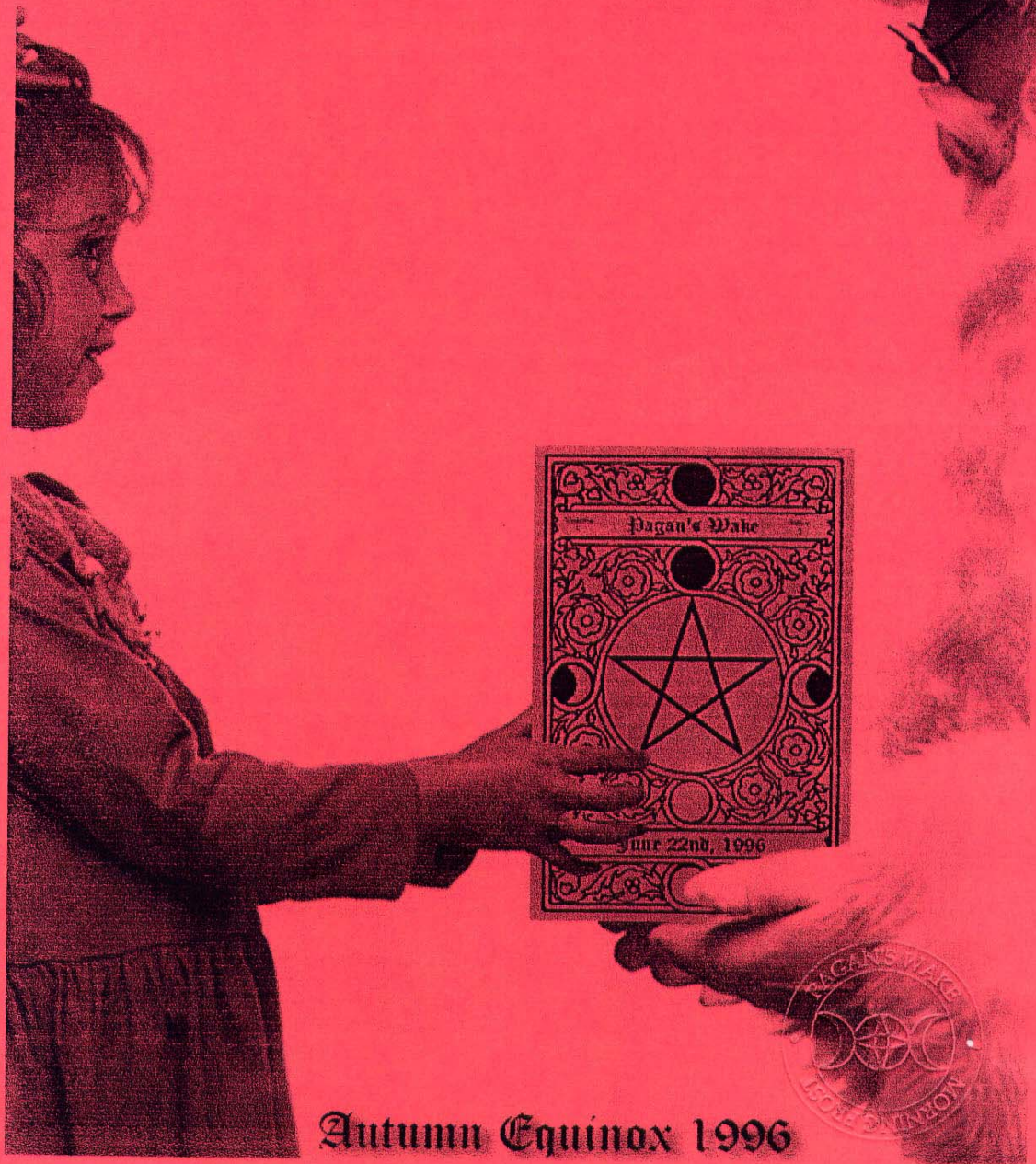


Pagan's Wake



Autumn Equinox 1996





Pagan's Wake



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The Update!

The summer months have always been busy months for me. This year the busy months of summer have lead into the even busier months of autumn. Subsequently this issue of Pagan's Wake got out a little late (in fact I've got a pile of neurophysiology and abnormal psychology books threatening to avalanche down upon me as I type!).

During early August I attended the Silver Wheel Festival held just NW of London. Sabbats and festivals are always extra special for the simple fact of seeing many of the people that I consider friends and extended family. Silver Wheel featured a number of interesting workshops and rituals including a most memorable wake for the Corn King (alas poor Yorick...). Your's truly presented an over-the-campfire raspberry-mead brewing workshop that also discussed the history and magical craft of beer and wine brewing.

