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The Unicorn

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Lammas, 1982

Dear Friends,

Well, I have not been travelling much, as some of you have written to complain about, but I've been here in Minneapolis, where so much has been going on. I ended up helping Paul complete the manuscript for his book, not because I intended to, but because it was so interesting I couldn't resist. And then, The Rowan Tree has a new 'tree', which is a wonderful set of five rooms, one for the herb shop, one for a temple, one for the Unicorn, office, and a general library & fun room. I prefer, next to the temple, of course, the fun room, which has an area for kids, lots of books, and places to sit & visit... Paul asked me to thank all of you who gave energy which made this possible. It's located along Lowry Hill in Minneapolis, which has a Catholic Cathedral, Methodist Cathedral, Episcopal Cathedral, the biggest Christian Science Church, and a Scottish Rite Temple for those magical Masons. So we're in good company...

I will be travelling along with Nell, who will be performing the Deva Ritual of Lothlorien, with friends, at the Pan Pagan Festival in September... I love Michigan, being able to frolic in the woods, and watch all of you skinny-dip in the lake... Paul will not be attending this year, and is sending a basket of hugs and kisses with me to pass around... So, if late at night, you feel a slight nuzzling against your neck... well, it might be me...

On Lammas Eve, unicorns of all persuasions will gather in the magical gardens, each with a basket hand-woven at Midsummer's end, and flowers and ribbons, and such merriment. Uncle Folkhorn will again preside, and this year he promises to make no speeches at all. The youngest Unicorn will carry

II

a sparkling gilded knife, and at the magick moment of midnight, present it to Uncle, who will take it in his mouth (sometimes we envy your human hands) and cut the first herb, to signal the beginning of the harvest. At the stroke of the blade the stars will dance, and all voices will be raised in praise of the Goddess of the Harvest, who brings us such riches as herbs and foods. Then, we shall dance until morning, when we may be too tired to continue the harvest. No matter, for we have many weeks to do the work until Autumn.

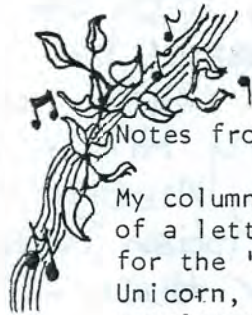
Much Love and many blessings....

Andrius



baby Unicorn

K.L. Weed



Notes from an Herbal

My column for this issue will take the form of a letter, as there was no reader response for the 'Notes'. As of this issue of the Unicorn, I am happy to announce that my completed manuscript is at the publishers for my forthcoming herbal. The material which is going into the book, to be published by Doug Brown and the folks at Phoenix, includes some rare material corresponding herbs and the tarot, for those who enjoy the study of both, and herbs and gemstones. There are about two hundred herbs in the magickal portion of the book, and it has been a very exciting project for me. However, I feel all written out, and am asking for reader response to provide a sense of direction for this column. I would deeply appreciate questions, or information that you might wish to share with other readers. If there is no response, perhaps the five years I have been writing the herb column have been enough. Give me some ideas, and love to you all...

Paul

THE TAROT



The other day Andrius wandered by and wanted to know if we were ever going to start writing a tarot column in here. We talked about it for a while and decided we'd like to present a basic outline of some ideas and invite comments and questions about tarot in general rather than reiterating information that is readily available in many books.

We are Tui Evenstar and Nell Morningstar; we teach tarot in the Twin Cities and also read professionally, utilizing an eclectic approach to both. We believe much of the available tarot material is arbitrary and would like to help others learn to use apparently conflicting or contradictory material by better understanding how the cards work as opposed to rote memorization of their supposed meanings.

In the learning process we see three basic stages of growth:

1. How to make the cards work for you.
 - a. This includes learning the meanings of the cards and a variety of spreads. This can be accomplished by classes, apprenticeships and books.
 - b. Developing a personal ritual, and integration of tarot symbols into yourself. This level is primarily for the student, a private, individual process even when it is done in classes or any other group format.
2. How to communicate what you have seen in the cards to another person.
 - a. Learning to trust yourself; doubt is the first obstacle to clarity.
 - b. Learning to accommodate the differences in others' emotional, spiritual and verbal levels. This involves the ability to recognize quickly what levels on which to communicate.
 - c. The ability to listen to what the person you are reading for is communicating verbally and nonverbally, or denying outright. Some people may deny correct information not because you are wrong, but because you are right and it is uncomfortable for them to see.
3. When and how it is appropriate to use the cards and/or the information.
 - a. In-person readings are generally the easiest; immediate feedback is available, and the information is usually communicated clearly and understood.
 - b. A requested reading for a person not present is much the same as an in-person reading minus the immediate

input. The issue with an unrequested absentee reading is: what are your motives and how is the information going to be used? Curiosity is permissible and it can be a useful learning tool when you've used up all your available practice victims. Your guidelines in this matter should remain in line with your own magickal ethics; i.e. to do a reading to find out how to manipulate someone is possible, but would you want someone to do it to you?

c. Remember that in almost all readings, the person you are reading for has placed trust in you. This is true even when they wouldn't be there, and they will be giving extra weight to your words because of the cards. This places the responsibility for what you say on you. But be clear to them that their actions in response to what you say are their own responsibility. **DO NOT MAKE DECISIONS FOR OTHER PEOPLE.** Your purpose is to present as much clear data as possible, with suggestions on alternatives. Do not presume omnipotence.

d. Confidentiality is essential. Your role is comparable to any other counselor, and you are more quickly privy to intimate details than most counseling situations, as you are looking via symbols and psychic talent directly into the subconscious. We all know what it is like to be exposed. In a reading you have the power to expose extremely vulnerable parts of a person. This power is potentially present from the first time you pick up a deck, whether you are aware of it or not. We have seen phenomenal readings straight out of an Eden Grey book; The cards, and especially their symbols, appear to contain some of this power. In all reading situations, the most important aspect is not pure psychic acrobatics but respect and compassion for an individual's evolution. If you lack these qualities, use your deck in your own magickal transformation but keep them out of other peoples' lives.

