WITCHES' ANNUAL 83

The 1983

Witches' Annual

A Promethean presentation

A celebration of Natural Magic
and Spiritual Creativity

ARCANE CRAFTS

Mastic Beach NY 11951

WITCHES' ANNUAL is published every
year, or or about the Spring Equinox,
by Arcane Crafts, Box 383,
Mastic Beach, NY 11951. Single copy $4.50

Rus Gulevitch, editor

All rights reserved. No part of this
work may be reproduced in any way without
written permission from the publishers.

Advertisers assume all responsibility for
the content of their ads.

Copyright 1983 by Arcane Crafts
Printed in U.S.A.

(editorial) GROWING

The past ten years have seen an immense rate of growth of the Pagan Movement. In fact, we will dare to predict that by 1986 the Pagan Movement will be as widespread and influential as the Flower Children of twenty years before. The Neo-Pagan Movement has several factors that make it more broad-based than the Flower Children. First of all, it is not confined to any age or other demographic grouping. Pagans come in all ages, races, occupations and social positions. Secondly, Pagans are almost never society's dropouts. Their life and practice is within the society, as a kind of underground, but a symbiotic underground, not interested in changing society except to make it tolerant of Pagans and their beliefs. Ultimately, however, Pagans feel best when with their own kind. Thirdly, while with Flower Children drug use was almost de rigeur, with Pagans the opposite is true. Pagans are more interested in exploring natural ways of achieving altered states of consciousness, instead of risking drugged shortcuts. And fourthly--and most important of all--Pagans have a common Faith, and the purpose, the vision, that comes with Faith. History has shown repeatedly that a people, united by a common Faith--be it a faith in religious sense, a faith in one's nation, a faith in one's philosophy, or simply in one's strength--are able to achieve results far out of proportion to their strength or numbers. Faith has more than once defied Logic, and usually came out the winner. Finally, there is the attractiveness of the Pagan Movement. It is an exciting alternative, for a society that has learned to enjoy seeking alternatives. For a society that has grown accustomed to questioning old values, it provides an answer to questions of religion. And, in sheer sensual terms, it is exciting in its beautiful, mysterious, surprising, spontaneous, imaginative rituals.

Where today's movement began is impossible to trace. Some time before the beginning of the Flower Child years, Wicca, the revival of the old European Pagan religions--then also called Witchcraft--was introduced into the United States from England. Wicca blended in parts during the Flower Child era with Hindu and American Indian religions. Robert A. Heinlein's bestseller "Stranger in a Strange Land" provided many of the guidelines for establishing an alternative religion to which the spirit of the Flower Child could relate. In fact, one of the earliest major Pagan organizations took its name from Heinlein: The Church of All Worlds. CAW's publication, "Green Egg," began pulling together Witches, Pagans and other seekers of a Nature religion into a network of shared knowledge, experience and friendship. It was not always easy, and often thankless. Many traditionalist Witches were still on a snob trip, convinced that theirs was exclusively the "true faith," and that anyone who was not initiated and chartered by their--exclusively "their"--organization was some kind of "phony" or "upstart." But enough open-minded souls established contact with one another to begin a lasting network.

"Green Egg" was not the only exchange. Many Pagans met each other through the fantasy and science-fiction fan networks, through MENSA (the high-IQ club) which contains a high proportion of Pagans, through ecology movements, various psychic and occult organizations, and just plain coincidence. Eventually small shops, dealing in magical items and books, sprang up. While seldom financially profitable, they did provide visible, public, entrances to the Pagan Movement. And more and more Pagans went public, opening their circles to outside seekers.

In 1977 and 1979 the Pagan Movement received two major boosts toward expansion. The first was the Pan-Pagan festival. Nationwide in scope, centrally located in the Midwest, it

brought together Pagans of many diverse traditions in an atmosphere of joy and friendship that permitted them to accept differences of practice and agree that: "Whatever our differences, we are Pagans first and foremost." And, of course, Pan-Pagan provided a stage for viewing many varieties of ritual and tradition, which served as an inspiration to many groups to adopt or create new rituals in their own circles.

The second boost was the publication, in 1979, of the first annual Circle Guide to Wicca and Pagan Resources. This directory, published by the Circle Farm commune in Wisconsin, is the largest, most comprehensive listing of Pagan publications, artists, music and musicians, businesses and contact organizations. In recent years, Circle's subsidiary the Pagan Spirit Alliance, has published another directory listing individual Pagan contacts.

A new network, the Atlantic Pagan Council, has grown rapidly and widely along the East Coast and as far inland as Ohio, within the past year. Local and national Pagan festivals happen several times a year, in many parts of the country. Many groups have obtained legal charters as churches, thus making that first long step toward establishing the Pagan Movement as a recognized religion. There are to be, eventually, a number of Pagan cultural centers, with libraries, and schools that will qualify the graduate to obtain ministerial credentials. Pagans are a creative, versatile people, enjoying working in more than one art. They are an attractive people, working in an attractive movement. Their potential is unlimited, and their success inevitable.



Gwydion Pendderwen

1946 - 1982

Gwydion Pendderwen was a singer, writer, composer, silviculturist and shaman. In this incarnation he made two record albums of Pagan music: "Songs for the Old Religion," and "The Faerie Shaman." He published a collection of songs in a book "Wheel of the Year." He was active in Forever Forests, planting some 12,000 trees to help heal the Earth. And he did much more; some works are completed, some remain to be carried on by his friends and fellow Pagans.

He died in a car crash on November 9, 1982.

We wish you, Gwydion, a pleasant journey in the Summerland, and may you reincarnate to transform the visions you left behind into a beautiful reality.

EARTH RITUAL

a Promethean happening

If you are in your thirties, or older, you are likely to remember a time of beautiful, magical people, who walked around barefoot, with painted faces and clothes, with flowers and bells, with a headful of dreams and visions of love and beauty. Not much of that age is around today, yet there are signs that it will come back. Probably in a new form. Definitely we, Pagans, will play a significant part in it. Here, by way of ritual, is something to play with: A Ritual For The Earth.

This ritual is simple, yet very effective. People of diverse paths, religions and ideologies can join in, since the ritual is not overtly Pagan. All it takes is a proper place--where people gather for a good, relaxed time; and a proper time--when everybody is in a wacky mood. The first warm days of Spring are optimally suited for this, but other times are good too--just keep your eyes open for an opportunity. This circle was performed by a few Prometheans at such diverse places as: Pagan festival, college lounge, poetry reading, coffeeehouse, city park, and a street fair--the latter was especially memorable, as two or three policemen joined the circle, having as much fun as everyone else.

For starters, it requires a leader, one who can attract people easily and catalyze some spontaneous happenings. A supporting group of three or four Pagans, who are familiar with spontaneous circles is also necessary. They should be of both sexes, open and friendly, and a bit on the wacky side. It isn't necessary to show up in Pagan regalia, but a bit of color and artiness to the clothes is a must.

Preparatory to the circle, everybody moves about, getting the feel of the environment and the vibrations of the people. If things feel right, the next step is to make a mild attention-getter. The group--the core group of Pagans, that is--drifts together, and, as if spontaneously, does something together. It may be a bit of song or chant, or--if outdoors, in a park, for example--the attention-getter may be a circle dance. In really wide-open space they might simply join hands and run, shouting something wacky--say: "The Age of Aquarius is here!"

And quickly go to the third step--the group hug, known in Paganese as a "squish." For those who are not familiar with a squish, it is done like this: Stand in a circle, spread your arms and try to embrace as many people as you can around the circle. Of course there is laughter and merriment. And then...

...the leader, and one or two Pagans, glance out at the bystanders, noticing a few who are taking an interest in the happening. They wave them over: "Come on! Join the circle! There's plenty of love for everybody!" and so on. Some bystanders will join in the squish. After a few minutes of squishing, when the outside folk are relaxed and tuned into the circle, it's time to get serious (well, to some degree). The Pagans begin to chant a one-note OM, which eventually drifts into a free-form OM (see Selena Fox's article elsewhere in this book). The newcomers join in, and everybody slowly sways in a kind of rhythm. Eventually a certain amount of power is built up. Now it should be channeled properly. To accomplish this, one of the Pagans begins a chant to the Earth, say: "The-Earth-is-our-Mother;-we-must-take-care-of-her." A chant to the Earth or Nature is best, since many can relate to that, and it is best not to be overtly Pagan at this point yet. Above all, there

must be absolutely no flavor of political agitation. The chant must be melodic, and flow gently and lovingly.*

When the leader feels the power has been channeled properly, s/he lets the chanting fade out, and makes a brief speech about the meaning of this circle: "What we are doing is celebrating the Earth, our Great Mother, who takes care of us all... And, as Her children, we must take care of Her... She gives us everything, and there is nothing we can give Her that She does not have plenty of already; so, the best thing we can give the Earth is our love... And the best thing we can do for one another is to live together in perfect love and perfect trust..." and so on in this vein.

And ends the address with a "Blessed be."

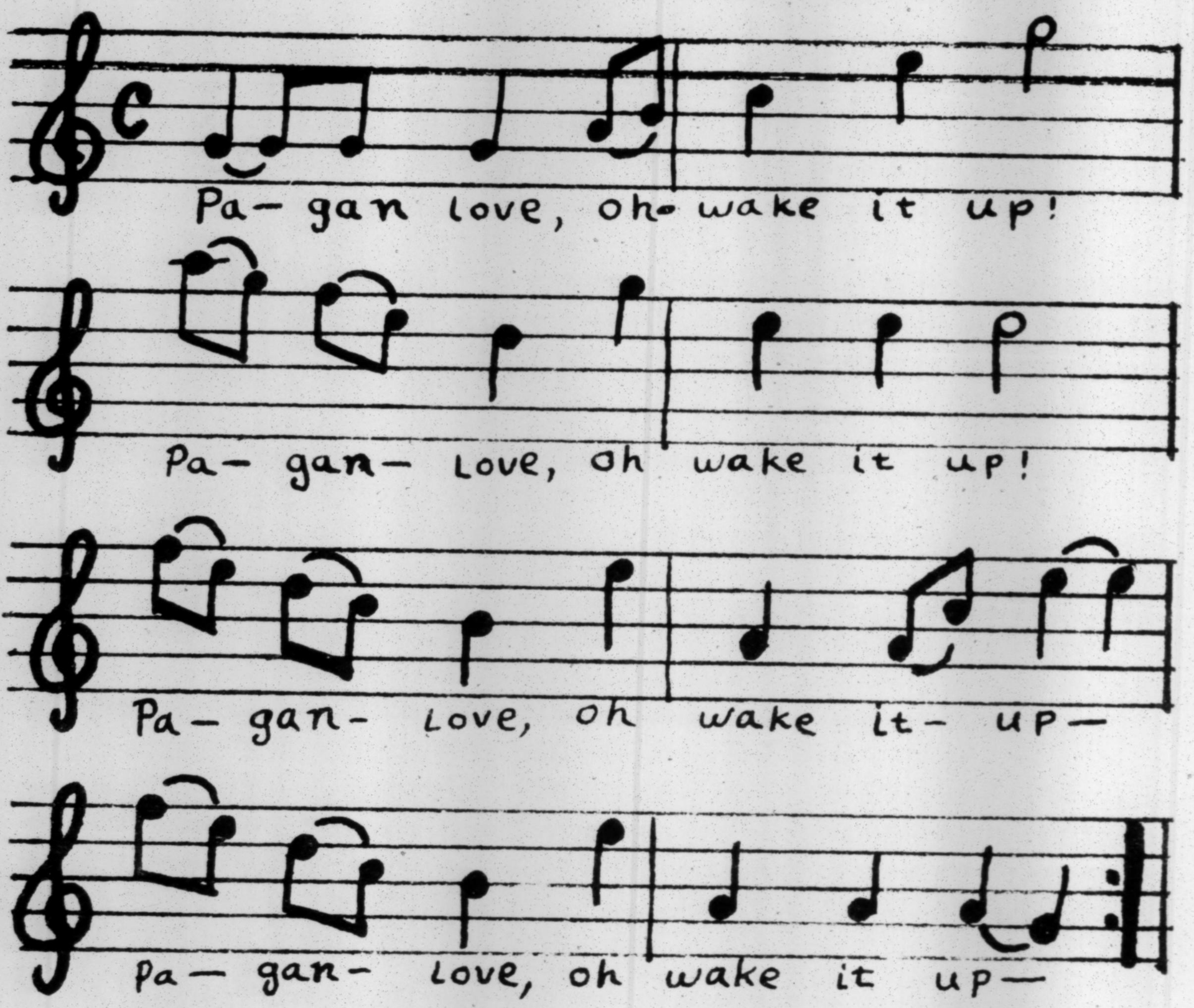
And as all respond with whispered "Blessed be," one of the Pagans, who happens to be immediately to the right of another Pagan, gives her a kiss, and says: "Blessed be; pass it on." She kisses the stranger on her left, who passes the kiss on, and so it comes around the circle.

As the circle breaks up, the Pagans should linger to rap with those outsiders who wish more information.

*A song, which can be adapted to the Earth Ritual, follows this article.

Pagan Love

words by various Pagans
music: Russian folk tune



(chorus): Pagan Love, oh wake it up!(4 times)
(some suggested verses):

1. Love of the Horned God, wake it up!
2. Love of the Lady, wake it up!
3. Love of the Earth, we'll wake it up!
4. Love of the Earth Mother, wake it up!
5. Love of the forests, wake it up!
6. Love of the rivers, wake it up!
7. Love of cats, we will wake it up!
8. Love of Diana, wake it up!

There are several ways of singing this little song. In a Promethean Circle we usually take turns making up verses. As you may notice, new verses are made up by changing only the fourth word in each line. In between verses everybody sings the chorus, thus giving the next person time to think up a verse. If the circle is large, we just go ahead with the verses, and omit the chorus except at the beginning and the end. When we do an Earth Ritual, at which there are likely to be many non-Pagans, we use the verse "Love of the Earth, oh wake it up" as the chorus, and omit any Pagan references.

An afterthought: There is space in the verse to change a word of one, two or three syllables. When a one-syllable word is used, it can be followed with "we will wake it up," or the "oh" can be extended, such as in "Pagan love, o-oh wake it up!" A two-syllable word fits perfectly. A three-syllable word or word pair may or may not fit comfortably. "Love of the Earth Mother, wake it up!" is fairly easy, and can be even more effective when sung with emphasis on "Mother," such as: "Love of the Earth // MOTHER,wake it up!" (Sounds like an invocation to the Earth!) On the other hand, we have heard (and had to sing along with) such tongue-busters as: "Love of the pitch-black night..." (try to sing THAT on an empty stomach!). Prometheans like to embellish things in a perpetual quest for greater beauty, but it can be trying when they cram a three-syllable space with two nouns and four adjectives, when they jam a sentence into a short space in a short verse, or when they simply want to dump a truckload of syllables, such as: "Loveofthesilveryshininggoddesswhoridesherebonystallionthroughtheskiesatmidnight, wake it up!" And the whole circle has to sing along...

Pagan Paths

by Rus Gulevitch

There are about as many different traditions in today's Pagan movement as there are groups. Most traditions fall into one or more major categories, which, for want of a better word, we shall call "paths." These paths are not necessarily organizations or networks, but mainly concepts used to define a particular group or tradition.

PAGAN (noun, adjective): This is the all-encompassing religious orientation, which includes all the paths covered in this article. Pagan is primarily a religion worshipping the pre-Christian deities of the Indo-European world. In some groups it may also include worship of deities of the aborigines of The Americas, Australia, Africa, as well as of the pre-Judeo-Christian-Islamic cultures of Asia. With few exceptions, Pagan religion is polytheistic (worshipping more than two deities) or omnitheistic (worshipping all deities).

NEO-PAGAN and EARTH RELIGION are other names Pagan is known by.

WICCA/WITCHCRAFT (noun); WICCAN (adjective) from the Anglo-Saxon "Wicca," (pronounced "Witch-a"), and stemming originally from the Persian word "Avesta," which means "wisdom." Wicca is a subgroup of Pagan. While Pagan in general is open to all seekers, membership in a Wiccan coven is restricted, usually to initiates of the coven. Otherwise there is little difference between Pagans and Witches in worship, teachings or magical workings. Wiccan covens may also have subsidiary groups, called PAGAN WAY, GROVE or OUTER COURT, membership in which is less restricted. Such a subsidiary group is usually a training ground for eventual initiation into the coven.

TRADITIONAL/IST (adjective, noun): Virtually all of Traditionalist is comprised of Wiccan covens and Solitaries. Traditionalist teachings and rituals are handed down unchanged from Priest/ess to initiate. Proceedings are quite formal--for example, a member is carefully registered as such with a Witch Queen, and a technical error may invalidate one's membership if someone chooses to make a case of it. The best known Traditionalist group is Gardnerian, founded in the early 1950's by Gerald B. Gardner, a British Eclectic Witch. Alexandrian, founded by Alex Sanders, is a spinoff of Gardnerian, with considerable admixture of Ceremonial Magic. Since the publication of the Gardnerian rituals in Lady Sheba's "Book of Shadows," a lot of unregistered Gardnerian groups have made their appearance. Formally-registered Gardnerians refer to these new groups as "Gardenias." Other Traditionalist groups take their name from the nation or culture whose lore or deities they follow (Welsh, Celtic, Scots, Brythonic, etc.) Knowledge of a culture's language or lore is not a prerequisite for membership in most Traditionalist groups.

ECLECTIC (adjective): This is by far the largest path. Here anything goes. Eclectics piece their rituals and teachings together from many sources of literature, lore and ritual, published or unpublished. Eclectics adopt anything that looks good, sounds good or seems relevant. As one Eclectic Priestess put it: "Our motto is: "Steal anything that doesn't run away too fast!'" Almost all Eclectics are creative in their own right, too, adding many original works to their rituals (and in turn providing fresh material for other Eclectics!)

PROMETHEAN (adjective, noun): Named after Prometheus, the Titan of Greek Mythology, who gave fire to humans in order to allow them to realize their creative potential. As a path,

Promethean strongly emphasizes originality and imagination in rituals. The typical Promethean circle is conducted on the spur of the moment, with no preparation, entirely off the cuff by all participants, using whatever natural objects are handy as ritual tools when the same are not available. Many eclectic groups use a considerable proportion of Promethean originality in their circles.*

"Promethean" can also be used to describe artists, composers, writers and other creative people, who devote most or all of their talents to the Pagan cause.

SHAMANIC: Much of this path is Eclectic-Promethean, based entirely on lore and rituals of Native Americans and aboriginal cultures of other nations. Hallucinogenic drugs play a significant role in many Shamanic traditions.

HEREDITARY (adjective, noun): With the exception of youngsters born during the past twenty-odd years to Pagan families, most true Hereditaries follow a mixed Christian-Pagan religion, with emphasis on the Christian.

Many Witches call themselves "hereditary," claiming family lineage, usually intiation at the hands of a "grandmother" who was a "witch." This is almost always mere posturing in a vain effort to gain stature before Traditionalists--some of whom are quite snobbish. To the best of our knowledge, no such grandmotherly initiation has ever been verified.

*An article describing the Promethean path in greater detail will be published in the 1984 Witches' Annual.

DIANIC: Primarily a feminist path, it emphasizes the Female Deity, often to the total exclusion of the Male. In the extreme it is nothing more than a reaction against male-oriented religions of the past 2000 years of Western Civilization. Some Dianics use the Pagan religion as a convenient soapbox for feminist politics. Lesbian groups comprise a significant portion of the Dianic path.

SOLITARY (see also UNDERGROUND): There are vast numbers of Pagans who, out of choice or necessity, practice their religion alone or with a partner--usually a spouse or lover. Solitaries arise when covens break apart, or a Pagan moves to an area far from fellow-Pagans, or when a seeker discovers the Pagan religion on one's own, and has not established contact with a group yet. And a good number are solitary because of life in a hostile environment. Some Solitaries are Traditionalists; many are Eclectic or Promethean, devising their own rituals and tradition with no one but the Gods to keep them company.

ODINIST: This is more of a right-wing political movement, than a religious path. However, a good number of Odinists are part of the Pagan movement as well.

DISCORDIAN: Taking its teachings (if they can be so called) from the writings of Robert Anton Wilson, and its rituals from the Clowns of the Native Americans, Discordian is a spoof on religion--Pagan and all. As in Eclectic, anything goes. And the nuttier, the better. While it can be shocking to hidebound Traditionalists, and bad-tasting if taken in too large a dose, Discordian can be refreshing as a reminder that rituals and formalities must not be taken so seriously as to obscure real spiritual aspirations. And laughter, when properly channeled, is a significant magical power.

MONOTHEISTIC: There are not many Monotheist groups in the mainly omnitheistic Pagan movement. A few Dianic groups worship only one Goddess. Many old-time Hereditaries worship the Christian one-god concept. The largest Pagan Monotheist group is Church of Wicca, (also known as "Frostian," after its founders Gavin and Yvonne Frost), based in New Bern, North Carolina. The Frostians worship an abstract God principle. In recent years the Church of Wicca has added a Goddess.

UNDERGROUND (adjective): Many Pagans must still depend for their livelihood on jobs controlled by Christians--sometimes "born-again" fanatics. Leftist attitudes, prevalent in the educational system, scoff at any spiritual or religious aspirations, especially among such talented and intelligent people as most Pagans happen to be. The ability of the media to wreck reputations is too well known. Even within the Pagan movement one cannot always trust everybody. It is therefore common practice for Pagans to use assumed names and Post Office box addresses when communicating on Pagan matters. The really cautious ones refuse to have anything to do with the visible Pagan movement, keeping their worship to themselves, or within a small, well-proven group.

