



Issue 1
Volume 2

Pagan's Wake

Celebrates
One
Year!

M. Nabert

ONE YEAR OF PAGAN'S WAKE!

First, thanks to all of those who have helped make the Wake happen as it did:

Laurie Waller Benson
Myles Colgan
Mathew Clooney
James Jeffries
Brendan Myers
Michael Nabert
Janice Nutter
John R.H. Penner

...and all those who've given me inspiration...

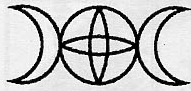
Second, I'd just like to say what a fun time it has been designing and providing Pagan's Wake for all of you to read. Readership is at about 70 copies per issue currently. So you can imagine that I do alot of stamp licking! Yep, each copy gets personally photocopied, folded, stapled, stuffed, addressed, stamped, and sealed with Frosty-spirit by yours truly. As you can (hopefully) tell, the quality has improved quite a bit since the premiere issue. I look forward to another year of publishing the Wake and hope you enjoy reading it!

Why?

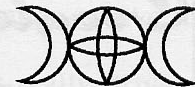
Why the Wake? Here's why... Amongst all of my beliefs are a belief in community and Pagan/Wiccan culture. Our community is a group of people with similar, but not identical, beliefs. To me a community is like an extended family--some members you are closer to and more amiable towards than others, but...still family. Each person who receives Pagan's Wake does so by a personal invitation from myself as someone that I care about. A purpose of the Wake is to keep all of us together and sharing information outside of sabbats and festivals. Free personals are open to help share important events such as births, handfastings, deaths, and the like.

Pagan/Wiccan culture is an important part of my life and something that I would like to see grow and flourish. To that end, the Wake is an information network to help share Pagan culture amongst those of the community--a resource of information, inspiration, and contacts. Free advertising of Pagan businesses and services helps to support those who are helping to develop Pagan culture. Our community is filled with many talented and skilled people that are often only known in their local area; the Wake helps break these geographical barriers to extend the accessibility of these people to others.

Oh, and yeah... Because I enjoy this, and you. I hope the Wake brings a smile to all of you with each issue and makes us all a little bit smarter, wiser, and fun loving!



Pagan's Wake



The Fairly Quarterly and Mostly Credible Exclusive Pagan Journal

Volume 2, Issue 1

December 22nd, 1996

The Update!

Well, I do wish that I could pass on some exciting news about doing a plethora of zany antics this last little while, but the end of this university term has been extremely demanding. The library is my friend, PsychLit CD is my bible of divine inspiration, and I speak of nothing but neurophysiological references to my very few remaining social contacts...

Well, perhaps that is not all true... There have been some exciting things along the way. The Hamilton Street & Railway company (the local city bus) decided to go on strike for a week during midterms. Do they know how many pounds worth of books I carry to my Tuesday classes?!?! The strike provided me with the pleasant opportunity to practice me reading and studying skills while walking... After all, I did have 45 minutes to practice each way between the university and home! Now that the strike has ended and life has returned to normal, I've used my now monstrously-muscular legs to land a new job providing the Hamilton-Wentworth region with power from an electrical generator wired to an exercise bicycle here in my room...

Being back at the university, I have been able to return to my Goju Ryu Karate Do studies. Karate has been a fun way to blow off steam and stress

built up from the meeting of academic deadlines. During mid-November I was able to enter the belt grading at the university dojo and by the end of November I had received my green belt. Hurray! Today my green belt... Tomorrow Pinky... Tomorrow I will rule the world!

On December 3rd I finally completed this term's large research project. My research was based upon the perception and constancy of brightness in human visual perception. Basically this means I was scanning the psychology literature to understand how we are able to perceive the brightness and lightness of objects given the complexity of visual information in the world. The interesting crux of the matter is understanding why we perceive objects to have a constant brightness when in fact they do not reflect the same amount of light in different environments of illumination.

Why on earth did I choose such a topic? Well, I'm glad you asked... Being both a (now) graduate of cognitive psychology and a witch provides me with the opportunity to bring together the knowledge of both fields. Scrying techniques have always been of interest to me and the role of various visual constancies is a key that I feel to play a large role in scrying perceptions. Having now had a chance to study brightness (achromatic colour) constancy, I've come to

understand better some of the fundamental factors that can best be utilized to promote scrying. Look for an article in the Wake at some point for this!

