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Midsummer 1982

The Unicorn

Vol 05, No. 06

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THE UNICORN

BOX 8814 O MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55408 O 871-7287

A PUBLICATION OF the ROWAN TREE

Midsummer

V #6

Beloved Friends...

Well, this certainly was a joyous and exuberant Beltane. My horn was tender for a few days from all the frolicking, and well, you know...

This year, on Midsummer's Eve, we are holding our second annual gathering at Lady-Thicket-on-the-Wold. Last year Lady Ellhorn brought our gathering to hushed reverence as She stepped out of the Elder, and we are again asking Her to invoke the Goddess.

This is the night of the faeries, and we are hanging lanterns among the flowers and trees, and will spend the night talking with them, playing with them, and keeping our wits about us for they love to tease the unattentive. Unicorns of all persuasions will be bringing ribbons, special tiny cakes, and small candle-lanterns to set about to encourage the faerie-folk. You humans have made them very timid, with all your pollution and fighting, and this year we ask you to send out peace and joy, and include the Faerie-folk in your rituals.

Some news of the Rowan Tree... There are two fair-haired faces new upon the Board of Directors... Fair-Mahr and Blond Mitch. They're nice, but I hope they'll soon get their own Unicorns. It's bad enough that I give Paul rides all the time. Now we've gotten more beurocratic, and have a Director of Publications. Howdy to Alex, who worked on the Unicorn last summer, and I'm very happy that he's returning to share with Judyth the work as editor. And guess what, there's the nicest young lady (and you know how I love young ladies) named Nell who will be the third. Three can work together so nicely.

II

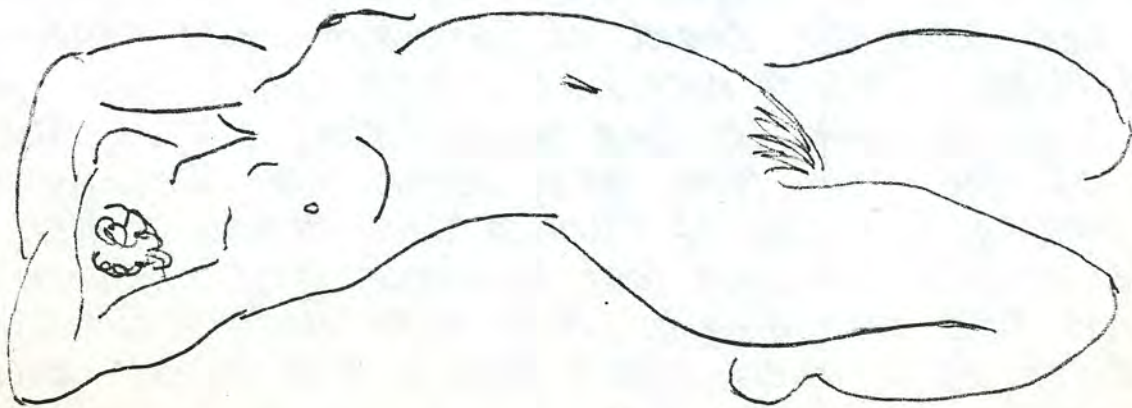
Mitch is the new Herbmater, and at last, at last, the catalogue will be finished by August 1, only a year late, but the Unicorn comes out on time and they told me I couldn't have everything. But the varieties the Rowan Tree sells have grown so fast that they couldn't keep up with it.

Our childmistress, Laureli (remember the Child's Wish Book?) will be looking for more input for children's material in the Unicorn. And I, wonderful Unicorn that I am, will give a dream-ride to any kid that sends material to the Unicorn. And the gardens, oh my, where last year there was one, now there are three, and the herbs and the wild flowers and such are so beautiful. The gardens of Lothlorien even have Jack-in-the-pulpits, and lots of little people living in them.

There are a couple new members in the Mystery School, and to them we send lots of welcome and love. And to all of you, the same, and I'd best get going. I promised Paul a ride this morning, and swore to Judy/Nell/Alex that I wouldn't ramble on....

Love and Blesse Be

Andrius^{*}



NOTES FROM AN HERBAL

This column was first published in the Spring issue of the Unicorn, Vol. 11 #2. Over the years it has covered amulets, magickal correspondences, and a lot of information about the magickal properties of herbs. Most recently I gave an abbreviated list of herbs associated with Goddesses and Gods, so that you may use them in your rites and rituals. As I continue writing, I would like to now expand, and include personal recipes shared by you, our readers.

