

EARTH TIDES

PAGAN NETWORK NEWS

PAGAN PRIDE STATEWIDE! SAMHAIN 1997 \$1.50

About EARTH TIDES PAGAN NETWORK

The EARTH TIDES PAGAN NETWORK was established in 1989 as a support resource for Maine's Pagan community. This community is diverse, independent and geographically distant. We practice earth-based alternative religions. Most of us worship in existing groups or as solitaries, but feel a need for contact and a shared forum to express opinions and concerns over issues bearing on the Pagan Community in general.

The EPN keeps names, addresses and phone numbers confidential except to other network members. Individuals who are under 18 years of age must submit written parental approval to attend gatherings or study with members. The EPN will aid in establishing contacts between individuals if asked to do so, but accepts no legal responsibility for the results.

This newsletter comes out eight times per year around the Sabbats. Literary, poetic and artistic contributions are welcome as well as letters, articles, book reviews and editorial pieces. Please keep submissions to no more than two pages, typed and double spaced. You may also send your submission in ASCII, MSWord or WordPerfect format on disc or submit it by e-mail to mugwert@ime.net or wachel@wa2000.winarea.biddeford.com

Submissions will be edited for grammar, spelling and to fit available space. The EarthTides Pagan Network News is copyrighted 1997 by The EarthTides Pagan Network. All submissions remain the property of the authors and may not be reproduced without their permission.

Subscriptions are available for a suggested donation of \$11.00 US funds per year. Single copies may be obtained by sending a \$1.50 donation and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to EPN, PO Box 161, East Winthrop, ME 04343. The next EPNN will come out just around Yule. We hope to hear from more of you before then. Blessed Be!

EPNN STAFF: Arwen Evenstar, Harper Meader, Kelt, Elkwing, and Mugwort

ON SAMHAIN NIGHT

On Samhain Night
 We remember
 Those we have lost.
 A final harvest
 We seek resolution.
 A new year begins
 As we contemplate the past

- Mugwort



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E.P.N. P.O. Box 161, EAST WINTHROP. ME 04343



EVENTS CALENDAR



The calendar section is a service to our members. It is intended for events that are either free or have a nominal donation. Several of these places have more extensive workshops; please call them for info. Support our supporters!

Oct. 31 SAMHAIN

Oct. 31 New Moon 5:01 AM

Nov. 7 First Quarter Moon 4.43 PM

Nov. 9 1:00 PM Pagan Coffee House at Apple Valley Books in Winthrop. Book signing with author Richard Grant. For more info call 377-3967

Nov. 14 Full Beaver Moon 9:12 AM

Nov. 15 Dowsers Gathering in Bangor. Meetings on the 3rd Saturday of each month. For info call 963-5801

Nov. 17 Dowsers Gathering in Gardiner. Meetings on the 3rd Tuesday of each month. Call 582-8615

Nov. 21 Last Quarter Moon 6:58 PM

Nov. 29 New Moon 9:14 PM

Dec. 6 The Northern Grove Magazine's FEAST OF THE LONG NIGHT 2:00- 6:00 PM at the First Universalist Church, Auburn. For more info call 783-5148

Dec. 6 7:00 PM Pagan Coffee House at Silo 7 in Bangor. Please bring a small donation to cover costs and/or a donation to the Pagan Pantry. For info call Silo 7 942-5590 or Mugwort 848-2850

Dec. 7 First Quarter Moon 1:09 AM

Dec. 13 Full Cold Moon 9:37 PM

Dec. 14 1:00 PM Pagan Coffee House at Apple Valley Books in Winthrop. For more info call 377-3967

Dec. 21 YULE 3:07 PM

Dec. 21 Last Quarter Moon 4:43 PM

Monthly Dowsers Gathering in Falmouth. Contact Richard McKenzie 797-2513.

Winthrop Area Saturday Night Drum Jam - Held semi-monthly at One Heart Studio. Donation \$2.00 call 377-3967(days) for more info.

Meditation and Mysticism. Held every Sunday at Silo 7 Bangor Call 942-5590 for more info.

Silo Seven
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EARTHTIDES CONTACTS

NOTE: The EarthTides Pagan Network does not screen the contacts listed below. We are not the "policemen" of Paganism in Maine and would frankly resent such an authority. Everyone should be able to follow their own path. But the downside to this freedom is that You must exercise GOOD JUDGEMENT when using this list. Anyone who makes you uncomfortable or asks you to do anything which makes you uncomfortable is probably wrong for you. Individuals who are under 18 years of age must submit written parental approval to attend gatherings or study with members. EPN will aid in establishing contacts between individuals if asked to do so, but accepts no legal responsibility for the results

EarthTides Members:

Augusta Area:

Bill and Johanna Chellis - 685-3860 Pantheists working with the circle, wheel, and labyrinth.

Immanent Grove: a fellowship of practicing pagans of all persuasions. All are encouraged to pursue their own world views & personal relationships with the Gods. Contact: Harper or Evenstar, The Immanent Grove, PO Box 233, Readfield, ME 04355.

Wahtonah Grove - A Pagan circle honoring a variety of traditions, newly founded, April 11, 1997. Dedicated to seeking knowledge and understanding, as well as to good friendship. Contact: Wahtonah Grove, PO Box 257, East Winthrop ME 04343-0257 or e-mail: QGCY88B@prodigy.com

Bangor Area:

Elkwing and Mugwort - 848-2850 We're garden witches; Organic Gardening-arians. We are following the garden path to enlightenment! mugwert@ime.net

Clinton Area:

Nemeton Community Center Celtic Spirituality - 426-2964 We are rediscovering and practicing the nature-centered spirituality of the Celtic tribes. We observe and celebrate agrarian festivals, and holy days based on a celestial calendar and lunar cycles.

