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Beltane 1982

The Unicorn

Vol 05, No. 05

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THE UNICORN

V #5

BOX 8814 O MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA 55408 O 871-7287

A PUBLICATION OF the ROWAN TREE

Beltane

Dearest Uni-kin,

Here comes one of my favorites ... Beltane. This Beltane I will be gathering with my fellow Unicorns, and we will sip a special nectar (angelica, anise, peppermint, elder, and of course, Unicorn root!!) and then dance and prance around a Maypole. Unicorns of all persuasions will be attending our ritual, horns bedecked with flowers and baubles, for we feel that the horn of the Unicorn is the true origin of your Maypole. Then, when done raising the most delightful of magicks, we will go out and deliver special wicker baskets of goodies to our kindred.

Among our human friends, thoughts turn to lusty romance, and oh, how wonderful will be the new-born for next Candlemas...

I should like to share with you this special poem, which appeared in The Unicorn two years ago. It is by one of my most favorite ladies, one who moves me to tears with her songs... Rosa Wildermuth:

Plant your seed in me in Springtime
In the last deep drifting snow.
As the Sun warms up the earth
The Lady's love will surely grow.
The mating of the seasons
Makes the warmth that melts the snow.
Both the Lord & the Lady
Make the early violets grow.

Shine on me - you make me feel it!
Shine on me - you make me glow!
Inside us all the Lord & Lady grow.

As the green buds on the willows
Glow 'round us soft & bright
The deep dark still of nighttime
Melts the mornings vernal light.
And, as one, they dance inside us
If we're blessed enough to know
It takes both sides of nature
To let the blossoms grow.

Ring out clear the bells of May Day!
Ring out winter, quiet rest.
As we sow the seed for summer
Working soil the Gods have blessed.

Dance 'round the garland Maypole
Dance 'round the silver moon
As we gather fragrant flowers
Bursting to love's tune.

Thank you Rosa, and thank you all of you who will contribute your joy and love to the earth this season. May you all dream of Unicorns...

Love,
Andrius...

Born of Time, A Child of Space
 We of the Goddess have no place;
 Our goal is not material wealth
 But Spirit strengthened and good health.

Our path is not the oft' trod way;
 But leads us to a golden ray,
 A drop of Moon, a splash of sky
 Our dancing circle of the night.

We learn afresh how Gods of old
 Did teach our people to grow bold,
 To learn of Magick, wind and fire,
 To blow the horn & strum the lyre.

To Milkwhite and her lover strong
 We their earthly children do belong.
 They do guide us; with their hand stay.
 Their strength is but a breath away.

So, let us dance, and sing, and feast,
 We've nothing to fear in the least.
 Forever and more, all life long,
 We to them do belong.

by Sil



LADY OF SONG

Lady who sings in the darkness,
 Lady who lives in the silent light,
 Mother of the World
 Before beginnings,
 Weaver of the saffron
 Web of life,
 Your voice hangs over
 The Universe
 In the high song of Galaxies
 And the wild cry of birds.

N. Brennan, 1980
 (previously pub. in THEMIS)

NOTES FROM AN HERBAL

Continuing the list of correspondences:

Mandrake - Circe, Saturn, Diana,
 Marjoram - Venus
 Mints - Mintha
 Mistletoe - Odin
 Mugwort - Diana
 Mulberry - Minerva, Pyramus, Thisbe
 Myrrh - Juno, Demeter, Hecate, Saturn,
 Cybele, Rhea
 Narcissus - Isis (first aspect)
 Olive - Athena, Poseidon, Zeus
 Orchid - Orchis
 Parsley - Persephone, Venus, Aphrodite
 Pennyroyal - Demeter
 Peppermint - Mintha, Zeus
 Pine - Poseidon
 Pomegranate - Saturn, Persephone
 Roses - Aphrodite, Venus
 Sage - Consus
 Sandalwood - Venus
 Sunflower - Apollo, Demeter
 Tarragon - Lillith
 Verbena - Diana, Hermes, Mars
 Violets - Zeus, Io
 Wormwood - Diana, Artemis



BACH FLOWERS

By Richard L. Mayfield, D.C.

