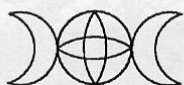
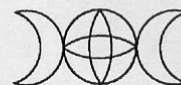


March 21st, 1996
Volume 1, Issue 2



Pagan's Wake



The Fairly Quarterly and Barely Credible Exclusive Pagan Journal

Volume 1, Issue 2

March 21st, 1996

The Update!

Well... The winter has been a true Canadian winter! Cold, snowy, fun-filled, and LONG! A time to think, reflect, and ferment! Yes you heard me...

The oak-leaf wine is finished and let me tell you, this batch has legs (actually, the legs it will steal from underneath you!). A trip down to Hamilton afforded a first sampling among friends. After the first half glass I thought, "Hmm, seems to have a slight kick..." After the next full glass I decided to move to coffee... A friend from Toronto, Mathew, disappeared upstairs and fell asleep for a few hours after two glasses. So the only question that remains is, "Who will try this wicked witches-brew this year at Fest?"

As well, this year's batch of mead is finished. The flavor is full with a slight fruitiness. Sweet with a full body. However, I'll likely give the entire batch a second fermentation to bring the sweetness and heaviness of the body down. A batch of honey-stout is also in the works.



Since the Winter Solstice issue of PW, I've spent some time travelling around Ontario to visit a few friends. Congratulations to Yvette and Doug Akers on their recent marriage. I was glad to share in such a beautiful and important ceremony; I only wish I had more time to stay afterwards and celebrate. Best wishes on a long, happy, and blessed life together!

As well, congratulations to Marea on her recent dedication in Hamilton. Dedications are beautiful and special ceremonies for all involved. Regretfully however, the people whose house the ritual was held at left people outside in the cold to eat from their hands instead of offering plates and cutlery! Shame on you, you know who you are!

The first issue of Pagan's Wake was a great success! I was glad to hear from all those who wrote in. Of especial interest was a copy of the Montreal Pagan Newsletter (MPN) forwarded by Alex. For those interested in keeping tabs on what our Montreal friends are up to, MPN has a modest \$8.00 subscription fee for eight issues. Articles (typed and proofread) as well as subscriptions to MPN can be sent to:

MPN
c/o John Barleycorn
P.O. Box 183, Stn. "E"
Montreal, Quebec
H2T 3A7

A new addition to 'The Wake' is an article entitled, "The Spotlight." The purpose of this new addition is to help promote the talent, skills, and culture of our community. 'The Spotlight' also serves as a time-capsule of who we are and what we are doing. This issue focuses on Michael Nabert an artist and poet from Hamilton (pictured on the front cover of this issue). Anyone interested in being the focus of a spotlight or know of someone who you think would be appropriate, write in!

Creativity is abounding here in Barrie! The involving process of converting my handwritten poetry books into the computer continues... With the roads being rather snowy I haven't been out to the pub where I do most of my writing; so progress on new works has slowed down. With the approach of spring, the motorcycle should be back on the road in no time!

Recently I met up with some other guitarists and have been expanding my musical skills. As a consequence, I've already been playing with ideas for the Bardic Competition of WicCan Fest '96! I'm looking forward to another fine group of entries this year!

Until we meet again my friends! Enjoy this new issue and the warm weather of spring! A happy Spring Equinox to you and all those you care for!

Frosty...

The Canadians

By: Frosty

How many Pagans have heard of mead? Just about every single one right? A lot of Pagans always seem to be chasing after and taking inspiration from other cultures. Mead has a certain cultural appeal in this sense as well as a fantastic taste. But what of pride in our own culture? Does Canada have anything to offer that can match or better the qualities of mead? I think there is at least one likely candidate!

When I walk about in the woods or down the street, I am always able to see a certain tree that is an icon of Canadian culture. Even our national flag contains this tree's leaf as it's central emblem. Could there possibly be anything more Canadian than the maple? Especially so the sugar maple (*Acer saccharum* Marsh)! Just think of those old lumberjacks pouring on the maple syrup atop a great stack of hot flapjacks!