Jay—Farmington:

Circle of the Jade Tiger - Kerry Phillips 645-9570 (after 5:00) - Goddess-oriented Shamanism, with a definite splash of Green Man energy. Simplistic and creative rituals that allow for growth and the understanding of death, change, and personal healing.

Portland—York County Area:

Jane 885-0424 Wiccan Priestess: networking, community, and ritual

LaWRENce and Seshet - We are the Iseum of the Hidden Pathways and a member of the Fellowship of Isis. We worship the God and Goddess in their many forms. We are an eclectic group focusing on the development of the higher consciousness of the hidden realms. 207-727-5844 or anubis@mix-net.net or <http://www.ime.net/teristar/Iseum>

Waterville Area:

Melissa Moon - 873-0528 Eclectic Wicca and Woman's Spirituality - Networking with all in the area online: comptutr@maine.com

Cyberspace

The Maine Pagan Mailing List All Maine Pagans with e-mail capability may join in the lively conversation. Send e-mail to pjane@maine.rr.com to sign up.

Bulletin Board: *Circular Logic* - 873-4981 Data line

OTHER CONTACTS (NOT EARTHTIDES MEMBERS):

Bangor:

Tom Lawrence - 866-3994 CUUPS: Covenant of Unitarian Universalist Pagans, monthly meeting in Bangor.

N. Waterford:

Circle of Trianon - Eclectic Wicca Gene and Judy Hemingway - 583-6519

Lewiston—Auburn Area

House O' The Greenwood - Lorelei - 783-5148 or lolelei@ime.net Focusing on using our spirituality and Eclectic Wiccan concepts to help us cope with daily life. While there is no formal coven at the moment, Lorelei is available to teach.

Waterville Area:

Dragon of the Mist - Druid/Pantheist Wicca Contact Dragon of the Mist 9-5, M-Sat., 873-7776, 5 East Concourse, Waterville

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UPCOMING FESTIVALS IN NEW ENGLAND

12/6 1997 **Feast of the Long Night** at the First Universalist Church, Auburn, ME. Foolish Feast, Music, Gift Exchange, Tree Decorating. \$5 per adult, \$3 ages 10-17, \$1 ages 5-9. Please bring one non-perishable food item for donation to the Pagan Pantry. R.S.V.P. with check or MO to The Northern Grove, P.O. Box 5363, Portland, ME 04101. (207) 783-5148 e-mail: lorel@ime.net

4/17-19 1998 **CraftWise** Danbury Hilton Danbury, CT Workshops, rituals, music, Oberon Zell, Janet & Stewart Farrar, Robin Wood, etc. \$70 (\$80 aft 1/1, \$90 aft 2/21) CRAFT WISE, P.O. Box 457, Botsford, CT 06404 (203) 874-6963 e-mail: fdalton367@aol.com
<http://www.mhv.net/~tsheel/craftwise.html>

May 1998 **Rites of Spring** W. Massachusetts Rituals, workshops music, cabins, camping, drumming, bonfires, etc. \$170 EarthSpirit, P. O. Box 723, Williamsburg, MA 01098 (413) 238-4240 <http://www.earthspirit.com>
e-mail: earthspirit@earthspirit.com

An international Pagan Events calendar is published by Larry Cornett, 13347 Caves Road, Chesterland, Ohio 44026. Six issue, one year hardcopy subscription: \$11.00 U.S. \$16 Canada. You can get a frequently updated calendar on the Worldwide Web at: <http://members.aol.com/lcornncalen/CALENDAR.htm>

OTHER PAGAN PUBLICATIONS

EarthTides Pagan Network News has subscription exchanges with the following Pagan publications. They are all worth your interest:

Horns and Crescent P.O. Box 540622 Milieu MA 02054

Our Pagan Times New Moon New York P.O. Box 1471 Madison Square Station New York NY 10159

PAEAN P.O. Box 635 Farmington NH 03835

That Bonny Road P.O. Box 857 Bath ME 04530

The Northern Grove P.O. Box 5363 Portland ME 04101

THE PAGAN PANTRY

MAINE has it's own "Pagan Pantry"! It is here to help people and animals in need, Pagan or not. Those who are in need should call (207) 296-3482 and ask for "Star". You may also write to her at PO Box 10, Stetson, Maine 04488

Donations of non-perishable food, money, and non-food items such as cleansers, pet food, toilet paper, shampoo, etc. can be dropped off at Silo 7 in Bangor, Dragon of the Mist in Skowhegan or with Star in Stetson - call for directions.

EARTH TIDES PAGAN NETWORK NEWS

Common Ground Fair

What a great fair! The EPN booth had a full staff of Pagans for all three days. We spoke to thousands of people, gave out a lot of literature, and had a great time. Harper hung a map of the State of Maine on the back wall, and we used push pins to mark all the Pagans that stopped by-until we ran out of pins! Lady Oceania gave two memorable informative talks to interested groups. Our presence at the fair grows stronger every year and this year we were able to give great news about the future of the Network. Thank-you to everyone!

