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Editorial

The response to the first edition of *Circlecaster* exceeded all our hopes!

We have decided not to push for serious commercial distribution until the publication is fully accepted in our 'word-of-mouth' community, and continuity of content is assured. The first issue saw over 100 copies distributed and 100% positive feedback. A number of the occult outlets around the country are stocking *Circlecaster* and it seems that it is moving well through various groups.

Obviously some of the content stirred some strong emotions. This is great! Especially when these strong emotions lead to a considered response.

I hope that free discussion won't degenerate into open battle, as a large proportion of the material is personal opinion or experience and I don't consider either to be fair game for criticism.

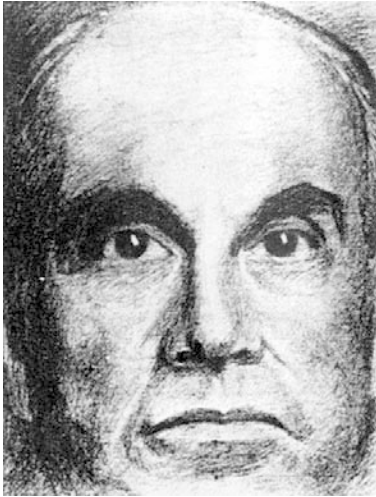
There have, of course, been a few conversations with those who were grievously miffed by some inferences by various authors but unwilling to come forth with their side of the story. Sad one!

I get the vague impression that there was a degree of 'feeling the water' in the last issue – maybe finding out if we were really going to be an *open* forum. I'd like to think that we have been true to our word, and I believe the content of this issue suggests that our contributors have a degree of faith in our integrity.

I'm really enjoying the feedback I've been receiving. With your continued support I believe we can create something really special here. I already have a strong sense of a 'community' evolving.

The Esoteric Approach to History

Scorpio



Evola

Esotericism in the High Cultures knows only one approach to history: the cyclic. It is what the occult writer and philosopher Julius Evola describes as the 'metaphysics of history'. All 'traditional civilisations', those High Cultures still expressing their spiritual origins and not yet succumbing to the later stages of materialism and decay, have certain features in common. This is so across both time and geography. Hence, one sees the same underlying attitudes and structures of organisation in Civilisations as far removed as the Germanic, the Egyptian, the Aztec, Vedic Indian and so forth. All possessed castes as the basis of their social order, all upheld the warrior as a cosmic warrior – not simply a 'soldier' – all held the ruler to be literally divine, and all held time to be of a cyclic nature.

Our present attitude toward time and history are greatly influenced by Darwinian evolution.

Like the theory of biological evolution

which sees life as ascending in a progressive, linear fashion; history is today seen as the chronicle of humanity ascending in a linear/progressive manner from primitive tribe to advanced technological civilisation. A general 'human history' is therefore postulated.

The Ancients saw things differently. Traditional civilisations were manifestations of the divine cosmic order. Civilisation itself was a triumph of order against chaos, often represented in religious cosmology as a battle between the dark entities of chaos and the gods and heroes of light. Their earthly counterparts were the warrior castes possessing a cosmic or 'dharmaic' duty to hold the order of the world together against encroaching chaos.

Because the ancients were attuned to the rhythm of life, they were aware that history is comprised of ebbs and flows of great expanses of time which see peoples and civilisations rise and fall.

Within vast periods (Hindu Yugas) of time there are the cycles called the 'great year' by the Chaldeans and Hellenic Greeks, the Etruscan and Latin 'saeculum', the Iranian 'aeon', the Hindu 'kalpas'.

Cycles

Within the great expanses of time, cycles were identified by the ancients. The Greeks and Romans spoke of four eras named after the four metals – gold, silver, bronze and iron. Between the bronze and the iron there had been an intervening 'heroic' period where the Heroes had sought to resist encroaching

chaos. The Hindus also have four cyclic divisions – Satya Yuga, Treta Yuga, Dvapara Yuga, and Kali Yuga (the Dark Age of decline and chaos). The Persians likewise had four cycles named after the metals gold, silver, steel and an ‘iron compound’. The Chaldean view was virtually identical. Hebrew tradition (Daniel) recognises the same principle symbolised by a statue with the head made of gold, the chest and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of copper, the legs and the feet of iron and tile. The Egyptians referred to three cycles as ‘dynasties’ – gods, demi-gods and manes. The Aztecs refer to solar cycles, with a fifth heroic cycle in which the giants are fought.

The Golden Age

In contrast to the contemporary Darwinian evolutionary, linear view of history, the ancients held that humanity is actually declining from a distant Golden Age.

The metaphysics of history hold that the Golden Age was at the Beginning, from whence there proceeds gradual stagnation and chaos, as peoples become increasingly divorced from their cosmic roots. The ancient wisdom does not possess the optimistic view of continuing progress held out by the Darwinianism bequeathed to our declining Western Civilisation from the Victorian days.

The Golden Age is called Satya Yuga (Sat = Being) by the Hindus, which equates with the Latin Saturn who presided over the Latin Golden Age. The Golden Ages of the traditional civilisations are times when humanity was one with the gods, maintained religiously by the performance of rites, and enforced by dharmic warriors. The designation of ‘gold’ in so many

different cultures for their divine origins alludes to that which is incorruptible, solar, luminous. To the Hellenes, the Vedic Indians, the Egyptians, the primordial germ or sacred fire was of gold. The Germanic Asgard where the Aesir gods resided was ‘golden’; likewise with Chinese tradition.

These Golden Ages give an immense age to culture and indeed to the existence of humanoid life that Darwinian science rejects out of hand.

Immense Antiquity of Civilisation

According to Plato’s account of the dialogue between Solon, an esteemed Hellenic sage, and the Egyptian priests, whilst he was sojourning in Egypt, the priests stated, “Oh Solon, you Greeks are all children, and there is no such thing as an old Greek. You are all young in mind; you have no belief rooted in old tradition and no knowledge hoary with age. And the reason is this. There have been and will be many different calamities to destroy mankind... so these genealogies of your own people... are little more than children’s stories.” What the Egyptian priests described was Atlantis which was said to have existed 9,000 years prior to their own time and which possessed technologically advanced culture, which therefore makes the very idea of its reality impossible for our contemporary Darwinian historians to conceive.

Indeed Jurgen Spanuth, the German scholar, by reinterpreting the Egyptian dating system, places the time of Atlantis at 3,000 years ago, in an attempt to make it more credible to orthodox science.

Nevertheless, even if we accept

Spanuth's hypothesis it could well be that this was a surviving outpost of Atlantis which had indeed existed 11,000 years ago, and possibly has its origins in a vastly older civilisation.

There are numerous archaeological anomalies that do not fit the views of conventional science, yet do lend credence to the enormous time cycles and Ages credited by the myths of traditional civilisations.

Indeed many of the archaeological oddities make the Egyptian calculation for Atlantis' existence a very recent date by comparison.

Some examples...

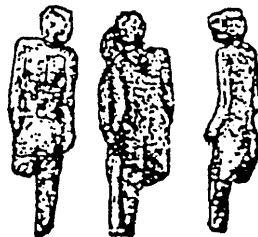
In 1844, England, a gold thread was found in a stone at a depth of eight feet, the stone being identified in 1985 as that of the Early Carboniferous Age (320-360 million years old).



A coin found in Illinois, 114 feet underground in deposits between 200,000 and 400,000 years old. Figures and letters were inscribed on both sides, and it was of uniform thickness as though processed in a rolling-mill. Nearby, a large copper ring was found at 120 feet, the deposits in the region ranging greatly from 50,000 to 410,000,000 years.

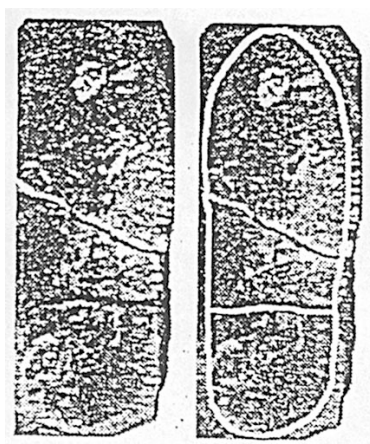
Idaho, 1889, a clay figurine found in a

300 foot level well boring, with indication that a land surface had once existed at this level. Numerous clay balls were also found. The clay layer at 300 feet is today estimated to be of the Plio-Pleistocene Age, 2 million years ago.



In 1981, Illinois, a gold chain was found within a lump of coal aged 260-320 million years.

In 1987, in Iowa, miners found perfectly smoothed stone walls at a depth of 130 feet. Inscribed on the stone were diamond shapes of perfect design, at the centre of each the face of an old man with an indentation on the forehead. The coal at that depth is thought to be from the Carboniferous (ie, over 300 million years old).



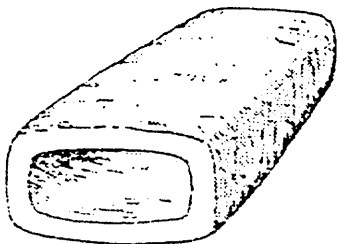
Early this century a distinguished engineer and geologist, John T Reid,

found a fossilised footprint showing precise details of sewn thread, imprinted into rock of the Triassic period (213-248 million years ago). Microphoto magnification shows the imprint to have the detailed thread twist and warp that disproves it as just a fluke 'natural occurrence'.

In 1912 at an Oklahoma coal mine an iron pot was found at the centre of a large chunk of coal. The coal came from a mine where the deposits are about 312 million years old.

1928, Oklahoma, perfectly smoothed, long walls found down a coal mine at a level dated 286 million years.

1968, Utah, a shoe print found in shale dated at over 500 million years.



1978, France, semi-ovoid metallic tubes found in a chalk bed dated at 65 million years.

In recent decades hundreds of metallic spheres, at least one engraved with three parallel grooves around the centre, have been unearthed in South Africa. The spheres are of extremely hard metal, found in soft pyrophyllite formed about 2.8 billion years ago. Scientists are perplexed since the objects seem man-made, yet cannot possibly be so (according to orthodox science).

Such anomalies are dismissed by conventional scientists simply because they do not fit into the conventional time scale. They are, however, persistent witnesses to the vast antiquity of culture,

indeed, extremely advanced technology that might go back several BILLION years; making the 11,000 years given to the legendary Atlantis, or the 20,000 years recently given to the ruins at Tihuanaco, South America, of rather recent origin by comparison.

The Ebb and Flow of History

What this all indicates is that the ancient metaphysics of history is correct in ascribing the rise and fall of untold numbers of cultures and civilisations. Today our Western Civilisation is by no means uniquely technical, possibly being preceded by as much as several billion years by other technological civilisations.

Countless civilisations have sprung up in youthful vigour only to be destroyed by cataclysm or at least as often by internal decay, to be eclipsed by the rise of other civilisations.



Spengler

Oswald Spengler, the famous philosopher-historian, gave empirical justification for the ancient's cyclical view of history in his monumental *Decline of the West*. He writes, in contradicting the Darwinian linear view, "I see in place of that empty

figment of ONE linear history... the drama of a number of mighty cultures, each having its own life; its own death... Each culture has its own new possibilities of self-expression which arise, ripen, decay and never return... I see world history as a picture of endless formations and transformations, of the marvellous waxing and waning of organic forms... The professional historian, on the other hand, sees it as a sort of tapeworm industriously adding to itself one epoch after another."

Hence, whilst each Civilisation has its own specific characteristics peculiar to itself, ranging from its own type of mathematics to its own type of art and architecture, all have analogous phases of birth, life, decline and death. There is nothing 'new' or 'progressive' or unique about this Western civilisation's feminism, its abortion, its communist movements, capitalist coteries, or any one of the myriad of phenomena we think of as unique to our period of history and our civilisation. They are but symptoms of this phase of the West. It is what the philosopher Nietzsche referred to as 'Eternal Recurrence'.

Our humanism and lack of religiosity is nothing new. It is typical for any civilisation about to implode through disconnectedness with its own spiritual origins. A time where the power of money, where materialism reigns supreme. Where the individual exists in isolation from his cultural and spiritual roots. Where America stands as the focus of everything corrupt in our civilisation's Kali Yuga, just as corrupt Rome at its last gasp stood at the centre of that time when the Classical Civilisation was about to succumb to decadence and chaos, the Old Gods having been overthrown; the spiritual nexus destroyed.

Spengler's Italian interpreter, Evola, whose *Revolt Against the Modern World* (and other writings) give a more metaphysical approach to Spengler's empirical analysis, cites a passage from a Hindu text, *Visnu Purana*. It is describing the Kali Yuga, and accurately portrays the West's present state of decay, not through any supernatural prophecy but simply because it is describing the Kali Yuga that every civilisation that has decayed had entered into:

"Wealth (inner) and piety (following one's dharma) will decrease day by day until the whole world will be entirely depraved. Then property alone will confer rank (the quantity of dollars – economic classes); wealth (material) will be the only source of devotion; passion will be the sole bond between the sexes; falsehood will be the only means of success in litigation...

"Earth will be venerated but for its mineral treasures (unscrupulous exploitation of the soil, demise of the cult of the earth)...

"He who gives away much money will be the master of men and family descent will no longer be a title of supremacy (the end of traditional nobility, advent of the bourgeoisie, plutocracy)...

"Men will fix their desires upon riches, even though dishonestly acquired..."

Doesn't this ancient Hindu text precisely describe what is now happening, when a civilisation becomes dominated by money-centred and humanistic ideas rather than spiritual ethos, when the economically successful become the new 'heroes' to be emulated and admired, where once stood explorers and warriors?

However, just as the Germanic Ragnarok contains the seed of renewal

(Baldur) amidst the destruction of the Old Order, so too the Hindu texts refer to a caste that retains its purity of spirit even amidst the corruption, chaos and decay of Kali Yuga, to act as the catalyst for a new civilisation on the ruins of the old. Those who stay aloof from the decadence of the present, who are aware of their dharmic duty; “at the end of the Kali age... shall descend upon the earth... The men who are thus changed by virtue of that peculiar time shall be as the seeds of (new) human beings, and shall give birth to a race who shall follow the laws of... the age of purity.”

This ‘metaphysics of history’, once understood and applied, gives the occultist a perspective from on high; a broad sweep of events and their interconnectedness. For those whose occultism is more than an ‘interest’, a ‘hobby’, and egotistical distraction, or an escape from reality, this historical perspective is the means by which one’s dharmic duty can be fulfilled. Anything less for an occultist is pure dilettantism.

References:

Julius Evola

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Inner Traditions International,
Rochester, Vermont, 1995

Jurgen Spanath

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Sidgwick & Jackson, London, 1979

Michael A. Cremona & Richard L.
Thompson

Forbidden Archaeology
Govardhan Hill, California, 1996

Oswald Spengler

Decline of the West
George Allen & Unwin, 1971

Prosperity Spell

Moondancer

Using two candles creates a balance, the introduction of a third force produces a reaction in the form of change or movement, the universal law of three where nothing is allowed to remain static.

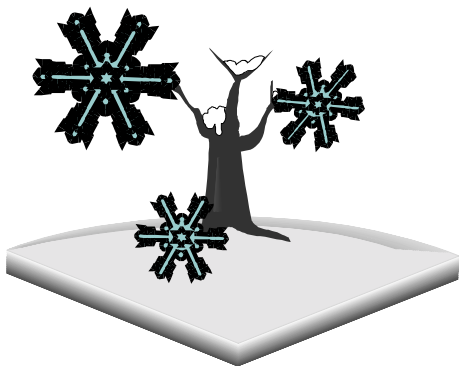
Begin on the night of the first quarter, use as much green colour as possible, dress, altar cloth, green leaves around the circle. After the circle is cast, sprinkle cinnamon inside the circle linking the four quarters with a cross. Use a crystal to etch the three anointed candles, place in the north/fire a red candle with your name etched upon it, infused with your importance and desire. East/air corner, place a yellow candle with an action rune etched upon it, visualise speedy reactions. South/earth corner, place a green candle, etch a number of dollars or job required upon it and infuse with manifestation. A triangle has now been formed yet linked to west/water and centre/spirit by the cinnamon.

Light the red candle and allow to burn down one third and snuff out. Next night light the red candle and use the flame to light the yellow candle, then the yellow candle to light the green. Allow all three to burn out. Sit in the centre holding your programmed crystal, the heat from your hands excites the electrons within its structure to cause energy to surge. Place the crystal upon your third eye and visualise what each candle represents on that night, desire first, then action, last having. Link the crystal and flame spirits and watch the explosion.