A fair number of musicians and drummers filled both day and night with wonderful sounds (of extra special note is Tim Dillon whose acoustic-guitar melodies danced continuously across the breeze--Thanks!). Of other great note was a supreme fire-side head-massage from which the moans and squeals of my delight could be heard from the farthest

reaches of the campgrounds.

September has been busy with a return to McMaster University to finish my Hons. BA in psychology. Rather than tangling with some estranged landlord over a four-month lease, I've moved in with my estranged friends Janice Nutter and Michael Nabert. Along with Janice's son Keefe, we've made a wonderful extended-family unit sharing responsibilities and lots of laughs. Aside from the lessons in raising a two-year-old lad, I've also enjoyed and been inspired by the friendship of my two friends (mind you...I've also learnt the leg-pressing, eye-watering, floating-molars lesson of having only one bathroom in the house!).

Life has been exciting getting back to psychology studies on campus. The fast-paced schedule of learning is an exhilarating way to keep the mind sharp and learn new information. By wanting to complete my degree in one term I've been forced to take a brutal course on the neurophysiology of vision (Yech!). I've also returned to my Goju Ryu Karate training on campus and should hopefully make green belt by the end of term.

One of the exciting activities that occurred during the move to Hamilton was getting to go through all of the goodies I had packed away for storage about a year and a half ago. All of the old and rare books I had

collected, ritual memorabilia, old music tapes and CDs, and oh yes...that gallon jug of mead from two years ago! Needless to say, unpacking became rather fun.

The Dillion family held a grape-stomp in September that was a real blast. David is a homebrewer with an interesting selection of wine projects (If you've ever tried his 'Chateau Hand-Grenade' you'll understand his popularity and resistance to most toxins). The grapes stomped this year will be turned into wine ready for sampling by next summer for sure. Here's hoping (hopping? Stomping?) for a great batch of Vin de Foot '96!

I'm not too sure quite were my inspirations always come from. But perhaps exposure to Alex from Ottawa was responsible for that rather scandalous outfit I wore for the Harvestide grape-stomp... Oh dear... There goes my image as the introverted, reclusive academic...

Along with all the other motorcyclists, I've been watching the falling temperatures with great interest and sadness. Won't be long until the Virago descends into the Underworld to conquer death and return in the spring... Oh wait... That's the Goddess... Damn, got to remember to keep those two straight!

**Blessed be,
Frosty.**



Above: Frosty (left) and Mathew Clooney (right) during Silver Wheel '96.

The Great Hunt

By: Mathew Clooney

I was told once that whatever does not kill you makes you stronger and never has that been more true than during the Great Hunt. Whether hunter or hunted, predator or prey, survival takes on a truly magical overtone.

During the Silver Wheel Festival this year our good friend Frosty asked if I would like to partake in the Hunt, namely as every man's desire. As I am fairly new to the Pagan community (I've been practicing for little over a year now) this was my first experience of such. I understand the reasons behind the ritual, but as you know, knowledge and experience are two different things.

The animal that I chose, or rather the spirit that chose me was the unicorn. This happened for several reasons. Deeply forested glens, pools of water and running streams, and shafts of sunlight filtering through the

canopy of overhead branches tend to lend to the imagination... And somehow that white maned, rainbow horned creature was just there, looking at me, and waiting. There was no hesitation in my answer, "YES."

Frosty and I began the painting process while the others prepared the circle. I stood amongst the men I trusted most, people who I choose to call friends, with the unicorn emblazoned across my chest. I need to stress the trust and love I share with many in the circle. It's that which makes what happened next so strange.

With my eyes closed, and Corvus' aid, I became the unicorn in spirit as well as in body. When I opened my eyes, there was not one face I recognized, no safe haven save that of the forest line. The next five minutes were a blur of intense fear, the need to flee into

safety was all that was on my mind, primal as it was.

Once the initial flight was through, my equine nature took over and I forsook the safety of the glade and turned instead to the watery stream, needing to drink. As I made my way back through the underbrush I caught a bright flash of purple in the clearing. I could smell the human intruder, man was in my domain. Fading back into the greenery, I froze. Only the small crack of a twig under my hoof was heard, thunder to my sensitive ears. I was found out.