We realize this material is sketchy and incomplete, possibly raising more questions than it answers. This is intentional, so please raise the questions to yourself and if you wish, send them to us for further discussions in this column. We welcome any input on these and related issues, such as experiences, materials, favorite or unique spreads, original sketches of cards, and comments. We envision this column as an ongoing exchange; send those cards and letters soon. See you Autumn Equinox.



the continuation of "A Story"

By Sil

He became dizzy with the power and felt himself beginning to float above the ground. Up he rose, lifted high into the espers on the gentle hands of the devas. Higher and higher he went, past the soaring birds and up into the clouds. Still further he went till the stars came out and began to fly past him.

As he flew on the skies grew brighter. And still more swiftly he flew... toward the great shining sphere of the All-Father.

Then, in an instant, an explosion rang through his being and brightness filled his soul.

There he stood, before the throne of the holiest of holies, before the Great Mother herself.

Without speaking, she rose from her cushioned seat of deepest blue and stepped to him.

Gracious was she in her every move, the gentle tilt of her noble head, the lofty pride of her stature, the beauty of her loose tresses and azure eyes, all bespoke the greatness of inner power beyond words.

The boy trembled before her and fell to his knees. Two doves descended from the heavens carrying between them a cup filled with scented oil. She held out her hand...and ever so gently the cup was lovingly nestled into her palm. The Lady thanked the winged cup-bearers and they flew off happily chirping to each other.

She turned to the boy, and for a moment that seemed an eternity, she looked deep into his eyes, piercing through all pretenses, even unto his very soul.

For a moment the child felt weak, but her smile sustained him and filled him with such peace and satisfaction as he'd never known.

The Queen breathed a blessing upon the oil and dipped her alabaster fingers into its warm being. Then carefully, She reached out and touched the boy on the forehead.

"Blessed Be thou," she sang, "for you are one of my hidden children of the night."

The boy's whole being rang out in joy and rose high above him then expanded far around him, and then all of creation fell far from him as he stood there naked before her. There was nothing but the Lady and the boy.

She touched the oily essence to his eyes. "Blessed Be your eyes that they may be open to see my ways." Lightning flashed in the vastness of space.

Touching his nose. "Blessed Be your nose that you may sense my essence everywhere you go." The winds blew around him, toying with his hair.

She touched his ears. "Blessed Be your ears that you may hear my words even into the silence of the abyss." Chimes rang and echoed through

the chambers of the Summerland.

She placed a few drops of the sweet oil upon his lips. "Blessed Be your lips that you may speak my words and teach my children throughout all creation." Shouts of hosanna peeled back and forth around them.

She anointed his chest. "Blessed Be your heart that you may have faith in my power." A rumble growled around them and the earth below them sighed a breath of love.

She blessed his genitals saying, "Blessed Be your genitals that you may create in love even as I have created all in love." High above them the Sun and Moon appeared then merged to transform into a fiery phoenix that rose to ascend the planes of the cosmos.

Lovingly she knelt before him and touched his knees. "Blessed Be your knees which are honored to kneel at my holy places." Rain fell around them, singing in choruses of joy as it flowed down around them.

Finally she anointed his feet saying, "Blessed Be your feet that they may walk my ways wherever I should guide them."

A pensive silence fell around them. The Lady placed the cup on the ground beside her then stood. Her eyes smiled upon him. "To learn my will one must be made pure. And to be pure one must know the mystery. Hear this and remember it well. My mystery is this. If what you seek you cannot find in your own self, then you can never find it outside yourself. For behold, I have been with you from the beginning of creation and I will envelope you within my arms at time's end.

Your highest ideals are my heartbeats and your sweetest desires are my blood. Flow then into my being and know joy that surpasses all thought."

She kissed the boy upon his lips and he fell into the Universe. At first he was afraid, and then he remembered the words of the willow and sought for the power of the Earth. There She was, shining sweetly upon his mind.

Gingerly he landed at the foot of the willow. His attention was caught by then riveted on the ripples in the stream which flowed beside him.

A cloud passed overhead obscuring the sun's rays and cast a shadow over the waters. Wonderfully, the Lady's face appeared there.



She spoke, "Remember, my child, to have faith in your blessing, for together we are magic. Nothing can stand in our way. We are magic. Don't let your mind ever stray. Go out now and travel the length and breadth of the Land of Nod.

Learn from my babes there. Talk with the willow and chant with the sage. Grow wise with the root of Solomon's Seal and patient with the mints. Learn from all of my creation, from the stars to the smallest of stones. Woo the secrets from Mona, my sister who rules the night.

Then, my son, teach and minister unto my other hidden children. For you, my children, are my hope, our hope, for balance and love in this plane.

Greet all in perfect love and trust."

At that the cloud passed and again the sun shone brightly upon the waters.

Willow sighed as the breeze fondled her leaves. "She is so lovely."

"Yes," said the boy in a whisper. He stood. "Look!" cried Willow. "Look, everyone. Look!"

All the devas crowded round, for behold the boy was no longer a boy. He had become a young man, auburn haired with eyes of chestnut. He surveyed the change in his appearance but could not remember its occurrence.

"My, oh my..." gasped he. "What has happened?"

A beautiful white unicorn with mane of sand pranced up to the gathering and bounded over the devas to the young man. He grinned at him.

"I am Freyadora," spoke the fabled beast. "It has come your time to search out your destiny and serve the Goddess. Come with me and journey this world. Learn the secrets of the circles where the faeries dance, sing the songs of the marigolds, howl with the wolves at our Lady of the deep blue night, and become."

The youth stroked the mane of the beast and caressed his horn. Music and warmth flowed into him.

