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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. For those of you who are new to our mailing list, the opinions expressed in this newsletter are not necessarily those of the Georgian Church. So there.

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Johnny Appleseed's real name was John Chapman. He was born September 26, 1774 in Leominster, Massachusetts. According to historians, he planted more than 10,000 apple trees throughout the midwest which he either sold or gave to needy homesteaders. Chapman died on March 22, 1845.

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A Tale for Witchlets Near Bedtime by Stan

Once upon a time there lived a family of dragons. There was papa dragon and mama dragon and the little boy dragon. I say little because while mama dragon and papa dragon were as big as a house, the little boy dragon was only as big as maybe a large horse. The little dragon's name was Dreco. Mama dragon and papa dragon worked very hard all day long but little Dreco just wanted to play and play and play. He loved to turn cartwheels in the sky over and over again and see how close he could come to the squirrels playing in the branches.

Now all of the dragons except Dreco flew very high in the sky, so anyone seeing them would think they were birds. Because of this, very few people had ever seen a dragon and no one believed the few who said they had seen one.

At this same time, there lived a little boy with his mother and father. He lived in a house on a cliff by the sea and while his mother and father worked, he liked to go down to the seashore and pick up shells and pieces of driftwood that looked like animals. His name was Rolf and little Rolf had seen Dreco turning somersaults in the sky many times. Since no one had ever told him there were no such things as dragons, he saw them quite often.

One day when little Rolf was playing along the seashore, an earthquake took place out at sea and made a big wave, bigger than a house, bigger than two houses. The wave came closer and closer to the shore but little Rolf did not see it and kept on playing. Little Rolf was sure to be drowned. How sad. But wait.

Far up in the sky Dreco was turning cartwheels and pretending to hide in the clouds when he saw this big wave coming. He knew that little Rolf could not escape and would surely die. He folded his wings and fell right toward the beach where little Rolf was playing, getting there just seconds before the big wave. Turning his big cartwheel so he could slow down, he floated to the beach, picked up little Rolf and carried him to the top of the cliff right in front of his mother and father. From that day on, his mother and father believed in dragons and often left presents of grapes and other fruit for them.

When little Dreco told his mother and father about saving the life of the little boy, Dreco's father asked why he had done that since humans had never been very friendly to dragons.

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A Tale (cont.) by Stan

But Dreco said it made him feel good to save a life, any life, and his mother said it made her feel good, too,

And now it is time for you to go to bed, but maybe tomorrow, who knows? You might even see a dragon yourself.

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The Logical Sequence by Tarostar

There was something on the national media recently which ought to give every thinking person reason to feel uneasy. The Larouche people have managed to place on the California ballot a question calling for AIDS victims and those suspected of possibly having the virus to be isolated and/or quarantined. Then, where would it stop? This gives those Nazi tactics their scapegoat upon which to hang fear for public safety creating a climate where the public would allow such unusual methods and disregard of basic rights.

The next logical step is the recreation of Auschwitz and Dachau. It follows like the cart does the horse. Those who cannot see the implications are choosing to remain blind, just as did the generation of the Thirties when Nazis carted off Jews in boxcars. Most intelligent people thought the Nazis were nuts but said nothing to oppose them until it was much too late. Are we to relive the horrors of that time? (Most Larouchies are young. Young enough to be reincarnated Nazis.)

As a Witch, I do not make value judgments about a natural orientation because I can understand the mysteries of God/Goddess in the unfolding of this Cosmos. Naturally, however, we must work to see a contagious disease is controlled and cured. But that seems to be the rub. The medical research community drags its feet at any mention of a possible cure or preventive vaccine. Why? Why on earth do they fiddle while other humans die? They always seem to say, "Oh, it will be at least five more years before there could even be any hope of a vaccine."

The answer must be in the fact that if a cure were worked out today, all the research grants and financial assistance would also dry up. Right? The research community would be out of work until a new medical emergency could be found. Right? The medical establishment seems to have no intention

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The Logical Sequence (cont.) by Tarostar

of curing anything as long as it can be milked for all it is worth.

Was not Dr. Salk attacked by the experts for his polio cure? Was not Sister Kenney put upon by the authorities for curing cripples? It is the medical maverick who comes up with the innovations. Never the research scientist or the expert.

We, as individuals, may or may not approve of the lifestyle of the victims of AIDS. Be that as it may, we do have an ethical obligation to see that the old adage "better them than us" does not repeat itself. If we do not stand up and be heard, we will see our friends and relatives carted off to a modern day Bergen Belsen. Then it will be much too late.

This Witch was born during the Nazi Time. He came into this world as the bombs were raining out of the sky. However, at times he feels he is the reincarnation of Cassandra, the prophetess no one believed.

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Upstream

The easy roads are crowded and  
 The level roads are jammed.  
 The pleasant little rivers  
 With the drifting folks are crammed.  
 But off yonder where it's rocky  
 Where you get the better view  
 You will find the ranks are thinning  
 And the travelers are few.

Where the going's smooth and pleasant  
 You will always find the throng  
 For the many--more's the pity--  
 Seem to like to drift along.  
 But the steeps that call for courage  
 And the task that's hard to do  
 In the end results in glory  
 For the never wavering few!

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Flattery is having someone tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have Altar, Will Travel, Part III by Puck

Hello again, fellow Wiccan travellers. This last segment will deal with those Witches who travel a lot and end up having to cast a circle in unusual situations. If you have the room, taking along the IWK (Instant Witch Kit, as mentioned in part II) can really solve the problem of trying to find a makeshift altar and finding makeshift tools for the Circle. (Not that makeshifts are bad--I have used all sorts of things for circles and still do.)

If travelling by car and you have the room, pack your IWK and just set it up in your hotel or motel room. Most rooms have a little room between the bed and the front door or towards the bathroom area (if it's set up like a typical motel room). This doesn't give much room, but if it's only you in the circle, you won't need a full nine foot circle anyway. (I've done circles in a five foot circle before--we're talking cozy!) If you don't carry your full altar set-up, at least take along four votive or household emergency candles and some stick or cone incense in an ashtray and either ask the room service people for the bread, wine and salt (ignore their rude comments--what do they know?) or go to a nearby market and get them.

If you're flying, taking an athame (or sword, for that matter) presents quite a challenge. The easiest way to take an athame with you that I've found is to pack it in the middle of the suitcase you check in, making sure it's sheathed to avoid their metal detector. This way, no one can get to it so it can't be used as a weapon if (Goddess forbid) there is trouble on the plane. For those of you whose hackles are raised by the thought of being without your athame on the plane, remember--it's still with you, in your luggage which you've packed and will probably not be opened until you're at your destination. (Of course, if your luggage gets lost, blame the airlines--not me!)

If your suitcase is big enough, this could also work for the sword, too--just make sure it's sheathed. Even wrapping it with a towel or something helps. This will prevent any damage to the sword and the suitcase.