As I broke through the underbrush and plunged through the stream, I could hear the shouts, meaningless syllables that brought the image of my brethren to mind, the unicorns of past hunted not for food but for their beautiful horns. I could not let the last of the unicorns be caught. I left the familiar haunts and ran towards the only place I felt safe. Many tales have been told of the unicorn and the maiden. I was no different, and soon I reached her, the maiden, to whom kingdoms divide. It is no exaggeration to say I could smell her fear, but also her compassion and love, and I could hear her heart pounding as I grabbed her hand and led her up the path until they found us...

The hunters came to save the maiden, from what I do not know. She was safe with me but still they came on, encircling me as we came upon the sacred ground where I could be safe. But the strength had left my limbs, my mane was drenched,

"When I opened my eyes, there was not one face I recognized, no safe haven..."

my coat matted with sweat, and the maiden was there leading me on pulling me towards safe haven.

The hunters surrounded and sieged my form. As I lay still upon the earth, each breath my last, it was the maiden's tears I remember. She laid my head in her lap as I died, the hunters no longer fearsome as they stood above my body.

As the spirit of the unicorn vanished, I saw my friends again and knew that the Hunt had ended. Even now, two days later, the memories are as intense as the moment they occurred. I know that they will never fade with time. The magic of the Hunt and the heart of the unicorn will be with me forever. Blessed be to all who read this, and congratulations to all on a very successful Hunt.□



Editor's Note:

*Yes, I will never forget watching Mathew dive into the poison ivy infested woods and then into the swamp below, shaking my head and thinking, "Oh dear, looks like its going to be one of those Hunts..." *Chuckle**

WHEN TO HARVEST



By:

Laurie
Waller
Benson

Think of how the energy of a plant moves, and you will know the right time to harvest.

By Season:

Knowing the right time of the year to harvest herbs is the most important aspect of timing. If you think of where the plant's energy is going, and when, it becomes a matter of common sense. A quick rule of thumb (or sickle) would be:

Leaves - Just before blossoms

open (late Spring-Summer)

Flowers - Just opening to fully

open (Spring-Autumn)

Roots - After frost has killed

the upper plant (late Fall & early Spring)

Bark - after leaves have fallen

(Fall-Spring)

Seeds - When ripe (Fall-Spring)

Annuals (one year plants) never have a chance to send their energy to the roots for winter dormancy. So, the upper plant must be harvested before going to seed, which is where they will send their reproductive energy for the next year.

Perennials (long lived plants) often are harvested for their *rhizomes* which grow in strength from year to year. Most are not collected until after 3 years of growth. Some are more valuable the older they are (like ginseng).

Biennials (two year plants) can be confusing. The first year, the energy goes into the leaves during the growing

season, to be stored in the root over the winter to enable it to shoot into a flower and seed stalk the

second year when the root withers away. Burdock is an excellent example, as its leaves, root, and seeds are used consecutively. Only the first year plants' roots can be dug in the autumn (those without seed stalks) and the second year plants in the spring, before the stalks are sent up.

Exceptions - Some leaves of trees are harvested after they have turned colour in the fall - notably ginkgo and red sumach. The change releases certain sugars in the leaves that give them their medicinal value.

By Moon Cycle:

Much has been written about the right phase of the moon in which to harvest certain herbs - waning moon for banishing, waxing moon for nourishing, and different astrological phases for certain powers. Basically, if possible, I try to harvest flowering tops around the time of the full moon, and roots around the time of the dark moon, just because of the the pull of the moon's and earth's energies are strongest at those points. In magickal workings, dream herbs like mugwort are best harvested on a dark moon, while those used in wilder energy work, like wormwood, would be harvested during a full moon.

If, however, the moon is not co-operating with the weather, your schedule, and the

peak flowering time, "harvest when you can!"

By Hour:

It has been demonstrated that most plants have the highest concentration of vitamins, minerals, and essential oils in the late morning. The dew should have dried, and the heat of the sun activated the oil glands. Once the sun is at its zenith and the afternoon heat sets in, plants will often go into a "siesta"--some wilt, others close their blossoms or stop their fragrance activity. Bees do not visit buckwheat in the afternoon!

Just like people, individual species are night

owls while others are sun worshippers. Evening primrose blooms only at night, while St. Johnswort is at its most potent in the heat of the mid-afternoon sun. Crush the herb you

wish to collect at different times of the day and observe its oil and fragrance, otherwise the rule of thumb is "late morning" (like most people we know).

The hour of collection can also be influenced by the astrological sign ruling the herb, the hour, and various other factors such as the person to be healed and the healer. If it means travelling 20 miles on a specific night to collect a herb between 2 and 3 am for a specific remedy, you can be sure the power put into that remedy will have magickal as well as medicinal healing.