"Here," cried Willow, "take this with you," And she gave him one of her branches. "With this, my gift to you, you can tap into the powers of the Holy Grail, to learn and be refreshed by the elixir of life." Gratefully, he accepts the gift.

Then the Unicorn and the youth strode off across the hillside, the devas dancing around them, singing songs of praise to the Goddess.

To this day the young man is walking the Land of Nod accompanied by the Unicorn. Still he's learning the powers of the Willow's magic wand.

And sometimes he meets fellow travellers with whom he excitedly relates tales of how he met the Great Lady only to find that many have felt her touch and seen her face which makes him grow warm with the knowledge that truly his is a blessed path.

And with these fellow children of the Goddess he shares the knowledge he's collected and gives whatever aid he can. And from them he learns more, in perfect love and perfect trust.

Perhaps someday he'll journey past the Land of Nod...into the arms of the Mother.



Magical Herbalism

by Scott Cunningham

Llewellyn Publications, PO Box 43383,
St. Paul, MN 55164

\$7.95, 241 pp., paperback

Our praise and admiration for Scott on the publication of a much needed source of herbal knowledge. There is a wealth of information in this book, with chapters devoted to protection, divination healing, and the like. Many excellent recipes are provided, and by following the recommendations of Scott, who has been long respected for his work in magickal communities, you can make your own oils, condensers, incense, and other herbal preparations or magickal formulae.

Magical Herbalism is easy to read, with a comprehensive table of contents and a good index, which make the book easy to use as a resource guide for your work. There has long been a need for a good book on magickal work with herbs, and it is a joy to see this void being filled. Scott writes well, as his magickal works of fun-fiction have shown us before. His work is easy to understand, we deeply thank him for this book, long awaited, and joyfully received!

Rev. Paul V. Beyerl



Festival
UN
rom

Judyth



Greetings from the newly returned festival goers... I attended Circle's Pagan Spirit Gathering once again, and met many loving folks there. I arrived with a car full from Minneapolis on a grey and dreary Friday afternoon. We set up camp with the folk from Chicago, who were in the process of festooning the tent circle with ribbons and banners. The ground was wet and squishy from all the recent rain, spirits were a little low from the prospect of overcast skies for a whole weekend. So, to raise our spirits, we joined the group gathered around a campfire, drumming, tooting, and chanting with the joy of a weekend in the country! We gathered that evening at dusk around the ritual fire to bless the site and weave a circle of protection around it. The simple circle, or rather the triple circle, was a very moving ritual which helped to build a strong sense of community among the 200 folk already there. Each day started with an exercise circle, early in the morning. Sat. was the day of the magical marketplace. Folks had a wide variety of things to sell, stained glass, hand-made clothes, magickal tools, tarot decks, and many other handcrafts. Peter led a workshop on Ritual as Theatre. The potluck feast was that evening, what a spread! The river was declared safe for swimming and we all plunged in, it was chilly but refreshing. Margo Adler led a discussion on the past and future of paganism which generated much talk. All there agreed that we had come a long way in the past 10 years. Some discussion was held about reclaiming the word 'witch' and 'pagan' for positive use. Other talk was about shedding labels altogether as they are too inflexible. The evening was closed with an amateur 'hour' of fun, frolic, laughs, giggles, music, dance, and lots of loving energy. The next day was spent raising energy all day for the culmination in the Solstice ritual. A workshop was held on bi-sexuality in which much love and support was shared by all. Others gathered to plan the evening ritual, some attended a Pagan Spiritual Alliance powwow, others worked on building the sweat lodge. The first sweat was held just before time to gather for the ritual. The evening ritual was started with a

solitary meditation period. Following the meditation a procession of drums, flutes, and chanting walked through the town gathering all up in the rising energy. The afternoon downpour had turned the ritual space into a small lake, so it was a watery Solstice. Several new chants were learned, and much good energy was raised for healing of the Earth. A wreath from the Yule festival was cast into the fire, symbolizing the turning of the cycle, back to the darkening of the solar fires. I met many people, made many new friends, and reconnected with some old. This festival is a celebration of love and joy, thank you all for sharing with me. I had to leave the next morning just after sunrise, to attend a handfasting in Minneapolis, but the festival continued for three more days. I hear from folks that stayed on that it continued to be a warm loving place, where each person could be their own unique self in perfect love and trust with the Goddess and Horned God.

"An if it harm none, do as thou wilt"
This certainly is a group who lives their creed.

Blessed Be! ★ Judyth

MUSIC
CONTEST
ARTICLES

We take this opportunity to announce a contest! Actually, two contests.

1. For the best original article on the subject of the Sabbats (maximum word length is 600 words), we will award a two year (16 issues) subscription to the Unicorn. We will print the winning article in our Yule issue, Dec. 21, 1982.
2. For the best original chant or song, we will award the author with a deluxe 'D' penny whistle (or if 'D' isn't your favorite key, pick another) and a copy of the Yule issue, where the song/chant will be printed. We will accept cassette tapes in addition to words and notated music.

Deadline for both portions of the contest is the full moon, Nov. 30, 1982. The judges are the editors of the Unicorn: Nell, Alex, and Judyth. All entries must be signed and accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.



Earth I

Her movement
 could touch
 the softest petal
 rose blushing
 vine twining
 roots sunk deep
 into her calm
 darkness.

She is the result
 of motion
 and stillness
 meeting
 far within
 her bedrock surface
 and molten core.

Her strength
 and gentleness
 are here
 in the words
 that I speak
 for they are hers
 also.

Elwing

UNICORN RAMBLES.....