Maple syrup and sugar were one of the earliest agricultural crops produced in Ontario. The original technique of making maple sugar was discovered by the native Indians. Come the springtime Indians would move from their winter hunting grounds and into the



sugar bush. Making an upward diagonal gash in a sugar maple with a tomahawk, a wooden chip or spout would be placed into the hole to guide the sap. The sap would then be collected in a receptacle such as a birch bark container.

Once collected, the sap would be boiled over hot coals in earthenware pots or green birch-bark buckets. Or, hot stones could be dropped into wooden troughs containing the sap.

Since other sugars would not be available until the arrival of settlers, maple sugar would have been highly prized by the native Indians of Canada. Settlers also changed the original production of maple sugar and syrup with the availability of copper kettles and axes.

All maple trees produce sap, but the sugar maple is by far the most productive. Maple sap will flow anytime after the trees have lost their leaves in the autumn until the trees bloom in the spring. Sap flows best on warm days that follow cold nights, especially when the temperature goes above 8°C.

Tapping in the spring should start early enough to ensure getting the first good runs of the season. Later in the spring, when the maples start to bloom, the sap takes on a 'buddy' flavor. Tree tapping usually starts in early March.

Trees for tapping should have a diameter of at least 10 inches outside of the bark at chest height. The actual

number to tapholes (usually 7/16" in diameter) per tree relates to the tree's diameter roughly as follows:

Diameter	Tapholes
Less than 10"	0
10" - 14"	1
15" - 19"	2
20" - 24"	3
25" and larger	4



The actual tap must be placed in the white sapwood of the maple. Shortly after boring a hole into a tree's sapwood (a depth of about three inches), the wood becomes discolored and reduces the flow of sap in that area. Since the red heartwood does not produce sap, boring of holes should stop if the heartwood is reached. Tapholes in subsequent years are usually bored in a spiral pattern at least six to eight inches away from the previous holes. Spiral! Hear that? Spiral! You're Pagan! You should just love spirals! So go do it!

Tapholes should be bored at an angle of about 30° to allow the sap to flow freely down the tap. Once the tapping season is completed, place a wooden plug in the taphole to prevent unnecessary loss of sap or harm to the tree.

Locally, tree taps and

buckets can be bought inexpensively at the Co-Op for about \$0.49 to \$0.69 and \$2.50 respectively. You should also pick up some cheap lids to cover your buckets. For those really eager beavers, paraformaldehyde pellets can be bought. By placing these pellets in a new taphole, tapping can be started earlier in the season and the growth of harmful micro-organisms can be reduced.

"But what does this have to do with mead and Canada?" you may impatiently ask... A while ago as I sat amongst my secondary fermenters meditating upon my air locks (and why they

were motionless), I thought, "Now why couldn't I make a Canadian 'mead' from maple syrup?" Sure enough, some months later I ran into an older gentleman who indeed made such a wine. Now that you've learnt the history and technique of tree tapping you can enjoy the recipe for Maple Sap Wine listed in this month's FROSTY'S BREW!

Much of this information can be found in the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources', "Sugar Bush Management for Maple Syrup Producers" booklet. Go visit your local branch of the OMNR to pick up a copy and see what other great information

they have there! Or, write to:

Information Branch
Ontario Ministry of Natural
Resources
Parliament Buildings
Toronto, Ontario
M7A 1W3

Another great resource I came across is the March 1980 issue of Harrowsmith (issue #26). This great Canadian magazine printed several articles in that issue on maple tree tapping and wine making. Many thanks to 'old-man Charlie' for his help in learning about maple tree tapping!

Half Full, or Half Empty?

By: John Roland Hans Penner
(j.penner@genie.geis.com)

So, is the cup half full, or half empty?

This is a stupid question. If someone asks you this question, you should smack the person repeatedly on their backside until they give up their foolishness. ☞ (I've just been watching *waiting for god* - Diane smacking Harvey with her cane...)



Why stupid? Because they give you only two alternatives both of which are false, and do not allow you the option of the correct answer. Is the glass "half full" or "half empty"? the correct answer is, of course, "it is both."