However, if weather, work schedules, transportation, and your personal energy mean you can only harvest a herb on your own timetable, by all means do it! Use a little more in your



remedies if you feel the potency is not as great as it should be, but compared to the ancient dried up stuff you could buy in a store, it is many, many times stronger...and it's yours. Which leads me to:

Shelf Life:

Assuming you know exactly when your herbs have been harvested (impossible if you are buying them), the maximum shelf life will be:

Powdered herbs, including capsules & tea bags	6 mos
Herbal tablets	12 mos
Whole dried leaves	12 mos
Whole dried roots/bark	3 yrs
Liquid herbal extracts & tinctures	20 yrs

If the dried herb loses its colour and/or fragrance, discard and replace it. Parsley and mint are good indicators - parsley loses its green colour, while mint loses its aroma, especially if crushed or ground, which increases the surface area to oxidation.□

Grey Eyes

By: Frosty

Grey eyes follow the sun,
Filled with rays of early dawn.
Containing soft and mellow light,
Command each heart to rise in flight.
Grey as the clouds above us all,
From which I pray no drop shall fall.
To be within such rain downcast,
Would bind my heart to sadness fast.
Grey as in the earthen stone,
From which an inner strength is known.
Whether secure within the earth,
Or rather free upon the surf
Grey as in the dove a flight,
To see the world through clearer sight.
From which a feather falls so light,
Into my world to bring delight.

The Spotlight

James Walter Jeffries Interview
From Silverwheel Festival 1996
August 5, 1996
By: Frosty

As a young child, James grew up mostly on a dairy farm with his grandparents. Many of his childhood days were passed learning about nature, horseback riding, hunting, and fishing. A strong competitive outlook was impressed upon James at an early age by his successful parents. This pressure to compete yielded an independent and solitary personality. Rather than spending hours involved in group sports earning accolades, James preferred to wander the woods with his pellet gun hunting small game. It was during this period of time which, according to James, he developed a "dynamic for being a loner."

James was one of the first of his high school to leave and join the Hippy movement around 1968. Being a Hippy allowed a greater expression of the individualistic nature that James had developed throughout his early life. Many of the people that James met during that time viewed the use of drugs as a source of sexual turn-on or source of habitual satiety. Within the use of drugs however, James saw a potential for

spiritual enlightenment albeit an admittedly lower form.

After some years of involvement in the Hippy scene, James found that he had suffered a loss of sincerity and personal integrity. At this point he chopped off his three and a half feet of hair and moved to the north end of Vancouver Island. While there he worked in a metal-rope factory making cable for the mining industry. Seeking to regain his personal integrity, James bought a canoe, moved into the wilderness, and built a log cabin there.. Living as a hermit in the woods, James sought peace and spiritual insight from the natural world around himself. Simple rituals such as collecting water from a nearby stream became rituals of oneness with nature and a peaceful approachment towards a state of satori.

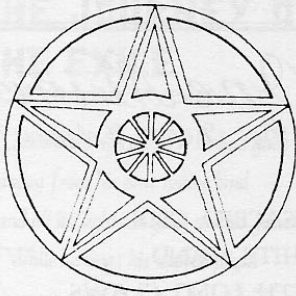
Satisfied with his experience in the woods, James returned to the city and developed a strong interest in Eastern mysticism traditions. Much time was spent reading and meditating, but still one thing was missing--a teacher or guru to lead his studies. Towards this goal James prayed and prayed up to the point of becoming anemic. Looking for work, James found a

job as a carpenter's assistant through Man Power. The company that he was working for however turned out to be a front for a group that performed Golden Dawn rituals. So it was that James found a teacher, was initiated, and started a new period in his esoteric studies.

After about 2 years however, problems had developed. James found a duplicity forming within himself due to the secretive nature governing much of his life. While the rituals were very inspiring and empowering, the entities involved within the organization had ideas that conflicted with the basic beliefs



(Above) James strings cranberries while sitting in his red long johns.



of James; being an all male group, the leaders worked to involve the group members in homosexual ritual practices. Feeling that the current directions being taken by the group did not meet his goals and desires he consequentially left the group for solitary practice.

Undaunted by the demise of his relationship with this first working group, James held true to the rituals and teachings of the Golden Dawn under his own personal study and practice. The Kabbalah holds a spiritual philosophy and magickal practice that James found to be deeply moving and meaningful. For years to follow James read everything that he could get his

hands on and began to make friendships with those in the Pagan community. Meeting fellow Pagans downtown for conversation became a daily and commonplace occurrence. Then in 1989 James met Suzanne with whom he went to WicCan Fest. His experiences there became a spiritual awakening to the current Wiccan and Neo-Pagan cultures and beliefs.

