

Kiry Faerie

Beltane 2008  
Ghoul Friends



## Publisher's Notes

Greeting fae readers, and welcome to the Beltane issue of the Denver Faeries Airy Faerie.

Before I began working on the art for this issue a trip to a local bookstore yielded two art books that came home with me. One was on drawing realistic animals and the other on drawing realistic fantasy creatures or something like that. Anyway, I purchased them to help me as I continue working on the tarot deck with Phoenix. I was excited to tryout my hand/computer with creating fantasy creatures, but started off small by giving horns to naked men. One creation was Aries, who you should be able to find in this issue. I don't know if it was my honoring Aries in art that summoned the Aries Faeries out, but at a recent Denver Faeries' social/movie night five out of seven faeries were Aries. Four of five Aries share the given name John; thank the Goddess for Faerie names. The poor Pieces and Virgo at the event were trapped in the corner of the room. Even with five rams in the room there was no head butting, and we had a fun evening. Another creation inspired by the new books, is a winged guard that found his way into our pages. You'll find him on page 13. It will be interesting to see who he calls to our next meeting.

In addition to making horny men I am pushing my use of shadows and highlights in my art. I want to get a more dimensional look without getting muddy. The other difficulty in creating art and then putting it in an e-zine is file size since many email providers (including YahooGroups that we use for our local group communications) restrict the size of emails and issues don't make it to their destination. Using the computer's gradient tool creates some nice effects, but the file size goes through the roof! You will notice on some of the tarot cards the attempt to get the same feeling created by the gradient tool, but done with file size in mind. In some cases I will have two cards, one with the gradients that will be used for the real cards and the other that will have a smaller file size, but keeping the same feeling.

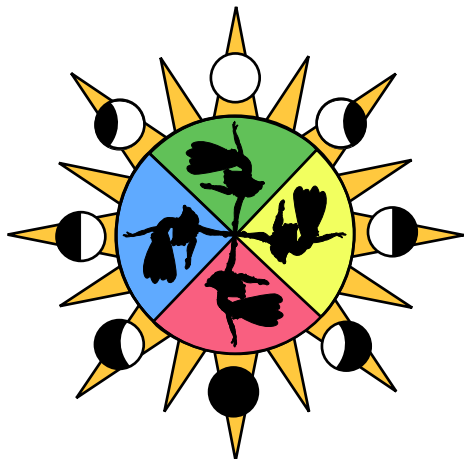
Since I am talking about the art, here is the traditional ADULT CONTENT WARNING! There are graphics and writings of adult sexual content. If you do not wish to view such a magazine, please stop right here. If you wish to continue please make sure you are not at a work or public computer, if reading this on-line, and that you are of legal age to view such material.

OK, on with the issue. Besides all the art in this issue we have several things to make you think. Phoenix continues with his "Make you think" articles, as well as examining the Gods and Goddess of sacred days. Cubby gives us a puzzle as he tries to remember what happened in a day in his life. We even found a few old gems from Percy Shelley and e. e. cummings. We have the next six cards in our tarot deck, as well as a five card reading, and some possible interpretations. Then there is our young prince who tries to continue his journey while trapped in the past.

OK, enough talking about the issue, now it's time to go out and enjoy it. I hope you have a blessed Beltane, and get a chance to enjoy the change from spring to summer. Remember to take the Airy Faerie with you!

Naked Hugs and Faerie Blessings,  
DragonSwan

### Airy Faerie



Beltane 2008

The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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# The Cubby Diaries: A Day in the Life

## by Cubby

The other day, I met with five of my friends for some one on one time. Each person spent time with me in a different room doing different things. One of them needed to get body painted as he was participating in a local nude bike ride. Another had been going to massage school and Aeris and I were to be his first victims outside of his classmates.

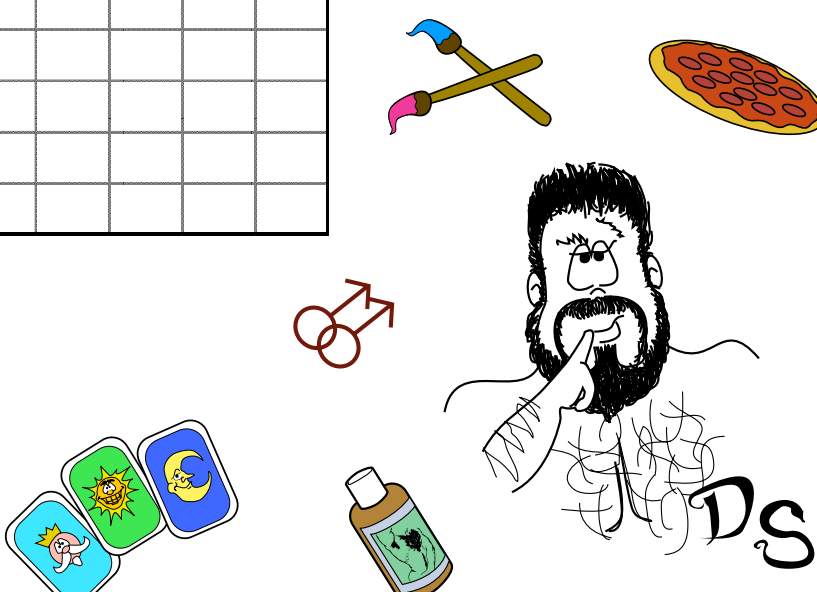
When Peter came home that night, I was so excited that I got everything scrambled up when I tried to tell him what had happened that day. My main man is amazing and managed to figure things out. Can you?

Now, if you are like me when faced with these puzzles, you have already noticed that one of the categories is “virgin sex” and if you have been following my diary entries you have got to be scratching your head and laughing in the same attitude of disbelief as DragonSwan when I told him the tale. For certain, you have read of my sexual exploits with four of these gentlemen, and no, Twinkle is not a virgin either. In this case, it was the room that was the virgin. For some reason, when we blessed the house with the inaugural sex in each room, we actually managed to miss two. One was taken care of during the day. After dinner that evening, I gathered the clan together to de-virginize the final room.

- 1) I helped Gil and his student set up the massage table in the meditation room that we normally use for the family massages. While the student was giving a massage to Aeris, I was elsewhere with the teacher trading tarot readings. At the end of Aeris’s massage, he came to get his tarot reading and I went to get a massage. This is not how we started the day.
- 2) Gregg, who swears he is allergic to body paint, did come over to take pictures of the completed body painting masterpiece before that person headed off to the ride. He stayed to help me clean up the spilled paint from the bathroom floor. He was even a gentleman and helped me carry the baskets of gym towels up to the laundry room.
- 3) Kevin arrived for lunch just as the clock struck noon. Mr. 10:00 gave him a quick hug and said that he felt like Cinderella leaving the ball just as Prince Charming arrived. We reminded him that the ball was at midnight. He said, “Then there’s hope” before he dashed off.
- 4) The time I spent with Buck was four hours before I spent time on the deck.