Perhaps for those of you that have been brainwashed with dualism for so long that you do not immediately grasp the fact, embellishing the visualization will help. Let us make the "full" half green, and the "empty" half red. What do you see? You see a glass that is half red and half green. If someone were to ask you if these half green / half red glasses were red *or* green, then you should laugh, and say "no stupid - it's not red *or* green, it's half red *and* half green." So it is with full and empty. It is half full *and* half empty. Only a fool asks whether it is full *or* empty.



Editor's Note:

John H.N. Penner (pictured above in a 'pretty-boy' pose) has been a good friend for many years, introducing me to many wonderful pubs and people. A student of Theosophy and Craft, John always has something interesting and educated to say. Talented as well in graphic design, John has even helped PW look a little more professional...

The Spotlight:

By: Frosty

Michael Nabert is a Pagan artist and poet currently residing in Hamilton, Ontario. With a multi-medium artistic background forged by experience and hardship, he has created works ranging from handcrafted runes to romantic artwork and poetry. But where did he come from?

Good question! Originally hailing from the backwoods of Orangeville, Ontario, Michael found a mentor and role-model in his father. Michael describes his father as a "chronic over-achiever" who inspired observation of and insight into the world by creating tasks of perception and thought. Arriving at home from school, it would not be uncommon for Michael to find notes left by his father. One such note read:

'Don't do your chores around the house today. Go to the 4th line of Mono and look at the train tracks.'

After dinner, his father would ask him what he had seen, how Michael thought things worked, and what he could extrapolate from his observations. The two would then discuss the subject together; in the case of the train his father explained operational

mechanics, economic influence, future technological developments, and other such relevant issues.

Michael describes these tasks as centering around, "real, quantifiable things." "Sure I could have read any of that information from a book," Michael admitted, "but what my father was really teaching me was to think for myself." This early training in attention to detail and thoughtfulness shine through in each of Michael's works. Both paintings and prose created by Michael capture the minute quirks and subtleties of real life.

Sadly, when Michael was 10 years old his father died. Due to the geographic isolation of his home, Michael had few friends to turn to and remained home with his mother. The young and free-thinking Michael Nabert soon found himself standing up in the middle of his mother's conservative church pointing a finger at and arguing with a visiting Baptist minister from the South. Apparently, the minister had been condemning the beliefs of other religions and condemning the worldly actions that would lead the congregation to hell and something just did not sit right for Michael. Later, arriving at home, Michael's mother asked, "Well, if that's not what you believe in, what do you believe?" After some thought, Michael replied, "I'm not really sure. I'll have to get back to you on that..."

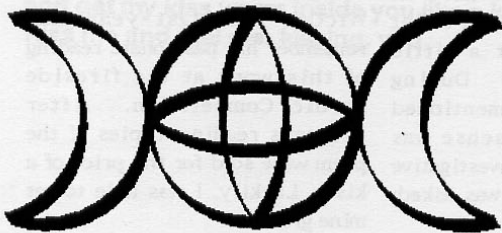
Indeed! From that point onwards, Michael hungrily



consumed every religious and philosophical text he could place his hands on in search of an answer. His answer however came not in the form of a book, but in the guise of an old man he befriended while hunting in the woods. As their friendship grew, Michael's new mentor officially introduced him to the Craft and the actual religion behind the mythologies he had read about.

Soon Michael was involved in his first working group and was given the role of "Story Teller." As the Story Teller, Michael would sit and tell a story before each ritual to bring the group together into a certain mindset. It was from this same group that Michael found his first love. Unfortunately, tragedy would painfully strike again for Michael when she subsequently died. After seven years with his coven and the death of his first love, as many pieces of his life were falling apart, Michael decided to move to an artistic community based in Arizona.

When asked what interests he became involved in at this point Michael replied, "languages, histories, theoretical mathematics and physics, art, cultures, literature, animals..."



To save space here in the Wake suffice it to say that Michael finally admitted, "...just about everything!" after filling several minutes of the interview tape...

But where does Michael ultimately trace the actual origin of his artistic skills? After a thoughtful pause Michael replied, "Probably when I was 4 or 5, drawing stick figures like everybody else!" When pushed for a reason why he had improved somewhat since then he responded that if he were to string together all the hours he had spent in front of a sketchbook it would likely total around seven solid years. Included in this total time is a period at age seven when Michael was hospitalized for an illness. Drawing became a way to keep entertained in the long boring hours spent in the hospital.