Within this awakening James found a great release and relief amongst a large community of people with similar beliefs to his own. James admits to a certain degree of anxiety when originally performing public rituals but has since overcome this fear due to the accepting nature of those around him. It has been that "quality of acceptance" which has since drawn him further into the Pagan community and been the root of his current friendships. James was delighted to further discover that there was much parallel in the structures, beliefs, and practices of Wicca and the Golden Dawn.

Currently James works at the Guelph Civic Museum and takes care of the historical McCrae House (home of the military officer who wrote the poem, "In Flanders Fields"). James finds much contentment and inspiration in his work and enjoys seeing other people explore their historical heritage. As well, James enjoys listening to music and writing (and re-writing) his own poetry. Helping

Suzanne to raise three children has been another involvement in James' recent years that has brought much personal pleasure.

James offers classes on basic Wicca in the Guelph area. Bringing to practice much of his magickal training and philosophy. Festival goers may also have had opportunity to hear James talk about the Kabbalah and the Golden Dawn system of High Magick. One of the issues that James has devoted much thought to for sometime is just where and how the Kabbalah fits in with Wiccan practice.

James has developed many ideas regarding magickal ethics including a note of warning from his experiences that magick and knowledge should never be used to coerce or manipulate other beings. Magickal abilities should be used honestly and openly. The use of living sacrifices is a practice which James feels should not be tolerated and is contradictory to Wiccan beliefs. Sexual magick according to James, while having a valid use and purpose, is an area wherein caution should be used to avoid the interpersonal and physical problems that can arise from such practices. To James, the presence of children at rituals and festivals is an occurrence that brings great personal happiness and hope for the future.

James holds a somewhat pessimistic view of the current use of natural and monetary resources in the world at large.

HEY YOU!

YA, YOU? OO...
YOU THINK YOU CAN
WRITE BETTER THAN
POETRY OR ARE JUST
SOME MEGLOMANIAC
WHO THINKS THEY HAVE
SOMETHING IMPORTANT
ENOUGH THAT PEOPLE
WILL READ IT? PROVE IT.
SUBMISSIONS ADDRESS
ON THE BACK COVER.
ARTICLE LENGTH OPEN.

A greater orientation towards the environment is something that he feels the world will only adopt after the occurrence of a major environmental disaster. Paganism is a movement that James sees as a great hope for the environment and human development. James notes that he has changed much since his days in the Hippy movement and solemnly comments that, "It's important not to go through the world with rose-colored glasses. Peace, love, and eternal grooviness are good, but keep a road flare in your back pocket."

Plans for his future? James would like to eventually start a workshop, when he can find a location, to continue his carpentry skills. Drums, ritual tools, and children's toys are a few of the items that James would like to create and vend. Those who've seen the first two fur-rimmed drums already created by James can appreciate the talent and creativity he brings to his work.

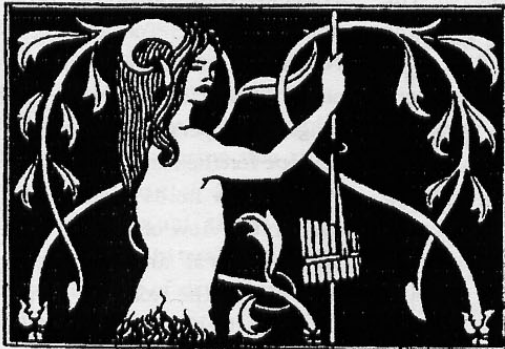
James feels that he is beginning to work through a purging phase of his life where he is dealing with many of the hardships and conflicts from the

earlier years of his life. A positive result of this process has been a greater harnessing of his magickal practices due to a greater ritual dedication that he feels he was previously unable to fulfill. While he has accomplished a lot over the years, James feels that he is just now starting to become more focused and defined in his personal goals.

James would at some point like to retreat to a cabin in the woods for a period of about six months. During this time he would like to perform the Abramelin hermetic rite to call upon his Holy Guardian Angel. This is a goal that he is currently working towards and preparing himself for, but admittedly is not yet sure when he will be able to find such a large period of time to solely devote to his magickal practices.