PAGAN NETWORKS: Loose confederations of Pagan groups of various paths. Their primary functions are to keep Pagans in touch with one another and with the movement as a whole. Several Pagan networks, which have our endorsement, are listed on pages 94-95.



Forest Wine Ceremony

by Bob Klein

The Forest Wine Ceremony is one of those charming little traditions seeping out of an obscure past just when needed.

Imagine night in a deep forest in ancient China, and a small campfire near a cold mountain stream. Several followers of Ch'an Buddhism (the original version of Zen) sit around the fire, laughing over the various ways they fooled their teachers in order to get out of garbage duty. They are poor, their practice difficult, and the everyday problems of life are ever present.

A fair volume of extremely cheap, slightly sweet wine is brought out, along with a large heavy, ceramic chalice. The first bottle is poured into the chalice, and the Ch'an students hurriedly try to think of things to be thankful for. For each expression of gratitude the student is allowed to take a sip, or sneak a gulp, of the sacred fluid.

The first fellow holds up the chalice and speaks: "I am thankful our teacher is too old to hit us hard." He takes a sip, places the chalice on the ground, places the palms of his hands down on either side of it, and the entire company bows.

The chalice is then placed before the next participant. She raises it and says: "I am thankful for spending time in this beautiful forest with such good friends." She takes a sip, places the chalice on the ground, places her hands on either side, and again, all bow. And so it goes, around and around.

There are several rules and methods to this seemingly simple ceremony. The most obvious, of course, is trying to think of as many things to be thankful for as possible, so the wine can continue going around the circle and down the gullet.

The most obvious difficulty is being able to talk coherently after the first few pourings of the goblet.

You may be thankful for the animals of the forest, your health, your teachers, the wine, vitamins, gravity, or breath fresheners. Whether your gratitude is serious or humorous, it gets you a sip. In fact, if you can make the others laugh, you might be able to sneak an extra gulp without being noticed.

When the goblet is placed on the ground, prior to bowing, the hands of the speaker are placed on the ground for two important reasons. The first is that each thank-you is really a thanks to the Earth, the Mother of All. The second reason is that co-ordination may become difficult after the first few rounds. Without well-grounded hands, the forward momentum of the bow may provide the speaker's face with a dunking.

After all have given their thanks for the good things in life, there may still be some wine left. It would not be inappropriate at that point to give thanks for the mishaps of life as well. They, too, are part of the human experience, and deserve at least a sip of recognition.

Each participant sips by himself while the others watch. After all, we must ultimately depend on ourselves, and our connection to the Earth, to deal with life's experiences. Yet, our friends can be there to support, comfort, and teach us, and thus the entire circle bows in support of the speaker.

After each sip, the chalice is placed on the earth. We must not instantly be grabbing for the rewards, the goals, the next step. Time is needed for meditation, for release and relaxation. Even the brain needs periodic resting; constant thinking, like constant drinking, drains and damages the rest of our being.

The campfire does more than warm the surrounding bodies. Fire represents the light, the insight gained by reflection on our lives. It is so easy to get caught up in complaining. There is so much more we would like to have, or to be, And yet, there is so much more we have to be thankful for.

We are alive; we live on a beautiful planet, during a crucial, exciting period in history. Knowledge, both "inner" and "outer", surrounds us, to be plucked from the library, university, coven, T'ai-chi school, and, of course, from our own hearts. We have less to fear from disease, invasion, and starvation than at most times in history, etc., etc., etc. And so, what are you doing with your life? The fire represents the vision of your life and your place in the destiny of this living planet.

This ceremony tends to bring out the spirit of each person clearly. By words, intonations, the seriousness, the laughter, the burping, and other reactions, the barriers between the circle's members melt away. The warmth of the fire blends with the warmth of emotion.

Obviously, the fire should be in a pit, dug into the earth itself. But a candle may have to be used as a substitute if the wooden floor of the temple is too hard to dig. In a forest, the campfire provides an oasis of light in the vast blackness of the wooded night. During one of your frequent visits to the bushes, you may look back and see the small, lighted circle of laughing forest spirits embodied in human flesh. Although you are separated from them (by a respectful distance) how warm a feeling it is to realize that you are connected with them in spirit!

For how many millions of years have humanlike beings sat around a campfire, laughing and enjoying each other's company? Then suddenly the realization that you are connected to all

such ancestry in spirit. Each has thanked the Earth in his own way. And then the realization hits that this all may end in our own generation. And after the thanks, how can we express our responsibility to our Mother Earth, to the source of life?

We return to our friends, our circle, to the tiny light within the forest, to proclaim our gratitude to all creatures, great and small, who might be listening.



(Editor's note: This beautiful ceremony can be combined very effectively with the Earth Ritual described on page 7.)

Magical Chantsinging

by Selena Fox

One of the most powerful tools you can use for developing your inner potentials and channeling energy to help yourself and others is something you have with all the time--your voice. It has long been known that sound, properly directed, can move matter, can affect emotional states, can bring healing. Chantsinging is a way of using your voice for inner and outer transformation--it is a way of making magic happen.

It is not necessary to have years of vocal training before you can work magic through song. It is not even necessary to have "perfect pitch." It IS necessary to overcome any inhibitions you may have about singing--dispelling notions that you don't "sound right" when you sing.* In singing, do not try to duplicate the voice of some singer you like--be yourself and let your own song within emerge. Let the singing you do come from your heart and be a natural expression of who you are. When you do this you are ready for chantsinging--moving energy for various purposes through song.

BASICS OF CHANTSINGING

*Be aware of your posture as you chantsing. For best results, stand or sit comfortably with your back straight. Weight should be evenly distributed on both feet. Hands should rest on your lap or at your sides. Your head should face straight ahead, not be drooping forward, nor tipped back. Adopting this posture not only makes singing easier, but aids in channeling energy as well. Movement can be added as well as specific symbolic postures for particular workings, but this is not necessary.

*How you breathe is also important. Breathe deeply from your diaphragm. Exhale fully. Prior to beginning a chant, take several deep long breaths, and with each exhalation send the outbreath through your mouth with a sighing sound. This will aid in relaxation and energy channeling when you begin chanting.

*When you begin a chant, do so softly and let your energy and volume increase as you feel comfortable doing so. Do not force or strain your voice. Chantsinging should be a natural, enlivening process, not a stressful one.

---

*Editor's note: It may help to consider Pete Seeger; he can't carry a tune, nevertheless he is one of the most effective and influential singers around today.

*Open your mouth wide as you chantsing. Your mouth becomes a more effective sound box when you do this and your chanting becomes fuller in sound.

*Select or create a chant appropriate to the purpose at hand, and when chanting become one with that purpose and chant. Be clear before you start why you are chanting, and where the energy of the chant should go.

*If chantsinging is new for you, begin with simple chants--ones that are easy to remember and easy to sing. Save the more complex ones for later. A chant does not have to be complex to be effective--in fact, many of the most powerful chants are simple ones.

*After you have finished a chant, take several deep breaths to realign your aura. Grounding and centering before every magical working is essential, whether you use chanting to move energy or not.

*If you spontaneously create a chant during a meditation or ritual, as soon as the working is over, record that chant--taping it is the best way. It will then be set down for later use. Keeping a musical magical diary is a good way to develop your chantsinging skills.

Learn chants from others at festivals and through recordings and songbooks. Share some of your chants with others. Sharing leads to growth.

*Let diversity enrich your chantsinging practice. In addition to adding new chants to your repetoire, find new ways to sing old favorites--vary tempo, rhythm, melody, volume. Or, add movement and visualization for the purpose at hand. If in a group, add harmonies; try counterpoint. When a chant starts getting boring for you, it is time to stop using it or to use it in a different way--this keeps it powerful!

*Experiment with different chanting settings. If you tend to chant only when you are in a group, start chanting solo as well. If you chant solo, go to a festival and experience group chanting. If you chant indoors most of the time, go to a deep forest or other place in Nature and chant there. Chant at different times of day and night, at different seasons, at various phases of the Moon. Be aware of how setting affects chanting energy and vice versa.

SOME CHANTS AND HOW TO USE THEM

Here are a few chants and ways of using them that I have found effective in my own magical practice.

ONE NOTE OM: This is a very simple chant--about as simple as you can get. It is a good chant to use to tap into your Inner Self prior to meditation or ritual. It is calming and centering. It is also a good warmup chant

for a ritual in which there will be a lot of chanting--just as a good runner will do some stretching exercises before starting a running session, so should you tone up your voice before using it extensively. OM is an ancient mantra, a mystical syllable which many say means "Being-one-with-all-that-is." This exercise can be done with an AH or an E or some other syllable, but I've found using OM is more effective, and this is probably due to its special sound and its long use as a mystical word of power. To sing the OM, find a note that is in the middle of your vocal range--a note you find easy and comfortable to sing. Take a deep breath, then with the exhale begin singing "O" and as your outbreath finishes add the "M" sound. Repeat at least two more times. Each time you chant the OM, feel yourself getting more relaxed. If you wish, visualize your aura glowing with a white radiance.

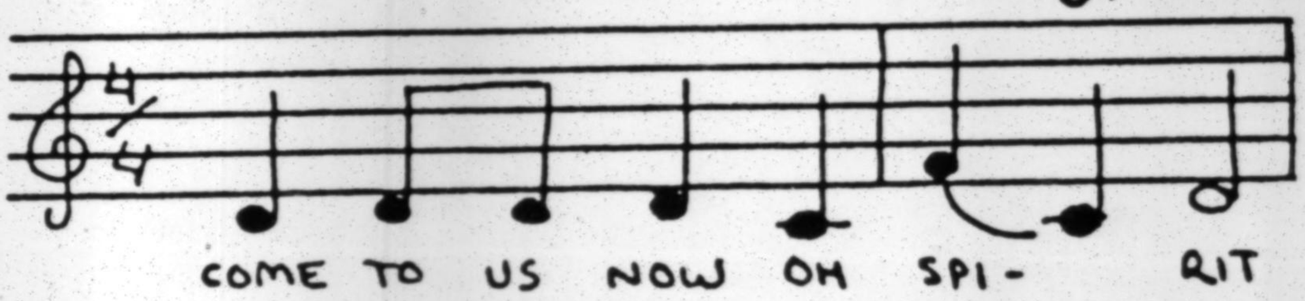
FREE FORM OM: This is an advanced variation on the previous chant, and is especially suited to group use. Begin with a deep breath, then sing the OM on a note in the middle of your vocal range, but instead of staying on that note as in the previous chant, start changing pitch--go higher, lower, move around. Let your own inner self emerge and guide you in the singing. Sing the music inside you that is your inner self. When you have finished with a breath, take another one--a quick, deep one--and pick up in your creative melody where you left off. In a group, members should time their breaths so they occur at different times and the group chant is continuous. This is a wonderful chant for attuning members of a group to each other. Each member should express her/himself in her/his own way through a personal creative melody, but should also be aware of melodies made by others and intuitively weave the personal melody with the others' to achieve a harmonious sound. The chanting should stop as the group consciousness senses it is time. A group leader can get an excellent idea of how well the group is working together by listening to the harmonies and dissonances created by this chanting method and sensing the energy when the chanting stops. If the chanting is primarily dissonant and it stops quite unevenly and the feeling that lingers after the chant is done is not harmonious and cohesive, then the group should try some unison one-note OMming for a while to achieve greater cohesion before attempting to work magic for a particular goal. If the freeform chanting is harmonious, proceed with the magic at hand.

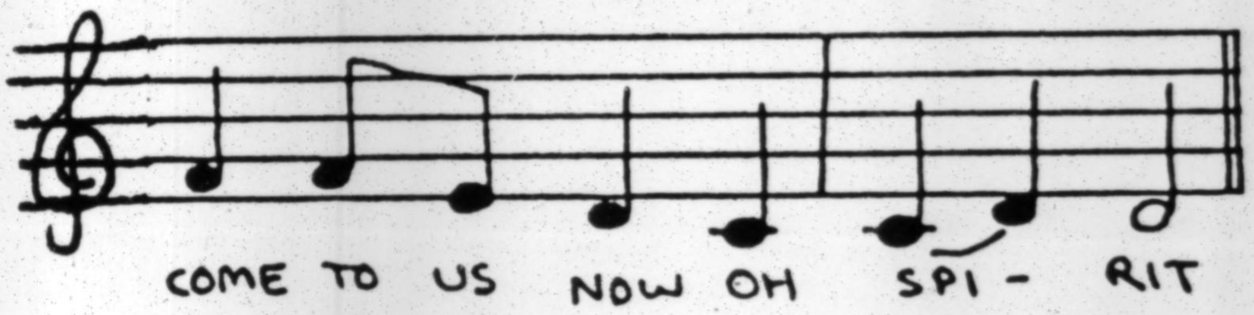
DEITY INVOCATIONS: A powerful way for attuning to the energy of a Goddess and/or God, whatever your path or tradition, is through musical invocation. If you have a spoken invocation you already use regularly (and have memorized), set it to music. You can intone it on a single note, or even better, let your own inner self guide you in creating a spontaneous melody, as described in the freeform OMming chant method. At several festivals in the past, I've been asked to do the "Charge of the Goddess" as part of the ritual, and instead of speaking it, I have let the Goddess aspect of my inner self emerge

and sing it--while the words were the same, the melody was different each time, created on the spot for the particular moment and ritual. Most of the time, however, I use shorter, less elaborate musical invocations. The following is a simple but effective invocation which can be adapted for a variety of deities--as "Come to us now, O Spirit," it can be used to call forth the power of your inner self or in a group, the group essence or spirit. As "Come to us now, O Goddess" and "Come to us now, O Horned One" it can be used to call forth the Goddess and the God, each embodying their many aspects. It also can be used to call forth a particular aspect of Deity, such as "Come to us now, Diana" and "Come to us now, Cernunnos." When using this, or any other Deity-invocation chant, feel the power of the Deity within yourself become activated as you chant. You may want to raise your arms up or use some other magical posture as you chant to intensify the invocation. When you have finished, pause in silence for a long moment. You are invoking to change the energy environment of your sacred space--give silence for this change to be manifested. Note any inner (and outer) visions and messages you receive during this post-chant silence. You may also find that the silence is not really silent--that you hear the chant continuing or some other astral music for a time. At the end of the ritual, be sure to give thanks to any Deities you have invoked.

CONE OF POWER CHANTS: These chants need to be lively. Short and simple ones work well, so do ones with several lines that rhyme and have a rhythm that can be speeded up. Before you start a Cone of Power chant, meditate a few moments on the person or thing that the energy will be sent to. Having an image to visualize is useful. Hold this focused in your mind as you chant. Pacing is important in Cone of Power chants. Begin slowly and softly and increase in speed and volume as the energy builds. When the energy peaks, move into a cry or yell or other burst of sound to send the energy off to the target. Then fall silent, ground and center. A variation is to let the chant build slowly and when it has reached its peak, send off the energy and then rapidly decrease the volume of the chant until it disappears into a whisper and then silence--this can aid grounding and centering. If you are working in a group, be clear about the target and the method of releasing energy with sound before you begin so that everyone will be working together. An excellent way to aid cone of power building is with circle dancing--moving the dance faster and faster as the chant and energy builds and then falling still as well as silent. It is also effective to use hand movements--raising arms and hands as the energy builds, dropping them after the energy is sent. Here is a chant I wrote a number of years ago, which works well for circle dancing--it is especially popular at festivals around a bonfire:

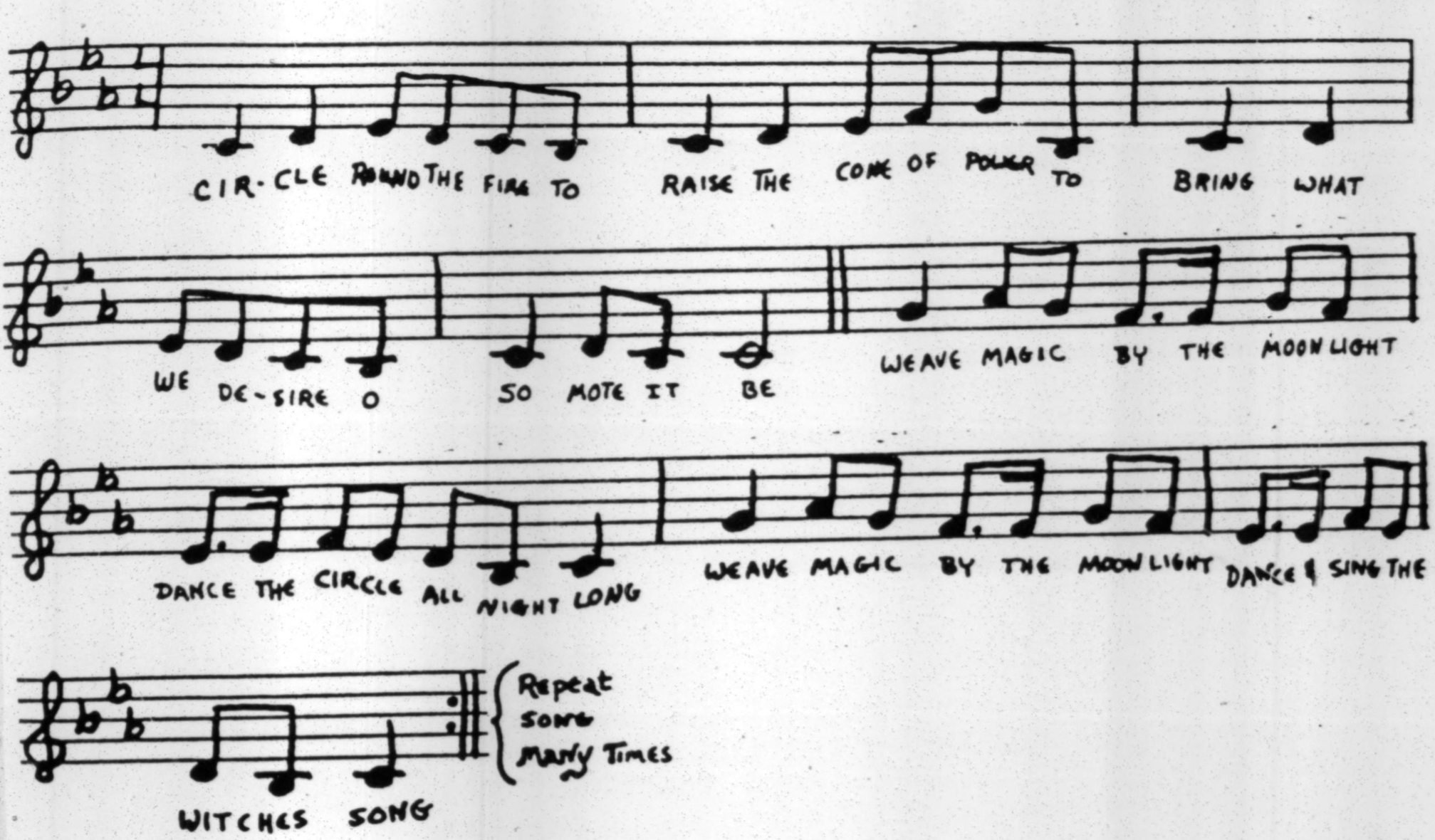
INUOKING CHANT by Selena Fox





WITCHES SONG

Words & Music by Selena fox





CHANTSONG RESOURCES

One of the most exciting things that has been happening in recent years is the increase in the sharing of chants among practicioners from different traditions and cultures. By sharing with each other, we are all enriched. A gift of song, especially a magical chantsong, is one of the most precious things that can be given or received.

Several years ago, I began sharing my chants. Some of them have been published in Circle's first songbook, CIRCLE MAGICK SONGS, and some are included on our first two cassette tape albums, CIRCLE MAGICK MUSICK and SONGS OF PAGAN FOLK. By sharing my chants I have come into contact with lots of magical chantsingers and their own chants.

So, now my chantsong sharing work has expanded to include not only my own chants, but those which have been passed on to me to share with others. In 1983 and 1984 I am planning to publish at least one songbook collection of these chants, and possibly a cassette tape or two. Although I have already been given many chants for this project by Craft people and other Pagans from around the country, I welcome more.

If you would like to help in this project, please contact me at Circle, Box 9013, Madison, WI 53715 or phone me at (608)767-2345. For each chant you share, please clearly print or write the wrords. Include musical notation if you can do so--otherwise record the chant being sung several times on a cassette tape and send that along. Also for each chant please indicate the name of the person who created the chant if known. If you don't know the original source, send the chant anyway and I will try to discover it through my networking connections. Finally, include any special directions for using the chant. Information about the availability of the chantsong book and recordings will appear in the next WITCHES' ANNUAL, in CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS, and other Pagan periodicals.

I also welcome comments on this introductory article on chantsinging. Blessed Be!

*SAY HELLO TO ZETA RETICULI

by Eugenia Macer-Story

MASKED CHARACTERS:

WATER SPRITE, a natural resource
ISIS, goddess of fertility
THOTH, judge of the dead
ANCIENT DEMON, the dragon of jealousy
ZETA RETICULI, a three-headed, six-armed outer space creature

WATER SPRITE (fauously) (fatuously)

I am Nature's magic mirror wherein all earth's creatures may see their faces and foibles reflected...