It was great to meet so many of you at PSG, Alice from California, Gary from Madison, Margo from New York, and so many others! Then, I flew down to Kansas City and St. Louis and met a few more! What a wonderful Solstice it was... Alex and Dudley leaped across the broom together and Alene and Paul held it for them, congrats to you two, many happy moons together... Stopped to see KL in MO (I love initials!) on the way home, so many Unicorns and dragons prancing all over the place, my my it was like a convention!... Hi Davyyd in Maine, was it a happy 30th for you? See you when you fly free... Alaric and Bacchus, thanks for the warm hugs, and welcome to the Unicorn family! I fell in love with your huskies, they were as playful as I am with the younger 'corns... It was so good to talk with you Kathy, keep in touch, let us know how things go in your new home on the West coast... Much love to Peggy and Wayne, who have been putting up with my late night visits to Don. I'll be there at Pan Pagan with Judyth, dancing around the fire, singing with the devas under the faerie lanterns, look for me in the water, I love to splash!...

Blessings and Love
 Flowers

CONTACTS

Kathy Tadlock, 14 Judy Dr, Williamsburg, VA 23185 would like to hear from San Diego area witches working in a feminist tradition. She is moving there 9/1

Bill Gallimore would like to correspond and/or meet other folks write to him at: 1311 W. Roscoe, Chicago, IL 60657

Children's Space



Dear Unicorn,

I am a unicorn nut, and I love your paper. All I draw is unicorns. A lot of them! And sometimes a pegasus. So, all I wanted to say is Hi!

Love ya all!

Angel Hansen

Unicorns are 2 good

+2 be

4 gotten

Publication Review

We recently received a copy of The Shadow's Edge published by Nemi Enterprises four times annually, subscriptions are \$6.50/year. Write the Shadow's Edge, PO Box 27495, Escondido, CA 92027.

An interesting journal with articles reaching across a fairly broad range. Volume 3, #3, which we received contained articles on Dream Working (part 3), Star lore dealing with the star Caput Algol, the magickal uses of apples (nicely down to earth and useable), an on-going article concerning tarot called the Road Royal, and article on the tetragrammaton and others. The writing is clear and concise and the layout and graphics very pleasant. This looks like it may grown into an exciting publication.

Also available from Nemi Enterprises is the Book of the Holy Strega (\$9.50 and \$2 shipping & handling) and the Book of Ways, Vol. I & II (Vol. I, \$15 and \$2, Vol. II, \$12.50 and \$2) all by Raven, editor of The Shadow's Edge.

Nell Morningstar

<p>The Unicorn began Uule, 1977, & is a news letter dedicated to sharing the good news of our Craft & Pagan friends. It is a Rowan Tree publication, 8 giant issues to coincide with the Sabbats.</p> <p>Judith Bartlett - Editor Andrius - Resident Unicorn</p>	<p>Enclosed is my hard-earned money for the following:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> \$8.00 - a one-year subscription to the Unicorn (8 issues) * <input type="checkbox"/> \$10.00 - not only the Unicorn, but also the extras for gays and lesbians <input type="checkbox"/> \$7.00 - The Holy Books of the Devas (Vol. I) an herbal for the Aquarian Age <input type="checkbox"/> \$5.00 - Andrius' Coloring Book of Numbers - numerology and mythology <input type="checkbox"/> \$5.00 - A Child's Wish Book - a book of delight for little people <input type="checkbox"/> enclosed is a S.A.S.E. Please send me a copy of your catalogue <p>TOTAL ENCLOSED <input type="text"/></p> <p>Make checks and money orders payable to The Rowan Tree</p>
<p>Name _____</p> <p>Mailing Address _____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> I wish to maintain secrecy <input type="checkbox"/> I am interested in making contact with others. <input type="checkbox"/> You may mention my name in the Unicorn <input type="checkbox"/> You may give my address, also <input type="checkbox"/> I love Unicorns & nice Pagans <p>* \$12.00 us currency outside U.S. & Canada</p>
<p>Please mail to: The Rowan Tree, Box 8814, Minneapolis, MN, 55408</p>	

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JANUARY '81



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

ON RECOVERING...

by Gaerdamon

"recover, ré-kuv ér, vt. - To get back; to regain; to revive; to rescue; to obtain in return for injury or debt. - vi. - To grow well; to regain a former condition."

-Websters Scholastic Dictionary, 1966

Welcome to the Extra Pages and to the first article of "On Recovering..."

One of the greatest maxim's taught to budding magicians is to "know thyself." I remember being told this by my priestess during my training for initiation. At the time, it made an impression but somehow had very little relevance to what I was doing. Sure! I know who I am!

Well, as the years have gone by, I've learned more about me than I ever thought existed. Those two words have become a rather important part of making my magic beautiful and effective.

Hooray for Gaerdamon! but what has this to do with you?

Magick, my friends, is an ongoing thing. It happens not only within the confines of our formal rituals but everyday, everywhere you look. If you're alive, you're magickal because you're expressing your ability to manifest on this physical plane.

Want to improve your life, your own very special magick? First, know yourself, all the goods and the bads.

As you're aware, sometimes getting to know yourself isn't easy. Far from it! Remember coming out? Remember the fear, the anxious moments of wondering whether this might be the end? Would

anyone ever talk to me again?

But you've passed through that and now are searching farther.

This is what "On Recovering..." is all about. It's an exploration of who we are as Pagan lesbian women and gay men, of finding ourselves underneath all that clap-trap we carry around.

"On Recovering..." will be a look at our loves, hopes, dreams and beauty. It will also take an eye to eye stance with our fears, shackles and pain.

In short, I hope upcoming articles will help you to recover whatever you're looking for and improve your magick. I expect you to write to me and share with me what you feel and think. Please, if you disagree, say so. Life is full of options, and yours may help others.

Until then, faerie love, Blessed Be,

Gaerdamon

NOTES AND NEWS

from Alex

"Howdy!!" to Alaric and Bacchus, new readers of the Extra Pages. Thanks for letting us have crash space last June... Thanks to Bill Gallimore for subscribing to the Extra Pages. Bill wants to hear from y'all. Look for his address in the contacts section of the Unicorn... Alex (that's me 😊) and Dudley were hand-fastened June 21st before a group of well-wishers. Thanks to all of you for your love...A rally was held in Minneapolis on July 20th to protest violence against gays and lesbians. It was attended by about 200 people...