Almost anything else can be carried on the plane in a carry-on case. It does help if you can pack it in some sort of separate small box in your bag so you don't give the person next to you heart failure if you should open it during the flight. Just make sure everything's packed so it can't

Have Altar (cont.) by Puck

break or explode in flight. I found out the hard way, however, that you can pack things too tightly in the case. I had to pull everything out and show them to airport security the last time I flew out to California. Moral--make sure you don't pack things too tightly.

On board ships, particularly cruise ships, there are a few things to remember. First, unless you're travelling with several other Witches in the same cabin or you're lucky enough to get one of the large suites, you'll quickly find out that most cabins are fairly small, so space will be at a premium. Most bunks don't move and those that do will only move a little, so your circle may have to be a small one. If the thought of doing a circle on deck by moonlight intrigues you, I hate to burst your bubble, but there is a lot of late night activity on board most cruise ships, often until 3 am or later, and the uppermost decks are often closed off. If you absolutely feel you must, wait until very late at night and head for the upper decks--the sports or observation decks will probably be your best bet. Don't forget to look for appropriate altar tools on shore excursions--you never know what you'll find.

On a train, I'm not sure. I've never taken a cross-country trip that way. If you have a private room, I'm assuming they'd be small, so plan accordingly. (Any other advice from anyone else I'd really appreciate!)

Anyone going cross country by bus and expecting to be able to even have any sort of privacy, let alone room for a circle, needs to be committed--and quickly. Being a veteran of many, many cross country trips, I write from experience on this. If you're good at visualization, do a mental circle. Otherwise, sit back, calm down, enjoy the trip and do a circle of thanks when you get to your destination.

Whether you're travelling in the mountains, by the seashore, or on board a ship, all it really takes to do a circle, no matter where you are, is creativity. After all, you really have everything to make magick within you--your body, your mind, and the night! Even if your sacred space is temporary or a shelf or cupboard for tools, it is still a special place, one where you and the Lady and Lord can meet, laugh, and learn.

Blessed Be and happy trips!

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Attack of the Ku Klutz Koven by Rik  
(another adventure in The Adventures of Summerlands  
Salamanders, Biker Coven)

It had been a difficult ritual for our heros. First one thing, then another. When they finished this, that had to be done, then finally the other thing was done. And worst of all, the ritual was done on a Sunday night and the Coven couldn't even buy any ritual wine until after noon. For a Coven that has toasted the Goddess so many times that they had become borderline alcoholics, this was too much.

They were lounging about their makeshift circle when impending doom occurred.

"Telegram for Summerlands Salamanders,..Biker Coven," cried the delivery man. "Will you accept?"

Without waiting for a reply, the messenger burst into song...

"Good morning, good morning, you've worked the whole night through. Good morning, good morning, to you! You've been invited to guest with the Ku Klutz Koven, we'll see you at noon." "That'll be five bucks tip please."

"For goodness sake, Beemer, pay the man before he does another chorus!" implored Suzi.

After the messenger left, the Coven began to discuss this latest problem.

"We can't attend their ritual. Their High Priestess got pregnant doing the symbolic Great Rite."

"They use Thunderbird wine in their Rituals."

"When they ground the power, they sit on a point candle."

The discussion raged for hours, or at least it seemed like days, when suddenly night fell and they knew that they were trapped. The off key chanting revealed that the Ku Klutz Koven had arrived. Their wstha arces shining with day-glo symbols of their Kraft and the pointed hoods left no hope that the Bike Coven could escape.

"This cow field looks nice and smooth for our ritual," commented the High Priestess as she waddled over to the make-shift altar.

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Attack (cont.) by Rik

The High Priest picked some three-leaved plants for Altar decorations, and the Maiden dropped her Athame.

"I'm soooo sorry," she cooed as Harley tried to move his right foot which had suddenly developed a stabbing pain.

Davidson tried to corner the High Priestess but for a woman in her condition, she moved amazingly fast.

The Ku Klutz Koven herded our reluctant heroes into a circle and began to cast the Circle.

"But we don't want to..." began Harley as the East was invoked by the High Priest who was facing the setting Moon.

One of the Koveners tossed Suzi to the ground and bound her for purification. "Oh darn, how do you untie a square knot? Or is it a sheepshank?"

Saki backed away from a Kovenner and stepped into a cowpie.

Indian was handed a writhing reptile by a Kovenner and pulled into a dance. "But snake dances are symbolic, we don't use real..." he screamed.

All of our victimized heroes were pulled into a ring dance that collapsed into a pile of broken humanity when the High Priest of the Ku Klutz Koven stepped on the hem of Honda's leather robe.

In the confusion the Bikers slipped out and escaped on their two wheeled hogs.

"Whew," cried Honda as they roared down the road. "That was close. I almost thought that we were lost for a minute."

As our heroes levitated their bikes down the road, we ask... Will they find an all night store that carries calamine lotion? Will they suffer the revenge of Montezuma after eating the Ritual Bean Burros from last night? What is in their incense that helps them to fly down the road?

Stay tuned for the further adventures of...Summerlands Salamanders...Biker Coven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Who Called Me A Witch? by Umbriel

Since there seems to be a lot of discussion right now in the GNL and other newsletters I take about the wisdom of abandoning the term "witch" as relates to the religion, both pro and con, I thought I'd bring this to everyone's attention.

William Gordon Gray is a well known writer, scholar, and practicing magus with some four books published that I know of; there may be more. He wrote The Rollright Ritual, and in that book, has the following to say on the subject:

"...(It) is necessary to clear up an unfortunate misunderstanding which has been encroaching into our language during the past few years. It concerns the misuse and wrong interpretations of the Anglo Saxon word "Witch". There has arisen a kind of loose assumption that the word derives from a root "Wicca", meaning "The Craft of the Wise". In fact "Wicca" (male) and "Wicce" (female), means nothing of the sort whatever. Wic is a stem signifying weak, from which derives "wicked", in the sense of something wrong, bad, evil, anti-social, etc. etc. In plain Anglo-Saxon, a Witch was fundamentally an evil and dangerous person to be dealt with accordingly. Witch and Wicked go together. It is even incorrect to speak of a "White Witch". One might as well say, "White Black". It is most likely this error comes from inadequate etymological checkbacks. The correct A.S. term for "Wise" is "Wita", a similarly sounding word. For example -- "Witanagemot", the "Meeting of the Wise Ones". Modern misuses of the word "Witch" are apt to be laughable or pathetic depending on viewpoint. In a way, it does seem a little sad to note sincere and somewhat sinless pagan people of our times so anxious to proclaim themselves under a totally misunderstood title signifying a state of human ill-nature quite foreign to their kindly and well-meaning spiritual selves. All because of a literary error allowed to proliferate carelessly chiefly on account of its sales value in sensational journalism. Any public reference library has the source material to establish the rights and wrongs of this issue..." (pg. 54-55)

He goes on to say more on the subject in greater detail, in an appendix titled "Derivation of word 'Witch'" on pages 165-166--quite a little protestation for someone who implies no connection to Wicca.