After our fight with competitors I used this spell to gain a contact which has given us more work than we can cope with, also more money than we asked for. Remember though, be careful what you ask for. It does work and everything changes!

WANZ (Wiccan Association of New Zealand) Celebrates The Seasons

From the WANZ Newsletter "Cranebag", with permission



Winter Solstice

Gatherine

The WWA Winter Solstice celebration was held at Breaker Bay on Friday 21st of June. We were lucky this year we where able to celebrate on the actual day of the Solstice without worrying about having to get up for work the next day. There were nine people present, unfortunately flu and other seasonal ailments prevented more from turning up.

I led the ritual as high priestess assisted by Craig as priest, and we were also ably assisted by Lori and Julie. The ritual began as usual with a circle casting by myself:

Hail to the East
Dawn wind, suns raising
Sweetness of air that is her breath
Send forth your light
Be here now

Hail to the North
Suns height, desires strength
Warmth of the fire that is her spirit

Send forth your flame

Be here now

Hail to the West

Evenings peace, whirlpools depth
Life brought forth from her living
waters

Send forth your flow

Be here now

Hail to the South

Seed beds darkness, mountains
bones

Mystery of the earth that is her body

Send forth your strength

Be here now

The circle is cast

We are between the worlds

Beyond the bounds of time

Where night and day

Birth and death

Joy and sorrow

Meet as one

The elements were carried around and the circle was strengthen by Julie. After the circle casting I made the following invocation to Modron the great Celtic Mother Goddess. Towards the end of the invocation Lori appeared out of the darkness beyond the circle robed in white and carrying a flaming torch. At the end of the invocation she lit the prepared fire in the centre of the circle and then cast the torch into the sea, representing the death and rebirth of the sun.

Invocation to Modron:

We have danced the wheel of the
year, and spiralled into the dark.
From this night darkness diminishes

and the new sun gains in strength,
from this night we dance the spiral
into light.

Out of darkness, light
Out of frost, fire
In the deepest ice we have found a
spark.
In the grave we have found a seed.
Modron, Great Mother,
Queen of earth
Queen of water
Queen of moon
Queen of sun
Lady of the stones, in your lap,
in your hands, you hold all secrets.
Come to us, bring us the new light.
Come to us, bringing your star-born
child.

After the fire was lit and as Lori took
the torch to the sea Craig invoked Llew
the Celtic God of Light.

Invocation to Llew:

Come, nameless child,
Shine upon our sorrow.
Fair of face
Child of grace
Bringer of the morrow.
Bright and radiant countenance,
You of the Silver Hand,
Bless you this relatedness
Of monarchy and land.

Llew Llaw Gyffes,
Llew Llaw Gyffes,
Light of the early morn
Beware! Beware!
The Flower Maid
Her beauty hides the thorn.

Llew Llaw Gyffes,
Llew Llaw Gyffes,
Blazing like the sun
Wounded eagle
Son of Math
Thou, the chosen One
Wielder of the Burning Spear,
Bringer of the Dawn.

After the invocations there was

drumming and chanting, and running
round the circle for a while. When
everyone was suitably warmed up, each
person took it in turn to cast a pine cone
or small branch in the fire while we
chanted:

The light died
And the light was born.
The wheel is turning,
What will you leave in the dark?

Some people said aloud what they
would leave behind, others
concentrated silently.

Then there was more drumming and
chanting which reached quite an
enthusiastic pitch for some people and
culminated in some fire leaping. When
everyone was feeling a little fatigued the
cakes and wine were blessed and passed
and the feasting commenced.

Feedback after the event was generally
positive. Most people who attended
agreed that it was well organised and
effective. Some people felt that they
were not extrovert enough to really
participate in the drumming and
chanting, so this may need to be borne
in mind for future rituals.



Spring Equinox

Julie

We had decided that the ritual for the

Spring Equinox would be an informal one, ie, without a set routine. Not for any particular reason, but to try it, so we didn't know beforehand what would happen.

After witnessing a blazing red, gold, green and silver sunrise as we were all driving into Wellington, we gathered at the top of Mt Victoria at 6.00am – members of WWA, some friends and associates, and children, wearing chaplets of jasmine.

We found a place under the lookout, laid out blankets to sit on, and those of us who had brought personal tools laid them on the sword. As a group we began drumming, and kept that up for quite some time, until we were each sure that Spring was properly welcomed. People got into their own space – Anthony chanted his own greeting, others reflected quietly and in their own inner way.

When the drumming died away, we enjoyed the food that had been brought – Easter eggs, buns, and some very reviving coffee.

Before we broke up, the sword became alive, and we took turns presenting it to the Sun, who was by now fully risen – this was a really powerful moment.

We had chosen 23 September (rather than the actual specific New Zealand Equinox), so as to connect with the energy of all other groups celebrating the official day.

The combination of informal group ritual within a personal context was, to me, a really successful and appropriate way to observe this day and this time, highlighting that ritual doesn't always have to be pre-worked for it to be successful, and that it is the members of the group that make this energy possible.



Summer Solstice

Su

“On this longest day, light triumphs, and yet begins the decline into dark. The Sun King grown embraces the Queen of Summer in the love that is death because it is so complete that all dissolves into the single song that moves the worlds.”

We had gone beforehand and prepared and purified the sacred space. The riverbank was cleansed, the sandflies banished, sunshine ordered for Clouston Park, Saturday 21 December 1996, 12 noon.

A spider glowed in a rock cave on the far side of the flowing river. Birds greeted us from the surrounding bush with song, flying around our sacred space. Expectation was high, as everywhere else the rain thundered down but the delight of the Goddess was upon us. Right on cue the clouds parted and the Sun King shone as Anthony raised his arms to welcome the elements.

As children we delighted in the sparklers, knowing that purity of vision would guide us along our paths. We

danced and sang to the beating of the drums, free in the knowledge that we were at one with Goddess, nature and each other. The food was abundant but not wasted as a dog made himself at home in our circle – a portable rubbish bin. He departed into the bush as we closed with thanks for a glorious day. The Sun King departed with the Goddess to complete their love behind the clouds and rain fell upon us half way home.

HP: (Formed circle, welcoming elements to join us).

HPs1: We welcome you all to the Wellington Wiccan Association celebration of Summer Solstice.”

Today the wheel has come to a special point.

Since Yule the light has been growing.
At Ostara the light became greater than the dark.

And it has kept on growing.
It has grown until today: Midsummer.
The middle of the light time.
Tomorrow the light will start to fade as the wheel turns to darkness.
Until it is Yule again.

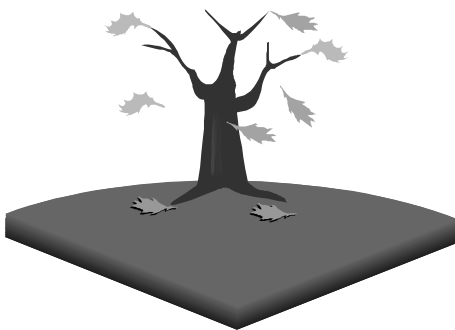
But today it is bright.
And we celebrate this with fire.
The Sun King blazes above.
Our fire blazes below.

HPs2: Take the Sun to light your way
(Hands out sparklers, lit from fire in cauldron, then all singing, dancing drumming around the fire).

This spark is as the Sun King
Watch how he shines
bright with golden ambition
Let him lighten your way
as the wheel turns.

HP: (Bless and thank Goddess for food, consecrate juice. Close circle.

Merry meet, merry part, merry meet again.



Autumn Equinox

Karen

It was a dark and stormy night...

On Sunday evening March 23rd a group of WANZ witches braved the elements to celebrate the equinox at a local seaside park. It often seems that the weather is less than balmy around the equinoxes in Wellington - however, in fine WANZ tradition the rain held off until it was time to go home.

Autumn equinox is like the Spring equinox - a time of balance, when day equals night. Spring is a time to imagine the future; Autumn, a time to reflect on what has passed and give thanks. It is also a time to store away and provide against the cold of winter and to enjoy the last fruits of summer. Both are opportunities to consciously re-balance our lives and embrace the change of seasons.

The ritual was based on one from Starhawk's *The Spiral Dance*. After we had gathered a huge quantity of driftwood for the circle fire, Anthony cast the circle and invoked the Lord and Lady of the Harvest. Then followed a banishing dance. In this, each participant called out the name of something they believed had held them back during the past year; kept them from 'achieving their full harvest'.

Everyone in the group took the words up as a chant, using the chant to break the power of the words and the constraint they represented. Many in the group found this a cathartic experience.

When the banishing dance reached its natural conclusion we settled down to weave 'harvest cords'. This was a lot of fun! We sat for quite a while, weaving and tying a myriad of bits and pieces onto cords. Each of us used these to represent those things we wished to weave into our lives or reap in the coming year. While weaving the cords we chanted the 'Kore' chant, ("She changes every thing she touches...") written by Starhawk and Lauren Liebling.

When we had finished the cords Anthony knotted them and placed them around our necks with the blessing: "Behold the circle of rebirth, the cord of life. You will never fade away." Anthony then filled the chalice with apple juice and we each took turns to pour a libation, lay an offering upon the fire and give thanks to the Lord and Lady for something of significance to us.

With the formal part of the ritual complete we settled down to feast and sing merrily into the night.

By the time we were approaching the extremely well-fed stage, the elements began to signal that winter was practising *really hard* so as to be in top shape by June; we opened the circle and closed the ritual quickly, before we all got swept out to sea.

I believe that everyone who attended this ritual found it to be both a meaningful experience and a really fun event. Many thanks to Anthony for organising it and to everyone else for participating with enthusiasm.

ONCE BITTEN, NOT SO SHY

Willow Hagthorn

The author of "The Nature of Paganism" undoubtedly intended to cast his readers down into the same pit of negativity that he himself inhabits. After some reflection I began to pity him. It must be truly dreadful to have such a bitter and twisted view of the world. In fact, the supercilious Scorpio has such a sour and inimical weltanschauung, I'm surprised he hasn't chosen to voluntarily depart this mortal coil and spare us all his bilious scratchings.

Having got the pleasantries out of the way, (I wouldn't want Scorpio to think he had put in all that effort for nothing), his article does give rise to some interesting discussion topics, i.e. the meanings of paganism and neo-paganism, left and right hand paths, the Dark Goddess and pacifism. What do Witches think about these things?

The terms Paganism and neo-paganism are frequently used by Europeans and descendants of Europeans to describe old and new varieties of earth based spiritualities that have some link to pre-Christian Europe and the Northern Mediterranean. Sometimes the meaning is extended to incorporate North American, Polynesian and African spirituality. 'Neo' is used to differentiate the 'new' or 'revived' pagan from the more ancestral meaning of the word. Why? Possibly because much knowledge and history concerning European paganism is lost behind the curtain of time.

Paganism and neo-paganism have also



become all inclusive terms used to describe a range of persons, from those who call themselves pagan because it is a neat and trendy word to use, through to Witches, practitioners of nature and warrior based religions, and even people who have no espoused religion and who might be better described as 'greenies'. It also technically encompasses any person who is "not a Christian, Moslem or Jew".

Scorpio refers to 'neo-paganism' as a force for spiritual re-generation which has become irrelevant. I don't think it has become so, rather it has never been so. The variety of beliefs and non-beliefs (some people believe that one can be a pagan atheist) is so diverse and potentially incompatible that the term has virtually become meaningless. If somebody says to you now, "I'm a

pagan." we are left wondering "what does that *mean*?" The statement tells us nothing. Most of the witches I know call themselves Witches and/or Wiccans, and use the word pagan as an adjective inasmuch as it can be helpful in communicating the nature orientation and pantheistic character of their path to others.

'Paganism' in and of itself will restore nothing to Westerners. Those that choose to set foot upon one of the many paths included in the definition, or who choose to take what they may and create their own path, may find balance in a return to a belief system that has something in common with that of their ancestors. Whether that something is living with nature, and the cycles of the seasons, rather than attempting to bend them to our will; or in worshipping many Gods and Goddesses rather than one; or in simply trying to be ourselves as best as we can, whilst causing minimum harm to our environment and others, rather than attempting to emulate the ideals of a patriarchal middle eastern religion which requires its 'followers' to deny their basic human nature. Vitality can only return to religion when we are able to *celebrate* who and what we are. There is nothing vital in 'the worship of a dead man on a cross'.

Wiccan Witches know that their religion is a reconstruction. A celebratory blending of some surviving tradition with folklore and ceremonial magic. We can, if we wish, attempt to remove some of the more noticeable high magical practices incorporated by Gardner, and try to return to what we think our ancestors may have practised. No matter how hard we try we cannot reconstruct those practices, values or beliefs of our tribal ancestors. The

information no longer exists. Furthermore some of those practices, values and beliefs would have been situational, and without validity in today's global society.

Did our ancestors live in harmony with the land because philosophically they believed this was the best thing to do, or was it because in reality they had little choice? The world we live in is very different and we must *live* in the present. Many witches today believe that protection of the environment is not merely a philosophical or spiritual standpoint but an issue of survival. The planet can do without us, we cannot do without her, that much perhaps we do have in common with our ancestors.

Left and Right

Left hand path and right hand path are artificial terms commonly used in occult magazines to differentiate a particular set of people from others. Followers of the left-hand path are perceived by many, to be occultists and magicians, often well versed in 'pop' psychology, who don't give a rat's arse about anyone except themselves, who regard the world as their personal dirt-box and who given half a chance will selfishly use and manipulate anyone unfortunate enough to come within their sphere of influence. Christians would of course use the term 'evil'. Right hand path, a less used term, is by default everyone else, including those integrated people in the middle. Maybe the perception is incorrect, however some seem to delight in deliberate lack of balance. I note it seems more common in the occult classifieds to see ads reading "Wanted, opponent for psychic battle on astral plane, please send photo and lock of hair..." Is it any wonder that a naive seeker should wish to avoid such people?

The Dark Goddess

Witches are well aware that 'light and dark' does not equal 'right and wrong' or 'good and evil' or "left and right". This is evidenced by the fact that the Dark Goddess, be She called Kali the Destroyer, the Morrigan or Cerridwen, has a role equal with that of the other deity aspects such as Maiden and Mother. Likewise the Dark Lord or Holly King and the Bright Lord or Oak King. There is also a noticeable quantity of witchcraft literature concerning the darker aspects of the Goddess and encouraging women in particular to explore that aspect of themselves. It is particularly the dark aspects of womanhood and the Goddess which have been repressed by the Christian Church. Bear with us if it takes a few decades to overcome a millennium of repression.

Witches who have opened themselves to the dark aspect of the Goddess have found the experience empowering. Witches know balance is required in all things. There are only two days in the year when day-'light' equals 'dark'-ness (the equinoxes), but taking the year as a whole things pretty much average out and we apply the same principle to the practice of our religion.

Pacifism

People sometimes assume from the Wiccan Rede "An it harm none do what thou wilt" that witches must be pacifists. Some witches are pacifists, they can't help it, they were born that way. Judging by the fact that the US military contains a sufficient number of witches and followers of warrior based 'pagan' religions, to justify specialist chaplains, one may infer that not only are some witches not pacifists, but that

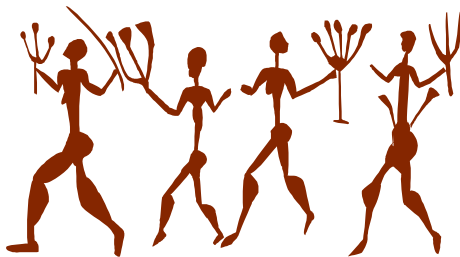
blowing people into smithereens is entirely consistent with their interpretation of the above Rede.

The violence of warrior paths and ancient cultures is generally fairly personal and specific. When it came to keeping score, clobbering someone up close because they had insulted your grandmother, counted for far more than killing from a distance because you were ordered to. As it turned out it was grandmothers who were responsible for witches not being able to opt out as conscientious objectors when facing the US Draft board.