Michael's patience and dedication have manifested in a unique ability to render animals, people, places, deities, runes, and magickal tools with a precise detail. Mediums that he has explored are wood, leather, metal, ceramics, and almost every visual medium that Michael has been able to get his hands on.

Currently Michael resides in Hamilton and is working in an Irish pub. He has settled into a relationship with the two true loves of his life, Janice Nutter and her son Keefe. He is learning what it means to be a parent and is looking forward to a happy and stable future with his new family. In fact, almost twenty minutes of interview can be summed up by, "Jan is the greatest woman in the world and I love her completely

[...] one of the best things to happen to me..."

Michael is also currently preparing his material to be sent out in the hopes of being published. "Cyrano's Pen," (a reference to Cyrano de Bergerac who wrote love letters for his chief romantic rival) is a business started by Michael that ghost-writes material for special events and occasions. Some of Michael's romantic works have even recently been distributed through local florists' shops for Valentines Day.

Pursuing and honing the "art of wooing" is also a current interest of Michael's; a topic on which he would like to write a book. Other ideas for books include poetry for children and poetry about parenting and about the Goddess. Michael even mused about creating a series of greetings cards for events such as initiations, sabbats, trimesters, and other Pagan-oriented events not normally provided for.

Michael may be available to create commissioned artworks, writings, handcrafted rune sets, or other works. Correspondence and requests for work can be sent to:

Michael Nabert



Of course we here at Pagan's Wake couldn't let Michael go without a little fooling around... During interview, Michael mentioned that his strongest sense was smell. Curious and investigative as ever, the question was asked,

"What does Pagan's Wake smell like to you?" After some thought, Michael replied, "Of friendship and of not taking itself too seriously...both of which I have to give a big thumbs-up to!" So in that same spirit, we have made a special scratch'n'sniff issue for you all! Scratch below and send in your comments on how we smell to you...

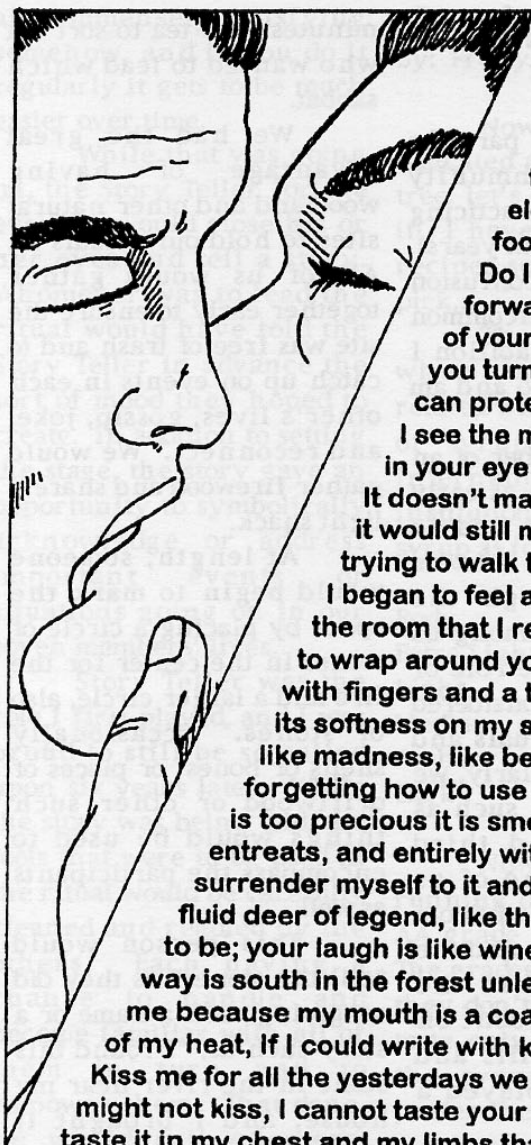


Oh! And ask to see the photograph of Mr. Nabert as a gargoyle... But don't tell him we told you!



Frosty Goes On...