Last issue's question was: "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?"

No one was able to contain the god/dess role to only magickal experience. It was always seen as moving into other areas, affecting sexual and romantic partners. Often, it was expressed that the invocation process led to greater interest from other possible partners, and it was suggested that they could unconsciously sense the greater sexual/divine being behind the physical surface. Some felt that invoking the divine in mundane sex was part of the normal range of fantasies, involving sexual fantasy of worship, super-human lovemaking, and tantric sex. There was general agreement that it led to healthier relationships and better internal balance.

"Outside of ritual, I concentrate on the raising of energy rather than physical technique. Masturbation is a mantra. Making love to my (atheist) physical partner of six years is a relaxed, nonstereotypical, natural tantric flow. I'm really fortunate not to have to establish new sexual relationships. Giving freely and savoring one's energies with a lover who could care less hurts. Pretending a merely secular sexual way hurts too. Herein lies, what I feel to be the most immediate and devastating consequence of sex magick with a casual (and oblivious) partner." - A.G.

"There have been times when, either on purpose, or by natural flow, I have invoked Pan when making love with various men. One interesting phenomenon that happened several times was that although they were blown away by the magnificent quality of sex, they were unable to distinguish between me and what had taken place, thus treating me as some other-than-human whose primary value was to transport them sexually. Another interesting thing is that once in a while it would terrify a man. One of my favorite times, was when the man identified me as a divine presence (seeing images of Christ). When we talked, he realized where those images had come from, but Christ was his only available 'divine image.' I live a very magickal life, and am highly sexual and cannot separate the two... My only choice has been to more carefully choose partners." - V.P.

Question for next issue: "What techniques do we have available for exploring sexual magick through masturbation?"

P.S. another note from a response: "Sex and mysticism are like milk and cookies to me..."



ROSEBUD'S RAILERY

by Rosebud

"railery, rāl'èr-i, no. - Light ridicule or satire; banter; jesting language."*
 "banter, ban'tèr, vt. - To attack with jocularly; to rally."*
 "jocularly, jok'ū-lar'i-ti, - A constant flow of athletes."+

Thanks, Gaerdamon! Your intros are inspirational.

This is Rosebud's Railery, a place where we (me, I) poke fun at anything I want to, be it sacred or profane. We (don't ya just love it? We?) can be serious and pick away at a few domesticized peeves, or maybe even present some real earth shattering news. (Oh-boy...)

But often we take ourselves just too "!!@#!*" serious. Part of our wonderful ability as gays and lesbians is to look at life a little differently than everyone else, and that's what I rattle about.

Now... my first peeve is a gay editor trying to talk about, and for, all you lesbians out there. Come on now! The tot may be cute but he sure ain't built right!

So come on all you women out there, WRITE! What do you want said? What help can you offer your fellow women?

I'm looking forward to your letters. Till then, toodles.

*Websters Scholastic Dictionary, 1966
 +Rosebud's Abridged Words of Wisdom



MAKANUI

by Kaloulu

Beautiful Eyes
 Oh how I love your Beautiful Eyes
 Which speak of gentle evenings,
 Of love flowing as rosewater
 Touching your lips,
 Caressing, warming, sweetly, lovingly...
 Love from within you I see
 In your Beautiful Eyes.



The Unicorn Vol V #7

Box 8814 Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408 871-7287

A Publication of the Rowan Tree Lammas 1982

Dear Friends,

Well, I have not been traveling much, as some of you have written to complain about, but I've been here in Minneapolis, where so much has been going on. I ended up helping Paul complete the manuscript for his book, not because I intended to, but because it was so interesting I couldn't resist. And then, The Rowan Tree has a new "tree", which is a wonderful set of five rooms, one for the herb shop, one for a temple, one for the Unicorn, office, and a general Library and fun room. I prefer, next to the temple, of course, the fun room, which has an area for kids, lots of books, and places to sit and visit... Paul asked me to thank all of you who gave energy which made this possible. It's located along Lowry Hill in Minneapolis, which has a Catholic Cathedral, Methodist Cathedral, Episcopal Cathedral, the biggest Christian Science Church, and a Scottish Rite Temple for those magickal Masons. So we're in good company... I will be travelling with Nell, who will be performing the Deva Ritual of Lothlorien, with friends, at the Pan Pagan festival in September... I love Michigan, being able to frolic in the woods, and watch all of you skinny-dip in the lake... Paul will not be attending this year, and is sending a basket of hugs and kisses with me to pass around... So, if late at night, you feel a slight nuzzling against your neck... well, it might be me...

On Lammas Eve, unicorns of all persuasions will gather in the magickal gardens, each with a basket hand-woven at midsummer's end, and flowers and ribbons, and such merriment. Uncle Folehorn will again preside, and this year he promises to make no speeches at all. The youngest Unicorn will carry a sparkling gilded knife, and at the magick moment of midnight, present it to Uncle, who will take it in his mouth (sometimes we envy your human hands) and cut the first herb, to signal the beginning of the harvest. At the stroke of the blade the stars will dance, and the goddess of the Harvest, who brings us such riches as herbs and foods. Then, we shall dance until morning, when we may be too tired to continue the harvest. No matter, for we have many weeks to do the work until Autumn.

Much Love and many blessings...