Wiccan ethics are essentially situational. The Draft boards used to ask those who wanted conscientious objector status this hypothetical question: "you are walking down the street with your aged, infirm grandmother. A gang of muggers approaches. Would you defend her?" (Chas Clifton ed., *Witchcraft Today Vol. 2*)

If you answered yes, it was next stop boot camp. For the witch the Rede is about choosing who you will harm. If you don't defend your grandmother, this inaction could harm her emotionally at least as much as the muggers may harm her physically. The Rede is about taking responsibility for the consequences of your actions, not about being a pacifist. (Personally speaking if you slap my cheek I'll bite your ear off)

Witches have chosen life, we celebrate it, take up it's challenges, sometimes falter, sometimes fail, and try again. We revel in physical as well as the spiritual. We work hard and play hard. If you don't see us it is because we don't thrust our activities in your face, or perhaps you're not looking properly. Tops of mountains, depths of caves, deserted islands, city centres, that's where you'll find us, but we don't care if you see us or not, the Goddess does, and she plays and works with us.



Shamancki...

To all my Shamancki sisters, greetings.

To all of you unable to attend our annual festival, commiserations.

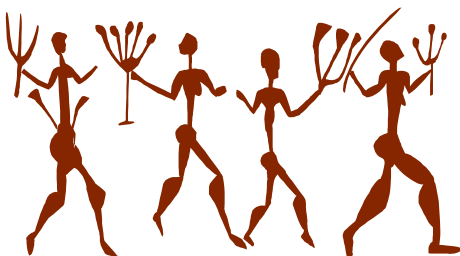
What a truly wondrous gathering we did have. Inhaling the sweet incensed smoke from the central fire in the presence of our ancestors. Running through the forest, bathing in the river, feathers in our hair, paint on our bodies, reliving the mystic rites handed down from generation to generation of Shamancki. It was as it would have been a thousand, thousand years ago.

Would the Shamancki who organised the ritual tattoo session please contact me. I am very interested in finding out more about the recipes for the dyes, especially the magenta. Moreover, is it necessary for my consort to be conscious during the process?

Yours in eternal ineffability.

Aconita Pythia

(P.S. Does any one have a method for removing pignolia oil from doeskin?)



W B Yeats: Visions of the Second Coming

Giarda

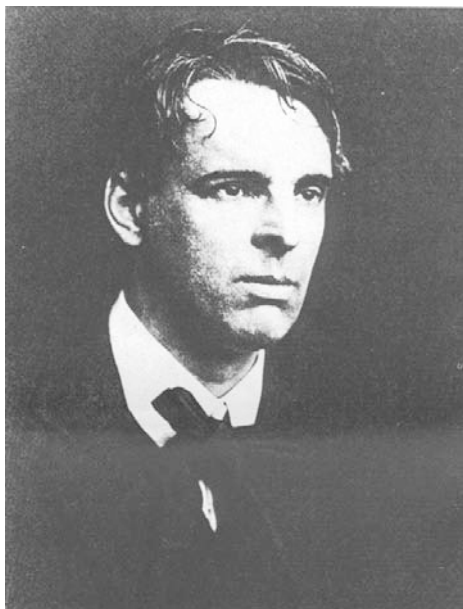
The rise of industrialism and capitalism during the 19th Century brought with it social dislocation, an urban proletariat on the ruins of rural life, and the rise of commercial interests; smashing asunder the traditional, organic bonds of family, village, rootedness to the earth and to the cycles of nature.

Certain literary and artistic figures to arise in the early years of this century rebelled against the artificiality of the modern world and recommended a return to the old ways. Such figures included, in the English speaking world, D.H. Lawrence, Ezra Pound, W.B. Yeats and Aleister Crowley. In Italy the philosopher, and artist, Julius Evola expounded on what he called the “revolt against the modern world”, in his call for a return to traditional civilisation which had as its basis a profound spirituality. All of these aforementioned figures regarded the occult with utmost interest, and held that underlying traditional civilisation and organic culture was an esoteric base. In this article we shall consider the views of the Irish poet and mystic, W.B. Yeats.

Golden Dawn

William Butler Yeats was born in 1865. Despite his English and Protestant background he was involved in the Young Ireland movement. As an art student in Dublin, Yeats became friends with George Russell, later known as the famous mystic ‘AE’. Yeats also became an early member of the Dublin Hermetic Society, studied Hindu philosophy under the Theosophist Mohini Chatterjee, and joined the Theosophical Society in 1895, resigning several years later.

Moving to London with his parents in



1897, Yeats joined the Golden Dawn in 1890. For Yeats the occult and the mystical were the basis of both his poetry and his later political ideals. He was instrumental in ousting Crowley from the GD, but resigned from the Order himself in 1905.

Yeats was particularly interested in an Irish-oriented occultism and in Irish folklore, as a reflection of his nationalism. He saw the peasantry and rural values as being necessary to revive against the onslaught of materialism, and hoped to found an Irish Hermetic Order substituting the alien Egyptian deities of GD ritual with Irish gods and heroes.

For Yeats and others, the mythic or spiritual was the essential of a High Culture, providing the underlying unity for all cultural manifestations, a “unity of being” where “religious, aesthetic and practical life were one... The painter, the

mosaic worker, the worker in gold and silver, the illuminator of sacred books... were absorbed in the subject matter, and that of the vision of a whole people", as Yeats wrote in reference to Byzantium civilisation.

It may seem a paradox to the superficial or biased observer, but it was precisely these mystics of the 'Right', Yeats, Pound, Evola, who did most in bringing the West to a knowledge of the esoteric and mythos of the East, for between all traditional civilisations there is an underlying esoteric motif that is deeper than the materialistic interpretations of mere cosmopolitanism.

Indeed, it was cosmopolitanism that these same poets rejected, seeing it as the duty of the poet to restore the unity of culture to the nation; to eschew "an international art, picking stories and symbols where it pleased", as Yeats put it. "To deepen the political passion of the nation that all, artist and poet, craftsman and day-labourer would accept as common design." What Yeats was describing was the organic folkish community which had existed during the early Middle Ages and had undergone increasing subversion by the rise of egotistical interests, until the final collapse wrought by industrialism and capitalism.

Archetypes

Pre-dating Jung's theory of archetypes, Yeats held that symbols had an autonomous power of their own in the unconscious. It was these upon which the artist and poet drew, agelong inherited memories as the source of creativity. Therefore, to Yeats, "individuality is not as important as our age has imagined"; the 'daimons' of the ancient memories acted upon the individual, and one's creativity was but the expression of these forces.

Certain symbols and images could evoke such forces to consciousness via magick. Yeats' poetry was intended as invocations to these forces.

This resurgence of the agelong memories required a "revolt of soul against intellect now beginning in the world"; that is to say, a reassertion of the mythic and archetypal in man against the levelling forces of materialism, whether in their capitalistic or communistic guises. Yeats feared that the creative elite would be submerged in the levelling, mass values of commercialism, democracy and Marxism. He was particularly concerned that commercialism would mean the pushing down of cultural values to the lowest denominator in the pursuit of profit rather than artistic excellence. Hence a revival of aristocratic ethics was called for. He lamented that "the mere multitude is everywhere with its empty photographic eyes." "A declaration of war on the masses by higher men is called for." "Everywhere the mediocre are coming in order to make themselves master." His appeal was directly to the artist, to the person of culture and taste; as the only criterion that distinguishes the human from the beast, as the philosopher Nietzsche had pointed out. In this spirit, Yeats applauded Nietzschean philosophy as "a counteractive to the spread of democratic vulgarity."

Order from Chaos

One by-product of capitalism and democracy of concern to Yeats was the proliferation of what he regarded as inferior people. Hence he advocated eugenics, or planned human upbreeding, and joined the Eugenics Society. As with his political and cultural views, his eugenic outlook had a mystical basis, relating reincarnation to the 'race soul'. In his poem *Under Ben Bulbin*, Yeats calls

in eugenic terms for “Irish poets” to sing of “whatever is well made” and “scorn the sort now growing up”, “All out of shape from toe to top.”

In 1921, a year prior to Mussolini’s assumption to power in Italy, Yeats had prophesied in his *The Second Coming* the approach of a figure from out of the democratic chaos, a “rough beast” who would settle matters amidst a world where “things fall apart, the centre cannot hold...”

Yeats saw hope in the Fascist triumph in Italy in 1922: “The Ireland that reacts from present disorder is turning its eyes towards individualist Italy.” He briefly supported Gen. Eoin O’Duffy and the Irish Blue Shirts, which sought to establish an organic state, with a corporatist social and economic system along the lines of Catholic social doctrine; which had found a certain expression in Fascist Italy, where representatives were elected by vocational franchise instead of party. However, like Evola, and several other literary figures of the ‘Right’, Yeats remained suspicious of any movement that appealed to the masses, including Fascism.

Yeats died in 1937, generally discontented and distrustful of all political systems.

Mysteries

*moonbeams shimmer control
flames flash dancing
rhythm of flesh pounding earth
seeks entrance to mysteries
unlock the floodgates
unleash the power
web weaves wisdom
heart sighs content*

Moondancer

Embracing the Muse

A. Muse

As pagans, we pride ourselves on being a rather talented lot. We realise that part of what drew us to our respective paths was an appreciation, a recognition, of the forces of creation that infused the lives of our ancestors. Whether we diligently tend our herb gardens, pour laboriously over the decoration of our magickal equipment, spend hours distilling the purest possible oil from some rare Alpine flower, get hot and sticky making a unique and beautiful candle, or plan an important ritual down to the minutest details, we are all performing minor acts of art. We are all minor artists.

Unfortunately, few people, except for our closest friends, and attendant spirits and demons of course, get to see our finished work. While it is not wasted, we are depriving the rest of the world of our goddess-given gifts.

So while we should continue to work our individual magick with dedication, we should also combine our talents and give the world a visible expression of what we pagans are capable of. At the moment, the only such expression in New Zealand is this magazine, but we should go beyond that. Since this magazine is reaching over a hundred like-minded people out there, there must be many with skills and talents that are not being used; or are otherwise engaged in activities that could be foregone.

As a community within a community, we should be producing material made specifically for us. For example, music is one of the most important tools for magick, and also the most immediate way

of connecting with the Eternal. But there is precious little pagan music coming from New Zealanders. If the UK can produce a stunning band like Incubus Succubus, why can't we? All we need to do is gather the right people in one place. And since many of us already gather together in our own respective ways, to perform magick and celebrate the festivals, why not take that opportunity to create music at the same time.

And you don't have to be a virtuoso to make music. If you can thump out a few tunes on a piano, strum a few chords, sing along in a mildly palatable way, or bang away primitively on a drum, you can easily make music. The greatest joy comes when the goddesses and the gods take your humble skills, and choose to speak through them.

Practice makes perfect, as the old saying goes, and a pinch of magick is sure to push it along as well. And once you are perfect, a little pooling of financial resources is all it will take to get the results pressed professionally onto CD.

Music is not the only avenue we have open to us though. Video and film are two areas unexplored in New Zealand. Why should we have to convert (and then endure) the

videos of Gavin and Yvonne Frost to learn how to be a witch, when we have many New Zealand teachers who could make equally good, dare I say better, video presenters, and who could tailor a video specifically for our environment?

Still other avenues exist in the computer world, making a pagan CD-ROM and the like. Or in the art-world, gathering the work of pagan artists and holding an exhibition, or releasing it as a book. The options are as limited as your mind... which, as pagans, is boundless. Right kids?

Embrace the Muse and release our creations upon the world, they've waited long enough.

Note: See coming events – the WANZ Witchmoot could be a great start!
Ed.



A Witchcamp Diary

Anthony Lawless

Friday 21st February

6:30 pm. “A Weekend Honouring the Old Deities and Elemental Powers”. It’s sort of clunky, isn’t it? Brought up on tales of American festivals with fancy multisyllabic titles, I feel strangely let down. When Starhawk’s Reclaiming organization organises this sort of thing, they’re called “witchcamps”. So, that’s what I’ll call this. Mind you, at least the longer name has the advantage of being descriptive - I’d really like to evoke one elemental power right now. Specifically, Asphalta, the Goddess of Traffic. (Don’t laugh. It’s one of those new Californian deities.) Stuck on the Paremata roundabout for a quarter of an hour, I find it difficult to trust in Her benevolence. Further up the coast, we manage to avoid the debacle that is the Paraparaumu lights by manoeuvring through the Kapiti Coast’s suburban side streets - the years I spent wandering them as a bored teenager finally pay off. Out of the way, I think at the oncoming vehicles! Witches on important ritual business coming through! Maybe we should have a siren that plays the Kore chant, or something.

7:15 pm. The Camp. I like it! River, field, interesting rocks, the smell of fresh horse dung... rural New Zealand at its finest. As close as you can get ‘back to nature’ whilst still having hot showers, good food and a warm place to sleep. Also, the best efforts of our magical concentration persuade the rain clouds to go and play somewhere else. Never had any doubts it would work, what with about two dozen magickal types of various descriptions from all over the country. We *don’t* mess around. Contrary to my expectations, there’s hardly any

awkwardness between the Wellingtonians and those from less civilised places, like Auckland. Even I, usually not the world’s most affable person, make three new friends in the course of the first half-hour. Lovely people with strange haircuts. I suppose you *have* to be outgoing in this kind of situation - most of the people here will probably never have seen so many visible pentacles in the one place before.

8:30 pm. My first encounter with the legendary Paula of Dragonspace. The first thing that impresses me is her sweatshirt with the huge pentagram design on it. The second thing is her hairstyle... she tells us later that she went through a ‘green hair’ phase recently. Quite frankly, she didn’t need it. She looks plenty striking with her hair the way it is! Craig in his role of Camp Leader (does that make Lori Camp Mother?) outlines the groundrules well in advance, so we know better than try to interrupt as Paula fills us in on the plans for the evening’s ritual. It probably wouldn’t be possible, anyway - like trying to build a damn across surging rapids. (That’s meant as a compliment, by the way. I’m not used to people who talk faster and more lucidly than me.) I can follow the thread of her explanation - just - as she explains the invocations of ancestors, the initiatory aspects of the ritual, and her rationale for using the ‘traditional’ (i.e. Northern Hemisphere) correspondences of direction - “I like it better this way”. Good on her. That’s a perfectly good excuse.

Midnight. Well, that was... *intense*. As an improvisatory eclectic “kitchen Witch” myself, I’m not quite used to big impressive rituals with expensive incense

and appropriate props, but by all that's holy I'm sure I could get to like this! Twenty of us spiralling around the circle, chanting, whilst each took it in turns to undergo a rather beautiful initiation. With so many of us in the circle, it took a *lot* of spirals before we were done - one estimate is that we ended up dancing about a kilometre and a half. Still, if your religion doesn't keep you fit it can't be a very good religion. I must admit that keeping up the energy through such a long process was sort of beyond me... but at least the stars looked nice. The general sentiment when the ritual came to an end can be judged by the mad scramble to the fruit salad and icecream than ensued. Still... it was a great experience, and we each have lovely power pouches to show for it.



Saturday 22nd February

9:30 am. Breakfast, and plenty of it! Now that's what I like to see! A new friend and I hijack the battered old piano in the main hall and make ourselves very unpopular for a little while. Honestly, you'd think that some people had forgotten this is a religion of mirth as well as reverence... First order of the post-breakfast day is a guided meditation onto a British Columbian beach, complete with authentic pebbles. Clarity of perception is very important to be able to carry off an exercise like this effectively, and it serves as valuable practice for what follows. Our resident "high" magickian, Mikail, introduces us to the (necessarily) basic concepts of Pan-Aeonic Magick. It sounds like the name of an airline, but it's a multi-layered and very intriguing concept. Qabalah, Egyptology and dire warnings against lack of imagination float past as we try to wrap our brains around the detail. You think it sounds too much? Bear in mind this is the *edited* version. As Mikail states, understanding just the Qabalah properly is the work of a lifetime. Still, I'm definitely intrigued by anything this complicated, and look forward to putting it into practise later on.

I spend much of my free time at the river, writing this diary and playing guitar very badly. Until it starts to rain. Then I ransack other people's tape collections and listen to the cricket.

1:15 pm. Massive kudos to the people organising the food! If I really wanted to, there would be absolutely nothing to prevent me from eating myself to death and beyond. Apart from other diners wielding baseball bats, presumably. In taste and quantity, the food is second to none. Unfortunately for my own health, my upbringing has programmed me to not let good food go to waste, so it's a wonder



I didn't put on ten kilos over the weekend. Thank goodness for Cigarettes (tm), the wonder appetite suppressant.