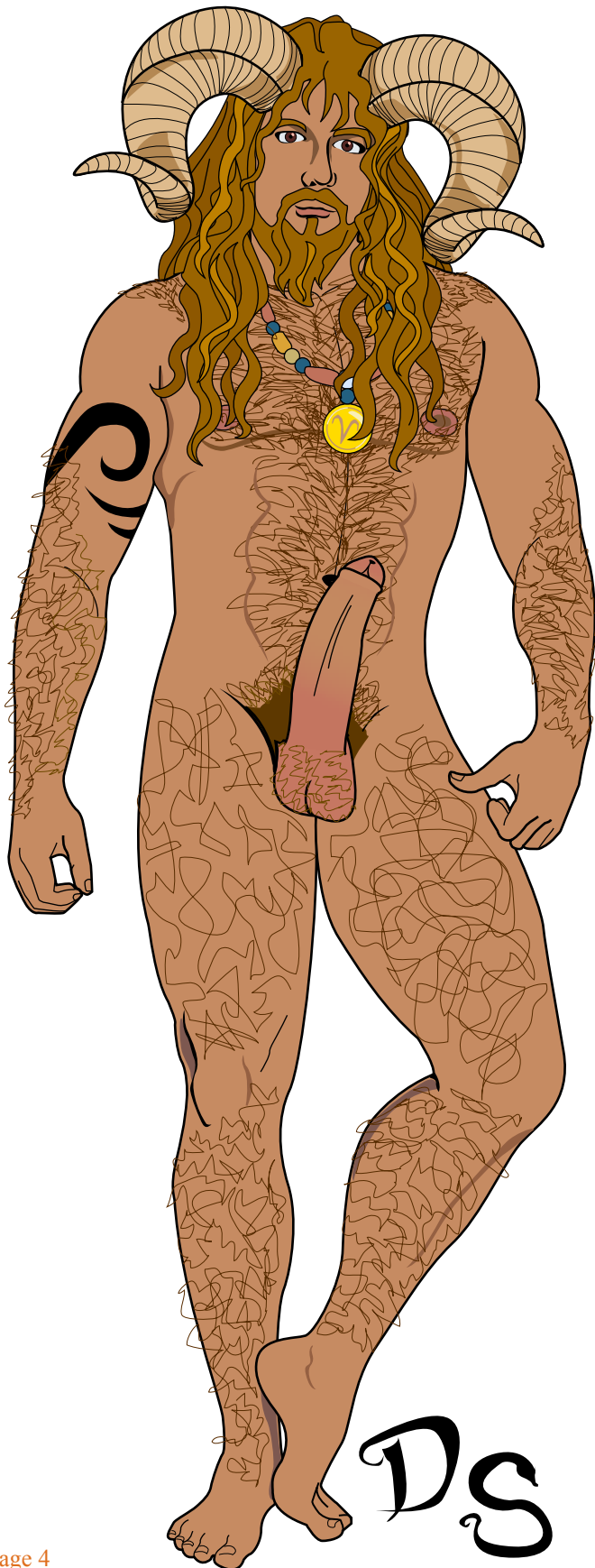
Just how did my day progress? See page 14 for the full story.

	8	10	12	2	4	Bathroom	Deck	Laundry Room	Meditation Room	Solarium	Body Painting	Lunch	Massage	Tarot Reading	Virgin Sex
Buck															
Gil															
Gregg															
Kevin															
Twinkle															
Body Painting															
Lunch															
Massage															
Tarot Reading															
Virgin Sex															
Bathroom															
Deck															
Laundry Room															
Meditation Room															
Solarium															



# Beltane: The God of the Maypole?

By Phoenix



I will start as I did before with the little bit I understood about this Sabbat. This is the Great Marriage of the Goddess and God. We dance around the Maypole and watch as his “Maypole” slides into her “Mayhole” and we dance around like school kids with ribbons in our hands. Certainly a bit overly simplistic and sarcastic and if you think I share in some of the cynicism Beast offered in his 2006 article, you would be right. Hopefully, soon you will understand where some of the comes from.

Which Goddess and which God are getting hitched? Oh, that’s right, it is the generic Earth Mother and Horned God who get together to create the Sun God who is born at Yule. As noted in my great oops two years ago, the Goddess got pregnant back during the fertility rituals of Ostara, which conveniently are nine months before Yule. So this great marriage is after the fact.

Not being one to like generic gods and goddesses, I began my journey of discovery. At the center of the Sabbat I expected to find a deity of marriage. You know, like Juno, the head goddess in Rome who oversees marriages, and is so strongly associated with June and all of the weddings held that month. I didn’t find one. Instead, I found Belenos (meaning “bright, brilliant” or “shining,”), a Sun God, who is so likened to Apollo that the cultures caught between Celtic traditions and Roman armies linked the names together as one and the same god, Apollo Belenos. Interestingly enough, both cultures picture their sun god on a horse drawn chariot. Both sun gods are healers. I can see why the towns caught in the cross-culture conflicts would be able to say, “see your god is really the same as our god, so remind me why are we fighting?” Beltane itself means “bright fire” which would describe the sun, so I think it is safe to say that I think we found our God. There is not a specific Goddess associated with this Sabbat. This is the God’s turn to shine – in this case, literally and figuratively.

With our central deity identified, let’s take a moment to look at the setting of this Sabbat. In the Celtic culture, Beltane represents the first of summer. They had two real seasons that started at Beltane (summer, masculine, growing and day energies) and Samhain (winter, feminine, resting and night energies). What we know as spring was really late winter, and the harvest festivals of autumn were really part of late summer. Ostara is about the planting of the seeds in preparation for summer. Beltane is truly about the sun’s return to power. The sun may have been reborn at Yule and the days have been getting steadily longer, but it isn’t until Beltane that we finally have more day than night. The summer energies grow until Litha, when the Holly King wrests power from the Oak King and nights grow longer until we get to Samhain when nights are longer than days. (Oops, I’m mixing my stories, but you know what I mean. And it illustrates how easy it is to start the game of mix and match pagan celebrations.)

Now, if you are one who really needs four seasons, and can’t believe that summer starts on the first of May when the calendar says that summer doesn’t start until the solstice in June, just take a moment to think about the next Sabbat, Litha, or Mid-Summer’s Eve. Note that mid-summer part. It is between Beltane and Lammas, which is the first of the harvest festivals which we would think of as the first of autumn. Whether you are a two season or four season believer, Beltane was the traditional start of summer.