Now that I'll be returning to Barrie for work, I'm going to miss my friends Mike, Janice, and Keefe... The last four months have been alot of fun here. Janice is just a goddess of cooking. Mike's been an ever-present figure at the Macintosh since I moved in (I'm thinking of bringing him home to Barrie under the pretense of being a new Mac peripheral!). Keefe has also helped to gently break me into the world of rearing children. Me? Well, let's just say I help keep the house 'lively!' These last four months have had a profound and wonderful effect upon my outlook on the world. I'm really going to miss you guys!

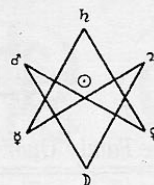
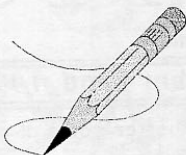
My next big task is going to be getting all my wonderful junk packed up and moved to Barrie... Sorting, boxing, drinking, folding, boxing, drinking.... Gosh how I hate moving... Hmmm, I wonder where I could find some help.... Hey... Jaaaaannnnn!!! Miiiiiiiike!!!

**HAVE A FUN AND
SAFE YULE!**

Blessings,
Frosty.



Crowley & Blavatsky U.S. The Graphologist



Two Interesting Analyses

By: John R.H. Penner

A friend of mine is a handwriting analyst. His name is Father Myles Colgan. I met him at an Apple computer store one day while looking at the Macintoshes. One thing led to another, and today we are good friends.

In the course of knowing him, I have come to respect the insight he is able to gain from the form of people's handwriting. His observations have always proved to be insightful and describe characteristics of a person that one only comes to know after knowing a person well for a long time. He's been working on handwriting analysis for thirteen years, and has translated a book "How to Analyze your own Handwriting" by Fr. Norman Werling (you can order a copy by emailing me), and is a recognized leader in the field - called upon to give seminars to other analysts throughout Canada and the

U.S. He has also been certified as a "Master Graphoanalyst" by the International Graphoanalysis Society of Chicago.

Now that I've thoroughly expounded on his qualifications, let me proceed to the main point of this article. I recently read Crowley's Book of the Law (and unwisely failed to destroy it after first reading). As you know, he stipulates within the text that every copy of the book should contain a photofacsimile of the original *handwritten* manuscript. Additionally, whilst reading H.P. Blavatsky's "The Secret Doctrine," I noticed it contained a copy of her signature on the front cover. You can guess how I wondered what these scribbles might reveal about the personalities of these two infamous persons. I decided to ask my friend what he saw in them.

Father Myles was completely unfamiliar with either Crowley or Blavatsky,

and after stating, "So, who are these people? They must be famous if they wrote a book," began what he called a "cursory and superficial" analysis. This was simply an analyst giving his first impressions without going into any serious study of the handwriting.

I've basically managed to jot down, in point form, the comments he made about the handwriting as he was looking it. The results are nonetheless interesting, and I thought it may be worth sharing with others who are familiar with these two personalities. It is important to note that handwriting is much like a photograph - a snapshot revelation of the person's personality at the time of the writing.

His comments are as follows:

graphology (græ'fɒlədʒi) *n.* 1. the study of handwriting, esp. to analyse the writer's character. 2. Linguistics. the study of writing systems. --**graphologic** (,græfɒ'lɒdʒɪk) or **grapho-logical** *adj.* --**gra'phologist** *n.*



(Above) Madame Blavatsky.

Blavatsky - From her signature on the cover of 'The Secret Doctrine'

- she's sociable, and very enthusiastic.
- she is an extremely energetic woman, sensual.
- she's sensitive to criticism, and argumentative (the upward stroke of the "K")
- she shows artistic talent, and intuition (breaks between letters)
- it shows a fluidity of thought (the "y")
- and she has a good memory, and loyalty (the "." and "."))
- she's physically minded, she likes to run and play lustily.
- she's very alert to the here and now. she really

lives in the present.

- she's not proud
- she's got very high goals; principles and ethics.
- she's got a very probing mind, always thrusting and seeking new knowledge.
- very emotional
- she doesn't shy away from being noticed, or showing her talents off
- she's a very tenacious rascal (hooks at end of "y" stroke)
- again, she's a very fluid thinker
- there's no deceit or deception of any kind
- she's frank.

Crowley - From a facsimile edition of 'The Book of the Law'

- this guy has a real sense of humour.
- he's extremely egocentric and proud as a peacock (first hump of "M")
- he's really "way up there". he likes to probe the metaphysical.
- he's sharp. he's sharp and he knows it.
- when he thinks, he isn't mulling it over, he's immediately on to the next thought.
- there's a lot of

aggressiveness / drive in him.