Following on the next page is a copy of Mr. Nabert's poem and artwork entitled, "Kiss Me." Michael says that he wrote this piece "for the goddess in everyone." Those of you at WicCan Fest last year may remember his passionate reading of this work at the fireside Bardic Competition. After Michael's reading, copies of the poem were sold for the price of a kiss. Luckily, I was able to get mine gratis...



Kiss me. Kiss me because you can, because I dreamed last night about you kissing me, because I see your lips flutter like butterfly wings of pearl and I want to dance with them, to touch them softly with my own, afraid that the electricity of my wanting you will blow my fool head off. Is it not enough to want you? Do I have to ache? Do I have to dare forwardness and put my hand in the small of your back in the stairwell one day and when you turn I press my lips into yours before you can protest like a moth pressing his lips to flame. I see the moon in my head it is whiter than the white in your eye but no less consuming, no less tempting. It doesn't matter if there is no moon, just diesel trucks, it would still make my limbs feel like molasses, like I'm trying to walk through buttermilk, and it wasn't until I began to feel actual physical pain the moment you left the room that I realized the sort of trouble I was in. I want to wrap around you like a warm cocoon, like a mud bath with fingers and a tongue. I want to part your hair and feel its softness on my skin; I know what it smells like it smells like madness, like being dissolved by the earth, like forgetting how to use words, how to breathe. But your breath is too precious it is smoky like good vodka and it insists, entreats, and entirely without demanding, demands that I surrender myself to it and now, now I am hunting you like some fluid deer of legend, like the nymph or dryad you reveal yourself to be; your laugh is like wine it makes me dizzy. I don't know which way is south in the forest unless by chance it's the way you flee. Kiss me because my mouth is a coal and I would risk burning to give to you of my heat, If I could write with kisses your lips could read this page. Kiss me for all the yesterdays we didn't kiss, for all the tomorrows we might not kiss, I cannot taste your lips but I can taste wanting them. I can taste it in my chest and my limbs that you change into rubber with a glance, the shock of your pink tongue as you speak spears me like a hooked fish, your ears ambrosia murmur to be nibbled, a nerve in your neck twitches and I am paralyzed. I cannot think of a better place to die than in your arms. Kiss me. Kiss my fingers and my palms almost too much to bear. Kiss my eyebrows and my eyelids shut I am blinded but I can never sleep again without your kiss. Kiss me, kiss me and be kissed. Let me kiss away your fears and hurts and get my kiss warm inside you like a knowing wink. Kiss me and feel me. kissing. you.

©Michael Nabert

The Artsie Part

By: Frosty
(From October 5th, 1995)

Oh Coviemate!

Coviemate! Coviemate!
Oh where have you been?
Knowing us both,
There's much we've both
seen.

The people we've met,
And the places we've seen.
Life is much more,
When your senses are keen.

I remember your body,
Your muscles so lean.
I remember our loving,
As if t'were a dream.

We'll meet yet again,
Beneath the moon's beam.
With besom in hand,
To sweep the earth clean.

We'll act as we will,
As our Will deems.
Laughter rolling on,
And on in great reams.

Our world is much,
So much more than it seems.
To know five words,
And all that they mean...



The Stone Story-Teller

By: Michael Nabert

In becoming part of a larger pagan community again (I've been practicing solitary for about six years), occasionally some confusion arises due to the uncommon qualities of the tradition I was first exposed to and am most familiar with.

I was a member of an eight person coven as early as age twelve. We had no 'High Priest and/or Priestess;' although the eldest and wisest among us readily adopted the role of counselor. We all considered ourselves to be equals and without rank. Similarly, we had no distinction such as first, second, and third degrees. Each one of us taught and learned from each of the others, and the roles we fulfilled in the group were dependent on our individual skills and gifts; everyone played a part.

Recognition of personal advancement most often came in the form of someone offering you the tool(s) for whatever came next in the ritual and saying, "I think you're ready to do this, would you like to?" Because there were eight of us, we each wrote and led the ritual for one holiday a year, and on Samhain we would take a few

minutes over tea to sort out who wanted to lead which sabbat.