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Who Called Me A Witch? (cont.) by Umbriel

"This unlucky word is one of the most misused and misleading terms in our modern vocabulary. The misinterpretation of "Witchcraft" as "The Craft of the Wise" seems traceable to (Geoffrey) Leland, an American folklorist of the last century. In his Gypsy Sorcery he says: "Wicca is a corruption of witga commonly used as a short form of witega, a prophet, seer, magician, or sorcerer." He goes on: "Wit and wisdom are near allied to witchcraft, and thin partitions do the bounds divide."

"In fact, Leland had jumped to conclusions far too hastily. Witega is defined by the Anglo-Saxon Dictionary as: "A wise man, one who has knowledge, or knowledge from a superhuman source. A prophet." There was no suggestion whatever of alliance with wicca, which meant nothing but a witch in the worst sense. The Anglo-Saxon Dictionary defines witches and witchcraft as: "Those who make love philtres, poisons, put these in food or drink, or practice incantations." There is a specification in Latin of "malificus" (evildoers) and "venificus" (poisoner), also "prestigias" (trick-ster).

"The Etymological Dictionary (Skeat, Oxford Press) says: "WICKED. Evil, bad, sinful. Originally a past participle with the sense "rendered evil" from verb wikken, obsolete adj wikke - evil - once common usage. Wikke is allied to A/S wicca (masc)wicce(fem)- a witch. Allied to "weak", to give way. The feminine form is still used in the word "Witch".

"In Greek the word witch is equated with "pharmakis" or "drug supplier" especially of poisonous and dangerous drugs.

"Hebrew gives: AVB, an euphemism meaning "leather bottle" or "hollow belly" referring to ventriloquism, or producing fraudulent "spirit voices".

"The oldest stem of the word appears to be from Teutonic Iceland "vik", meaning weak, pliable, or easily bent. Thus a wicked person is one of weak character, easily bent or twisted out of shape. We still say: "bent on wickedness", or even a "bent" person.

"There are many modern misbeliefs about the word. Some suppose a "wych-elm" (rowan tree) to be connected with witches. The term meant it had pliable or weak branches. Hence the description of wicker-work, or work with pliable stems. Again the suffix "wich" on place names has nothing to

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Who Called Me A Witch? (cont.) by Umbriel

do with witches, it stems back to Latin "vicus" or place where people dwelt together.

"Thus the entire contemporary confusion about the word "Witch" is due to expanded error and indifference to originally clear meanings. This has undoubtedly been encouraged by inadequate scholarship and irresponsible writers, especially in the case of sensational journalism.

"Therefore the etymologically correct interpretation of a witch is a worker of wickedness in the sense of wrongdoing through the weakness of human nature. It should only be used in that form of meaning by anyone intending accuracy. Usage in other contexts is either mistaken, erroneous, or even libelous depending on circumstances. In earlier times the word was employed purely in derogatory terms as a insult or an accusation of vicious behaviour. Sometimes survivors of primitive nature-faiths were accused of witchcraft by Christian authorities. They never used such a term to describe themselves, and there never has been a "Witch-cultus" of any kind in existence excepting a limited number of collectives formed for the specific purpose of practicing evil among fellow-mortals. The description, "White Witch" is quite inaccurate. By strict interpretations witches cannot be other than malicious and anti-social people."

That's a pretty strong statement, that last sentence. It would seem that Gray's etymological research is correct, and thereby possible that we may all be laboring under a mistaken idea about the origins of Wicca. It sure would make life a lot easier if, when we are trying to tell someone about our religion, we didn't have to use a word that so quickly and sharply erects rigid barriers which we then must work so hard to overcome, just to get to the point where we are able to begin an explanation of our beliefs and practices. If in fact we ARE mistaken, I for one am ready to accept a more accurate and descriptive name for my religion.

These passages were taken from The Rollright Ritual by W. G. Gray, Helios Books, Cheltenham, England 1975.

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Rejecting things because they are old fashioned would rule out the sun and the moon.

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Star Gazer by Lady Fauna

For the studios, the period from September 15th to October 15th will be one of many lessons and, like some lessons are apt to be, many will not be easy ones. In the good news department, your sex life should improve during this period, although jealousy and possessiveness could develop. This will be a good time for insurance companies, the stock exchange, oil companies, and big business in general but it may not be the time to make major commitments to investments in these areas. It will be difficult to diet, but isn't it always? Religious difficulties will continue during this period and religious activities will stay in the news along with new developments in medicine. Compassion and good humour will go a long ways towards mitigating difficulties as will exercising reasoning power and ability to see more than one side of situations. People will be restless, indecisive, emotional, gullible, unreliable and self-indulgent. Perhaps it would be better to concentrate on study (particularly philosophy), long term planning, honesty, and plain speech to counteract tendencies toward cynicism, tactlessness and contradictory attitudes. Rebelliousness and dominance in leadership and organizations will also be present.

The season brings anguish as a result of death but death will be understood as a regenerative process. Dream consciousness will aid this understanding. The goods which belonged to the dead must be cared for and turned to good account. The once mysterious will reveal itself as natural phenomena.

9/15-18: Flexibility of mind suffers, nervous strain is present, there is much psychological confusion, weakness of character, and high emotions as well as scheming, deception, worry, and lack of self-confidence. Use your imagination to overcome these obstacles.

9/16-18: People are stubborn, fanatics abound, and what you really want to do is go on vacation. Don't overestimate problems. Exercise versatility. Be on the lookout for personality conflicts arising from arrogance and inner conflicts.

9/17-19: Do not be deceived by get-rich-quick (or get anything quick) methods. This is a good time to build protections as psychological confusion and weakness of character will be evident until October 9th.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

9/18-Full Moon. Meditations on the sea highlighted.

9/19: Cunning, underhandedness, and gossip undermines loyalty, defense, and health. Watch for inconsistencies. New life phases start during the next two days.

9/20: Irritability and impulsiveness lead to quarrels which lead to self-indulgence which makes sickness. Criminal activity will be heightened through October 15th.

9/21: Autumn Equinox. Harvest crops and herbs. Gullibility and weak judgment are present.

9/23: Children may be sources of problems and hardships for the next couple of days.

9/24: Although parties abound, they may be the source of overindulgence, weak judgment, self-deception, and emotional tension. Your sense of humour and popularity helps alleviate these difficulties.

9/25: Personality conflicts, usually involving some arrogance, are present for the next two days. There is cunning, underhandedness, gossip, inconsistencies on the 25th and 26th. Remember your loyalties and reinforce your defenses.

9/26: Disappointments occur when you fail to recognize your limitations...if you have any. You'll resign yourself to the situation.

9/27: Earthquakes possible for the next three days. Quarrels are dangerous to your health as are self-indulgence, promiscuity, and impulsiveness. New life phases start.

9/30: Children are restless, lack self-confidence, and overestimate their problems.

October 1st - Plant radishes today and tomorrow. Don't deceive yourself. Avoid get-rich-quick methods.

October 2nd - One-sidedness, narrow outlooks, self will, and stubbornness prevail through the 5th. Meditate on Horus in a room within another.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

October 3rd - New Moon. Earthquake danger today and tomorrow. Emotional complications arise from self-deception.