Over the years that I've had the chance to know James Jeffries, I have enjoyed the pleasing sense of wonder his spirit brings. In rituals he has always brought a wonderful sense of respect for magick, divinity, community, and nature as well as a creative drive to add

to everything that he is involved in. James has become a part of the close group of friends that I consider to be my extended family and modern urban tribe. □



One Mine

By: James Jeffries

A SACRED OLDE
WHITE HAND
WITH LONG CLAWS
IS MINE SOMETIMES
I BEAR UP
THE NIGHT
WITH TWISTED STICKS
AS THE MOON
SHE WAXES
HAVE I SCORN
FOR THE SMALL
QUAINT PALTRY BURDENS
UPON MY BONES
THIS LIFE I SUFFER
NEITHER HERE--
NOR THERE
THE TIMES
AS HAVE BEEN TALLIED
NO WHOLESOME
FIGURE RALLIED
I ESTIMATE
THE ASHES
SHALL BE HIGH
AND FINE
ABOUT MY STAKE
WHEN AT MY WAKE
THEIR THIRST IS QUENCHED
THOSE FLAMES
IN RECOMPENSE
UNNATURAL THIS HAND
SCALED. WHITE-OLDE
WITH LONG CLAWS
AND THE MOON
SHE WAXES.



THE JOURNEY OF THE EXILE

By: Brendan Myers

*"...someone sings of how he has gone
away from his dear native land
and all its sights so fine, and so grand.
While he sings his awful plight
Someone takes his creamy pint..."*

-Tip Splinter

Celts can be great travellers. It is said that for every one Irishman living in Ireland now, ten more Irishmen live elsewhere in the world. When one thinks that there are three million people in Ireland, surely the globe should be scattered with thirty million Irish people. One could add to that their children born abroad, and the families of those children, and then wonder why the world is not clogged with the Irish. One could make this observation for Scots, and Newfoundlanders, and Welsh people as well. One additional trait unifies all these Celts around the world: they all want to go home.

In early mythology, the Celtic people are no stranger to exile. The three stories that are collectively referred to as the 'Three Sorrows of Irish Storytelling': the Sons of Tuireann, the Children of Lyr, and Deirdre & Naoise, all involve exile in one form or another. Brian and his brothers, the sons of Tuireann, are exiled from Ireland by order of Lugh, as their penance for the killing of Lugh's father Cian. A condition is placed on their return: they have to go about the world collecting various magical treasures, many of which Lugh intended to use in a war. This is a forced exile by justice.

In the story of the Children of Lyr, Aoife and her siblings are transformed into swans by their mother-in-law, who was jealous of the love and attention their father Lyr gives to them. She then proceeds to lay a geis upon them, compelling them to live in three different places

for three hundred years in each place, where two of them are far from home and prone to many environmental hazards. This second kind of exile seems to be a more arbitrary kind of banishment; perhaps one could say a political exile, for it involves one party exercising power over another. It is heartening to note that the mother-in-law receives justice in an exile of the first kind, for she is transformed into a demonic shape and banished southward.

The third kind of exile is that suffered by the mythic lovers Deirdre and Naoise, whose story makes up part of the Ulster Cycle, also called the Tain Bo Cuailnge. This is a special case because they voluntarily entered exile, in order to live together safely and happily. They have no intention of returning. Only through the intercession of Fergus do they eventually agree to return, and then the tragic nature of this kind of exile, perhaps as tragic as all others, is realized. The situation that caused them to choose exile remained, and had to be dealt with upon their return, but through treachery and malice they return to their homeland only to die. In Fenian myth, this story is repeated in the lives of Dermot and Grannia, who travel through Ireland evading Fionn, and when they meet him again they meet a treacherous death.

The Fianna stories of Ireland show a different variation of exile, for they are an out-caste group of warriors. Theirs is a perpetual exile, made all the more painful by the fact that they are exiled even within their own homeland. The exile of the Fenians is one of perpetual motion, not of destination. Yet that perpetual motion serves the quality of the mythological cycle, because Fenian myth is also about discovery, strange magic, and heroism of a very different character than the Ulster Cycle myths. The Ulster Cycle heroes are part of the aristocracy, taking on another aristocracy; the Fenian heroes are almost anarchists, recognizing Fionn MacCumhall as

leader only because it would be absurd not to, given his abilities and powers. To be exiled in one's own native land is surely the most painful thing that the ancient Celt could conceive, for his world was centered around his clan. When the clan is the most basic political and social unit, to be thrown out of that unit is the worst of all possible punishments. Indeed, the Druids had that power and regarded it as the worst kind of punishment, more terrible than death.

