *

Life and Me by Circe

Life is but a question,
Something I don't understand,
Yet still strive to command.
Does it rule me, or I it?

They say I can accomplish anything,
But so many doubts keep me wondering.
I find myself saying, "Why me?"
But in reality the question is "Why not me?"
I wallow in self pity, searching for sympathy.
Yet I find strength and endurance are the 'Key.'
And without the 'Key,' all doors
remain locked.

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Remember by Ceridwyn

Oh my, I have forgotten
for a little while,
where my reality lies.
I have been caught up in
just the feelings
and just the results
and forgot the why.
But an outpouring of love
flowed and blended within
and all about me,
it arose and kissed my brow,
and whispered... remember?

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It's impolite to talk with your mouth full, and unwise to
talk with your head empty.--Richard Armour

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an
organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow
pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.--Caleb C.
Colton

A New England newspaper published this announcement: "In
case you find mistakes in this paper, please consider they
were put there for a purpose. We publish something for
everyone, and some folks are always looking for mistakes."

* * * * *

Untitled Poem by David

Once we were held in high esteem,
Counseled with Kings and Queens of the land
To use our magic and other means
For the goodness that was at hand.

Then there was jealousy and a rival to pitch
They said we were evil and up to no good.
Convinced by clergy "Down with the witch."
Most things about us were not understood.

Today we still practice the things in our heart
Yearning and learning the ways of the old.
The Aquarian age will bring a new start,
To open their minds on the fears which they hold.

For a beginner like me, I learn every day
About the powers which dwell inside of me.
For the good of all is truly the way,
Caring and sharing may all Blessed Be.

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Strike by Ogaea

Of godly fruit my mother bit;
that mouthful was her legacy:
she sinned in learning, and in wit
and left her punishment to me.

My heritage forbids me fruit,
and says its flesh will make me die;
so as long as I'm damned by my feminist root,
I'll be damned if I'll make apple pie!

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There's a brand new invention for people who want to relax in
an atmosphere of quiet tranquility. It's a phoneless cord.

He who lays all his cards on the table usually ends up
playing solitaire.

The art of negotiation is something you learn at an early
age. You'd be amazed how many teenagers get their first car
by asking for a motorcycle.

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Clean Death by Charles Arnold

Morrigan, harridan,
Blood fed Mabd;
Death-crazed hag;
Battle Raven;
glutting your irridescent self
on the corpses of dead soldiers.

But even you,
chooser of choice morsels,
do not take all;
even you circle the battlefield
picking those whose time has come.

Under your wings
I could die laughing.

Now another god rules,
a god of purple and or,
whose symbol is the trinity
about the sun
and this god threatens
to take everything.

Under Your harsh beak
and sharp claws
blood fertilized the fields.
This new god would take all
and give nothing.

Mighty Morrigan;
Horrible Mabd;
protect us
Goddess of Death
who brings life from death,
from that mighty mushroom god
who gives nothing but dust.

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Before the waitress could open her mouth, Grandpa announced,
"I'm Bob, and I'll be your customer for the next hour."

Sign on office wall: "You can--if you will." Below that,
someone had scrawled: "And you're canned if you won't."

* * * * *

Under your harsh beak
and sharp claws

Tell It To the Moon by Moonraven

Tell it all to the Moon
 When you're lost and alone,
 So very far from home,
 She will hear you.

Feel Cerridwen standing by you,
 She's there,
 Always there,
 She dwells in every living thing.

Don't be sad child,
 Love is all around you,
 Rejoice in one so true,
 Home is where you stand,
 And no one is alone.

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The Dalliance of the Eagles by Walt Whitman (1881)

Skirting the river road, (my forenoon walk, my rest,)
 Skyward in air a sudden muffled sound, the dalliance of the
 eagles,
 The rushing amorous contact high in space together,
 The clinching interlocking claws, a living, fierce, gyrating
 wheel,
 Four beating wings, two beaks, a swirling mass tight
 grappling,
 In tumbling turning clustering loops, straight downward
 falling,
 Till o'er the river pois'd, the twain yet one, a moment's
 lull,
 A motionless still balance in the air, then parting, talons
 loosing,
 Upward again on slow-firm pinions slanting, their separate
 diverse flight,
 She hers, he his, pursuing.