- yes, he's really driven. fast.
- he's got a really good sense of humour.
- tremendous powers of concentration
- the downslant concerns me >> fatalism or pessimistic?
- he doesn't have a really strong self will [as opposed to "magickal will"?].
- he's restless; agitated
- very quick
- t r e m e n d o u s concentration
- he's *really* talkative
- and *lots* of drive - wow!
- he's not morally uptight, or repressed
- there's nothing soft about him
- kind of testy
- very sharp, no doubt about that
- he could be very defiant
- argumentative beyond belief
- he would argue just for argument's sake - about things of the mind.
- he's argumentative in the extreme
- there's almost an imbalance between the uz (upper zone) and mz (middle zone) — between his concentration [on the present?] and then taking

off into flights of thought way up into the philosophical.

- he keeps leaping out of the here and now, and way up into the atmosphere
- it's incredible, he's shooting up there with such tremendous energy.
- he could be a loner
- not very sociable
- he's determined
- really sharp (thinker)
- the downward slant is pretty constant, he could be almost despondent. there's a couple places where it's almost level, it'd be interesting to see what he was writing about there.
- he could almost be diplomatic, but maybe not, i'd almost take that back [charismatic orator?].
- he's organized
- very clever
- there's tremendous concentration, racing thoughts, but not pausing to ponder them, but already rushing onto the next thought
- like they're just gushing out of him, like he can't get it down quick enough.
- he really doesn't seem to be in a passive or receptive mode, and he's definitely not a passive or receptive person. he's radiating, rather than accepting,

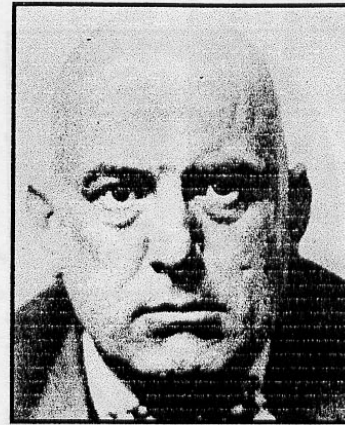
which would indicate that the text is sourced in a wildly racing head, bursting with creative thought, rather than something that is being received, and transcribed - which is a passive activity; unless whoever was dictating this was extremely demanding, and sending it faster than he could write, and he was extremely keyed-up on it.

- he's definitely not a passive person.
- he's of about light to medium vigour (health). his drive and energy don't come from his health, but from within him.
- he's not deceptive. but he's really talkative. there's no deception at all; not of himself, or of others, he's pretty straight-forward.
- he's not very sensual, he lives in his mind.
- he's determined. decisive.
- it's like he has almost unbounded energy.



Father Myles is a Carmelite priest originally from Chicago, who now lives at Mount Carmel Spiritual Centre in Niagara Falls.

John Penner works as Documentation Manager



(Above) Aleister Crowley.

for Side Effects Software. He lives in St. Catharines, Ontario. He can be contacted at:

johnpenner@aol.com ☼

Editor's Note:

*Having followed some of the history of "Uncle Al," I nearly had a fatal accident when first reading this article... When I read of Crowley that, "this guy has a real sense of humour," I fell out of my chair in a convulsive fit of laughter nearly impaling myself on several nearby objects! Sense of humour? Yeah... I guess you could say that of Mr. Crowley.... *Chuckle**

A HARVEST RECIPE



By:

Laurie
Waller
Benson

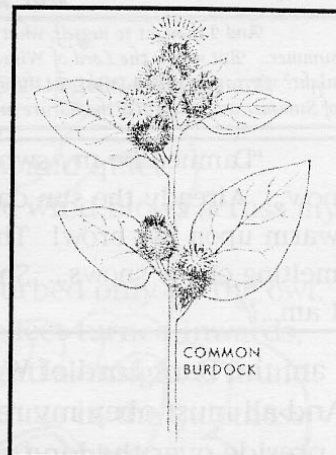
Japanese Sweet & Sour Burdock Root (Gobo)

4 burdock roots
2 Tbsp soy or tamari sauce
2 Tbsp honey
1 1/2 cup water
Sesame seeds for garnish

Clean and chop the roots into very thin diagonal slices. Soak 15 minutes in water that has a splash of vinegar added. Drain, then

add the 1/2 cup water, soy sauce, and honey and simmer 10 more minutes, adding more water if needed. Serve hot or cold, with sesame seeds for garnish.

Burdock nourishes and strengthens the kidneys, liver, and lymphatic and immune systems. It also has a reputation as an aphrodisiac.