Andrius

Notes from an Herbal

My column for this issue will take the form of a letter as there was no reader response for the 'Notes'. As of this issue of the Unicorn, I am happy to announce that my completed manuscript is at the publishers for my forthcoming herbal. The material which is going into the book, to be published by Doug Brown and the folks at Phoenix, includes some rare material corresponding herbs and the tarot, for those who enjoy the study of both, and herbs and gemstones,. There are about two hundred herbs in the magickal portion of the book, and it has been a very exciting project for me. However, I feel all written out, and am asking for reader response to provide a sense of direction for this column. I would deeply appreciate questions, or information that you might wish to share with other readers. If there is no response, perhaps the five years I have been writing the herb column have been enough. Glve me some ideas, and love to you all...

Paul

The Tarot

The other day Andrius wandered by and wanted to know if we were ever going to start writing a tarot column in here. We talked about it for a while and decided we'd like to present a basic outline of some ideas and invite comments and questions about tarot in general rather than reiterating information that is readily available in many books.

We are Tui Evanstar and Nell Morningstar; we teach tarot in the Twin Cities and also read professionally, utilizing an eclectic approach to both. We believe much of the available tarot material is arbitrary and would like to help others learn to use apparently conflicting or contradictory material by better understanding how the cards work as opposed to rote memorization of their supposed meanings.

In the learning process we see three basic stages of growth:

1. How to make the cards work for you
 - a. This includes learning the meanings of the cards and a variety of spreads. This can be accomplished by classes, apprenticeships and books.
 - b. Developing a personal ritual, and integration of tarot symbols into yourself. This level is primarily for the student, a private, individual process even when it is done in classes or any group format.
2. How to communicate what you have seen in the cards to another person.
 - a. Learning to trust yourself; doubt is the first obstacle to clarity.
 - b. Learning to accommodate the differences in others' emotional, spiritual and verbal levels. This involves the ability to recognize quickly what levels on which to communicate.
 - c. The ability to listen to what the person you are reading for is communicating verbally and nonverbally, or denying outright. Some people may deny correct information not because you are wrong, but because you are right and it is uncomfortable for them to see.
3. When and how it is appropriate to use the cards and/ or the information.
 - a. In-person readings are generally the easiest; immediate feedback is available, and the information is usually communicated clearly and understood.
 - b. A requested reading for a person not present is much the same as an in-person reading minus the immediate input. The issue with an unrequested absentee reading is: what are your motives and how is the information going to be used? Curiosity is permissible and it can be a useful learning tool when you've used up all your available practice victims. Your guidelines in this matter should remain in line with your own magickal ethics; i.e. to do a reading to find out how to manipulate someone is possible, but would you want someone to do it to you?
 - c. Remember that in almost all readings, the person you are reading for has placed trust in you. This is true even when they wouldn't be there, and they will be giving extra weight to your words because of the cards. This places the responsibility for what you say on you. But be clear to them that their actions in response to what you say are their own responsibility. **DO NOT MAKE DECISION FOR OTHER PEOPLE.** Your purpose is to present as much clear data as possible, with suggestions on alternatives. Do not presume omnipotence.

- d. Confidentiality is essential. Your role is comparable to any other counselor, and you are more quickly privy to intimate details than most counseling situations, as you are looking via symbols and psychic talent directly into the subconscious. We all know what it is like to be exposed. In a reading you have the power to expose extremely vulnerable parts of a person. This power is potentially present from the first time you pick up a deck, whether you are aware of it or not. We have seen phenomenal readings straight out of an Eden Grey book; The cards, and especially their symbols, appear to contain some of this power. In all reading situations, the most important aspect is not pure psychic acrobatics but respect and compassion for an individual's evolution. If you lack these qualities, use your deck in your own magickal transformation but keep them out of other people's lives.

We realize this material is sketchy and incomplete, possibly raising more questions than it answers. This is intentional, so please raise the questions to yourself and if you wish, send them to us for further discussions in this column. We welcome any input on these and related issues, such as experiences, materials, favorite or unique spreads, original sketches of cards, and comments. We envision this column as an ongoing exchange; send those cards and letters soon. See you Autumn Equinox.

Tui and Nell

The continuation of "A Story" by Sil

He became dizzy with the power and felt himself beginning to float above the ground. Up he rose, lifted high into the ethers on the gentle hands of the devas. Higher and higher he went, past the soaring birds and up into the clouds. Still further he went till the stars came out and began to fly past him.

As he flew on the skies grew brighter. And still more swiftly he flew... toward the great shining sphere of the All-father.

Then, in an instant, an explosion rang through his being and brightness filled his soul.

There he stood, before the throne of the holiest of holies, before the Great Mother herself.

Without speaking, she rose from her cushioned seat of deepest blue and stepped to him. Gracious was she in her every move, the gentle tilt of her noble head, and lofty pride of her stature, the beauty of her loose tresses and azure eyes, all bespoke the greatness of inner power beyond words.

The boy trembled before her and fell to his knees. Two doves descended from the heavens carrying between them a cup filled with scented oil. She held out her hand ... and ever so gently the cup was lovingly nestled into her palm. The Lady thanked the wing cup-bearers and they flew off happily chirping to each other.

She turned to the boy, and for a moment that seemed an eternity, she looked deep into his eyes, piercing through all pretenses, even unto his very soul.

For a moment the child felt weak, but her smile sustained him and filled him with such peace and satisfaction as he'd never known.

The Queen breathed a blessing upon the oil and dipped her alabaster fingers into its warm being. Then carefully, She reached out and touched the boy on the forehead.

"Blessed Be thou," she sang, "for you are one of my hidden children of the night."

The boy's whole being rang out in joy and rose high above him then expanded far around him, and then all of creation fell far from him as he stood there naked before her. There was nothing but the Lady and the boy.

She touched the oily essence to his eyes "Blessed Be your eyes that they may open to see my ways." Lightning flashed in the vastness of space.

Touching his nose. "Blessed Be your nose that you may sense my essence everywhere you go." the winds blew around him, toying with his hair.

She touched his ear. "Blessed Be your ears that you may hear my words even into the silence of the abyss." Chimes rang and echoed through the chamber of the Summerland.