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Four-year-old Cynthia awoke her mother in the middle of the
 night and said with all seriousness, "Mommy, there aren't any
 good dreams in my room. Can I come sleep with you?"

To know what to do with what you know is the essence of true
 wisdom.

* * * * *

Strange Love by Gerina Dunwich

Strange love
I dream of you
as I sleep on painted stars, symbols
in the center of your circle.

Weaving webs of mystery
you creep spider-like
into my dreams.

Smothered in haunted midnight
I feel your fingers
dancing in the darkness
like a phantom.
Your gentle touch is warm
and with one magic kiss
the moon and stars
are reborn.

Strange love
I am bewitched
by eyes so black and shining.
Your many faces eclipse my mind
like silver lightning flashing.
My thoughts swirl like incense
clouds of cabalistic ectoplasm
as you spill into my golden goblet
hot and bubbling
like love potion.

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Sign outside a bar: "If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If not, come in and tell us how you do it."

when the Roman Empire was falling apart, the people were kept busy with circuses. Now we have television.

Sign in a pet shop: "Kitten with white paws and bib. Very affectionate. Answers to 'Go away.'"

My Dad had no formal education, but he had a doctor's degree in common sense. He gave me the best advice I ever had: "If you ever have an opportunity to keep your mouth shut, take it."

* * * * *

From Ogaea and Canyondancer

The Founding Fathers meant by "separation of Church and state" a government in which no offices or legislative seats are reserved for representatives of the church. In England in the 1700's, the institutional interests of the Church (of England) were formally represented in the government with a bloc of Parliamentary seats reserved to be filled only by Church officials. It was specifically this formally mandated Church presence in the bodies and offices of government that the Founding Fathers sought to avoid; it was not their intention or expectation that individual members of churches, lay or clerical, be excluded from appointment or election to office or from other participation in political life.

Just as there are those calling themselves Wiccans or pagans who are selfishly manipulative, destructive, and false to the Mother, so there are idiots who proclaim other religions. We do need to be wary of fundamentalists in every Christian denomination; we also need to recognize those who, though they worship differently, respect our religious rights and understand that our freedoms and theirs are interdependent. It is counter-intuitive to put Jesse Jackson and Jimmy Carter (and Martin Luther King, another Baptist minister) in the same category with Jerry Falwell and the many other unscrupulous right-wing evangelists who would burn us.

We do not fear our Gods, but they fear theirs, and their fear is such that our lives of celebration offend them, for they are jealous, and feel guilty in their yearnings. Our love for the Goddess, our adventures with the God, challenge the foundation of their faith (the idea that one god demands perfect and narrowly defined obedience to its confused and antiquated whims). They threaten merely our physical aspects; we threaten all that they are.

To us, tolerance is a moral position because we know that the Mother lives for each of us in different experiences, and it would be presumptuous of us to say what She may offer. We celebrate the wide variety of life and lifestyle that the right-wing reactionaries fear. We respect natural freedom and it terrifies them. They are afraid of us and they call us the anti-Christ, but upon thought, most of us can recognize Jesus as a gentle incarnation of our own God; he died, after all, that the Wheel might turn from the time of a avengefully power-wielding god to the season of love, reconciliation and rebirth. These bloody Christians are

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From Ogaea and Canyon dancer (cont.)

children of the Goddess too; like all children who frighten themselves, straying, they have become hysterical.

If we would take up what of our tradition is useful to us, we must not hide in our traditional secrecy now, but do our traditional work of healing, of channeling the Mother's love into the world through our lives. We need not share fundamentalist hysteria; neither should we fear it. Yes, groves may be burned, bodies may bleed, but fear of death is not our birthright. Love of life is, and now we must make that love larger.