Winthrop Coffee House

Apple Valley Books in Winthrop (see their ad in this issue) announces a special coffeehouse event. On November 9th Richard Grant, award-winning pagan author, will be there to do a reading and book signing during the afternoon. (*editor's note: Richard's newest book "In the Land of Winter" is wonderful and should be read by all Pagans. Don't pass up his last book "Tex and Molly in the Afterlife" either.*) Coffee house starts at 1:00 p.m. For more information call 207-377-3967. Regular coffee house is second Sunday of each month.

Bangor Coffee House

EarthTides and Silo 7 of Bangor announce a coffeehouse on December 6 at 7 PM. This will be an informal gathering to meet with and talk to other Pagans and Pagan friendly folk in the area. Please bring a small donation to cover expenses and a donation for the Pagan Pantry. Call Silo 7 942-5590 or Elkwing at 848-2850 for information.

Cabin Fever Pagan Retreat (CPR) & Annual EarthTides Pagan Network Meeting

The Second Annual CPR and EPN annual meeting will be held at Hersey Retreat in Stockton Springs on the weekend of January 30. CPR will be a Friday afternoon to Sunday afternoon event. In addition to the annual business meeting, there will be rituals, workshops, and weather permitting, outdoor fun. Lodging is in a heated building and attendees will pool resources to provide food. Lodging cost will be \$15 for EPN members, \$25 for non-members. Only EPN members may sign up before Yule (membership does have its privileges!). This sold out quickly last year, so call soon. For more information and to register please call Elkwing and Mugwort at 848-2850, e-mail: mugwort@ime.net, or mail to EPN, P.O. Box 161, E. Winthrop, ME 04343. The annual meeting will be held Saturday, 1/31 at 1:00 PM. You don't have to attend the entire weekend to go to the annual meeting. All EarthTides members are welcome at the meeting. If you care about EarthTides and the future of Paganism in Maine please plan on attending!



MEDICINE WHEEL 101

There was once an Old Man who had lived a very long time and now his days of rest were before him. He had achieved much in his life and was very proud of his possessions. There was a fine house with a garden so well tended that people came from neighboring villages to admire the flowers. They would say to the Old man, "Hey! Your garden is beautiful", and the Old Man would smile and know his yard work was worthwhile. He also had an automobile which was no loner new but the Old Man took such good care of it that the paint still glowed like it did many years ago when the auto was first delivered to the fine house with the beautiful garden.

Through the years the Old Man would sit and contemplate the good he was still able to do. He worked very hard in the garden and he polished the auto every week. The garden brought beauty to the eyes of any one passing the house and he gave freely of the bounty from the garden. He used the automobile to carry his Old Woman to do her shopping and other errands for any and all who would ask. At the end of the day, the old Man would sit in the shade and contemplate these things when his work was done. The Old Man truly believed that the peace and quiet that came to the garden was his true reward and that as long as he did his good works the quiet of the garden would be his till the end of his days.

One day, a new family moved into the neighborhood and though the Old Man did not know it at the time, his life would be forever changed. There were a number of children but the two who gave the Old Man such a start were boys aged about 8 & 10. They were brothers and best friends. They rode their bicycles fast, they shouted to one another, "Hey, watch me, see what I can do". And the other would answer, "Ha, I can do that too, can you do this?" They seldom argued with one another but were never quiet either. They never seemed to tire and when one game grew old they would switch to another just as noisy. The Old Man went to his old Woman and complained bitterly because there was no more quiet. The Old Woman said "Yes, we have not heard sounds like that since we were young". The Old Man thought that was a strange answer but he had work to do in the garden and hoped that would help him forget. As he knelt with his trowel, a ball came crashing over the fence right into the lilies smashing some of them flat. In all the years had had tended the garden nothing so horrible had ever happened. He was in shock when he became aware of voices. "Gee Old Man, we're sorry, can we help fix your plants? Please can we have our ball back, we were only playing. The Old Man was so shaken that he did not hear any of the words the boys spoke. He gave them the ball and told them to go play somewhere else. The boys were puzzled by that because they were already home in their own yard so there was no somewhere else. The Old Man repaired the lilies as best he could and again complained to his Old Woman. She looked out at the garden and spoke about several seasons ago when the great wind and rain came and flattened all the flowers. the Old Man was also deaf to her words. He did not sleep that night for thinking

about the disaster caused by those boys. How could he know the spirits had something worse in store for him.

BIRDS! Sparrows to be exact. A great flock of sparrows came to roost in the trees of the garden. Now sparrows harm no one, they search for food during the day and at sundown fly high into the branches to sleep in safety with their friends and family. his only problem here was that as fine as the house was, it had no garage for the car to hide in, the car had always been sheltered by the trees of the garden. Now that the sparrows were here, and there were a great many of them, the plants of the garden and even the automobile became covered with bird droppings as the sparrows got ready for bed each evening and again as they awoke to welcome the dawn. There would be a great rustling in the trees with much chirping and calling to one another as the birds settled in for the night. This was repeated in the morning as the birds rose to greet the day. The Old Man had to wash the plants and the car every morning after the birds left in search of food, and he would lament this added burden each evening when they returned.