October 4th - Plant spinach. Good for travel and romance. Creativity should be exercised to overcome irritability, combativeness. Avoid impulsive behavior--it could be dangerous to your health. People are emotional, irritable, likely to quarrel and overindulge themselves. Cut to the heart of the matter, concentrate and use your intuition. Employ practical solutions to problems through the 15th: remember to keep your mind flexible.

October 5th - Impulsiveness, sudden mood changes, sensitivity, intelligence, imagination and nervous tension are heightened today and tomorrow.

October 6th - Inner conflicts concerning religious beliefs are eased by art appreciation and socializing. Work to calm your emotions. Statesmanship heightened today and tomorrow.

October 7th - If there are two good days for getting things done this month, today and tomorrow are it.

October 8th - Emotional tension results from travel, romantic involvements and a tendency to overexert independence for the next two days.

October 9th - Something's cooking in Mother's oven...possibly an earthquake. Avoid impulsiveness while striving to achieve your objectives. Science, freedom, unpredictable actions, tension, and emotional discord are highlighted through the 15th.

October 10 - Personality conflicts result from arrogance today and tomorrow. Keep the atmosphere lively to offset moodiness. Earthquake possibility the next three days.

October 11 - Many may become the victims of cunning, underhandedness, and gossip. Watch for inconsistencies and remain loyal. Bolster your defenses today and tomorrow. New life phases begin. Blocked emotions bring disappointment in emotional relationships. Those who exercise weak judgment will suffer for it.

October 12 - Plant spinach.

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Star Gazer (cont.) by Lady Fauna

October 13 - A child's emphasis on self-importance is quelled by simple pleasures, travel, or a change in routine.

October 14 - Plant above ground crops. A good day for baking and creative projects.

October 15 - Earthquake danger. Objectives become obsessions and these become obstacles to objectives.

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I Am A Cowboy In The Boat Of Ra by Ishmael Reed  
From The Norton Introduction to Literature, Second Edition

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra.  
 sidewinders in the saloons of fools  
 bit my forehead like O  
 the untrustworthiness of Egyptologists  
 Who do not know their trips. Who was that  
 dog-faced man? they asked, the day I rode  
 from town.

School marms with halitosis cannot see  
 the Nefertiti fake chipped on the run by slick  
 germans, the hawk behind Sonny Rollins' head or  
 the ritual beard of his axe, a longhorn winding  
 its bells thru the Field of Reeds.

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra. I bedded  
 down with Isis, Lady of the Boogaloo, dove  
 down deep in her horny, stuck up her Wells-Far-ago  
 in daring midday get away. "Start grabbing the  
 blue," i said from top of my double crown.

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra. Vamoosed from  
 the temple i bide my time. The price on the wanted  
 poster was a-going down, outlaw alias copped my stance  
 and moody greenhorns were making me dance; while my mouth's  
 shooting iron got its chambers jammed.

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra. Boning-up in  
 the ol West i bide my time. You should see  
 me pick off these tin can whippersnappers. I  
 write the motown long plays for the comeback of  
 Osiris. Make them up when stars stare at sleeping  
 steer out here near the campfire. Women arrive

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I Am a Cowboy in the Boat of Ra (cont.) by Ishmael Reed

on the backs of goats and throw themselves on  
my Bowie.

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra. Lord of the lash,  
the Loup Garou Kid. Half breed son of Pisces and  
Aquarius. I hold the souls of men in my pot. I do  
the dirty boogie with scorpions. I make the bulls  
keep still and was the first swinger to grape the taste.

I am a cowboy in his boat. Pope Joan of the  
Ptah Ra. C/mere a minute willya doll?  
Be a good girl and  
Bring me my Buffalo horn of black powder  
Bring me my headdress of black feathers  
Bring me my bones of Ju-Ju snake  
Go get my eyelids of red paint.  
Hand me my shadow.  
I'm going into town after Set

I am a cowboy in the boat of Ra  
look out Set here i come Set  
to get Set to sunset Set  
to unseat Set to Set down Set  
usurper of the Royal couch  
imposter RADIO of Moses' bush  
party pooper O hater of dance  
vampire outlaw of the milky way

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The "six most drastic mistakes" made by people in the course  
of their lives were outlined 20 centuries ago by Cicero, the  
Roman statesman and orator:

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by  
crushing others.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be  
changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves  
cannot do it.
4. Refusing to set aside our own trivial preferences.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, and  
not acquiring the habit of reading and studying.
6. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.

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When All Is Said And All Is Done      Witches Like A Little Fun  
by Stan

On either side apartments lie,  
Along the road that climbs on high, unto the church against  
the sky.

It was of architecture nice  
a many towered edifice.

Built by money, wrung not earned.  
A Penny, nickel, dime a head.  
From those who toil for daily bread.

And up and down the people go.  
Some hurried fast, some loitered slow.

But all went up of one accord, to see the vicar of the  
Lord. The many towered edifice, was it not the path to bliss?

They came to see the Padre often, for he knew them all,  
from birth to coffin.

the Padre of shawlea

And the farmers planting early, heard the bells and spoke  
most surely.

We must go and see the Padre, Tell him of our secret  
yearnings, Give to him a part of earnings.

the Padre of shawlea

'Tis the devil is your problem, but for a coin I'm sure  
to solve 'em.

And if you have a bit of gold. A sliver of the true cross  
can be sold.

But you must know it's very old, this is the tale the Padre  
told.

the Padre of shawlea

In your hearts I see the evil, 'tis but the tempting of  
the devil.

As ye have sowed, now ye must reap. I cannot sell god's  
grace so cheap, it makes my very heart to weep.

the Padre of shawlea

If you wouldst taste the bread of heaven, 'tis naught but  
money makes it leaven. Not one nor two, nor three nor five  
but seven times seven, he cried.

the Padre of shawlea

A little more? I'll cast a spell, there is no need to  
burn in hell, A little gold will make it well. Verily it  
is true he did say, this ancient Padre of shawlea.

And when your ghost has gone to meet the heavenly host.  
Wehy with your gold we'll drink a toast that you will not in  
Hades roast.

(cont. next page)

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When All is Said and Done (cont.) by Stan

I speak the truth this was the boast, of that most august,  
 holy host,  
     the Padre of shawlea

An earthquake blocked the road so wide. The chalice cracked  
 from side to side, and it was then the Padre died.  
     the Padre of shawlea

Alas, alas, his brethern cried, we are going to miss him  
 so, he made for us a lot of dough.

He went through Side that very day, but which Side he  
 went we cannot say. We know we all shall miss his face,  
 god in his mercy lend him grace  
     the Padre of shawlea

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The Esbat by Gerina Dunwich

Moonrise drapes her veil  
 over the stones on Paganhill,  
 and from the centre of the circle  
 the children of mystery appear.

They raise their candles high  
 against the quicksilver sky;  
 singing  
 chanting  
 and celebrating.

They dance, they prance  
 with hazel wands waving  
 and cone of power radiating.