The Gods, we must remember, have never shied from showing us the consequence of retreat from perfect love and perfect trust. The Burning Times were but one example of the price we pay for isolating ourselves. (And let us remember: the Inquisition did not have The Bomb!) Throughout history, there have been massacres, physical and spiritual, of women as symbols of the mysterious power of life. It's true that this analysis seems to stretch our terms a bit, but it's also true that we have hidden everywhere, and everywhere we have died in periodic attacks on the Mother: in World War II, Europe, where not only the Jews were nearly annihilated, in post-war America, where maidens, mothers and matriarchs still suffer from their return to domestic subservience; even in prehistoric times, where anomalous mythologies point, according to cultural-religious historian Joseph Campbell and others, to widespread and thorough slaughters of women, keepers of mystery and power.

So we agree with Tarostar when he says we must register to vote, know the candidates and the issues, and at least be there on Election Day. Our survival, and the Mother's, in these frightening and challenging times, depends now on our use of the plain strength, the ordinary resources, the everyday defenses available to us. Never before have we been so strong in this world, and though we may prefer to live between the worlds, we will die in this one unless we begin to do more than magick in hidden circles. The Mother has given us too much of Herself for us to refuse her such little things now. Do what you will, but do what you can, too, and blessed be.

With Puck, we'd like to share "elf lights" (we'll try to print the photos elsewhere--Fauna), introduced to us by a Tucson artist. They are candle cairns, to hold votive

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From Ogaea and Canyondancer (cont.)

candles with or without glass; they're made of alternately stacked stones, capped with a large flat stone or with several long, narrow ones. Our friend tells us that these lights mark the boundaries of a camp (or other circle), and invite the region's Little People and their blessings to a gathering.

During the day, these lights are very discreet. We decorate our with leaves, flowers, cones and colored stones, and they sometimes attract curious small creatures, who sometimes knock them down! Still, building them can be incorporated into the casting of a circle, and they add a precious beauty to any gathering. These candles work just as well in yards, or even on bookcases indoors, with appropriate precautions taken; they bring a bit of the wild to the tame, and make especially nice altar decorations for the holidays.

Of course, you must take precautions against fire hazards. When we build lights against trees, there's always a large, flat stone between tree and candle, and the candle is always in glass. When we build on large rocks in the open or on small islands in mountain streams, we often choose not to use a glass, allowing the candle to burn down, but in a cave, glass is necessary because parafin grows mold which pollutes the cave. Many times, the candles burn all night and it's very nice to find them still glittering at breakfast time. Try them, and enjoy.

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Didja Know...

... what is the world's longest mountain range. In fact, its the longest natural feature of any kind. It is a submarine mountain range that runs 40,000 miles through the Atlantic, Antarctic, and northeast Pacific Oceans.

If you have made mistakes, even serious mistakes, there is always another chance for you. And supposing you have tried and failed again and again, you may have a fresh start any moment you choose, for this thing that we call "failure" is not the falling down, but the staying down.

A lot of good arguments are spoiled by folks who know what they are talking about.

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More From S. P. G. Fox

The Grove of the Unicorn, the prison coven fighting for their basic religious rights, needs and deserves our support. Your newsletter's suggestion that prisoners "serve their time in peace... read(ing) and grow(ing) within... is absurd. Perhaps more than those on the outside, prisoners need a spirituality and need to share that with others. I've talked with Anubis Amen-Ra, the man leading the fight from within, and have corresponded with other prisoners who've chosen the Goddess' path. Our religion brings them stability in a world of chaos.

As far as their bringing in a High Priestess as a sort of prostitute--hey, be real! The Priestess wouldn't be allowed "in the cell" as you claimed, but with the group in an area set aside for religious observance. These men want teachers, they want caring, and they want the same basic religious rights as the Christian prisoners.