One day he sat down in his South and tried to think why the spirits would send so many things to vex him at this time of his life. When he looked back over his life he knew he had made errors along the way, but he had forgiven, been forgiven and gone on to do the best he could. He could not understand what he had done that was so terrible that would bring such misery on him. He listened and listened and finally he heard coyote, the trickster, tell him how to rid himself of the birds. Simply disturb their bed and they will go somewhere else to sleep. The Old Man was thrilled, here finally was his answer. That morning, after washing the plants and the car, the Old Man went to the forest and cut a very long pole. That evening when the birds were readying themselves for bed the Old Man took the pole and shook the tree until all the birds had taken to the air. His success was short lived because the birds merely flew to another tree in the garden. The Old Man ran and shook that tree as well but the birds just flew back and forth until the Old Man was exhausted. The next evening and the next and the next the Old Man went out to try and chase the birds away. His Old Woman became worried and the neighbors thought he was becoming eccentric. The Old Man grew haggard and gaunt in a very short period of time but he was also very determined. Those are nice words, most of us would have said he was a little crazy and stubborn as a mule.

Finally, one evening as exhaustion overtook him he lay down in the middle of the garden among the bird droppings and looked to his West. There he saw a great bear walking and he followed the bear far into the woods asking for herbs for healing and a potent to chase the birds. The bear turned to him and sadly told him he must look elsewhere, that there were no herbs to cure what troubled him.

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

When the Old Man returned home and had his supper he sat with his Old Woman and told her of all his troubles. As he spoke he saw the light reflecting from her snow white hair and he was reminded of his North and the wisdom of the white buffalo. He listened then as his Old Woman spoke of many years ago when they were children together and how they played and ran over hills and fields and how he and his cousin used to steal apples to feed a favorite horse on the way to school. He laughed with her and remembered warm cozy evenings and bright days of sunshine but wondered why she was telling these tales of so long ago. Perhaps she was becoming addled! He went to his bed but there was no rest for him all that night. He had reached the end. He was exhausted beyond words and had no idea what would become of him.

The first light of dawn found the old Man still tossing and turning in his bed. So many memories had flooded over him that he was unable to sleep. With the coming of light the Old Man was weary as when he first went to bed. He shook himself, arose and went to see to his morning ceremony. As he sat there in his East he looked up and revealed in the new light of the coning day he saw an eagle. The eagle cried to him and began to soar upward in great circles. As the Old Man watched he saw that each circle was linked one to the other forming a great spiral rising ever upward until the eagle was out of sight. At that point, the Old Man felt the turning of the wheel and enlightenment was finally settled on his head.

He returned to his bed and rested for the first time since those boys had come crashing into his peace and quiet. Later that day he busied himself in the garden making preparations for when the boys would come home from school. The Old Woman watched from the window and wondered if the Old Man had finally become truly addled himself. He was actually smiling in anticipation!

That afternoon when the boys came out to play the Old Man walked to the fence and called, "Hey you, you boys, you broke my plant, will you still help me?" The boys looked at one another and said "Sure." he Old Man then gave each of them long poles and explained what he wanted them to do. When the birds came that evening they were ready. With much laughter and shouting the Old Man and the boys made the trees tremble and shake. The birds were very uncomfortable but they were stubborn too. It took several weeks to convince the birds to find another place to sleep. Before it was done every one in the neighborhood came to help, even the adults. All the people laughed and to this day they tell stories about the time they helped the Old man chase the birds.

After that, the boys were still just as rowdy as ever but the Old Man didn't seem to hear any more noise. He put them to work raking leaves and doing other odd jobs in

the garden and he even let them wash the car. Occasionally they would give the trees a good shake just to make sure the sparrows still knew they were around.

Many years later when the Old man's earth walk was finished, those two boys had grown to manhood and had babes of their own. Yet, they were among those who carried his remains on their shoulders to is last resting place on this earth. Let this remind us that we are connected through the twisting of the labyrinth and the turning of the wheel.

- Ravenwing



HOOFBEATS

"Summerking Burning"

The last summer sun goes down, the night
Reclaims the year, and quietly we come
To stand before him, husk of summer's sun.
He's tired, stooped, still none can match his height
Or show such finery! In knotted rags
(of countless colors, every one a wish)
And ribbons, woven crown of wheat and brush,
And faded blossoms, worn and spent, he sags.
Solemnly we call him "king" once more,
Then light the crackling tinder at his feet
And stand away, anticipating heat.
At first the smoke, a thick and silent tower
Of dreams and plans, climbs along him, through
And up, his self-made shadow touching stars,
Then grasping flames climb up his legs and arms
And soon he's roaring like a chimney-flue,
And summer burns away. The moon is up
Before he's gone. Heads bowed, we wait until
The last flame dies before we leave the hill
To welcome autumn's gifts with mead-filled cup.

- Harper Meader, 1997

STARCAT'S CORNER

All life is sacred, and so are all places. Yet it is good to be able to clean and purify the spaces we set aside for different purposes. Mother Earth does this quite naturally, on a regular basis. From cleansing rain to gusty winds to the forest fires that scour the landscape, the Earth seems to know when She needs to start fresh at a certain location.

At this time of the year, when we tend to spend more time indoors in our chosen places of shelter, we should remember the need to clean, and not just physically, our sacred spaces. This is probably where the idea of fall and spring cleaning, still acknowledged today, came about. Our ancestors needed that spiritual cleansing of the places that they ate, slept, dreamed and worked.

When giving your home a good psychic cleansing, think about the purpose that you use each room for. You might see your living room as a welcoming space for friends to meet in, or as a quiet retreat for you to relax in on a winter night. The bedroom is often the inner sanctum of your space, set aside for sleep, dreams, making love. Some people are fortunate enough to have a room set aside just for ritual and meditation. As you clean each room, hold your intent in your mind like a mantra. That will help give root to the energy that you plant there.