Bach Flower Essences are gentle reminders of the source of health and well-being within each of us. They are a natural, non-toxic, non-drug alternative that assists us in processing emotional areas of our lives that are troublesome. The essences stimulate an enhanced awareness and ability to transform limiting attitudes, emotions and behavior into more creative and health-affirming ways of being. A system of 38 Bach Flower remedies was developed in the 1930's by Dr. Edward Bach a physician and surgeon in England.

Bach Flower Remedies do not have a specific drug-like effect on the body. Rather, they assist in realigning the subtle energy field of a person. Drugs affect us on a physical, chemical level. Bach Flowers affect us on a dynamic, energy level--the vital force or innate intelligence. This vital force is the same concept as acupuncture energy circuits within our bodies, or the self-healing ability to close an open wound or a broken bone. The essences seem to act as health catalysts which, over a period of time, awaken the natural life force and spiritual essence within each of us. Each flower essence is thought to embody the harmonious vibrational pattern of the particular flower used, which resonates with a particular human vibration and personality pattern. Dr. Bach was convinced that emotional, mental and sometimes physical stress was often at the root of an illness. If a person is subjected to a trauma or a problem and allows the emotional reactions to linger, then the problem could manifest as a physical disorder at a later date. The remedies are specifically formulated to assist in releasing that particular trauma from the cellular memory. The remedies assist in integrating the psychological, emotional, and physiological patterns of an individual so that she/he is able to function in a non-compulsive manner.

Bach felt that most people suffered from a varied number of the 38 negative states of mind he identified. These he divided into 7 categories: despair/dependency, fear, overcare for welfare of others, uncertainty, loneliness, lack of interest in the present, and over-

sensitive to influence and ideas. Rock Rose flower is known to be associated with an intense fear after an accident or during a sudden illness. Mimulus flower are for people who have fears of everyday life. Sweet Chestnut are for those moments which happen to some people when the anguish is so great as to seem to be unbearable. Heather is a loneliness remedy for those who always seek the companionship of anyone who may be available, as they find it necessary to discuss their own affairs with others, no matter whom it may be. They are very unhappy if they have to be alone for any length of time. Scleranthus are for those who suffer much of being unable to decide between two things, first one being right then the other. They are usually quiet people, and bear their difficulty alone, as they are not inclined to discuss it with others. There are remedies for every emotional state that we create for ourselves. Since flower essences harmonize well with most other health and growth modalities, they can be effectively integrated into an overall program of health enhancement practices, such as good exercise, nourishing diet, stress reduction/relaxation, healthy life-style and attitude, and preventative health care from physicians knowledgeable in holistic health.

Bach remedies are prepared from diluted infusions of flowers in water; flower essences are taken orally a few drops at a time, several times a day. If people do not prefer to take drops every day, there is a list of positive affirmations for each remedy that can be worked with each day. Affirmations are one of the most powerful tools that we all possess.

Our minds can create a state of ill-health by using negative thought patterns or a state of well-being by utilizing positive attitudes. We make certain emotional decisions about problem areas whether it be low back pain or cancer. Once there is a recognition and acceptance of an emotional pattern, then it is easy to let go of it. Positive mental affirmations can create a well body and mind.

Dr. Mayfield is a Chiropractor who practices applied kinesiology at the Cornerstone Wellness Center. He can be reached for more information and consulting at: 3300 N. Penn Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55412.

The Continuation of A Story --

-- by Sil

"Did you call out to me?"

The willow lifted her branches to expose a most radiantly beautiful visage. She sighed, "Yes, it was I who called you."

The tree talks! How wonderful, thought the boy, yet how mysterious. Trees aren't supposed to talk.