The bottom line issue here is religious freedom. The prisoner's grove was not allowed to practice goddess worship because "it's not a real religion." Anytime we can force the government to admit we are a "real religion" the safer we are under the First Amendment.

That the Grove of the Unicorn manages to publish a newsletter (with outside advertising, yet), fight for basic First Amendment rights (for themselves and ultimately for us), and run a growing coven under difficult circumstances, proves that just because they're prisoners, they're not "dropouts, losers, non-achievers, and crazed-freaked out people" as you contended.

Ed. note (LF): Whoa! Indiscriminate use of pronouns! I hope by now that the readers of the GNL have the wisdom to realize that we could not possibly share all of the views of all of the readers, otherwise we'd be very confused editors indeed. My opinion? I'm not there, so I really can't render one. So there. One other major correction--the group you are referring to is The Coven of The Dawn. Grove of the Unicorn is somebodies altogether different.

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I was gratified to be able to answer promptly and I did. I said I didn't know. --Mark Twain.

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From Barbas

I take strong exception to some remarks of Rowan in your July 1986 issue. I quote: "... 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 the Craft. Why perpetuate the stereotype?"

First of all, Rowan, instead of jabbing High Priestess Cabot via GNL, why don't you confront her directly? I'm sure you wouldn't have any trouble reaching her in Salem. Her response may shock you. I'll tell you of the Law: 'An It Harm None, Do What Thou Will. Ever hear of that one, Rowan? It means that every being has a right to express themselves in any manner they choose as long as that manner does not violate another's space. If your dear cowan public thinks bad thoughts because of Lady Cabot's attire, that's their problem. No one can be held responsible for the thoughts of another. If you seek the approval of the general public, fine. I respect your right to do that. But when you condemn another because they do not, then you are way out of line. And what about this word stereotype? Have you been watching too many cartoons again? Everything a Witch wears is for a very specific reason. Every Samhain season I wear my Priest clothes which consist of a black-hooded cape, a black specially made shirt, black pants, black Wellington boots, black socks, and, oh, yes, black bikini briefs. Also my jewelry, walking cane, and, yes, Rowan, I even have my cat along sometimes. Does this place me in your stereotype grouping? Sorry, I couldn't care less what the public thinks.

You say, "...we should attempt to show the ignorant public that we are not just a lunatic fringe but ordinary people just like them." Your speaking for all Witches and that's a no-no, Rowan. When speaking, confine your comments to your space alone. And to say that a Witch is just ordinary people is just beyond me. In my near fifteen years in the craft, I have never met a Witch that was an ordinary person. Can ordinary people raise the wind, bring rain, quiet barking dogs, call birds, commune with spirits, tell fortunes, hex, curse, and heal?

By the way, Rowan, I've never heard the term "yuppie witch." What is it?

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From Albion

Does anyone out there in Paganville have any copies of the old, out of print, but quite wonderful magazine, The New Broom, that they would be willing to sell, trade, or barter for? I would like a whole set, if I could get them, from Volume I, Number 1 to the last one published. The New Broom was published in Dallas, Texas, beginning in 1972, if that's some help to anyone.

Also, if Martha or Fred Adler read this, I would be interested in corresponding with you. If anyone out there knows the above folks, I would like to get in touch with them. Could you ask them to please write to me? Albion, POB 764, Bakersfield, CA 93302

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From Scarecrow

I am attempting to locate all groups or individuals who have a lineage that originates from either the Hollywood, FL covens of Lady Kitty Lessing or Lady Gwen Thompsen. These groups were originally known as the Celtic Tradition, though I understand that a branch of the family is known as Tuatha de Danaan, and it is probable that there have been more name changes and mutations over the years. The Welsh tradition of New York is also derived from the Celtic. I urge any functioning covens or groups of these lineages (or, for that matter, folks who suspect that they are of this tradition, or people who want to be Celts) to contact me. If there is sufficient interest, I am willing to edit a newsletter for Celts, and to network. Our tradition has indeed diversified and grown since the New England Council of Traditionalist Witches was established many yers ago. We now can boast of an Irish branch, a Bretonic Branch, as well as Welsh and Pan-Celtic groups who celebrate the Mysteries of the Cauldron and the Three Mothers. I feel that it is a good time to talk and see what new joys we have experienced and learned from over the years. Please contact: Scarecrow, c/o Forest Arts and Crafts, POB 60897, Los Angeles, CA 90060-0297. SMIB, and may all your rituals be moonlit.