There is one other thing that I had read about the Sabbat that never made a lot of sense, but as I put these thoughts together, a light bulb went off (Thanks, Brid, ever am I grateful for your insights). I read that Beltane and Samhain are the times when the veil between the worlds is thinnest. This is the time to best communicate with the faeries. Now, the reason I hesitated to mention this at the start is because I have such a strong faerie association with Mid-Summer and Shakespear and all that and I thought I would explore some of that next issue. But the Lady spoke and I listened. So why the two Sabbats I mentioned? That is the time when Winter turns into Summer, and vice versa. It is a magickal moment that is neither. It is not masculine nor feminine. Basically the world is naked as it changes from its winter wardrobe of whites, greys and earth tones to its rich summer wardrobe of greens and vibrant colors. Thus, it makes a kind of sense to think that the veil between worlds would likewise be stretched.

What does a maypole have to do with this growing summer energy? Absolutely nothing. The maypole as we know it is a lovely tradition for certain and it goes back centuries, but it has its origins in Germanic and central European traditions rather than the Celtic. A Celtic Beltane did have a pole decorated with flowers, and dancing was around the pole but just not while holding the ribbons. That seems to have grown from a choreographed dance for the 1836 play *Richard Plantagenet*. Interestingly, one website, even linked the maypole to Attis, one of central figures I wrote about at Ostara. I can see the weavings of ribbons being more appropriate for honoring a time of balance rather than at a time when one energy has more influence than another. But in fairness to the maypole, Ostara already has the cute colored eggs for kids and the traditional Beltane focus is a large bonfire. The maypole is a kid friendly option for a public ritual in comparison.

The maypole dance is about as varied as the cultures that celebrate it. Is it men face one way and ladies the other? Young and Old? Just the fairest maidens from all the near by towns representing her village? Weaving in and out, binding each to the other? Or, as one that I like, weaving in and out - but then reversing course to return the ribbons to their untwisted state. Now, as much as I love the multi-year encrusted ribbons that were entwined on the maypole I saw at last year's Beltane, it was hard enough to keep people organized on the in and out part. I can't begin to imagine what it would be like to tell them to turn around and unweave the pole and raise the wreath back up to the top. We'd still be working on it trying to be ready for this year's Beltane. Now if the dance is men and women and the object is about marriage and fertility, no ribbons means that more than a friendly kiss could be shared while passing each other. As too many Beltane babies got born, I'm sure it didn't take parents too long to figure out that hands holding a ribbon had less chance to wander in other directions, and for making sure that children didn't wander away from the maypole to go make Beltane babies.

As to that aforementioned bonfire – I find one tradition telling of what the Sabbat is really about. On Beltane eve, all hearth fires were extinguished and rekindled the following day. Winter was over and the need for keeping the fire constantly lit was over. Remember

our friend Brid, goddess of a winter celebration and her perpetual flame? Somehow, keeping that flame alive is an import image to honor in the middle of winter. It doesn't have the same impact if we did the same thing during the summer. Now, it was time to clean out the old and start fresh at the celebration of the sun. This was a time of the purification fires. Cattle were driven through twin pillars of fire. My guess is that the fires were very smoky and were designed to kill the insects that were now hatching and infesting the animals after the long winter.

The late faerie, Ilex, may have been on to something when he said "Hurrah, Hurrah! The first of May! Outdoor fucking begins today!" There is a component to this Sabbat that is related to fertility. Unfortunately, both it and any marriage associations to Beltane are probably on the sad side. For Belenos is also often pictured as a god of war, and wars start with summer. The lords knew that their men were needed for planting and harvesting. So as soon as the fields were planted, it was time to head to battle. And then, cease fires were called to let the men go home to help bring in the harvest so that the town wouldn't starve during winter. Beltane was likely to be one of the last times the women would see many of these men, so time to hurry up and get pregnant to have the next generation. Time to get married so that the women could have some security if something did happen to their husbands.

This year when I go to a Beltane celebration that uses a maypole, I won't mind that it isn't part of the origins of the Sabbat. I will celebrate that we are dancing the maypole outside in the sunshine where I can honor Belenos as I hold my sun colored ribbon. And for the marriage aspect, I can certainly believe that Beltane represents a Great Marriage. After all, that's when DragonSwan and I did our handfasting and it has been great. So even though I can't find prove the origins of the tradition, I do have to believe in its magick.

Some of the websites visited while researching this article:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maypole>

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Beltane>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/May\\_Day](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/May_Day)

<http://www.applewarrior.com/celticwell/ejournal/beltane/>

[http://www.geocities.com/k\\_garber/maypole.html?200616](http://www.geocities.com/k_garber/maypole.html?200616)

<http://www-cs.canisius.edu/~salley/Articles/maypole.html>



## The 4-F Tarot: Water and Fins

by Phoenix

This issue marks two years into this process. I am proud of what DragonSwan and I are doing. Each time we sit down to discuss what is needed for the next card, I'm amazed at how he is able to translate my thoughts into graphics. And as was the case with one card this issue, once I see the design growing we realize that we headed down the wrong path and I make him start over and suddenly the card is alive and ready to join the rest of the deck.

It's going to be pretty useless for me to try to ask you to ignore the guys on the right, so I might as well start with them. Once DragonSwan and I started this journey two years ago and the deck was still going to be of a traditional variety, the base of this card came to mind fairly quickly. In wanting a deck that was based in nature, the volcano quickly came to mind as our "tower." Then, when we starting adding humans, what better way to capture that explosive energy than with an orgy? I'm not going to spend too much time going into the details but one of the first things that comes to my mind when seeing the image is that those guys are probably totally unaware of anything going on around them. As a card in a reading, the question at hand is in a similar explosive state. It is the cards around it that are going to help you understand and/or control the explosion if that is your desire. Maybe the supporting cards are feeding this energy to the point that it really is out of control and this is a scene from the last days of Pompeii. Maybe the next card is a way to vent some of that steam to more creative uses. Maybe, like the mountain, once the top blows, everything flows down and the rest explode too. But what if the siren that is our peacock (next in the discussion) calls to the guys? What if the others leave our top stud just as he is ready to blow?