ISIS (offstage)

Thoth!

SPRITE (as Isis enters)

Oh, my god! It's a cow!

ISIS

Not a cow! Shut up and sit down. The water is stupid. I ought to know. I am the goddess Isis, not an ordinary cow. My horns are the moon in crescent and I supervise the rising and falling of the river Nile. That is to say: it USED to be just the Nile, but due to the Xerox process and modern television, I have been able to significantly expand my operations...so...where was I?

SPRITE

Search me, Lady.

ISIS

O, yes...Thoth! Thoth!

SPRITE

What do you want with him, Lady? You know that in order to get here he has to cross the river of the dead...

THOTH (with a grand entrance, then posing at a distance)

Someone mentioned Thoth?

ISIS

I had mentioned you, yes.

SPRITE

Do you or do you not have to cross the river of the dead?

*Copyright 1981, by Eugenia Macer-Story. All rights reserved.

THOTH (archly)

O, well, I'm afraid that's somewhat of a universal, sweetheart...the barrier between the living and the dead, and so forth.

SPRITE (throwing herself down with a flourish)

So...all right...here I am!

ISIS

That's just fine. Lie down and be quiet.

(Isis and Thoth converse over the barrier of the prone SPRITE, who fidgets, giggles and plays with the edges of their robes)

THOTH (clearing his throat)

So...what's new?

ISIS (indicating the loudspeaker between her horns)

The most extraordinary message came in over the radio this morning...through the horn system...

THOTH

The...ah...radio?...I don't believe I've heard that term. 'Radio?'

(As ISIS beckons, ZETA RETICULI enters shyly and awkwardly)

ISIS

Yes...ah...at any rate, it's the ambassador from Zeta Reticuli. It wishes to manifest in a...ah...public relations capacity...and...I...

THOTH

You have called me over the boundary between heaven and earth to tell me that the ambassador from Zeta Reticuli wishes to manifest in a public relations capacity?... Really, Isis...Frankly, I don't understand you. This must be some sort of modern slang.

ISIS

I know. I know. There must be a line of souls a mile long back there, waiting to get weighed in to the hall of Hades, and I have interrrupted this ancient procedure with a message from outer space. So be it. Times are changing, Thoth, and you have got to ADAPT or hell is going to be the laughingstock of the entire galaxy.

THOTH (wearily)

All right...so...outer space...where is this "outer space?"

ISIS

I don't know where they came from, but they're here right now. Apparently--this is protocol--they have to cross the river of the dead in order to get their picture on American television.

SPRITE (as ZR's heads and arms wave shyly)

That's weird.

ISIS

Shut up, why can't you? We know it's weird. It's a definite problem, and we're trying to handle it.

THOTH (clearing his throat)

So...this...ah...the whatever-it-is will now have to cross the river of the dead, my child.

ISIS

You catch on fast, don't you?

THOTH (nonchalantly)

O well...I knew all this beforehand...

THOTH (nonchalantly)

O well...I knew this all beforehand...

(ANCIENT DEMON enters dancing as a snake with firecrackers exploding under the tail, as in Oriental presentations)

DEMON (chanting)

Weirdos from space take up too much time.
I have come to drink death's river dry.

(fights with the WATER SPRITE, attempting to drink her robe)

THOTH

What do you think it means by that?

ISIS (separating the two combatants)

Leave that river alone. Are you out of your mind?

DEMON (coughing and choking)

There must be paper mills near the source of her tributaries...

ZETA (moving closer, bobbing and waving)

O poor thing. Poor thing. Poor thing. What's the matter with it? We just want to say hi...We just want to say hi to it.

DEMON (moving away and snarling)

How did TEY get into Hades? It's not allowed!

THOTH (stopping ZETA)

OK...now...look...wait a minute. You can't say hi until you cross the river of death.

ZETA

Who in the hell made those rules?..O...you'll have to excuse me. I'm not familiar with your customs. Was it someone in heaven or someone on the earth, or perhaps someone who comes from underneath the earth?

SPRITE

Before things go any further here, I would like to express myself.

ISIS

Just lie down and be the river. It has got to cross the river or we'll never be able to finish with this, and get settled.

SPRITE (to THOTH)

That demon tried to drink my water!

THOTH

Yes, I know.

DEMON

That's why I'm nearly dead!

ZETA

What are those creatures?

THOTH (archly)

That...ah...my dear friends, or FRIEND, is the river of death, and the other is an ancient demon. The ancient demon has tried to drink the river of death.

ZETA (laughing)

O! O! O! How funny! How funny that they can drink each other! Your customs are so peculiar!

ISIS

Yes. I can see why you might feel that way, but I don't have the patience to stand here holding off the ancient demon from the river for longer than about thirty more seconds...However, I have here in Minerva's girdle a magic radio...

THOTH (sourly)

I thought that radio was between your horns.

ISIS (as all stare in awe)

Well...this's one radio and this's another radio.

THOTH

I am confident...that I will understand this...

ISIS

You!...River...

SPRITE

Yes.

ISIS

Would you hand this to the god of death?...

DEMON (as the SPRITE hands THOTH the radio)

Unfair!...Unfair!...this's role stereotyping, Isis...
I am perfectly capable...

ISIS

Why don't you just become a goat...
(to SPRITE)
and you!...become a bucket of water!

DEMON (chasing SPRITE offstage)

Yum, yum...water! Roll over there, buckets!

ISIS (taking the radio from between her horns as the Demon swallows the Sprite in his cape)

Come in, Zeta Reticuli...Zeta Reticuli, can you read me?

THOTH (terrified as his walkie-talkie speaks)

Is this Pandora's box?...If that's what this is, Isis, you can have it back. We don't deal with Pandora here...

ISIS

You'd be better off if you did, Thoth...your ideas?... well, those're out of date by several millenia. It's embarrasing for me...that things should be more advanced on earth than they are in the hall of the dead. I don't know WHAT to tell my initiates...so...will you just give the radio to the extraterrestrial, sweetheart... and I'm sure you'll be able to understand that action several centuries from now...

THOTH (formally)

Isis has asked me to present you with this radio...
I have no desire for the radio.

ZETA (snatching the radio)

O...how nice of her!...thank you...thank you...thank you...

(the heads and arms of ZETA compete over who gets to hold the radio)

THOTH

HOWEVER I shall have to forbid you to cross the river of the dead. Otherwise this situation will grow much too complex. You may speak with the mortals through Pandora's box.

ISIS (to a member of the audience, as THOTH watches)

Here...come up here. What are you?...now, do you have any message from earth's creatures to Zeta Reticuli?...

(Throughout the following sequence, the heads and arms compete to hold the walkie-talkie as members of the audience give messages. The general tone of ad-libbed outer space response to individual humans is a laid-back, spaced-out "Hi there. Wow. What's going on?" ISIS terminates the happening when no one in the audience wants to talk. THOTH remains aloof and disdainful.)

SPRITE

Before things go any further here, I would like to express myself.

ISIS

Just lie down and be the river. It has got to cross the river or we'll never be able to finish with this, and get settled.

SPRITE (to THOTH)

That demon tried to drink my water!

THOTH

Yes, I know.

DEMON

That's why I'm nearly dead!

ZETA

What are those creatures?

THOTH (archly)

That...ah...my dear friends, or FRIEND, is the river of death, and the other is an ancient demon. The ancient demon has tried to drink the river of death.

ZETA (laughing)

O! O! O! How funny! How funny that they can drink each other! Your customs are so peculiar!

ISIS

Yes. I can see why you might feel that way, but I don't have the patience to stand here holding off the ancient demon from the river for longer than about thirty more seconds...However, I have here in Minerva's girdle a magic radio...

THOTH (sourly)

I thought that radio was between your horns.

ISIS (as all stare in awe)

Well...this's one radio and this's another radio.

THOTH

I am confident...that I will understand this...

ISIS

You!...River...

SPRITE

Yes.

ISIS

Would you hand this to the god of death?...

DEMON (as the SPRITE hands THOTH the radio)

Unfair!...Unfair!...this's role stereotyping, Isis...
I am perfectly capable...

ISIS

Why don't you just become a goat...
(to SPRITE)
and you!...become a bucket of water!

DEMON (chasing SPRITE offstage)

Yum, yum...water! Roll over there, buckets!

ISIS (taking the radio from between her horns as the Demon swallows the Sprite in his cape)

Come in, Zeta Reticuli...Zeta Reticuli, can you read me?

THOTH (terrified as his walkie-talkie speaks)

Is this Pandora's box?...If that's what this is, Isis, you can have it back. We don't deal with Pandora here...

ISIS

You'd be better off if you did, Thoth...your ideas?... well, those're out of date by several millenia. It's embarrasing for me...that things should be more advanced on earth than they are in the hall of the dead. I don't know WHAT to tell my initiates...so...will you just give the radio to the extraterrestrial, sweetheart... and I'm sure you'll be able to understand that action several centuries from now...

THOTH (formally)

Isis has asked me to present you with this radio...
I have no desire for the radio.

ZETA (snatching the radio)

O...how nice of her!...thank you...thank you...thank you...

(the heads and arms of ZETA compete over who gets to hold the radio)

THOTH

HOWEVER I shall have to forbid you to cross the river of the dead. Otherwise this situation will grow much too complex. You may speak with the mortals through Pandora's box.

ISIS (to a member of the audience, as THOTH watches)

Here...come up here. What are you?...now, do you have any message from earth's creatures to Zeta Reticuli?...

(Throughout the following sequence, the heads and arms compete to hold the walkie-talkie as members of the audience give messages. The general tone of ad-libbed outer space response to individual humans is a laid-back, spaced-out "Hi there. Wow. What's going on?" ISIS terminates the happening when no one in the audience wants to talk. THOTH remains aloof and disdainful.)

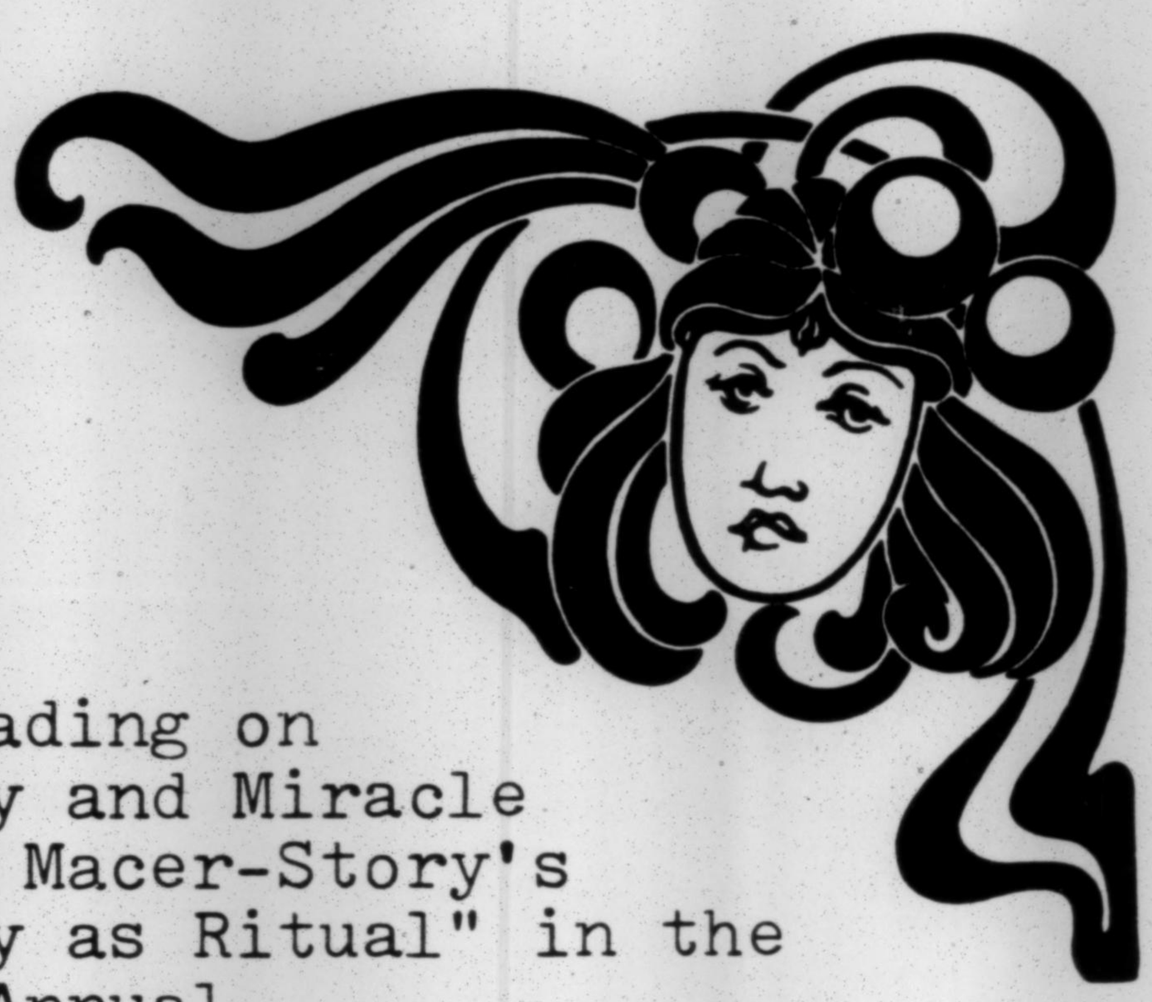
ISIS

All right, Zeta Reticuli. The party's over. Thank you all very much.

THOTH (taking the radio from ZETA)

Here. Give this back to Pandora...and don't you EVER bother me again.

(actors instantly remove their masks and bow)



For further reading on Masque, Mummery and Miracle Plays, see Ms. Macer-Story's article "Comedy as Ritual" in the 1982 Witches' Annual.

BY MOONLIGHT

A magical tale by C. Dean Andersson

The young boy lay fully dressed beneath the bedclothes, waiting. If it happened again tonight, he was ready.

Sleep pulled at his eyelids. He violently shook his head and drove the drowsiness away.

The sound of a lone horse's hooves clattering on cobblestones came and went. A clock struck three. The child began to worry it might not happen this time; that it might have been only a dream after all.

He crawled out of bed and walked to a window he'd left partly open. The horns of a waning Moon were rising above the dark, steep rooftops of the sleeping city of Bonn. Somewhere, far away, in the direction of the rising Moon, dogs began to bark.

His pulse quickened. The barking of dogs had been part of what he remembered.

The child opened the window further and leaned anxiously into the cool air of the autumn night. The commotion made by the barking dogs was spreading, coming nearer. He remembered that too. Then suddenly, as he also remembered, the barking stopped.

Faintly at first, then growing steadily louder, came another remembered sound. He frowned as the sound faded slowly away, still unable to decide what it resembled. It was no more than a soft rustling sound, but it somehow disturbed him. Fallen leaves scattered by an autumn breeze? Dogs walking in dead leaves? The rustle of a woman's skirts? He still couldn't decide for sure, but perhaps it didn't matter, for it was only a harbinger of that for which he waited.

Softly in the distance he now caught whispers of the music which had haunted him relentlessly since first he'd heard it the night before.

It came nearer, grew louder, the sound of three women singing a wordless, haunting song. The young boy frowned in concentration, determined to remember the melody in its entirety this time.

The singing grew louder still. In deep anticipation he watched the sky for something else he remembered, and soon he saw it, a small patch of fog, its edges silvered by moonlight, drifting over the rooftops, seemingly carrying within it the unseen singers.

By the time the fog was receding into the distance, and the singing growing fainter, the boy was out of the house and in the street, running, following.

He hesitated only a moment when, several minutes later, he saw where the fog had settled to the earth. Then, still panting from his exertions, he entered the cemetery.

The fog was rapidly dissipating, but the singing was still steady and clear. He kept walking in the direction from which the music seemed to be coming, straining to see in the weak moonlight, until finally up ahead he saw what appeared to be a tall figure in a dark, hooded cloak standing amongst the graves. Wispy remnants of fog clung to the cloak.

The boy hesitated, then walked cautiously nearer. Soon he saw that around the cloaked figure prowled three black hounds. He took several steps closer, then the hounds suddenly stopped stock-still and locked their eyes upon him.

The singing stopped too, and the hooded one turned toward him. Within the cloak's hood he saw nothing but darkness. He halted, and fought the fear which made him want to run back the way he'd come.

"I... heard your song," the child stammered, his voice trembling. "It's a... beautiful song," he cautiously added.

The hooded figure remained as silent and motionless as the stone monuments on the surrounding graves.

"Are you... Death?" the boy whispered apprehensively, remembering representations he'd seen portraying Death as a skeleton in a hooded cloak. "Am I going to... die, because I followed you?" he asked, even softer.

A woman's gentle laughter came from beneath the hood. Two slim, pale white hands emerged from within the cloak and pushed back the hood.

"Do I look like Death to you?" the tall woman asked, smiling down at the child. The way the long, dark coils of h
move restlessly of their own accord disturbed the boy.

down at the child. The way the long, dark coils of her hair seemed to move restlessly of their own accord disturbed the boy.

"Do I look like Death to you?" the woman repeated.

The child shook his head.

"Then it is not your time to die." she said.

"Who... are you? An... angel?"

"I have many names, but tonight, here in this place, with a waning Moon in the sky, the name Hecate suits me best. Have you heard the name before?"

The boy shook his head again. "I heard three... voices, singing," he said, looking around. "Where are the others?"

"You heard three, but see only one because your soul is more sensitive to sound than to sight."

The boy's expression said he wasn't very satisfied with that answer. "Why do you sing here?" he asked, glancing at the graves.

"The dead sometimes have need of my song." she answered with a touch of sadness. Sometimes the things they've believed while alive confuse them, you see, and they need the help of my song to find their way home."

The boy's confused frown drew another gentle laugh from the woman. "Do not let thoughts of death concern you," she said. "So, you heard and liked my song, did you?"

The boy nodded. "I heard it last night too. I tried to remember all of it today, but couldn't. So tonight I stayed awake and listened. I was afraid you might not come again."

"Not many of the living hear my song. Your soul has music blazing at its core."

"Music is what I love most," the boy proudly declared.

"Because you wisely love your soul." The woman looked thoughtfully down at the boy for a moment, then smiled reassuringly and said: "Come closer, child." She saw him glance at the hounds. "You need not fear my hounds," she added.

The boy glanced back up at her, decided to trust her smile, and edged up closer.

"Will you come closer still?" she asked. "May I embrace you? Will you let me kiss you?"

"I... I don't know..." he faltered. "Why does your... hair move... like that... and why does..."

"You are already aware of the music at your soul's core, little one, but if you wish to hear the songs your soul sings even more clearly, you need but let me embrace and kiss you. And if my... hair disturbs you, close your eyes when my lips near yours."

The boy's eyes locked with those of the woman. His heartbeat thudded in his ears. His moment of indecision passed.

"For music." he said loudly, as if he were a warrior going into battle. Tears of excitement and fear glistened in his eyes as he walked forward, stopping when he was nearly close enough to touch the woman's dark cloak.

She knelt before him and opened her arms.

His eyes widened in terror as, now so close to her, he saw that her hair was not really hair at all...

"Close your eyes, child. Do not look at them. My serpents will not harm you. Close your eyes and come to my embrace."

"For music." he said again after a long moment's pause, though this time his voice was no more than a hoarse whisper. He shut his eyes. He took two more steps, his knees shaky, and was there. He felt her arms enfold him. He heard a soft rustling sound and tried not to think of the snakes as she leaned toward him.

Her lips touched his. Suddenly he threw his arms around her and returned her kiss, overwhelmed with emotions he could not name.

The kiss ended. "Blessed be, little Ludwig." the woman whispered in his ear.

The surprise of hearing her speak his name made his eyes jerk open. The snakes were everywhere, all around his face, reaching out as if they too would embrace and kiss him.

The woman quickly released him. He took several hurried steps backward, but then stopped and looked fearfully at her, trying to see nothing but her eyes.

"How... did you know my... name?" he stammered.

"Always be guided by the songs of your soul, child." the woman said, staring intently into his eyes. "You will now hear those songs clearer than ever before. In time you may become unable to hear anything else. And do not try too hard to remember the song you've heard here tonight. You have your own songs to sing. But should you ever write down my song, remember that you heard it by moonlight."

The woman's gaze lingered lovingly upon the child for a moment longer, then she stood, drew the hood of her cloak over her head, and turned away from him.

He heard three voices begin to sing the haunting melody once more. Again he looked for the other two singers, but still he saw only the one. Frowning, his fear rapidly fading, he stood and listened to the song a little while longer.

"I... thank you." he finally whispered, but if the woman heard, she gave no indication, her song continuing without interruption. So at last the boy turned and walked away, glancing backward only once before he disappeared into the darkness...

...while amongst the graves Hecate kept singing until certain the child was beyond the sound of her voice. Then she stopped and turned in the direction he'd gone.

She stood in silent thought for a moment, then laughed. "What storms he is going to brew!" she said, laughing again. She smiled thoughtfully a moment more, then turned her attention to the dead, and soon her song again drifted through the night, calling the souls of the lost, guiding them home.