Aqua, Jingua, Janua  
 Retrogrammaton  
 Aqua, Jingua, Janua  
 Tetrogrammaton  
 Elohim

The stone circle glows  
 as the fire flames dance and flicker.  
 Strange voices in the wind whisper  
 the hour of the Goddess has arrived.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Spiral by MoonRaven

Listen close,  
the wind it whispers in your ear,  
all of life is speaking,  
can you feel her tender touch?

Love is flowing,  
ever growing  
death to life  
life to death,

Seek within,  
you can feel the spiral turn,  
tune yourself to Nature,  
feel the flow and then let go,

Never fight it,  
but invite it,  
live for love,  
love all life,

Spiral turns,  
from Beginning to the End  
ending is beginning,  
from all death is born all life.

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Every single blade of grass,  
And every flake of snow  
Is just a wee bit different,  
There are no two alike, you know.  
From something small like grains of sand  
To that gigantic star,  
All were made with this in mind  
To be just what they are.  
How foolish, then, to imitate,  
How useless to pretend,  
Since each of us comes from a mind  
Whose ideas never end.  
There'll only be just one of me  
To show what I can do,  
And you should likewise feel quite proud  
There's only one of YOU! --E. Schwary

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(Untitled Poem) by Ogaea

Stone walls encompass the world  
towering around us like silvercraft  
under the moon.  
In the thin light, our blood thickens.  
Your embrace,  
wisdom of the ages in your fingers,  
strength of the tomb in your arms,  
is my soul.  
And with the blessing of midnight,  
I do not withhold my will  
and we are consummate.

+ +

To The Lady by Ceridwyn

I am the impression left in the snow.  
I am the eagle who howls like a wolf.  
I am the golden arrow.  
I am the fierce warrior/ess...  
Sharp featured...war bonneted...  
Winged...  
Astride a wild stallion...  
Full of purpose.

I am all of these things and more...  
for I have been touched  
by thee.

+ +

Winston Churchill was a master of hostile repartee. Of his political opponent Clement Attlee, Churchill said, "Attlee is a very modest man. And with reason."  
Referring to Sir Stafford Cripps, Churchill quipped, "He has all the virtues I dislike and none of the vices I admire."  
During a session of the House of Commons, one of Churchill's opponents delivered a long and boring address. Churchill slumped forward in his seat, closing his eyes. Thereupon the speaker said, in a loud voice, "Must you fall asleep when I am speaking?" Still with his eyes closed, Churchill replied, "No, it's purely voluntary."

We cannot advance without new experiments in living, but no wise man tries every day what he has proved wrong the day before. --James Truslow Adams

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Stealers by Charles Arnold

The doubters have stolen our magick  
 they have taken it away from us  
 and bottled it

Now it's sold to the public  
 as Sciencegood  
 or Superstitionbad

And they have tried to tell us it never was  
 and they have tried to replace  
 with magic  
 performed before amaxed millions  
 by "The Amazing Cynic"  
 and his friend, "Doubter the Great"  
 as sleight of hand  
 for the slight of mind.

And if we try to claim our birthright  
 we are dismissed with labels rather than reasons  
 "Fools, mindless idiots, or poor misguided souls  
 who, somehow, in this age of reason and enlightenment  
 insist of believing the impossible"

How dare they?

+ + + + + + + + + + +

The heart remembers everything  
 Although the mind forgets--  
 The raptures and the agonies,  
 The hopes and the regrets.  
 The heart remembers April  
 When the snows of winter fall--  
 Hearing on the bitter wind  
 The sweetest song of all.  
 Something of the magic lingers,  
 Never to depart,  
 Deep down in the secret places  
 Of the quiet heart. --Patience Strong

They were talking about the prodigal son in the class at  
 Sunday school when the teacher asked, "Was anyone sorry when  
 the prodigal son returned?"  
 After a bit of soul searching, one little boy replied, "The  
 fatted calf."

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From Bonnie

Dear Tarostar and friends,

Not quite knowing where to begin, I shall begin at the beginning of "Ladies, Ladies, Please" and work my way down.

Yes, I have read the things you have had to say over the months and not all do I agree with or with the points you have tried to make. The article that won the Pagan Studies Contest was, in my opinion the best thing you've done, the rest I have my differences about. I'll leave the "gum flapping" part alone.

Self discipline is something that should always be stressed whether one is Craft or no, and direction is certainly important--we one time went to a Circle where Celtic gods, Norse gods, Egyptian gods and every other god was called down--chaos indeed! I do not advocate bringing in an entire mishmash of everything in the world to a single place under the guises of unity of purpose! Singleness of purpose should always be on the forefront of any Circle be it for magical or celebratory reasons. (But gee, didn't we start out talking about Public gatherings? Where mishmashing does occur?)

BUT--were I to have a group of white, blond vegetarians, several or a hundred, I should be bored, bored, bored! With no one to be original or show any individual inspiration, what would we be here for? People of "like minds" is good clones I prefer to stay away from.

My mother, a roman catholic, though not anything staunch (except a survivor) reminded me over and over as I grew up and had problems with playmates and later on with close friends, the human race could not play out its role or function properly from its little dot in the galaxy without the differences, painful though they sometimes are. Now I look at what she said from viewpoints such as karmic ties and see that individual evolutions tie into the entire evolution of the planet--that we all do what we must do, for ourselves and for the greater good of humankind. Why would the races have been created but for the expansion of the whole? And we as Crafters can only look for a simple solution to a very complicated problem--the survival of the species.

You contradict yourself in your statement that the 60's mishmash is done "thank the gods now we can build anew". If it weren't for the "mishmash" of the 60's what would we have

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From Bonnie (cont.)

"new" to build upon? One cannot build on ground not broken, and most of the people involved in the radical movement of that time not only make up a large percentage of the workforce today but also are now involved in the politics of this country. It was the "mishmash" of the 60's that allows us the freedom of this newsletter, the freedom for you to run your business and allows the fact that the Craft and the gods have reached so many people.

Perhaps if we were to bring more mishmash out of the woodwork we could finally say NO to war, NO to destruction and desecration of this gentle orb, NO to hunger and the world can have a common goal and interest. Maybe one day the entire planet can have the "true light of the Ancient Wisdom" and indeed we could shine forth for then our labours would be ended, our incarnations no longer necessary and we will reunite with the ones who created us----

No more problems.

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From Albion

I have read with interest all the talk of "druggies" and drug use within the Craft. Could I perhaps give another view of this subject?

We read accounts in the historical descriptions of ancient Witchcraft of Witches using "flying ointments" to anoint their bodies and in some cases the ritual rods, staffs, or besom handles that they "rode" on through their crops, which in turn, very likely rubbed on the pubic area of their bodies where many membranes are very near the skin's surface and the ointment would be absorbed very easily. These sorts of rites seem to have been done as a kind of "sympathetic magic" to "show" the crops to grow high and provide much food.

These "flying ointments" contained various herbs that were psychoactive, some of which gave the sensation of "flying" or leaving the body or so the historical records tell us.