"How d'ya do, ma'am," said the boy as he tipped his tiny hat. Faintly his knees trembled.

"What are you staring at?" asked the willow of the boy.

"Pardon me," said the boy, "but I've never met a talking willow before." He toed the earth. "I didn't know you could talk."

"Of course we can talk!" she giggled as the wind blew her branches around him, caressing the boy's cheeks. "We all talk." At that, laughter twirled around him. He gasped.

"Oh don't be afraid," calmed the willow. "I called to you to tell you something. Sit at my feet."

The boy sat down on a rock in front of the willow. "What may I do for you, ma'am?"

"My dear child, how youthful you are. Your heart is not yet throttled with the untruths your people tell you. How important you are to us and to yourself. Listen as I tell you a story.

Long ago there lived a great and

beautiful Lady who was the Queen of the Heavens. With her eyes of deepest azure and her hair of darkest ebony, she was the most radiant of Goddesses. She cloaked herself in velvety greens and pleasant rusts and browns. Beloved was she of Gods and men.

Her lover was the most brilliant Lord Sol. Handsome was he, fair to look upon, and strong as the day is long. With mantle of gold and eyes like fire he strode proudly across the heavens turning heads wherever he went.

Together they danced the Spiral Dance, from season to season, year to year, age upon age. Thout, thout-a-thout, thout, throughout and about. And blessed were their children.

Then one day a new god arose from the Land of the Winds. A god of great brilliance who demanded submission and sacrifice from his followers. This god strode out in bloody violence against the Lady and her children. His priests traced down her babes wherever they lived and exterminated them. The whole world quaked in fear of this new god whose priests struck fear into the hearts of men.

And the Lady cried.

(continued next issue...)



Buddha waits behind a waterfall.

Faint moving glimmer of moon
Running pale down the stones;

Sharp spears of dazzle,
Bright sun-slashed water
Flashing over nothing.

So dark, the cavern of black space;
Soot of my fears
Smouldered for a million years

To obscure a star.

Buddha waits behind the darkness-wall,
Lit in silence from within.

Emotion

Always seem to be in motion
Never still enough to see

Through the glisten veils of light.

Buddha sits behind a waterfall,
Past the desert, through the night,
Beyond dark
Beyond light.

© Tui 1982

It has been a busy spring. Between dealing with my Saturn return, learning tarot, singing concerts and praising the Lord & Lady for the end of winter, I've had little time to think. Spring is a time of feeling, the reawakening of our senses to the joys of sun and wind! This spring is especially an awakening for me, as I become the crocuses, the geese, the Southern wind, all part of the Mother turned maiden, to wander freely in search of Love and revel in the freedom of maidenhood! Judyth

ANNOUNCEMENTS



A summons to the annual Tayu Grand Council, a gay spiritual conclave to be held on the Summer Solstice, June 18-20, 1982. At an 1100 acre mineral hot springs in Northern California. Come and celebrate the solstice with your brothers and sisters. \$78 registration donation includes meals, lodging, use of hot springs and other facilities. For more information write Tayu Grand Council, P.O. Box 11554, Santa Rosa, CA 95406

Autumn Equinox, 1982 -- Wisconsin
2nd Annual Pagan Unity Festival
Sept. 16-19

The order of the Living Circle and Circle are sponsoring a 4-day Pagan Ecumenical Retreat. Workshops, practica and worship on a private Nature sanctuary between Madison and Milwaukee will be focused on Pagan lifestyles, with the feel of a folk fair within a Pagan community setting. Send for flyer

Order of the Living Circle
P.O. Box 23774
Milwaukee, WI 53224

The 1982 Witches' Annual --

A promethean presentation, a celebration of natural magic, and spiritual creativity. Featuring artwork, poems, plays, articles, etc. by some of the best known names in the craft! Publication date, March 21, 1982. Octavo format, 100 pages, \$4.50 per copy. Available from Arcane Crafts, Box 383 Mastic Beach, NY 11951 Please send S.A.S.E. for more information.