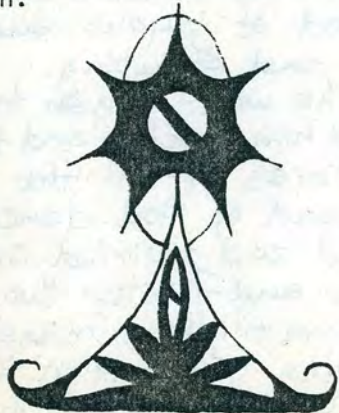
The work on my new herbal goes exceedingly well, and will include magickal uses of nearly 200 herbs. It is wonderful for me to write, to re-acquaint myself with all the lore and practise, and will be a great book to read. Here is the first recipe in the series.

Holy Water

On the New Moon, cast a circle, and when the energy is appropriate, take a large vase and fill it with water. (about a quart is adequate.) Into this, place a moonstone and a piece of Mandrake Root. The Moonstone should be clean beforehand, so as not to promote bacterial growth.

This should sit upon your altar, or on a North altar, throughout the entire waxing period. It is appropriate to drink small amounts daily, as part of your ritual sweeping for the full moon ritual. This water you may use to aspurge your circle, and by the end of this cycle, is permeated with the magick of the Mandrake.

Although this appears to be a very simple process, it works with very intense magick, and will provoke change and magickal growth.



UNICORN RAMBLES

Friends are meeting July 7th, 1982 at the "19 Bar" to help Paul and Jim celebrate their first year together. It's a local, friendly gay bar with dancing and pool tables and a patio out in back. 19 W. 15th St., beginning at Pagan time, in the evening... Peggy just came back from a visit to England, got to Stone henge. She says the weather was typical cold and wet, but she had a great time, blue bells, primroses, et. all were beautiful!... Glad you liked our review Marion, thanks for writing to us, your love labors are much appreciated by this Unicorn!... Ed Lenney is caged up at Terre Haute needing to hear from fellow Wiccans, we send you our love and wisdom Ed, and blessings on your path to inner peace... Virginia loves Unicorns!!!...kisses to all Unicorn lovers...Crow, thanks for the support, and may you flower in the Summer Sun and soar above the clouds of sorrow, blessings of the Goddess to you...Takya, all things are fine here in Mpls, Judith is growing with the return of Saturn, all change is painful but with peace as the goal, this pain is much cherished for its light on the inner path...

Love and Unikisses, Flowers!
(taking Andrius' place for a while)

*Edro te ore govannen
undomë na retare twa emyn
tinur; resitate a ammon
y ore staren Elanath*

*(Open your heart my friend and lover
Evening has left the outlands
morning returns from the hills
and my heart yearns for the stars)*

— Elven poem in Quendi

The Continuation of "A Story"

Mona, her sister, looked down from the starry sky and spoke to comfort her sister.

"Fair Sister," said Mona, "despair not for still there are children of yours hidden away in the fastnesses of night where only my rays can reach them. Someday this new god will weaken and his reign come to a bitter end. Then you shall be free, and your children may rejoice.

Until that time, I shall stand unto them as a symbol of hope. And under my watchful eyes shall they gather together to worship and sing and dance.

"So take hope, for the days of the pale Galilean shall be as dust upon the wind, for you, Great Sister, live forever."

At that, the lady took hope and lifted up her eyes to her sister and thanked her. "Teach my children," said she, "to always love one another and to seek comfort and wisdom in me and my creatures. Tell them that whenever they have need of anything that they should gather together in the fullness of your light in some secret place and invoke me and adore my spirit I who am Queen of all wisdoms. Tell them to be free from all slaveries and as a sign they're truly free, they should be naked in my sight. Tell them my law is love unto all beings ..."

The boy listened in rapt attention as the willow finished the tale.

"So you see," surmised the willow, "even the earth is alive and can talk if only you will listen."

"We all have a story to tell," chirped a dandelion close by.

"Yeah," growled a thistle a few yards away.

"This, dear sweet child," explained willow, "is the land of Nod where all dreams come true and every

By Sil

little boy is king. I, and all my willow sisters and brothers, live here in perfect love and trust. Our drooping branches remind all who live in or pass through our land of the tears our Lady sheds for her children. And we also remember her dream, where all creation lives in perfect harmony, from chaos to Cosmos."

Willow sighed, "And what is your special dream?"

The boy thought pensively for a moment. "M...m... my special d...d... dream is ..." then he fell silent and looked to the ground.