The New Forest group that Gerald Gardner came into contact with is said to have used a flying ointment in order to stay warm in the cold English climate (they also worked nude), but

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From Albion (cont.)

just how much of their use of this flying ointment was for ritual purposes was not recorded.

The above information can be found in various books on the Craft and, as much as the old court records of the witch trials can be trusted (and other historical sources) we have to take it as being true.

If I can give another example or two--which I know to be true--in several hereditary or family traditions in the British Isles, the use of mushrooms (*amanita muscaria*) in ritual was done in olden times and goes on today as well. These mushrooms were sometimes called "Witch's Caps" by some of these hereditary folks (which is interesting, as the tops of the *amanita muscaria* mushrooms are bright red with white specks and several of the more famous female wizards or "witches," history tells us, wore bright red caps--this was especially true in Cornwall, an old Celtic area, and the color red was the color of other worldly manifestations). These mushrooms were in many cases found in birch groves (and birch--"Bethea"--is sacred to the Lady) and they were usually used in one of two ways: they were given to a neophyte--usually as a brewed potion to drink, and he or she was then left alone overnight at a sacred site (a standing stone or a stone circle usually). A person from the group who had already gone through this experience was left nearby--out of sight--to monitor the neophyte's experience (in case things got out of hand or the neophyte got violently sick, etc.) but if things went well, the point here was that the neophyte had a psychic experience with "the Guardian" (or spirit being) that the group "works" with, and the neophyte is accepted or denied entrance into the group depending on the experience that occurred. I might add that this is very much like Central and South American forms of Shamanism.

The other way that some family groups used mushrooms was in scrying (and this way was/is used more frequently than the other)--that is, one or more of the group would ingest the mushrooms and go into a trance (this is/was intentional and not a side effect of the mushrooms) to perform some particularly difficult psychic work, but again, there was always a monitor who had not taken the mushrooms to help and watch over the person(s) who had taken the potion, and usually, this kind "work" was done by someone who was highly trained and not a neophyte.

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From Albion (cont.)

I want to make it clear here that these old family tradition people weren't and aren't casual drug users. In fact, there were/are highly skilled herbalists who knew exactly what they were doing and they used these mushrooms in a sacred ritual setting; they weren't just "getting high." I personally feel that what worked for these other "older style" pagans could possibly work for us as modern pagans. I am not advocating the use of street drugs (marijuana, hashish, opium, cocaine, speed, downers, etc.) either in ritual or in personal lifestyle. I have never taken mushrooms ritually myself, but I can see where the above described experiences could be both spiritually helpful and very powerful.

Before I am labeled a "druggie", I would like to add that I might drink two or three beers a week and maybe smoke a joint once every month or month and a half. That's all the drugs I use (except an occasional couple of aspirin).

I do think that as pagans we should try to keep our minds open. What works for someone else might not work for us, but to dismiss it as "wrong for everyone" is a very close-minded sort of view.

I would also like to add here that at least most witches probably have mentioned in their BOS something about the Eight Paths of Magic, one of which is the ritual use of psychoactive drugs. Although many of us may choose not to use this path, it can be and is just as valid a path to our psychic centers as the other seven.

Ed. note (jeannie): There is one important thing I did not see mentioned in your article. Legality. Although there may be historical basis for psychoactive drugs, the laws of the land (which most BOS also maintain must be respected) currently discourage their use. Therefore, we do not advocate the ritual use of drugs. There are other valid reasons as well--as you were wise to point out, the persons using these paths were highly trained. This is not always the case in this day and age. The purpose of psychoactive drugs was/is to break up conventional reality in order to see other realities. With conventional reality disintegrating before our very eyes these days, all one really needs is some stimulation to the imagination--something which can be done by a relatively untrained person using conventional self-hypnotic techniques.

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More from Albion...

Just want to inform the readers that "the diamond cutter" of all the Celtic books is again back in print--The Religion of the Ancient Celts, J. A. MacCulloch, last published in 1911. This is the text that many Celtic researchers and scholars have relied on including Anne Ross and Stuart Piggott. The bad news is that it costs \$50! (Moan!) This must be a little joke from the gods, or at least from the publishers--Greenleaf Publications.

Also again in print is The Druids--A Study in Celtic Pre-History by T. D. Kendrick. This has been a good year for the Celtic revival as far as books being published or republished goes. I'm sorry that I don't have the addresses for the publishers of the above books, but I'm pretty sure that they are both published in the British Isles. A good bookstore should have the publishers' addresses and be able to help in ordering them.

Ed note (jeannie): If you have trouble finding the address, check Books in Print. Your local librarian should be able to help you with this.

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From Lathina

Everything here in OK is going pretty good. I am so proud of my initiates and pre-initiates. They are teaching me a lot.

Over the last few years I have run across a few articles in different newsletters about alcoholics and partaking of wine in the circle. For over four years now, I have worked the 12-step program of AA and I was very concerned about this because I did not want to break my sobriety. But I was even more concerned about going to AA because most of the people there are Christians and at the third step, I am allowed to worship a god of my understanding. At first it was hard for me to speak up but now I do. I simply say, "I choose to call my higher power a Goddess" (if they mention God or Jesus). And when we talk on spirituality, I really get into it because I talk about how I get that special feeling inside by hugging a tree, sitting on the earth, or reaching for the moon. I've even gotten some Christians doing it because they like what I have inside. At different times I have had people shun me, but today it doesn't bother me (besides their missing out on knowing a great person--me). At other times

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From Lathina (cont.)

I've had people to come and thank me for having courage enough to speak up for they were not Christians either.

The rituals I have at home I always use non-alcoholic wine or grape/apple juice. A few months ago, I was hoping to go to Dallas for a midsummer rite at Lady Phoenix's home. I was afraid I would offend the High Priestess if I did not drink from the chalice but I decided that just before the ritual I would quietly talk to her and explain to her I could not drink wine and when it comes around to me I would simply raise the chalice in honor of Our Lord and Lady and kiss the side and then pass it with love and a kiss. I know the Lady understands and I hope that any High Priestess will not be offended if they ever see anyone doing this for it is important to us not to break our sobriety. Today there are five of us in OK who practice the 12-step program and also worship the Goddess. I know there are many more across the country. If anyone of you or anyone else would like to contact me, feel free to. (POB 1178, Noble, OK 73068)

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From Isis Moonshadow

We're in the middle of another hot, dry OK summer. We're still hoping to be moved within the next couple of months, but condos are selling slowly, if at all. If worst come to worst the builder will take the thing in trade, so there is a bright side. I'm just looking forward to space, a fenced back yard, and fireside Sabbats.

I have a couple of requests to put forth to my fellow Georgians. A couple of dear friends really need some positive energy sent to them. One of them, Angel, a Georgian, is having health problems and is facing surgery. Please send her some good vibes to build up her strength. The other is the woman I mentioned last month with the rabid religious fanatic husband. He keeps coming up with more and more things dear to her being "Satanic." His preacher doesn't agree with him about the validity of the Seduction of Christianity book, so now he wants to go to an even more restrictive religious sect. Due to a physical handicap, my friend feels trapped in the marriage. Please send her some white light to see her through this mess.