4 pm. Paula again, on the theory and practice of Witchcraft. In the light of day, we get to see the beautiful ritual clothes in all their finery. The little skulls attached to the Earth costume are a lovely touch... as I often state, one of the strengths of the Craft is its willingness to face the darker, less warm-fuzzy aspects of life. It's what separates us from New Age crystal-huggers. A few very interesting moments in the discussion, from the participation of what Paula calls the "baby witches" - one of the men in the audience takes mild exception to Paula's concentration on the feminine Deity, but fortunately it all gets explained again to his satisfaction. This is, of course, a debate that needs to be had more often in the Craft, lest we end up being divided into conservatives and gender-separatists.

9 pm. Why does *everyone* seem to have more impressive ritual gear than me?

The amount of silk robes and impressively carved athames around me is making me very jealous. Honestly, I didn't have clothes this cool when I got my degree. Speaking of which, the lining of Craig's robe is exactly the colour of a Victoria University Commerce graduate's ceremonial dress. Does this have deep inner symbolism? But seriously, it's good to see that Witches continue to be the religion with the best aesthetic sense.

Midnight. Well, Mikail's Pan-Aeonic ritual has come and gone and, unfortunately, I apparently missed most of the really good stuff. Foolish thing that I am, I volunteered to be one of the drummers for the ritual, which entailed me concentrating on keeping time throughout the ritual rather than on the symbolism and energy. Apparently, all around me a fantastically powerful thought form was being created - people were seeing all kinds of impressive astral visions, by their account. I should have remembered the advice that my Territorial Army flatmates - *never volunteer*. The climax of the ritual, however, could not fail to impress even the least psychically sensitive among us - the sacred drama enacted by Lori and Craig, punctuated by freak gusts of wind and the evening's first appearance of the full moon. Intense. So was the food afterwards. Is there no end to the cornucopia of vittles? It would be *such* a pity to waste anything...

After the formal ritual, those of us who felt the need to move some more energy (us poor drummers, for example) went down to the river and spent some time throwing rocks and howling at the moon. Absolutely the antithesis of the tight formality of Mikail's ritual - but I suppose we do need both extremes to produce true power.

Sunday 23rd February

9:30 am. Oh, bloody great. A hangover without the benefit of getting drunk first. Paula warned us that this might happen... apparently, working intense magic stimulates the pancreas, which produces such side effects. I *tried* to ward it off by eating salt the previous night, but it doesn't seem to have worked.

The business of our last morning at Witchcamp is a pathworking on runes, led by the inestimable Craig. Quite possibly this isn't the ideal time, what with us all pretty drained after last night... right now, I wish I was back on that British Columbian beach! Each of us is dealt a rune card - personally, I think runes belong on stones, but I suppose I'm just a reactionary - and then we are expertly led into a meditation on them. Leading us into our centre-space along the path set out by the rune, some very interesting visualisations arise. When we've accessed all the imagery we can, we try to express it with felt pen on paper. Now *this* is where things get messy. Some people are skilled at expressing themselves in the visual arts. I'm not one of them. I'm a musician. If you wanted me to hum a tune from the Otherworld, I'd do that at the drop of a hat, but if I were in normal consciousness I just wouldn't be able to do this. Of course, this isn't normal consciousness. The spirit takes over, and the pen moves upon the face of the paper... somehow. It's not pretty and my conscious mind can't understand it when we emerge from trance, but that in itself is probably significant. Other people have drawn diagrams of the universe or beautiful spontaneous poetry. I half-seriously suspect them of cheating.

Afterwards, I look up what my symbol meant in the Big Book O' Runes. To my complete lack of surprise, considering what's been going on in my life for the last few months, it's CHANGE.

2:00 pm. Everything winds down smoothly. We take the stones which formed the ritual circle back down to the riverbed. Myself and other valiant gourmands do our level best to ensure that no food goes wasted, or at least uneaten. I'm laying in stores of fat for when I go home to our empty fridge. I wander down to the river to do my final groundings. The weekend has been so lovely... the good vibes produced by so many dangerous and powerful magickians of various traditions in a beautiful confined space will stay with us for ages after, I believe. This is what we mean when Witches talk about "between the worlds" - carving out one's own reality in whatever space is available to be truly human. The campsite is littered with partings, hugs, exchanges of addresses and phone numbers, and promises to do this again as soon as practicable.

Just as I'm explaining the workings of the I Ching to one of my new friends, the car-horn beeps and my ride leaves. Leaving the Camp based in beautiful sunshine, I mentally bring myself back into normal consciousness... it's a strain. Driving home along the thankfully uncongested coastal highway comes as a bit of a culture shock - we're moving back into what I call the Real World of Horrible Jobs. But the weekend's going to stick in the memory for a long time - a memory which we can call on to get us through those dull, depressing, unspiritual days ahead. Yes, I know that's quite depressing, but that's what it's like coming down from such a high. But, as we say in the Craft - merry meet, merry part, and (hopefully) merry meet again.

When I get home, my flatmates want to know what the hell I've been doing all weekend. Their guesses range from nude orgies to mass sacrifice of farm animals. I try to explain that it was actually much more fun than that...

An Open Letter

Amenkephra

*To any interested person(s) or lodge that may wish to interact with the **Shadow Temple** in Dunedin.*

*The **Shadow Temple** is a dark temple in the half light of inbetweenness, situated in the city from which set sail the doomed ship of the Lovecraft mythos. The ship's crew came to a most wretched end when they chanced upon that most primal sleeping death of the deep ones named Cthulhu.*

The members of the temple are few indeed, and welcome any sea-faring or land-travelling magickians that pass this way.

Sharing a night of howling and invocation or a longer stay with the necromancers and typhonian tunnel explorers may well forge a not so distant relationship with the spirit of the mad Arab himself.

*The **Shadow Temple** shares the formula of $0=2$. The magus has divided himself and has become the Fool. In this folly is the first degree of the temple initiation.*

At the heart of the temple is the flame of black light. It is here the babbling baboon of the Holy Guardian Angel gives way to the Holy Guardian Demon – this is the mystery of the second degree.

The third and final degree of initiation is the shadow of the universe, the neither neither.

Welcome we say welcome. Your time of and energy, passion and power, and life's blood will not be wasted on the trivia of the world, but very much appreciated, in fact cherished in the magick of madness and mystery down through the ages, the heavens, the hells.

Contact may be made through CircleCaster.

Paganism On-The-Edge: A Bird's Eye View

Su

To many the idea of staying three days and two nights in a tent on a tiny island off the coast of Dunedin is not the ideal way to spend a long weekend in April, especially when the snow in Dunedin is down to 700m the day before. It certainly didn't appeal to the woman who sold me the bed roll I was going to get extremely attached to over the weekend. But air tickets had been booked since February, and the thought of a little snow was not going to deter me from the prospect of a weekend of adventure - full moon rituals, high magick rituals, shamanic mask making and totem dancing. I did pack a few extra pairs of socks and a hot water bottle though, just in case.

We were met at the airport by our hosts, warmly greeted and taken on a quick tour of Dunedin. Spending the night in the Shaman's Shack made us feel as though the adventure had begun (at least we got to practice using our sleeping bags in a civilised setting before the real event got under way).

Friday, some time around 9.00am...

We awoke to the sound of the rain on the roof, and discovered that we had been joined by the Wellington witches who had been crazy enough to drive down, and who had arrived at some unearthly hour of the morning - around 5.30am. During breakfast, and for the next few hours, we sat around in front of a blazing fire and bemoaned the weather. Was it too wet to get over to the island? Considering we had only a couple of kayaks and a leaky dinghy,



the state of the weather was to play an important role.

At 12.00 noon we went down to the beach, and proceeded to do some Enochian chanting in some fantastic water-carved caves in the rock. All this in broad daylight, much to the interest of the occasional passer-by and their dogs. We decided that our hosts were going to have to change their names and move after the weekend was over, sure to have been branded 'weirdos' by the locals. We agreed that even if the weather hampered our attempts to get to the island, and we ended up having to do our rituals on the mainland, it would have been worth the effort to get here just to see the caves and the beautiful beach.

4.00pm...

The remainder of our group arrived from Whangarei around 1.30pm, and we decided it was worth having a go at the

crossing. The first person to try the kayak ended up unceremoniously dumped in the drink. Although funny at the time, it didn't help confidence any, and for a while it looked as though half our group were going to end up on the island and half left behind. Not a very effective way of holding a ritual, unless half attended in the astral. However, thanks to the superhuman efforts of our host, who rowed each one of us (and our mountains of luggage - amazing what you need for just two nights camping) across in the dinghy one by one, by 9.00pm we had all arrived safely. The area we chose to camp in was a clearing among large pines - the perfect spot for our canvas and ritual circle. It was also wonderfully sheltered from the wind.

10.00pm...

We held our moon ritual under her full glow; in the midst of a clear, starry night

sky. The ritual had an ethereal beauty; and for me, playing the part of the maiden goddess was an honour.

Saturday 7.30am...

Most of us managed to drag ourselves out of the comfort of our sleeping bags at an appallingly early hour, given the lateness of the night before, in order to witness the sunrise in the east and pay homage to Ra. The sunrise was spectacular, and the weather looked promising for the day ahead.

Many traditions were born during the weekend, the first being the 'greatest/best/most' tradition. The first to receive an honorary title was 'best porridge maker', for efforts given at breakfast. Since the remainder of the day was devoted to mask making for the coming night's ritual, there was an inevitable 'best mask maker', although the competition was fierce. The brief was simple - make a mask to represent your totem animal. From this, many imaginative creations sprang forth - there were all manner of creatures, including birds, bears, tigers, and several unnamed beings. People lavished an amazing amount of effort on their masks, given that their final resting place was to be the ritual fire. Still, it was unanimously voted that one creation which was constructed from twigs, leaves, stones, shells and even an old beer can found lying on the beach was the overall winner. It was an impressive work of art, reminiscent of an African tribal mask. If nothing else, it would keep the ritual fire ablaze for a while.

7.00pm...

Donning cloaks and robes, there was intense excitement about the coming ritual. It was to be in two parts, the first *The Qabalistical Invocation of Solomon* (from Eliphaz Levi in *Rituel de la Haute Magie*), and the second - the wearing and

dancing of our totem masks. Again the weather was behaving perfectly.

What else can be said but that the ritual was spectacular - the beating drums and wild dancing built up phenomenal energy! Afterwards we hung around the fire drinking homemade fire water (whisky), and making extravagant claims - after all, who wanted to go to bed after an experience like that! Most found that dancing their totem was a wonderfully freeing experience whilst wearing a mask - people were able to let go and really get into it because of the anonymity, and the sight of about a dozen cloaked figures wearing masks and dancing around a large fire was surreal!

Sunday...

We decided to get our gear across the water as soon as possible, and our 'superman' sprang into action as soon as the tide was right. Several hours later we were all deposited in front of a warm fire with hot soup. Conversation ranged from the planning of our next 'extreme' pagan gatherings - caving in the Wairarapa followed by spending a night on the edge of a volcano - to 'what satanists do'. We were all looking forward to reacquainting ourselves with the delights of civilisation - dining out, sleeping on real beds, and having hot showers - even using real toilets rather than the communal trowel! Some left under cover of night, as is appropriate for witches, to make their way home by car. Others flew out (also apt) the next day. I spent Monday indulging my consumer desires by shopping and sightseeing in Dunedin.

It was a weekend I will never forget, and one that I would gladly take on again. The hospitality of our hosts, the beauty of the area, and the energy and enthusiasm of the people who took part made it a rewarding and enriching experience.

Thank you to all who were involved.
Blessed Be.

Once In A Blue Moon...

Quicksilver

“Good morning, good morning, what a beautiful morning, the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the Goddess is alive, get out of bed and have some fun!” was the wake up call to the beating of the drum, with hugs freely given, to calm shattered nerves. Rocks were selected to form circles from the ever flowing river at the bottom of the hill near our cabins. The water was warm, the food plentiful and the company just great. Freedom – at last I could do and be, without fear of offending my family, like the Phoenix I had been born out of the fire.

The first ritual was a deeply moving experience, taking on the responsibility of who I was, Witch and Goddess, under the watchful eye of the ancient ones and my ancestors as I was cloaked and sent on my way. The moon was glowing, pulsating with pride as we danced and sang until we dropped. Much preparation had gone into the costumes and backdrop which were explained to us the next day. Some complained of headaches, these were explained as the opening of the pituitary gland – salt was prescribed to help close things down when we grounded after rituals, not just lashings of icecream, pie and sauce. A lesson well learned and now successfully put into use.

During the first meditation we were handed a stone to keep, sent over especially from a beach on Vancouver Island. This changed my perception. Canada is obviously a spectacular place, waves gently lapping, sea snakes thin and fast, the smell of trees tall and wise, a wonderful experience! Next day we walked a rune pathway. Each of us were given a rune to act as a key to open a doorway, and paper on which to draw



what we were seeing. The different interpretations were beyond all limits. Teaching was also given on Magick and Witchcraft, with some very challenging questions being raised, e.g. “Where is the Goddess in Magick?”

The second ritual was explained and we were all given parts to play, everyone was right on cue on the night which meant a most dramatic taste of high magick was accomplished. We brought Kundalini from the depths of her cave. The drums worked in rhythm with the call of the circle, she came forth, mouth wide open to be clamped by the spider from the sky. The Goddess Nuit spoke with an echo from the past to reveal that death equals life.

This was a new beginning, Witches and Magickians sharing each other's craft. Personally I had my life turned upside down, filled with wisdom, love, fun and laughter. “She changes everything she touches, and everything she touches changes!” If you missed this weekend, don't worry, there are more to come, but be prepared to be woken with a drum roll and a shout – look out world the Goddess is about.

THE DISABLOT

ORTHIA

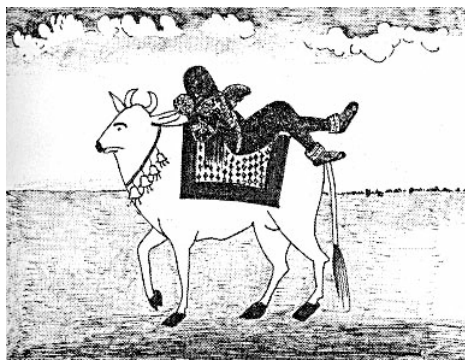
**Order Of The Deorc Fyre
(1997 era vulgaris)**

In today's world of image conscious paganism and new neo-breeds of Wicca, attempts are made to recreate, and invent a moralistic pagan past. Many pagans, beset with contemporary standards and morality, wishfully believe that sacrifice, both human and animal, was not part of pagan culture. As a result, their consumer brands of paganism are often devoid of any integrity or relevance, because they choose to ignore what was, in fact, an integral element of all forms of the pagan mysteries.

In the Iron Age practice of Viking religion, sacrifices of hung warriors were given to the Aesir god Odin, while blood sacrifices were offered to Thor, and at an earlier period of history, to Tyr/Twisto. In Celtic religions, religious rituals such as those that invoked the dark god Crom Cruaich required an altar to be covered completely with human blood, while the entrails would be used for augury. One of the most famous forms of pagan sacrifice was the notorious wickermen, in which hundreds of victims were packed and then set alight.

The sacrifices most pertinent to this discussion are those offered to the Dark Goddess, the disablot. Two of the most familiar forms from the Northern mysteries were the crushing of victims beneath new boats, to sanctify them, and to win the favour of Ran, the stormy aspect of the goddess Hela. The second example are the offerings to Hela, who were first strangled, and then left to descend into Hel, by sinking into Denmark's all enveloping peat-bogs.

What is most significant to consider



about human sacrifice is that, throughout its history, the victims were invariably male; and it is only under the patriarchal influence of this present culture that this has changed in the common mind. In the worship of both Kali and Shiva, by law only male animals were offered, while the thuggees, the Kali-worshipping thugs of central India, would only kill men, and women had nothing to fear from them; a point that was, inevitably, lost on the makers of the pulp Indiana Jones movies. The priestesses of Artemis, at Taurus, would sacrifice all men who happened to land on their shore, nailing their heads to crosses. While at Hierapolis, her victims would be hung on artificial trees within her temple.