You see, it takes great courage for a boy from the land of Sin to speak out what his most special innermost dream is. That was not allowed in Sin.

"Don't be afraid to dream" coaxed Willow, "Come from the shell where you hide. There is a starry night outside. Let go the hands that you hold for they'll just imprison you till you are old. And you have just one moment more before the night takes you. Don't be afraid. There's nowhere you can fall, but the power of the Earth will hold you." *

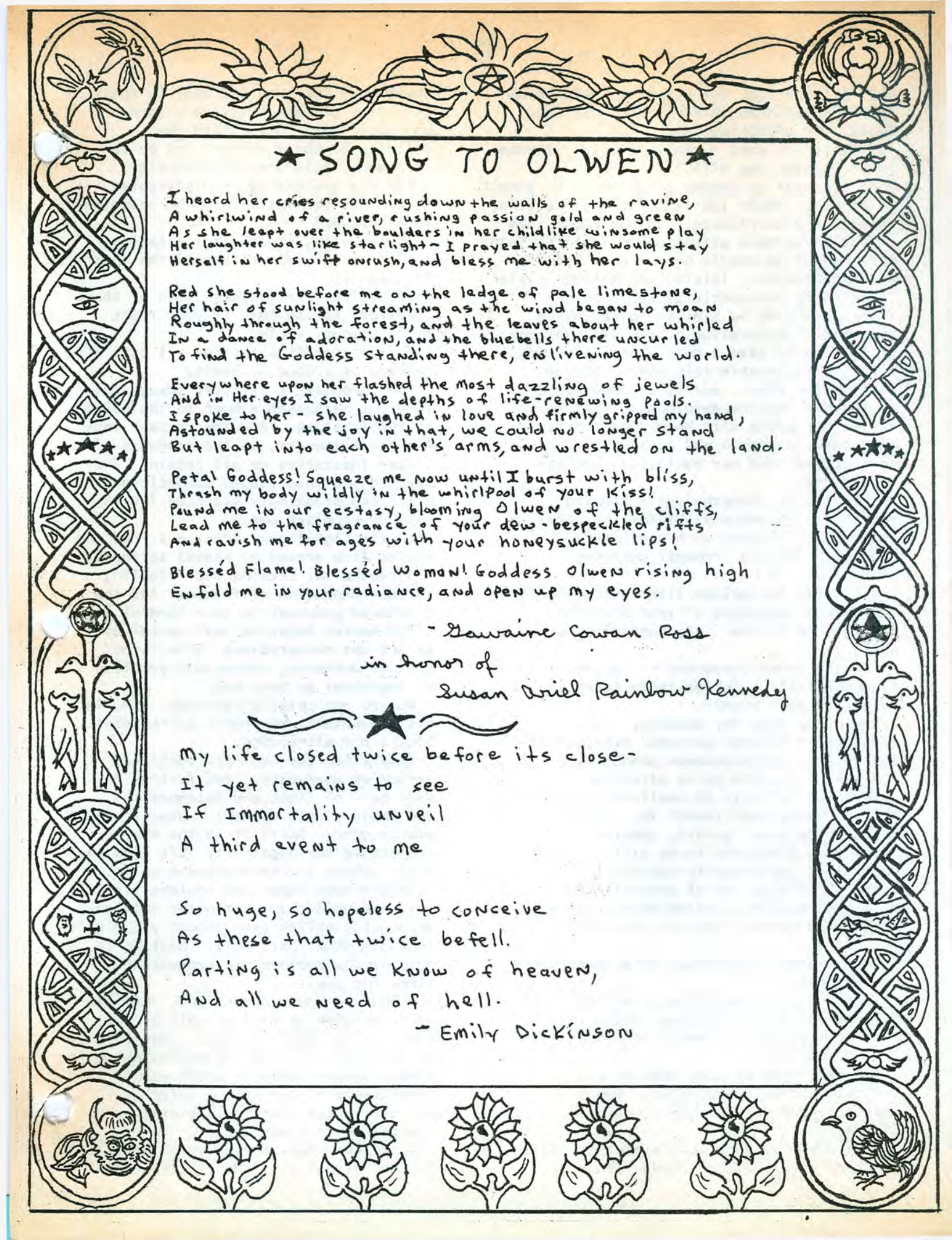
Power from some deep well of life, some cauldron of love, poured into the boy, ... And he transcended his mundane existence.

"My dream is," he shouted, "to..." And his words were drowned in a flood of joyous laughter and song and shouting.