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From Isis Moonshadow (cont.)

On a happier note, I'm collecting receipes for a sabbat cookbook I'm working on this summer. If anyone has some favorite sabbat menus they'd like to share in the GNL, I'd appreciate it. I'm a "lady of leisure" right now and I'm trying to get projects done that I've been meaning to do for years. Wish me luck, ha ha! I'm also doing intensive work in my BOS.

I'm going to Ohio to visit my in-laws. They're in an area filled with old Indian mounds, including the famous "Mound City" and the "Serpent Mound." I love to go there and soak up the earth energy, feeling the good vibes, and hugging the trees. It's a wonderful experience and I feel like kicking up my heels and dancing for joy. However, I go alone, because my hubby gets a bit embarrassed at my Leo energy. That poor Piscean, having to put up with a spouse that bays at the full moon, holds coven meetings in the living room, and hugs trees. No wonder the poor guy retreats behind his computer!

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From The Doctor

As a rule, we Doctors are pretty unflappable, but an article I read in July 15's SF Chronicle left me profoundly shocked. It was about something which really isn't all that uncommon; a few fundamentalist Christian parents filing suit against a Tennessee school district over the type of reading books they were using, claiming that the books were "steeped in the occult, humanism, and the supernatural." True, this isn't anything that we haven't heard before in some form or other.

But what really stunned me down to my boots was the group's explicit reasons of why they felt so strongly about the issue. Among other things, the group's spokesperson charged that the textbooks overemphasize the imagination and have caused confusion among her children.

"The textbooks are asking my children to use their imagination beyond the authority of Scripture. Our children's imagination has to be bounded."

Bounded. A child's imagination, the very thing that is the wellspring of all that is bright and cheerful and wonderful. Can you believe it? Bounded. Chained. Enslaved. Dead.

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From The Doctor (cont.)

I wanted to scream at them. "Are you blind? Are you mad?" I wanted to shout, "Can't you see that without imagination the human race would be nothing? That every single step that so painfully raised up our ancestors and made life what it is today came from simply and sheerly using the single faculty that separates humans from animals, their creative imagination?" (Oops, now we're getting into evolution here; they don't like that either. Still, what can you expect? Their town is only a hundred miles from the site of the famous Scopes "monkey trial." It was over sixty years ago, but apparently it will take even longer for some people to get the message.)

Pity the poor children. Doomed to a life shackled to a philosophy of hardship and despair, unless they can, by some miracle, rise above their conditioning someday and see the beauty that could be theirs if only they allowed themselves to see it.

And there is some light amid the dreck. The school board is stoutly resisting the pressure and a group co-founded by television producer Norman Lear is paying some Washington lawyers to assist the school in its struggle. They deserve a round of applause, and all the energy we can spare.

Closer to home, some good news also. July 12, the Bay Area Witch Z. Budapest was invited to give a talk to some children about candle magic, etc. at a San Jose library. It was part of a city-sponsored program to highlight various topics that had been found to be popular among young people. (How about that, eh?) Well, naturally, the you-know-whats found out about it and kicked up quite a ruckus, demanding that the program be cancelled. And by all the Gods, the City of San Jose stood up on its back legs and booted 'em right out on the sidewalk. I know they did, because I called both the library and the mayor's office and was told that the city was firmly behind the concept of freedom of the individual to make up one's own mind about any topic, and wasn't about to let anybody put a lid on the free exchange of information in their town.

Nice going, San Jose.

So let's carry on fighting the good fight, and be glad that our allies may be more numerous than we ever suspected.

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From Anubis-Amen-Ra

This is a reply to the "Winds of Mariah" in the July issue of the GNL. First of all, I'd like to say that I have received the GNL since 1980 and I, like yourself, have written letters to other groups and they have printed them in their newsletters as a favor or just to rap, talk with someone and express an opinion. So I am not hiding behind these prison walls and asking for help from people I have never written to. In your first letter to the GNL, you made a comment about us bartering with our newsletter. This is how we receive candles, incense, etc. for our rituals, which are not provided by the state. Out of 200 plus subscriptions, there are only ten people who either pay or barter for subscriptions. The rest are either free or exchanges so that we can keep in contact with outside people. I have never received anything for myself alone through my faith--it has always been for the group, for the others of my faith who are also incarcerated.

Now I will try to explain why I have brought this administration to the courts. I look around me and I see all the Christian oriented groups within the prison have outsiders coming in seven days a week and they get to worship their way in their chapel. There are seminars for them, group therapy for them, special courses, and literature bought for their free use. In your letter, you say that we should stand alone. Are you implying that the Christians are better than us, that they deserve more rights than a Wiccan/Pagan group? I think not. How would you like to be standing in front of your home, have a group of people, including police, come up to you and make the sign of the cross and say, "Get back into your hole, you satanist faggot!" How would you like to be stabbed 21 times and each time your assailant strikes he screams, "Die you satanist pig!"? Could you withstand those situations if they happened every day, not sporadically, but constantly, in some form or another? Then, to top it off, the administration says that, "Wicca is not a faith," and stops your outsiders from coming in saying that, "They don't have suitable credentials as clergy."

One thing that really upset me with your letter, because I do agree with you that we are in prison and that we must try to rehabilitate ourselves, is I would no more ask a High Priestess to enter my bedroom (cell) than to ask my own mother to. You said in your first letter that you are involved in corrections in some way; so you should already

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From Anubis-Amen-Ra (cont.)

know that any outsider, especially a woman, would not be allowed into the cellblock in the first place and that any outsider would be accompanied by a chaperone (guard) at all times. I found that the point that you were trying to get across to the people was very slanderous, not only to me, but to the High Priestess herself. You said that there are many people who don't have a High Priestess, that is their right not to, it is their right to be a solitary, that is their choice. We have made a choice that we wish to have a High Priestess so that the female aspect would be adequately represented, so that our rituals will be balanced.

I do agree that a Witch should "look for something to help the world and do it to help set a good example for others to see." The Wicca's at MSP are trying to do just that. We are trying to create an environment in which Witches are free to practice their faith. We are trying to offer some of ourselves and our faith through our newsletter efforts. Our biggest obstacle is "prejudice." Lady Mariah makes an exception to her good advice above in the case of Witches who have failings in their past and are convicted. She insists, "The prisoner (should)... serve his time in peace. Read and get his own quiet space within himself and grow within himself." How long, Lady Mariah? Some of us have five, ten, twenty years; even natural life.

As far as me telling you my life story, I'm not going to! If anyone wants to write to me on a personal basis, they can feel free to do so. I will not discuss every detail of my life in a newsletter. I also don't feel that the GNL should be used as a battleground, middleman, or mediator in personal endeavors. If anyone wants to find out more about me, including yourself, Lady Mariah, then they can write to me on a personal basis and I will reply. The addresses and other information concerning those who write will not be revealed to anyone. Our mailing list is known only to myself and Ra-Tem, for reasons of confidentiality, due to our situation.