The ancient, and trans-cultural, belief in the sacrificial use of male victims, and the sanctity of females, appears to be based on the understanding that, to ensure the fertility of a biological group a high supply of females is necessary, whereas males are expendable; and indeed, too many males in a single group may prove to be detrimental to the gene-pool, or breeding stock.

This same tenant appears in England's sinister traditions, maintained into the present by some magickal groups, where a young male was chosen for sacrifice every seventeen years to ensure cosmic balance. The offer was made an honorary

priest, and would have intercourse with the Priestess as a symbol of the Hiera Gamos, or sacred marriage between goddess and god. He was then sacrificed, usually through decapitation, to the dark goddess, Baphomet, and his head would be displayed for, usually, a night and a day. In death, the offer would become immortal, part of the cosmos, and so the sacrifice was often undergone willingly.

This method of sacrifice immediately recalls the veneration of the head in both Celtic, and Nordic mystery religions, in which the decapitated head would become a source of wisdom, and prophecy. Similarly, men being dedicated to the goddess Artemis were cut on the neck, a vestige of the previous use of beheading, and something which is still imitated with the practice of knighting. Even in the biblical record, we find the story of John the Baptist, whose death by beheading was brought about by his lover, the sacred prostitute Salome.

Although in many sacrificial rites the victim was willing, not nearly as willing was another seasonal sacrifice, known as the Barley Dream, which has Somerset origins. The victim (sacrificial king) would be brought into a field of corn, made to drink a draught containing cannabis, belladonna, and various other hallucinogenic plants, and then his wrists would be cut. Then, while in this phantasmagorical state, he would slowly dream himself into the corn, merging with the goddess. It is interesting to consider that, whereas men had to die to ensure the fertility of the land, women could do exactly the same during menstruation. It was held that a menstruating woman could protect a field of crops by walking around it, or simply exposing her genitals within it.

The seasonal killing of the corn-king is, a wide-spread cultural fixture, as the role of king was seen as temporal, and

ultimately subject to the *wyrd* of the goddess. Its most suitably Helish form occurred as the Liebestod, Love-Death. The Liebestod took place when the temporary consort of the goddess, or goddess-incarnate, was no longer needed by the eternal goddess, when his *heill* or *gaefa* (his divine force) became exhausted, and she would kill him. The most famous example is Atilla the Hun, who is seen as Atli/Etzel in the Nibelungen saga. He married Queen Gimhild, the Dark Goddess Hela made manifest, but on their wedding night, she killed him, leaving the wedding bed soaked in his blood.

A second form of sacrifice is the self-sacrifice, a ritual suicide. The perceived realism of the modern world, and of modern Satanism, has engendered the attitude that death is a negation of all life. This is evident in the image-conscious Satanism of America, where in an attempt to improve public image, proponents vehemently deny any interest, or relevance in death, choosing instead, to enact a pretence of revelling in life.

A Satanist however, while revelling in life, also realises the cyclic regenerative nature of death. Death is understood as inevitable, necessary, and most importantly, the formula to creation of a new life, or rather the continuation of the current life in a new state. Therefore if someone should feel that it is indicative of their *wyrd* to leave this level of existence, they do so, and with the appropriate amount of ceremony. The ultimate disablot is one in which the offerer is also the offering.

The disablot is not necessarily something that needs to be held up as a central act, but rather, acknowledged for its place in traditional paganism. Where the cycles of life, and death, and the Death Goddess, were not mere abstractions, as they often are today.

Life - On Life's Terms

Fleetwind

Getting up in the morning is not always the easiest thing to do. Between the real personal pressures, the real woes of the world and the fears and worries fabricated by a stressed mind it's not surprising that so many people just give up.

And of course, giving up comes in many flavours, from the radical solution of suicide through to the 'death of the soul' - apathy, disinterest and fatalism with a wide variety of chemically and non-chemically induced states of uselessness in between.

The validity of the case for 'giving up' is such that it is becoming more and more difficult to find the motivation to look beyond the obvious and find a reason for living that holds up in today's world. It would be great if our society could pull itself up by the bootstraps and restore 'quality', but I'm sure not holding my breath. The fact of the matter is that the solution has to be found within.

Having started a journey some ten years ago, a journey that began at the end ("is this the beginning of the end, no it's the end of the beginning") of life as I could bear it, I have evolved a number of personal truths, fundamental to my survival as a human being.

The first key truth is that we have choices, and that every day can be a new beginning. This elicits a torrent of "yeh, buts" when presented to the drowning person, the one being sucked under by the crud of their day-to-day-life, but if the crud is bad enough, letting go of it and all that it entails becomes possible. What I'm getting at is that no matter how bad our circumstances are there is

a degree of comfort in the familiarity of the situation which is hard to give up. If the 'impossible' circumstances are largely psychological or emotional, while still materially comfortable (as was in my own case), letting go and taking a step into the unknown can be absurdly difficult. Ultimately though, it comes down to the fact that unless a change is made, no change will be made (yup, it's that simple!).

So back to suicide. If letting go of *what* is happens to be too hard then it's a case of deciding to either continue with an intolerable quality of life or end it. As a pagan there are a few problems with the suicide route, but nothing insurmountable as far as I'm concerned. The standard response that suicide just puts off dealing with the issue until another life is interesting, but firstly, it's deep rationalisation that the suicidally inclined are unlikely to be real interested in, and secondly, there's always the hope that the circumstances under which the issue has to be dealt with will be more favourable. The other one from Wiccans, about suicide conflicting with the Wiccan Rede is unlikely to keep anyone alive either - only a true Wiccan would follow the Rede to this extent, and a true Wiccan is on a spiritual path that provides spiritual fulfilment rendering suicide unnecessary (I've always liked circumlocutive logic - a Wiccan won't be interested in suicide, a person who commits suicide can't be a Wiccan). So anyway, if it's bad enough to kill yourself over, but still good enough to be unwillingly to take a few personal risks to bring about change, then I guess

you've just got to do what you've got to do. On the other hand, once the absurdity of the last statement starts to make sense, then change. The tragedy is that so frequently suicide takes place as an act of desperation rather than choice, and the next moment in which the power to change was to become available, is lost.

The next great truth is about the composition of a human being. I have developed the 'full can' theory. That at all times a person consists of 100% of whatever they are. In the sick individual, the one that can't get up in the morning, the ingredients may leave a lot to be desired - it will be a slushy mix of fear, resentment, anger and self-pity, all nurtured in the belief that the world has failed to deliver, that certain 'rights' have been denied, that talents and worth have been overlooked. In a healthy individual the contents of the can will be a balance of the physical (physical well-being, health, sexual expression, etc), emotional (love of self and others, compassion, sensitivity), intellectual (higher thought, invention), spiritual (a relationship with the creative force, with deity), cultural (an awareness of community and heritage, expressed in art or craft) and socio-political (a sense of how we work and play together nicely). And all of these must be nurtured within and expressed without. All of them. Not necessarily all at once, and not necessarily immediately, but the absence of any, or even a marked imbalance over any reasonable period of time, will seriously hamper personal wellbeing. And it is a process of replacement, when a much loved defect of character is set free, it **will** be replaced with a new, usually more desirable, characteristic, just as the

implementation of a more desirable attribute, **by action not force of will**, will displace a negative attribute, so the can is always full.

The final key is an understanding of scale. Our circumstances vary, our personal resources vary. The pain that one person will endure before suicide or change may be far greater, or less, than another. The tangible aspects of one person's unacceptable lifestyle may be quite different to those of another. Making good/bad, better/worse judgements with respect to another person's quality of life is meaningless. Likewise, the magnitude of the change necessary to make the difference varies. And finally the mode and magnitude of expression will vary. The guts of this way of life is simply that change must be desired, that it is a process of integration as a whole person, and that it is a process of action.

In practice, this is a broad path. Initially I wafted around the edges of Christianity, then spent a bunch of years working a pretty free-form version of something distinctly patriarchal and monotheistic, and over the last few years I have embraced Witchcraft and various other aspects of the occult. It is with this later spiritual path that the process has evolved from a practical case of 'if I do this then I will get this result' to a clearly understood and internalised way of life

My own way of life is based on the fact that the only thing I can truly know is me. My knowledge of others is based solely on my observation of their reactions to me. In a practical sense, I have adopted a lifestyle based on absolute selfishness. This is moderated by a fundamental self-preservation and a spiritual path that requires that I seek

knowledge of the gods' will for me and the power to carry that out. So, in seeking for myself, I cannot unduly harm others, as that will ultimately cause problems in my own life. I act in a manner that I believe, through prayer and meditation, is consistent with the wishes of the god's. Finally I do things for and with others that they may perceive as 'generous' or 'good', in the knowledge that doing so will enhance my wellbeing. Expressed in this way it all sounds pretty cold and manipulative, but in real life that's not how it happens - it is just the underlying truth, a truth that strips self-deception. What you have is, in fact, a well defined implementation of the Wiccan Rede or other great foundation, 'Do what thou Wilt is the Whole of the Law, Love Is The Law, Love Under Will'. I don't know what makes a 'good person' or a 'bad person', but I do know that I am at my best when I am true to myself and living at no one else's expense.

It is this desire to be true to myself, and to know the truth of myself, that I consider to be the deepest of my occult workings. The occult, the hidden, and what is more hidden than our essential being. The ritual and the sharing with others has provided new and wonderful openings. I have been involved in numerous rituals, with various groups of people and I soon learned that the quickest way to ensure the failure of a working is to pass judgement on the effectiveness of the ritual - it has often been hours, days or weeks later that I have truly grasped what transpired, and often there is an immediate outcome, followed later by a deeper, more personal result.

On this journey I have found many skills and talents that I have been able to exercise and evolve. It is an exciting

way to live, acknowledging no limits until they are reached, and even giving them only temporary status. It takes the pressure off the future too - on the one hand there is the knowledge that whatever comes along can be changed, and on the other there's the confidence that whatever comes along can be dealt with. Planning a 'comfortable' future based on today's conception of what would be good ceases to be meaningful.

In all of this there is a most extraordinary freedom. I am free to lead or to follow, but to always be involved in life. No longer is there the need to find vicarious pleasure or fulfilment.

Far from finding an answer to the question of life, the universe and everything (although I'm pretty comfortable with the conceptions I'm working with today), I have found a way to see today as a time and place I want to be. The process has been derived from a variety sources and there have been many teachers on the way, but I believe it to be sustainable and repeatable, regardless of the reasons for seeking such a path, or the individual circumstances. It is a system that frees and empowers the individual, eliminating all irrational fear and 'victim' response. It is by no means an easy path - accepting absolute responsibility for every choice (even being aware of every choice) can be a little tedious, but the rewards are immeasurable.

The only catch, and it gets me far more frequently than I care to admit, is that this way of life is one of action. The theory is great, but until it is put into practice the results are nil. I cannot believe the days I have wasted wallowing around in the bogs of self-pity and dishonesty while consciously ignoring my choices.

Being a mere mortal can really get you down sometimes!

Practical Magic

Twilight Toadsong

Our bones are breaking, our arteries are clogging, our minds are closing. Lightning fast processing, call waiting and mobile phones haven't helped our tolerance or patience. Many of us now fly into a rage at having to wait at all. We seem to have no capacity to tolerate discomfort on any level.

With all the aids there are to 'help' us through life, it seems as if these are aids are, in fact, crippling us.

As a witch I often receive requests for help. Usually they are along the lines of...

I want...

him/her to love me
to pass my test
to get a job/ win Lotto
have revenge on my ex
to get rid of this nasty cough

...

My usual response to requests like these is to suggest action. Make physical contact with the object of your desire and frankly let him/her know that you are interested, get out the books and study, get out of bed early in the morning and go to interviews, buy a lotto ticket, live a successful life, quit smoking.

I use magick as the last act of a series of actions. I find that unless physical action is taken first, the necessary energy gained through singleness of purpose will be lacking and the results of the magick will be, at best, flabby.

Knowing when to use magick, and when to leave it, begins to come with practice. Magick seems, at times, to be used as a crutch and an excuse for failing to take personal responsibility.

Over a period of time I believe that magick abused in this way will further deplete the

practitioner, making the hoped for results amount to dust.

We are an instant gratification society, with our ability to be patient and still being constantly eroded.

This is seriously detrimental to the witch who finds great power in the ability to be patient and be silent.

We are also often too quick in attempting to end the pain of others or within ourselves.

We have pain for a reason. Physical, emotional or spiritual pain is almost always saying 'STOP'. Stop whatever it is that you are doing that is causing the pain. Immediately. If anyone had succeeded in prematurely ending my emotional and spiritual suffering before it had time to teach me, I probably would not have survived. To end your own or another's suffering before the pain has done its job is to deny one of life's great gifts.

Every request for help is a challenge. A plea to hex someone? Usually a spell to transform and release anger is more appropriate.

Attempting to leave my ego out of each situation, while knowing that a well exercised ego is required to even entertain the idea that I can help another, let alone perform magick, is one of the many ironies found along the witch's way.

Some of the lessons I have learned as a practising witch are:

The Goddess is.

Action is powerful magick

Pain is not necessarily bad.

Light and dark are not good and evil.

A witch that cannot hex, cannot heal.

Merry meet and merry part and merry meet again.



PRINCE OF DARKNESS: A Heretical Topography

(Order Of The Deorc Fyre. 1996ev)

“Then from the ground the earth split wide, exhaling breath-wet and musty-warm. Were it not for tomorrow yesterday would never end!”

Satan is the intoxication of life: a fierce and ecstatic joy that is present in all sentient life. He is the Earthbound God, The Dark Lord of the causal universe, and the emissary of the Darkness that waits beyond the matrix of illusion. All matter contains, to a lesser or greater degree, the Dark energies that brought life into existence; and it is these Dark and savage forces that are personified by The Lord of the Earth. Moreover, it is this Darkness, both within the cosmos and Humanity itself, that inspires and drives those rare

individuals ‘beyond the common measure’ to the celestial destiny of Civilisation and its new worlds beyond the stars.

Since Neolithic times, He has stirred the supernatural fires of sorcery and terror. Satan is part of our collective psychology and is as fundamental to our being as we are to His! The Swiss psychoanalyst, Carl Jung, pointed to those who do not know Nature as being neurotic; unaware of reality from whence sprung The Devil. Jung goes further, to explain that Satan is a ‘racial memory’: an atavism of earlier times when the Human race was closer to the land. Consequently, it is this connection with the carnal, the innate,

that draws adherents to Satanism. He cannot be separated from that which gave life to Humanity; for as long as the world exists so too shall Satan.

Nevertheless, it is this carnality, which in its Dionysiac form, is a powerful attractant to adherents: it is the corporal, sensual and ebullient nature of the Left Handed Path that is intuitively recognised by those who are drawn to Satanism. For Satanism is a paganistic 'presencing' of the awe and joyousness of the primal - of physical existence itself. The promise that is the jewel of Becoming realised through temporal and divine delights. And because Satan is identified with sensuality He is, by association, reaffirming existence; it is this profane aspect that is the most satisfying emotionally and intellectually. In the dark history of the Human race, it is The Devil who offers His allies a way forward. It is, in this sense, the purpose of all sinister works of magick: to 'draw-forth' from the earth that which exists in empathy with Nature. Through Him, sinister energies are 'earthed' and adherents attain the attendant benefactions of insight and liberation: for it is He that proffers the fruits of existence; so that we, as numinous beings, are able to rejoice in the experience of all things. In this way we, as individuals, may truly come to know ourselves.

Since the reformation, The Devil has been a symbol of resistance against the hegemonic forces which seek to subordinate and exploit the Wyrd of Western civilisation; and as the thorn in the side of orthodoxy, The Devil is a fitting standard to be borne with nobility by those who are defiant and proud. The word Devil is derived from the Greek, 'diabolus', for 'the accuser'.

Thus, the gifts of Satan can be understood tangibly as liberation from hegemonic tyranny and the celebration of life and all that strengthens and enriches.

As Satan embodies the physicality of existence, so too does He re-present those forces which restore cosmic balance through destruction and renewal. The Prince of Darkness, is the destroyer of the diseased, the weak and degenerate - He is the lightning-bolt that ignites the cosmic fire of change from which arises a new and divine race of Beings.

'For Hel is in the secret untamed places of the earth; and to savour life in all its sadness, and joy, terror and beauty, is to profoundly presence The Prince of Darkness in our everyday world.'