The world began to spin around him, faster and faster as the doves of all the plants in the land of Nod danced and whirled and twirled around him. Faster and faster they spun round him till their images turned into a glowing golden blur, that rose cone-like to a point high above his head.

- to be cont.

* © Sally Oldfield, The Water Bearer



★ SONG TO OLWEN ★

I heard her cries resounding down the walls of the ravine,
A whirlwind of a river, rushing passion gold and green
As she leapt over the boulders in her childlike winsome play
Her laughter was like starlight - I prayed that she would stay
Herself in her swift onrush, and bless me with her lays.

Red she stood before me on the ledge of pale limestone,
Her hair of sunlight streaming as the wind began to moan
Roughly through the forest, and the leaves about her whirled
In a dance of adoration, and the bluebells there uncurled
To find the Goddess standing there, enlivening the world.

Everywhere upon her flashed the most dazzling of jewels
And in Her eyes I saw the depths of life-renewing pools.
I spoke to her - she laughed in love and firmly gripped my hand,
Astounded by the joy in that, we could no longer stand
But leapt into each other's arms, and wrestled on the land.

Petal Goddess! Squeeze me now until I burst with bliss,
Thrash my body wildly in the whirlpool of your kiss!
Pound me in our ecstasy, blooming Olwen of the cliffs,
Lead me to the fragrance of your dew-bespeckled rifts
And ravish me for ages with your honeysuckle lips!

Blesséd Flame! Blesséd Woman! Goddess Olwen rising high
Enfold me in your radiance, and open up my eyes.

- Hauwaine Cowan Ross

in honor of

Susan Ariel Rainbow Kennedy

My life closed twice before its close -
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

- Emily Dickinson



MEDITATIVE RITUAL FOR CLEANSING, CENTERING
AND STRENGTHENING INTERPERSONAL MAGICKAL
BONDS...OR LOOSENING THEM

(visualize or cast a simple circle. Invoke what entities you will.)

We are used to people teachign us in behalf of others. Their job is to arrange setting, agenda, and curriculum. We don't owe them or ourselves more attention to learning than they manage to weedle out of us. Pupils are receptacles. Initiative? Not our style!

Beginning systematic exploration of interior worlds is similar to beginning systematic exploration of the external one. It is nice to have a more experienced advisor; an agreeable role model to draw inspiration from. But it is imperative to further healthy development that we travel our paths with knowledge that's only ours to attain and apply. Our perspectives and our realitites are our own, alone.

(Breathe in, breathe out - knowing your faith in personal Wisdom, personal judgement will grow with confidence, grow with sharing. Prowess emerging gradually.)

Visualize the golden light accompanying this acknowledgement of your Divinity taking form in your left hand; unspun, whole.)

To the other concerned - I am my responsibility, increasingly accepting authority over myself.

Feel deep love for someone. Take pleasure in his/her persona. Non-possessiveness and wholesomeness predominate.

A sexual impulse gains attention. We automatically begin to dwell on it in the way we've been taught to. Things become pressured, sordid, complex.

Sex is a commodity to be strictly controlled and properly marketed. If there is no question of genital contact within an exclusive relationship it is considered warped, neurotic and counter-productive.

To the other concerned, give expressions of fondness.

(Breathe in, breathe out - adding to well-earned self-assurance. Visualize the light you hold growing in amount and intensity.)

They tell you to come home by six and stay out of the puddles. Don't unbutton your shirt or shoot marbles on Sunday.

They say they know what's best for All. Are they afraid of our inexperience or

their own? They say God/dess is their exclusive concern: they've a corner on Truth. Are they afraid the validity of their vision will be destroyed by tolerance of diversity?

Are you smothering in misdirected love? Are you intimidated by unadmitted power-hunger?

(Breathe in, breathe out - taking a bit more freedom to expand the apparatus involved.)

Visualize the greyness born of these conflicts taking form in your right hand; unspun, whole.

To the significant other - I cast off the chains around my heart.

They proposed a stricter sexual role for you, hackneyed almost to the point of charicature. Playing on your longing for community, on the remnants of gender insecurity we all retain. They pressed you into staged competition which you grudgingly accepted for the sake of promised peace.

To the significant other - I rend the chains from around my sexual selfhood.

(Breathe in, breathe out - feeling further expansion of freedom. Add the displaced greyness to your handful.)

The healer helps us heal ourselves. We are not resourceless. S/he is not without concerns, dreams and problems as important as your own.