But as with the exile of Deirdre and Naoise, the Fianna fighters have chosen their lifestyle, and not had it thrust upon them. There is something of a contradiction: if out-caste status is the worst kind of punishment for a crime, why would anyone choose to become an out-caste? The answer lies in the character of Fenian myth discussed above. One needs to escape society, and the normal lifestyle offered by society, to achieve certain important realizations or revelations of a spiritual nature that could not be achieved otherwise. After that achievement, re-entry into society is permitted. Fionn MacCumhall spends much of his early years running for his life from the sons of Morna, and in so doing manages to the point where he is able to befriend them. Only Goll, son of Morna, achieved that same maturity, the Fianna's end would not have been so bloody; but had he done so, the myth would not have the same tragic impact.

The idea of exile is more than just the exercise of justice, it is a kind of tragedy that illuminates our lives. Exiles in Celtic history and mythology speak to the lives of people in the 1990's, like you and I, in an unprecedented way, because each Celt is permanently exiled from the original (or, at least, ideal) Celtic way of life. In some ways this is a good thing, because our daily problems and struggles

are no longer matters of life and death. But in another way, this is not necessarily a good thing, because we are unable to fully appreciate what it

means to live close to the Earth, or to each other, or what it means to know magic, or beauty, or happiness. Certainly, we cannot appreciate these things in the same way the ancient Celts did. But we admire the Celts for possessing that frame of mind! If we wish to express our admiration through emulation, we cannot do it, because we are exiled from nature, by history, by technology, by geography, by politics, perhaps by many other things as well.

For the Celts have experienced exile not just in mythology, but also in history. The Celtic Christian monks used exile as a severe form of penance. Minor transgressions were often met by years of banishment. The greatest Celtic Christian saint, Columba, was excommunicated for an unknown sexual misdemeanor, and promptly banished from his home in Ireland to the island of Iona in Scotland. Though the Church eventually reinstated him, it seems ironic that he used his exile there to establish one of the largest and most influential christian monasteries in the entire Celtic territory for centuries to come. If we move through history to a time closer to our own, we see a kind of exile that parallels that suffered by the Children of Lyr, and that is banishment by an external political power. The Potato Famine of 1847 exiled thousands of Irish peasants to Canada, Australia, and the United States. The Highland Clearances displaced thousands of native Scots from their homes as well. An exile in one place is also a refugee in another place, and the Celtic people have made the world at large their refuge.

But it is also one of the features of the Celtic character, that the love of one's homeland is the strongest of loves. The folklore of places where large waves of Celts immigrated are full of impassioned songs and poetry of the "old country." For a refuge is not necessarily a home. Irish literature is often concerned with the love of the homeland even while the author is in a safe and happy refuge elsewhere. An example: The catch-

phrase "Roisin Dubh", or "Black Rose" was often used as a kind of code-word for Ireland, masquerading as an innocent love song for a girl, in times when overhearing authorities did not permit the Irish to be Irish, even in their native land. It is no wonder that the realms of nature, the land, sea, and sky, should figure into the celtic literature and mythology so prominently: it is the love of it that makes a Celt much of who she is, and it is painful to her to be exiled from it.

The tragedy for us is that there are many people today who are exiled from their homeland, in a spiritual sense, and don't know it.

This leads to the most basic question of exile: if we are not in our natural, native home, where is that home? We could still learn the lesson of the Fenian exile, which is how exile can lead to a greater appreciation of one's homeland. The tragedy for us is that there are many people today who are exiled from their homeland, in a spiritual sense, and don't know it. Though I was born in a small but industrialized city in Ontario, it took a half-year long trip to Newfoundland to realize that Ontario is not my true home. The beauty of the land and the culture that surrounded me there (especially the music) opened me to that truth. As I planned the trip, the idea was a kind of Promised Land, and now, almost a year after coming home, it is a kind of Paradise Lost. Some of us are exiled from our homes in our minds, by the psychological manipulation of commercialism for example, or perhaps more simply by the inhibition against changing one's lifestyle. For just as much as it is a physical and geographical location, one's homeland is also a frame of mind. On that basis, it is my belief that exile is also a frame of mind, and it is the sense of longing, of confusion, of "something is wrong" which cannot

be identified with clarity.

Or, perhaps, the solution is to drink more Guinness and play those jigs and reels, and play them close to the floor! The exiled Celts all over the world brought their culture with them, and cultural rituals like the dance can bring a piece of that homeland back. Perhaps the homeland is also to be found in each other. Individuals need to participate in culture, partly because it is a survival strategy (so say the sociobiologists) but also because it can relieve, at least for a while, the longing of exile from other human beings. It is rather interesting to note that some of our cultural rituals like storytelling and song can invoke a longing in people for places where they have never been. Celtic culture has a number of unique features and folklore artifacts where one could take refuge and lead a happy life. Culture is an important part of one's identity, but by no means the only one-- there is a danger in allowing the shape of one's culture to interfere with one's reason or individuality.