There are many methods to use when cleansing your home. Each cleansing should be preceded by a mundane house-cleaning (tidy, do dishes, dust, vacuum, the whole works). Then clean yourself with a bath or shower, and establish sacred space in your preferred manner. Methods that I usually include during the cleansing are smudging, drumming and chanting the energy of each room, sprinkling blessed salt and water in the corners. I recently read a book by Denise Linn, called *Sacred Space*, which contains quite a few good ideas.

It is also good to cast a circle that psychically encompasses your whole dwelling. If you occupy an entire house with some land, it is good to walk the perimeters,

and perhaps place stone or other markers around them. You can also include physical reminders of your cleansing inside your home, anything from special crystals, to copper pennies over each door and window ledge, to burning your favorite incense each day.



If you have not done so before, it is a perfect time to call on land and house guardians, spirits who in exchange for offerings of food, drink, and space set aside for them, will guard your home and its inhabitants. If you do have relationships with your guardians, remember to honor them during the cleansing, and thank them for their blessings. another book, which goes into detail about guardians, is *The Pagan Family* by Ceiswer Smith.

We each also have sacred space within us, where we can be alone with our thoughts and meditations. At Samhain, we have the opportunity to draw inside ourselves a bit, and welcome the more introspective energies of winter. It is a good idea to cleanse your inner space, after what was perhaps a busy and social summer and fall. Meditate, get more rest, read, paint, compose music, or whatever signals to you that it is time to go within and give yourself a chance to regroup. You might enjoy the New Year's tradition of making new resolutions, or perhaps just update your goals and see what progress you have made.

May you have a magickal Samhain, and may your hearth be warm and welcoming. Blessed Be!

- Starcat



FOOLERY



Most of us are familiar with the roy-ploy or pop back up man. These clowns faced toys with rounded bottoms that acted as a kind of preschoolers punching bag. It didn't matter how often he was hit, or how hard it

never quite knocked him down because he would pop back up. A powerful blow would cause his springing action to overcompensate but that didn't matter because with infinite patience he would wobble back and forth until he regained his posture, another blow would only delay not hinder his eventual success. The roy-poly seems to possess a strength as powerful as it is unguided, a stability founded on instability, an invulnerability inseparable from his submissiveness to the forces that are willing to act on him.

Slapstick is one of the oldest parts of foolery, it contains two of the six portions of comedy, falls and blows. The study of it relates greatly to both how foolery is related to magic and why we laugh at all. Have you ever played peak-a-boo with an infant? Sticking your head up from behind a chair? At first the baby pauses in hesitation, there is just a little bit of apprehension and then recognition, at which point the baby laughs. It's like when Larry bends down to pick something up just as the ladder Curly is carrying swipes past, we laugh not because he has been hit but because he has just so narrowly avoided being hit. In part we laugh because it relieves tension and so clowns often create a great deal of tension that is greater than the climax it is destined to reach. The Climax is cheated either by Larry suddenly ducking, or by the clown exaggerating the effects of the blow to the point where it becomes unreal (like the character grabbing his foot and hopping around hollering, he's dispelling the image that he is creating by exaggerating it too much to be real.) We laugh at slapstick not out of cruelty, but quite often out of sympathy, we care about the clown and are relieved that he is not as hurt as he seems.

We are raised in a way that we appreciate order and are a little afraid of things falling apart. Our ancestors where a little bit more honest with themselves that in the end man didn't control everything to such a degree that he could always or hardly ever maintain a ordered world to live in. Chaos was to be acknowledged even if we tended to fear it. The clown was a victim of chaos, a willing victim, like the roly-poly a victim with no resistance to any forces ready to act upon him. The fool embraced chaos for the sake of and at times in the place of the society, and part of the relief of comedy was that it demonstrated that chaos could be endured, the fools exaggeration not only dispelled his own reality but as well dispelled the communal fears and worries. Embracing chaos the fool seems not only to not fear

situations non-fools would find fearful but even to be at home and comfortable, he is unpredictable because he seems to be following his own or at least a different set of rules (idiot derives from ones own person or someone play his own rules not societies) He is sad or troubled in that he is not complete "not all there" both because of his duality and because he must remain a creature of potential, what may be rather than what is, he must be as much a part of the other world as he is a part of this world so that he is a familiar stranger to both worlds rather than an inhabitant of either worlds,

This makes him a God form, and a form most closely aligned with the Hero and the poet. The poet who must woo a muse he can never win and the hero who must personally lose what he saves for others, and the fool who links worlds that he himself cannot inhibit.

- FOOL

A POEM

OCEAN'S KISS

Her anger ebbs and flows,
Like the tide on a summer's eve.
Each movement an eternity of motion.
Ever-changing, perceptive and deep.
Awash of unending power.
Surging and swirling with each movement.

The wind kisses her surface,
But with a harsh hand.
He can beat Her to a froth,
And drive Her elixir of life.
Yet, he only lightly touches Her.

The moon pulls Her to Her core,
And the heavens stir Her well of life,
Moving Her very soul.

Fire staggers against Her,
In violent reaction of rage.
She only changes Her form

As the Earth turns,
Forcing Her to hold fast to Her places.
She makes Her movements,
A steady onslaught,
Which nothing can withstand.

She moves, changes from one form to another,
Mist, rain, sea, ocean, it matters not.
Shaping and forming everything,
Stones washing by Her unyielding hands,
To Her liking.