We are not totally ignorant. S/he is not omnipotent. We aren't all-needful. S/he's not all-giving.

(Emphasize the need for continued nurturing awareness. Add further to your ball of light and metamorphise the imagery into a shawl. Wrap it about you in glory. Swirl it in the air, projecting the negativity left from the restrictions you've shattered on it. It's greyness vaporizes instantly.)

It was said that your outer self was hopelessly soiled even though you didn't know any other part well. Healing is helping you conform the benevolent plans for you.

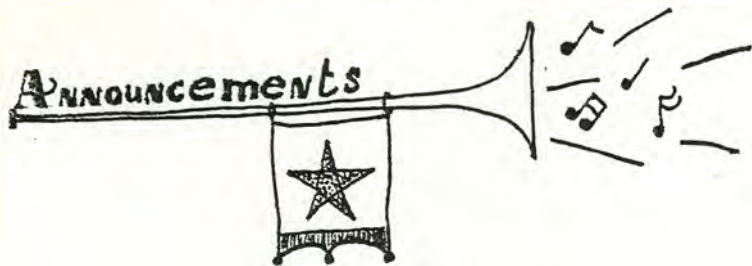
(Lay down their domination. Explain your decision to them as well as you can. Try to leave in peace. Add further to your ball of grey and metamorphise it into a shawl. Wrap it about you for a final taste of the pain. Swirl it in the air. Feel the light absorb and neutralize your sorrow.

Wrap your shawl around you. Radiate joy and vitality to the circle's edge.



Feel the tension swirl along it in continuous flow. Feel the vibratory pitch rising and rising; resonating to and through you. Bask in it as long as you will. Know that you are intact. Rejoice in your strengths and abilities.

Say - "As I will, so mote it be."
You are affirming your right to happiness. Close by thanking the elements and/or deities you invoked at the start.)
For one and all in love...



The Pan Pagan Festival 1982, sponsored by the Midwest Pagan Council, will be held August 5 - 8 in Niles, Michigan. The cost is \$18.50 per adult, \$9.00 per child (5-12 yrs) and children under 5 are free.

For more information, write to Midwest Pagan Council, c/o Calumet Pagan Temple, 1519 Kenilworth, Calumet City, IL 60409.

The Southwest Festival Association is presenting the Enchanted Mountain Gathering, July 30 - Aug. 1, to be held in the Jemez Mountains of Central New Mexico. For more information write the Southwest Festival Association, Box 4006, Albuquerque, NM 87196. Registration fee is \$15.00.

The Center of Shamanic Studies has published a list of forthcoming workshops to be held across the nation. To get it write to them at Box 673, Belden Station, Norwalk, CT 06852.

Circle's latest publication, Pagan Spirit Journal #1, is now available for \$9.00 plus postage (\$1 bookrate, \$2 1st class). This book is filled with a variety of material contributed by participants in the 1981 Pagan Spirit Gathering. Some subjects covered are: "Tranceworking," How to build a sweat lodge," and a Celtic sabbat bread recipe.

To order your journal write to Circle, Box 9013, Madison, WI 53715.

The Holyearth Foundation is now offering subscriptions to the Holyearth Journal. Its first issue, "On Spirituality and Politics" is now available.

Subscription cost is \$10 for four issues annually. Send your request to the Holyearth Foundation, Box 873, Monte Rio, CA 95462.

The Unicorn began June, 1977, is a newsletter dedicated to sharing the good news of our craft with Pagan friends. It is a Rowan Tree publication, 8 issues a year to coincide with the seasons.

Judith Gortel - Editor
Archie - Resident Unicorn

Enclosed is my hard-earned money for the following:

- \$3.00 - a one-year subscription to the Unicorn (8 issues) *
- \$10.00 - not only the Unicorn, but also the extras for cats and lesbians
- \$7.00 - The New Books of the Devas (Vol. I) an herbal for the Aquarian Age
- \$5.00 - Andrius' Coloring Book of Numbers - numerology and mythology
- \$6.00 - A Child's Wish Book - a book of delights for little people
- Enclosed is a S.A.S.E. Please send me a copy of your catalogue

TOTAL ENCLOSED

Make checks and money orders payable to The Rowan Tree

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

I wish to maintain secrecy

I am interested in making contact with others

You may mention my name in the Unicorn

You may give my address, also

I love unicorns & nice Pagans

* \$12.00 US currency outside U.S. & Canada

Please mail to: The Rowan Tree Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408

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*The Unicorn Provides These
Extra Pages
to aid communication between
Gay and Lesbian Pagans*

THE READERS' FORUM

Last issue's question was: "Is it ethical to practise sex magick with an unsuspecting partner? How may one go about it? Does it involve the partner karmically, and if so, could this be seen as a manipulation of the other's psyche?"