(Above) Common Burdock.
(Below) Great Burdock.

More On Burdock!

By: Frosty

Great Burdock (*Arctium Lappa*)

Burs large, up to 1 1/2" (3.8 cm), long-stalked; in flat topped clusters. Stalks of lower leaves solid with a groove on the upper surface. 4 to 9 feet (1.2 to 2.7 meters) in height. Found at roadsides, waste grounds, and in limy soil in Eastern Canada to Illinois, Penn. and New England.

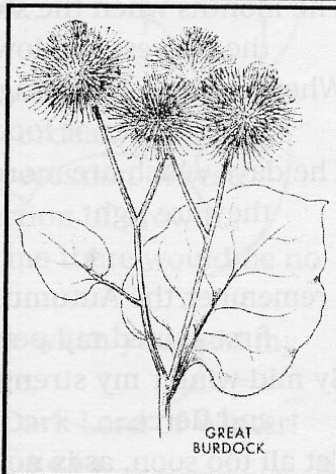
Common Burdock (*Arctium Minus*)

Burs much smaller, short-stalked. Stalks of lower leaves hollow, not grooved. 3 to 5 feet (0.9 to 1.5 meters) high. Found at roadsides and waste

grounds across Canada south to Kansas, Mo..

Edible parts are young leaves, roots (both species); young leaf- and flower-stalks (for the great burdock). These Biennials produce large, rough, and slightly woolly basal leaves the first year and bushy flower-stalks with numerous purple flowered, thistle-like burs the second year. Both species flower from July to October.

The tender young leaves can be added to salads or boiled in several changes of water and served with butter. The roots (removed of their thick inedible rind) can be boiled in water for 30 minutes with two changes of water and served with butter. The white pith (without the bitter green rind) from the young leaf- and flower-stalks of the great burdock make an excellent



addition to salads or prepared in the same way as the roots. Once cooked, the flowerstalks can be simmered in a sugar syrup to make candy.

Peterson, Lee. Peterson Field Guides: Edible Wild Plants of Eastern and Central North America. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1977.



Soliloquy of the Dark Lord of Winter



By: Frosty from Spring Equinox 1996

And I thought to myself, what of the Lord of Winter? Sure we are happy to see the spring and the return of summer... But who is the Lord of Winter and what does this change mean to him? Shall he go gently into that good night? Or rather rage against the dying of his light? This soliloquy comes just before his death and rebirth as the Lord of Summer and celebrates the nature and beauty of Winter.

"Damned be my sword and my strength! Both of which shall not save me now... Already the sun dawns sooner in the morning sky! And the winds blow warm upon my brow! The season of my rule seems to fall about me with the melting of the snows... Shall I too vanish with them? Who will remember who I am...?"

I am the Dark Lord of Winter.
And all must obey my reign.
I preside over the long cold months
of winter.
The months when the stores from
the harvest run low.
When hunting and foraging are the
new sources of food.
The days which are more dark than
they are light.



I remember the Autumn when I
first gained my power.
By mid-winter my strength was full
and fierce.
Yet all too soon, as is now...
The Spring weakens me and my
footsteps grow heavy.



My sword has become a heavy
burden to my hand.



It is I who causes the snow to fall
upon the trails...
I sleep in the bear, deep within his
cave.
And I wander the barren land in
search of food.
I see the hunted through the eyes
of the hunter.
And at other times rest safely in
burrow or nook.
I live and die by the law of my own
hands.
For I am merciless and unyielding,
As the tempered steel of the sword I
wield.
And there are none who escape my
rule.
For I am everywhere and
indominable.



No creature may be lazy and
unthinking,
As is so want under the hot
Summer sun!
Each creature must be vital and
cunning to survive!
I bring strength and knowledge as
my gift.
Each creature must face my
challenge,
To win these gifts.
Those who fail shall perish,
That the stronger may survive.

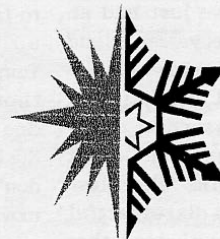
Do not think of me though as only
harsh darkness.
Though I may steal a kiss of your
heat,
With each unique snowflake upon
your cheek.
For despite the darkness of my
days,
You shall see not anything brighter,
Than the glittering whiteness of my
snows.
And I am the sun of the winter
skies,
Offering just enough nourishment
to survive.