Since I mentioned her, next we have the Kween of Feathers, the peacock (page 14). She has changed in concept since the start. At first, when I pictured "peacock" energy, I have to admit, I wasn't

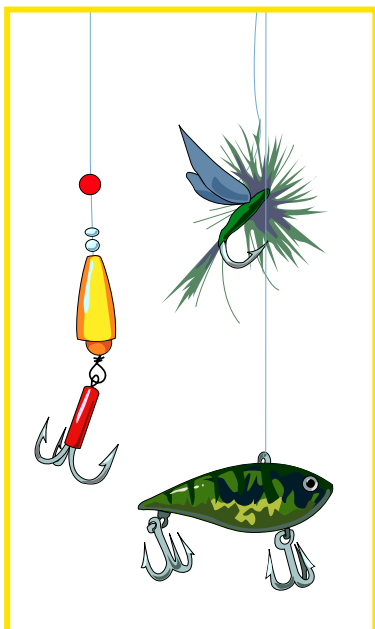
very nice. Back in my bar days, when I thought of someone as a "peacock" it was usually the old disco queen who was strutting around as if they still had any plumage to display. But alas, they had forgotten their plumage viagra and it was all promise but no show. Eventually, as the dust started to settle in the deck, she became an exotic beauty and has now settled into the role of siren. She is the devil by the pale moon light. She is the pied piper luring you into the night - but to what she calls is for you to find out. And of course, if you want to dance, you need to pay the fiddler.

For our lovers this issue, we have the Lover of Water, the playful otters (page 17) and the Lovers of Fins (the kissing gouramis, page 9). In many ways, these two cards are opposites. The public display of affection/lust of the gouramis in the "aquarium" of the bar is so familiar that no one is really paying attention other than maybe to yell "get a room!" Our central otter on the other hand is a magnet. He just wanted to lay out in the sunshine but his friends have other ideas and want him to join in their fun. Add our Baby of Water (back cover) with its toys and our hero is probably going to have some fun. But add the Baby of Fins (this page) and those friends are probably going to drag him off to something he doesn't really want to get involved in. I will say that DragonSwan was clever in researching hooks for the card. He recognized the impact of a hook that is shaped like a small fish. In this case, we have a hook that is bright and shiny, one that looks like food, and a third that looks like a friend. OK, that one is probably supposed to look like food to a larger fish, but for a smaller fish, hey, that's one of us and I'll go hang out with them.

With this issue, we have two cards that have an interesting overlap of energy - the peacock and the hooks. Add to that the glory hole and we have three different cards with an undertone of temptation. When I realized this, I had to do some thinking (of which, I seem to be doing a lot of this year) and realized that while on the surface they seem to say similar things, the energy is different. The dick in the glory hole is just there. By itself, it isn't good. It isn't bad. It is just there waiting for someone, maybe you, to pay attention to it. But it also leaves you with the question of whether or not that is all you want or if you want more.

The peacock, with his plumage in full display, is just a thing of beauty. He really doesn't care about you and I watching him. Anything we do in response to his allure is of our making, not his. The siren's call may be leading you to something wonderful or terrible. They may be luring you away from something such as being too wrapped up in the orgy that you ignore the volcano outside. But as beautiful as the peacock is from the front, don't get your hopes up too high if you follow them. Because from the backside, they look just like a turkey and the color is gone.

Now, for the fish hooks, whether you are the fisherman or the fish in the situation, those hooks come with some serious intentions that are not in the best interests of the fish. The fisherman has to learn how best to use them in order to survive. The fish has to learn how to best recognize them in order to survive.





# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 27 Three Little Words

by Orpheus

Apollo watched the harbor lights of Boon Town fade into the mist. King Myron arranged for Rowan and Apollo to use the royal Galleon to travel most of the distance to Alphatown to visit King Angelo and Queen Angelina. The morning after the attack on Princess Daisy by Belladonna and later abduction by the Great Wolf, Fenrir, Queen Amaranth reluctantly agreed to share the little information she could about Eartaifiwa. At the sundering, each of the brothers was given a word. The late faerie queen had decreed that the sword's location could only be revealed if all three words were spoken in the correct order. When they discussed this with the king, Myron swore that neither the late queen nor Amaranth herself had entrusted him with a secret word. It was hoped that one of his brothers had passed something to their children before they died. Since the pass from Rysbal to Rianglet was already getting the first snows of the season, Myron suggested a sea route that would not only avoid the winter storms but cut travel time by nearly three weeks. Since no one knew how long the princess would be safe, speed was of the essence.

As they left Sharpeton three days after the attack, Apollo sent a quick energy hug to his friend Laika. He had not seen the wearwolf since the night the king burst into his room. When the king departed that night, he took Laika with him to begin planning out his strategy for negotiating the princess's safety. By morning, Myron had sent Laika to the Wolf Council with the first of his messages. Apollo was surprised to discover that Laika was close when he made connection for the hug. The wolf was excited about something so Rowan agreed to delay until Laika arrived.

"Good. You are still here," shouted the wolf as he raced to the castle. "Princess Daisy has a message for her father and knows that you are the only one that Fenrir will trust to talk to her."

"Why not give the message to you?" asked Rowan.

"Would her father believe her words if not heard by one he trusts and who is bound by vows that prevent words of untruth?"

"Putting it like that, lead the way," said Apollo. "Though it delays my departure on the king's mission, the princess's safety comes first."

"No," replied Laika. "The princess says to come to her as you did before."

"Not a bad idea," said Rowan. "If Fenrir is trying to lure you into a trap, he won't be able to harm your physical body."

Rowan led Apollo down to the pond. The quiet solitude of pond would be easier for the prince to focus on projecting to the princess. Apollo reached out his energy and found her. He reported that she was unharmed but feeling anxious about something. It took a few minutes of concentration but soon Apollo found himself in a deep forest clearing and Daisy was sitting on a log with several

wolves nearby.

"You got my message," said Daisy, startling the wolves since they had not heard Apollo's arrival.

"I am ever at your call, Your Majesty. You have but to speak my name on the wind and I shall attend thee."

Nodding in understanding, she said, "I shall remember that the next time I have need of your services." She held out her hand and he knelt and gave it a token kiss. "I need you to give a message to my father that he will not trust from another. Fenrir has agreed to halt all aggressions against humans while I remain his guest."

"Guest?" questioned Apollo.

"Guest," emphasized the princess. "He has convinced me of the need of proper care of my growing child and the lack of knowledge by human mid-wives of the special needs of birthing a wearwolf. And I have convinced him of my desire to not bring a child into a world when their grandfathers were at war."

"But surely one of the mid-wives could attend you at the castle?"

"If one would leave the forest and venture into human lands, that might be true. Fenrir has told me that I could leave and return, but he could not guarantee a halt in deaths if he did not have a guest of sufficient rank to convince the other council members of human's intent of honoring the agreement. I, in turn, told him that I could not guarantee that Heca would heal his mouth a second time should he try to bite me again."

Apollo snickered at the thought of when Laika had learned a similar lesson. "I shall trust in your judgment as to your safety. If you need something from your father, then trust in Laika as you have trusted in me."

Fenrir stepped out of the shadows, "But can I trust her father to keep up the truce he promised in his note? Tell him that I agree to his suggestion that we gather all the leaders of all the councils to witness our contest. The place and time to be determined after our heir is born."

"I shall be safe until then. The pack is taking me to winter shelter and you will be able to visit at times of your choosing in order to assure my father of my continued well being," offered Daisy.