We had the great advantage of having woodland and other natural sites to hold our rituals at. All of us would gather together early to ensure the site was free of trash and to catch up on events in each other's lives, gossip, joke, and reconnect. We would gather firewood and share a light snack.

At length, someone would begin to mark the space by placing a circle of stones in the center for the fire and a larger circle, also of stones. Occasionally shells or bones or pieces of driftwood or other such things would be used to encompass the participants as well.

This person would "tell the stones" as they did so, giving each a name or a story such as, "I found this stone in the river near my house, and I brought it because it reminded me of an otter. I wanted something playful like that to be in our circle." That done, a number of things would begin simultaneously.

The fire would always be lit without matches, with a magnifying glass given a clear afternoon sun, or with friction from a bow and dowel in other instances. This is time consuming but

also immensely satisfying somehow, and if you do it regularly it gets to be much easier over time.

While that was going on, the Story Teller for the evening would close his or her eyes and tell a story. Whomever was to lead the ritual would have told the Story Teller in advance the sort of mood they hoped to create. In addition to setting the stage, the story gave an opportunity to symbolically acknowledge or address important events or situations going on in our coven members' lives.

Story Teller was the role I first played, and I was proud to still be so called upon six years later. While the story was being told, the tools that were to be used in the ritual would be carefully cleaned and readied by the others. Each having a chance to handle and become familiar with all of them in turn and to empower them. That done, we would call quarters, purify, and begin. This is how it was among the first coven I worked with.

In future issues of the Pagan's Wake I hope to write other such brief articles sharing more about that wonderful time in my life and the traditions I have come to consider my own.

Blessed be,
Michael.

Frosty's Brew!

By: Frosty

Now that we're all educated about the maple tree, let's try and ferment it! I have a few ideas for recipes so you have your pick...

The first decision when making syrup related wines is what type of syrup to use. The International Maple Syrup Institution and Quebec grade syrup as follows:

<u>Body</u>	<u>IMSI</u>	<u>Quebec</u>
Extra Light	No. 1	AA
Light	No. 1	AA
Medium	No. 1	A
Amber	No. 2	B
Dark	No. 3	C and D

Now before you go running out to buy No. 1 or AA grade syrup, let's talk... The grades are misleading as they don't actually relate to taste, only the appearance of the syrup. Most people prefer the 'Amber' grade of maple syrup saying that it has more of a colour and taste that you would expect of maple syrup. Fewer people appreciate the extremes of the grades but nothing is wrong with experimenting... Personally, I think that an amber tinted wine would be a beautiful sight!

The first recipe I came across was for



Traditional Birch Sap Wine:

1 gal. birch sap
2 lemons
1 sweet orange
1 Seville orange (if available)
1 pkg. wine-maker's yeast
1 lb. raisins, chopped
Sugar:

2 1/4 lbs. for dry
2 1/2 to 2 3/4 for medium
3 lbs for sweet
(Or, try using honey!)

From what I've heard, if reviews of the above wine are good, reviews of Maple Sap Wine are great!

1 gal. maple sap
2 lemons
2 oranges
1 pkg. wine-maker's yeast
Maple syrup:
30 to 32 fl. oz. for dry
33 to 36 fl. oz. for medium
38 to 42 fl. oz. for sweet

How To:

The above recipes are for 1 gal. of wine. To make more, simply multiply the quantities appropriately. Note also that these wines are based on *sap* not *syrup*. Go to your local sugar bush to find fresh sap.

Activate your yeast by heating 1 1/4 cups of sap to boiling and adding 2 Tbsp. of your sweetener (sugar, honey, or syrup). Allow the liquid to cool to body temperature and then add the yeast. Let sit for about an hour.

Peel the fruit (removing as much pith as possible) and then juice. Boil the fruit peels in some of the sap for about 20 minutes and then pour into a clean primary fermenter (sterilized pail) that contains the rest of the sap. Add the rest of your sweetener and the raisins. Add enough water to ensure a 1 gal. volume and stir to dissolve.

Once the liquid in the primary fermenter is lukewarm, add the juice, yeast, and if desired, yeast nutrient. Place the primary fermenter in a warm place and cover with a secured towel.