Hymn to Diana

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

--Ben Jonson
(1573-1637)

(from the play "Cynthia's Revels")



The Earth Calendar

of

Noreen Oakwood

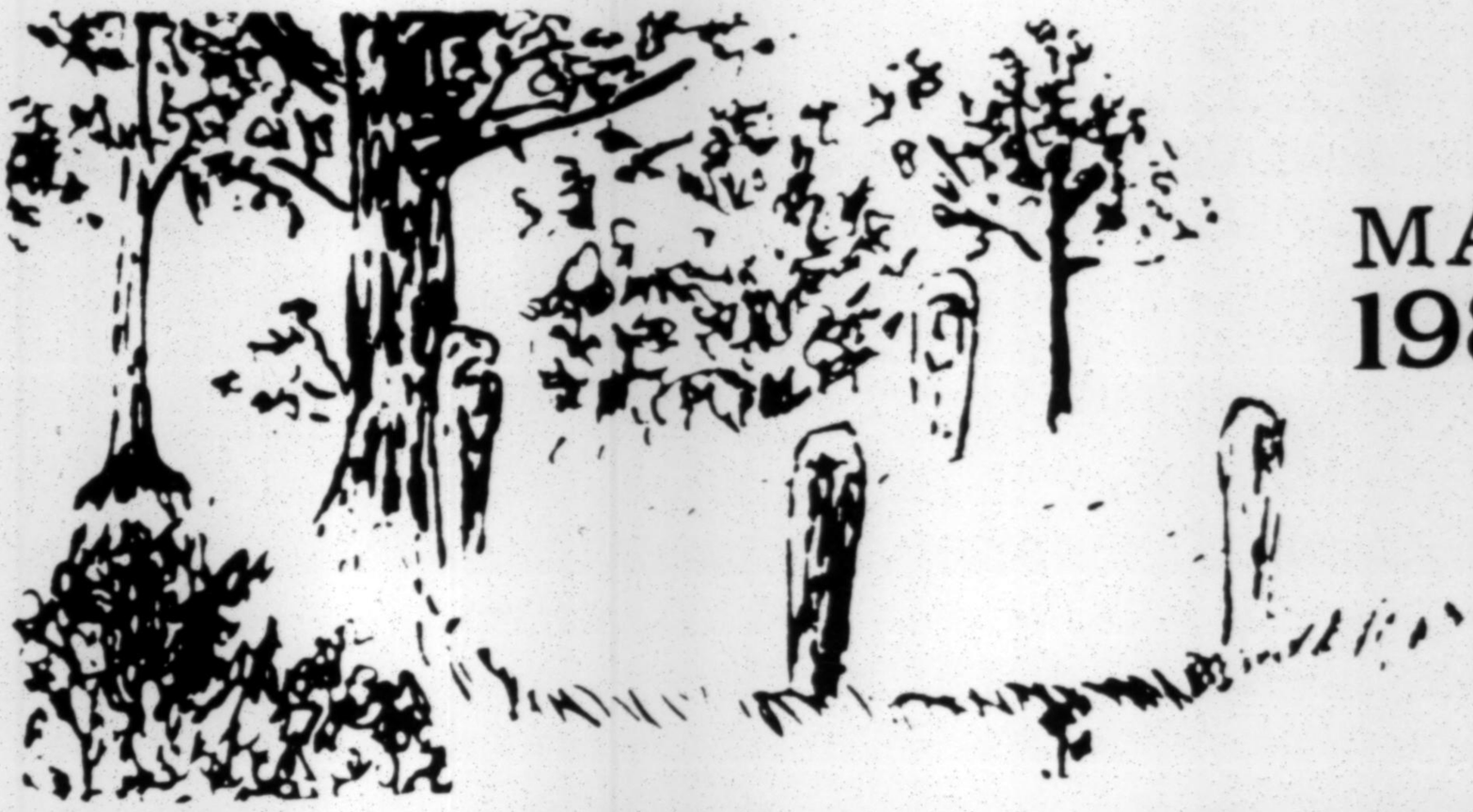


One of my coveners, who happens to be from Eastern Europe, volunteered one year to make the sabbat cakes for Bealtaine. What she made was so appropriate, that we used them for cakes every Bealtaine since.

She made Blini, a thin pancake fried in butter. And she made them by the hundreds. Blini, she explained, comes from a Slavic word meaning "sun-motes," the pancakes being a representation of the Sun--golden and hot.

There is an interesting symbolism in the ingredients for blini. They are made with equal parts of flour, eggs, milk and water, with a little salt and some yeast, of course. To me the ingredients symbolized the Three Goddesses and the One Sun God. Flour, being of wheat, is the body of the Sun God, the Corn King, the Osiris of ancient lore. Eggs, being unfertilized, symbolize the virgin Maiden Goddess. Milk, since it comes only from an animal who has given birth, is the symbol of the Mother Goddess. And the water stands for the Crone, the Mother-of-the-Mothers, the Sea from whom all life was originally born, and to whom it will all return in the end. Perhaps we can carry the symbolism yet further and say that the salt symbolizes that grain of sadness that is present in all things, or perhaps the sadness without which we would not understand happiness. And the yeast would then stand for the life-force that causes all living things to grow and change.

But all this was thought of later, after the circle was over, and we were lazing about, full of our sister's wonderful pancakes.



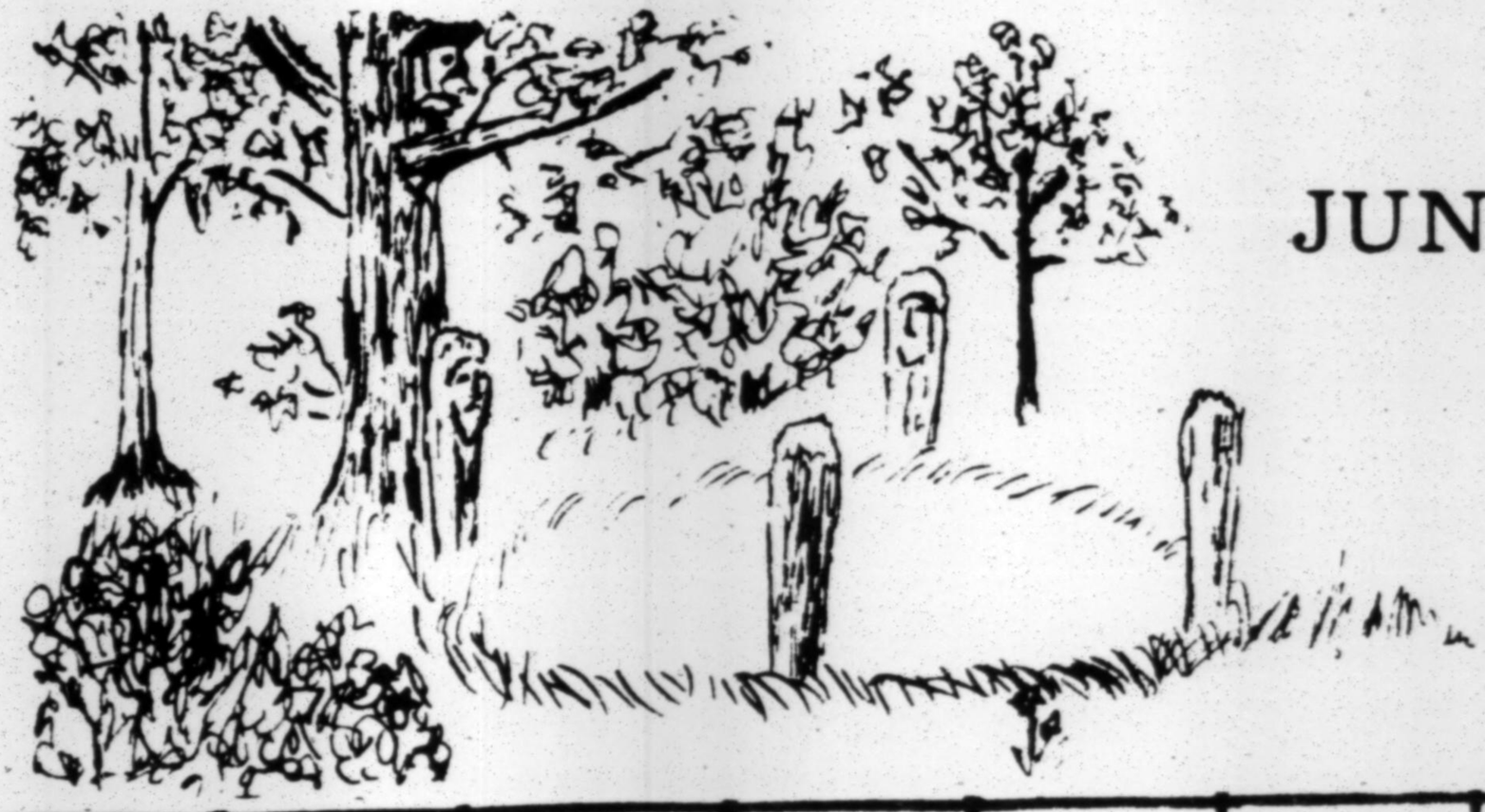
MAY 1983

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1 BEALTAINE	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10 EARTH DAY. DO NOT DIG OR PLOW.	11 RED SKY AT DAWN, STORMS IN SUMMER	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 BAD DAY FOR TRAVEL, BIRTH, NEW PROJECTS	30	31				

Oak for strength,
Ash for life's length,
Birch for health,
Apple for wealth,
Maple for beauty,
Hickory to do our duty,
Pine for long life,
Aspen to banish strife,
Dogwood for gladness,
Thorn for some sadness,
And a little bit of Cherry
To make our life merry.

This was the song we sang while gathering wood for the Midsummer fires. These eleven were not the only woods we used. There was also rose wood, nettles and other herbs, grapevines, and other sacred plants. But the old song did not cover them all. We would gather small branches that were broken during winter's storms. There were also prunings from the fruit trees, tailings from carpentry, and surplus herbs from Grandmother's stocks. Now that it was Midsummer, Grandmother would be able to cut new herbs for the year. Not one to throw anything out, she would put whatever of last year's herbs she didn't need into the Midsummer fire. This, she explained, would return their souls to the Sun, from which all healing-plants' souls came.

By evening the children had enough gathered to lay quite a lot of bonfires. Well, the more the merrier! At sunset, the fires in all the homes were extinguished, and the oldest men in the community would kindle a new fire by rubbing wood on the festival ground, just like at Bealtaine. Then, as the dancing and festivities wound into the night, one could see hundreds of sparks spreading away from the ritual ground, winding their way to the homes. Those were torches carried by mothers to their kitchens, for the home hearth-fires.



JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 FAIR SKIES— RICH HARVESTS	2	3 WEST WIND— RAINY SUMMER	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13 COOK A DINNER FOR ALL STRANGERS. THERE ARE GODS AMONG THEM.	14	15	16	17	18 FIRST OF LONGEST DAYS.
19	20 HEALING HERBS ARE RIPE AT DAWN	21 MID— SUMMER.	22	23	24 LAST OF LONGEST DAYS.	25
26 FAREWELL TO THE SUN-GOD.	27 RAIN TODAY— RAIN 7 WEEKS.	28	29	30		

There is magic in every work you do. If it is to come out right, not shoddy, not weak, not misfitted, then you must know the right spells for the work. Every craftsman, in my day, had secret spells for their particular trade. The hunter, to be sure that a rifle would always shoot true, would cense it with smoke from the fur of the first animal he killed with that rifle. The beekeeper kept the bees informed on all household news, so that they would always feel part of the family, and not fly away. The carpenter spoke secret words to his wood to make it strong and everlasting. The blacksmith had other words for his iron, to make sure it would be strong, sharp and stainless. The bricklayer had spells on the origin and parenthood of stone, clay and lime. By these he controlled them. If he did not say the right spell, in the right way, while, say, building a chimney, it might decide to tilt, or crumble, or howl like a werewolf on windy nights.

Of course sometimes a craftsman would deliberately omit the spell. The local banker, who had sent many a farmer out into the cold with his foreclosures, was a choice victim of our local craftsmen. They made sure his chimneys smoked in calm weather and howled in bad. His horses threw more shoes than a backwoods wedding party. His carriage wheels always broke on lonely roads, miles away from the wheelwright. His roof always leaked, in a different place each time. Yet he had no choice: In the whole county, no craftsman would give him any better work, and they always charged him double.

The Simmonds family, on the other hand, though Christians--Quakers, to be precise--were always kind to the Pagan families in Ellen Corners. And our craftsmen, who were all of one Pagan path or another, always did their best for them.



JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15 RAIN TODAY, RAIN 40 DAYS	16
17	18	19 WET DAY — WET HARVESTING	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Nobody knows where or how the belief arose in charms, but it is vast and varied. Maybe someone one day found an unusual object, and happened to have a good day by coincidence. Then, when he lost or threw away the object, his luck ran out, and he thought the object had something to do with it. At least that's what scientific stories say. It had to be more than coincidence, since so many of the charms are carefully designed objects, with deliberate patterns that don't duplicate any natural object. Magicians spend years over old books, making sure that a magical sign is drawn exactly.

Our family life was far from the complications of the magicians. And our charms were very simple as well. There were hex disks on the barn to protect against lightning and disease. In the henhouse hung a stone with a hole in it, which kept thieves and predators (and even goblins) away from the chickens. To keep evil out of the house there was an old scythe imbedded into the structure under the front door. To be sure that the cows would always give milk, we fed them special crescent cakes at Bealtaine. To avoid getting killed while building the house, my great-grandfather sacrificed a black rooster and buried the head under the foundation. And to make sure the bees would always be about, and bring honey, we offered a honeycomb to the River Spirit every autumn. Some people sacrificed a goose to the River Spirit, or even a stray horse. But this was drifting into the realm of dark magic. It is one thing to sacrifice an animal most of which you are going to eat. It is another to kill the animal and not use most of it for anything. That would be a waste of life, which is wrong.



AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1 ☾ LAMMAS OFFER A LAMB TO SKY GODS	2 BURY FLIES AND ROACHES	3 WIND TODAY - COLD WINTER	4	5	6
7	8 ●	9	10	11	12	13
14	15 GIVE OFFERINGS OF WHISKEY TO WATER GODS. ☽	16 GIVE OFFERING OF BREAD TO THE EARTH	17	18	19	20
21	22 WATCH OUT FOR GOBLINS WHO REARRANGE FORESTS	23 ☌	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31 ☾			

The Sun lay in love with the Earth, and She bore Him many children; green children, furry children, winged children and the Thinking Child.

But as Summer waned, the Sun drifted away from His Bride. And she wept, not knowing if the Sun's love was gone, or not. She wept, not for Herself, not for Her wild children, who could live through the coming cold, but She wept for Her best one, the Thinking Child, who was naked, and weak, and slow. Her favorite child would not survive the cold caused by the passing of the Sun.

Though the Sun explained that His absence was necessary, so that the Earth would not be scorched by too much of His rays, that He would return in the Spring, after the Earth had rested, there was still apprehension in Her heart. What of our favorite child? She kept asking. He will die in the Winter, not able to protect himself.

The Sun then took a sliver of His light and hurled it to Earth in a mighty bolt. It struck and scattered all over the land, fragments lodging in stones, in trees, in herbs, in metals. The Sun swore a great oath, that His light and heat would be contained in all the things the fragments of His power had lodged in. And the Thinking Child, with his mind, would know how to obtain the fire.

And with the fire he would not only survive, but obtain a power greater than any other of the Children. With the power of fire he would be the equal of the Gods.

Such was the tale told us, Pagan children, before the family hearth. And, it was explained to us, that is why we, Thinking Children, are the only beings on Earth who do not fear Fire, but love and worship it. For it is the gift of our father the Sun.



SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 PUT BUGS IN AN OLD SHOE, AND DRAG THEM OUTDOORS	2	3
4	5	6	7 BAKE COOKIES FOR CHILDREN	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21 FALL EQUINOX	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30 WASH CHILDREN IN BLESSED WATER AGAINST EVIL EYE	

Roy Dunn was a happily married man, with a good farm, a good home and a good family. He was a hard worker, and his work rewarded him well with good harvests and happy days.

Until one Bealtaine that is. Roy was not a Pagan; he was a solid Christian, who went to the local church, or to revival meetings, when they came around. If anyone told Roy Dunn that the Faery world opens its gates on Bealtaine night, he would have told him a few words about "superstitions," and added a verse or two from the Bible about how such beliefs were offensive to his god.

Until one Bealtaine, that is.

Roy Dunn had been to a relative's, and was coming home very late at night. Though they pleaded with him to stay over--there had been some flooding on the roads--he was determined to be sleeping in his own bed that night. And when Roy Dunn is determined, a team of oxen couldn't move Roy Dunn. So, he was driving home in the dark, detouring more and more, until he was completely lost.

When he finally reached home in the morning, Roy Dunn was a different man. No longer was he the solid, hard-working Yankee farmer. The Roy Dunn that came home was absent-minded and sad. He kept muttering as if talking to someone. They say he'd met a beautiful faery maiden during his night's wandering. And any man who does that, will never care for this world again. So it happened with Roy Dunn. He let his fields go to ruin, forgot his cattle, his house; never said a word to his wife or sons. For six months he just sat at the window every day, or wandered the woods all night. At Samhain, Roy Dunn went out and was never seen again.



OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4 GOBLINS DISAPPEAR AT DAWN UNTIL SPRING	5	6 ●	7	8
9	10	11	12	13 ☽	14	15 LOW-FLYING BIRDS MEAN A WET WINTER
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28 ☾	29
30	31	SAM-HAIN				

The last time I went out trick-or-treating, I was already sixteen, or so. It fell to me to be chaperone to Maribeth and David, my youngest sister and brother. Alice, already thinking herself an adult at thirteen, decided to give childhood one more chance, and said she would come with us.

I wanted to dress up as Joan of Arc, whose story I'd just read for the thousandth time, but Mother would not have me going out without a skirt. So we compromised on a Valkyrie costume, which was probably better, since I am quite tall. Thin, raven-haired Alice was natural as a Witch; but Maribeth--stocky, puck-nosed, with long blond curls--wanted a Witch costume too. David went as a Roman soldier. So we were: two warriors and two Witches.

Well, we impressed everyone and collected a load of treats. But there was surly Mr. Doyle, who not only padlocked his gate, but stood there shouting angrily at kids who passed by with no intention of stopping at his place. Then our little sister had the bright idea...

Next day, people who passed by the abandoned Holson house could hear two voices:

"How in God's creation did they get it in here?"

"Never mind how they got it IN here. I want to know how to get it OUT of here! And I'll thank you to keep the Lord's Name out of this, Sheriff."

Those who looked inside could see the Sheriff, looking puzzled, and a beet-faced Mr. Doyle. And sitting in the middle of the parlor was Mr. Doyle's brand-new carriage.

In the end, the Sheriff said he was dropping the whole matter as it was impossible that any person could get the carriage into the house in the first place. Impossible for a regular person, maybe, but not for a chubby yellow-haired ten year-old Witch with a head full of tricks.



NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 RUN IN A WILD HUNT AT MIDNIGHT	2	3	4 ●	5
6	7	8	9 FOGGY MORNING — WARM WINTER	10	11	12 ☽
13	14	15 BLESS THE COWS AND HORSES	16	17 TODAY'S WEATHER SAME AS WINTER'S	18	19
20 ○	21	22	23	24	25	26
27 ☾	28	29	30 LEARN SOMETHING TODAY — BE WISE ALL YEAR			

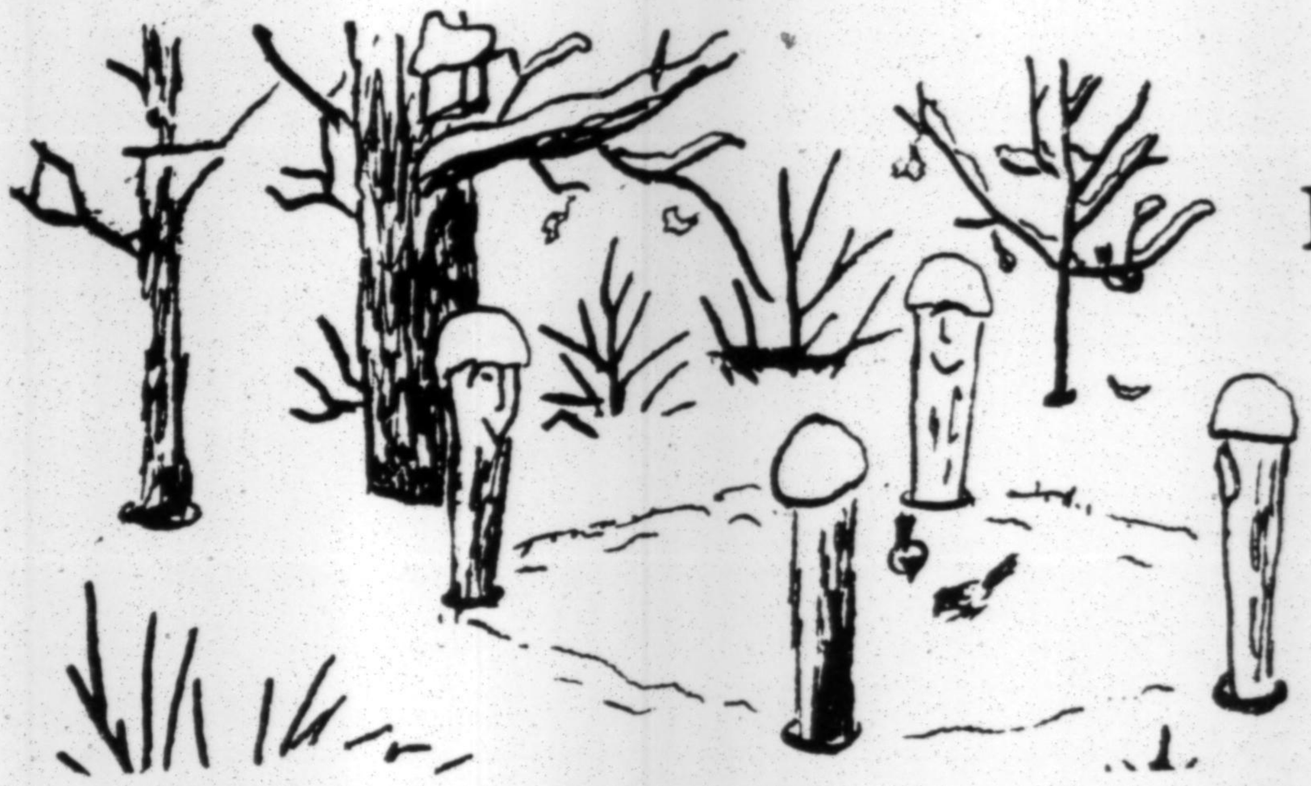
According to the tradition our family followed, the child who reached age seven would be priest or priestess at Yule. Thus, at the tender age of seven, I became a priestess of sorts. This would be the first time I led any kind of ritual, or said any lines on my own, without the security of the family Circle to hide my little voice.