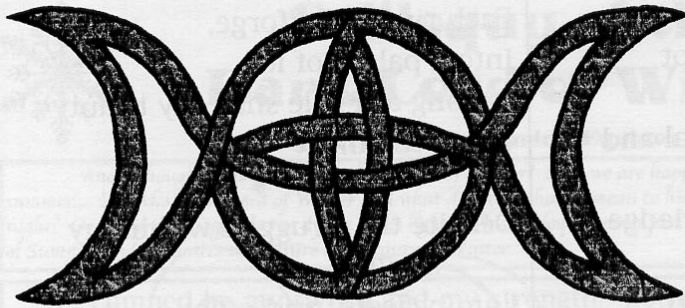
Yet am I handsome and gentle.
For I forge each snowflake,
That falls softly upon each
outstretched branch.
With the crisp wind I dance,

In the mist of your breath...
Each riverbed I forge,
Into a palace of ice...
So long as I rule shall my beauty
remain.

Despite the struggles within my
nature,
I am peaceful and quiet.
Only the lone wind blows across my
fields,
Perhaps disturbed only by the owl.
I am the intellect turned inwards,
Where thoughtful insight is found.
You may find me in the quietness
of your thoughts,
As you stare out into the falling of
my snow...

It is necessary that each creature
face my ordeal.
For I am the recession of rest,
After the exertion of growth.
And without me there would be no
release...
Remember me when you pass my
final gate,
For I am the Dark Lord of Winter!





Compassion

By: Frosty

A little bit of compassion can go a long way. In fact, I don't think most people realize just how far a little bit can go...

I remember back to WicCan Fest 1996 to a sweat lodge being held there. The sweat lodge was incredibly hot, long, and demanding. The demands of that particular experience had taken a toll physically on my body and afterwards I laid on the cool earth shaking and weak. I was so weakened and drained that I vomited in the bushes after

trying to eat a piece of fruit. It was needless to say a very unpleasant experience.

As I laid there, trembling and ill, my brothers and sisters from the sweat lodge placed blankets and clothing over top of me. One man in particular sat beside me, held my hand, and rubbed my back. He stayed with me for some time comforting and talking to me as I laid there beneath the blankets. I barely knew this man, in fact I am ashamed to say I'm not even sure of his name although I believe it is Telbisz. But his sacrifice at that time, his compassion, not only helped me through a difficult situation, but changed

my world forever.

People can not truly understand suffering in others until they themselves have experienced some form of intense suffering. As well, a person can not truly understand compassion until they have received compassion while enduring some great suffering. These are the two lessons that I learnt that day. When I see a person suffering now, it is through very different eyes than a year ago. The way that I react to such suffering has also changed much since then. The costs of personal sacrifices are usually negligible when compared to the benefits that a simple act of compassion can bestow upon another person.

To that compassionate brother of mine, I thank you immensely with great gratitude. Your compassion has changed the course of many lives including my own and every person that I meet since that time. It truly is amazing just how far a little compassion can go. ☸

Hercules and the Trials of Intolerance.

By: Michael Nabert

As I sit down to write this article I have just had an argument with a very dear friend of mine about something which is essentially stupid. Or is it? It began with my assertion that I think what bothers me about television shows like "Hercules" is that they seem disrespectful to figures from mythology that I've always been fond of--which

in a larger sense are a part of my faith. This brought up the question, "shouldn't you be separating something intended merely as entertainment from your religion?" I've been thinking a bit about it. I admit that I was one of the first people to tell the Christians to lighten up about the whole Last Temptation of Christ thing, and I thought that the Ayatollah's death sentence for Salmon Rushdie was a little severe. But I don't agree that if you're against movies like Hollywood's recent movie "The Craft" or troubled by an eleven-year-old boy in

Vancouver killing a young playmate to duplicate a a flying ointment recipe in the movie "Warlock," that it is that same as pushing to ban Superman comics because of a young child jumping off a roof in the the belief they can fly.

The role of stories, archetypes, and role playing in developing a greater self understanding and exploring the boundaries of the imagination cannot be understated. We need fantasy to be healthy. I'm not against horror movies or stories that use violence or exploration of negative emotions as a driving

force for the same reason that I don't call myself a "white" witch: the dark emotions such as fear and anger are perfectly valid emotions and are also powerful and valid tools when used appropriately.

