



The Unicorn

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Chief Unicorn: Andrius
Editor: Rev. Paul V. Beyerl
Ass't Ed: gerry M. Beyerl
Periodical Exchange ass't editor: hoping to find someone
Staff Artist: Cathy Taylor
Staff Poet: Tasha Halpert
Chiron's Cave: Orion

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We can be reached by fax at (425) 803-2025 and found at www.therowantreechurch.org. Now, you have the option of sending your comments and letters to Andrius, Rev. Paul or our staff by e-mail. Our address: paul@thehermitsgrove.org - and do feel warmly welcome!

The Hermit's Grove
April 23, 2002 ce

Beloved Humans,

These past months have not been an easy time for those unicorns who share living space with humans. The past seven months have seen a horrifying escalation of violence and of military growth. There is a large herd of young unicorns who have been hoping to find human companions, but this beautiful planet is not as safe as it was. As I hoof this letter to you, your observance of Earth Day has just passed. Many of my horned friends living near the northlands are increasingly anxious that their homes will be destroyed so that those in the U.S. may further plunder the earth for fossil fuel in order to slake the greed of the few.

A council of unicorn elders was recently reconvened and each of us living among the realm of the fully-manifest has been asked to speak a loud message. *You are living in a democracy. If you want things to change, do your part.* Don't fall into the pity-pot trap of placing blame. You are all responsible. If there are too many voting for corporate profit over preservation of Mother Earth, then start communicating, writing, educating your neighbors, voicing your views before your politicians.

And in the meantime, do you part. There are very few of you who could not live more simply, placing less demand upon your beloved Mother Earth. But onward...

Recently I had a wonderful flight east (unicorns can fly free and pollution-free in the astral) to visit a couple of shops and see Cathy Taylor's showing of collage prints. The show is called "Goddess Remembered" and it's wonderful. Check *The Unicorn Rambles* for more information.

I've had quite a month. I finished helping Rev. Paul archive all of the illustrations from the second volume of

archives [1982-1986]. Talk about bringing back memories. It all gave me a better sense of what you call the passage of time. In your rituals you speak of moving between the worlds. It might be said, humorously, that unicorns live not only between the worlds but between time. And speaking of the passage of time, my big 25th anniversary contest (which offered over a thousand dollars in cash and prizes) has drawn to a close. This issue announces the final prizes which have been awarded. I was gratified to have your comments over these months. They helped with the judging.

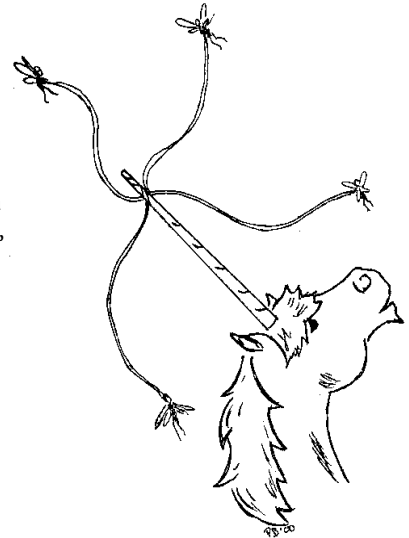
I'm bringing you a lot of reading. Some times we have more illustration than text but this issue has far more text than illustration. To welcome in the 'lusty month of May' we have a great story by a new contributor, Hagel Hawthorn. I hope you enjoy it! In this fully-packed issue welcome TGG. These days being able to exchange publications and advertising with another newsletter is a rare and valued option, unlike my earlier years when we often exchanged with as many as thirty!

On Beltane Eve, Unicorns of All Persuasions will be gathering beneath a rare burst of aurora borealis. Our father Sun has recently released a huge wave of energy which will sparkle and dance over the northern tundra. We are calling all of our kindred to dance with the elk and our other loved ones. A fear-banishing ritual will be held for the young ones as we all dance the sacred round in hopes of bringing more consciousness to this endangered region of North America. Despite what you may be reading in the news, plans are quietly being made within the Bush Administration in order to drill oil at any cost.

Please do your part. Unicorns everywhere depend upon you. With much love and sincere uni-kisses,

I love Pam Bealer's Beltane drawing of me!!!

Andrius



Andrius' Mailbag

Good luck and best wishes throughout 2002.
Edward N., Akeley, MN



I thought the latest Unicorn was just lovely!!! I especially enjoyed the way you set my poem with Cathy's illustration. She did too! I will be writing you about Italy in a little bit. Suffice it to say I had a wonderful time and that I also had a good rest.
Hugs and Bright Blessings, Tasha H., Grafton, MA

Ken and I leave for Pennsylvania this saturday for a week. [29 March] We plan on going to my usual haunt - Gettysburg. My interest in the Civil War is so strong. I see something different ever time we visit. My fourth trip!

We also plan on paying our respects to NYC.
Wishing you both a wonderful Esbat.
Many blessings to you and all you do!
Cindy W., Garden Grove, CA

This is my first letter and I wanted to write to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading *The Unicorn*. I have read all of the contest entries for the poetry division and must say they are all very good. But my vote would have to go with 'Unicorn Love' by Tasha Halpert.

Wishing you many dreams of chocolate chip cookies. Have a wonderful and most enjoyable Beltane.

Keep safe, stay strong and always be in the light!
Blessed Be and Merry Part, Richard W., Avon Park, FL

I wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the lasted *Unicorn*. Such wonderful poetry for the contest, too. I particularly enjoyed 'Andrius' by Dominick Koenigs and 'Through the Gates' by dear Tasha.

Bright Spring Blessings, Noël, Mammoth Lakes, CA

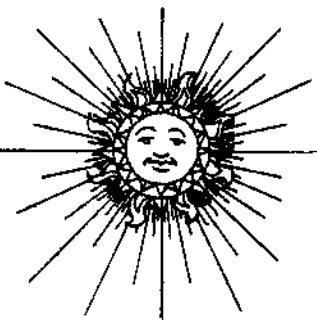
In am embarrassed to say that I just finished Yule's *Unicorn*. But, what I did want to mention is how much I enjoyed the piece by Kane Wright entitled "Circle of Life." There are a few things in life that command an involuntary smile from me due to their joyous nature. The bright red of a cardinal singing in the top of a tree, seersucker fabric of hot pink plaid and bright yellow daisies, my bright yellow front door (painted last week in honor of the sun and the doors in Dublin, Ireland), and this poem by Kane. It was great.

Many, many blessings, Jane,
Aurora, IL

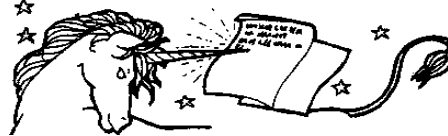
Bright Uni Greetings to you - Most Mystical magical Handsome Uni!!!

My script to *The Unicorn* expires with the next issue, so here is my renewal.

Thank you, Goddess Bless,
Kat, Granger, TX



The Unicorn in History

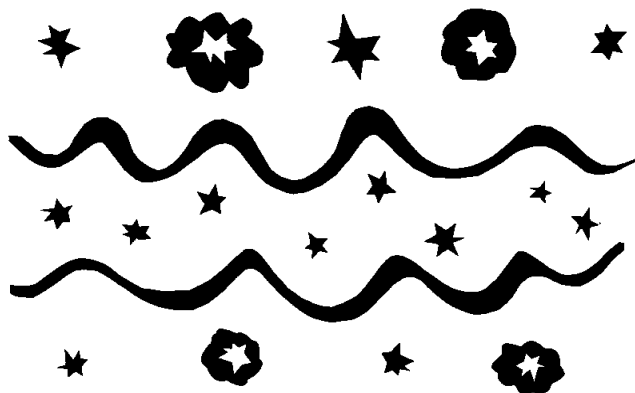


5 years ago Andrius wrote that he had chocolate chip stains on his hooves and oatmeal on his lips. He was planning to hold his Beltane Eve ritual beneath the hawthornes, which would be in full bloom.

10 years ago Andrius was enjoying the sunny Pacific beaches of Southern California. The Rowan Tree Church announced the establishment of 'Communities' as a way for groups to create local organizations within the umbrella of The Rowan Tree. Don Lewis sent a charming witch holding an orb.

15 years ago Andrius was still working with Rev. Paul's electric typewriter to produce *The Unicorn*, eating chocolate chip cookies and writing of his love for the Goddess nestle. Andrius was asking readers to send in unicorn riddles. Do you know any? For Beltane, Don Lewis provided the sensual drawing of a fertility Goddess and God.

20 years ago Andrius had been looking over Rev. Paul's shoulder. *The Master Book of Herbalism* was keeping Rev. Paul busy as he typed long hours for many days. Plans were under way for the Sixth Annual Pagan Festival.



graphic by Cathy Taylor

From A Beltane Journey

I am the Deva of my species and I appear here as a flower. My roots extend deep into the earth and my head reaches toward the stars. From Mother Earth I draw water and sustenance. With Father Sun I have created chlorophyll and remained green and healthy. During the sunlight hours I have created my fuels and during the moonlight hours I have grown tall and strong.

Future generations depend upon me. It is through me that pollen and eggs are created through the blessings of my divine parents and, on this night which is Beltane Eve, I seek to give them reverence. I stand before the portal to the Ritual Circle. What an important night! My petals fairly tremble. Each petal is for a loved one. Each grain of pollen is the seed of the Horned One. Each ovule represents a future generation of my species. Tonight it all comes together as I dance the Dance of the Devas.

I have entered the Circle. I pause, reflect, and breathe deeply of this rarified air. There is so much Magick in this sacred space! Years of ritual, countless dances of the Goddess and the God. Why this is the very axis from which turns the Wheel of the Year.

Looking toward my left, I see the Unicorn Raphael

standing at the East altar. The color of the breeze, his coat shimmers a pale yellow and on the tip of his horn is a yellow swallowtail. The butterfly's wings move gently in the air. And there, at the South altar, stands the Unicorn Michael. The color of flames, Michael has before him a cauldron within which are the Mysteries of the Universe. At the West altar I see Gabriel, Unicorn of the West, who is the color of a clear, mountain spring. Behind Gabriel is the light haze of mist. And there, just to my right, standing at the North altar is the Unicorn Auriel. Her coat of greens and browns, her hooves the hue of fresh-turned earth, she represents the steady fertility of the soil.

Again I breathe deeply.

Within moments I begin my sacred dance. Why, the very future of my species depends upon this ritual. I shall dance the sacred round and, within this sacred space, shall my dreams become pollinated!

from *Eight Sabbat Rituals*, Rev. Paul V. Beyerl, available through The Rowan Tree Church

The Great Rite

Hagal Hawthorn

Farsee, Tulia, Tallon, and Keyta went as a delegation to ask the mayor for the king stag's rack to use for the Great Hunt and the Great Rite for 1994.

"Also," Tulia said, "as you well know, Farsee is going to have to make a dagger and Keyta will have to spell it for the hunt, since the dagger and antlers are the only weapons permitted Farsee for the hunt."

"I can't allow that," the mayor said. "If I let Farsee and Keyta have access to weapons, then everyone will want them. You'll just have to make do without them."

"But, you know he can't perform the Hunt without the dagger and antlers!" Tallon said. "No one can kill a king stag with just his bare hands, especially after having to chase him down."

"That's his problem" the mayor said. He turned to Farsee. "You could always put glue in that long hair of yours and shape it into antlers." The sheriff and his deputies laughed.

The sheriff added, "And you can use a stick for a dagger." They laughed again. The delegation left the mayor's office, defeated.

"What are we going to do now?" Tallon asked.

"I don't know," Tulia answered. "It would appear we're not going to be able to have the Hunt."

"Oh yes we will!" They all looked at little Keyta, and the grim determination on her face.

"But dear, he can't fight the stag with no weapons at all. He'll be killed," Tulia said.

Keyta looked up at Farsee, "You said we will all die anyway. Get some glue and a stick!" She stomped away toward home.

"She'll calm down in a little bit," said Tulia, patting Farsee's arm. "Then I'll talk to her."

After a moment, with a strained expression on his face, Farsee said, "No. Leave her alone. She's right. And I did say it myself. What must be done will be done. Maybe this is the meaning of the vision I had last week

in which Artemis said Keyta must fight the devil. Even if it's not, if she has to fight the devil, I can't withhold myself from fighting a mere animal." He followed Keyta, somewhat more sedately, as the others stood watching in consternation.

On May Day, the crowd watched, subdued but tense, as the mayor and sheriff examined Farsee's hair, which with Tallon's help he had glued and formed into the shape of antlers. The deputies all laughed derisively at how easily they broke over one of the points. Tallon straightened it with more glue as the sheriff examined the dagger Farsee had carved of some dark wood, obviously too light in weight to have any real strength, and completely useless for any serious hunting.

"All right," the mayor said, "these obviously don't fall within the law against weapons. You may proceed."

The crowd, unable to hear her whispering, watched Keyta slowly move her hands around the hair antlers. Then she took the wooden dagger and offered it up to the four directions. Afterward, she stood a long while with her left hand on the hilt and her right poised nearly touching the blade as she whispered again. With the clip from her dress, as she smiled slyly at Farsee, she stabbed her left forefinger, and rubbed the blood over both sides of the wooden blade.

She handed the pin to Farsee, who winked at her and pinned the clip back to her dress. She handed him the dagger, giggling when his eyebrows raised as he hefted it. There was a murmur from the nearest observers when he placed it in the sheath she had made, and it vanished from sight sheath and all as he released it.

Then Keyta stepped back and chanted the traditional shape changing fith-fath. Almost instantly Farsee was surrounded by the light glitter, which sparkled more brightly than they were accustomed to seeing. When it lifted, several disappointed sighs issued from the crowd as they saw a rather small, young stag, with antler span of no more than three feet. Hardly a threat to the current stag king, reported to stand over six feet tall at the shoulder, with a rack spanning over eight feet.

In silence, Tulia led Keyta and the small stag to the cave, where the stag marked the altar with his musk. As he turned to leave and begin the hunt, Keyta stood in his way. With a finger she motioned for him to lower his head. When he complied, she kissed his muzzle, then stepped aside. He ran from the cave.

Tulia watched as Keyta open the chest of supplies she'd had delivered earlier to prepare for the Great Rite. She was surprised when Keyta withdrew and placed on the bare altar the white silk sheet.

"Aren't you going to first pad the altar with herbs for comfort and ease?" she asked.

With no additional explanation, Keyta said, "No," and prepared her ritual bath, without scented additives.

"The priestess who trained you," Tulia hesitated a moment, "did she tell you of the herbs, oils, and salts you are permitted to use?"

"Yes," Keyta answered as she carefully and methodically cleaned herself from hair tips to toenails.

Tulia shrugged, then busied herself preparing the chalice with columbine, barberry, spotted hemlock, cordalis, and cow parsnips. When she turned, she was surprised to see Keyta already wearing a triple white petticoat of ironed cotton, and putting on another, both starched. She continued to watch in amazement as Keyta donned a full shirted knee length white cotton dress, also freshly starched and ironed.

When Keyta turned and asked her to tie the strings of ribbon at the back, Tulia finally broke her silence as she tied.

"You know," she said, "most times the bride for the Great Rite wants to be as sexually exciting and stimulating as possible for it, so they usually wait without clothing."

"I heard about that," Keyta said, smiling.

"I don't suppose, then, you'd tell me why you're dressing that way, would you?" Tulia asked. "Are you afraid?" Keyta turned, laughing, to look at her.

"No. One day I heard Farsee giving advice to a girl who was having trouble getting her boyfriend interested in her. He told her there is nothing in the world more beautiful than a pretty girl dressed just like this." She



waved her hands down the dress. Then, momentarily losing her smile, she added, "I just hope I'm pretty enough to make it work."

"Oh, darling!" Tulia said, hugging her, "You're not just pretty enough; you are breathtakingly beautiful!"

"Oh, thank you!" Keyta said, hugging and kissing her.

"What about the aphrodisiac oils and herb scents?" Tulia asked. "Don't you think they might help a bit?"

"That's the other thing he told her," Keyta said. "He said he has never ever smelled anything more sexually exciting than a clean young girl wearing freshly starched and ironed white cotton." Keyta smile, spread her hands, and curtsied.

"Well, I'll be," Tulia said. "Nobody ever told me that. I'll have to remember it." After a moment, she held up the chalice and asked, "Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Keyta, "but I don't want to be drugged. I want to experience everything exactly as it is. Half a life isn't living."

"You are very brave, dear," Tulia said, setting the chalice down. "You have the blessings of the Goddess." She kissed Keyta's cheek and left, as Keyta climbed upon the altar and sat to wait.

Keyta waited so long she fell into slumber, but was startled awake by the sound of hooves entering the candle-lit cave. Her heart pounded in fearful anticipation, waiting to see what would come from the shadows, and thumped in joy as the small stag limped into view. Then she recoiled in horror at the bleeding gashes on his body. She gasped as he turned back into Farsee, and slowly sank to the floor.

"Oh!" she said, almost in tears. She jumped from the altar and ran to wet a cloth in the stream at the back of the cave, and began tenderly washing his wounds. She calmed when she found they were not as serious as they first looked.

"I'm all right," he said. "Just tired mostly." He looked up and down at her as she stood before him.

"You're beautiful!" he said, almost in awe.

"Thank you," she said. "Do you feel like doing the rite now?" She was surprised to see him blush.

"Yes," he said, rising. "I guess we need to do that." He began trying to untie the ribbons at her back, but was so nervous he made a knot instead. She turned back to face him.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Well," he blushed, "it's just the idea of undressing you. It's got me nervous." She took his hand and patted it.

"You didn't get nervous the first time you undressed me," she said, smiling.

"What?" he asked in puzzled surprise. "I never—oh! But, that was different then." Keyta almost giggled, but stopped herself and only smiled. She took his arms and wrapped them around her.

"Well, just remember that time," she said, "and you can do it."

After a moment he looked over her shoulder and began working with the knot. As it came loose, he said, "Um, you smell good."

"Thank you," she said, not letting him see her smile.

Farsee, to his amazement, found himself growing extremely aroused despite his nervousness. As he removed her dress, petticoats, and undergarments, he carefully laid them out, then, for a few seconds before he helped her onto the altar, he stared in open admiration. After removing his own clothing, he joined her, nervous again.

After almost an hour of tender, and to Keyta exciting and almost unbearably stimulating attentions, Farsee had still not completed the rite. Finally, she placed her hands on his cheeks and pushed his head up to look into his eyes.

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't you like me?" He saw tears forming in her eyes.

"Oh, Keyta!" he said, "I like you, and I love you! I have loved you almost from the moment I pulled you from the stream and held you up gasping in front of me!"

"Then," she looked puzzled, "why won't you finish the rite?" After a long pause, he answered.

"I'm scared. I don't want to hurt you."

"Oh." She lay thinking for a minute, then said, "You must hurt me. That is the price I have chosen to pay to be your bride." When Farsee started to protest, she placed her fingers over his lips. "Don't do it slowly. While you are kissing me, do it quickly and completely, then stop a few minutes for the pain to ease."

"You've done this before?" he asked, surprised.

"No, silly. If I had done it before it wouldn't hurt. I'm only telling you what other girls have told me to hope for."

Farsee blushed, then said, "I'll try."

At sunrise on May second, the villagers crowding around the cave opening cheered as Farsee and Keyta walked out, holding up for display between them the white silk sheet with its proof of the rite's completion. Tulia finally reached them to congratulate them. Before she could speak, Farsee said, "We want you to do a hand-fasting for us today. We have sworn to be soul mates forever."

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And the winners are...



And the winners of the Poetry division of our 25th anniversary contest, offering over **\$195.00 in cash and prizes for the best original poem** "Must involve one or more Unicorns and be focused upon one of the eight Sabbats" are:

Tasha Halpert: First prize: \$84.95. \$15.00 cash plus autographed copy of *The Holy Books of the Devas**; one year subscription (or renewal) to *The Unicorn* and one year subscription to *The Hermit's Lantern*. **\$10.00 bonus** if poet is a subscriber to *The Unicorn* when entry is submitted. Bonus prize includes a \$15.00 one year subscription to *Living A Magickal Life*.

Mimi Allen: Second prize: \$23.00. \$10.00 cash plus one year subscription (or renewal) to *The Unicorn*. **\$5.00 bonus** if poet is a subscriber to *The Unicorn* when entry is submitted. One year subscription to *The Psychic Quarterly*, \$8.00 value.

Jeanette Biddle, Third prize: Two year subscription (or renewal) to *The Unicorn* plus a 1995 Mardi Gras doubloon with a Unicorn upon it!

Tim O'Brien and Dominick Koenigs, both Honorable mention: two awards. Each a one year subscription (or renewal) to *The Unicorn*.

We wish to thank Ryan Everson, whose poem did not meet the requirements by including unicorns or mentioning a Sabbat



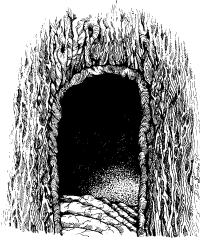
Artwork by Don Lewis from our 1992 issue. Illustration of Fertility God and Goddess on preceding page by Don Lewis from our 1987 issue.

Chiron's Cave

by Orion

Enter the Darkness of my Cave. Enter a Light filled Chamber by Fire. Harness my Hoofs of Yesterday. Come Closer as We Spiral.

All Souls Rest, listen to the warmth, All Souls Rest, learn from the cold, All Souls Rest. I Dance the Hero-maker. I Sing the Threshold. I Sing the Abyss. I Weave the Journey. Ride upon my back Seekers, Ride Hard and Wonder at the World!



Now that he is leaving our nighttime skies I thought that the myth of Orion should grace the pages of our Unicorn. Perhaps there is a supplication involved here as well to insure that, although fair Artemis shall not receive his lustering gaze through these warmer nights, his inspiration continues to shine in upon Chiron's Cave and illumine our journeys through the darkness of memory, hunting for truths and meaning in the dense realm of myth. No analysis this time, no deconstruction, just a light exploration of the story.

A favorite constellation for not only many people but for many cultures, Orion graces our winter nights with a strong and welcoming presence. The red star Betelgeuse marking his right shoulder and Bellatrix his left, beautiful Rigel shining for his left knee and Kappa Orionis on the right; pursuing the Pleiades and followed by Scorpio, the Hunter is an accessible point of reference to further explore the magnificence of the cosmos.

Visible in both the Northern and Southern hemispheres, Orion was named by most cultures: to the Egyptians he was Osiris on his journey through the darkness towards the sun (and even older title was Sattu, who sat in the heavens looking to rip Gods and humans apart for food). For the Hebrews he was named Kesil, the foolish or self confident, and in modern arabic he is Al-jabbar (algebra?) the Giant or Al-shuja the Snake.¹

In ancient Mesopotamia they saw Tammuz, who was loved by Ishtar; in India, Mriga the Stag, and in New Zealand he was the Elbow of Mauri. The Buriats of Siberia saw an active hunting scene of three wapiti being chased by the demon-hunter Erlik-Khan, overlord of the underworld, with one wapiti already wounded (Betelgeuse). In Scandinavia they saw Thor. North American natives echoed the hunting themes with the Micmac seeing three fisherman, the Zuni a hunter, and the Mexican Indians a bowman.²

Finally we come to the Greeks, who called the constellation the Moon Man of the Mountains, the cock's foot, the double axe, and of course Orion. The etymology of the name is a little confusing. One source cites a Boeotian, pre-hellenic pre-Olympian title of Kandoan (an epithet to Ares), which around 500 bc evolved to Woarion. Yet another possibility, and one that I find amusing, is the title Urion which comes to play from the actual myth of Orion himself.³

King Hyrieus, who without an heir, was visited by Zeus, Poseidon, and Hermes (all in disguise) and invited them in for shelter and food. In return for his hospitality the Gods decided to grant the king any desire so Hyrieus requested a son. The three Gods went outside and urinated

on an ox-hide then told the king to bury it. At the end of ten days Orion (Urion) was brought up from the earth.⁴

Orion is also told to be the son of Demeter and Dionysus (which would make him three-quarters divine), and some evidence exists of him revered as an ocean God, being the son of Poseidon, and able to control the tides of the Agean sea as well as walk through its deepest waters.

Some say he was a such a fantastic hunter and beauty that he was larger than life, some say he was an actual giant. His first wife (whose symbolism bears a strong comparison to Persephone) was named Side (which is a term for pomegranate), yet her demise came when she was cast into Hades for comparing her own beauty to Hera's.⁵

Orion's most popular tale was of his blinding by the King Oenpion, enraged by the sexual contact between Orion and his daughter Merope (the two were engaged to be married for Orion had cleared the land of all beasts, yet the king accused him of rape; perhaps the two lovers enjoyed the fruits of marriage before the wedding itself, yet some say Orion was drunken and lost control). Guided by a blacksmith named Cedalion (supplied by Hephaestus) Orion was told he must seek the dawn to regain his sight.⁶

He traveled to the ends of the earth in search for the sun (hence the stars' journey across the sky) and finally succeeded in his quest, his vision returned. Almost nothing is relayed of adventures upon his journey. This lack of material is apparently made up for in his death tales, for they are numerous.

One story tells of his boasting that he could conquer any animal, and in retaliation a scorpion stung him (hence Scorpio trailing Orion below the horizon).⁷ Another tale tells of how he had sparked the ire of the Goddess Huntress Artemis by boasting of his own capabilities, and she slew him. Yet another tale tells of him being Artemis's favourite and She grew jealous of the love that kindled between him and Eos, the Goddess of the Dawn, and she slew him.

Finally, there is the story which I prefer, of Orion actually being the only lover Artemis ever had, for they were equally matched in the hunt. One day Helios challenged the Goddess to a shooting match and from high up in the heavens each selected a target for the other. Orion was swimming in the sea at the time and Helios blurred Orion's form therein choosing him for her target, whereupon Artemis accidentally slew her own lover. Out of her grief she then placed him in the stars for her to eternally bath him in her love.⁸

Now why, you may wonder, have I chosen a braggart, piss-born, and potential rapist for my pen-name? The Greeks have always entertained me with their tales of hubris and the horrible consequences it brings, yet Orion's demise is somewhat assuaged by his placement in the heavens, his ascension into the stars occurs no matter which story is read. We have no clear handle on his tale, consequently there isn't a direct moral to be found, only inferred by what we choose to read, which ending we choose to believe in, which fable to place our hearts therein to be tested. This is much closer to the reality of life than the cut and dry morality of Oedipus or Icarus. I have many reasons for adopting his name, some I can share, and some remain between the Goddess and myself. Yet gazing up at Orion in the cold winter of night there is a comfort to be found in being human, that our own personal myths have many potential endings, and the stories of our beginnings become softly more mutable through the years. Mankind has looked up to

this constellation for thousands of years for guidance and provision through the cold winter months of the Northern climes, and as a symbol of hope through darkness and our search for light the world over; I hope to continue to find inspiration upon my path through the beauty of his stars; he's quite the conversationalist, as I'm sure few of you already know.

¹ *The Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Myth, and Legend*, Maria Leach, editor, Frank & Wagnall's, New York, 1972, pgs. 832-833

² *The Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Myth, and Legend*, Maria Leach, editor, Frank & Wagnall's, New York, 1972, pgs. 832-833

³ *The Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Myth, and Legend*, Maria Leach, editor, Frank & Wagnall's, New York, 1972, pgs. 832-833

⁴ *Dictionary of Myth, Folklore, and Symbols*, Gertrude Jobs, Scarecrow Press Inc, 1962, pg. 1215

⁵ *Encyclopedia of World Myth and Legend*, Anthony S. Mercatante, Facts on File, New York, 1988, pg. 500

⁶ *Mythology*, Edith Hamilton, Signet Mentor, 1940, pg. 297

⁷ *Dictionary of Myth, Folklore, and Symbols*, Gertrude Jobs, Scarecrow Press Inc. 1962, pg. 1215.

⁸ *Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Myth, and Legend*, Maria Leach, editor, Frank & Wagnall's, New York, 1972, pgs. 832-833



graphic by Cathy Taylor from our 1997 issue

Hatchling Help is on the way...

Want to figure out who's who in *The Hatchling*? Curious about the history of these people how the coven has come to run a school? Do you wish to understand the political struggles taking place?

Now available!

The first 44 episodes are available, published individually and signed by the author, spiral bound with a clear plastic cover. This full-page edition is 66 pages long (single-sided) and is specially priced for subscribers to *The Unicorn* at just \$13.00 plus \$2.50 shipping/handling. Washington residents must add \$1.12 sales tax.

However, for free you can visit our web site, ww.w.therowantreechurch.org and right at the top of our home page it says "Read The Hatchling Here." Click right on that link and all but the most recent episodes are right there, on line.

In the coming months we hope to add more plot synopses, character information and more.



from *The Holy Books of the Devas* - original edition, by Prairie Jackson (this edition is still available through The Rowan Tree Church...

Beltane Eve Burning

*Rays of sunlight
Stream in the smoke.
The remains of last year crumble.
Fire's flickering fingers.
Grasp and crinkle the years,
Tossing them carelessly into the air.*

*My busy days, so full
Where do they go--
When they are done,
They are yesterday's newspapers,
Faded and flimsy,
Fit only for kindling.*

*The fire crackles telling me
That time burns moment by moment,
Sparks fly up to heaven and become stars
Twinkling in a firmament.
I gaze at the past and wonder
Where is it now?*

Tasha

The Unicorn Rambles

Andrius was so happy he trotted out to the gardens to tell us that artist **Kara W.** is a new subscriber (thanks!) ... Andrius gives a tip of the horn to **Kat** of Granger TX and **Ed** of Akeley, MN for their renewals ... We wish to congratulate our much-loved artist, **Cathy Taylor**, who has been showing her work at Quebrada Coffee Shop in Arlington, MA and, with this issue, begins showing her work at Booklovers' Gourmet, 55 East Main St., Webster MA. Call 508-949-6232 for more information ... **Annual Herbal Retreat** June 27 - 30th at The Hermit's Grove in Kirkland, Washington. Garden time, research time in our extensive library, workshops, projects. Fee is \$50.00, including Sunday brunch at Country Buffet restaurant. Lodging recommendations available for nearby inexpensive motels. Contact the Beyerls at The Hermit's Grove, 9724 132nd Ave NE, Kirkland, WA 98033. You might even see Andrius playing in the moonlight ... **Fairy & Human Relations Congress**, July 5-7 at the Skatitude Retreat Center in the North Cascade Mountains for all who wish to improve the interactions between humans and nature spirits. We attended last year and Rev. Paul will again presenting a workshop based on his 20 years' work with the Devas. For more information call (509) 997-9200 or visit www.fairycongress.com ... **Pagan Spirit Gathering**, June 16-23rd in Southeastern Ohio. Circle Sanctuary's annual gathering. Large, loved and well-organized. For more information: Circle, POBox 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 ... **The Starwood Festival** July 23 - 28th is one of the largest and best organized. For information call ACE at 1-800-446-4962 or ask for a brochure by writing A.C.E., 1643 Lee Rd. #9, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 ... **Gathering of the Priestesses** in Wisconsin Dells, WI. Contact RCG-I, POBox 6530, Madison, WI 53716 for information ... **The Open Spirit Gathering** June 21st - 22nd at beautiful Casper Mountain in the Beartrap Park area; Education, contests, dancing, merchants, musicians, food and more! Famous authors and more. www.pansgrove.com/osg.htm, call (307) 577-6411 or write: The Open Spirit Gathering, c/o Pan's Grove, 458 S. Walnut St., Casper, WY 82601 ... **Heartland Spiritual Alliance** May 23-27th, P O Box 3407, Kansas City, KS 66103 or (816) 391-9578. Visit www.kchsa.org for details. Having attended, I can give this a personal recommendation ... DreamWeaving is holding their **Witch Camp** June 8-15th in the Ozarks. For more information write them at P O Box 53, Ames, IA 50010-0053, phone (515) 233-1216 or visit www.dreamweaving.org ... The Minnesota Earth House Project is holding a **Midsummer Gathering** June 17-23rd near Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. A beautiful region (my home turf). Write Earth House at P O Box 12151, Minneapolis, MN 55414 or visit www.earthhousemn.org ... **Dragonfest** Aug 7-11th in Colorado. "Sharing the Magick." Write Dragonfest, P O Bobx 6927, Denver, CO or visit www.dragonfest.org ... Visit www.harmonytribe.org to learn more about **Sacred Harvest Festival** Aug 20-25th in Minnesota. Write Harmony Tribe, 4926 Newton Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55430 ... CoG's annual **Merry Meet** Sept 6-8th this year in Minnesota. Write CoG, P O Box 13158, Minneapolis, MN 55414, phone Gary at (612) 299-5541 or visit www.cog.org/meerrymeet ... **Rites of Spring** offers a full week, over 100 workshops and rituals. May 20-27th in New England. Sorry we couldn't get this to you earlier but we received late notice. For information phone (413) 238-4240 or visit www.earthspirit.com ... **Granny Z's** witch camp with Z



Budapest. July 17-20th held on the California coast. For more information visit www.zbudapest.com ... The Divine Circle of the Sacred Grove is holding their **Beltaine 2002** at the Sacred Grove Sanctuary in Apache County, Arizona. If you'd like more information about this group's work, write to them at POBox 1948, St. Johns, AZ 85936 ... **Spokane Pagan Alliance** will be holding Beltaine on Saturday, April 27th at the Peaceful Valley Community Center. For information call (509) 482-8946 ... The **26th Annual Pan Pagan Festival**, August 7-11th near Knox, IN. Sponsored by the Midwest Pagan Council, P O Box 160, Western Springs, IL 60558-0160 ...

Andrius Reads

Clan of the Goddess: Celtic Wisdom and Ritual for Women, C. C. Brondwin, New Page Books, trade softbound, 252 pp., index, bibliography \$14.95



Brondwin's charming book is an excellent book for women. It is a reflection of the neo-Celtic movement rather than a book containing historically-accurate information and reflects the author's love of the Celtic myths and the beliefs which have been filtered into modern society.

The author provides an embracing view of practices, allowing women to pursue knowledge of their spiritual selves and their connection with the divinity of nature. A highly empowering book, Brondwin writes in a direct and easy-to-understand manner. The reader will be able to trust the author's voice and safely explore, learn and grow.

An excellent book.

Wiccan Wisdomkeepers, Sally Griffyn, Weiser Books, oversized trade softbound, 144 pp., numerous color photographs, index, bibliography \$24.95

This is a gorgeous book, filled with sumptuous photographs. A professional photographer, this woman is skilled. Photographs are fully lit. The faces are alive and vibrant, the fabric is tactile to the eye. Can you tell that I've had a decades-long love of quality photography? Frankly, the photograph of Doreen Valiente is alone worth the price of the book. And there is well-written text as well.

The text ranges from introductory (to Wicca) to highly personal as the subjects of the lens and author open themselves and share their beliefs. Whether you wish an intimate view of Starhawk or Jannet Farrar, of Doreen Valiente or of Dawn and Tony (exemplifying a good relationship) this book will wrap you in a beautiful view of the Craft.

We congratulate Red Wheel/Weiser on producing an exceptional book. Our highest recommendation.

The Virtual Pagan: Exploring Wicca and Paganism Through the Internet, Lisa McSherry, Weiser Books, trade softbound, index, bibliography, extensive glossary, 177 pp., \$14.95

I nearly let this book sit for the next issue but was far too curious about the contents. This is a very user-friendly book. Not only does McSherry discuss computer needs for those who may be just starting out, but even a completely detailed step-by-step method of starting your own online group is provided. There are so many groups in cyberspace and I often hear people running into dead-ends, having difficulties knowing how and what to do. In addition to providing guidance for joining and/or starting a group, the author provides excellent perspectives to help the reader decide whether or not s/he would want to remain a solitary or to use the internet to reach out and

be part of a group. From excellent advice on computer communication to the ethics of interaction with others, this is a highly recommended book, one which is timely for many readers. Spread the word.

The Hatchling



LIX - Beltane Dreams

It had been a wonderful Beltane Eve at the grove. The scent of incense lingered in the gardens and the cauldron, still in the center of the stone circle, retained warmth from the ritual fire. Arnica and Holly's cabin and gardens were the coven's 'home' and this evening's ritual left Beltane ribbons hanging from the trees along with many from years past. A new visitor to the grove was always entranced by the lovely ribbons, even those slightly shredded as their threads flew off with birds for nest-building each spring. The other coveners, all but young Gino, had returned to Merrydale after tying up their ribbons, the final gesture of the evening's ritual and festivities.

It was now nearly two in the morning. A few candle lanterns continued to light the paths through the garden. In the cabin, Holly lay snuggled in Arnica's arms. Although many years had passed since they'd first shared their Beltane lust, the two men had been well-stirred this evening by the bonfire and slept soundly after some athletic joys. The hatchling was spending the night in the stone circle and they could growl and roar and shake the bed in joy.

Back in Merrydale, Iris and Dolly were almost asleep. Their daughter Diana's second birthday awaited the morning. A Beltane Day baby, she already knew what this day represented. The couple stayed up late wrapping gifts for Diana to give her friends at the party. Their hearts had been willing and their thoughts embroidered with sexual fantasy but the realities of life were theirs as well. Iris' role as postmarm provided her with access to news about Schrobbe's plans. Schrobbe, current Premier of Lothloriën appeared to be quietly moving to legislate action favoring his business friends, a move which would undo years of environmental protection. Iris was a strong and visible environmentalist within the District of Merrydale. And Dolly was tired from his work at Trillium School. This was the ending of the school's third year. It was the principal's role

to administer the new standardized testing. It had been a challenging April.

Pearl, the coven seamstress, had quickly gone to bed after reaching her home. Her partner, Phoenix, had passed over five years ago last Hallows and at some Sabbats she missed him with a deep, painful heart. But the gods were kind. Pearl was dreaming that she and Phoenix were making love. It was five and a half years since he'd passed over and as their joyful passion swept up like a cone of power, Pearl's dream became more lucid and she realized that Phoenix would be moving on toward his next incarnation. Perhaps not until the life after next might they again be lovers. It was poignant, yet Pearl was also ready to move forward with her life.

Although a grandmother of six, Flying Raven was young at heart and occasionally entertained thoughts of romance. As some of her covenmates slept in their homes, Raven sat at her desk by the front window of her apartment grading science papers. Now and then the candle would flicker on the nearby altar (Raven had an altar to the Mother in every room). Distracted, Raven's thoughts drifted back to the brief but romantic adventure she'd had with Ollis Piper three years ago this summer. She recalled the warmth of his embrace and her body's longing. "Piddle," she thought to herself, turning back to the papers, "I'm a *grandmother!*" The Goddess, however, knew that Raven was in her mid-fifties and not old.

Amber was in the sweat lodge behind her cottage, deep in trance, sharing with her Loon Tribe sisters the sacred workings of the Descendant Tribes. She loved her work at Trillium School, teaching history and social studies and she felt close with the coven and the other Renaissance Tribe peoples. But there were times when she needed to walk between the worlds with those of her own blood, sharing the visions the Loon Tribe had found in this land long before the first settlers had arrived .

Jewel and Lotus were not asleep. The couple was still making love with great abandon. Lotus had surprised his wife on her birthday (Jewel is an Aquarius) by getting a vasectomy. Lotus could feel the horns of Pan upon his brow. Jewel's body ached with the passion of many Goddesses. Their bodies had barely erupted when they heard a noise in the next room. Dagon was stirring in his bedroom, just through the wall.

"Do you think," Lotus said, interrupted by Jewel who finished his sentence.

"We should start looking for a larger house?" She often finished his sentences. Their ritual work together provided them with a strong bond at all levels of being. Lotus finished Jewel's sentences as well. Strangers sometimes had difficulty with this, looking quizzically from one to the other. Later the couple would chuckle, enjoying their private joke.

With Dagon turning seven on his birthday ("May 14th," he proudly reminded them every morning for two weeks!), their son was enrolled to begin first grade this fall. The couple wanted more privacy. Jewel and Lotus had sometimes fantasized about a larger bedroom so they could savor the Great Rite within a circle cast around their bed. Now and then Dagon might hear, but Earthkin children were taught from the beginning that sexuality was a sacred joy bestowed upon all by the Goddess and God.

And despite their plans to have just one child of their own, Jewel had great hopes of their family growing. Only days ago the woman from the Children's Office in Mill City called to schedule the adoption hearing for Sunna. The baby Sunna had

been left at Arnica and Holly's door a year ago this past Yule. Just when Jewel thought they were making progress last autumn, the Earthkin's nemesis, Slade Hatchitt, the head of the Users (the right wing faction of the conservative Politicos party) attempted to convince his "family values" committee to have Sunna placed in a Kristos orphanage. Sunna was spending the night with Gino's mother, Rosetta, who had a wonderful gift in her heart for children.

It didn't occur odd to either Jewel or Lotus that they had to go to the capitol in Mill City rather than the local office in Merrydale. No one in the coven had ever adopted a child before and they were so relieved to learn of the hearing they simply said yes and began making plans to drive over the mountains to Mill City. The meeting would be just three days before Midsummer.

And the hatchling? In the stone circle at the grove, back in the wooded area, Dark Star lay with her head against the north altar stone. She loved her men. Stirring in her sleep her unicorn spirit reached out to Arnica and Holly, but young Gino and Dark Star shared a special friendship. And this Beltane Eve as the clock danced a slow minuet well past midnight, Dark Star was dreaming of a handsome unicorn stallion. The hatchling was coming of age. In human years she was seven but in unicorn years it was time to dream of a Beltane mating. And this dark-maned male was very handsome. But what would her sire say? Able to dream and think at the same time (unicorns worked on many levels), Dark Star found herself wondering. She hadn't spoken with her father, Andrius, in a several moons. Would he approve of this 'Dark One?' She wanted to tell him of this dream.

The two peoples within the Land of Lothloriën who see the earth as divine enjoyed turning the Wheel of the Year. To the Descendant Tribes, the original peoples, this was Mating Day, honoring the arrival of the bees and the mating dances of their animal kindred. Their storytellers would sing of the days before the New People came in their great boats, crossing the Mother of Waters. In those ancient days young men hunted deer and helped their fathers hunt bison by their thirteenth summer and it was not long after that they coupled with the young women whose wombs could now nurture life, sharing the Mating Day songs with the furred and feathered ones. But the times had changed and, like the Renaissance Tribes, they now entered their unions later in their teens. The Renaissance Tribes were of the New People, those for whom the monotheistic and puritanical beliefs of the Kristos did not work. The conflict of these beliefs with their souls had caused them to seek the ancient ways of their ancestors from the olden times before their forebears had crossed the Atlantikos. These were the ways of the Gods and Goddesses, persecuted as the Kristos religion fought many wars and claimed nearly all of the Old Country.

The Earthkin religions respected sexuality as a healthy and sacred aspect of life for all creatures. The Earthkin believed sexual education combined with safeguards against pregnancy would allow a young couple, if emotionally mature, to achieve their educational goals and settle their lives before embracing the responsibilities of parenting. It was not uncommon for a young Descendant Tribe couple in their teens to be bound in marriage by a tribal elder and even Arnica conducted Handfastings for young people if they completed their counselling, had above-average grades in school and the approval of their parents.

Gino, recently initiated just this Candlemas, was wrapped up in his sleeping blanket near the center of the stone circle, his body enjoying the lingering warmth of the cauldron. Now 17, Gino looked forward to the eleventh grade. Two more years of schooling. So many changes had happened since he met Dark Star seven years ago this summer. Now he was an initiate! And going to Trillium School, the first school ever for the Earthkin.

He knew that he was no longer a boy. His body reminded him of that, and he knew two boys who would be Handfasted this summer. Gino and Jenny, his sweetheart, had often discussed the differences between their peoples. Although nearly the same age, Jenny's Kristos upbringing left her with very different values. Kristos morals imposed great burdens of guilt upon the young. Jenny's body and heart wanted to be joined with Gino but she struggled with the threat of damnation she'd so often heard from the pulpit.

Gino was dreaming. Once again he and Jenny were back sitting against the Dryad Tree, enjoying the sunny spring day just before the Equinox. Gino's hand began to caress Jenny's breast. A breeze blew through her hair, wisps of it caressing his face.

"Plant the Seed Slowly," the Sabbat theme from Eostara was the melody in the breeze.

Gino's mouth hungered to kiss her again, passionately with the lust of a thousand male species eager to impregnate their chosen mate. A sense of weightlessness borne of an astral experience caused his body to stir. The gods of the dreamworld gave him permission and their hunger grew. Gino dreamt that he would be entering her.

Dark Star and the Dark One are romping through Merrywood, in a wonderful mating chase through the trees. As they near the Dryad Tree, she slows, looks over her shoulder and allows the stallion to draw near. The sun sparkles on his silver horn. The vibrant male unicorn prepares to mount her. "Is this how my mother conceived me?" Dark Star wonders.

Jenny is sound asleep and dreaming. Her parents are still downstairs talking, but she doesn't hear. Gino's mouth is upon her breast, his erection pressing the warm fabric of his pants against her thigh... Suddenly, the antlers of a deer crash through the trees. A gun fires. Jenny sits up, her heart racing, too afraid to cry out.

Gino hears laughter. He grabs at his trousers. "Jenny, we must..." he begins to warn the dream image and then sees a chain saw ripping through the Dryad Tree.



Dark Star's grandmare, Lillian appears in the hatchling's dream. She whinnies, wakes...

Jewel who had just drifted off to sleep, hears Sunna crying. She sits up, and rushes to the other room. Dagon is safe. But what about Sunna? She can't call Rosetta at this hour of the night. Lotus is snoring lightly, as only a man who has just spent his seed can do. Jewel snuggles up against him but the hours will pass before she sleeps.

Arnica and Holly are dreaming together. A summer storm has begun to brew.

next: "Deception"

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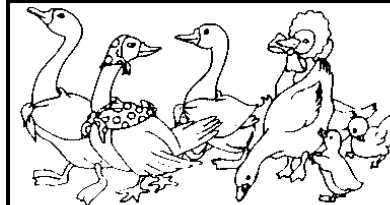
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by Shevaun Wright,
from our 1997 issue



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