Grandmother coached me very carefully on what I was to say. Mother made sure I rehearsed the lines diligently. I was excited, and scared at the same time. I was going over my part all day, over and over, even reciting the lines to the Moon as part of my bedtime prayers. Finally Yule Morning came...

Yes, I fluffed. Instead of "Golden-Horned Goat-God," I came out with something like "honey-corned-gelding." As for pronouncing His name, I goofed that one so horribly, my parents teased me for years afterwards. The only thing I got right was the song for waking up the apple trees.

Thank goodness I was not the only one to do a goofup. Three years later, when Alice became Yule priestess, and I was moved to Spring priestess, Alice fluffed the same lines I did, and in the same way. Maribeth and David, years later, simply froze up when the ritual began, and couldn't make a sound.

It happens to everybody at one time or another. You prepare one way, but things go another way. I'm sure that, even with the mixed lines, the Sun God understood what I meant to tell Him. I was too young to know the full meaning of the words. If I did, I would have spoken them more smoothly, maybe, or would have said something else as appropriate instead. Now, when I fully understand the meaning of ritual words, I am never at a loss.



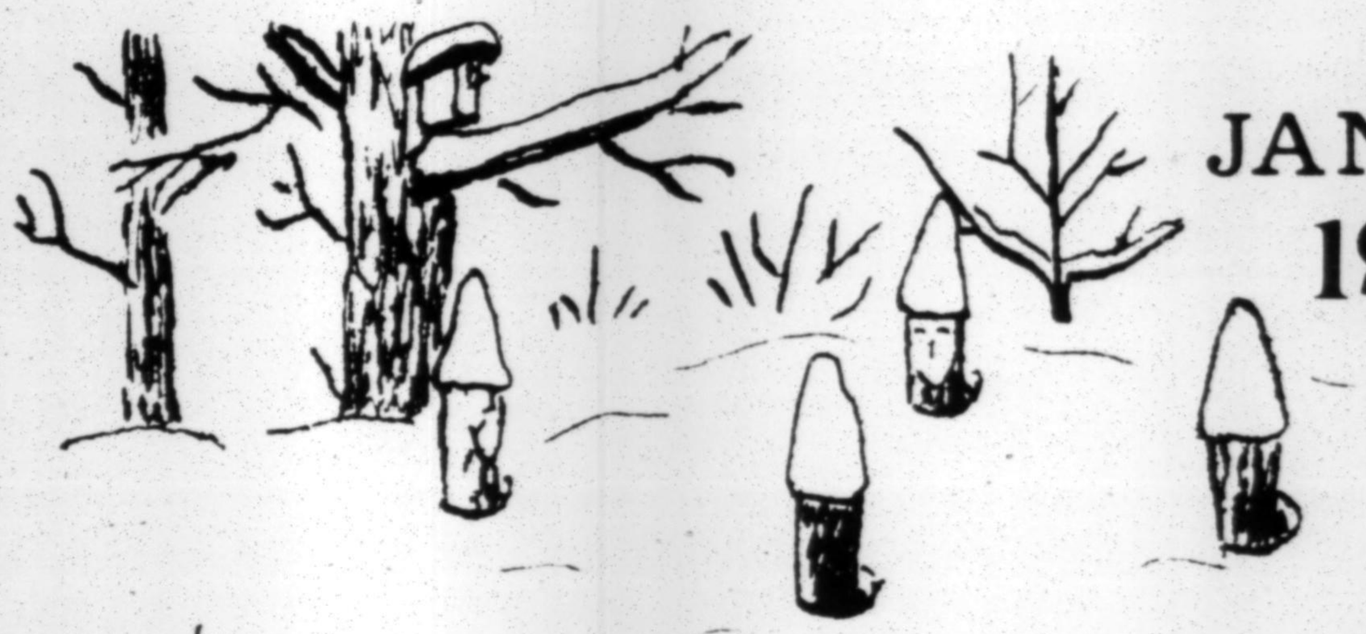
DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 MARI-GOLDS STILL BLOOM.	2	3
4 ●	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12 ☽	13 DECORATE HOME FOR YULE	14	15	16 COLD DAY — WARM YULE	17
18	19	20 MOON-GODDESS BORN TODAY	21 YULE SHAKE APPLE TREES AWAKE	22	23	24
25	26 ☾	27	28	29	30	31

Ellen Corners, where I grew up, was just that--a cluster of buildings at the intersection of North Road and River Lane. Two of the corners belonged to the Christians, and were occupied by a small, white church and a cemetery. The other two corners had houses. A little way down the road were a general store, my grandfather's shop, and two or three other businesses--now I don't remember what they were. On River Lane, about half a mile south of the church, was a magnificent oak grove, which was used by everyone most of the year, and by the Pagan community in particular. Our house was the last one before the grove. No, it wasn't from the location that our family got its name--our family arrived in Ellen Corners in the 1840's, when the grove was already at least a hundred years old. But maybe my great-grandfather chose that particular place for the home because it gave the family a fine symbol to identify with.

Ellen Corners was founded by one Rev. Josiah Ellen, a Christian preacher who wanted to bring the Gospel to the area's Indians. He moved to the area a short time after the War of Independence, built the little white church, and...

...it was Reverend Josiah Ellen who was "converted." He fell in love with the simple, natural life of the Indians, as well as with a young Indian woman. From then on, if he did any preaching, it was not to the Indians. And it was not unlikely that the love for the Indian culture and religion found its way into Rev. Ellen's Sunday sermons, for, the community that grew up around his little white church showed an unusual acceptance of all faiths and cultures. Even to this day.



JANUARY 1984

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2 DRIVE OUT PETTY TROUBLES	3	4	5 USE TODAY'S SNOW FOR HEALING POTIONS	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20 SNOW TODAY, SNOW ON CANDLE-MAS.	21
22	23	24	25 SUNNY DAY - SUNNY SPRING	26	27 FEED THE HOUSE-SPIRIT	28
29	30	31				

What is it about Candlemas that makes it my favorite holiday? Maybe it is because of the promise of Spring so near.

Americans joke that February is such a dull month, they had to make it extra short, and put two holidays into it to make it bearable. But those who say that usually view life through a car's windshield or a television screen; they don't see the evening light lingering ever so noticeably, they don't feel the first warm days after Winter, they don't enjoy the softness of thawing ground under their feet, they don't notice one or two early arrivals of wing or bud. In February the lilacs already look as if they would burst into leaf tomorrow; that is my most obvious indicator of Spring.

On Candlemas midnight my coveners make wishes for the new year. As we sit in the circle after raising power, we pass around a dark glass bowl full of water. We like to use freshly-melted snow, when we can, but ordinary water is just as good. Each covener takes the bowl in turn, and gazes into it like with a crystal ball, only instead of waiting for it to get cloudy--as is done with the crystal ball--one waits for the water to shine with sparkles of flame. Then say the wish, and the Gods will grant it before the year is over.

A cloudy Candlemas will mean an early Spring, while a sunny one means six more weeks of Winter. One of my coveners also told of an East European practice of counting how many bald heads you see outdoors on Candlemas. If you can count at least forty, then Winter is over. "The frost breaks over the head of the fortieth." she repeated her native saying.



FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 CANDLEMAS	2	3 GET OUT YOUR SUMMER THINGS	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15 CANDLE-MAS THAWS	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28 BURN WORM-WOOD AGAINST EVIL EYE	29 BAD DAY FOR NEW PROJECTS, TRAVEL, MEETINGS.			

What is it about Candlemas that makes it my favorite holiday? Maybe it is because of the promise of Spring so near.

Americans joke that February is such a dull month, they had to make it extra short, and put two holidays into it to make it bearable. But those who say that usually view life through a car's windshield or a television screen; they don't see the evening light lingering ever so noticeably, they don't feel the first warm days after Winter, they don't enjoy the softness of thawing ground under their feet, they don't notice one or two early arrivals of wing or bud. In February the lilacs already look as if they would burst into leaf tomorrow; that is my most obvious indicator of Spring.

On Candlemas midnight my coveners make wishes for the new year. As we sit in the circle after raising power, we pass around a dark glass bowl full of water. We like to use freshly-melted snow, when we can, but ordinary water is just as good. Each covener takes the bowl in turn, and gazes into it like with a crystal ball, only instead of waiting for it to get cloudy--as is done with the crystal ball--one waits for the water to shine with sparkles of flame. Then say the wish, and the Gods will grant it before the year is over.

A cloudy Candlemas will mean an early Spring, while a sunny one means six more weeks of Winter. One of my coveners also told of an East European practice of counting how many bald heads you see outdoors on Candlemas. If you can count at least forty, then Winter is over. "The frost breaks over the head of the fortieth." she repeated her native saying.



FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 CANDLEMAS	2	3 GET OUT YOUR SUMMER THINGS	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15 CANDLE-MAS THAWS	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28 BURN WORM-WOOD AGAINST EVIL EYE	29 BAD DAY FOR NEW PROJECTS, TRAVEL, MEETINGS.			

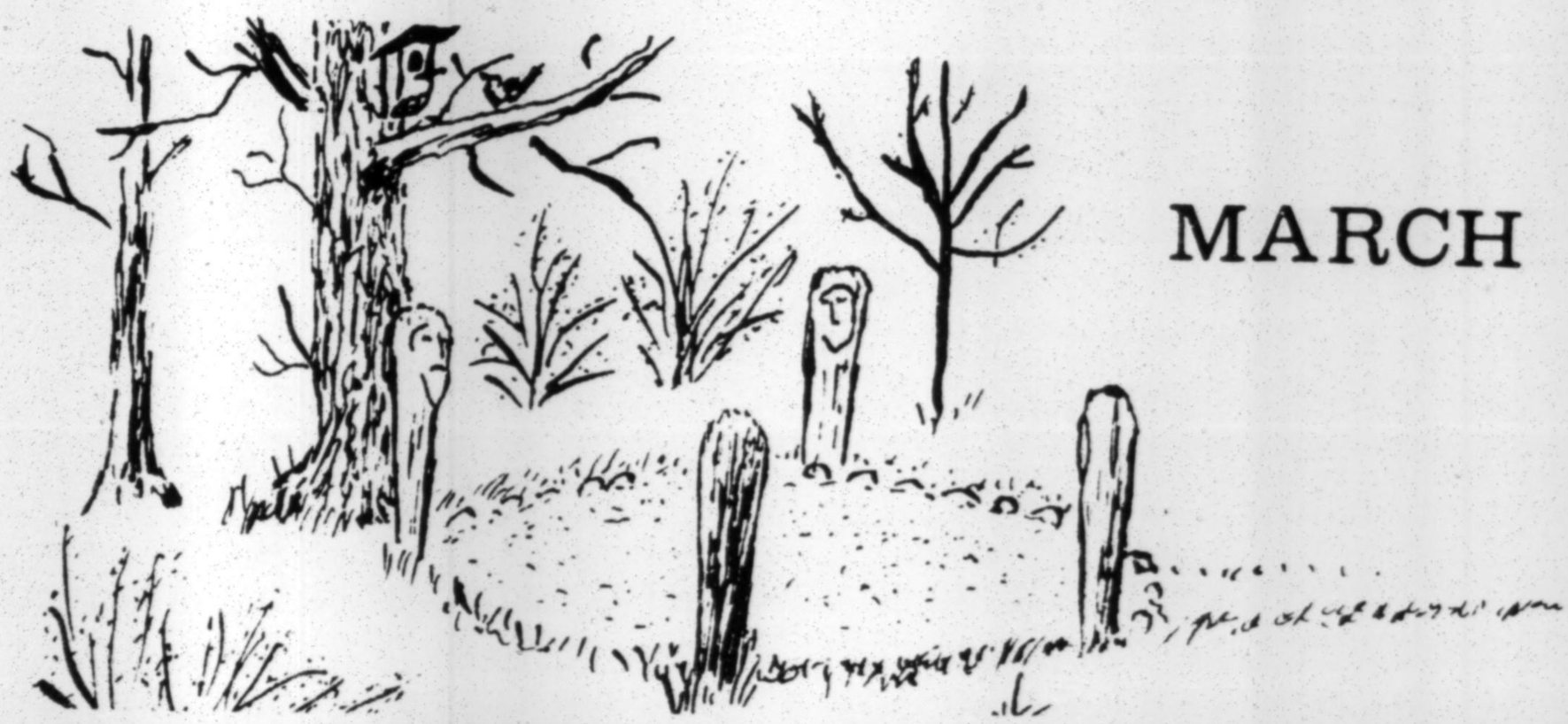
Every Spring there was the informal "ritual" of taking down the birdhouses, cleaning them, and putting them up fresh for the birds that would soon be coming.

Sometimes there would be trinkets in the birdhouses--starlings and magpies especially love to steal shiny little things. Open up an old birdhouse in somebody's name, and you can tell their fortune by the trinkets you find inside. We, the Oakwood children, looked forward to The Ritual of the Opening of the Birdhouse every Spring with a mixture of excitement and fear--what if some magpie brought you a bad-luck sign?

My brother's birdhouse was once found to contain a shiny penny and a little wheel from a clock, or small machine. He was really happy. It told him that he would earn a living as a mechanic. And he did, when automobiles became commonplace. He always loved machinery.

My own birdhouse once had a silver ring, which Grandmother said, meant I would soon be married. Alice's birdhouse had a ring one year too, but the stone was missing. She was married too, but not for long.

Maribeth found a silver cross in hers, which caused Grandmother a lot of worry. A cross is a sign of death. That autumn Maribeth fell through the ice on the river and nearly died of pneumonia. As everyone said later, only our Pagan faith and Grandmother's potions saved our youngest sister. Some months after Maribeth recovered, the cross disappeared. It was late Spring by then, and maybe a bird had stolen it to plant in somebody else's birdhouse.

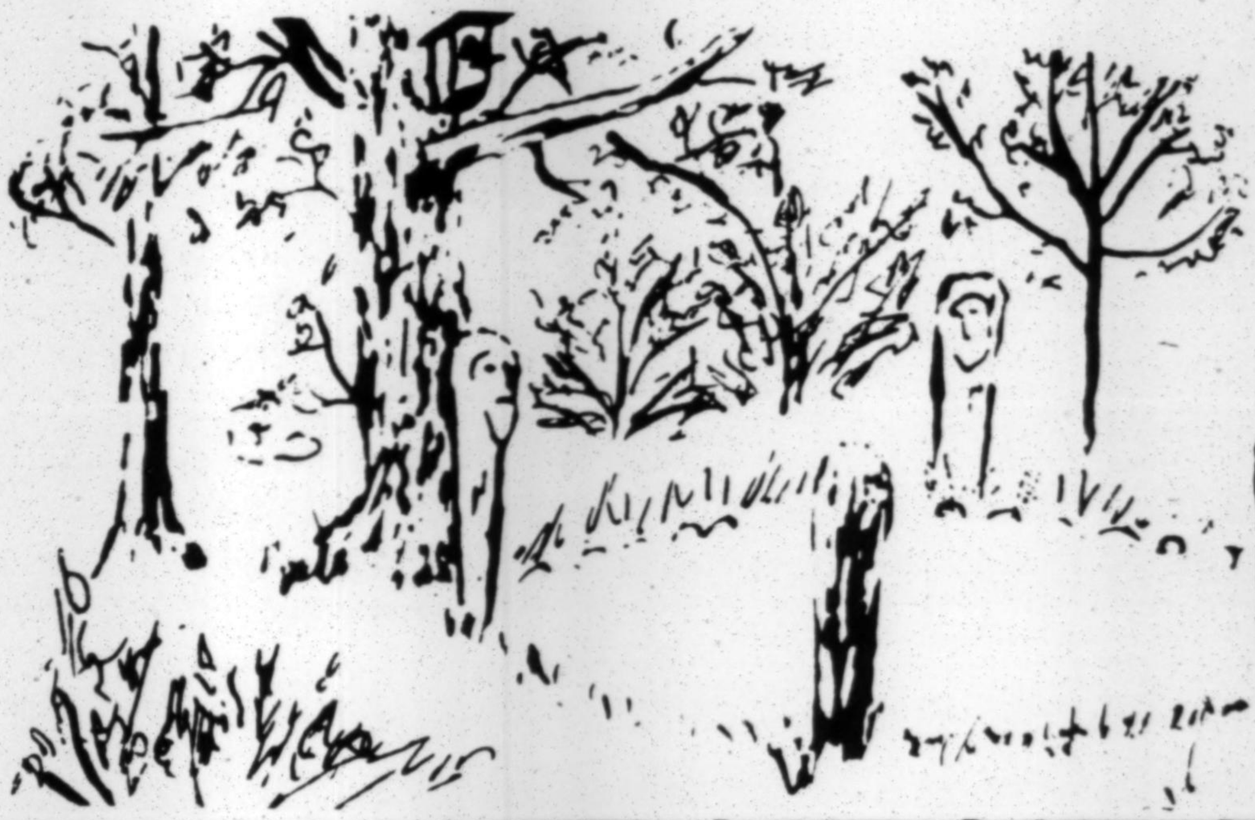


MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1 TAKE SNOW FOR HEALING POTIONS	2 ●	3
4	5	6	7	8	9 IF THE DAY IS WARM, WINTER IS GONE	10 ☽
11	12	13	14	15	16	17 TREAT ALL COMERS TO A DRINK
18	19 SUN MAKES LOVE TO THE EARTH	20	21 VERNAL EQUINOX DO NOT WORK TODAY.	22	23	24 ☾
25	26 ANYTHING YOU START TODAY WILL FAIL	27	28	29	30	31

When I turned seven, and it was Spring, and the Moon was waxing, and the day was right, and several other factors happened in our favor, it was time to present me to the Great Gods.

It happened to be a warm day, with sunshine darting in and out of purple clouds, with the Earth already bright green, but the oak trees still in bud. I was brought into the oak grove where Pagans held their rites in good weather. I was dressed in green, carrying a flowering branch of Forsythia (I think) in one hand and a round loaf of corn bread in the other. A small fire was blazing in the hollow atop the Ritual Stone--a large, low, moss-covered boulder. Beside it stood a cup of wine, a bowl of water and some necessary ritual items. Grandmother escorted me into the Magic Circle, where I was met by the other elders of the eleven Pagan families of Ellen Corners. I knew all of them, and they knew me since I was born, but for ceremony's sake they were formally introduced to me, and I told my name to each in turn. Each elder would then take me to a different part of the Circle, and explain a portion of Pagan lore in a whisper. Grandmother was no exception. Then, after they opened the Circle for all to enter, they explained the symbols and the natures of the Great Gods out loud. The Earth, the Mother and Provider: to know Her I need only to look around. And She is also symbolized by the round corn bread--round like the Earth, and feeding us all. The Sun was in the sky, and at night was in the fire. The Young Goddess of maidens (that meant me) is Water, and the Moon. Her power is in the flowering branch of Spring. She is the Song that awakens Nature to new life. Finally there is the ultimate Life-Force. In the body it is the blood, but in symbol it is Wine. And to finish the ceremony they gave me a good sip of the Life-Force-Wine, and I was indescribably happy.



APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

"For the Horned God and the Lady"

For over 120 years now songs have been composed to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (which, itself, was not the first of these songs). In the 1982 Witches' Annual we printed 14 Pagan verses to this so catchy and majestic song. This year we give you some more, which we selected from many verses that were sent in by readers. Though Pagans, in general, are very creative people, we do understand how much of a problem it can be to write verses of fifteen-syllable lines with triple rhymes, all having to glide perfectly into the refrain. On top of that, the rhythm intended for more elaborate 19th-century English, does not hold modern phrases well. Still, a number of Creative Spirits did well, and their results are printed below.

When the drifted snow still blankets groves where butterflies once danced,
And the crystal-patterned frost maintains the springtime deep entranced,
Yet the Sun-God daily waxes, for the winter's well advanced,
Then sabbat fires burn!

(Chorus) For the Horn'd God and the Lady,
For the Horn'd God and the Lady,
For the Horn'd God and the Lady,
Let sabbat fires burn!