So where do I draw the distinction, how can I advocate censorship in some things but not in others? The difference is that I would personally feel more comfortable telling a story in which the Zorkalons of Mars are portrayed as malevolent than one in which I portray the Christians as evil, because the Christians are real people (I don't believe in evil, other than as a literary device). The likelihood of some desperately unbalanced person fixating on my story and using it as an excuse to go on a shooting spree at the local church is so minute it doesn't bear serious consideration. But that would be only the most obvious manifestation of the basic nature of any such story: it promotes intolerance. My friend argues that people are able to make the distinction between fact and fiction in these matters, but that is only possible when those people are educated about the subject. The sad truth is that most North Americans don't take it upon themselves to research the true nature of unfamiliar concepts, cultures, or philosophies they encounter. Their first reaction to being exposed to something new is to drag out whatever prejudice and stereotype about that thing they've absorbed from a) the media, b) their parents, c) storybooks, d) their peers, and e) their fears and insecurities, and slap it upon the

object/idea/person they now feel they can conveniently label. Thankfully there are many people who live in a wakeful state and are open minded and genuinely interested in learning about new things they encounter. But as long as one person in five on this continent remains illiterate, the enormous power of existing prejudices will remain constant.

Many people around the world are becoming newly interested in and exposed to the Craft. I'm overjoyed by that fact, not only because I've found my faith to be a constant source of joy and strength in my own life and hope it will serve others in a similar manner, but also because of the attitude of tolerance and understanding it promotes. Many of the people that encounter Wicca in the coming year will only have encountered it through the tales of black masses, curses, possessions, cheesy movie villains, "The Witch Hunters" halloween feature on The Learning Channel, and other similar bad mojo juju mumbo jumbo. Not all, but many, will judge us based on those things, and will turn away. The best and the brightest, the most open minded, will learn something before they judge.

What's wrong with that? Well, nothing I guess. That's just the way it is. But the Disney witches and black magic movies that point fingers at us directly or indirectly are as culturally functional as nigger jokes and gay bashing. It's not in any way pointed at me directly, but it still pisses me off. By adding indirectly to a lot of people's discomfort with the idea of

"witchcraft," it'll add incrementally to the miscommunication and anxiety thousands of people across Canada will experience this year when a family member admits to embarking on a new spiritual path, or when they hear a rumor that a guy campaigning to become a member of the school board is a "witch." It's unnecessary, and besides after seeing Hercules, I just know Hades wouldn't wear his hair like that.

Postscriptus: Incidentally, having spoken of 'tolerance and understanding' above, none of us are perfect. In response to my friend optimistically saying that people deserve the benefit of the doubt in being able to judge fact from film, I called him naive, which was overstepping a boundary. The truth is that I've been in a grumpy mood most of today and my rebuttal just came out much snarkier than it was intended. Apologies to our fine editor, whom I hope realizes that I love and respect him very much. I'm sorry man, and thanks... ☺

Editor's Note:

Michael is a dear friend and Craft brother. We might step on each other's toes every now and then unintentionally, but we seem to find the love for one another to put hastily spoken words behind us and learn from our short comings. And hey... What's wrong with being 'optimistic?' I love you too Michael... Blessed be.

Announcements

Jean Little, known as Nightingale amongst the pagan community, died on Thursday November 23rd around 7-7:30pm. Blessings to Jean...

Paul Taylor and Katherine Hall are pleased to announce the birth of their new daughter, Willow, weighing in at 6 lbs and 11 1/2 oz on Wednesday December 4th at 1:34 pm. Congratulations!

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:

- DECEMBER 24, 1996
- JANUARY 2, 1997
- JANUARY 9
- JANUARY 15
- JANUARY 23
- JANUARY 31
- FEBRUARY 7
- FEBRUARY 14
- FEBRUARY 22
- MARCH 2
- MARCH 9
- MARCH 16

Personals

Charismatic evil man seeks right hand minion to assist in a career of epic wrongdoing. Must have own transportation, be a good procurer, and take orders well. Excellent benefits in any blackhearted scheme that proves successful. (I am not Frosty)

**I WANT YOUR
LOVE-CHILD!**

Actually, an article would be sufficient... The Wake is sent out to you gratis after alot of long, hard, hot, and sweaty work! Why not send in an article to show how much you love the Wake in return?!?! I want to bear your love-article!!!

Frosty Wisdoms!

Never listen to Frosty...

◆◆◆

Be careful
what you pray for,
you might just get
it...

◆◆◆

Black is the
subtractive result
of adding all
possible colours
together and white
is the additive
result of adding all
possible colours
together--that is
'so' neat! Think!

◆◆◆

Stop to smell
the incense...

◆◆◆

Yeah, sure it's
funny to moon
someone. But it
isn't when you do it
against a chainlink
fence on a really
cold day and get
stuck...

CONTACT PAGAN'S WAKE!

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