The 4th annual Rites of Spring Pagan festival sponsored by the Athanor Fellowship, will be held over Memorial Day weekend, May 28-31 at a private conference center outside of Boston. Cost is \$45/adults, children free when accompanied by parents. For further information, please send a SASE to: The Athanor Fellowship, P.O. Box 464, Allston, MA 02134, deadline for registration is May 1.

From Chameleon Club, P.O. Box 174, Perry, OH 44081 -- plans in the works include: a Wholistic Health Seminar with classes in massage, a live concert with a local band called Oroboros and the second STARWOOD festival. More news will be posted in Changeling Times. Issue 6 is out, with future issues planned on a quarterly basis. Write to them for more information

Don't forget to register for the Circle Pagan Spirit Gathering to be held in Wisconsin June 18-23. All registrations must be in by June 10. Write to Circle, Box 9013, Madison, WI 53715 for more information.

Isaac Bonewits and Sally Eaton have suspended publication of the Druid Chronicler. We are sorry to see them withdraw, but wish them much good luck and many blessings in the continuation of their works.

The Midwest Pagan Council's 6th annual Pan-Pagan Festival is Aug. 5-8, at Rogers Lake Recreation Area, 10 miles North of Niles, Michigan. To inquire about doing workshops or performances write to: Program Committee, c/o Stanley Modrzyk, P.O. Box 664, Chicago Heights, IL 60411. For more festival info write: Festival Registration Committee, c/o Janel & Richard Clarke, 1519 Kenilworth, Calumet City, IL 60409.

CATALOGS

RKM Publishing, Tape Club Bulletin. This catalog features lecture tapes for learning such things as Astronics, Astrology, Vitamin deficiencies in your Natal chart, and others. The Bulletin is a newsletter with interviews, reviews, and happenings. Write to them at: P.O. Box 23042, Euclid, OH 44123 for more information.

BOOK REVIEWS

Lorian Press is a spiritually-oriented educational association whose aim is to serve the emergence of a new planetary culture.

The Association is researching and evolving educational programs, creative arts presentations, and other services for institutions, specialized groups, and the general public.

Further details about Lorian and its vision and programs can be obtained by writing Lorian Press, P.O. Box 1095, Elgin, Illinois 60120

BOOK REVIEW

"The Making of A Solar Village"

A case study of a solar downtown development project at Soldiers Grove, Wisconsin.

by: Wm. S. Becker, Wisc. Energy Ext. Service
published by Lorian Press, P.O. Box 1095
Elgin, Ill. 60120

This is a fascinating book about the building of a town, using solar technology. Soldiers Grove is a small town on the Kickapoo River in Wisc. Because of heavy logging, farming, and other forms of heavy land use the river started flooding the business district every few years. When it became evident that it would not be possible to control the river completely the town people decided to relocate their business district to higher ground. Since all the buildings were to be moved or replaced with new ones, it made sense to build energy efficient structures. This book describes the process the town went through making their decisions and what the new planned community looks like. It is well written and easy to read. The cost is \$4.00 postpaid.

"The Indefensible Society"

by: William S. Becker, published by Lorian Press, \$3.00 postpaid.

Naturally, the indefensible society is ours, yours, mine. We personally are responsible

for the multitude of impending disasters that our profligate American way of life is destined to unleash. This is a short (34 pgs.) pamphlet that spends more than half of its pages listing those impending disasters. You've read them all in every publication from the Congressional Record to the Rolling Stone -- no news. The second half of the pamphlet reinforces Times suspicion that something new is in the wind. Becker calls it the "ethic of self-realization and the ethic of ecology" -- still no news. In the last two pages of his work, Becker points to the sensible decisions of the community of Soldiers Grove, Wisc. (see previous review) as a challenge to us all for change. I suspect the changes will have to be a bit more difficult, perhaps not. Certainly, the allegory of a town removing itself from the path of a raging river is applicable to our present nuclear predicament. It's hard to fault this little book, after all, there should be no limit on the number of times the truth may be printed. Perhaps this pamphlet will be the statement that changes someones mind. If, however you are familiar with the subject matter, there's no news here.