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One cool judgment is worth a thousand hasty counsels. The thing to do is to supply light and not heat. --Woodrow Wilson

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From Stan

It is not often that I try to write an article about Wicca. I simply do not know enough about the matter to do so. I would like to list some attributes that I believe most witches share in common. I would like your comments. What did I leave out? What did I say you disagree with? I would like you, the reader, to classify (not codify) your beliefs. Just what do you believe to be true and not true?

Here is my partial list:

A shared belief in the Goddess, a God also in most cases, but a Goddess first in her many guises.

All creation is linked. The ever spiraling thread of life runs through mineral, plant, and animal. We are part of the Universe, we are one with the universe. The destruction of one part of creation destroys a small part of ourselves. Call it Life Force or simply say it is electromagnetic in nature, it permeates the whole.

Many rituals come from ancient beliefs that have now become myths and legends. They retain their validity, notwithstanding.

A single word description of a witch at an esbat--exuberance, joy, love, laughter, the thrill that comes from just being alive expressed in song, dance, sometimes in sex, and a feeling of being in resonance with whatever deity is being honored. When we honor ourselves, we honor the Goddess.

Like a mighty river branching and meandering, yet still part of that self, same wellhead, Wicca has many names, origins, and divisions.

I have never met a witch who did not believe in the continuity of life, usually reincarnation. What are your thoughts?

Besides the world of which we are cognizant through our five senses (we have many more) there exists worlds of spirits, elementals, some natural, some made from thought forms, faery, and other inhabitants of the unseen universe.

Modern day witches are eclectic, which is to say, creative borrowers. Tolkien's Middle Earth could find its place as well as the latest UFO sighting in the Craft.

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From Stan (cont.)

No 'thou shalt nots," have been chiseled in stone. Rather, "Harm none, for all are part of you." No slow torture under fire--this is man's doing, but rather the certainty that a good deed or a bad one returns threefold.

Nearly all witches are aware of the influence of the planets upon the sun and upon ourselves. It is another manifestation of the invisible thread that ties us all together. Cosmic law is immutable and predictable. The planets make their appointed rounds in perfect harmony.

The universe is a mathematical one. Certain units of measure have been known since antiquity based upon the radius of the earth and a division of its parts. Resonance with these laws gives predictable results. Nonresonance may result in chaos.

So there you have it. This is only one ignorant person's thoughts on the subject. Please let us have yours.

Ed note (LF): My all-time favorite essay on this subject is "We're Witches and We Believe..." by Allyn Wolfe. We reprinted it from Red Garters in the May '85 issue of the GNL.

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Book Review: Daddy Witch and Old Mother-Redcap by Nigel Pennick. (Subtitle: "Survivals of the Old Craft Under Victorian Christendom"). Rev. by Albion

A strange little booklet about two old time "witches" who lived in the Cambridgeshire area of England between the 1800's and the 1930's. Mostly, this booklet is a collection of folk tales concerning many of the old style witches and wizards. I personally found the author's information to be garbled, even though it is factual.

It does have some interesting stories of the various familiars (or "imps") kept by some of the old ones mentioned in this booklet, but, on the whole, it seems crowded with unnecessary facts of history, many of which only remotely concern anything pagan.

For those who are concerned with the history of modern paganism, there isn't much here that can't be found elsewhere (see The Dark World of Witches, Eric Maple, Pegasus Press,

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Daddy Witch rev. by Albion (cont.)