Stir the liquid once daily. After about a week when the initial rapid fermentation has died down, transfer (and strain if you wish) the liquid into your

sterilized secondary fermenter (glass carboy). Attach an air lock and let sit for several weeks.

After the wine has cleared, rack the liquid into another sterile container. Make sure not to transfer the sediment! Better to have 9/10 a gal. of good wine than 1 gal. of so-so wine... This is why I usually add a little extra sterile water to top up my fermenters between rackings.

Bottle and let sit for about six months if you're patient, or a year if you're really patient... Ok, three months if you just want to get in there and sample like me...!

The Alternative:

Not everyone wants to tap their own trees or has access to a sap producer. The sap-to-syrup ratio from evaporation is usually about 40:1 for maple and 50:1 for birch. So you could play with the above recipes from there. I might suggest the following for a five gal. batch of **Maple Syrup Mead**:

1 gal. maple syrup
4 gal. water
1 lemon
1 orange
1 pkg. yeast

This recipe is convenient for buying the 1



gal. tins of syrup. However, you might want to use less syrup and keep it for your pancakes! Remember, if your wine is too sweet after fermenting you can always dilute with water or use a stronger yeast to lower the sugar level.

Good luck! Let me know how your attempts turn out and exactly what recipe you followed. And remember... Play safe when you drink! (What am I, your mother?! Ah well, you know what I mean...)

The Bant!

By: Frosty
'The Psyche and the Circle'

Recently re-reading Vivianne Crowley's book *Wicca* got me to thinking about first degree initiation and the psychological implications of such an act. Student and teacher must be mindful of their actions and what results of an initiation.

First degree initiation, perhaps of all traditions including those outside of Craft, symbolically strip away the ego, or perhaps more appropriately: the persona. The perils of

initiation are real, but not overt and obvious; these perils are subtle and insidious.

What happens when the ego/persona is stripped away? Well, the first danger lies in just what replaces it. An immediate desire is to replace the old persona with one that is more exciting, such as image of the stereotypical witch.

Like financial investment, those investments that will pay off the most in the long run are also those that are least exciting and make for dull conversation at cocktail parties. If witches were solely in the business of entertainment, each of us would be hocking our religion to the highest bidder in Hollywood.

Women are in more danger of this peril than men. Our culture is richly stocked with images of the mysterious and seductive female witch, while very few such images exist of male witches. This doesn't mean that men are exempt though, far from it...

How many people have you seen enter Craft and immediately start to dress and act 'witchy?' (Both of which I've seen done gaudily... Yeck!) There is little wrong with specific ritual adornments and attire or the customs and culture of the craft. After all that is

generally who we are, but there is a not so fine of a line separating the two.

To give a more objective example of this problem, imagine a new martial arts student who goes out and buys all the 'toys' from a store. Running around the streets in a martial arts uniform and practicing techniques.... Aside from looking dorky and being likely to get beaten up, the important issue is that the student has become consumed by his study.

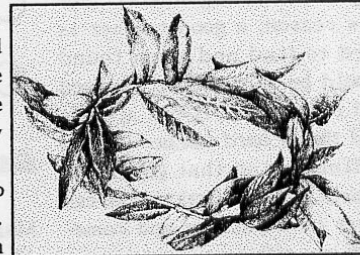
Religion is meant to accentuate life, not replace it. Each witch is much more than their cultural artifacts and practices. The longer that a person presents the image of being a 'Witch,' the stronger others will respond to that person as being a 'Witch.' In turn, the Witch will respond by trying to fulfill these expectations based upon the persona of being a 'Witch.'

This interaction continues in a destructive spiral until the student is just as bound as before initiation. The phrase, "neither bound nor free" can be taken as an apt description of the student's current state and potential. Unbound with the potential to surpass the physical world, yet in a static state of growth without knowledge and tools. With so much potential, it is sad to see the student more bound after initiation than before.

It is a serious problem when the student runs after the images of being a 'teacher' or 'priest(ess)' and does

harm to themselves. However, this problem sadly becomes compounded when such a student goes out and then tries to teach others. Rather than simply passing on the tradition of Craft, a tradition of befalling the pitfalls is also passed on.