"Then I shall convey your messages to him," said Apollo. With that, he returned his focus to his body. After grounding himself and renewing his energy, the trio returned to the castle with the news. With the princess's safety assured for several months, it was with lightened hearts (but no less sense of urgency) Rowan and Apollo set out on their journey. While he hated the delay of returning to his time, he was eager for the adventure. First, he was going to see what his home looked like as it was originally built. Second, he was going to be on his first trip on the open waters of the Green Man Bay. Captains in his time were not eager to carry both King and heir at the same time for fear of losing both in a storm.





The ride to Boon Docks was hard on Rowan. As a faerie, he had never ridden long distances and it took him several days to get used to not flying where he wanted to go. It also took nightly healing sessions for Apollo to ease the pain of Rowan's saddle sores. With the harbor lights fading and the ship under sail, Apollo returned to their quarters for another healing session with Rowan. The faerie had almost gotten used to riding, so the prince hadn't needed to tap too much energy when working with Rowan. Upon his arrival, Rowan was already naked and stretched out on his bunk.

"Ah, there you are," he said. "I don't know which is worse, all the bouncing on that miserable horse or the endless bouncing of the ship. At least the ship's doctor has something for the one and I have you for the other. I never realized how much I was missing by flying."

"And you wish you were missing it still, I know," said Apollo, sitting on the edge of the bunk. "Captain Starling assures me that the worst of the bouncing is while we are close to shore. He says that the open waters have been blissfully calm his past several trips and his weather eye says that this trip should be no different."

"I will take small comfort in those words of encouragement. But I will take greater comfort if you would be so kind as to remove the last of my aches."

Apollo started to ground but found it harder than usual. It took a moment for him to connect to the energy. He placed his hands on Rowan's exposed buttocks, closed his eyes so he could focus on what the energy was telling him and began to send healing energy into Rowan. In a brief moment, he heard Rowan's soft purr that indicated the pain was gone. As he opened his eyes, he found Rowan rolling over exposing a hard on.

"Thank you," he said. "I haven't felt this good since...well, since before I...you know what I mean. Let's see what I can do to thank you for what you have done for me." Rowan reached up to pull Apollo into a kiss, but just as he touched the prince, the ship began to toss violently. The claxons began that signaled 'All hands on deck' and Apollo jumped from the bunk and rushed to answer the call. Rowan slipped on some pants and followed. Regardless of personal feelings, both understood the captain's lecture of how everyone was needed during an emergency and how a delay by one could cost the lives of many.

As Apollo arrived on deck he heard a voice bellowing in the gale storm that had appeared from nowhere. "Who dared tap the ocean's energy without my permission?" A giant wave flooded the bow and Lord Poseidon stepped out of the foam.

Everyone instantly dropped to their knees. "Please forgive us, My Lord," said a shaken captain, "but we know not of what you speak."

Poseidon looked around and stopped when he spied Apollo. "You! Come here!" he commanded. "I can still see the energy pulsing in your veins."

Apollo stepped forward, head bowed into the wind. When he didn't move fast enough, a gust of wind propelled him forward.

"How dare you, human! Who do you think you are that you can tap the ocean's energy without my knowledge?" The god's voice



was echoed in the clouds.

The constant wind was making it hard for the prince to speak.

"If I may, Your Worship," came Rowan's quiet voice from the doorway.

Poseidon turned to face the newcomer. "We'll get to you in a minute. You have his stink about you as if you received the benefit of the illegal use of the energy." The god turned back to Apollo and then did a double take. "Rowan? I should have known a trouble maker like you was involved. Why didn't your mother tell me you were traveling by sea? You know I always grant the faeries a calm voyage."

Just then, a gust of wind caught the top of Apollo's shirt and Oceana's Horn fluttered in the wind. Apollo tried to grab it to shove it back into his shirt but the god was faster.

"What are you doing with my daughter's horn? She told me the chain was broken and the horn lost." The god yanked the necklace and the magic of the chain held. He spoke in his native tongue and yanked again. The chain continued to hold against the god's repeated efforts which were beginning to have the effect of yanking the chain through Apollo's neck. He screamed out in pain as the chain dug deeper into his neck.

"Who dares harm my chosen?" came the joint voices of Lord Apollo and Dion, appearing on each side of the prince. With a quick look at each other, The moon god put a healing hand on the prince's bleeding neck while the sun god challenged Poseidon.

It took a second for it to register with the God of the Sea that he was attacking the chosen of another god, let alone the chosen of two gods. He let loose his grip on the necklace as if it burned. "What the devil?"

*—continued on page 10*

## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"It's a long story," said Dion. "I'm not sure I understand all of it myself but I'm sure that young Apollo here would have told you if you hadn't cut off his speech with your winds."

With that not so gentle reminder, Poseidon calmed his storm.

"You know Dion," said Lord Apollo, "this could get quite irritating if we both keep answering when someone attacks our joint charge. I was just about to sit down to dinner with Aphrodite. I certainly hope our future selves have a better way of handling this." With that, the sun god flashed out of sight.

"How do you feel?" asked the moon god.

"As good as new," said the prince with a chipper tone than he actually felt.

"Then I shall leave it to you to explain the situation." Dion stepped into a moonbeam that had found its way through the clouds and shimmered out of sight.

As Apollo told the sea god of his trip into the past to rescue Princess Daisy, it seemed to him that Poseidon was only half listening. As he concluded, the sea god had a puzzled look on his face. "I don't understand," he said. "Why didn't the chain break at my touch? I commanded it to break at my touch."

"I can only guess that it has something to do with the spell the Faerie Queen used to repair the broken chain when she placed it on my neck."

"Why would she do that, Rowan? Your mother knows not to touch my magical things. And even so, she knows that only a member of my family could ever wear something I craft..." He halted mid-word and stared at Apollo. "Why didn't I see that before? You have my blood in your veins. How can that be? Only my daughter's children, Angelo and Angelina, would have that."

"Or their children, or children's children," said Rowan. Poseidon's eyes got wide as he finally connected to what Apollo had been saying of his family back in his time. When the sea god got the 'aha' look, Rowan continued. "Don't worry. He seems to have that effect on anyone he meets in our time with a connection to the House of Charming. It seems best to not to spend too much time thinking about it."

"At least this explains how this young man was able to tap the ocean's power. What were you trying to do with it?"

Apollo explained that he hadn't realized that he had tapped into the ocean. He said he had been struggling to ground and was relieved when he finally connected to energy. Poseidon told Rowan that he had better instruct his student in basic magics before he taps into energies that he isn't prepared to channel. With that, a giant wave crested the side of the ship and Poseidon stepped into it and allowed the wave to carry him back to the sea as it reversed its course.