I hope this has given you a better understanding of where we are coming from and our reasoning in this matter. If you really want to know, the judge states, "Wicca is those men's faith; it is how they believe and it is no man's place to question their faith." He feels that we are not being outrageous in our requests and that we deserve the same rights as other faiths, so I guess you could say that we have won.

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From Anubis-Amen-Ra (cont.)

I want to thank the GNL for letting me speak on behalf of the group and myself. I hope that we can be friends for many more years. Anyone wishing to write, my address is: Dave Chamberlain, POB A B-6, Thomaston, Maine 04861.

Ed note (jeannie): As always, we will forward.

A footnote from Dionysus: Prisoners do not forfeit all of their rights by reason of their confinement--affirmed by the U.S. Federal court in re: Cook v. City of New York (1984) 578 F.SUPP.179

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Foreign Flags By Stephanie

Starry night  
Far away night  
So long I've seen you here  
For so long I've missed your twilight  
A day of wake--of fast clashing fear

And I am here  
Left lonesome in the thunder  
The clouds appear  
The world is maddened  
This life is clear  
It is wrong, it is lost  
It is unfair and insincere--

Long night of tranquility  
Leave with a long and lasting fill  
For I couldn't stand  
Another day  
Without your stars to feel.

from In What's to Come

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One from Stan--Jesus arose and went into another room. "Thou callest me, Father?"  
"Verily, I say unto thee my son, nay, I did not. I hit my thumb with a hammer."

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Blooms for December and February from USDA

If you've been nursing along a poinsettia from last Yule, the USDA reminds you that starting October first, the plant must have 14 hours of continuous darkness. Night temperature should be between 60 to 70 degrees F. During the daytime, the plant must have direct light from six to eight hours. For the 14 hours of darkness, you can place the plant in a dark closet in the evening or cover it with a cardboard box. Any artificial light at night will delay or inhibit the natural flower bud setting process. And that will mean no red, pink, or white poinsettia for Yule... unless you buy new ones.

October's also the time to start doing something about spring flowering bulbs if you want them to bloom indoors around Candlemas. The easiest bulbs to force are crocus, galanthus, hyacinth, narcissus, scilla and tulip. Forcing bulbs includes two phases. In the first phase, the bulbs develop buds and roots. In the second phase, they bloom. Start the first phase in October or early November. Plant the bulbs in pots and keep them at a temperature of 40 degrees F for 8 to 12 weeks. You can keep the pots outdoors or indoors. If indoors, the room must be dark and kept at 40 degrees. Water the bulbs every day. The second phase begins about mid-January after the shoots are well out of the necks of the bulbs. Bring the bulbs in to a cool, bright room that you can keep at 55 degrees. They will bloom in about one month. Perhaps an easier way to start the bulbs in developing buds and roots is to refrigerate bulbs such as crocus, hyacinth, narcissus and tulip at 40 degrees for two months instead of planting them in pots. But be careful that somebody doesn't mistake them for a midnight snack. After two months, plant the bulbs in bowls and put into the cool, bright room at 55 degrees. They'll bloom in about a month. You should discard bulbs that you forced to bloom. They're too pooped to do their best for you ever again.

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An ingenious teenager, tired of reading bedtime stories to his little sister, had the bright idea of recording some of her favorite tales on tape. "Now," he told her triumphantly, "you can hear your stories any time you want. All you have to do is push the button. Isn't that great?" "No," said the little girl, watching the reels spin on the machine. "It hasn't got a lap."

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Save Circle Sanctuary!

Circle's right to use Circle Sanctuary Land for Pagan networking and related purposes has been challenged by the county zoning official. On the surface, this issue appears to be a question of whether or not we can legally continue to have our offices and living quarters in part of our barn. However, local media investigating the matter have discovered that underlying the legal question is an organized effort on the part of some of the local people to drive us off our land because they mistakenly think we are devil worshippers. Last fall, we at Circle helped spearhead a nationwide drive to preserve religious freedom for Wiccan churches in response to the Helms Amendment and other repressive-legislation being considered by the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. Following the defeat of the Helms Amendment, we intensified our religious freedom work by organizing the Pagan Strength Web within Circle Network. In being so visibly active in aiding others who are being harassed and attacked because of their paganism, we realized our own Wiccan Church might be attacked as well. This has happened. Circle is now in the middle of a fight, not only for the right to continue to use Circle Sanctuary land for pagan activities, but, because of the financial pressures and other stress involved in this, a fight for Circle's future survival, including the survival of the Pagan Rights efforts we are now doing on behalf of other groups and individuals throughout the nation. We need your help. Here is what you can do. Send us money. This fight has already cost us several thousand dollars. We need your financial backing in order to survive this time of crisis and win. Any amount you can send will be greatly appreciated and is tax deductible. Make checks payable to Circle Sanctuary and specify that your donations are for the Circle Sanctuary Defense Fund. Contact Christian allies. Put us in touch with sympathetic Christian clergy and lay people (especially Lutherans) who will write letters on behalf of us and the Wiccan religion which we can pass on to local Christian ministers, their congregations, and others concerned. Tell others. Circulate this information to as many Pagan friends as possible. Distribute it at pagan gatherings. However, do not contact any media or government officials on our behalf without getting our permission first--we need to clear all such efforts beforehand with our lawyer. Send us energy. Work magick, pray, and meditate for us. Direct strength, healing, protection, prosperity, and success our way. Energize a rock, crystal, or other stone and send it to us for our Stone Circle. For more information, contact Circle Sanctuary, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572.

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Odds 'n' Ends

This is the type of editor's dilemma I like! We have much fine material we just don't have room for this month, so if you didn't see your letter or article, tune in about this time next month.

An AP article in the Bakersfield Californian sez that, "Actor Jon Voight has extended a mysterious invitation to witness a prophecy by Hopi elders that would provide 'the perfect solution to the continuation of our existence here on this planet'" but gave no information as to when or where or.... Does anyone know anything more on this?

The theme for this year's Harvest Moon Celebration is Unity in Diversity. September 27th and 28th at Pierce College, 6201 Winnetka AV, Woodland Hills, CA. For more info, write The Pallas Society, POB 4983, Chatsworth, CA 91313-4983.

"Mythology in Art: A Visual Narrative" will be presented September 17th and 24th from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. at the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu. Call (213)459-7611, ext. 300 after 8:30 a.m. for more information.

If you haven't gotten tickets to Ruth Barrett and Cyntia Smith in concert at McCabe's on September 6, 1986, call (213)828-4497. Tickets are \$10. Two shows--8 pm and 10:30 pm. Frankie Armstrong, an English folksinger, will also be appearing with Ruth and Cyntia.

All are invited to celebrate Autumal Equinox held in the Elfen tradition at Lake Ming overnight campgrounds, Bakersfield, CA, September 19-21. Saturday will be ritual and last harvest feast. Come and join Aaron and Lady Morganna in a Merry Meet.

That's all for this month!

Blessed Be,

dean, jeannie, and the Georgians

\*\*\*special thanks to Elizabeth, who answered the ad for typist, no pay, bad hours, sporadic benefits, zookeeping experience desirable but will train, just when I needed her most....j--

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