When the Winter's days grow longer, though Her frost is still severe,
And the waxing Sun is token that the springtime will appear,
And the dawning of the Age of Aquarius is near,
Then sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

When Myrddin pipes his tunes amid the scented forest pines,
Calling doe and hare and maiden to his leafy woodland shrine,
Night and day in length are even; Lord and Lady intertwine,
And sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

He's the dawn of bright beginnings, and the Goat-God within man;
He's wherever Nature's beauty calls forth reverence in man;
He's the Flame of Inspiration and the Liberating Pan,
Whose sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

(This probably in reference to "Maddalena," the Italian Witch who obtained the Aradia manuscript for C. G. Leland):

Maddalena reads the Tarot cards, your future to appear;
'Tween the mundane and the spirit worlds hang veils so thin and sheer;
Concentration, love and insight bring the God and Goddess near,
Where sabbatt fires burn!

(and this from a rebel):

Mine eyes will see the glory of the burning of the Church,
We will excommunicate the Pope and leave him in the lurch,
We will capture Jerry Fallwell and we'll hang him on a birch,
When sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

Our day will soon be dawning when we rule throughout the land,
And our persecutors never will against us lift their hand;
We will round up all their preachers for to feed the Wicker Man,
And our sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

We will drag out Torquemada and we'll burn him at the stake,
Bind John Calvin to Jon Edwards, throw them both in Geneva Lake,
Drop the bloated Marty Luther on the business end of a rake,
When our sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

When the temples of the Old Gods rise again on hill and plain,
And the Lady with the Horned God race through sacred groves again,
Then we'll greet them and we'll worship them, and sing our sweet refrain
When sabbat fires burn!

(chorus)

WHAT IF...

by Rik Johnson

Have you ever wondered what would happen if the Occupational Safety and Health Agency (OSHA) were to be given authority over religion? With their authority to interfere in the business of business, what would they do with a Pagan ritual?

From: Robert H. Howley, O.S.H.A.

To: Apollo, High Priest, Western Church of Wicca

Dear Sir:

First please allow me to transmit my gratitude to your church for the courtesy extended to my office during this investigation. As you are aware, the new rules governing safety have been extended to the religious areas, causing an enormous overload in my office. It is a pleasure to find a Church that cooperates so readily with the government.

Next, my investigation brings to point a number of safety hazards in your religion, which I am sure can be ironed out. Please rest assured that I am not attacking your religion (that is the job of the Internal Revenue Service). My job is to be certain that the worshippers may worship in safety and comfort. To this end, I have decided to send you this informal letter listing a few of the more dangerous situations that we saw during the practice of your rituals. I am certain that after you have removed the dangers listed, we can proceed with the hearing to allow you your charter.

1) We noted that you use a knife (called "athame") in your rituals, and feel that even though it is dull and blunt, the waving of this tool may accidently poke out an eye. We suggest that you remove it altogether, or replace it with one made of foam rubber.

2) The Magic Wand that you use may possibly strike someone on the head, and therefore we suggest its removal or replacement with a foam-rubber one as per Item 1.

3) You use too many candles in your rituals, and scatter them in inappropriate places. On the altar they are moderately safe, but those about your circle are definitely unsafe. They may set fire to the carpet, grass or curtains. The robes that you often use may also catch fire, or your worshippers may accidently sit on a candle. We suggest that you replace your candles with electric lights, possibly of the type used along

airport runways, covered with foam rubber to prevent bruised toes. Also you might consider hanging them close to the ceiling instead of placing them on the floor.

4) You seem to use a lot of incense in your rituals. This can be dangerous in an enclosed area due to the reduction of oxygen. Also it is possible that some of the worshippers may possess some respiratory ailments that could become aggravated due to the inhalation of the fumes. We suggest that if you must have incense, you provide an exceptionally efficient method of drawing the air from the room during the rituals and replacing it with fresn air from the outside.

5) Wine is definitely an intoxicant, and should be removed from the rituals due to the possibility of someone becoming drunk and having an accident. We suggest that you replace it with grape juice or Kool-Aid. *

6) We are alarmed at the dangers of your working nude, or "sky-clad" as you call it. We realize that your Goddess tells you to be so, but as a safety hazard it is far too dangerous. It can lead to cuts, bruises, pneumonia and all sorts of medical problems. We find the wearing of robes to be almost as dangerous, due to the possibility of tripping over them, stepping on another person's hem, and setting a robe on fire. We therefore suggest that you wear flame-proof leotards with steel-toed combat boots. Also you might consider wearing motorcycle helmets as well.

7) Your ceremony of Cakes and Wine may be a feast for the gods, but home cooked food is subject to all sorts of disease and food poisoning. We suggest that you cater your feasts.

8) Many of your dances are quite athletic, and could cause a dangerous situation if someone were to trip. This could lead to bruises and possible broken bones. We suggest that you sit on benches or chairs during the rite. The less movement, the safer.

9) Your nine-foot circle is far too small to safely accommodate the number of people that you have. We suggest that you provide at least twenty square feet of floor space per person during your rituals. For a coven of thirteen people that would mean at least 260 square feet, or a circle with a diameter of about eighteen feet. We realize that this is a bit too large for the average home, which brings me to a related point: the possibility of injury in a home is so great, that we suggest that you hold your rituals in a convention center, or buy a building for the purpose.

* Evidently the OSHA agent is unaware of the Jonestown mass poisoning caused by ritual use of Kool-Aid.

10) Although sex plays a great part in some of your rituals, and we are not concerned with the morality of the situation, we must bring to mind the obvious dangers that lie in this act. By this we mean venereal disease and pregnancy. If you persist in ritual sex, please wear a condom and spermicide during the ritual and have a VD check-up immediately before and after the ritual. Also you may consider keeping a health record of the members, stating when, where and with whom they performed this rite. Also keep a record of who else your coveners are sleeping with, just in case.

11) Have you considered insuring your coven? A little insurance can ease a lot of the worries of lawsuits between your worshippers.

12) Finally, the most dangerous point of all. I understand that at certain times during the ritual, you call your god and goddess to possess you. May I mention that IF all goes well, there is little to worry about, but what if something goes wrong? You could be possessed by something not as nice. Need I remind you of what happened to Linda Blair in the movie THE EXORCIST? I strongly suggest that you remove this part from all rituals due to the impossibility of sufficient proven safeguards.

Well, Mr. Apollo, these are just some of the most obvious problems that come to mind. I am certain that after these are solved, we can find many others. Eventually, we will be able to make your religion one where everyone may worship in perfect safety.

I must apologize for sending you a letter and not meeting with you again in person, but we have just been given jurisdiction over the NFL, and I must go point out some of the safety hazards in football.

Until later,

Robert H Howley

Robert H. Howley

OSHA

The Chakras

by Sandy Anastasi

The way of Witchcraft, Wicca, regardless of whether you're Welsh Celtic, Promethean, Gardnerian, Saxon, is a way to spiritual enlightenment, personal power, and magnetism. Regardless of our orientation, our various traditional approaches teach ways of building and handling psychic energy and directing force. The advanced practitioner learns these things through long and patient training and experience. But for the open-minded Wiccan, understanding and investigation into other schools of thought, particularly Eastern, can shorten his pathway to enlightenment and power.

In our groups we raise energy (power) through the Magic Circle. The Eastern practitioner will similarly raise energy in meditation, and calls it Kundalini. Kundalini energy raised by the Eastern practitioner is generally not harnessed. Other than generally contributing to his or her well-being, the energy is simply released into the universe. Certainly, there's nothing wrong with this. The same energy, however, in the hands of the western occultist, once raised, can be re-directed for healing, and other benefits. Bounded by the limitations of a Magic Circle, Kundalini energy can be raised, stored and released in concentrated amounts for a specific and beneficial purpose. So, what is Kundalini energy? How does one raise it?

We Witches have been working with Kundalini for centuries, although we've never called it such. As mentioned above, through long practice, and often a natural gift, the energy is raised spontaneously or by ritual means. But not everyone can do this. Once it is understood from the Eastern viewpoint, however, this energy becomes something conceivably accesible to anyone who wishes to learn how to develop it.

Kundalini energy, otherwise known to Occultists as "Serpent-power," is the product of passing the Life-force (alias Sexual Energy) through the Chakras or Psychic Energy Centers, thereby building force and utilizing the physical body as a sort of generator to boost the current. Sounds simple, doesn't it?

In Eastern philosophy the student is taught to meditate. After a considerable amount of time (sometimes years) the student begins to feel Kundalini energy spontaneously as a product of his long vigils in meditation. Likewise, in Tantra Yoga, with which you are all probably familiar, the ultimate objective is to raise Kundalini energy. But there's an easier and faster method than either of these. In his book "The Miracle of Universal Psychic Power," Al Manning describes a very basic exercise, which he terms "Basic Psychic

Development Exercise." This simple exercise is the basis for arousing Kundalini within your own person. Essentially it is a visualization technique in which the "energy" is drawn through the Chakras. I'll describe it at length momentarily.

But first, let me talk about the Chakras for a few moments. In the Physical body (you have seven bodies in all, only one of which exists on the physical plane) there are seven psychic energy centers, or Chakras. Each of these centers has a physical and an etheric counterpart. The etheric counterpart of each center connects you with a different plane of the psychic body.

The seven Chakras are as follows:

1. Root center
   Color: red
   The seat of the life-force, sexual energy; the lowest center, active in all living things and minerals.
   Location: base of the spine (coccyx).

2. Spleen center
   Color: orange
   Active in man, plants and animals. Governs the instincts, habitual love, "gut feelings," the seat of "body-mind."
   Location: approximately 2" below the navel.

3. Solar Plexus center
   Color: yellow
   Active in man and animals only. The beginning of intellect, vitality and idealism. The beginning of man's ability to love a partner of his choice.
   Location: Solar Plexus area at base of breast bone.

4. Heart center
   Color: green
   This center is active in man only. It is the center, as a matter of fact, which man has been working to develop during the entire Piscean Age, and stands for Universal Love. When fully developed this center gives man the ability to surpass his finite concept of loving a single individual and experience universal love. From this center comes healing power, and love.
   Location: heart.

5. Throat center
   Color: blue
   Associated with higher-lever intellect, seat of the will, corresponds to the root center, but on a higher level. Excellent power to add to a healing force.
   Location: neck, base of skull.

6. Third Eye or Ajna center
   Color: indigo
   Seat of inspiration, psychic sensory perception. Corresponds to the spleen center, but on a higher level.
   Location: root of nose, forehead area between the eyes.

7. Crown center
   Color: violet
   Higher mind; intellect, but on a "flash-of-insight" level. Corresponds to the Solar Plexus center but on a higher plane.
   Location: top of head.

For those of you who are further interested, and who have knowledge of the Tree of Life, these chakras correspond to the lower seven spheres on the Tree. The three higher spheres represent the Goddess, Her Consort, and their unity. They correspond to three chakras or psychic energy centers contained within the aura itself, and there are no physical counterparts to them.

THE EXERCISE for opening the chakras, which I mentioned above, is as follows:

First you should imagine yourself bathed in an aura of brilliant white light. Visualize this intensely. Then direct a shaft of this white light into the Root Center, at the base of the spine, or coccyx. As the light passes in, imagine it turning a brilliant red and gradually extending through your abdominal area. (Incidentally, the Root Center has a definite sensation of sexual arousal as it opens.) Continue to pull this light in as red energy until you have a bursting sensation, and then direct the stream of light up to the next chakra, the Spleen Center. This is located at the small of the back, about two inches below the navel. As a stream of light passes into the chakra, in your mind see it turning orange. Also allow the red light in you lower abdomen, from the Root center, to permeate the area of the Spleen center, also turning orange as it enters. You might feel an accompanying pressure at the small of your back, which indicates that the center is opening. Now visualize the light moving up to the Solar Plexus center, and entering your body at that point. As the light enters it turns yellow and extends throughout your upper stomach. Also allow the light which has accumulated in the Spleen center below to travel upwards into this center. When you have a sensation of fullness, center the current of light from outside of your body on your Heart center, and allow it to enter there, turning a bright green. As before, the built-up light from your Solar Plexus center should be permitted to enter from below. Take a little extra time here and concentrate on the inflowing energy. You might feel a sensation of pressure, or, in some cases, even an ache as the center opens. Allow the green light to permeate your upper torso. Now direct the shaft of white light into your Throat center, perceiving its blue color as

it enters. Again, allow the energies from below to work upward within the body to help fill the Throat center as well. Your head might feel as if it is being lifted and pushed back as the energy fills your throat area. Next, direct that stream of white light into the Third Eye. As it enters, it turns indigo. Again allow the internal energies to build up into this area as well. The sensation accompanying the opening of this chakra will be similar to that of a finger pressing hard on the bridge of your nose. Spend extra time here, as when this center is open it is an excellent time to contact your Guides and Inner Self. Lastly, direct the stream of light energy into your Crown center, seeing it turn violet as it enters. Let the energies from below build up until they are also filling the whole top of your head with violet energy. Now, mentally, reach down and pull, starting with the Root center, all of the energies up your spinal column. Start with the Root center red, and pull until it merges with Spleen center orange. Pull up until you can add the Solar Plexus center's yellow. Up still further until the Heart center's green is added in, and watch them as a swirling mass as they continue up to the Throat center's blue. Pull them up through your head, and add the indigo of the Third Eye, and lastly the violet of the Crown center. When you have this swirling mass of colors contained in your head, explode them out the top of your head and watch them leave as white light.

There you have the basic psychic development exercise as described by Al Manning in its complete form. The unstated secret here, though, is that once you've become adept at this exercise, you will be raising Kundalini, and working with "serpent power." As you become more adept with working this, your ability to raise energy within the Circle will improve, your personal magnetism will increase, you will remove blockages from your system which could have led to disease and illness at a later date, and you will also develop the ability to send out shafts of light from individual centers to aid you with healing work or charging of objects. Don't overlook the power and potential behind this basic visualization exercise, which has the capacity to unleash the psychic energy within your physical and astral bodies.



FIRST STEPS ON THE PATH: a pagan life

Ruthi Seanara

To Witches, the Craft is a way of life. Everything in Nature is interconnected, born of the Dark Mother, graced through life and light by the Sun God, nurtured by the White Goddess, and, in time, returned to the realm of the Dark Goddess to be reborn in time. The Gods are part of us; we, too, are part of them. To be one with Them, we need only open our senses, and feel Them all around us.

Different kinds of meditation, in different environments, can put you in closer touch with the various aspects of the Goddess and the God. Traditionally, nighttime is the time of the Goddess, daytime, the time of the God. On a windy day, you can feel the powers of air at their most majestic as they quickly push the scurrying clouds through the sky. And gentle spring rains, pattering upon the leaves of the plants in your garden, bring to mind the powers of water at their most peaceful moments.

If you can, try making a trip to the beach during off-season, when few others will be there. Go on a cloudy day, when the winds make the water swell and crash in foaming waves. Listen to the music of the sea. Enter into the harmony of the sounds of the surf. All life originated in the Sea, it is one of the oldest archetypes of the Great Mother. Ever virgin, ever fecund, she brings forth all life. Ever changing, according to the rule of the Moon, she can be serene or stormy, life-giving or death-dealing, taking many sacrifices. Cold and aloof she sometimes can be, yet in winter, her waters are warmer than the surrounding land, ice-

bound, stone-hard, while the waves flow, continuing the movement of all life within.

Stretch out on the sand, using a blanket you have brought for the purpose, and close your eyes. Breathing deeply and rhythmically, let the sound of the surf be the only thing that passes into your mind. Gradually, as you relax completely, visualize yourself floating, as comfortably as you lie on solid ground, upon the face of the waters. Know that the ocean is the body of the Goddess; she will protect you and keep you safe as you surrender control to her and give yourself up to the peacefulness of the gently rocking waves keeping you afloat.

You will know you are doing this exercise right when you can feel, without consciously directing it, the pull of the undertow moving the waves back and forth, carrying you out to sea with the ebb and back toward shore again with the flow of each wave.

After you have enjoyed the relaxation of floating on the waters enough to feel looser, freer of tension, you will be able to bring that feeling home with you, to help you relax while lying in your own bed. Simply re-create all the sensations, while visualizing the water, the sand, the waves rippling, while you feel yourself rocking gently as you float upon the surface. If you are afraid of losing control, or being swept out to sea, just keep repeating to yourself that the sea is a manifestation of the Goddess, who will keep you safe. In visualization, being carried out to sea is a good thing; it helps us get in touch with the deeper levels of our own consciousness, to help our psychic power manifest through the channels of our minds. To come back to Earth and wake up, visualize the waves slowly moving you closer and closer back to shore, until you are once again

lying on the beach; then, slowly, wake up, thanking the Goddess in your mind for the visit you have just enjoyed with her.

A note of warning: do not attempt to do this while physically in the water, unless you have a companion along who will be able to guard you by remaining conscious and, if necessary, bring you back to safety if you float out too far. Both you and your companion should be good swimmers for this, the sea should be calm, you must stay no more than arms length away from each other, if you need to grab quickly onto each other, and you should not be out any further than where your feet firmly touch bottom and your head and shoulders are well above the water when you stand up. The Sea Gods still take their sacrifices, and you don't want to risk drowning.



Perhaps the sea was born of earth and sky; perhaps earth was born of her. It does not matter; each has her own mystery, another part of the Great Goddess from whom arose all life and all her subsequent manifestations. It is good to get in touch with the sea to help us develop our psychic abilities, but, in order to work on the practical side of our spiritual nature, we also need to be able to get in touch with the earth.

It is often easier for people to understand the earth better than the sea, living on land as we do. The earth nourishes and sustains us, bringing forth evergreen forests, deep and mysterious, where animals run wild and the Great God Pan dwells. Although orchards, fields, gardens, vineyards, nourish us with their fruits, it is the evergreen forests,

the sacred groves, from which we draw sustenance for our spirits, for the evergreens are sacred to the eldest of the gods, dying rarely, needing little sleep in winter, unlike the younger trees.

For an effective exercise to put you in tune with the earth forces, go out to an evergreen forest, perhaps in a national park or nature preserve. Walk through the woods slowly, breathing deeply, inhaling the scent of the pungent resin, and feeling the vibrations of the different trees. When you come to a part of the grove which feels most receptive, sit cross-legged on the ground under one of the trees, close your eyes, and breathe deeply. Tune in to the tree you sit under. Psychically, sense how its roots go deep into the ground, drawing up life force from the bowels of the earth, while its branches reach up to the sky, receiving light and air from above. And when you sense that you are close to being able to empathize with the tree, try to visualize your own roots going deep into the earth, while you are also open to absorbing energy from the air around you. Visualize yourself as a tree, and, when you feel energized and revitalized, from the life force entering up through your roots into your spine, raise your arms above your head in an invoking gesture, and absorb energy from the air around you.

By now, you should feel alive, energized, powerful, and glowing with life force. Slowly come back to normal consciousness, thank the Earth for visiting with you and lending you her power. At home, in your Circle, burn dark green candles and pine resin for incense, while you do this meditation seated in the center, re-creating all you felt and experienced while in the woods. Done regularly, it will help you to attune more quickly and center yourself before rituals, and to draw upon extra

power for magical work, when needed. As with any kind of magical exercises, you will need to perform them regularly in order to make them work well for you. In time, you should be able to come up with more of your own ideas for meditation exercises that will help you attune to the natural forces.



Strengthening the intellect is another important part of one's magical development; an air attunement will help you work on this. On a windy, clear day, go up to a hilltop, or out in an open field, sit cross-legged in the center or lie on your back and look up at the clouds in the sky. Breathe deeply as you relax completely, gazing into the endless reaches of the sky, watching the cloud formations changing, blown about by the gusts of wind. Feel the prickling of your skin in response to the movement of the open air all around you. Notice the birds flying, the leaves swirling, free to soar, to dance, to dart about quickly from one place to the next. Let your body begin to thrill with the joy of flight, of freedom of movement, and, rising, stand in the Pentagram position (legs apart and arms outstretched at your sides) as you call upon the Horned God, as lord of air and sky, to set you free to be at one with his element. And, when you feel the power flowing through you, begin to whirl around in a free-form dance. Revel in the joys of flight, slow now, then quickening, then slowing again if you begin to tire. Then, come once more into the Pentagram position, thank the God for his power and energy, and sit, heading once more for home.

At home in your Circle, you can recapture the joy of flight. Light blue candles, a clean, fresh-smelling incense, and quick flowing music can help you re-create the joys of being at one with the air spirits. This exercise is best done during the day, with plenty of light and air entering into your Circle area, but if you must work at night, give as much a feeling of wide-open spaces as possible to the room by keeping it uncluttered with plenty of free floor space around the Circle. Lying in bed, visualize yourself as a bird, some species you especially identify with, and, in your bird persona, visualize yourself in flight, soaring, swooping, spreading your wings, gliding on air currents. Take off and land at the beginning and end of your exercises, invoking the blessing of the Lord of Air to guide and protect you.



You have probably already participated in an attunement to Fire, though you may not have been aware of it at the time. For sunbathing, whether in the garden or on the beach, has long been a popular pastime; indeed, it is often called "sun-worshipping". In order to focus on its magical benefits in strengthening the creative forces, it is best, while basking in the sun, to concentrate on his aspects of Apollo, Helios, and other creative, dynamic, solar deities, feeling his warmth suffuse you, working directly on the active centers in your psyche where inspiration comes from in force. Let the sun's warmth bring your whole spirit out into the light of the life force, and, when you feel strong and magical, thank the God for the energy and power he has given.