The Unicorn began June, 1977, & is a newsletter dedicated to sharing the good news of our craft & pagan friends. It is a Rowan Tree publication, & some issues coincide with The Sabbats.

Judith Garrett - Editor
Averius - 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 gays and lesbians
- \$7.00 - The Holy 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

Name _____

Mailing Address _____

Make checks and money orders payable to The Rowan Tree

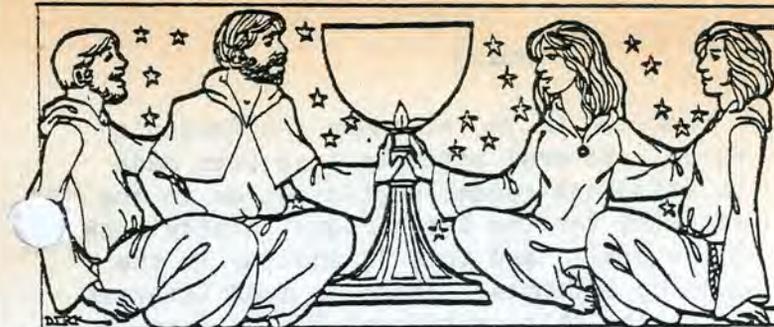
- I wish to maintain secrecy
- I am interested in making contact with others
- You may mention my name in the Unicorn
- You may give my address, also
- I love Unicorns & nice Pagans

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

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

14M443 '81

all work @ the Rowan Tree, at Judith's Office



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

CONTACTS

I'm bisexual and not in transition from one end of the kinsey scale to the other. I'm bisexual and not in a state of constant political and sexual confusion. My choices in which relationships to cultivate, which people to love, and which people to make love to, are based on personality not genital type. I live in an information vacuum. How do you contact other bisexuals who accept bisexuality as a deep, positive courageous, joyous life orientation? What books can you read? Any organizations? Much it seems like pre-stonewall gaydom in most geographical locations. I'm not waiting for the riots to occur. I'd like to hear from the bisexuals who feel uncomfortable about contributing and anyone else who feels like writing. A. Giem, R#1, Massena, NY 13662

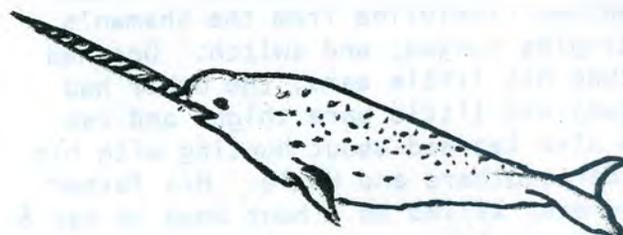


In ancient times people took the dolphin as magickal creature of higher conscienceness. The hermaphroditic form was a symbol of balance of God and Goddess. The symbol of the whale is often found in Mandalas as the union of heaven and earth.

Today as scientists are rediscovering the intelligence of dolphins and the media popularizes them, the dolphin is becoming a symbol of the new awareness of alternative ways of conscienceness and of being. Also, a renewed respect for the oceans and nature.

The dolphins are attributed to the Goddesses Isis and Aphrodite, and the God Apollo. They are sea satyrs which dance with Nereids in the undersea temples of Poseidin.

The legend of "The Dolphin of lassos" recounts the story of a homosexual love fair between a boy and a dolphin. The dolphin gave the boy ride on his back and taught him how to love. But one unfortunate day the boy stabbed himself on the dorsal fin of the dolphin and died. The dolphin carried his lover to the beach and then beach himself.



narwal,
unicorn
of the sea

This story would seem to be based on fact as many other cultures relate stores of dolphin and human love affairs. In more recent times reports of sex between people and dolphins have surfaced.