I think the solution to this kind of exile is to quest for the homeland, which is the homeland within, which makes the whole star-filled universe one's proper and beloved homeland. It is an inner quest, the quest as the question, asking "what does it mean to live a good life?" and seeking the answer with diligence. That is the true treasure of all mythic quests, the Holy Grail of human being. □



Samhain Rap

By: Janice Nutter

I am the Great Goddess,
Mother Earth you know...
I have a different name and face,
Each place I go.
I've been working hard since early Spring,
Attending and a-nurturing each growing
thing.
I've produced all the flowers, fruits, and
animals too!
But the growing times over now, so I am
through.
And when you have as many children as I do,
You just wanna take a little rest and
say, "Whew!"
And maybe even have a little sip of brew!
(By the way the grain that made this was
my de-part-ment too...)
I am the Great Goddess, the mother of all.
It's the end of my season so I'm dressed as
the Fall.
All of my greenery has turned red and
brown,
And I'm ready to make my journey
underground.
Where I'll sleep...
Have a nap...
Until spring, when the sap...
Wakes me up...
Until then, nothing grows.
So I'm gearing down for major snoozage
under the snows.
Ta ta for now and may you all be blest.
Hey God, look after things while I have my
rest...



Hey! I'm Lord Winter and God of the Hunt.
I roam through the forest looking out for
c...reatures.

My ways are harsh and I may be blunt.
But I am one of the greatest Teachers.
I'm lord of the wild things and the frozen
bits,

So watch out ladies or I'll freeze your
t...oes!

This is the way the message sits,
Take only what you need cause the Hunter
knows.

So don't despair as the cold you feel,
It's simply the turning of the cosmic wheel.
Eventually death and snow will yield,
And give way to the crops and flowers in
the field.

But for now, let's all celebrate Samhain,
The time when the veil between the worlds
is thin.

And souls of those past can reappear,
To join us for a party and to share some
cheer.

So offer up those ghosts some tasty beer!



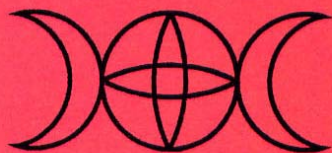
Announcements

Congratulations to Jim and Ann-Marie Findley on their new daughter Eliane, born on Tuesday October 8th at 7:30am on the nose!

Classifieds

Laurie's Herbal Smoke Mix. Available at \$5.50 for 100 ml, \$20.00 for 500 ml, and \$40.00 for 1 litre. Available at some festivals or send cheque with \$5.00 to cover postage (shipped express!) payable to Laurie Waller Benson at: Box 536, Cannington, Ontario, L0E 1E0. This is a non-tobacco herbal smoke that acts as a stimulant, anti-spasmodic, and lung healer. Contains mugwort, lobelia, mullein, coltsfoot, and sumach. "Jock's Mix" is also available which contains damiana. Added mint is also available for "Menthol Mix."

Can't find the words? That's *my* job! Michael Nabert, writer, illustrator, and speaker. Pagan artwork and writing, made to order. ♥ Erotic poetry ♥ Hamilton:



Moon Phases:

- October 4th
- October 12th
- October 19th
- October 26th
- November 3rd
- November 10th
- November 17th
- November 24th
- December 2nd
- December 10th
- December 17th
- December 24th
- January 1st

Personals

Dashing, intelligent, witty, sexy, sharp-dressed, and *well* endowed male Pagan publisher seeks ravishing, seductive, fire-dancing, enchantress who disdains the use of all forms of clothing. MUST be interested in jello-wrestling and other food related sports. Reply c/o Pagan's Wake Editorship.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Pagan's Wake offers free announcements, classifieds, personals, and ad space for the pagan community, artisans, and business folk? Well it's true... Put that in your pipe and smoke it!

Frosty Wisdoms!

"What was begun in love, ends in beauty."

We, are that beauty.

"All acts of love and pleasure are mine."

You heard the Lady! Lets party!

Everyone expresses their love in different ways. Look for others' expressions and try not to measure them by your own.

For something you can't actually see, the new moon is awful beautiful.

Sure witches have been at this for a long time, but do you really think that the work is done?

If a police officer wakes you up and inquires why you're naked, hungover, painted from head to toe in nature designs and "joy buttons," and possess only a set of muddy dancing bells, just look up, smile, and giggle insanely...

CONTACT PAGAN'S WAKE!

Send articles, poetry, artwork, blessings, and cruelly honest criticisms to:

