

Pagan's Wake

Summer Solstice / Autumn Equinox 1997



The Update!

By: Frosty

Well, I did it... I took the plunge... Kicked the habit... Made the move... I stopped drinking coffee. Keeping busy at work, I found I was drinking four to five cups of coffee a day. I'd sit at my desk squirming about in my caffeine-intoxication, just waiting for some courier or cartage company to dare misdeliver some materials... Oh... How they would pay for their insolence! "Perhaps..." I thought to myself, "It would be best suiting to myself and the longevity of our couriers if I cut down on the coffee a wee tad..." I'm glad to say that I feel better now and so do our various courier companies.

With the return of the warm weather, I've had the Virago tuned up for another season on the road. I've been travelling about a fair bit and enjoying the company of friends who live out of town without the requisite hours wintertime busing. Although, I do have to admit that I miss the chance to write poetry while on the bus. The good side however, is that I do get to listen to and sing along with my 'lounge music' CDs while on the highway!

While in Hamilton, I stopped by a local apple orchard to pick up five gallons of preservative-free apple cider. With that cider I've started my

very first batch of hard cider that promises to be excellent from early samplings. The cider is hearty and still mostly opaque in the carboy, but with time will likely settle out to be mostly clear.

On another trip to visit friends around the Summer Solstice, I was yet again endeared to those friends I consider my extended-family and clan. Whilst in the middle of a rather amorous and near-climactic moment, I heard from behind the door a very faint, "Ready?" I thought to myself, "Oh dear..." Within mere microseconds of my precognitive insight, the door flew open to reveal a half-dozen people armed with Super Soakers and water pistols... Well? What could I do? I wasn't really in the position to move too much... The most I could do was to place a death-grip onto the underwear of a certain viking-helmet and stuffed boa-constrictor clad friend and yank for all my might... Let me just say, revenge will be sweet...

Other excitement has arisen from now having a health and dental plan through work. After neglecting dental visits through my university years, I finally got in this month and had a little work done. It is amazing how far dentistry has come in the last few years. Why... You even get a freezing for your freezing... How keen...

For Beltane I am proud to announce that I won the banana jousting to become the May King. As well, with the crafty help of the women-folk I was able to then struggle against and overcome the competition of my fellow men to find my laurel and return to take my place beside the May Queen. Well, if it sounds confusing, let me just say that there was banana everywhere, I had a few neat-o bruises, and WOW Jim, you certainly had your banana peeled... <wink>

WicCan Fest was a lot of fun again this year. It was great to see old friends and make new ones... I merrily walked about the site with my drinking horn full of really good stuff. As the afternoon passed I decreed, "Ok, I'm going back to my site to make dinner..." I wandered about, meet some friends, "Oh hi! Have a drink!" I'd stay and chat for a little while until I'd say, "Ok, I'm going back to my campsite to make dinner now..." Then I'd wander a little more until, "Wow! I haven't seen you in ages! Try a little sip from the drinking horn!" So, I'd end up chatting a bit and sharing a drink. Finally, I had stopped and chatted so often that my horn was empty and I figured that at last I would eat. Then, "Frosty! How are ya! Wow! Your horn is empty... Let me fill it with some spiced mead!" So, needless to say it took me about two to three hours before I finally got back to my campsite to eat... Wasn't too thirsty... But boy! Was I ever hungry!

Regards,
Frosty!

The Update!

II

By: Frosty

Ok, so things got a little busy and I didn't get the summer issue quite out. So, now I'm publishing a JUMBO issue of Pagan's Wake to cover the material for both issues! Brew a nice pot of tea, grab your favorite tea mug, sit in a cozy place, and enjoy this mind-blowing issue in a state of utter euphoria...

This summer I fell rather head-over-heels in love with a certain Celtic Harp by the name of Marian. How was I to know this was going to happen? I was just having a lot of fun, doing the things that lusty young Pagans will do and all of a sudden I realize, "Hey... You know... You're kinda keen..." Oh dear... The wild stag gets domesticated... I'll end up in the kitchen, in an apron reading "Kiss the chef," wearing my stag horns, doing the dishes... I can just see it now! Ack! Well, maybe being a domestic-modern-neo-Pagan-yuppie-carnivore-wonder-chef-to-the-extreme type person won't be all that bad... *chuckle*

Currently Marian is overseas on a trip across England/Ireland learning about the culture and Celtic Harping. I surprised Marian by showing up at the airport to see her off on her trip. While checking in her harp-case at the Royal Airlines desk we were careful to explain in breath-taking detail

how fragile the harp was and its importance. The lady at the desk smiled blankly and then shuffled under her desk only to report that she couldn't find any 'Fragile' tags. So, once again we explained in breath-taking detail what a fragile and expensive thing a handcrafted harp is to the lady. The clerk smiled blankly back at us again, then smiled in a nervous little smile when she realized we were still standing there expecting her to make some accommodation for the harp case. Realizing that something had to be done to get rid of these people with this crazy harp thing, she went over to another airline's vacant counter, went behind, grabbed a handful of their fragile tags, ripped off the other airline's name from the bottom, and proudly offered them to us.

Well, that looked like about the best this airline clerk was going to be able to do. So, with tags securely attached to the harp case we handed the precious cargo over to the vacant-eyed clerk. Upon grasping the harp case from Marian's hands, the lady immediately dropped it on the floor behind the counter with a loud CRACK! *shudder* Now, I really don't like to call anyone a stupid-absentminded-cursed-by-the-gods complete waste-of-bio-matter, but I must admit this airline clerk does fill the bill... Anyways, Marian and myself had a last chance to chat and share a bit of food before she had to go. An email from her upon her arrival confirmed

that the harp had indeed been damaged and would require temporary repairs overseas and then permanent repairs upon her arrival back in Canada. Needless to say that Royal Airlines won't be seeing a lot of business from either of us in the future...

Zen (one of my cats) was down with a nasty bug and a high fever for a number of days in early August. Things were looking rather grim for awhile. After a trip to the vet and some antibiotics however, I was glad to see him gradually return to good health.

This month saw the addition of a Hewlett Packard 6MP laser printer to the computer system here. So, the quality of the Wake's 'to-print' copy will be substantially better. Now I just have to find a decent and affordable printhouse!

September 16th saw another year pass for me. Now at 26 years of mischief and counting...

Out in London at a festival there, I gave a lesson on the final stages of the brewing and bottling process. The year before I had an interactive brewing session where we started a batch of raspberry-mead. This year that same batch of wine was brought out to bring the process to full-circle and let folks share in the complete experience. The raspberry mead turned out wonderful and is a rather dry wine. Having shared these arcane secrets with my new disciples I bid them farewell with the blessing, "Go! Go my lubricating minions out into the world! And lubricate in my name!!!"

**Lobe,
Frosty!**

And So To Be May King.

By: Hunter Magnus

And so to be May King...

I have bathed the feet of the maiden, the May Queen, and been sustained. She laid her feet in cool water, radiant as the spring, and smiled at my gentle touch. Her feet were dark with traces of the mud she danced in, and the grass on which she had walked. I cleared away the gifts of her mother, these kindly stains of an hour well lived, and was content. For young as she was, she was the woman, whom all men had sought so long...

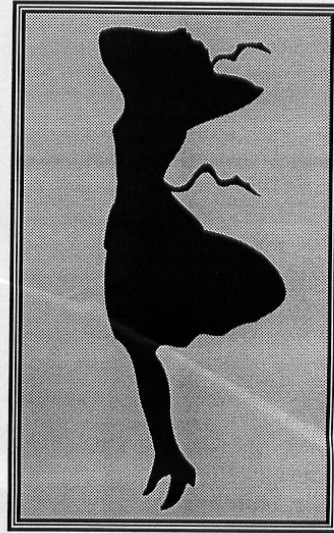
In my youth, I had no fear of the feminine. The unbridled power of her raw, blinding sexuality was a comfort to my soul. I yearned for the favor of this woman, whose untrammelled power and unsated appetite were magnificent in their divine beauty. How am I to compare the zephyr to the hurricane? The puddle to the ocean? I had no heart for the weak and timid

A woman whose heart could not be bound, who would settle for nothing less than all I had to give and possibly more...

creature faint-hearted men would make my sister-bride become. Instead, I would know a Woman...

But where was she to be found? I lived in the wilderness, where all women were tamed to the yoke of the flower and the slender heel. Where might I see a woman Dance to express the vibrant fires of her hopes, lusts, and hungers for her own sake? Not as a lure to draw in the lover solely, but as a song shared for all to hear. An offering to the Goddess who gave her this fire, and the joy in sharing it. Where could a man see a woman walk with feet bare to the soil, head held high and rightly proud, daring any man brave enough to join her in the dance to take her hand? Nowhere. For everywhere I looked, the woman was tamed...

In this wilderness the wild woman, the woman of honesty and insatiable hunger could not be found. Sometimes I glimpsed her in totemic dances, dressed in tribal regalia and eager for the feast. For when they failed to drive her from the world they taught her to bell herself, so the timid might hear her coming and flee into the night. Like the leper or the village idiot, she wore a costume tailored only for her. Rich dark leather, high heels, boots or perhaps a whip. These were the colours of milady, the untrammelled woman. When she wore those clothes, or one the many variations left hidden in the darkness of a thousand cupboards, I felt my heart quicken. Here was the woman I had sought so long. A woman



whose heart could not be bound, who would settle for nothing less than all I had to give and possibly more...

ah, but that was the tragedy of it all. Milady was enslaved, as were all my sisters. She was trapped in high heels to cripple her, dresses to bind her legs, even fine paints as a bit and bridle. How could she run in the grass with a second skin of fragile nylon on her legs? How could she reach up and grasp the horns of the great stag himself with her nails painted, her face hidden behind a wall of palest powder?

Yet when she freed herself from that bondage, and awoke the powerful, radiant queen who once reigned over all my heart, she was trapped again. She became the slaver, and bound my heart to her whip. She was dressed not to express the joyous song within her, the lust for life and the joys of living; only to excite the hearts of men who are blinded, not illuminated, by the light of her untrammelled joy.

Yet I am the May King. I have been to a place where the power of woman, the real power of woman, is not feared or hated. She is enthroned here, a world of love and adoration awaiting at her feet. Here I have seen the unbridled power of her humour and her anger, her love and her lust, dance around a fire in the watches of the night. She has danced for her own joy, and invited me to join her in the dance. This is the woman I sought, a woman unbound.

When were we free? Once she had been chained in a high tower, far above the wild woods which were her rightful home. Then we were both chained on a teeter totter. First one was high in the air, towering over the mysterious lover so far below and out of reach. Then, suddenly, she came crashing down to the ground again. No longer the powerful, now the overpowered. To dance eternally the same dance of power is not freedom. It is poverty of imagination.

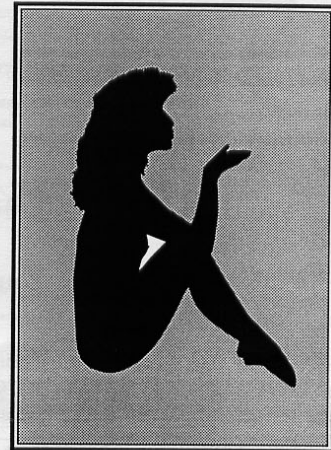
Rather I would be free to dance the spiral with Milady. How much richer a world I might have found beyond the Silver Wheel, if only I could have found it sooner. As a youth I would go off into the woods, drawn by the hand of milady Crone. Excited, yet terrified,

of her power and wisdom. She would lead me to her place of power, where she would lay with me and teach me the wisdom only she can give. Assertive, insatiable, demanding, understanding, she would show me the poetry of her unbridled passion. Her hunger would consume me, yet would I not rise up again?

Later I might return as I am now, the May King. Fresh from the fight and eager for the feast. To find milady the Maiden and to lay with her awhile. Is it not my place to place this seed where I have been? To defend her against all rivals, and shower her with gifts that none but I can provide? For in the end, provision is my art. And when I lay with her, I shall share such love as is worth of a ballad's memory. And she will be with child...

Finally I would return to the Circle, silvered with wisdom. Now I might be the Oak Lord,

*She would lead
me to her place
of power, where
she would lay with
me and teach me
the wisdom only
she can give.*



seasoned and knowledgeable. This woman, the Mother, I would claim again for my own. I have danced the spiral now; been youth and known wisdom; been the man and known the grace of youth; been wise and taken my ladywife in the fullness of her vigour. Now my time has come; a challenger shall come to overthrow the Oak Lord. Like myself he has lain with the Crone; she has given him her favor. And so I would yield my place to him, surrendering to the scythe in miladies hand. For it is the Crone, my gentle implacable fierce lover who comes to cut me down in this the twilight of my years. To once more consume me, devouring me as she did in my youth.

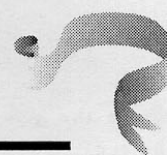
But what matter, for I shall rise again...





True Ways

By: Mary Catherine



Deep within the forest
Oak Lord among us
Pave the way for True Roads at Your
feet

Winter's ice reflects You
Wild ways protect You
Guard us as we follow
Your step till winter's cease

Mystery of Manhood
Cernunnos the God who
Runs in firm command is
Our strength, divinity
Horned One of old days
Show to us the True Ways
Father, Son, and Lover!
Daylight's glorious ray.



*Note: These excerpts were selected as an overview and general guide. This manual continues the ancient tradition of Chivalry of **The Sacred Order of the Sock**, and its renowned code of Sockly Behavior.*

LAWS OF CHIVALRY FOR THE SACRED ORDER OF
"THE SOCK"
Manual for a Good Knight

THE SACRED PAIR

- 1) Always keep atleast one **extra** Sacred Pair with you at all times.
- 2) Sacred Pairs may be made of several materials. Each has its own varying properties. Cotton is a good bet for summer months, but make sure it is an **absorbent** cotton. The slippery, shiny stuff will only win you a Lady's disdain, and will leave snail-trail streaks on her delicate skin. Wool is also a good natural material, thick and thin it will hold you in good stead, maintaining your Knightly Honour. Work socks or scrubby woolies will not likely win you any popularity contests.

(Note: Nylon is not acceptable, nor will it ever be recognized by The Order. It can lead to excommunication, the retraction of your Honour, not to mention...A sticky Lady! ¹⁾)

SOCKLY BEHAVIOR

- 3) It is only proper to offer your Lady your Sacred Sock first. If she is a particularly damp specimen, you may need to call upon you second Sacred Sock as back-up. You may even offer to "Blot" her dampness for her. She may or may not accept, depending upon the delicacy of your approach. A gentle approach **may** win you the chance to perform the "Sacred Dabbing Ritual." ²⁾

(Note: Flinging yourself and your Sacred Sock at a Lady and scrubbing violently is unacceptable behavior for a Good Knight.)

- 4) Good Chivalrous behavior may bring your Lady to offer to treat you to "The Lady's Blot,"³⁾ which just might bring forth proceedings in which a second Sacred Pair could come in very useful. A far thinking Knight might even carry several extra Sacred Pairs.
- 5) If you do not explain the significance of your Sacred Pair, you may cause your good Lady to take fright. After fright often comes **flight**. This can be disconcerting in many situations. Should you send her screaming into the night by neglecting this Sacred Duty, you will probably lose face, and will be left alone with no company and only your Sock clutched in your hand to keep you warm. A careful approach should alleviate this problem.
- 6) If your Sock is not accepted gracefully, you ar **NOT** required to offer you Sacred Boxers.⁴⁾ These are sacrosanct to a Knight of the Order. A Lady who presses this issue may be allowed to keep her "Wet Spot" as a memento.
- 7) If your Lady is too chatty, it is still unadvisable to stuff your Sacred Sock in her mouth. She may have large, unruly cousins.
- 8) Sharing your Sacred Socks (unwashed) amongst several Ladies is considered to be in bad taste. Ladies can smell a pre-anointed Sock a mile away.
- 9) Sacred Sock colour is not an issue. Be creative.

SHEATHING YOUR 'BLADE'

10) Placing your Sacred Sock over your Sacred 'Blade' **prior** to any proceedings is probably not a great plan. Should your Lady grab hold of it (accidentally) in the dark, she may become confused. If she is a brave Lady she may think you are being attacked by something unsavory, and may attempt to save you by performing the "Throttling Technique."⁵ This, in itself, might not cause you discomfort. However, should she attempt to pull it free and fling it away, you may not enjoy the results. If she is a more delicate type, or inexperienced in such matters, she may be traumatized into a state which will not be conducive to your plans for the Knight.

11) It is considered, amongst those of this **most** Knightly and Chivalrous order, to be the highest Honour should a Lady offer you **her** sock. It is unacceptable to turn this offer down for **ANY** reason . . . with only ONE exception. Panty Hose. **Forget it!** Should a Lady offer you **this** insult, it is perfectly acceptable to **BE** insulted. These evil garments are considered to be an affront to humanity, let alone a Knight of Sacred Standing. We suggest, at this point, a change of womanly scenery.

DISPLAYING YOUR PROWESS

12) Wearing your Sacred Sock in your cap, or on your helmet, will let your Lady know that you are thinking of her. Even while you are being attacked by huge men, riding on nasty big horses, carrying very long and pointy metal objects, who are trying their very best to disembowel you, your Lady will be pleased.

Wearing your Lady's Sock on your helmet will incite jealousy in all the other Knights, and just may throw them off enough to keep you from being skewered in a joust. However, if your Lady has particularly large feet, and a penchant for wearing manly Socks, the purpose may be defeated. If this is the case, stuffing her Sock into your Sacred Boxers will keep in the Luck, **still**

incite jealousy in the other Knights, and will inspire the Ladies. You may even see a knowing smile on your own Lady's face. If she keeps shut about this, we suggest you hang onto her for a while. If she gives you away . . . ? We suggest crusading for several years until the matter blows over, and is forgotten.

FINAL ADVICE

Always keep your Sacred Pair near to hand. A wise Knight will pinpoint their position **before** the candles burn out. Groping blindly in the dark for one of the Sacred Pair may accidentally wind you up with your favorite woolly Boxers in hand by mistake. It is a grim experience for any Knight of The Order to discover his error too late. Some Knights have even been known to cast themselves upon their own Blades at the sheer horror of it. Learn from their experience.

A Sockless Knight is an affront to The Sacred Order of The Sock. He should be de-Bladed!

Remember: Ockmea Otnea Hetea Ocksea.

Note: This manual is a handbook only. Further mysteries can only be obtained through higher initiation into The Order.

Footnotes:

1. Favor unlikely here.
2. See volume 7, this manual, for details.
3. Details in Volume 3.
4. This refers to higher Initiates of the Order only.
5. See "Ladies' Defense Techniques" Volume 5, this manual.

Written by: The Scarlet Bard ❦❦❦

Be advised that further teachings of the **MOST** Secret and Sacred Order of the You-Know-What shall be revealed in the next issue of Pagan's Wake. Only higher Initiates of The Order will be permitted readance.

Darkness Yields to Light

Written by: Brendan Myers

Regular readers of the Wake may recall the mammoth three-page essay that dominated the back of the last issue. I heartily thank anyone who got through the whole thing without becoming dizzy. Between the publication of that essay and its composition, I acquired a complete copy of its subject matter. To my chagrin I find that the eleven lines which I once thought contained the whole thing, were in fact not only a small fraction of the whole thing, but also a fraction of the actual quoted section, which was translated wrong!

For example: My new, complete copy gives the translation "Truth" for the word "Fi/rinne" (which is pronounced FEER-in-yuh") and then goes on to say that the Old Irish word for Justice is also "Fi/rinne". Now I am compelled to give up this philosophic quest for Truth because it looks like all philosophers are really just confused lawyers.

But then I picked up a copy of Peter Ellis' book "The Druids." He translated that same section the same way I saw it before, and I was back

to eleven lines. Oh well. It was a good book, too.

At any rate, here is a new thesis, and a new essay. Affirming that the Testament was written as a Speculum Principium (advice to a ruler) genre text, it can be understood as advice on ruling one's own life, in addition to one's country. So here is another section, and some thoughts that come with it. I promise it won't take so long.

- Darkness yields to light.
Sorrow yields to joy.
3 An oaf yields to a sage.
A fool yields to a wise man.
A serf yields to a free man.
6 Inhospitallity yields to
hospitality.
Stinginess yields to generosity
Meanness yields to liberality.
9 Impetuosity yields to
composure.
Turbulence yields to
submission
A usurper yields to a true
lord.
12 Conflict yields to peace.
Falsehood yields to truth.

It's interesting that this section should be thirteen lines long, as if each line corresponds to a month in the Celtic tree calendar (notwithstanding that the

Celtic tree calendar was invented in the 1950's). It's true that a lot of Celtic mysticism is about relating human life to seasonal and environmental changes. Yet the text from which this selection comes is about ethics, not mysticism. My first reaction is that the first twelve lines are summarized in the last one, "falsehood yields to Truth". I note a little bit of classism in lines 5 and 11, but the overwhelming majority deals with prescribing interpersonal ethics as though it is an expression of some universal force (like, oh, shall we say, the Sacred Truth? Naw, couldn't be...). The logical format of each line is a simple, almost Aristotelian, syllogistic premise, specifically: if X then Y. This passage



**Genius and inspiration
crosses social divisions
of all kinds, be they
gender, class, race, or
religion.**

presents a dualism of opposites that is unusual in Celtic thought, but not out of place, as I hope to establish.

That Darkness yields to Light (line 1) seems to me to affirm not only the old Celtic method of timekeeping, where night comes before day and winter before summer, but also the principle that being arises out of non-being, and creation is borne of emptiness. Light is often poetically linked with goodness, inspiration, and religious experiences (as in, "I saw the Light!") so this first line makes a strong link with the last line, drawing our attention to the stuff in between as important and profound.

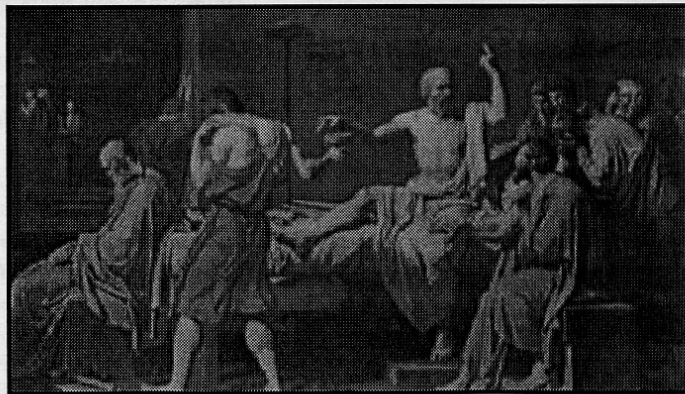
Why would impetuosity yield to composure, or inhospitality yield to hospitality? Just ask yourself which of the two kinds of people would you prefer to be around, and you'll know. And as most people would prefer to have at least a modicum of honour and respect attributed to

them, then it is natural to make one's sorrow yield to joy, and one's meanness yield to liberality. This is the method for being regarded as wise; with the metaphysical statements, it is a method for becoming wise.

It is possible to read lines 5 and 11 as an expression of social power on the part of lords and nobles, if the word "yield" is understood as "obey". If such was the case, then the method described in the passage becomes a political method as well, which may uphold order and stability, and even social welfare, but is ultimately repressive. Precedent for this reading does exist, for example, in the Celtic institution of landlord-tenant clientship, and in the legal procedure of "overswearing", where a noble could overturn the oath of someone of lesser rank. In the twentieth century, this kind of authoritarianism is not

acceptable. The potential for contribution to society is not dependent upon class or economic power. Genius and inspiration crosses social divisions of all kinds, be they gender, class, race, or religion. Unfortunately, ignorance and vice also cross all social divisions.

To meet this challenge, I offer an examination of line 10: "Turbulence leads to submission". Though the poetic format of each line is the same, we need not assume that the antecedent of each line (the Y part of the syllogism) is valuable, or even remotely desirable. The speaker could also be warning us of danger. Thus, in line 10, one could read the text as a warning against civil unrest, for it must lead to dictatorship. Or perhaps it can be read as a warning that unstable or repressive governments will in their turn be cast down and suppressed. Examine the history of certain rigidly authoritarian countries to



see if this is true.

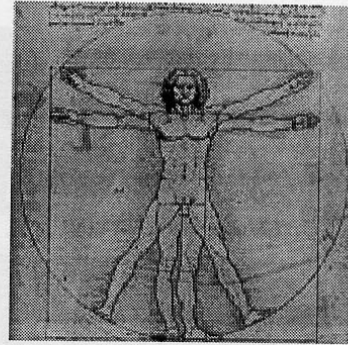
Similarly, the speaker warns against being an oaf, a fool, a serf, or a usurper; these could be understood as dispositions within the psyche of an individual, or roles that an individual plays, or the sort of life one lives. Playing these roles is dangerous because they do not carry the power and honour of sages, wise men, free men, and lords. Surely it is desirable to be wise and free. Thus one's oafish and subservient dispositions must yield to wisdom and freedom, if we would live True lives.

The translation of "true lord" in line 11 is from "fi/rflaith". Elsewhere in the text the True Ruler, or Fi/rflaith, is described as both a concept and as the kind of leader who can build a perfect utopia. Much ado is said about many different kinds of leaders, and how the



world reacts to them (that is, how the world reacts to their truth, "the Truth against the World"). For if the truth about a particular leader is that he's miserly, then the world gives him no wealth to prize, for it becomes miserly like him. This continues until he is deposed, as in the famous case of the greedy King Bres. I think the Fi/rflaith can also be understood as the Celtic version of the ideal human, the ubermensch, or sage. Read this way, line 11 is not about the rule of the strong but the rule of the virtuous, whose rule is fertilized and glorified by the force of the Sacred Truth. The "usurpers" mentioned in that line don't have that fertility, and so they must yield.

Similarly, the rule of an individual over her own life is filled by the Sacred Truth, therefore the speaker directs us not to live a false life, but to live a true life. One can think of these thirteen propositions as a small selection of a huge list of things that Truth, as a kind of spiritual force, will cause to happen. This maxim is the essential summary of all the principles already proposed. What does it mean to live a true life? I think the other part of the Testament expresses that well, for the one who



magnifies Truth in his life magnifies peace, prosperity, and protection.



Bibliography

Kelly, Fergus. trans. Audacht Morainn. (Dublin: Institute for Advanced Studies, 1976)

Kelly, Fergus. A Guide to Early Irish Law (Dublin: Institute for Advanced Studies, 1988)

Translator's standard references:

The section quoted in the last issue, in the essay "Magnify the Truth" runs from pp 6 to pp 21.

The section quoted above runs from pp 55A to pp 55M.

Editor's Note:

Dear Mr. Druid. It would appear that after my artistic additions to your article, you are once again back up to three pages . . .
Your friend,

Frosty.

FINNIGAN'S WAKE

By: Joe and Una

A RUB OF THE RELIC

Back in the late nineteen fifties, when we were only toddlers (a pause here - for the creaking of our rocking chairs!) old cures and traditions still thrived in Ireland. All these ancient practices carried an obligatory Christian salutation such as 'God and His Blessed Mother preserve us' etc. and

nowhere were the old ways more in evidence than in the veritable cult of relics prevalent at that time. Indeed we can both recall the fascination and magic of these sacred articles and how they were called upon routinely to cure serious ailments in both man and beast. Their powers were attributed to the saints, but even these saints were often christianized pagan deities like Brigid. Many of the objects themselves actually comprised of animal bones etc., further emphasizing the true prechristian origin of the tradition. The relic tradition was a very serious and specialized one in those days with the practice well organized on a local community basis. Each local relic had a very specific function and cured only certain conditions. Moreover, each one was held by a different family and lent out by them as their special favor to those who sought it's cure. It must be stressed, however, that when a sincere request was made, the relic was never refused, no

matter what quarrels might otherwise exist between the two parties concerned. There were always local disputes and rivalries in the countryside but this rule was so strong that we never saw it broken - for to deny a relic in such circumstances could be tantamount to letting a neighbour die. There was, of course, much spirited rivalry with other communities as to whether our local relic for a

It had special powers - its secrets always shrouded in mystery

particular ailment was better at curing than theirs. Indeed, if our own local relic did not appear to be working, one from elsewhere was often sought.

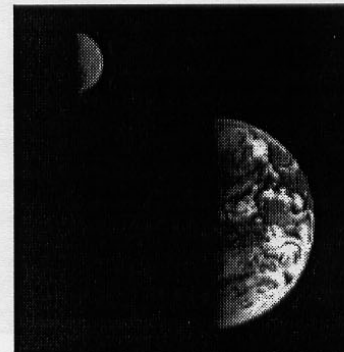
However, when a cure then ensued, we were keen to attribute this to the power of both relics combined, whereas the other locality would obviously be eager to claim the success for theirs alone. And many a fireside night was spent in exhaustive debate on these important issues. Nor did money ever change hands in relic healing. To offer such would have been a great insult for a great many things were considered to be of far more value than money back then.

This tradition of the sacred artifact handed down from generation to generation is an extremely ancient one and it tells us a great deal about truly practical magic. Our present day penchant to collect favorite objects, to treat them in a special way and give them a

special place in our homes and our lives is, no doubt, an echo of these practices. What a pity that today we have lost so much of the sacredness and reverence of old. We now neglect so many of the 'little touches and ceremonies' which combine to make such traditions so potent and so powerful.

For example, just think of the ritual that originally attended a relic, in how it was handled, wrapped, put away, taken out and delicately unveiled and displayed. Everyone knew it was one of a kind. It had special powers - its secrets always shrouded in mystery - and were it to be damaged or lost it could not be replaced. So one could never, for instance, abandon it to a side-shelf or toss it in a box with a clutter of other objects. And each time it was taken out and used, the stories of it's former cures and successes were retold and remembered with love and affection. Those cases which once seemed completely hopeless but were now cured, got particular mention.

Isn't it easy to see how

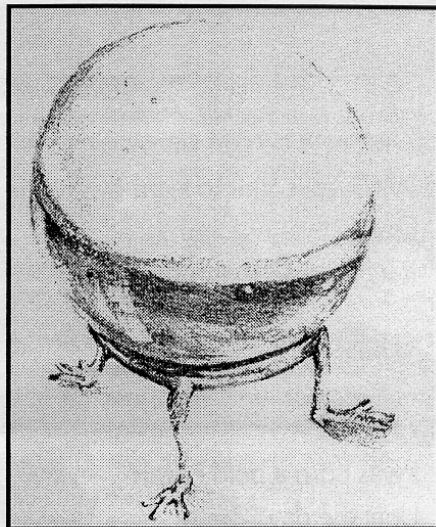


all this served to reinforce the power of the object itself while giving much needed hope to the patient and their family at the same time. Then there was the great decision taken within each family as to which of their children would grow up to take over it's care. Any one of them might be chosen, for the choice was completely in their parents hands. What a privilege and a pride it must have been then, to be handed on this priceless sacred piece of family heritage. And finally, we might also remark on the way relics were naturally used for ailments in both people and animals alike. The country folk of those days lived together with their animals as true companions and many were often to be seen, in or about the house. Each had it's own name and personality, it's good days and bad days, just like the rest of us. And we still remember a time when the sickness of a farm animal brought a genuine concern for it's welfare - and not just an economic hiccup! - and how many a beast was nursed back to health at great personal cost, far in excess of it's monetary value, by genuine people who had far less monetary wealth

than their present day counterparts. Contrast this with some of our present farming methods where raising animals as if they were inanimate objects in i n h u m a n e circumstances is, for us, one of the sickest aspects of our modern society.

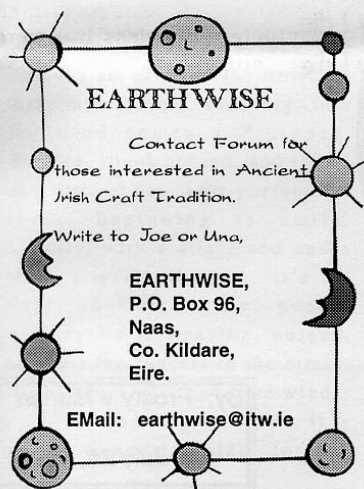
In traditional craft, one of the ways of passing on 'the power' is also through tools and other objects, handed down in a family or coven, together with procedures to activate and use them. Talismanic magic in all it's forms is also based on this tradition. And we all know the benefits of charging an object with the focus of one's intent as part of a practical working. All too often, the use of abstract techniques on their own allows room for the image to change unnoticed, as we continue to concentrate on it. But when a physical aid is employed, and the intent is strongly locked into it, this anchors our focus for the rest of the working so that better results are often easier to attain in this way.

Finally, we must also mention that, 'in typically Irish fashion', there were a few relics round these parts which started their lives as complete hoaxes but went on to gain a wide and avid following from cures later testified to them. Old country people regarded these objects with great humour and fondness also, noting what a strange thing it was that they should cure, not so much bothered with the authenticity or pedigree of such an artifact, so much as the mystique surrounding the fact that it worked. Some of these objects



even came to acquire that marvellous Irish reward for service 'the retrospective pedigree'. This is where the bone of Delaney's donkey becomes, in time and story, the last remaining remnant of the horse of Finn Mac Coughall.

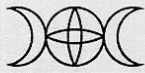
In the final analysis, when you need a relic for a cure, the most important issue is the testimony of it's previous success. If others have used it for a similar complaint and are now fit and well and jumping about the place again, then there was every chance that, 'God and His Mother preserve us' it might do the same for you. And that's all that really counts, isn't it!!



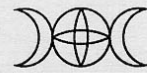
SUBMIT TO PAGANS

Wake!!!

...an article, drawing, idea,
wads of cash, vows of eternal love,
Sacked Socks, swizzle sticks, balls
of lint, and of course all pennies
minted in the year 1971...



I'M A PAGAN



When I was a very young lad
The priest he said to me-o
"Will you come to learn of our God?"
I said, "If its not Pan then let me be-o!"
If its not Pan then let me be-o!

CHORUS:

Don't you worry about these bones
I was born this way-o
I was born a bold Pagan
Until the day I die-o
Until the day I die...

The city is made of cold concrete
The air is thick and grey-o
But give me the fields oh so green
And you shall see me dance-o
You shall see me dance-o

<Chorus>

Oh I found me a Lord and Lady
They are oh so fine-o
She is of the earth and moon
And he, he wears the horns-o
And he, he wears the horns-o

<Chorus>

Well maybe you think what you should do
Is to believe what you are told-o
But me I'm like the stubborn old goat
I'll go where I shall go-o
I'll go where I shall go-o

<Chorus>

When the moon is round and full
I shall dance the circle round-o
Like brothers and sisters long before me
I'll worship the gods of old-o
I'll worship the gods of old-o

<Chorus>

(drum softly on guitar strings with fingers)
I live in the city with many folk
So my rites are quiet and secret-o
Whether in the city or in the woods
You know I am a Pagan-o!
You know I am a Pagan-o!

Don't you worry about these bones
I was born this way-o
I was born a bold Pagan
Until the day I die-o
Until the day I die...
Until the day I die...
Until the day I die...

Chords:

E-D
E-D
E-D
G-E
D-E

By: Frosty + Marian

July 26, 1997

Making a May King

(Confessions of a May Queen)

By: Ariadne

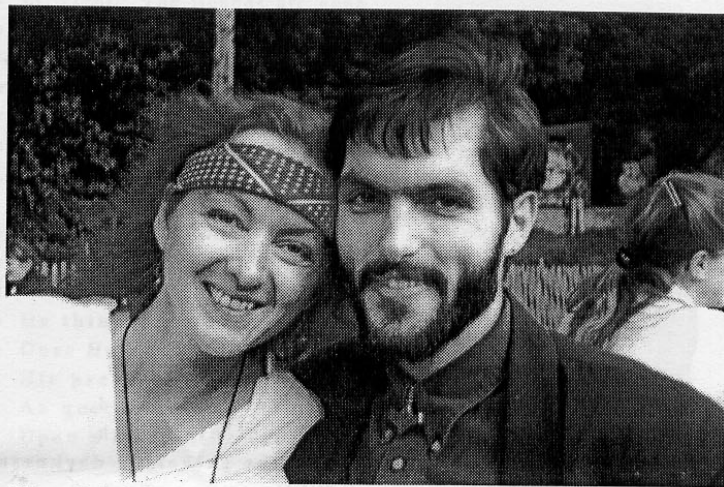
Women circling
Atop a hill
The Cauldron glowing
The moonlight gathering
Men approaching
The hilltop circling
Champions chosen
In those brief moments.

It sure is chilly, for May!
I snuggle deeper into my woolly robe and cloak. We have come first, the women, to prepare the circle of rebirth. We make quick shift of our work, then settle in...to wait for the 'male aspect' to join us. They appear, through the trees. They see us watching and go into a huddle, preparing who-knows-what devious mischief. We wait patiently for the joke to manifest. It does not. A Men's Mystery, most likely.

It is time to draw everyone into the circle, and so we call them. Everyone is smiling, and as we begin to chant, everyone sways, joining in the perfect unity of the loving family.

When the quarters are called, I am given to the North. I make my call and, suddenly, into my mind comes a Presence. Startled, I look around, and then I see Him. "Yes, how perfect!" I think, beginning to smile. Silently, with a slight nod and a wink, I invite Him in. It's the only invitation He needs. Already He is weaving, unseen, amongst the dancers in the circle. His laughter wild upon the wind.

Even though it's cold, it is still a wonderful night for our



(Above) Ariadne and Frosty

Beltaine. The sky is clear, star filled, the moon nigh on full, and the sun is glorious as it sets over the lake. It has been decided that the May King will be the one selected this night, and that he will choose his May Queen. This must needs lead to some form of duel amongst our manly types, that the mightiest shall be chosen. Weapons are provided, and we immediately see many lordly brows furrow with fast and furious thought, mostly . . . "All right. How do I maintain my dignity whilst dueling frantically with a ... banana?" And . . . "Who's idea was this anyway?" And . . . "Oh, dear! Someone could lose an eye!"

**Our Champions, in pairs,
Did boldly face,
Their weapons bared
And stoutly braced.
Advance, retreat,
The battle joined.**

**Blades are shattered,
Their shards scattered,
Upon the gory,
Trampled ground.**

**Only One may stand,
O', let it be
My chosen Knight
Who wins the right,
To seek the Sacred Crown.**

The competition is fierce. There is some very serious banana bashing happening here. Bits fly everywhere, the cheering crowd is pelted with dismembered phallic fruit. We are quite fascinated by the goriness of it all, squealing with delight as Champion after Champion goes down, looks of chagrin on their faces, defeat heavy upon their feet and fingers. (Did I mention that these were pre-peeled weapons? And, I may add, peeled quite creatively by several of the Ladies and Maidens!)

Finally it is down to only two. I am thrilled! My favorite is one of the challengers! "Yes!" I shout. "Get 'em, Sir Frosty! Mush him through the heart! Squash him in the head!" This alternates with the others' cries of . . . "Get 'em Brendan the Bold! Smoosh that proud blade!" There is a frantic flurry of embattled



Joy! Sir Frosty has won the first challenge. He brandishes aloft his intact weapon, basking in the adoration of the admiring, cheering crowd.

But, he is not allowed to rest. The second challenge is already upon him. He is taken quickly aside and given the Sacred Directions to the hiding place of the May King's garland. He has shown strength and agility, now he must use speed and wile to claim his Crown. He must find it, keep it, and bring it back to the cauldron here upon the hilltop. It must not be damaged. The other men will try to prevent that, even while trying to claim the Crown for themselves.

And, as you stand
In quivering stillness,
Poised to run,
In this moment
Something changes.

The moon is climbing,
She is rising
Above the treetops.
The air begins to hum
With something "Other."

Knights until, I can see, already forming,
finally, a As moonlight touches you,
dismembered The antlers, misty,
banana is seen From your brow rising,
to fly aloft, Your eyes begin to darken,
soaring in a The Mystery to cloak you,
gentle arc. The Stag's blood
All eyes Has begun to sing
follow its Within your veins.
flight until it

comes to rest
in the centre
of the battle
circle. A
moment's
confusion, and
then . . . O'
Springing away,
Across the Green,
He lends you speed,
You quickly vanish
Into the gathering darkness.
While at your heels,
Unseen by all but I,
Who did invite Him,
Coyote runs,
Joining you in flight,
His wild laughter
Singing His own magic
Into your stirring blood.

And here, gathering,
The Wild Pack,
Prepared to Hunt you,
And to tear from your soul
The very Crown of Spring.

As you try to retrieve the Crown of the May, those who are The Hunt decide to gather in their Pack beside the cauldron. They feel that, this way, you cannot approach. You will be caught before you can reach the Sacred Centre. But, they do not know, as I do, that the Trickster has claimed you for His own this night, and all of His wile awakens within you.

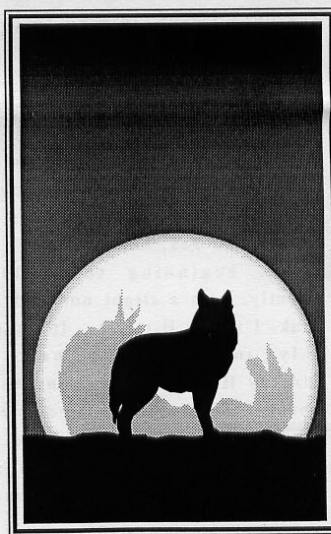
You are finally caught, too far from the fire to touch it, and are lifted on high, upon their greedy hands, held as though a sacrifice to the moon. But they are wary of the Crown. They know you have it, they know it must not be harmed or the Magic

will vanish. Coyote laughs at them and, with your voice, He tells them it is hidden in a Sacred place. Within your clothing?? They are fooled, would strip you naked to the sky, but they seek in the wrong spot. "As above, so below." Sacred words, to be heeded.

Meanwhile, something Else is gathering among us. Another presence. This one heavy, looming, dark and musky, soft as only flesh can be, folds of warmth embracing. She whispers behind me, huge and rounded, breasts like moons, belly pressing against my back. The Mother calls, the Maiden, the Woman Barren; The Triple Lady gathers the fire and carries it to the King. For you have already been chosen, Her acceptance all there is left to be given.

With one hand you reach out, touch the flame, and become in that single breath, Monarch of the Spring.

I'm not completely certain you will choose me as your Queen. Afraid to call upon the



Lady within me, afraid to draw Her in, I am awed when you stop before me, shaken by the light within your eyes. For though

you are there, there is another within you. And He looks at me with your face, and your smile, and I find myself unable to move. Impatient with me, She steps forward and envelopes me within Her body, within Her womb. And only then can I find the will to breath once again, as She reaches out to touch your living hands.

O.K. So you woo me with that outrageous French accent. We laugh, we dance. But I must tell you, as we invoke the Sacred Union with blade and chalice, all I can think is . . . "Let them all turn away, hiding us from their vision. Take me here, and now, within this Circle of Trust." She is trembling in her eagerness, and with Her I tremble at your very nearness.

Yet, still there is more. Again we are separated, half the circle Hunters, half Hunted. Brothers and Sisters disappearing into the Night. Again you are sent from me, and I wait impatiently the allotted time before I can pursue you into the darkness. But this time it is

different. The Hounds are gone. And I/She have but one prey upon Our mind. Can you guess?

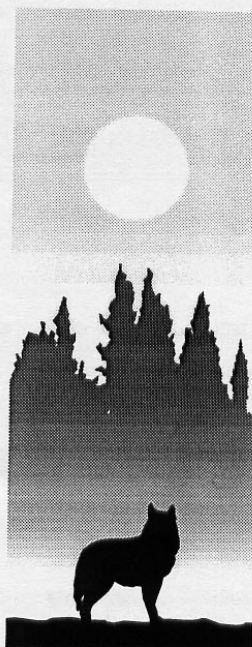
**The Horned One is hiding,
The Lady steps forth alone
To seek Her Lord.
Impatient, She reaches out,
With all Her Soul,
To find Him in the night.**

**He thinks to elude Her.
Does He not realize?
His presence shines for Her
As quicksilver
Upon a cloak of Green.**

And, of course, I find you. Could you ever doubt? Coyote leads me, dancing, eyes joyful, to where you crouch among the trees. And still you spring away, ready to run. Not because you fear, but because you still hear the Hounds upon the night wind. I cannot match your swiftness.

And so I ask you . . . "Stay?" You keep your distance still, until Coyote whispers, laughing, and I smile at the gentle wisdom He offers.

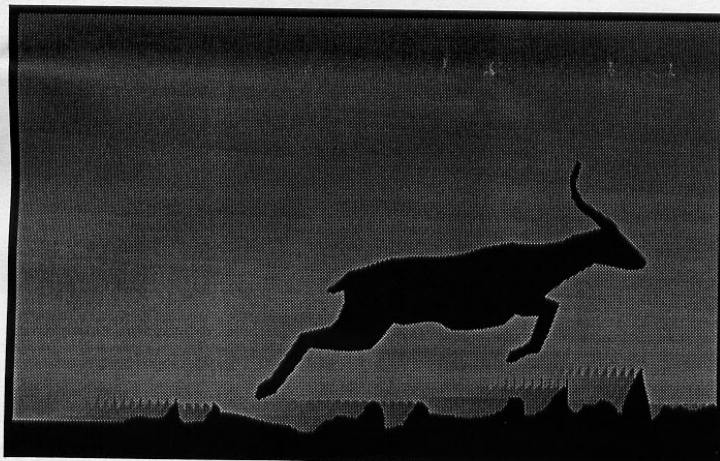
Lifting my gown from my body, I offer you the only thing I have to give, myself.



**Deep in the Night time,
Encircled in each other's
arms.
Surrounded by our loved
ones,
Who are sleeping, peaceful,
Coyote gives us one last gift,
Spreading His Smoke
To bring us to the Place
Of Sacred Silence,
That we might
Consume the May.**

**And, holding you,
At break of Dawn,
I watch your Horns
Fade to mist.
A smile curves upon your lips
Ever so slightly in your
Dreaming.**

**My own smile answering,
I pull you closer,
And join you then in sleep.
Beloved Brother,
Friend . . .
And Lover.**



COGNITIONS OF A CAFFEINE ADDICT

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN COFFEE CONSUMPTION

BY:
FROSTY

**When I drink coffee,
I am invincible...
Like a great titan-god,
I am the irrepresible god of caffeine.
I am fashioned of flesh-steel,
Towering above all others.**

**When I drink coffee,
I surpass the speed of light.
I am on my motorcycle,
Travelling 3458.2 times the speed
limit.
The dotted line on the road,
Becomes blurred into one solid line
not even in the same time-frame
as myself.**

**When I drink coffee,
I am omniscient.
I speed-read peoples' minds,
Like cheap supermarket paperbacks.
I can see their sluggish thoughts,
Mired in the awe of my greatness.
I, am the caffeine-addict glorified,
With my titanium thermal-mug.
Focal point of the universe's cosmic
energies.**

I AM HAPPY TO SAY THAT SINCE THE DAY OF MY
CAFFEINE-INSPIRED WRITING OF THIS POEM, I HAVE
FORSAKEN THE MASS-CONSUMPTION OF COFFEE. MY
CO-WORKERS ARE VERY HAPPY.

**Potentiated potent potency
personified.
A world of my caffeine-minions and
devotees kneel trembling.
At my sacred caffeine-church to
receive a steaming titanium
thermal-mug of my sacrament.**

No. . .
I will tell you when I have had too much...



An Absurd Case

From the homepage of Brendan Myers (see back page), author unknown. You are to read and comprehend the following dilemma, then submit your answer to Pagan's Wake for grading and critique.

Consider the following case: A brain in a vat is at the wheel of a runaway trolley, approaching a fork in the track. The brain is hooked up to the trolley in such a way that the brain can determine which course the trolley will take. There are only two options: the right side of the fork or the left side. There is no way to derail or stop the trolley, and the brain is aware of this. On the right side of the track there is a single railroad worker, Jones, who will definitely be killed if the brain steers the trolley to the right. If Jones lives he will go on to kill five men for the sake of thirty orphans (one of the five men he will kill is planning to destroy a bridge that the orphans' bus will be crossing later that night). One of the orphans who will be killed would have grown up to become a tyrant who made good, utilitarian men do bad things, another would have become John Sinunu, and the third would have invented the pop-top can.

If the brain in the vat chooses the left side of the track, the trolley will definitely hit and kill another railman, Leftie, and will hit and destroy ten beating hearts on the track that would have been transplanted into ten patients at the local hospital who will die without donor hearts. These are the only hearts available, and the brain is aware of this. If the railman on the left side of the track lives, he, too will kill five men - in fact, the same five that the railman on the right would kill. However, Leftie will kill the five as an unintended consequence of saving ten men: he will inadvertently kill the five men as he rushes the ten hearts to the local hospital for transplantation. A further result of Leftie's act is that the busload of orphans will be spared. Among the five men killed by Leftie is the man responsible for putting the brain at the controls of the trolley. If the ten hearts and Leftie are killed by the trolley, the ten prospective heart-transplant patients will die and their kidneys will be used to save the lives of twenty kidney-transplant patients, one of whom will grow up to cure cancer and one of whom will grow up to be Hitler. There are other kidneys and dialysis machines available, but the brain does not know this.

Assume that the brain's choice, whatever it turns out to be, will serve as an example to other brains in vats, and thus the effects of its decision will be amplified. Also assume that if the brain chooses the right side of the fork, an unjust war free of war crimes will ensue, whereas if the brain chooses the left fork, a just war fraught with war crimes will result. Furthermore, there is an intermittently active Cartesian demon deceiving the brain in such a way that the brain is never sure if it is being deceived.



Question: Ethically speaking, what should the brain do? Justify your answer.



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. "Jack's Mix" is also available which contains damiana. Added mint is also available for "Menthol Mix."

DRUID SECRETS REVEALED: Seek ye the green and white clad men dueling with bananas, for this is the true nature of the God. Learn this and many more things, all historically verified, at the "Frequently Asked Questions about Druidism" internet web site! Over 130 links, no commercials, and uncensored!

<http://www.uoguelph.ca/~bmyers/druid.html>

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: [redacted]

Moon Phases:

- SEPT 1, 1997
- ◐ SEPT 10, 1997
- SEPT 16, 1997
- ◑ SEPT 23, 1997
- OCT 1, 1997
- ◐ OCT 9, 1997
- OCT 16, 1997
- ◑ OCT 23, 1997
- OCT 31, 1997
- ◐ NOV 7, 1997
- NOV 14, 1997
- ◑ NOV 21, 1997
- NOV 30, 1997
- ◐ DEC 7, 1997
- DEC 14, 1997
- ◑ DEC 21, 1997
- DEC 29, 1997

Announcements

Congratulations to Mano and Alex on the birth of Rowan-Pearl Moira Bridie Baron, May 2nd 1997, 9:17 am by homebirth in London, Ont.

Frosty Wisdoms!

My two favorite compliments:

- 1) From a dear friend and brother regarding my deer-pelt Samhain outfit: "Mmm, I'd switch..."
- 2) After having had my beard rubbed: "Oooh, you're going to leave a beautiful pelt..."

Compliments will get you everywhere... What to go somewhere?

If the gods didn't want us to eat everything that we could get our hands on, they wouldn't have given us hands!

Ok, this 'reading between the lines' thing just isn't for me... I've been doing this for hours now and all I've gleaned is that you ate cookies and accidentally killed a bug the last time you read the book.

The personal impact from the small sacrifices of time and effort are like the global changes caused by the beating of a butterfly's wings.

To find your true values, view your life from the moment of your death.

Pagan's Wake



You've read it, now visit it...



<http://www.netopia.net/users/pwake>

Yep! That's right! The Wake is now surfable for all you techno-pagans! Hey! Snazzy three-frame layout, marble backgrounds, illustrated articles starting from issue #11! Wow! What more could you possibly ask for? Even search by author or topic if you wish... Hopefully this move will also attract article and artwork submissions from pagans on the net making our beloved little journal even more fun to read! ENJOY!



CONTACT PAGAN'S WAKE!

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