The response was unanimous, although there was not much of it. I should like to quote from this letter, from Cloud:

"The only ethically defensible goal I can think of would be such as expressed in the old pledge - 'I offer my energy to the cosmos.' Any work for more precise gain or personal motivations would have to be done consensually, if only because the differences in focus would cause would cause dissipation of goal-directed energy."

It seems that most feel it would be manipulative, or less than honest to promote sexual magick without the other partner aware of it.

Question for this issue: "How has invoking the God/dess changed your sexuality? Do these changes extend beyond the ritual situation? Do you ever invoke the God/dess as part of a sexual identity, and how does this change your lovemaking?"

A CALL TO GAY BROTHERS EVERYWHERE

The Spiritual Gathering of Radical Faeries, Shamans, Magic Queer Men and Faery Warriors will be held at Eagle Creek, San Diego, California. The opening circle will be on Sun., Aug. 29th, and the closing circle will be held on Sat., Sept. 4th. Cost of the event is \$90. For more information, write Stone Water Circle, P.O. Box 82823, San Diego, CA 92138.



We've been receiving quite a bit of welcome responses to the letters and articles that have been printed regarding bisexuality. Keep the responses coming.

Bisexuality is an issue that, like ecological awareness, seems to get a good deal of lip service and little honest exploration and application.

Following are excerpts from a letter by Gary Lingen in response to the letter we printed from A. Giem.

Gary welcomes your feedback. You may write him at New Earth Circle - Church of the Earth, P. O. Box 8341, Madison, WI 53707.

"Dear Friends of The Unicorn,

I am also a secure and self-affirming Bisexual - "not in transition" nor in "a state of sexual confusion" and applaud the manner in which you state those sentiments about your self.

I want to share that all of the bisexual men and women I've met... to discuss issues and problems... have expressed much frustration about experiencing an information and social vacuum... because they have felt rejected by both the straight and lesbian communities, and I feel I must include the feminist communities.

After being frustrated with this situation for some time and after trying to raise the issue with my straight, gay and lesbian friends, I've come to the conclusion that we're entirely on our own, and need to create our own support system and contact network...

I feel very strongly that we have to try to stop focusing on the negative side of our relationship with the gay and lesbian communities and instead focus on our selves - affirming our love lifestyle ... as "a deep, positive, courageous and joyous love/life orientation."

The Extra Pages... provide a forum for the expression of our feelings and whether or not there are gays and lesbians who have trouble understanding us, we should use that opportunity to affirm and express who we are in a positive and whole manner.

We should pursue the... necessity of organizing bisexual men and women socially and politically to create a network and community to openly support and express the needs, rights, and goals/visions of the bisexual community.

Recently, I have found my self expressing myself more openly about my bisexuality. I'm not exactly sure how to go about organizing bisexual men and women other than to create opportunities for contact and discussion...

I have committed myself to lead a rap session for bisexuals at the Pan-Pagan Covenant of the Goddess Festival, Sept. 9 - 12 in Deltan, Michigan, and titled the announcement of it "A Space for Bisexual Pagans"...

I intend to exchange addresses and phone numbers to begin to develop a network ..(and) a newsletter as a contact and information vehicle for expressing ourselves to each other and to the gay-lesbian and straight community as well.

I would appreciate communication... in response to my ideas and thoughts especially from other bisexual men and women.

Blessed Be, Gary"



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(Open your hearts my friend and lover
Evening has left the outlands

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-Elven poem in Quendi

The Continuation of "A Story" By Sil

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-to be cont.

*@Sally Oldfield, The Water Bearer

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And ravish me for ages with your honeysuckle lips!

Blesséd Flame! Blessed woman! Goddess Olwen rising high
Enfold me in your radiance, and open up my eyes.

-Gawaine Cowan Ross

In honor of

Susan Ariel Rainbow Kennedy

My life closed twice before its close-
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive

As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.
-Emily Dickinson

The Unicorn began Yule 1977, and is a newsletter dedicated to sharing the good news of our Craft and Pagan friends It is a Rowan Tree publication, with 8 giant issues to coincide with the Sabbats.

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