"Show off," muttered Rowan.

Watching the wave disappear back into the ocean, Apollo asked Rowan why he had not told the sea god about the death of his mother. "That is for the new Queen of the Faeries to announce," he responded. "The fact that Poseidon and Amaranth have not spoken since she granted Oliver and Annette's wish means it is probably be a long time before she feels strong enough to face him again."

The two headed back to their quarters. Rowan explained that grounding on water is different than on land. He said that the water

resists pulling the earth's energy upward. "Have you ever seen a stone float?" he asked. Apollo shook his head. "Then the trick to connecting with earth is like skipping stones across the surface of the water. You send your energy out sideways until you connect."

Rowan led him on a series of water grounding exercises. Each time Apollo's energy line dipped into the water he felt a little shock and Oceana's Horn flashed in response. They decided that Poseidon was watching the exercise from the outside and adding his little incentives to get it right. With a little bit of patience, Apollo was able to connect to the familiar energy of the earth without being shocked. The task did much to restore the confidence he had lost when facing the angry god. The energy also restored the energy that had been building prior to the interruption.

"Now that we have that taken care of," said Rowan reaching down to caress Apollo's growing hard on, "I believe I was going to repay you for your kindness."

Apollo pulled away. "Please don't."

"What?" asked a puzzled Rowan. "Did I offend you somehow? You have seemed ready to play many times in recent months and I just thought that now we were alone..."

"No, it's not you," said the prince. "It's just that every time I start to get horny and about to do something with someone something bad happens. I think I'm cursed never to cum again."

Rowan stripped and lay down on his bunk and had Apollo stretch out beside him as they had often done at the pond. They talked for a while and concluded that maybe something in the vows Apollo took 'knows' that the prince doesn't belong in this time and is preventing him from getting too connected to someone in this time.

Even though he had disconnected from his grounding energy, Apollo could still feel the sexual charge in his dick that needed to be released. He started to get up but Rowan used the arm that he had wrapped around the prince to hold him to his side.

"Not so fast," said the former faerie. "Nothing has happened so far with you laying here and both of us are hard, so let's try something. You stroke your dick and I will stroke mine. You think of your friends back home and I will think of someone here in this time. Keep it slow and don't put too much energy into yet."

After a couple of minutes, Rowan spoke softly, "See nothing bad is happening." Rowan stopped stroking his own cock and began to slowly caress the prince's chest and Apollo moaned slightly at the touch. "You like that, huh?" Rowan let his hand wander while encouraging the prince to not stroke too fast. "Enjoy the touch. There is nothing to fear," he said. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I know," murmured Apollo. "It's just..."

"You miss your special friend and somehow you feel like you are betraying him by having fun with someone else."

"Well, maybe a little," said the prince. "You are like Johnny in so many ways, I just want to..." Anything else he wanted to say was lost as he could no longer hold back the energy and began pumping his dick. In a matter of a few strokes, the cum that had been building shot forth and splattered Rowan in the eye.

Rowan wiped the drops from his eye and then reached down and released everything that he had been holding back. He shot his cum into his own eye. "Gods! I haven't done that in years. Now I think I will be able to go to sleep."

"Me too." Apollo yawned. "I could almost get used to this." He lay his head back on Rowan's shoulder and snuggled in.

Rowan did nothing to force the prince to go to his own bunk. He kissed the prince on the forehead and was rewarded with the sounds of Apollo drifting to sleep. "Me too."

The next days found Apollo helping out with small daily tasks. He had convinced Captain Starling that while he was traveling as the king's guest, he would be bored if he didn't have something to do. The captain had Apollo polish the brass railing, which afforded the prince the opportunity to both watch the shirtless sailors in the riggings and to stare out at the open sea. In the latter, he was rewarded with seeing some of the larger sea creatures that he had only read about in books. In the former, one of the sailors who was being watched was rewarded in the fact that the prince was watching as he fell to the deck. Everyone looked up as they heard Blaze scream as he lost his balance in the Crow's Nest. A gasp of horror came from the group listening to the afternoon's orders from the captain. Apollo grabbed some air energy and threw it at Blaze. The resulting gust blew Blaze into the mainsail and he slid down it and was able to grab the boom before he fell to the deck.

When he shimmied to the mast and climbed down, Captain Starling was ready. "You are mighty lucky. Lord Poseidon himself must have been in a good mood this morning to spare a clumsy oaf."

"Or perhaps his great grandson?" whispered Rowan in Apollo's ear.

The rest of the voyage was uneventful. As they neared Cliff Port, Apollo heard something in the wind.

"Who's that singing," he asked.

"That's the Mournful Mermaid," replied the captain. "Ever she sits out on the harbor rocks and sings her song of woe. Always the same sad song about a woman who's cheating husband left her no hope for love so she threw herself into the sea."

"Many think her song is about Queen Annette," offered the first mate. "Her song started soon after the death of the queen. Most think she was a friend of the queen and now laments her loss."

"Some folk are spinning the tale that the queen was once a mermaid herself and the Mournful Mermaid is one of her sisters," offered another.

Soon all were busy with their tasks of preparing the ship to arrive in port. Apollo stood out of the way and listened. He started humming her tune and soon words came to his lips as counterpoint to hers. "It's not true. He only loves you. The witch with the blackest heart found a way to keep the lovers apart." A few of the sailors picked up his refrain and joined with him. At the end of the song, the distant voice started a new song about the questionable virtues of a woman who

tries to shatter true love.

"Great mercy!" exclaimed the captain. "You just became rich lad."

"Why's that?" asked the prince.

"The harbor master has offered 5,000 gold solaris to the person who can get the Mournful Mermaid to change her tune. And you just succeeded."

True to what he said, the harbor master was waiting upon their arrival. Apollo handed over his winnings to the captain, "Please divide this among the crew. If it was not for them, I would not have arrived here in safety and I have little need of this where I'm going."

A loud cheer erupted from the crew.

"No, I can not accept it" said the captain. An equally loud boo followed. The captain held up his hand. "It's your money. You do the honors."

Loud cheers erupted once again. While Apollo worked through the crew the captain pulled Rowan aside. "You must be pretty proud of your boy."

"Proud, yes. But he's not my child. He's my..." he paused a moment while he thought through their relationship. "He's the Queen's great-grandson. I'm just his supervisor on a quest that she has set before him to prove his worthiness."

"Doesn't want him taking no short cuts?"

"Something like that."

With money distributed and bags collected, Rowan and Apollo headed to the guard post where the king had arranged for horses to be waiting. After Rowan's initial complaints, he found that he had actually gotten used to riding and they made good time on the road

*-continued on page 12*



## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

to Alphatown. The closer they got to the capital, the more morose Apollo grew. By the time the castle was in sight, he was so sullen that he was affecting the guards that were escorting them.