About Amazons



The name "Amazon" translates as "without breasts," and may have been a Greek mispronounciation of the name of an ancient matriarchal tribe the Alazonii. The popular tale is that these warlike women cut off their right breasts in order to have more freedom with the weapon arm.

This is rather odd, since there is no evidence of the warrior women of the Celts, Spartans or Slavs ever undergoing such amputation, yet the weapons these women used were the same as those of the legendary Amazons. Female athletes today engage in fencing, archery, javelin-throwing and other martial sports without being hampered by their sometimes ample breasts. But the best evidence disproving the myth of mutilation is in the Greek art of the period. In the statues the warmaidens are shown fully intact, and rather amply endowed. The usual garment is a short tunic, uncovering one breast (the right), and showing the contours of the other one.



Archeological excavations in the Caucasus, one of the homelands of Amazon tribes, give an important clue to the origin of the nickname "breastless." Among some of the matriarchal tribes in this region it was the practice to tie down a girl's breasts at puberty in order to flatten them against the body.

While this practice may have had some esthetic or erotic significance, its purpose--for a warmaiden--was more of the practical kind. Metal armor was expensive and hard to come by. The usual way a warmaiden got her armor was from the body of a slain or captured enemy, who was most likely to be male.

Helmets and shields were no problem, but the breastplate was too shallow for a woman. It was not practical for a smith to alter the breastplate to acommodate the warmaiden's breasts, since the raising would make the metal dangerously thinner at this spot. Therefore the women altered their bodies somewhat, in order to fit into men's armor.

Another interesting feature of the Amazon's armor is the unusual shield shaped like a crescent moon. One can talk about symbols and magical shapes in the comfort of the parlor or Pagan Way classroom, but on the battlefield things had to have a more practical reason. This shape of shield is useful in two ways. The horns of the crescent enable the warmaiden to throw aside an enemy's sword or spear with a twist of the elbow, without uncovering any part of the body protected by the lower, curved, portion of the shield. In close combat, a twist of the arm would send a sharp horn into the underside of an enemy's jaw or at an unprotected temple, for a stunning or even fatal blow.

Libations

The minstrel of a coven in Bakersfield, California, told us of the following misadventure. The Circle was cast, the Esbat was performed quite well, until... It was discovered that somebody forgot to pour out the wine. Not only that, but the bottle was not even in the Circle, and all the lights were out, not to be relit until the Esbat was over. One covener cut his way out of the Circle, groped his way into the refrigerator, got his hand on a bottle, got back into the Circle, and discovered that he'd brought cold Saké. Now warm Saké, as it is drunk in Japan, is halfway palatable. Cold Saké, on the other hand, tastes like chalk. Your man went back for another try, groped in the fridge some more, came back with a bottle... It was ketchup. Rather than send him back for a third try, and run the risk of his coming back with olive oil, the angry, thirsty coveners mixed the Saké and ketchup, and made the hapless courier drink it.

It happens now and then to every coven--the wine someone brings for ritual leaves much to be desired. Many covens stay with one or two kinds of tried-and-true wine. Others offer a choice (sweet or dry, white or red, strong or mild or non-alcoholic). The most liberal approach is, of course, to let everyone bring their own into the Circle and share around.

For those who like variety, liquid adventure, or unusual drink, we share our experiences in several kinds of Magic Potions. This article does not even begin to be exhaustive, and we would appreciate hearing about other good drinks.

WINES--Red

Red wines are best served at room temperature. Open the bottle a few hours before the Circle; the flavor develops best when the wine has had a chance to be exposed to the air. Red wine goes well with bread, yeast-raised ritual cakes and semi-sweet biscuits. Try it in a wooden cup!

Burgundy is a good Old Reliable. It is magnificently red, full-bodied, dry without being too dry, plentiful and not expensive. It is an excellent base for hot mulled wine, or sangria. It has the aura of bigness about it, the kind of wine you want to pour out in large quantities, and drink in large draughts. Burgundies from Burgundy (France) are not as often found in this country as their California counterparts. But the California ones are as good, and come in gallon bottles for big swigging. For best buy and flavor we recommend Petri.

Egri Bikaver is as red, but a bit drier than Burgundy. It is a very inexpensive wine from Rumania. The bottle is decorated with a little figurine of a black bull.

Claret is a lighter red, very clear, with a light, delicate flavor. Its aura is both gentle and majestic, which makes it so welcome in most rituals.

Chateau Lafitte Rothschild is to wines what Rolls-Royce is to cars, and about as expensive.

Chateauneuf du Pape comes in a green bottle, embossed with the keys of St. Peter. This wine is supposedly made for the pope of the Catholic Church. If this is true, he doesn't have good taste in wines.

WINES--White

Besides personal preferences, white wines are good with sweet ritual cakes, wafers and very light biscuits. The color and auras of most white wines suggest a Lunar nature, and may therefore be good for Goddess-oriented Circles. White wines should be served cool, but not chilled. One pleasant way to serve white wine is in a glass or ceramic chalice that has been kept in the freezer for a few hours beforehand. It does not taste as well in a metal chalice. Few other wines do.

Bordeaux comes from a region of France of that name. French Bordeaux is semi-sweet with an apparent kick to it. California varieties are far drier and weaker.

Sauterne is about the same color as Bordeaux, fruity and unpredictable. One year's vintage may be excellent, and the next five may be total washouts. It's a "jealous" wine, definitely not to be mixed with anything else, or you'll end up worshipping "Ralph" instead of The Lady. But if you're a light drinker, you might enjoy this fickle French wine. Check a vintage chart before you buy, and don't bother with California (vinegary) sauterne.

German white wines are very light. Among our favorites are May Wine--light and sweet, Gewurtztraminer--spicy and fruity, and two with witchy names: Liebfraumilch (Beloved Lady's Milk), and Zeller Schwartzkatze (Cellar of the Black Cat).

WINES--Sweet

Francis King writes about Witches having one common trait --a preference for the sweet wines of Spain and Portugal. However, not many dealers in this country stock them. Here are some good alternatives to Harvey's Bristol Cream.

Sherry, or Jerez, comes from Spain. A vintage is blended with existing stock, thus keeping a consistency of taste and quality over many years. Sherry comes in four grades of sweetness. Fino is not sweet at all; it tastes like walnut shells. Amontillado, made famous by Edgar Alan Poe, is dry, with a little sweetness. Olorosso is decently sweet, and in our opinion the best of the Sherries.

Cream is the sweetest. We recommend Sandeman's brand, with its distinctive logo--a silhouette of a caped Spaniard. If you have to settle for Harvey's try their Shooting Sherry, which is not cloying like Bristol Cream.

If you like your wine really sweet, and with lots of flavor, you will probably choose Marsala. This comes from Sicily, and the most popular brand around is Florio. Dry Marsala is pleasantly sweet. Sweet is sweeter, like a cream sherry. Almond Cream is the sweetest, and has a flavor of almond. There is also Floriovo, with egg, which we haven't tried.

Malaga is surely the most Pagan of all wines! Sweet, thick and almost black, under a strong light it glows a very deep warm crimson. The flavor is very heavy, and conjures visions of Dionysiac revels (given enough of this strong Spanish wine, the visions can be made into reality!). Malaga mixes well with water, since it has flavor to spare. It isn't readily available in stores, though. Look for a short-necked, rectangular bottle with a yellow arched label: Gran Vino Sanson, bottled by Hijos de Ant'o. Barcelo, S.A., Malaga, Spain. And don't settle for the Manischewitz imitation--that stuff tastes nothing like the Real Thing.

Your editor's favorite of all wines is Madeira, from the island of that name. Its aura is one of positive magic, with perhaps an attraction-spell thrown in. Madeira's three grades are: Rainwater, which is dry with a touch of sweetness; Sercial, which is sweeter and has more body; and Malmsey (Friar Tuck's drink), which is the sweetest, but not as sweet as Cream Sherry. Malmsey is for sipping, while Sercial, and especially Rainwater, are good for the Pagan who likes pagan-sized draughts. Our choice of brands is Justino's (Justino Henriques fils.).

PORT

This Portuguese jewel belongs in a class by itself. At times it is treated like a cult object, and for good reasons. Its ruby color is an object of great beauty, and its taste likewise. There are other wines of great beauty and flavor, but Port is legendary for another reason. A bottle of precious Port must be handled more carefully than a priceless Ming vase. Neither is shock-resistant, but Port cannot tolerate any motion at all. Port drops a large amount of sediment in the bottle. Any motion, to say nothing of shock, can send clouds of sediment swirling through the bottle, to ruin the drink for days. Port is for slow, contemplative sipping. It has the mystic's aura. To simply drink Port is to ignore its sublime flavor and vibrations. Rather it is to be savored slowly, as a stimulator of one's mystical Self through the palate. Truly a wine of the Gods, and a drink for those who aspire to become gods.

MEAD

This is the Traditional Drink, the favorite of bards and medievalists. Mead is made from fermented honey with raisin wine. It was widely drunk in Europe and Russia since ancient times. With the passing of the Middle Ages, and rising trade with the Mediterranean, Mead was crowded out by Italian and Spanish wines. By the twentieth century it had all but disappeared from the market. Now, with the rise of Pagan and Medieval movements, Mead is beginning a comeback. Still, you are lucky if your dealer stocks it. You have to explain it very patiently if you are to get your dealer to order some.

Mead is dark-golden and tastes like a light Sherry. It costs a few dollars less, though. Russian (sparkling) Mead is no longer manufactured, except by amateurs. The Israeli-produced Mead is not Mead, but simply a wine flavored with raw honey. Two nice brands from Poland are Wawel and Babunia. The top choice of our coven, and of most Mead-drinking Pagans is Merrydown, from England, of course. There used to be an even better one, called Mead Elizabethan, but we hear it has been discontinued. If you chance upon a bottle of Mead Elizabethan, save it for that really special sabbat.

STRONG DRINK

It is not our purpose to dwell on the more common liquors, such as whiskey, but to describe a few of the unusual ones--with one exception.

Vodka is nothing more than grain alcohol mixed with 50-60 percent water. It is colorless and tasteless, but it is strong, and excellent for making potions. Any number of magical elixirs may be made by steeping herbs in a bottle of vodka. Since alcohol draws the essence out of an herb better than does water, you need not use as much herb in preparing an elixir as you would use in herbal tea.

Raki (Club Raki, made by the Turkish State Monopoly) is a very dry anisette. Though it is stronger than most liquors--it is 90 proof--one can drink quite a bit of it without getting a hangover. There is something gentlemanly about its aura. The usual effect of several shots of Raki (cold and straight) is a friendly, loving, and at the same time deeply philosophical attitude.

Grand Marnier is definitely an elixir of the Sun, with its sublime strength and bright flavor of oranges. Though it was created only in the last century, Grand Marnier has the aura of a great and wise High Priest.

Absinthe, the Mother's Ruin of the French, is a dark-green aromatic liqueur with a bitterness from the Wormwood in it. Since it was the mainstay of the Parisian alcoholic, the myth was concocted that Absinthe is addictive, and it is now made without Wormwood--the supposed addiction-causer. To make it back into Absinthe, take a bottle of Pernod or Absinthe-Suisse, and steep a pinch of Wormwood in it. The general flavor is of licorice. The liqueur is green, but turns milky-yellow when mixed with water. Because of its color and flavor, as well as its sinister reputation, Absinthe is best suited for rituals of darkness and mystery, as well as for banishments of psychic attack. Wormwood, as any herbal magician knows, is one of the most widely-known repulsors of evil, and one of the most effective.

Benedictine is made by a monastery of that order in France. The monks make it by a secret formula that dates back to the twelfth century, but it probably older than that. Benedictine is a mild aphrodisiac. In fact, a sensitive palate can sense a number of herbs of Venus in the liqueur.

Frangelico, if the myth is to be believed, was concocted by a hermit. The real origin of its name is probably a corruption of Fra Angelico, the name of an Italian monk famous for his paintings. The brown bottle is shaped like a monk's robe, and comes with a little white sash tied around the middle. Inside is a delicious, sweet medium-strong hazelnut liqueur.

Jagermeister (literally: Master of the Hunt) must have been designed by a Pagan, and so was the label. The label shows a godlike stag, with an aura, and between its mighty antlers there is... a cross! That cross looks like it was put there by a censor afraid of too obvious a Pagan image. Jagermeister is a brown liqueur in which at least forty different herbs have been steeped. It is bittersweet, and you either love it or hate it. Half of our coven loves it. The aura is one of deep forests, where the Horned God roams.

In conclusion we want to say that all Magic Potions, like all magics, must be taken wisely and without mixing. Consider the aura of each Potion, and choose the one most appropriate to your ritual. Above all else, remember that the Circle and the Ritual are sacred. Do not imbibe so much that nothing becomes sacred to you; Karma catches up with the irreverent drinker the next morning.

BEING A WITCH IS...

(The light side of the world's merriest religion)





(TRACING THE WRONG PENTAGRAM...)



(WHEN THE HIGH PRIESTESS FINISHED THE WINE...)



FEASTING THE COVEN



OLD FASHIONED WITCHES' STEW

This is the "strange concoction" that was brewed at a Witches' sabbat in the olden days. For this you will need a large, well-seasoned cast iron cauldron.

Ingredients:

ALL the meats and vegetables your coveners bring for the stew, cut up into bite-sized pieces.

Salt, pepper, garlic and herbs to taste.

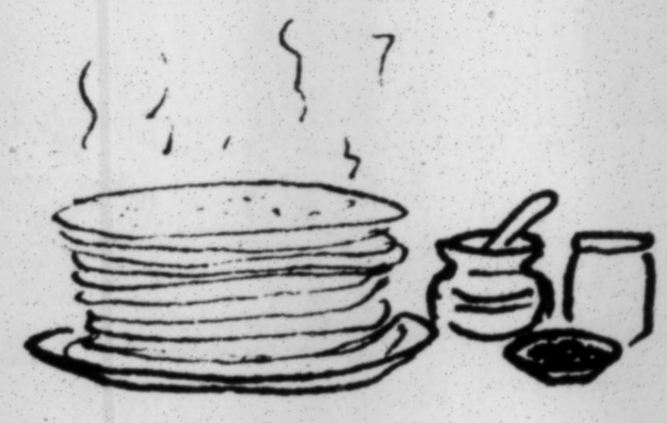
Water and sweet wine for cooking

In a well-seasoned cauldron, sauté the meat with salt and garlic. Add water or wine, dry herbs and all the hard vegetables. Cover and cook for 10 minutes. Then add the tenderer vegetables, any canned ingredients and any fresh herbs. Cook until the meat is very tender. When done, remove from heat and let sit for at least an hour for full flavor to develop.

(Note: It is a good idea to arrange with your coveners beforehand who will bring what ingredients for the stew. Especially if you do not feel adventurous, or simply dislike the idea of cooking 13 pounds of meat and peaches.)

BLINI pancakes

1 cup flour (wheat, rye, or buckwheat)
1 cup water
1 cup milk
1 cup beaten eggs
1 packet dry yeast
½ teaspoon salt
2-3 teaspoons sugar
Butter for frying



Proof the dry yeast in about ¼ cup of warm milk with a pinch of sugar. When the yeast is ready, combine with flour, eggs, and the remaining ingredients. Stir well, let stand in a warm place until the mixture begins to rise. Heat a 10-inch frying pan, melt a teaspoon of butter and spread around. With a small ladle pour in enough batter to cover the bottom thinly (Trial and error plays a part here, and the Russians say: "The first pancake comes out in a lump."). Fry on high heat until the bottom is golden brown. Turn and fry the other side--use more butter if needed.

Stack the Blini on a pie plate in a warm oven (around 250°F), to make sure they are steaming-hot when served. Serve with several kinds of fillings on the side. Suggested fillings are:

Melted butter
Sour cream
Yogurt and honey
Eggplant (see recipe)
Paté
Various seafood salads
Chopped Herring (see recipe)
Jams and jellies
Chutneys
Caviar (of course!!!)

To make the feast really Russian, serve several kinds of vodka, in which different herbs have been steeped. Put all the bottles in the freezer the day before the feast, so the vodka is colder than ice when you serve it. Serve the vodka in tiny shot glasses.

CHOPPED HERRING FILLING for Blini

Drain a 12-ounce jar of herring party snacks (wine packed). Put the herring and the onions packed with it through a meat grinder. Add a small amount of sugar to sweeten, and serve.

EGGPLANT FILLING for Blini

Peel and cube a large eggplant. Saute it in 2-3 tablespoons olive oil, together with 1 chopped large onion. Cook until very soft. Mash, add 1 8-ounce can tomato sauce, salt, pepper and herbs to taste. Cover and simmer for 2 hours. Cool and serve.



STIR FRY

This is the quickest and easiest way to fix a feast for a small coven. Some unusual feasts can be concocted if you ask each covener to bring one ingredient. The important item in all stir-fries is that special Chinese pan, the Wok. Stir-frying is done on a very high heat, preferably gas (Hi or 6 setting on electric stove). For browning, stir-fry in an open wok. For stewing, cover it. For best flavor and texture cook in the following sequence: Meat, garlic, carrots and other hard vegetables, 15 minutes; Celery, peppers, cabbage, broccoli and other medium-hard vegetables, 10 minutes or less. Bok-Choy, Chinese cabbage, Onions and seafood, less than 5 minutes. Before serving, stir a raw egg into the mixture.

LO MEIN

Prepare a stir fry using your favorite recipe. Cook 2 lb. spaghetti or Chinese Lo Mein noodles. Add the noodles to the stir-fry and simmer about 2 minutes.
(Note: Chow Fun is similar to Lo Mein, but is made with broad noodles.)

MEAT AND CHINESE VEGETABLES

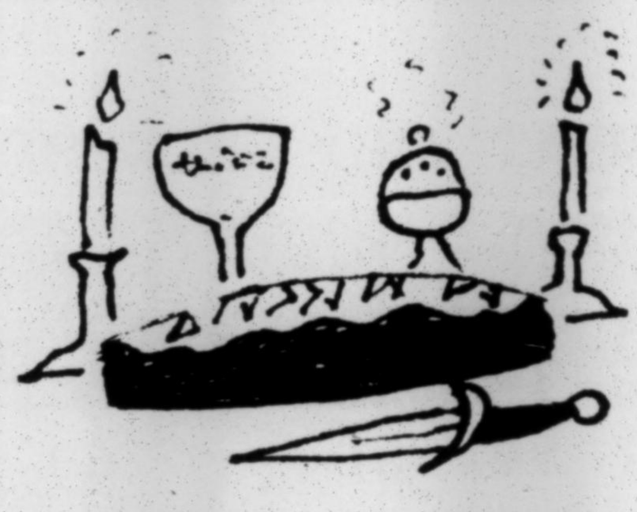
1 lb. meat (chicken, pork or lamb) cubed
1 large head of garlic, peeled & sliced
2-3 stalks celery, cut into chunks
¼ lb. snow peas
1 red bell pepper, sliced
1 large onion, cut into wedges
2 stalks broccoli, cut into chunks
2-3 stalks Bok Choy, cut into chunks
4-6 large mushrooms, sliced.
2-3 tablespoons peanut oil for cooking
Salt, pepper, curry powder, soy sauce

Heat the oil on high setting until a drop of water makes it hiss. Stir-fry meat and garlic 5 minutes in an open Wok. Add celery, broccoli, bell pepper and snow peas. Cover and cook 5 more minutes. Add soy sauce or water if the pan is dry. Add Onion, Mushroom, salt and spices. Cook covered for 3 minutes. Add the Bok Choy and cook exactly 150 seconds more. Remove from heat, stir a raw egg into the mixture and serve.

SCALLOPS WITH SNOW PEAS

1 pound sea scallops or Skate wing
1 head garlic, peeled and sliced
1 onion, cut into 8 wedges
½ lb. snow peas
2-3 stalks Bok Choy, cut into chunks
3 stalks scallions, chopped
Salt, soy sauce, pepper, oil for cooking.

Heat 2 tablespoons oil until a drop of water makes it hiss. Stir-fry scallops, garlic, onion and snow peas together for 7 minutes. Salt and spice, or add soy sauce. Add Bok Choy, cover and cook exactly 150 seconds. Remove from heat, stir in a raw egg, serve garnished with chopped scallions.



REINE de SHEBE Chocolate cake

2½ cups chocolate morsels
1½ cup flour
½ lb. butter, plus 4-6 tablespoons for frosting
1½ cup sugar
6 eggs, separated
8 tablespoons rum

Melt 1½ cup chocolate bits with 4 tablespoons rum in a double boiler. Add to flour, butter, sugar and egg yolks. Beat the egg whites with a pinch of salt, until stiff. Fold into the cake batter. Pour into a well-greased baking pan. Bake for 25-30 minutes at 350° F, or until a cake probe comes out clean.

Frosting: Melt in a double boiler 1 cup chocolate bits with 4 tablespoons rum and 4-6 tablespoons butter. Spread over the cake.

For decorating: Mix 3-5 teaspoons Confectioners' Sugar with a small amount of butter and a drop of food coloring.

KULICH

This Bealtaine cake is more commonly known as Russian Easter Bread; Babka in Poland; or Panetone in Italy. Its phallic shape reveals it to be obviously of Pagan origin.