Shamanki...

Shamanki Sisters & Consorts,
Hearty Greetings!

So good did it do this Shamanki's heart
to break bread and break bones with the
tribe again. It had been too long!

The tribal gathering is the Shamanki's
heart blood. We were once again able to
retell the ancient stories of our Great
Mothers, to dance our sacred dances, to
sing our songs of power, to hunt and to
let our wild selves run free.

One or two of the consorts got over-
excited and were swiftly laid out cold by
their Shamanki women with stout clubs,
and believe me, it does take a very stout
club to lay out a Shamanki consort for
even a short while – very rugged and
hard are they, used to life with the
Shamanki.

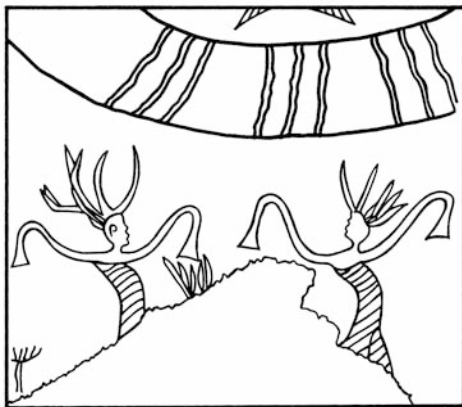
We now have new songs to sing and
stories to tell after our tribal gathering,
to weave into our ancient tradition.

Some scenes of the weekend this
Shamanki will remember to keep her
heart happy till the next gathering.

Our beautiful and wise sister from
Whangarei, always the one who has in
her pouch all the things her sisters have
not, and she does share them with a
good heart. Her consort is well behaved
and carries good fire water at all times,
with which to appease Shamanki thirst.

A sister so overcome with joy at being at
the great fire, to dance the ancient
dances, she does hurl herself headfirst
on a hard rock to sleep awhile so as not
to explode with happiness.

Our sister from Dunedin preparing and
dying the cornmeal for our rites –
wonderful she looked, serene and a



Shamanki of many colours, topped with
hair of flame. Her consort is very
experienced, will work from sunup to
sundown without complaint and with
no need for sleep. Very wise is he in the
ways of the Shamanki.

The beauty of the sisters after the ritual
tattoo session.

The young 'would be consort' of
Shamanki – still alive after the
gathering – a good sign.

My consort, eyes shining with pride
from tattooed face as he hands me a
fresh kill which I may turn to any
purpose my Shamanki soul desires.

The sun sets, turning sky and water
blood red, a colour well loved by
Shamanki everywhere.

The familiar warmth of Shamanki and
consorts under the hides at night.

Happy are the Shamanki that run
together, happy are the consorts that run
with us.

Yours horribly,

Amanita Raptor

*Editors note: As Shamanki is a verbal
tradition there has been no agreement on
spelling of the term – the spelling used is that
of the individual contributor.*

Babes in the Woods

Karen

A weekend of high magick and shamanism.

After a brutal, yes truly, a brutal drive through the night in sub-zero temperatures we arrived at our destination at about 5.30 am. The destination being a small sleepy coastal hamlet, from which we could see the uninhabited island on which we would spend the next few days. Judging it too early to descend upon our hosts, we drove on until we found a MacDonald's and got ourselves some breakfast.

On returning to the hamlet, we discovered that most of our companions had arrived and that discussions were under way concerning transportation to the island. The weather was judged to be a bit rough for inexperienced kayakers, so we decided to wait a while and see if the wind calmed down a bit. The stiff breeze was making the sea quite choppy. While we were waiting we walked down to the beach with drums and did some drumming and chanting based on an Enochian tablet. As I'm a Wiccan not a High Magickian the explanation of the complex tablet was little over my head, but us Wiccans just love an opportunity to drum and chant.

After this the task of ferrying people and baggage over to the island began. When one person managed to overturn his kayak, we decided to turn to the dinghy. The attempted sacrifice had failed; the sea god threw him back! It was quite late in the day by the time we all got over to the island. Happily those who had arrived first had occupied themselves in putting up all the tents. When it was my turn to cross the tide had gone nearly all the way out. The dinghy got stuck on a sandbank about halfway over. It was off with the boots, on

the with the pack and a wade through nearly 500m of freezing cold knee deep water. By the time I got to the beach my feet were totally numb so I didn't bother putting the boots back on.

After a brief supper it was time to prepare for the first ritual. This was a full moon ritual, written by a magickian who I was given to understand had previously been a Wiccan. It was certainly something that the witches present could relate to. Three women representing the Maiden, the Mother and the Crone, invoked the three aspects of the Goddess, tracing out the moon symbols on the ground with rice, milk and salt. Each person present invoked the Goddess personally using a wand, then shared from a silver chalice of consecrated water in which the moon's light was reflected. The night sky had turned perfectly clear, and at the high point of the ritual the full moon sat atop the tallest tree surrounding our clearing - at the back of the altar. It was a lovely night. It was also *really* cold!



When the ritual was over a very weary bunch of pagans went to their beds. I for one was bloody knackered. I must confess I slept right through the next morning's sunrise ritual. (Blush).

Once I did manage to drag myself from the comfort and warmth of my sleeping bag, it was time to explore my surroundings. Two things were immediately evident, there were no hot showers and the toilets comprised a trowel and your choice of convenient bush.

Having breakfasted I decided to circumnavigate the island with a companion. Today's mission - to gather what you will to make your mask for the coming evening's ritual. Well, having walked nearly half way around the island, the day had got really hot. Under layers of wool and polypropylene heat exhaustion was threatening, so we decided to take a short cut. Ha! We're not lost, its the campsite that's lost! Under bush over briar, through the prickles, they're getting higher!

Phew! Made it back just in time to discover that our highly respected High Magickian and Shaman host was also a world champion campfire cook. His apple and rice pudding will live on in memory and in legend. Yum!

The rest of the afternoon was whiled away in mask creation. Using a cardboard base I decided to go with a "forest spirit" theme using pine needles, assorted other leaves and lichens, and some very pretty red berries. I was very pleased with the overall effect. The mask making experience was amazing. Everybody had basically the same materials, cardboard, a bit of paint and glue, plus what ever could be found on island - feathers, shells, and leaves. The variety and brilliance of the masks was stunning!

While the masks were being made one of

our number started to paint designs on peoples' faces. By the end to the afternoon nearly everyone had some sort of design on their face. The paint lasted most of the weekend. I went for a green Celtic spiral on each cheekbone.

Our hosts went to a lot of trouble for this ritual, part high magick, part shamanic. The high magick part came first. The qabalistic Tree of Life had been laid out on the ground using sand and dyed cornmeal. It was very impressive. This part of the ritual involved reciting the key of Solomon. A few of witches who felt very strongly that the Qabalah was not part of their path chose not to participate in this section. I was one of them so I can't tell you what it was like.

I can however tell you about the next bit. We had started seated around the fire, once the Tree of Life section of the ritual had been completed, we put on our masks in a separate small ritual which involved a mirror so we could see by candlelight what they looked like when worn. While this was happening people were drumming and dancing around the fire. Then we retreated to the edge of the circle and one by one we danced the spirit of the mask around and around the fire. At the climax of the dance the mask was torn off and thrown into the fire and grieved for. It was an awesome experience.

The following day was spent packing up and ferrying people and baggage back to the mainland. Su made a truly amazing lunchtime soup out of a potato and an onion skin. (The food was the last thing to come back from the island.) After lunch, good-byes were said and many trundled homeward. I awaited the next day's drive with no small feeling of trepidation.

Nevertheless I'm back home now and all in one piece. Would I do it again? You betcha!

The Way of Lady Chithonos

Sindur Hrafn

From the inception of what could be described as 'Pagan' beliefs, and up to the present, there have been traditions that follow a system that can be summarised as *The Way of Lady Chithonos*. That is, the way of the Underworld Goddess of Death and Regeneration, in all Her myriad manifestations and guises. The Helish Tradition, to which this author belongs, is one such vein of the greater Way, and is thus a suitable form with which to introduce it.

Adherents of the Helish Tradition follow the way of the Norse goddess Hela, the Germanic Queen of the Dead and the Underworld. She acts as patron, initiatrix and regeneratrix, in that She teaches Her followers directly, initiates them into Her mysteries, and, through this initiation, and the subsequent passages of learning, regenerates them. This path is mirrored in life and death, where the souls of the dead return to the womb of the Goddess, from whence they came, to be reborn into another life.

Those that pursue this path can be best described as Dark Shamans, as the Dark Goddess is reached through techniques, both ancient and modern, of Shamanism. The followers of the Goddess are a select few, they are those that respond to Her call to step outside the present and to return to the primal basis of existence. For beneath all that exists is Her. The call of the Goddess can come in a manner of ways. Some have felt an affinity with the Divine Feminine all their life and so find the Goddess with the greatest of ease, for others She may come unannounced following great trauma or ecstasy, and

yet others are brought to Her by Her representatives on this causal plain whose role it is to seek out those few who are born of the Goddess; even if they are not aware of it.

There are a number of ways with which to literally 'touch' the Goddess, to actually meet and interact with Her. In the traditional Shamanism of the Nordic, and Asiatic, peoples a number of natural hallucinogens and inebriants were used. The most popular and prominent of these was the Fly Agaric mushroom (*Amanita Muscaria*), a large red-capped mushroom that has become well-known for its depiction in faery tales. Another mushroom that was used throughout Norway, Sweden and Finland, is a species of *Psilocybin*, the most potently hallucinogenic of all mushrooms. Also used were hops which were used in brewing alcoholic drinks, and the Norse epics abound with descriptions of the Mead of Inspiration and other sacred drinks which gave insight, and inspired skalds and shamans.

These self-induced visions are the magickal mainstays of visualisation and pathworking, where an ethereal realm or entity is encountered through a guided vision (where a Gothi or Gydja describes an incident to a student in which they imagine themselves interacting), or through meditating upon a sigil or magickal letter. In the latter example a magickal design is meditated on for a long period and then the shaman wills themselves to enter the world of that design, through, say, an imaginary door on which the design is drawn.

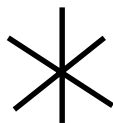
In the Helish Tradition, a number of the Norse runes are excellent gateways with which to enter the realm of the Dark Goddess. As a general rule, runes that in their design have the form of a hole or entrance, such as Othalaz, Ingwaz and Dagaz are the most immediate gateways, although they are not the only ones.

Some of the runes used in Helish Tradition are:

Hagalaz



This rune comes in two variations, one in which it has a shape similar to the common 'H', and the one illustrated which bears a likeness to the rune of the World Serpent, Ior. Hagalaz is one of the most commonly ascribed runes to Hela, and its form represents the World Tree, surrounded by the six traditional directions. As such Hagalaz allows one access to all of the nine worlds of the Northern kozmos.



Ear



Ear is the most potent symbol of Hela, although, in the mainstream fields of Norse magick, it is not recognised as a magickal gateway. However, the sacred practice of the Helish Tradition has imbued it with this potential, and so it becomes the most effective key to enter the astral.

Aesthetically, Ear represents the World Pillar and the World Tree, as well as a multitude of other symbols stretching back into prehistory.

Although the above runes may work

effectively, on a superficial level, for people of non-Norse blood, the best gateways are those symbols and sigils that come from within one's own culture.

And likewise, people of Slavic blood should not expect to encounter Hela, as someone of Germanic blood would. Instead they should be prepared to meet such expressions of the Dark Goddess as Alkonost, the Russian goddess of the land of the dead; Baba Yaga and Jedza, the Russian and Polish archetypal Dark Goddess, known in Lithuania as Ragana; and Marzana, the Polish goddess of winter and death, known in Slovenia as Morana, and in Russia as Marena.

Ones' encounter with the Goddess of the Underworld can be further enhanced through the use of trance-inducing sounds and instruments, such as a shamanic drum or rattle, or with the use of magickal works specifically composed for use in ritual.

The way of the Dark Goddess lies open to all those who are able to undertake Her rigours, and endure Her tasks as well as Her blessings. The way brings insight and freedom, and calls back to the most ancient archetypes. Through the undertaking of an Underworld initiation, initiates become participants in a stream of life force that dates from the earliest days of human existence, and has persisted throughout our history.



3-5-3

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III

A battery of eleven bells rings long and clear through the temple of night, and the slow steady rhythm of drum, brings a stillness. Abramelin incense drifts above the pentacle that contains the sigil of BAEI and the 8-rayed star of Chaos. Six in number we are, huddled in the underground on the night ruled by Saturn.

The Stele 666 is on the alter and a soft ambience of Brian Eno completes the smoke draped narcotic dream-like scene.

SPIRIT TO BE EVOKED

GOETIC DEMON

Ruler of 66 Legions of Infernal Spirits

By mantra

By Sigil

By the steady beat of the
shaman's drum

By the wand and by will

Do we evoke thee into the
triangle of art!

By the sigil of Chaos
do we command thee!



First there are the banishments and the calling of Pan, the 'Star of Ruby' and our Lady Babalon.

The work of the sword gives way to the invocations of the Star Goddess and her Lord Hadit; – a waking dream of timelessness drifting on drum rhythm then waking to the ring of the Tibetan Bell.

The temple is prepared; the wands all positioned, the sigil sticks taken in hand, smoke billows from the censer,



and like the sound of crows circling about a desolate landscape the cries of B-A-E-L fall upon deaf ears.

Holding focus, holding will, the two wands revolve. The two sigil drawers carving the astral light. The two drummers revolve the mantra.

All tasks shared, all calling ceases, and the great sigil of Chaos is made to hover above the steady stream of coiling smoke.

Then, finding centre, finding focus, finding will, the arrow of HAD is torn out and turned about and driven deep into the sphere of timeless space – and there with utmost care and precision the sigil of BAEI is built anew.

Vibrating between heart and tongue the cry of his name goes down through the echo chamber of mind and madness, mystery and magick.

There is that brief moment, between sleep and wake a conversation is captured and lost again like a drifting dream.

The demon spirit – howler of the wastes hangs almost lifeless in the column above the magick fire.

But the Licence to Depart must come quickly, strongly and without falter lest we be victim to our folly and lonely sadness descends for a fleeting moment – the temple is still and awaits the final banishment and closing.

The Metaphysics of War

Scorpio

There is a universal commonality between all civilizations based on tradition, spanning centuries in time and geographically encompassing those that arose in Asia, Europe and even far-off Central and South America. The basis of the **traditional** civilisation was the creation of order from chaos as a cosmic, divine manifestation. Hence civilisation itself was a product of the cosmic and all aspects of it had a metaphysical sanction. The 'divine right of kings' placed rulership far above mere politics in the modern sense: the ruler represented the central focus from whence all else in the farthest flung of empires radiated. Another hallmark of traditional civilisation was the institution of 'castes' which were also divinely and cosmically ordained: for one's caste reflected one's spiritual condition which had been pre-ordained before physical birth. To cross the caste line was to make one literally an 'outcaste' or pariah lower than a slave.

The caste of the warrior was cosmically the most esteemed, for the warrior was more than a 'soldier' in the modern sense of the word; he was a cosmic warrior whose dharmic duty (to use a Hindu term which has its counterpart in all traditional civilisations) reflected the role of the gods themselves in overcoming the forces of chaos, and in establishing order on the earthly realm, as the gods established the 'order' implicit in the word 'cosmos'.

Holy War

With this analogy existing esoterically between earthly warrior and divine hero, war became 'holy war', the act itself transcending the worldly and magically transforming the warrior into a spiritual being. War thus became 'the path to god'.

The warrior caste had its own rites and religion. The Japanese Samurai for example were inspired by Zen. The Norse warriors were sworn to Odin, Thor and Tyr. Persian and later Roman warriors were dedicated to Mithras. Krishna counselled Arjuna on material detachment in war which would transform battle into holy war and Arjuna into a holy warrior.

To the warrior of traditional civilisation the spirituality of war guaranteed the blessings of divinity. The warrior killed in battle would often himself reach godhood, or at least reach the abode of the gods, to dwell among them as their holy warriors. To the Aztecs the highest seat of immortality, the 'House of the Sun', was the dwelling place not only of kings but of heroes. The Hellenic warrior reached Olympus as a divine hero whilst others dwelt in the gloom of Hades; likewise with the Norse warrior killed in battle fighting and feasting with the Aesir gods in Valhalla while others dwelt in Hel.