"What's wrong," asked Rowan. "I would have thought you would be excited to see the castle. After a couple of nights camping, I'm looking forward to a nice warm bath and a real bed."

"That's just it," complained Apollo. "The last time I traveled this road, it was wider and there were villages and inns along the way. I guess I never really gave much thought as to what might be different. I knew some things would be different but I never realized just how much might have changed."

"Trust me. A lot can happen in a couple of hundred years. I remember a time before indoor plumbing. There were nights when I had to go pee and it was so cold that I thought my dick was going to turn blue standing out in the bushes."

Apollo laughed and told him about his encounter with the folks in Indigo Ridge. It was with a lighter heart that he entered Alphatown. Angelo and Angelina received them in the King's Study. Apollo looked around and the room hadn't changed that much over time. There were fewer books on the shelves but the wood panels hadn't changed. He explained to the twin rulers what he was seeking and the challenge that Amaranth had given him. Apollo got his anticipated response that anything to do with Wobnair and the Great Sword would be dismissed as fable.

Apollo got up from his chair and started admiring the books. "Maybe there is something is one of these." He started to reach for a book on the top shelf and was pleasantly surprised to find that he could actually reach it.

"Don't touch that book," shouted Angelo.

Angelina added, "There is a curse on that book."

"I'm surprised at you," chided the prince. "I didn't think that a king or queen would lie so openly. What grand secret do you think you are protecting?" He pulled out Oceana's Horn. "Where do you think we found this?" When neither responded, he continued. "Now, please trust me when I say that I know things and put aside your disbelief in history and help me save your cousin."

They talked for a couple of hours but neither ruler could remember anything about a secret word that their father had entrusted to them before he abdicated. They were interrupted by a craftsman who came to replace the Great Seal that was on the wall behind the desk. They started to leave him to do his job when Apollo had a flash of inspiration and asked him to return later. Angelo nodded and the craftsman left with a promise to return the next day.

Apollo spoke once the craftsman departed. "What's one thing that would have to have been changed when your country was formed out of another?" Apollo pointed at the original Great Seal. "The symbol of the nation! What better place to leave a clue?"

They spent some time looking at the seal for a sign of a clue. "Why are you changing this?" asked Rowan. "It looks like it is in perfectly good condition."

"I'm surprised that Father let the idiot who crafted it live. Look at the glaring error in the motto. *Two Forgive is to Forget*. Who would use T W O in place of T O?"

"What?" gasped the prince as he stared at the seal as if seeing it for the first time. "T O is not the original? All of the oldest

documents have T O in the seal."

"All of the other copies of the seal are correct," said Angelina. "But for some reason, this one version is different. It was driving me crazy and I ordered the replacement."

Apollo kept staring at the two seals and repeating the number. Angelina declared that it was nearly dark and they needed to get ready for supper. "The mystery can wait an hour or two; our stomachs can't."

"Besides," offered Rowan, "I always found that taking a break from a problem was usually the best was to come back to it with fresh ideas."

Apollo was quiet during dinner and as soon as it was polite he excused himself. He went straight to the study. He lit a single candle so that the room held a quiet gloomy meditative mood. He placed both seals side by side and sat on the floor while he contemplated the changed motto.

"I thought I would find you here," came Angelo's voice from doorway. "Once a puzzle intrigues me, I can't rest until I've solved it. It that respect my sister and I are different." He sat down behind the prince and started to rub his neck. "All through dinner I was trying to remember the motto that is on the seal for the other kingdoms."

"Riangel's is *First Please Others Before Finding Pleasure for Yourself*."

"No, that isn't quite right," said Angelo. "It is close, but I remember it having an odd rhythm to it when we were visiting Uncle Kenneth for something."

"I knew I would find you here. You are quite right, brother," said Angelina stepping into the room. "I wanted to rip it off the wall while we sat there. It wasn't Please, it was One. *One Please Others Before Finding Pleasure for Yourself*. What an odd word choice."

"First. One," said Apollo several times testing the words. "To. Two."

"Or One First Two To," suggested Angelo. "Hey! How about a tutu?" He did a little pirouette to illustrate his thought.

"Angelina rolled her eyes. "That is one tutu too many, in my opinion."

Apollo tuned out the twin's banter and thought a moment. "Aunt Susan said that the Rysbal motto was *Third is Me*, meaning the Gods needs come first, then the people, and finally the monarch." Suddenly he jumped up. "Wait a minute! When I visited King Myron in his office the seal said *Three is me*. One. Two. Three. And we are looking for three words."

"Going from eldest to youngest we get: Three is me one please others before finding pleasure for yourself two forgive is to forget," said Angelina. "That certainly doesn't make a lot of sense."

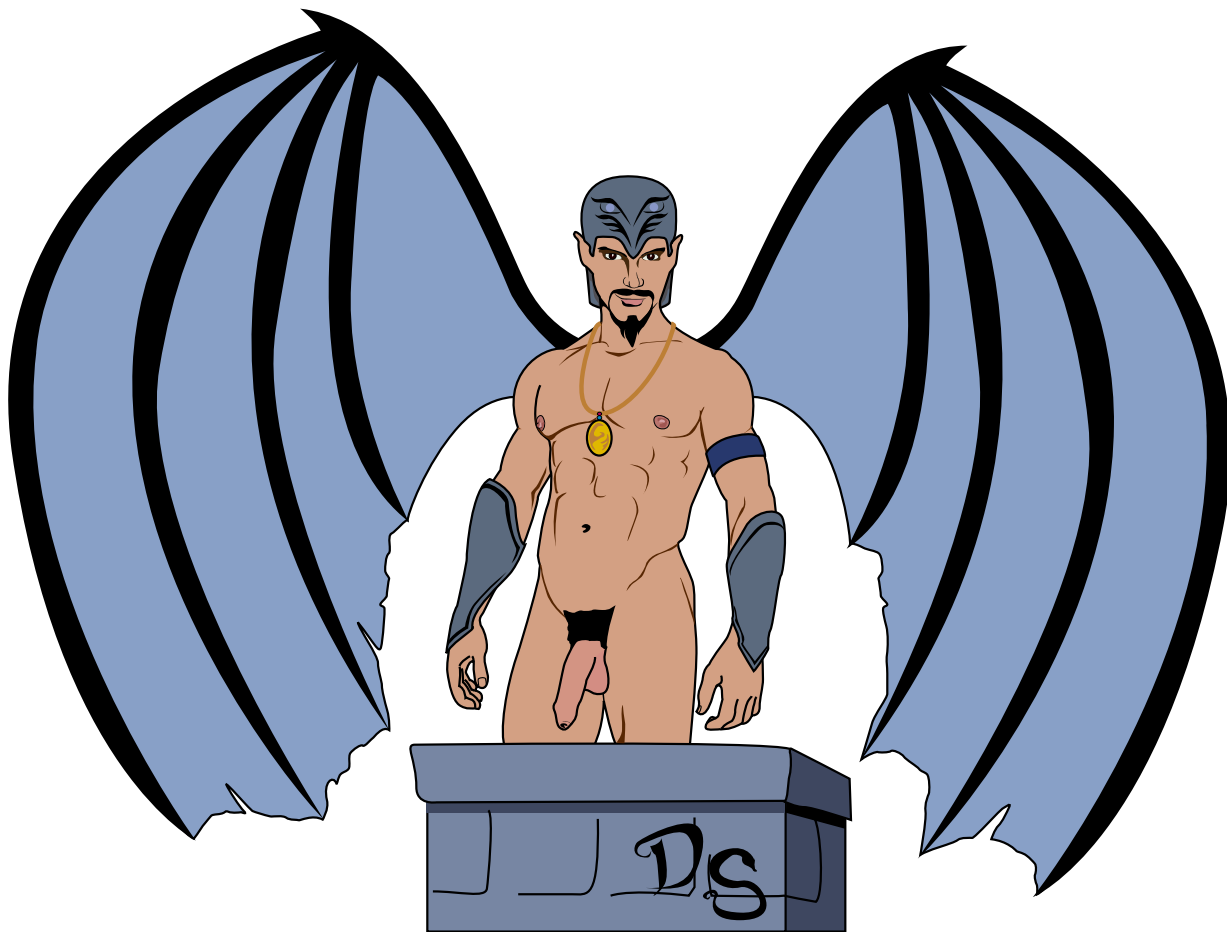
"Why those mottos for each of the brothers?" asked Apollo.