Without Her, we would die,
Against Her, we stand not a chance.
She is truly relentless.
But with Her, we live.

- LAWRENCE

Thank you to everyone who continues to send me news and alert me to issues - and a special thanks this time to the editors of your favorite publications, who had to wait for this column while I coped with a hard-drive crash. (Computer owners: When did you last back up your data?) If you find Wiccan- or Pagan-related news, send it to Jane Raeburn, P.O. Box 64, Portland, ME 04112 or e-mail pjane@maine.rr.com.

Will you marry me?

Under a new law in North Dakota, "any person authorized by the rituals and practices of any religious persuasion" is entitled to perform marriages, which appears to open the door for Pagan couples to be married by the celebrants of their choice, with or without clergy credential. The legal change was prompted by a couple who wanted to be married by a municipal judge; the "any religious persuasion" clause was added at the request of an American Indian woman who wanted the state to recognize tribal weddings. (Minot Daily News, 8/10/97)

Something to believe in

Every now and then, the mainstream press notices Pagan religions even when it isn't Halloween. In the Tampa, Fla., area, a local alternative weekly sent a reporter to a Wiccan ceremony (where she reported a sketchy outline of the ceremony while writing in detail about a man who wore a bone in his nose for the ritual); meanwhile, the New York Times gave a detailed description of Santeria, describing its growing acceptance (for instance, a ritual done in the recreation room of a high-rise apartment building). (Weekly Planet, 2/26/97; New York Times, reprinted in Tampa Tribune 4/12/97)

Mothers for the Mother

The Eugene (Oregon) Weekly featured a Mother's Day story by a Pagan woman in which three Pagan moms discussed their experience of motherhood and their hopes for their children. The women were publicly identified as "members of Eugene's Pagan community." (Eugene Weekly, 5/8/97)

Witch doctorate

An Arizona State University sociology professor, seeking better knowledge of the Mozambique people he was studying, underwent training and ritual body slashing to become a traditional witch doctor in that society. Bava, his teacher, trained him to summon good spirits to detect illness; but also asked him to obtain Western medicines to treat hypertension and malaria. "Who is right?" he asks. "Maybe both sides are." (Arizona Republic, 8/4/97)

Media contact

The Pagan Educational Network, in cooperation with several other Pagans (including your humble columnist) recently sent a packet

of information to the Associated Press in hopes of having an explanation of Pagan/Wiccan religion included in the next revision of the AP Stylebook. This book, used by English-language journalists worldwide, includes brief explanations of most mainstream religions. Currently, the term "witch" is regarded as pejorative, so news media outlets feel they must qualify it with terms like "self-confessed witch" or "so-called witch." (PEN information packet, 7/4/97)

Freedom law shot down

The Religious Freedom Restoration Act, under which several Pagans had sought increased protection and asserted equal rights, was struck down by the U.S. Supreme Court, saying Congress had exceeded its power in passing the 1993 law requiring government officials to make special exemptions for persons whose actions are based on their religion. Justices said religious adherents should receive the same, but no better treatment than anyone else. Rep. Ernest Istook of Oklahoma has proposed a constitutional amendment "to secure the people's right to acknowledge God according to the dictates of conscience." No mention of Gods or Goddesses, naturally. Call your congressional representatives and ask them to just say no. (Los Angeles Times, 6/26/97; text of proposed Istook Amendment)

Lughnasad site bulldozed

One of Ireland's most important historical and religious sites was bulldozed this spring. The earthworks at Tailteann, or Teltown, in County Meath, were in legend the home of the Tailteann games, begun by the god/king Lugh in honor of his foster mother, and commemorated by Celtic and Wiccan groups at Lughnasad (Aug. 2). The owner says she was told the land was of no archeological significance, and bulldozed the earthworks for development; after learning of her mistake, she pledged to reinstate the mounds. (Irish Times, 5/14/97)

Pictish picks

In better archeological news, scientists are unearthing a series of fine Pictish carved stones in Easter Ross, north-east of Inverness, Scotland. Visitors can tour the excavations at Portmahomack on the Moray Firth near Tain this summer, and a museum is due to open there next year. The latest finds include carvings of a family group of a cow, bull and calf, as well as a stone showing a row of four "clerics," topped by a wrangling pair of lions. (Electronic Telegraph, 8/9/97)

Library protests

The Seabrook (N.H.) Public Library, which received donations of more than 500 occult books after canceling two lectures on numerology and Tarot cards, let the lectures go forward this spring. The first, on nu-

(Continued on page 10)



(Continued from page 9)

merology and dream analysis, attracted more than 60 people, plus about 10 protesters who held signs bearing biblical messages. The Tarot lecture drew 11 protesters and about 50 attendees. A later lecture by a Christian rebutter attracted a crowd of 84, which the local newspaper pointed out were mostly church members; only three people had attended both presentations. To give him credit, the Christian presenter did mention Wicca as having a "benign influence," but presented it as part of a slippery slope toward Satanism and also warned against the evils of yoga and t'ai chi. (Hampton Union 7/22/97; reports from participants)

Rollright Stones

A small group of Pagans in Oxfordshire, England, has been raising money to try to purchase the Rollright Stones amid fears that a new owner would restrict Pagan access to the ancient stone circle. Their effort has attracted support from a wide variety of people, from the local vicar to the fiction writer Terry Pratchett. The current owner, who charges a small fee and donates the proceeds to animal charities, can no longer care for the site, but reportedly plans to give the bulk of the sale price to help animals. For more information or to donate, write to The Rollright Stones Appeal, PO Box 333, Banbury, OX16 8XL England, or e-mail white.dragon@dial.pipex.com.