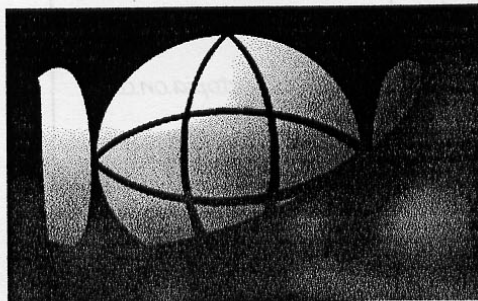
The image of 'authority



figure' is just as dangerous to the teacher as the image of 'Witch' is to the student. The binding of the persona into being an 'authority figure' or 'leader' will leave the ego just as stressed and fragile as any other binding. All work and no play for the ego..

A cousin of the first problem mentioned is to become obsessed by spiritual pursuit. Life may not always be easy or enjoyable, as such it is tempting to follow some elusive ideal of the spirit world. Vivianne notes that, "to become immersed in the spiritual quest is one way of avoiding growing up and coming to terms with the demands of the material world and there is danger that, as Jung puts it, a young person 'regresses to the mythical world of the archetypes,' into a world of fantasy."

The skilled witch is a maestro of both the spiritual and physical. Again, befalling this trap, the student is more bound than before initiation. Rather than being bound by the physical world, the student is now bound



by the spiritual and unable to function in the physical world.

Of all the witches that I have met who have been practicing for at least five years, I would estimate that 1 in 50 have succeeded in passing these most insidious perils of the first degree (including elders). For this reason, a good teacher is hard to find and when found should be appropriately valued and respected. It can also be said that a *hard* teacher is good to find; being that guiding a student through first degree can never be a passive and somewhat-may affair.

As modern witches we are becoming more educated and wiser with more knowledge and tools being offered to us. We can now identify problems that we previously never knew we or our traditions had. There is nothing shameful of this admission, in fact it is the first step to becoming stronger and wiser!

For these reasons we should ensure that our initiates, and ourselves, are 'properly prepared' psychologically. Craft is a wonderful tradition with a bounty of cultural and spiritual wealths to offer. As those who have walked our path for sometime, we must be responsible with those that join us on it.

Think that you have traversed these pitfalls completely? That's a question that can not be answered quickly... I know that I am still working on it myself as I hope my fellow witch colleagues are!

**Blessings,
Frosty.**

Moon Phases:

●	Mar 19	Apr 17	May 17	June 15
◐	Mar 26	Apr 25	May 25	June 23
○	Apr 3	May 3	Jun 1	June 30
◑	Apr 10	May 9	Jun 8	

Sabbats:

March 21: Spring Equinox
April 30: Beltane
June 22: Summer Solstice

Next Issue:

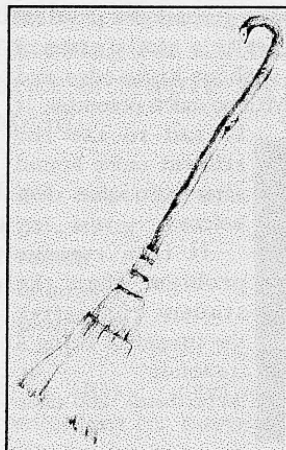
June 22nd, 1996

Techno-Pagans!

Within the week
Pagan's wake will be webbed
on my home page at:

<http://netopia.on.ca/pwake>

Just a matter of finding time
in this busy season!



Frosty Says...

"Ok, maybe... But have you seen **this** side of me before!?"

"I hope that was your athame..."

"When invoking you must be very, very careful to do everything exactly... Oh oh!"

"That is a tool not a toy... Give me that scourge! Thank you! <Grin> Ok! Now you're in trouble!"

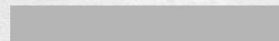
"Welcome to this solar sabbat! Tonight we'll be opening with a fire chant, and I'll be evoking the South... Hey... Guys! Come back...!"

How to Reach the Wake!

Submissions, letters, cartoons, artwork, and the like can be sent to:



Or if you're a techno-Pagan:



Length of submissions is fairly flexible, just go easy since I cover printing costs myself! Till next issue...

Blessings.