She placed a few drops of the sweet oil upon his lips. "Blessed Be your lips that you may speak my words and teach my children throughout all creation." Shouts of hosanna peeled back and forth around them.

She anointed his chest. "Blessed Be your heart that you may have faith in my power." A rumble growled around them and the earth below sighed a breath of love.

She blessed his genitals saying, "Blessed Be your genitals that you may create in love even as I have created all in love." High above them the Sun and Moon appeared then merged to transform into a fiery phoenix that rose to ascend the planes of the cosmos.

Lovingly she knelt before him and touched his knees. "Blessed Be your knees which are honored to kneel at my holy places." Rain fell around them, singing in choruses of joy as it flowed down around them.

Finally she anointed his feet saying, Blessed Be your feet that they may walk my ways wherever I should guide them."

A pensive silence fell around them. The Lady placed the cup on the ground beside her then stood. Her eyes smiled upon him. "To learn my will one must be made pure. And to be pure one must know the mystery. Hear this and remember it well. My mystery is this. If what you seek you cannot find in your own self, then you can never find it outside yourself. For behold, I have been with you from the beginning of creation and I will envelope you within my arms at time's end. Your highest ideals are my heartbeats and your sweetest desires are my heartbeats and your sweetest desires are my blood. Flow then into my being and know joy that surpasses all thought."

She kissed the boy upon his lips and he fell into the Universe. At first he was afraid, then he remembered the words of the willow and sought for the power of the Earth. There She was, shining sweetly upon his mind.

Gingerly he landed at the foot of the willow. His attention was caught by then riveted on the ripples in the stream which flowed beside him.

A cloud passed overhead obscuring the sun's rays and cast a shadow over the waters. Wonderfully, the Lady's face appeared there.

She spoke, "Remember, my child, to have faith in your blessing, for together we are magic. Nothing can stand in our way. We are magic. Don't let your mind ever stray. Go out now and travel the length and breadth of the Land of Nod.

Learn from my babes there. Talk with the willow and chant with the sage. Grow wise with the root of Solomon's Seal and patient with the mint. Learn from all of my creation, from the stars to the smallest of stones. Woo the secrets from Mona, my sister who rules the night.

Then, my son, teach and minister unto my other hidden children. For you, my children, are my hope, our hope, for balance and love in his plane.

Greet all in perfect love and trust.”

At that the cloud passed and again the sun shone brightly upon the waters.

Willow sighed as the breeze fondled her leaves. “She is so lovely.”

“Yes,” said the boy in a whisper. He stood. “Look!, everyone. Look!”

All the devas crowded around, for behold the boy was no longer a boy. He had become a young man, auburn haired with eyes of chestnut. He surveyed the change in his appearance but could not remember its occurrence.

“My, oh my...” gasped he. “What has happened?”

A beautiful white Unicorn with mane of sand pranced up to the gathering and bounded over the devas to the young man. He grinned at him.

“I am Freyadora,” spoke the fabled beast. “It has come your time to search out your destiny and serve the Goddess. Come with me and journey this world. Learn the secrets of the circles where the faeries dance, sing the songs of the marigolds, howl with the wolves at our Lady of the deep blue night, and become.”

The youth stroked the mane of the beast and caressed his horn. Music and warmth flowed into him.

“Here,” cried Willow, “take this with you,” And she gave him one of her branches. “With this, my gift to you, you can tap into the powers of the Holy Grail, to learn and be refreshed by the elixir of life.” Gratefully, he accepts the gift.

The unicorn and the youth strode off across the hillside, the devas dancing around them, singing songs of praise to the Goddess.

To this day the young man is walking the Land of Nod accompanied by the Unicorn. Still he’s learning the powers of the Willow’s magic wand.

And sometimes he meets fellow travellers with whom he excitedly relates tales of how he met the Great Lady only to find that many have felt her touch and seen her face which makes him grow warm with the knowledge that truly his is a blessed path.

And with these fellow children of the Goddess he shares the knowledge he’s collected and gives whatever aid he can. And from them he learns more, in perfect love and perfect trust.

Perhaps someday he’ll journey past the Land of Nod... into the arms of the Mother.

Magical Herbalism

By Scott Cunningham

Llewellyn Publications, PO Box 43383

St. Paul, MN 55164

\$7.95, 241 pp. , paperback

Our praise and admiration for Scott on the publication of a much needed source of herbal knowledge. There is a wealth of information in this book, with chapters devoted to protection, divination healing, and the like. Many excellent recipes are provided, and following the recommendations of Scott, who has been long respected for his work in magickal communities, you can make your own oils, condensers, incense, and other herbal preparations or magickal formulae.

Magical Herbalism is easy to read, with a comprehensive table of contents and a good index, which make the book easy to use as a resource guide for your work. There has long been a need for a good book on magickal work with herbs, and it is a joy to see this void being filled. Scott writes magickal works of fun-fiction have shown us before. His work is easy to understand, we deeply thank him for this book, long awaited, and joyfully received!

Rev. Paul V. Beyer!