No nudes

A judge fined a 56-year-old tree surgeon \$150 for being nude on the Cape Cod National Seashore after rejecting a claim that a nudity ban "violated his First Amendment right to worship nature in the manner he chooses." After initially fighting the case, the man, David Atkinson, paid his fine, saying the case had embarrassed his mother. (Associated Press, 9/11/97)

Good news, bad news

Researchers on Clare Island, Ireland, have found 54 "burnt mounds," or ancient cooking spots, excavation of which will yield further clues to Celtic daily life. The bad news? The mounds were uncovered after overgrazing of the island stripped it of its natural heather covering. (Irish Times, 6/20/97)

Burning time!

A Washington Post article about the Burning Man festival in Nevada (in which thousands of people gather in the desert to perform, create art, and set a 40-foot human figure on fire) prompted a response from a letter writer who pointed out the event's relation to ancient Celtic "wicker man" rituals. (Washington Post, 7/2/97 and 7/14/97)

THE SIMMERING POT

You have reached into me,
And touched my soul.
Stirring the cauldron of life's emotions
Long since silenced in the vastness.

Through the walls of the mind,
You walked, not caring if they were there,
You took the hand of one,
Who had carefully laid the bricks and mortar of emotion.

Like a spring breathe,
The tide of your presence erodes,
The very foundation of numbness.

Swirling, bubbling, each thought
Comes to the surface,
To be skimmed away,
Leaving only the essence of its nature.

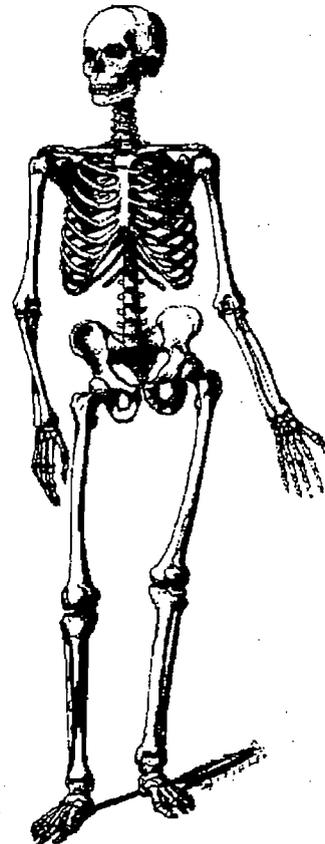
A pure heart,
A pure mind,
Comes only with a pure soul,
Is your cry!

Nature's ways are strange, but chaste.

Loving unconditionally, is the way.
Each to his or her own nature, you say.

As you stir and churn the cauldron.

- LaWRENce



ATTENTION SOLITARIES!

ELECTION OF SOLITARIES' REPRESENTATIVES TO THE EARTHTIDES COUNCIL

It time for solitaires to vote for their representatives to the EarthTides Pagan Network Council. Three people, Kerry Phillips, Marilyn R. Pukkila and Jane Raeburn have volunteered to run. There are three posts to fill: a three year term as solitary representative, a two year term as solitary representative and an alternate representative. If a solitary representative is unable to fulfill their duties, the alternate representative will serve as solitary representative. until the next election.

Since there are three positions and only three people volunteered to run, each will be elected to something. Your votes will determine who gets the three year or two year posts and who is the alternate.

Votes will be counted by the ad hoc council. You must identify yourself on your ballot. We need to know who you are because only EarthTides members who have identified themselves as solitaires can vote. EarthTides' members who are members of member congregations are represented by their congregations representative to the council. If you haven't already, send in your membership questionnaire (published in the last two issues) so we know you are a solitary. And of course each member gets to cast only one ballot.

The questionnaire asked those wishing to run for solitary representative to submit a short bio. Jane's and Marilyn's are printed below. Kerry did not submit one.

Jane's bio:

Jane Raeburn was initiated to Second Degree in Parth-Rathenroak, a Celtic Wiccan coven in Massachusetts. She lives in Scarborough, where she holds occasional rituals and is fortunate to count herself among a community of Pagan friends. Since 1993, she has written "Jane's Tidings," a column of Wiccan and Pagan news which appears in a variety of Pagan magazines. In 1996 she began the Maine Pagan Mailing List, an electronic community for Internet-connected Pagans. In 1997, she created the Maine Pagan Resource Page, an Internet site aimed at helping Maine Pagans find others in their community. Her personal practice includes study of the Celto-Roman period and its religious forms.

Marilyn's bio:

Greetings! I am Marilyn R. Pukkila, teacher, librarian, and lover of books, my two cats, the oceans, travel, and my partner (not necessarily in that order!). I am a Pagan Quaker (or a Quaker Pagan) in Central Maine, with an Aries Sun, Taurus Moon, Gemini Ascendant, and Aquarius Midheaven, just completing the third midlife transit of Neptune square Neptune. With Chiron, Wounded Healer and Bridge on my Midheaven, it is not surprise that both/and approaches are far more satisfactory to me than either/or. And with Persephone, a planet expected to be discovered beyond Pluto, at the root of my chart, it follows that my strongest personal identification is with Persephone and Aphrodite, as well as with Inanna, the goddess who embodies them both. Descent and return is an important theme in my life.