The study of dolphin behavior has revealed that dolphins are bisexual as well as very creative and playful in their sexual endeavors. Female dolphins maintain long-term pair bonds with each other where they aid in the delivery and care of their female mates' children.

Dolphins are free, loving, intellegent creatures with whom we homosexuals share common ground they are land creatures who have returned to the womb of life. It is believed by some that they are Atlantians who have returned to Earth, possessing great understanding and psychic powers. The dolphins with their constant smiles and jovial frolics are truly blessed creatures. A symbol of joy, rekindled awareness, and freedom.



PASSAGE

Tork was awakened early before darkness had lifted from the land. He had spent this night in the cave of the Shaman. He and other boys his age - 12 - had been learning since they were 8 about this day. He had learned with his friends about the fertility Nature Goddess, and living women from the Goddess figures of the Shaman. He learned of the seasons and myths. He had learned discipline from the Shaman's stinging tongue, and switch. One had stung his little ears, the other had stung his little bare thighs and ass. He also learned about hunting with his older brothers and Uncle. His father had been killed on a hunt when he was 6. His Uncle had come to live in their cave and "protect" his Mother. He was the youngest in the family. After his Uncle came to live with them he could never tell the difference between his cousins and brothers. They picked on him and called him names. But, after dinner and stories they wanted to sleep with Little Tork. Well some of them wanted to sleep with his Mother, but, his Uncle and only his Uncle did that! At sunrise, in front of the whole village Tork and his friends would be driven in to the Sacred Pound after a ritual switching by the Shamen. Their nude bodies were bathed in the Sacred Spring and they would emerge men. Finally thought Tork! Also, on the shore they would find the young girls of the village that had gone through their own rite to become women that morning. They picked one out then and there. With the Mother Nature Goddess looking down, unseen, from the sky, they would perform the fertility rite, thereby ensuring the continuance of the tribe. After that there was much drinking of wine, eating of food, and good singing, with much good natured jesting. But there was one thing worrying Tork, he wanted a young male friend of his for his lifetime companion. When he told the Shaman how he felt, the Shaman told him to go with a friend, and only his friend on hunting treks in the dark of the moon. Tork and Shamu did just that. After chasing and killing a wild hog they stripped off their animals skins and bathed themselves in its blood followed by a wild orgy of sex and affection. They would then return to their women and caves.

I should like to introduce the Reader's Forum. Several attempts have been made to stimulate reader participation in the material for the Extra Pages, pretty much to no avail, and this is another in the ongoing attempts. There is much interest in seeing this section of the Unicorn continue, but we need material. There are several serious questions that I should like to see addressed, and the opening of this column is to introduce the first.

Question: 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 manipulation of the other's psyche?

Please address your replies to The Unicorn c/o Paul, P.O. Box 8814, Mpls, MN 55408. If you wish your name included, please indicate that, otherwise all replies will be listed only by city or pseudonym. I would like to add that I will take a more active involvement in the Extra Pages, in the hope that they will revitalize.

Response to Savanna Moon, Crescent Moon's letter in the last issue.

I question the assumption that adults with children pour most of their creativity into parenting. Most parents seem to because they've been taught that creative expression is frivolous, caring for anyone outside your immediate family is disloyal and authority is always right.

We are people who questioned the sexual roles proposed for us. Thus doing we shook the way we analyze, interpret, and select personal beliefs to the foundations. Transformative, self-affirming, life-affirming nurturance ignited, sparked, kindled the magickal flame we share.

From Cloud, suggestions for discussion: 'Which came first, 'coming out' or 'going Pagan'? What has this meant for you?'

'Are you 'out' with your family as a Gay/Lesbian? Are you 'out' with them as a Pagan? Which was more difficult? Which has been harder for them to copy with?'