Ingredients:

4 cups flour
2 packets dry yeast
1 cup sugar
1 stick butter
5 eggs



½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sour cream
½ cup candied orange peel, chopped
½ cup chopped almonds
Confectioner's sugar
Extra flour as needed
Several large coffee cans or other large tins.

Proof the yeast in ¼ cup warm water or milk with a pinch of sugar. Separate one of the eggs and set the white aside for icing. Combine flour, sugar, eggs, salt and sour cream. Mix well, add the yeast. If mixture is too thick, add more sour cream. Knead thoroughly for at least 20 minutes. Cover with a cloth and let rise in a warm place (80° F) for 2 hours, or until dough is double in bulk. Punch down, melt the butter and add to dough. Knead, add orange peel and almonds. Pour into well-buttered coffee cans to within ¼ of top. Let rise until dough is even with the top of the can. Brush tops with egg white. Bake at 400° F for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 350° and bake an additional 15-25 minutes, until cake probe comes out clean. Remove from oven, and lay the Kulich on its side (still in the tin) to cool. Turn frequently until it is cool enough to hold. (Note: if it is removed from tin while still hot, the Kulich will sag.)

Icing: Mix enough confectioners' sugar into the egg gwhite to make a thin icing. Spread on top and drip down the sides. The whole thing should look like a Phallus dripping sperm.

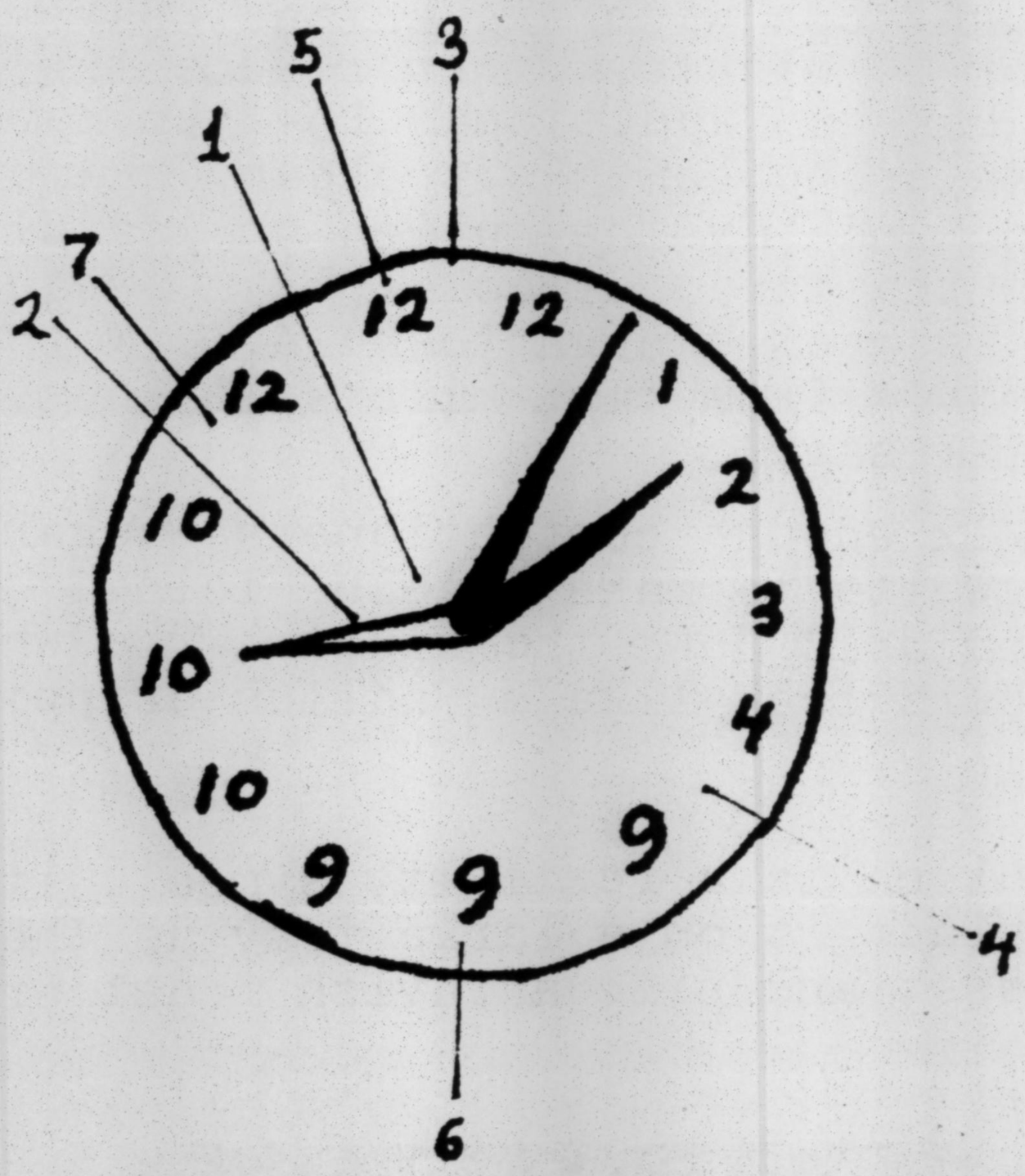
As the Kulich is a fertility symbol, it is best to place it on a large tray as the centerpiece, and pile a lavish feast around it.

PAGAN STANDARD TIME CLOCK

PAGAN STANDARD TIME is a trait peculiar to Pagans, and ranges in length from being two hours late for a Circle, to not showing up at all. A Pagan who is less than two hours late is considered "on time," just like the Long Island Railroad.

With nearly a million Pagans in the United States, and twice as many in the rest of the world, we believe it's high time a clock was designed which would show time the way Pagans are used to seeing it. And so, this proposal from Witches' Annual editors for:

THE PAGAN-STANDARD-TIME CLOCK



It has these special features:

1) The seconds hand is eliminated, since no Pagan works on THAT tight a schedule.

2) Pagan Standard Time is measured by an extra hand, which moves at about half the speed of the hours hand.

3) There are 13 hours on the dial, thus making two extra hours in the day for Pagans who are always too busy to do anything.

4) Hours 5 through 8 have been eliminated, since any Pagan at that time is a) asleep, b) just getting to sleep, c) just waking up, d) too busy, e) unavailable, f) just can't be bothered.

5) To be sure that a Circle will begin on the stroke of Midnight, there are two extra midnight hours.

6) For Pagans who begin Circles at 9 o'clock, there are two extra ninth hours. Also two extra tenth hours for late arrivals.

7) Since there is no eleventh hour, there is no need for the Pagan to rush. There are no deadlines to meet, there is no "last chance," and the consistent goof-off will never have to face the music.

A decorator model of the Pagan Standard Time Clock, mounted in a genuine Giant Land Snail shell, will be available as soon as we get around to it.

PAGAN NETWORKS

CIRCLE, Box 9013, Madison, WI, 53715. Selena Fox, Jim Alan and others. Network center for Pagan, Wiccan, Shaman and Pantheist paths. Publishes CIRCLE NETWORK NEWS, tabloid paper 4 times a year; CIRCLE GUIDE TO WICCAN AND PAGAN RESOURCES, directory of Pagan books, periodicals, music, arts, businesses, contacts, festivals and magical sites. Also center for PAGAN SPIRIT ALLIANCE; publishes PSA NEWSLETTER. Sponsors festivals several times a year in the Midwest, including the National Pagan Spirit Gathering, and National Pagan Music Festival, both to be held June 18-26 this year in Wisconsin. For further information on festivals and other Circle activities, write to Circle, PO Box 9016, Madison, WI, 53715; Phone: (608)767-2345.

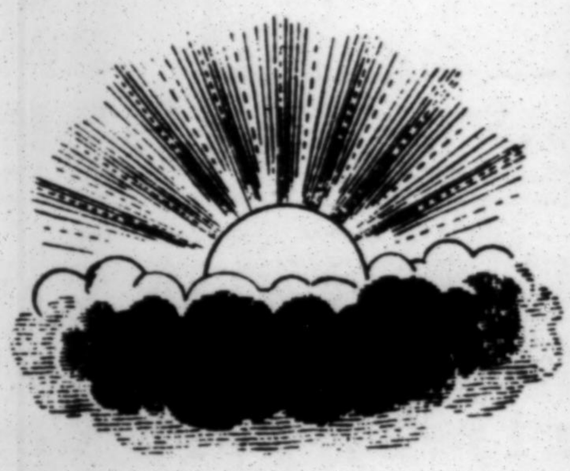
PROMETHEANS, Box 383, Mastic Beach, Long Island, NY 11951. Nationwide network center for Pagan and Wiccan paths. Publishes WITCHES' ANNUAL, which you are reading now. Open rap sessions on Pagan topics, most Sunday afternoons at the Promethean center in Shirley, Long Island. For information on study group, write about yourself. Be sure to include a stamp.

ATLANTIC PAGAN COUNCIL, 106 Longwood Rd. Baltimore, MD 21210. Jeremiah and Angelica. Rapidly-growing Pagan network spanning the East Coast, and inland to Ohio. Affiliated with several East Coast Pagan and Wiccan groups. Publishes LUNAR WAY, occasional newsletter. Also EARTH SONG, quarterly magazine. Yearly festival in late Summer. Write early for information.

ATHANOR FELLOWSHIP, Box 464, Allston, MA, 02134, Andras Corban. Pagan, Shamanic. Publishes CROSSROADS, magazine, eight times a year. Affiliated with Atlantic Pagan Council. Sponsors Rites of Spring festival in New Hampshire, late May. Write for information.

PAGAN SPIRIT ALLIANCE (see also CIRCLE) Box 9013, Madison, WI, 53715. (608)767-2345. Network of individual Pagans and groups, worldwide. Membership dues: $10. a year, include newsletter subscription and other privileges. All prospective members are required to sign a Pledge to Pagan Spirituality, agreeing to abide by its code of ethics. Publishes PSA NEWSLETTER, occasionally, with listings of Pagan contacts by states. Also other publications. Sponsors Pagan Spirit Gathering, every June in Wisconsin. Local chapters of PSA are forming in parts of the US. Write to above address for information.

NEW YORK AREA APC/PSA. c/o Larry Cornett, 1684 West 10th St. Brooklyn, NY 11223. Regional chapter of Atlantic Pagan Council and Pagan Spirit Alliance. Currently in its formative stages. No dues, but small contribution to offset mailing costs is welcome. Prospective members agree to abide by a code of ethics--APC, PSA or their own. Part of Amateur Publishing Association (APA) network. Publishes occasional newsletter. Plans to sponsor a Pagan festival in the near future. When writing for information, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



EUGENIA MACER-STORY
psychic
personal readings & investigations
Box 854 (914) 679-2719 Woodstock

MAGICK
&!
POETRY

RHEA



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Enchantments, INC.

341 EAST 9th STREET
(BETWEEN 1st & 2nd AVENUE)
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10003
212-228-4394

UNUSUAL OCCULT SUPPLIES, ANTIQUES
MAGICKAL APOTHECARY, TAROT, ETC.
mail order too!

CAT



WITCHES' ANNUAL 82
still available. $4.50

Astrology
Tarot

Sandy Avastasi

READINGS • Classes

NUMEROLOGY
PSYCHOMETRY
PAST LIVES

(516)586-2144

STORIES WANTED for Witches' Annual 84. Send outline or MS to Box 383, Mastic Beach, NY 11951. Include return postage with MS. -no poetry-

PRAIRIE JACKSON illustrates DAUGHTER OF THE LADY MOON, majickal Asian tale, $3.95; Moonwoman Enterprises, 1018 West Pikes Peak Avenue, Colorado Springs, CO 80904

MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION

The T'ai Chi Chuan
of Bob Klein.

$4.95, plus $1 for
postage & handling.



Bob Klein
P.O. Box 906
Miller Place, NY
11764

THE LAIR OF ANCIENT DREAMS

a fantasy novel of
love and terror by

Asa Drake

During the Burning Times, two Witches form a strained alliance with a Christian Priest to find a Demoness. But nothing is quite what it seems . . .

available thru bookstores
or order direct from
publisher by sending
$2.50 + .50 postage to:

Avon Books
959 8th Ave., Room 325
New York, NY 10019

PAGAN OCCULT EMPORIUM OF SUPPLIES

Athames
Incenses
Talismans
Jewelery
Ritual

Robes
Herbs
Books
Oils
Kits



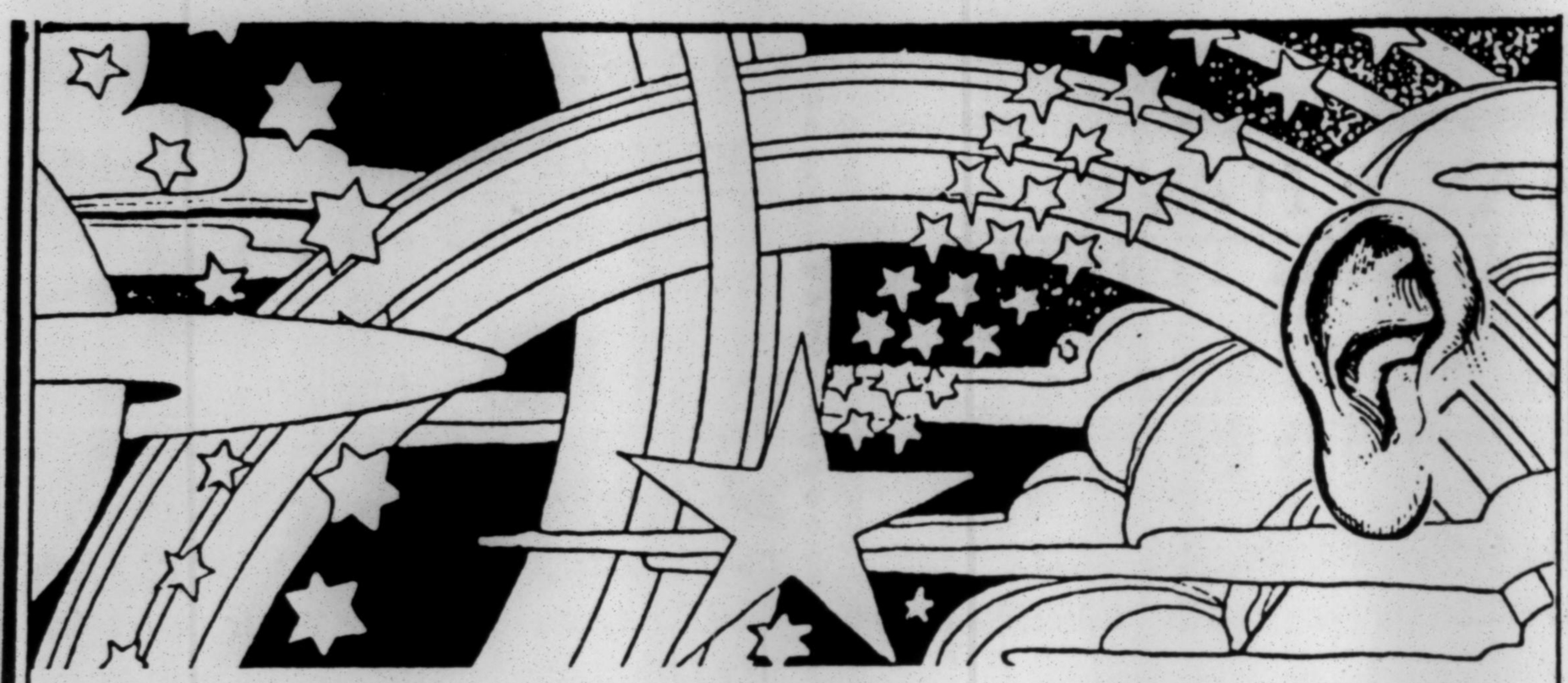
Hundreds Of Rare And
Hard To Find Items
In Finest Quality Available

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN

NATURE RELIGIONS & PANTHEISM
AUTHENIC TEACHINGS OF
WITCHCRAFT & VOODOO



SEND $5.00 FOR LARGE DELUXE CATALOG
AND ENLIGHTENING BROCHURE TO:
CHURCH OF UNIVERSAL FORCES
P. O. BOX 03195
COLUMBUS, OHIO 43203



Magick to your ears...

From Magicircle Recordings

MAGICAL JOURNEYS -- "The Five Elements" and "The Magic Cauldron," two meditations guided by Selena Fox. Cassette tape, $8.95.

TALES OF THE SONGSMITH -- Songs of magic and ancient mysteries by Jim Alan; great for mind journey visualizations. Stereo LP or cassette tape, $9.95.

SONGS OF PAGAN FOLK -- 13 invocations, chants and songs by Jim Alan, Selena Fox & friends. Cassette tape, $8.95.

CIRCLE MAGICK MUSICK -- 13 Wiccan chants and songs by Jim Alan & Selena Fox. Cassette tape, $8.95.

ALSO FROM CIRCLE...

Circle Guide to Wiccan and Pagan Resources

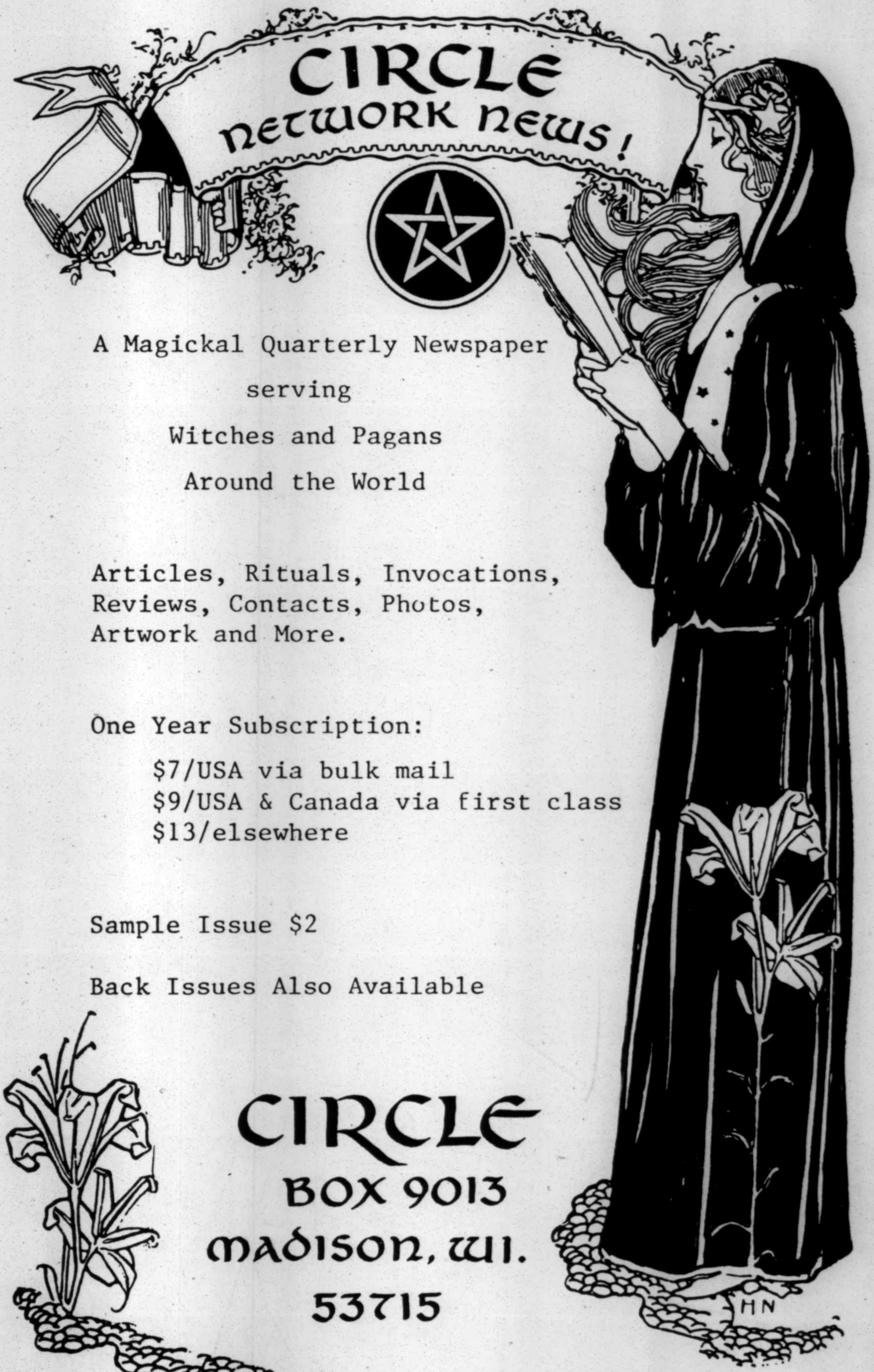
Circle Network News

Booklets & other publications

COMPLETE CATALOG -- $1.00

Order from CIRCLE, Box 9013, Madison, WI 53713

CIRCLE
NETWORK NEWS!



A Magickal Quarterly Newspaper

serving

Witches and Pagans

Around the World

Articles, Rituals, Invocations,
Reviews, Contacts, Photos,
Artwork and More.

One Year Subscription:

$7/USA via bulk mail
$9/USA & Canada via first class
$13/elsewhere

Sample Issue $2

Back Issues Also Available



CIRCLE
BOX 9013
MADISON, WI.
53715



Blessed Be