The Magic of Books

Festival Fun From Judyth

Greetings from the newly returned festival goers... I attended Circle's Pagan Spirit Gathering Once again, and met many loving folks there. I arrived with a car full from Minneapolis on a grey and dreary Friday afternoon. We set up camp with the folk from Chicago, who were in the process of festooning the tent circle with ribbons and banners. The ground was wet and squishy from all the recent rain, spirits were a little low from the prospect of overcast skies for a whole weekend. So, to raise our spirits, we joined the group gathered around the campfire, drumming, tooting, and chanting with the joy of a weekend in the country! We gathered that evening at dusk around the ritual fire to bless the site and weave a circle of protection around it. The simple circle, or rather the triple circle, was a very moving ritual which helped to build a strong sense of community among the 200 folk already there. Each day started with an exercise circle, early in the morning. Sat. was the day of the magical marketplace. Folks had a wide variety of things to sell, stained glass, hand-made clothes, magickal tools, tarot decks, and many other handcrafts. Peter led a workshop on Ritual as Theatre. The potluck feast was that evening what a spread! The river was declared safe for swimming and we all plunged in, it was chilly but refreshing. Margo Adler led a discussion on the past and future of paganism which generated much talk. All there agreed that we had come a long way in the past 10 years. Some discussion was held about reclaiming the word 'witch' and 'pagan' for positive use. Other talk was about shedding labels altogether as they are too inflexible. The evening was closed with an amateur 'hour' for fun, frolic, laughs, giggles, music, dance and lots of loving energy. The next day was spent raising energy all day for the culmination in the Solstice ritual. A workshop was held on bisexuality in which much love and support was shared by all. Others gathered to plan the evening ritual, some attended a Pagan Spiritual Alliance powwow, others worked on building the sweat lodge, The first sweat was held just before time to gather for the ritual. The evening ritual was started with a solitary meditation period. Following the meditation a procession of drums, flutes, and chanting walked through the town gathering all up in the rising energy. The afternoon downpour had turned the ritual space into a small lake, so it was a watery Solstice. Several new chants were learned, and much good energy was raised for healing of the Earth. A wreath from the Yule Festival was cast into fire, symbolizing the turning of the cycle, back to the darkening of the solar fires. I met many people, made many new friends, and reconnected with some old. This festival is a celebration of love and joy, thank you all for sharing with me. I had to leave the next morning just after sunrise to attend a handfasting in Minneapolis, but the festival continued for three more days. I hear from folks that stayed on that it continued to be a warm loving place, where each person could be their own unique self in perfect love and trust with the Goddess and Horned God.

"An if it harm none, do as thou wilt"

This certainly is a group who lives their creed.
Blessed Be! Judyth

Music Contest Articles

We take this opportunity to announce a contest! Actually, two contests.

1. For the best original article on the subject of the Sabbats (maximum word length is 600 words), we will award a two year (16 issues) subscription to the Unicorn. We will print the winning article in our Yule issue, Dec. 21, 1982.
2. For the best original chant or song, we will award the author with a deluxe 'D' penny whistle (or if 'D' isn't your favorite key, pick another) and a copy of the Yule issue, where the song/chant will be printed. We will accept cassette tapes in addition to words and notated music.

Deadline for both portions of the contest is the full moon, Nov. 30, 1982. The judges are the editors of the Unicorn: Nell, Alex, and Judyth. All entries must be signed and accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.

Contacts

Kathy Tadlock, 14 Judy Dr, Williamsburg, VA 23185 would like to hear from San Diego area witches working in a feminist tradition. She is moving there 9/1.

Bill Gallimore would like to correspond and/or meet other folks. Write to him at: 1311 W. Roscoe, Chicago, IL 60657

Earth I

Her movement
Could touch
The softest petal
Rose blushing
Vine twining
Roots sunk deep
Into her calm
Darkness

She is the result
Of motion
And stillness
Meeting
Far within
Her bedrock surface
And molten core

Her strength
And gentleness
Are here

In the words
That I speak
For they are hers
Also.

Elwing

Unicorn rambles...

It was great to meet so many of you at PSG, Alice from California, Gary from Madison, Margo from New York, and so many others! Then, I flew down to Kansas City and St. Louis and met a few more! What a wonderful Solstice it was... Alex and Dudley leaped across the broom together and Alene and Paul held it for them, congrats on you two, many happy moons together... Stopped to see KL in MO (I love initials!) on my way home, so many Unicorns and dragons prancing all over the place, my my it was like a convention!... Hi Davvyd in Maine, was it a happy 30th for you? See you when you fly free... Alaric and Bacchus, thanks for the warm hugs, and welcome to the Unicorn family! I fell in love with your huskies, they were as playful as I am with the younger 'corns... It was so good to talk with you Kathy, keep in touch, let us know how things go in your new home on the West Coast... Much love to Peggy and Wayne, who have been putting up with my late night visits to Don. I'll be there at Pan Pagan with Judyth, dancing around the fire, singing with the devas under the faerie lanterns, look for me in the water, I love to splash!

Blessings and love

Flowers

Children's Space

Dear Unicorn,

I am a unicorn nut, and I love your paper. All I draw is unicorns. A lot of them! And sometimes a pegasus. So, all I wanted to say is Hi!

Love ya all!

Angel Hansen

Unicorns are 2 good

+2 be

4gotten

Publication Review

We recently received a copy of The Shadow's Edge published by Nemi Enterprises four times annually, subscriptions are \$6.50/year. Write the Shadow's Edge, PO Box 27495, Escondido, CA 92027

An interesting journal with articles reaching across a fairly broad range. Volume 3, #3, which we received contained articles on Dream Working (part 3), Star lore dealing with star Caput Algol, the magickal uses of apples (nicely down to earth and useable), and ongoing article concerning tarot called the Road Royal, and articles on the tetragrammaton and others. The writing is clear and concise and the layout and graphics very pleasant. This looks like it may grow into an exciting publication.

Also available from Nemi Enterprises is the Book of the Holy Strega (\$9.50 and \$2 shipping and handling) and the Book of Ways, Vol. I and II (Vol. I, \$15 and \$2, Vol. II, \$12.50 and \$2) all by Raven, editor of The Shadow's Edge.

Nell Morningstar

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

Name

Mailing Address

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Enclosed is my hard-earned money for the following:

\$8.00 - a one-year subscription to the Unicorn (3 issues)

\$10.00 - not only The Unicorn, but also the Extra Pages for gays and lesbians

\$7.00 - The Holy books of the Devas (Vol. 1) an herball for the Aquarian Age

\$5.00 - Andrius Colouring Book of Numbers - numerology and mythology

\$5.00 - A Child's Wish Book - a book of delight for little people

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