The Unicorn Vol V #5
Box 8814 Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408 871-7287
A Publication of the Rowan Tree Beltane [1982]

Dearest Uni-kin,

Here comes one of my favorites... Beltane. This Beltane I will be gathering with my fellow unicorns, and we will sip a special nectar (angelica, anise, peppermint, elder, and of course, unicorn root!!) and then dance and prance around a maypole. Unicorns of all persuasions will be attending our ritual, horns bedecked with flowers and baubles, for we feel that the horn of the unicorn is the true origin of your maypole. Then, when done raising the most delightful of magicks, we will go out and deliver special wicker baskets of goodies to our kindred. Among our human friends, thoughts turn to lusty romance, and oh, how wonderful will be the new-born for next candlemas...

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Plant your seed in me in springtime
In the last deep drifting show.
As the Sun warms up the Earth
The lady's love will surely grow.
The making of the seasons
Makes the warmth that melts the snow
Both the Lord and the Lady
Makes the early violets grow.

Shine on me - you make me feel it!
Shine on me - you make me glow!
Inside us all the Lord and Lady grow.

As the green buds on the willows
Glow 'round us soft and bright
The deep dark still of night time
Meets the morning's vernal light.
And, as one, they dance inside us
If we're blessed enough to know
It takes both sides of nature
To let the blossoms grow

Ring out clear the bells of May Day!
Ring out winter, quiet rest.
As we sow the seed for summer
Working soil the gods have blessed.
Dance 'round the garland maypole

Dance 'round the silver moon
As we gather fragrant flowers
Bursting to love's tune.

Thank you Rose, and thank you all of you who will contribute your joys and love to the earth this season. May you all dream of unicorns...

Love,
Andrius

The Continuation of A Story . . . - - by Sil

"Did you call out to me?"

The willow lifted her branches to expose a most radiantly beautiful visage. She sighed, "Yes, it was I who called you."

The tree talks! How wonderful, thought the boy, yet how mysterious. Trees aren't supposed to talk.

"How d'ya do ma'am," said the boy as he tipped his tiny hat faintly his knees trembled.

"What are you staring at?" asked the willow of the boy.

"Pardon me," said the boy, "but I've never met a talking willow tree before." He toed the earth. "I didn't know you could talk."

"Of course we can talk!" she giggled as the wind blew her branches around him caressing the boy's cheeks. "We all talk." At that, laughter twirled around him. He gasped.

"Oh don't be afraid," calmed the willow. "I called to you to tell you something. Sit at my feet."

The boy sat down on a rock in front of the willow. "What may I do for you, ma'am?"

"My dear child, how youthful you are. Your heart is not yet throttled with the untruths your people tell you. How important you are to us and yourself. Listen as I tell you a story.

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And the Lady cried.

(continued next issue...)

Buddha waits behind a waterfall.

Faint moving glimmer of moon

Running pale down the stones;
Sharp spears of dazzle
Bright sun-slashed water
Flashing over nothing.
So dark, the cavern of black space;
Soot of my fears
Smouldered for a million years
To obscure a star.
Buddha waits behind the darkness-wall,
Lit in silence from within.
Emotion
Always seem to be in motion
Never still enough to see
Through the glisten veils of light.
Buddha sits behind a waterfall,
Past the desert, through the night,
Beyond dark
Beyond light.
©Tui 1982

It has been a busy spring. Between dealing with my saturn return, learning tarot, singing concerts and praising the Lord and Lady for the end of winter, I've had little time to think. Spring is a time of feeling, the reawakening of our senses to the joys of sun and wind! This spring is especially an awakening for me, as I become the crocuses, the geese, the Southern wing, all part of the mother turned maiden, to wander freely in search of Love and revel in the freedom of maidenhood!

Judyth

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.

Judyth Bartlett, Editor
Andrius - Resident Unicorn

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