I am a feminist who values the God as well as the Goddess. I am firmly committed to inclusion of folk of all races, ages, genders, sexual orientations, origins, and spiritual paths who find Divine in Nature and who honor and live the ethics of "An it harm none, do what ye will" and "Whatever you send out returns to you threefold". I also believe that separate space is appropriate at times; like Alice Walker, I am not a separatist, except periodically for reasons of health! I am a passionate gardener, a developing herbalist, reader of Tarot, caster of astrology charts, and practitioner of therapeutic touch. I also teach a college course on the religion of contemporary Wicca. My roots include Finland, Sweden, England, Ireland, Scotland, and a dash of French Huguenot, and I seek to practice an earth-based spirituality which reflects them, as I am opposed to any cultural appropriation (though I welcome any teachings that are freely offered to me). I have no particular path, but I have always felt the touch of the Divine in the wind, and trees, herbs, the sea, and cats are some of my best healers and teachers! After a week of Reclaiming's Witch Camp in Vermont this past August, I am interested in pursuing a Wiccan practice in that tradition.

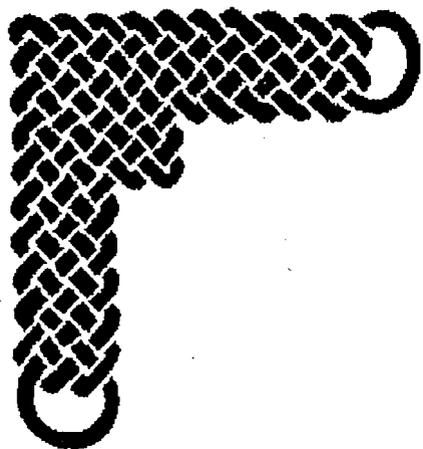
I would like to see EPN continue the fine newsletter it produces and expand its role as a contact point for interested Pagans and other seekers. I would also dearly love to see an active, public branch which would take part in ecumenical religious organizations throughout the state and offer teaching to interested individuals, though I don't know if the social/political climate in Maine is ripe for such activities at this time. I would look forward to being in touch with other solitaires to represent them (yes, I'm on the Net!), and to be more closely involved with the Maine Pagan community in general through the work of the EPN Solitary Representative. Blessed be!

SOLITARY BALLOT

My Name: _____

3 Year Term Solitary Representative.	2 Year Term Solitary Representative.	Alternate Solitary Representative.
<input type="radio"/> Jane Raeburn <input type="radio"/> Marilyn R. Pukkila <input type="radio"/> Kerry Phillips	<input type="radio"/> Jane Raeburn <input type="radio"/> Marilyn R. Pukkila <input type="radio"/> Kerry Phillips	<input type="radio"/> Jane Raeburn <input type="radio"/> Marilyn R. Pukkila <input type="radio"/> Kerry Phillips

Mail ballot to: EPN, P.O. Box 161, East Winthrop, ME 04343 by Dec. 7, 1997



VEIL OF THE GODDESS

Starry, Starry night
Oceans of lighted brilliance.
Each one a soul in the making.

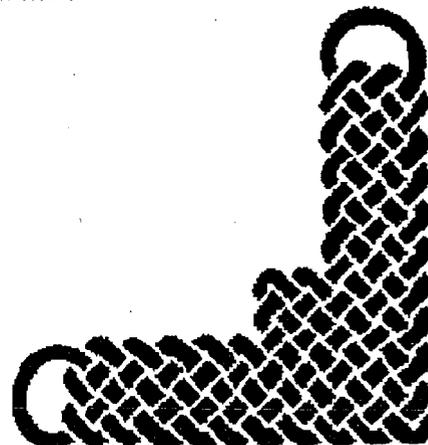
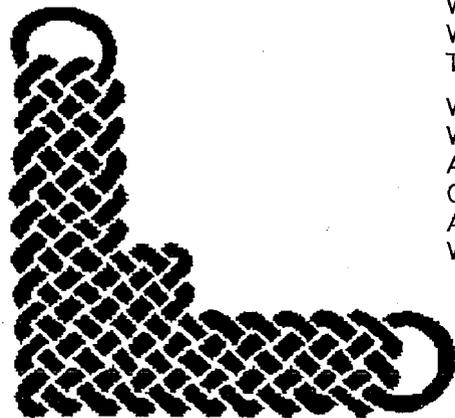
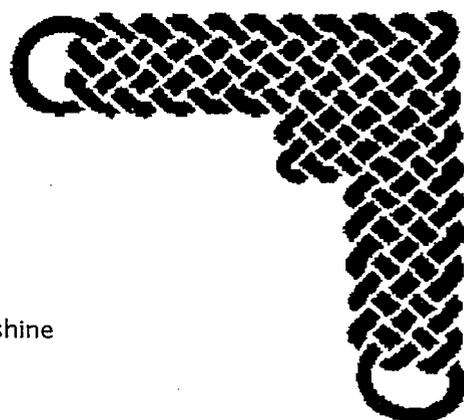
How true are we to the glow within,
What does each of us know when we shine

Some are cool, glowing orbs.
Some are fire balls of burning gas.
Others are swirling masses of unformed matter.

What is your secret,
What is your private piece of knowledge,
That makes you who you are.

Why do we move,
Why do we breathe the of life,
All we seem to be are patterns of light,
On her veil,
A shimmering cloth,
Worn on a warm summer's night

LaWREnce



EPN
P.O. Box 161
East Winthrop, ME 04343