The Islamic warrior whose soul was purified by jihad dwelt in paradise, as did his European counterpart, the knightly Crusader.

Chivalry

Through war the warrior's chaotic and human impulses and attachment to the material were transcended, his soul purified. This is the common message of the spiritual-martial ethos of all chivalric orders in all traditional civilisations. War was the great initiation, the sacred rite transcending the lower human state. Jihad was called 'Allah's way'. The Koran states, "Let those who would exchange the life of this world for the hereafter fight for the cause of Allah; whether they die or conquer,

We shall richly reward them.” Elsewhere, “Fighting is obligatory for you, as much as you dislike it...” This detachment counselled by the Koran is precisely that which Krishna teaches Arjuna as leader of the ksatriya caste: “Offer me all thy works and rest thy mind on the Supreme. Be free from vain hopes and selfish thoughts, and with inner peace fight thou thy fight.”

Two forms of chivalry met in the Middle East, representing the same ethos. To the Crusaders, this was not a human political fight, but a holy war, that soon transcended material rewards, and national and political rivalries, forging Europeans into a unitary bloc that the Occident had not known since the Holy Roman Empire. Again, the sacred war became a means of inner initiation, of esoteric transcendence for the participant. The Crusade was described at the time in metaphysical terms analogous to those of Islam and Hinduism, “a cleansing that is almost a purgatorial fire that one experiences before death.” St Bernard exhorted on the glory of winning on the battlefield “an immortal crown”. Jerusalem was a heavenly city, a central focus of the Occident’s civilisation of the time, as all traditional civilisations have a central focus. The spiritual-martial ethos of the Crusades was expressed in maxims such as: ‘Paradise lies under the shade of the swords’, and ‘the blood of the heroes is closer to God than the ink of the philosophers and the prayers of the faithful’.

The knightly chivalry of the European Crusaders has to be viewed esoterically as something traditional in origin that lies outside the Christian religion, despite the outward trappings. Chivalry existed despite the Church rather than because of it. The Church was to persecute such knightly orders wherever possible, as being expressions of a tradition outside the Christian context. The Knights Templar, for example, had their own rites and

traditions running counter to Church orthodoxy, as did other persecuted orders such as the Albigenses. At the centre of knightly chivalry was the quest for the Grail, the legends of which relate to an heroic and esoteric tradition rather than any Christian connotation, and which never formed any part of the Catholic mythos. The Grail was generally held to be a ‘stone of light’ having fallen from the crown of Lucifer as he descended from heaven. Where it is depicted as a chalice, it will not be returned to earth until such time as the rise of knights worthy of defending it: thus again the tradition is one of martial character. This meant that a knightly order would take precedence over a priestly one, just as in other traditional beliefs such as Hindu, the cosmic divinity is manifested via warriors rather than priests. It was the warrior tradition that transformed Christianity rather than vice versa, the maxims of which were completely contrary to such Church teachings as that of Augustine who stated, “Those who can think of war and endure it without experiencing great sufferings have truly lost their sense of humanity,” or the spirit of the Saints who endured martyrdom rather than serve as Roman soldiers; St Martin who said, “I am a soldier of Christ; I am not allowed to draw the sword.” Hence an ambiguity arose vis-a-vis the Church and the chivalric orders, the former regarding the latter with a measure of support where and when the chivalric ethos could not be eliminated.

Eclipse of Chivalry

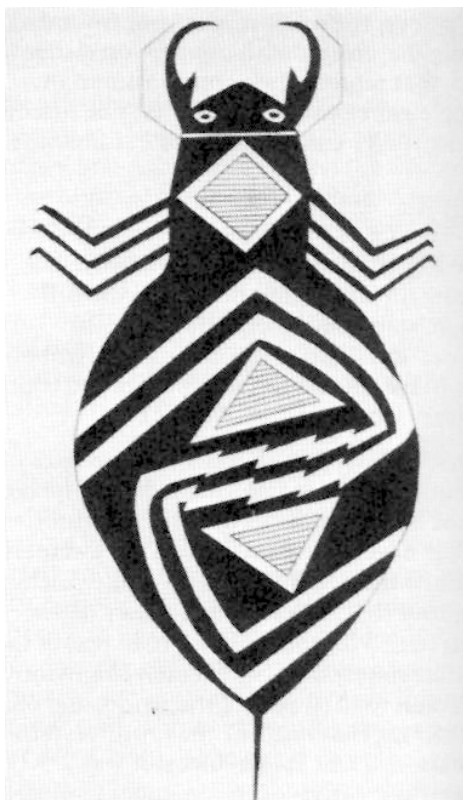
Today Western Civilisation in its death phase does not represent civilisation in a traditionalist sense. Materialism reigns supreme, and hence the spiritual ethos of war is eliminated. World War I, despite the mass mechanisation and crassly material economic motives of the war, was

the last to have any vestige of traditional chivalry on both sides, manifested in such ways as fraternisation between combatants on Christmas Day, and more symbolically the honours accorded enemy airmen killed in action.

World War II reflected the crass, unchivalric nature of non-traditional warfare par excellence; with the Allied policy of mass bombing of cities such as Dresden, and a motivation based on revenge, manifested by the execution of the political and military leaders or defeated nations. As far as chivalric orders go, the Waffen SS compares to the orders of the knightly crusades, in that this was the only military formation of the war to be motivated by honour as a military principle ('honour is my loyalty'), and the sense of a 'holy war' that transcended national boundaries and drew volunteers from throughout Europe, as the Crusades had done. If the Waffen SS was the last vestige of the traditional warrior caste to be manifested in Western Civilisation (assuming the West will continue to decline and decay until death ensues) then the epitome of the West's military decadence was surely the American G.I. blundering his way across war-ravaged Europe, pillaging cultural treasures, sledgehammering Arno Breker sculptures; and then retreating in humiliation from Vietnam some quarter-century later.

As for the remnants of chivalry and war-as-sacred existing today, Islam has retained the traditional impulse for the Arab world; whilst Christianity was never up to the task, was indeed ambivalent from the start, as far as the defence of Western Civilisation is concerned.

As for neo-paganism, with its cult of pacifism, it is nothing but a product of the decadence of a dying civilisation. Any occultist espousing pacifism is betraying an esoteric tradition that has as its basis the ethos of 'war as a sacrament'.



CALLING FORTH FROM THE ABYSS: A working of the Forgotten Ones

Fr Strength Through Joy, Dunedin

This ritual was organized by Fr III and performed by 3 men and a priestess in Dunedin on 2 February 1997. between 9pm and 1.30am.

As a sacrament we used the power plant amanita. This was a mistake, three of us felt sick during the work. Two of us were sick before the start

I was sick, my body said NO but it still 'got in'. We will not be using this plant again and would not recommend experimental use.

However I found that the levels I got to with this plant were still very high. I felt around me and within me many different energies. At one stage our Priestess was lying on the floor of the temple in a very sad state. I could see that we would need her soon and asked if I could give her some Reiki and was told it was OK. I used a position to raise her energy levels, the level of 'flow' in my hands and arms was at least five times what it usually is. Before long our friend had come back to life and started drumming. I could hardly hold my hands still and she later said she felt the flow and got the extra energy.

After some time drumming we laid out 22 sigils on the floor and our Priestess led us in chanting these. This bit went up and down as we found some easier to chant than others. Within the circle of cards was then placed the sigil of *N*O*. Then more drumming. Usually we do ten to forty-five minutes. Then we, in turn, extended our arm chanted the forgotten one's name and on the inhale bought the energy into our body. We intended to chant 3 times. I put no effort into the second and would not have done a third!

On my inhalation I felt and saw a red 30cm snake of energy which came into my third and forth chakras. I could not handle this energy which was writhing in my chest and it was very uncomfortable. To control and contain this I invoked my Holy Guardian Angel to help me. I did this three times that night and immediately felt better and that it was under control. It took me several days to feel this energy taken all through my system. It is still there now, six weeks later. Many other things happened because of this work and I feel it is an important part of my Magickal training.

My experiences of living Magick

Fr Strength Through Joy, Dunedin

This is the second part of my account of a ritual four of us did on 2 February 1997.

After the calling of the forgotten one we did some more drumming. Then it was time for our Priestess to 'become the Stellar Spider and channel energy into our sacrament. This time it started as water and the fluid we drank at the end was definitely changed.

The original idea was to have a drop of our life fluid in the chalice but this was not unanimously accepted.

We were to face the spider with no fear and no thoughts, pick up and drink the charged fluid.

The Spider-woman later said she observed three styles of approach to the inner circle and thought my fearless approach to be very don't **** with me. And due to nausea - which three of us had - the job she had was very uncomfortable. We all thought she did a great job. Thank you

To drink we had to symbolically lay down our tools and reach for the chalice, while 'fearlessly' watching the Spider. Any mistake and the wonderful elixir would be the most toxic poison. For me the chalice had a highly charged liquid. Compared to the energy already in my system this was very low. The Fr who designed this work said his was very fizzy going down and then it shot back up his spine.

To conclude I would like to say that this work gave me a glimpse of the very real and very strong energies in the Tree.

WITCHCRAFT: Religion or Hobby

Mercury

I'm seriously embarrassed. Mortified even. I am horrified to admit that I used to play Dungeons and Dragons. I've read Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy. Worse, I've even been seen recently reading Terry Pratchett novels. It's not so much that I see these things as intrinsically bad, it's just that they seem to be surfacing as prerequisites, or qualifications, for embarking upon the path of witchcraft.

The next person that looks at the tools of ritual, or contemplates a set of correspondences for a spell and then earnestly proclaims their predisposition towards the craft on the basis of their earlier D&D experience I may have to simply gut-shoot. How is it that people have come to so cheapen spirituality or so confuse escapist entertainment with a religious system with such potential for whole-life integration. And what of those who fling themselves into witchcraft as if it were a game of D&D, taking on a persona and 'living witch' every second of every day.

For myself, I am an incredibly ordinary person practising witchcraft as my chosen religion. I have dedicated myself to the path before the gods and before man. I observe the sacred days and there are various things that I do on a fairly regular basis that keep me in touch with my religion and remind of the choices I have made. There are certain ethics that I carry into my daily life that I could claim to derive from the Wiccan Rede, but could equally be claimed as 'Christian', but are, in reality just



decent behaviour for decent people. I like to think that I live my religion with integrity.

I don't look to witchcraft as an escape from my mundane existence, nor do I look to it for any sense of being special or 'powerful'. My experiences leave me entirely comfortable with the reality of magick, of other planes, of occult powers. My skill in the use of these things is developing. Sometimes I actually achieve magickally what I set out to achieve. I know magick works. I also know that nine times out of ten it would have been easier to use practical methods to achieve the same outcome.

There are many ways to draw upon the occult powers. I find the simplest to be prayer. I know this term raises the hackles of the average witch, but as I see it, it is just a petition to the gods. It doesn't have to be grovelly, or subservient, or demeaning. It just has to clearly convey the need and express gratitude for the outcome. Sure, lots of incense, candles, shiny blades and coloured fabrics build up a great atmosphere, and keep groups of people

focused, but a simple prayer has been a winner for me on many an occasion.

Witchcraft can be a religious system that provides a broad range of components to meet the needs of a wide variety of people and circumstances. I am satisfied that at any given time the practice of the craft can be as simple or as complex as is required to meet the needs of the practitioner. My need is to honour the gods, acknowledging them as the origin and the source, and as a focus for the integration of my personal realities. I consider that my personal wellbeing is dependent upon maintaining a balance between fantasy and reality, and allowing the line between the two to move as my understanding of the occult develops. It is certain that my sanity is at risk if I seek to live in the occult, or come to believe that I am 'special' or that I have a hotline to the gods.

No, I got over escapism as a way of life some time ago. My feet are firmly planted on the earth. I am not questioning any element of the craft - I know it all works and much of it is fun, spectacular, moving, dramatic, exciting or all of the above. Nor am I placing myself above recreational reading and games - I enjoy both. It's just a matter of knowing what mode I'm in and acting accordingly. As far as I am concerned I will have got it right, in both the magickal and mundane sense, when I am able to intuitively access appropriate physical, mental or spiritual resources and manifest them in an appropriate and meaningful fashion. All the talking, thinking and wand waving in the world is worth nothing if the results are either inadequate or inappropriate, and convincing myself or others that I'm some awesome sort of witch is neither meaningful nor appropriate.

ONCE UPON A WANZ...

*Once upon a time an Association (WANZ)
Celebrated the name change by making WANDS.
Coming from Moonshine on my trusty broom
I thought long and hard of how I would zoom
Making of my wand would be such fun
"No problem," said I flying the sky
The littlest one already had his done
And cleansed with the hose and a squirt in
his eye
Then to make doubly sure the rest of him wet
The garden, the dog, oh no not me just yet!
Knightia Exelsa was then put to the test
Could he be rounded, gosh what a mess
Dust in your eyes, clothes, hair and teeth
Let alone the pile at your feet
Instruments of torture were applied with force
The wood cried out with a long singing voice
"A tool par excellence you shall have in your
hand
If you gently fondle the wood as you sand"
Amazing but true there's love in the hands
Of a Goddess holding her future plans
For with wand and a heart that's true to her
craft
magic she will make as she uses her art.
Then Grandad appeared on the scene
While Grandma was hugged again and again
Then little one tried out his wand
"Abra ca dabra into a toad," he screamed
Alas poor Grandad thought he was banished
forever
When along came the Goddess being very clever
She kissed the Grand Toad upon the cheek
A handsome prince now stood by her side
looking sleek
The moral of this story is simple but true
Watch out for the Goddess she will surprise you
With wand in her hand and a knowledge of*

THE MASS OF FYRE

ORDER OF THE DEORC FYRE (1996 era vulgaris)

This ceremony invokes Satanic forces, drawing down the dark through Black Magick, and presencing these forces among Temple members - it is, a Satanic celebration. The magickal energies raised by the performance of this mass can be directed toward a specific individual; Temple undertaking; or psychotronic device, such the Temple's Quartz crystal; or left to infuse the Temple and its members.

The Mass takes place within the confines of an Order Temple, inside ideally, but it may also be celebrated in a naturally occurring sanctuary that is far from habitation. If the former is chosen, the Altar is constructed of an indigenous wood and furnished with: twin red candles; the Temple's earthen goblet, which is charged with a fine Pinot Noir and blessed by the Priest, or Priestess; a bell of good resonant quality; and equal quantities of Narcissus and Sandalwood incense. A further eight candles, of green, are also used to light the remainder of the Temple.

Magister Templi: red robe with black trim.

Priestess: green robe with silver trim.

Altar Assistant: black robe.

Temple Guardian: black robe with purple trim.

Celebrants: black robes.

Alternatively, in the case of a Magistra Templi:

Magistra Templi: green robe with silver trim.

Priest: black robe with red trim.

Altar Assistant: black robe.

Temple Guardian: black robe with purple trim.

Celebrants: black robes.

The celebrants wait within the Temple's ante-chamber forcibly visualising a large fiery pentagram. The Magister Templi, or Magistra Templi, intone the first part of the liturgy alone, at the Altar, in the heavily incensed candle lit Temple.

Magister or Magistra Templi:

Credo in Satanus, qui laetificat juventum meam.

Oramus te,

We raise our voices in praise of our Lord

The Prince of Darkness.

He who gave life unto the sons and daughters of the earth.

It is we who are the seeds of His power

And eternal presence.

Hear us Dark Prince!

As we plunge eagerly into life like new born babes;

We honour Thee with our actions and our thoughts.

(The celebrants file into the Temple, single file and chanting the 'Veni Satanus'; they circle the Altar widdershins so that the Priestess, or Priest, stands to the left of the Magister or Magistra Templi; the Altar Assistant to their right.)

Priest or Priestess (with arms outstretched before His sign):

Ecce signum!

Gloria Deo Domina Inferi, et in terra vita

Homnibus fortibus. Candamus Te, benedicamus

Te adoramus Te, glorificamus Te, gratias agimus

Tibi propter magnam potentiam Tuam: Domine

Satanus, Rex Inferus, Imperator Omnipotens.

Magister or Magistra Templi:

Welcome children of Hel.