New York, 1964), but I did find the author's classification of these old pagans to be of interest. He uses the following categories: Planet Readers, Witch, Cunning Man, Woman Wizard, Alchemist, Toadman, Wizard, and Wise Woman. As one can see, there is no mention of Wicca or Wiccans at all, which is not surprising. This term seems to have been born in the 1950's and 1960's out of the revival that Gerald Gardner started, although "Old Gerald" always spelled it Wica. Doreen Valiente seems to have coined the term Wicca to refer to witchcraft.

I would suggest that at least some of the hereditary pagans did not (and do not) refer to themselves as "witches" as how they would like to be known, especially by outsiders. They felt then, as now, that the term witch had many negative connotations.

I can only suggest this as a booklet to purchase for those who have money to burn and a desire for a few more historical fragments to add to the whole. Publisher: Runestaff Press, 142 Pheasant Rise, Bar Hill, Cambridge, CB3 85D, East Anglia, England.

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From Sunny Enterprises

With notecards becoming more and more a substitute for those long letters no one has time to write, we've put together this catalog of our most popular cards. Some of them reflect our emerging emphasis on goddess imagery. "Celebration", for instance, was designed for a fertility ritual and many women are using it as a unique pregnancy announcement and pregnancy congratulation card. Our little "Venus", designed from a 25,000-year-old fertility figure, is appropriate for the same occasions and makes a nice general notecard. "Tryst" was originally a wedding invitation and has become a best seller for engagement announcements and wedding and anniversary congratulations. "Birches" is also known as "Glades of the Goddess" and along with "Winter Window" makes a lovely winter solstice card. Our "Cosmic Postcard" makes a perfect change of address card with room for the new address right on the mailbox. "Coffeecup" is a wonderful all-purpose notecard as well as the ultimate brunch invitation. Send a SASE to Sunny Enterprises, POB 83, Brighton, MA 02135 for more info. Cards run \$5.50 to \$9.00 a dozen.

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Odds 'n' Ends

Ogaea recommends Aerial Enterprises, 4500 E. Speedway Suite 25, Tucson, AZ 85712 (602)327-5276 to wiccans and friends looking for quality tee shirts on pagan themes. It's a family pagan business. Write or call for a catalogue.

Ruth and Phil Potter and Ruth Ann Black are happy to invite you to the wedding of their children Susan Lois Morgan Potter and John Michael Black, 12:00 noon, Sunday, August 10, 1986. RSVP (415)558-3573, 285-6929, or 355-0526 ASAP.

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Ruth Barrett and Cynthia Smith will be appearing at McCabe's Guitar Shop in Santa Monica on September 6th sharing billing with Frankie Armstrong, an English Traditionalist singer. Two shows, one at 8 pm and one at 10:30 pm. Tickets on sale August 22nd at McCabe's (213)828-4497. For those of you who love pagan music, don't miss this one!

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Juliana has eight beautiful kittens that were born June 13th. Most are reddish beige. The mother's name is Tilley and she's large and snow white with big baby blue eyes and also long hair and a bushy tail. Anyone interested call (805) 399-2777 (Bakersfield).

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Even before Freud opened the towers of a new medical domain, the observant person knew the importance of ego. Daily experience had demonstrated that vanity was responsible for more decisions, good and bad, than reason. One can almost measure the greatness of a person by the extent to which they have freed themselves from its influence. There have been large business transactions vaporize because of a tactless, "That is a silly contention" instead of the Dale Carnegieized, "There is a great deal to that, but..."

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Inside the gorilla house at the NYC Zoo there hangs a sign between two of the cages. It says, "You are looking at the most dangerous animal in the world. It alone of all the animals that ever lived can exterminate (and has) entire species of animals. Now it has achieved the power to wipe out all life on earth." Beneath the sign hangs a mirror.

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That's all for this month, folks. Below are Ogaea and
Canyondancer's pictures, if we can get them to turn out.

And thanks to Rhea, who found us a "Georgian On Board" sign
for the Patmobile.

Blessed Be,

dean, jeannie, and the Georgians





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