You are The Chosen,

*The Dark Stars of Humanities long night,
For you, the pleasures of life await.
So it is fitting that we are here, in this place,
At this time,*

*To draw forth from the night
Such Dark forces as are His to command.*

Celebrants echo:

To command!

(The Altar Assistant tolls the Temple bell once.)

Priestess or Priest:

Join with us Great Devil!

*As only we are born of the flames of Hel itself.
Our spirits sing and our flesh grows strong
As we fulfil Nature's darkest designs.*

(The Altar Assistant passes the Temple goblet to the Priestess or Priest who raises it in salutation.)

Priestess or Priest:

Agios Satanus!

Agios Satanus!

(In silence, the Priestess or Priest partake of the 'fruit of the vine' passing it widdershins. The assistant ignites more incense. Finally the goblet is passed to the Magister or Magistra Templi who drain and return it to the Altar.)

Magister or Magistra Templi:

Thank you Satan, for the gifts of this life:

*Joy eternal and the pleasures of the flesh
Which are the pleasures of the mind.*

*In this way, Great Devil,
We honour Thee upon the throne of life.*

*For we are the pinnacle of life;
That pierces the heart of those who wallow
In pettiness and servitude.*

*To the huddled, and the wretched,
I say bow down before your Master
And crawl to your betters.*

*The meek shall bow down before the strong,
And the noble;
For they shall make the world over in their*

image.

(Magister or Magistra Templi takes up the sacred dagger and holding it aloft intones:)

Magister or Magistra Templi:

*Upon the altar of The Prince I swear this oath:
Mighty is the Temple of our Lord,*

*His darkness is among us;
Just as we are Nature's prodigy,
Proud and Defiant,*

The promise of life is ours:

The strong shall rule

The weak shall serve.

(The Altar Assistant tolls the Temple bell once.)

Priest or Priestess:

Domine Satanus,

Pleni sunt terra majestatis gloriae Tuae.

Magister or Magistra Templi:

*Domine Satanus corda nostra mundet infusis;
et sui*

Roris intima aspersione foecundet.

Celebrants:

Agios Satanus!

Agios Satanus!

Salve!

Salve!

Note: At the conclusion of the mass the Magister, or Magistra, retire in private, with their respective Priest, or Priestess, to feast and join in the sacred union of flesh. The energies raised by this coupling are offered to Satan; in all His magnificence. Temple members indulge in pleasures which are to their taste.

Veni Satanus

Veni Satanus,

Veni Satanus,

Adoremus Te Domini Inferi.

Agios Satanus,

Agios Satanus

On the Question of Being

Scorpio

What is 'Being'? This is a question of supreme importance at this juncture of Western Civilisation. By 'Being' we mean the relation of the individual to other individuals as a social collective and to life in general. Being is predicated on two fundamentals: identity and purpose, which are themselves interconnected.

The importance of the question for Western Civilisation is due to the individual being deprived of either identity or purpose. Individualism in its petty, egocentric sense, as it has culminated under capitalism, has caused the average Westerner to be possessed by a crisis of identity and purpose which manifests itself in a myriad of ways, from crime to alcoholism, drug abuse, random violence, economic fraud, hooliganism - every manifestation that can be broadly termed **asocial**.

Egocentricity epitomised in the term 'Americanism'. The transient, the superficial, commodity-driven pseudo-culture is a reflection of America's lack of identity and purpose as a nation, a folk and a culture. This Americanism is now a worldwide phenomenon, since the global capitalism it represents reaches into virtually every corner of the earth, including nominally 'communist' China and much of the Third World. The doctrines used to spread what is literally a dis-ease are libertarianism and Free Trade.

America itself is not the birthplace of this destruction of Western Being. The dissolution of the ideal of national communities can be traced to the creation of **antagonistic classes** where

once there was an organic unity, a social cohesion based on shared values, language, history, religion and a sense of destiny. Economics was subject to the common good, and regulated as craft and social responsibility by guilds. The concept of **noblisse oblige** and the large measure of freedom enjoyed by communal villages were undermined by late feudalism, which created classes of prelates and aristocrats who no longer saw themselves as having a responsibility towards the welfare and protection of their subjects, the peasants and artisans. In so doing the nobility lost its own sense of Being, and relegated itself to a crass chase after wealth at the expense of their subjects, and ultimately at their own expense, for the ideal of Money divided and ruled from the ruler. The **Law of Political Plenum**, of protection and obedience, was destroyed, civil wars and peasant revolts ensued.

Capitalism displaced both nobility and peasant. The latter, along with the artisans, were driven into the newly forming cities to become an urban proletariat, an amorphous mass without a sense of Being. The rise of the bourgeoisie upon the ruins of both Church and Throne, did not give that class a sense of Being either, as the ideal of capital accumulation for its own sake has provided neither identity nor purpose beyond the most rudimentary level of animal existence. Indeed, capitalism, despite its use of Western technology and science, reduces human existence to the lowest level of purpose - that of biological survival. Once this is secured life would normally be

expected to seek out further challenges, giving rise to culture, to higher levels of self-actualisation. Capitalism, or more properly, materialism, has placed modern Western Man, amidst all his technology, on a lower rather than a higher level.

Indeed, in non-Western societies, including those termed primitive, once the means of survival have been secured, there remains an identity and a purpose that provides a sense of being, of one's place in the cosmos and the cycles of life. Jung observed this among the Hopi Indians, Van Der Post among the Kalahari Bushmen. Western Man no longer possesses it. The Islamic nations do, and so do the Jewish People.

In order for the individual to possess this sense of Being he must feel intuitively and instinctively to be part of a wider purpose and identity than his own immediate egocentricity. His individuality is given meaning by being an integral part of a nation, a folk, a culture. Without these he possesses no anchorage upon which to rest his identity and purpose. Therefore life itself becomes superficial. Happiness becomes fleeting, no matter what material wealth, what quick fixes he tries. There is no durability, no sense of the 'religious', of the numinous in Life. At most his sense of Being can be derived from immediate family, or a chosen cause or ideal, or a religion. However, now most do not even reach for these for a sense of Being; so entrapped are they in the pursuit of material success. Egocentricity also means a lack of long-term perspective and self-discipline. Hedonism becomes predominant in one's life. Hence marriage relations and commitments beyond one's immediate whims become strained.

The West, devoid of Being, is about to implode. What takes its place is likely to come from Asia where technology is pressed into the service of a **Mission**; a sense of Mission the West itself once had, but no longer. We can perhaps expect a belligerency to exist between Asia and Islam in the post-Western world, or what Spengler referred to as **fellaheen**, a spent people no longer within the scope of world history.

It is incumbent on the Western occultist (his her dharma) as inheritor of centuries of an esoteric-cultural legacy, to pass that legacy along revitalised to future generations, for without it the wonderful Faustian destiny which could be theirs will not even exist as a memory.

A Witch Is...

One who has power over her own life

One who makes her own rules

One who refuses to submit to self denial

One who recognises no authority with a greater esteem than her own, who is more loyal to self than to any abstraction

One who is untamed

One who says "I am a witch" aloud three times

One who transforms energy

One who can be passionate about her ideals/values as they are changing

One who is explosive, whose intensity is like volcanoes, floods, wind, fire

One who is disorderly, chaotic

One who is ecstatic

One who alters reality

From 'Ripening'

WANNA ROCK?

THE ROLLRIGHT STONES APPEAL

An appeal has been launched to raise at least £50,000 before 8th August 1997 in order to bid to buy the Rollright Stones stone circle in Oxfordshire in southern England.

Originally started by a small group of local pagans who were concerned that a change of ownership might bring restrictions on access to the Stones for pagans, the appeal has quickly become a “rainbow alliance” of pagans, local people, local archaeologists and historians, the vicar of Great Rollright, the Diocese of Oxford and the Sacred Land Project - which itself has the backing of the Church of England.

The aim is to ensure that ownership and control of the site remain in the hands of sympathetic local people, pagan and otherwise, for all to enjoy, and to ensure that the current pagan presence and worship at the site may continue.

WHY IS THIS SITE IMPORTANT?

The Rollright Stones stone circle in Oxfordshire is one of the most complete, important and unspoilt stone circles in the south of England. It is believed to date from about 2,100 bce and therefore to be of late Neolithic date. It generally resembles the Cumbrian circles of the Lake District in NW England, most notably that at Swinside.

The Rollright Stones form a perfect circle 104 feet (31.7m) across, originally comprising some 80 stones of heavily weathered local oolitic limestone standing almost shoulder to shoulder, though today some 70 - 75 stones remain. (It is said to be impossible to count them accurately!) The circle includes a proven astronomical alignment towards the major rising of the moon at midsummer through a portal of

two stones on its northern edge. There are also the remains of a severely eroded earthen bank around the circle, broken at the entrance to the south-east. The Rollright Stones is therefore a henge like Stonehenge, Avebury and Arbor Low, though obviously on a much smaller scale. Now almost surrounded by trees, the circle stands beside a minor road which was once a prehistoric trackway.

The circle has been at least partially excavated, though nothing whatsoever was found inside it.

The circle is the focus of much local folklore connecting it to witchcraft and it is commonly known as the King's Men after one local tale which tells of a king who, along with his men, was turned to stone by a witch.

There is a small group of five upright stones some 380 yards away, known as the Whispering Knights because they lean in towards one another at the top as if they were whispering secrets to each other. These are the remains of the burial chamber of an earlier Neolithic long barrow. In the same field, evidence has been found of a possible processional route.

An outlier called the King Stone stands in a field across the road, some 50 yards from the circle. This is of later date than the other remains and is believed to be of middle Bronze Age date and to be connected with the several eroded round barrows and cairns in the field.

FUTURE PLANS

Get legally married in a stone circle!

There is a small stone building on the site, close to the circle, which it is planned to have refurbished for the holding of legal weddings. At present, the circle is the venue for a number of handfastings each year and it is hoped that couples will eventually have a unique opportunity to be both legally

married *and* handfasted in a stone circle.

Acquiring the large field behind the site of the circle. The Whispering Knights stand in this field; the sale includes the tiny area of the Whispering Knights themselves and a right of way to them, but not the field in which they stand. Ideas for this field include setting areas of it aside for:

The creation of a **traditional wildflower meadow** as a haven for wildlife, especially butterflies. Very few areas of traditional meadow now exist, most having been ploughed up for intensive agricultural use before their importance was understood. Such a meadow would take many years, perhaps decades, to create but would eventually be home to dozens of species of traditional meadow plants and meadow butterflies, many under severe threat from habitat loss. This would be an excellent project on which to collaborate with environmental experts.

A Pagan burial ground which would probably be “developed” as a woodland site or as an extension to the wildflower meadow. In common with all such “low tech” burial grounds, bodies would be buried un-embalmed and wrapped only in a shroud or in a cardboard coffin. Families and mourners would be able to dig the graves themselves if they wished. No gravestones would be allowed, but graves would subsequently be planted with native hardwood trees to create new woodland or allowed to revert to natural meadow. Truly a chance for future generations of pagans and sympathetic others to return whence we all came!

Donations can be made by cheque made payable to **THE ROLLRIGHT STONES APPEAL** and sent to:

The Rollright Stones Appeal
PO Box 333
Banbury, OX16 8XL
England



WORKING WITH DRAGONS

Craig

In late June of 1997 a group of witches will be gathering in a limestone area of the North Island. Their purpose is to seek audience with the Dragons of Earth and Air. A pair of rituals have been designed, one to be performed underground during the day, the other outdoors that evening. The rituals acknowledge the relationship between dragonkind and humankind, that dragons are of the purest will and while not necessarily to be feared, they must be treated with the utmost respect. No athame or other blade will be brought

into the Dragon's sacred space and at all times the High Priest understands that he is but the leader of the people within the circle; that the circle is the Dragon's.

Some sections of this ritual have been derived from Conway's *Dancing With Dragons*.

EARTH DRAGON

The group will all proceed to the mouth of cave and gather quietly to prepare to enter. No circle will be cast or any sacred space prepared – the cave is the natural demesne of the Earth Dragon and is so consecrated by use.

Each person, at the mouth of the cave:

*From your caverns deep,
Rise, Earth Dragon, a seeker calls.
Hear me Earth Dragon
Grael, I call on you
To let me venture forth
To seek audience with your great self
I beg of you safe passage
As I tread the earth of your demesne.*

We will all gather at the junction of underground streams and the summoning will be performed.

High priest:

*Come Grael,
Ruler of the Southern Dragons, Master of
Earth
By your all consuming breath I summon
you,
By your piercing gaze, I summon you,
By your mighty strength, I summon you,
By your ancient wisdom and cunning, I
summon you,
By your magick, deep and cold, I summon
you.
Come Grael, be with us now!*

As a group we will then walk through the cave. Each person will select a place to stop in silence and darkness to meditate and make contact with the Dragon. Each will ask for one or specific needs to be met. Grael is particularly able to assist with material or physical needs. The Dragon may leave a token of the meeting.

The group will gather again at the stream junction, and each member will thank the Dragon and make an offering (to be gently buried).

All:

*Thank you O Dragon, Dragon of Earth,
For sharing the wisdom of ages of lore.
With the power of Dragons,
As we do will, so mote it be.*

Each:

*I shall treasure your gift.
As a small token of my gratitude,
I commit to the earth this object
Symbolising...
I take your leave.*

High priest:

*Farewell, O Dragon,
Dragon of Earth,
Your magick shared,
Power great and wisdom deep.
Go in peace to come again,
That we may learn more from your ancient
lore.*

Farewell O Grael.

The group shall then leave the cave.

AIR DRAGON

This ritual will be performed in open air, around a campfire or brazier. Ceremonial robes shall be worn.

A Dragon Circle will be cast while the group waits in the East.

High Priest:

*By the Power of the sacred name of Sairys I
conjure this circle.*

Dragons of Spirit watch over us.

*From the Dragons of the East, I call the
clearing power of air*

*From the Dragons of the North, I call the
purifying power of fire*

*From the Dragons of the West, I call the
cleansing power of water*

*From the Dragons of the South, I call the
stabilising power of earth*

By Dragon Power this circle shall be sealed.

Each person, at the eastern portal:

*From the four quarters, where the winds do
blow,*

Rise, Air Dragon, a seeker calls

Hear me Air Dragon

Sairys, I call on you

To let me stand before you

To seek audience with your great self

I beg of you safety

As I come into your sacred circle

*Once everyone is inside the circle the
summoning is performed.*

High priest:

Come Sairys,

*Ruler of the Eastern Dragons, Master of
Air*

*By your all consuming breath I summon
you,*

By your piercing gaze, I summon you,

By your mighty strength, I summon you,

*By your ancient wisdom and cunning, I
summon you,*

*By your magick, deep and cold, I summon
you.*

Come Sairys, be with us now!

The group will all then lie down facing
the stars and meditate, making contact
with the Dragon, silently asking for a

boon and taking anything the Dragon
may offer. Sairys is particularly able to
assist with intellectual, academic, legal,
artistic or communication issues.

All:

*Thank you O Dragon, Dragon of Air,
For sharing the wisdom of ages of lore.*

*With the power of Dragons,
As we do will, so mote it be.*

Each:

*I shall treasure your gift
As a small token of my gratitude,
I offer up in smoke this object.*

Symbolising...

I take your leave.

High priest:

Farewell, O Dragon,

Dragon of Air;

Your magick shared,

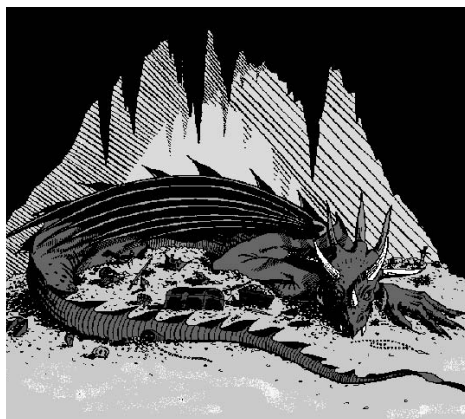
Power great and wisdom deep.

Go in peace to come again,

*That we may learn more from your ancient
lore.*

Farewell O Sairys.

The High Priest will then open the
circle and farewell the Dragons of the
Quarters.



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If you wish to speak or display any of your work, please let us know as soon as possible.

If you just want to have a look and a listen, please let us know a week or so before so that we can arrange catering.

A small charge will cover our expenses.

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