"Father was never one to forgive. He would carry a grudge for years when he felt slighted," said Angelo.

"And Black Bart was never one to think of giving pleasure to someone else. Both Lilac and Ruby Rose spoke of how their father never gave them what they wanted. All of his gifts were things that he wanted around on those few occasions that he actually spent time with his daughters," offered Angelina.

"And King Myron?" asked Apollo. "Three is me? That's it.





The last thing the eldest brother would willingly do it let his brothers go first. So put the mottos together with his last.”

They tried the phrase with all three mottos in the new order, but still nothing triggered a thought. The candle was nearly burned out so Angelina went to light another when she began to yawn.

“Please forgive me. It is later than I thought,” she said.

“What was that?” asked Apollo.

“I was apologizing for yawning,” she replied. “I think we need to head to bed. A good night’s sleep will give us a fresh outlook in the morning.”

“That it!” shouted Apollo.

“Yes,” said Angelo, starting to echo his sister’s yawns. “Sleep is calling me.”

“Please forgive me,” said the prince.

“There is no need to apologize,” said Angelina. “We are here to help you and the late hour is our choice as much as it is your need.”

“That’s not what I meant. Think about it. One Please... Two Forgive... Three Me”

The twins eyes widened as they followed his thought.

“Please – Forgive – Me,” said Angelo, thinking about each word as he spoke.

“That’s certainly not something that Queen Amber Rose would expect the brother kings to willingly say to her,” said Angelina. After another bout of yawns, “When I have slept and have some energy, I will send a request to Amaranth to join us. Good night.”

In the morning, they gathered to summon Amaranth. Being mindful of her feelings, Apollo instructed everyone to wear mourning clothes. Angelina sent her request on the wind and they

waited in the study for her arrival.

And they waited.

By the lunch bells, they were still waiting. “That is not like her,” said Angelina. “Normally she is very prompt when I call.”

“That may be because she is not coming,” said a voice emerging from a column of light.

“Silver Fox!” shouted Rowan, rushing to the incoming faerie. The two greeted each other with an exuberant hug. The slapping sound of hands on leather vests carried in the silence of the study.

“It’s GoldenRod now. Her Majesty felt she deserved more than silver and decreed that I needed a new name.”

“That sounds like something she would say. You know that she’s allergic to...”

“Exactly. I’m hoping that the thought of all of that sneezing will encourage her to let me change my name back.”

“I doubt it,” said Rowan. “So what do you mean my sister is not coming?”

“Your... The Queen says to tell you that she is not at the beck and call of mortals. If someone wishes an audience with Her Majesty, they should take the pilgrimage to Her rather than expecting Her to come to them. After the attacks on Her Royal Personage during her journey home, Her Majesty is planning to stay in seclusion in Fransancisco.”

“What?” came the unison question.

GoldenRod explained that the caravan bearing the late queen’s body was attacked on multiple occasions by people shouting that the Queen got what she deserved and they wished that all faeries

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

would meet similar fates. Other faeries had reported similar encounters and no one wanted to leave the safety of the city. Faeries were so paranoid that GoldenRod was the only one who volunteered to leave with the Queen's message. "Of course, it is a one way trip for me. I don't have the gift to portal back so I will have to take the slow route back with you."

"And we shall be welcome of your company," said Rowan, giving his friend a slap on the back.

They spent the afternoon preparing for Apollo's departure the following day. That night a massive storm moved in. The winds were breaking tree limbs. It was several days before Angelo's weather senses told him that the storm was completely gone and that it was safe to travel. He used the days that they were confined to teach Apollo how to use water magic to see people. One afternoon, Apollo projected to Daisy to check in with her. When he came back to his body, Angelo showed him how to create a water window so that everyone in the room could see her.

When they finally departed, Angelo decided to travel with them to represent the current generation of the House of Charming. The cousins all agreed that something was odd that none of them knew of the fabled land of Wobnair, yet the faeries seemed to be treating it as real. Apollo was surprised when Angelo led them out of the south gate rather than the north gate that led to Riangler. Angelo had similar thoughts as his uncle and decided that a sea journey would save much time. So rather than taking the long land route which would take nearly two months, he opted for the one week ride down to Hickory Docks where they could board the Rising Sun to sail across Mermaid Bay.

The ride had echoes of the previous trip, only this time it was GoldenRod complaining about saddle sores. Apollo was about to offer his healing talents when Angelo pulled out a jar of salve and took GoldenRod into a tent to apply it. Apollo started to say something but Rowan stopped him.

"The way they have been looking at each other, I think it best to leave them alone unless you want to get involved only to be interrupted," he said.

At first the prince was puzzled at the remark. As he started to say something, he connected to his comments to Rowan. "You mean..."

"Exactly."

When they boarded the Rising Sun, Captain Johnson pulled Angelo aside. "You didn't tell me that you were bringing a child," he said quietly. "You know what the crew is like. They aren't going to be happy about this."

"Oh, you mean about the ship's dress code?" asked Angelo. He turned to Apollo and asked, "What would you think about being on a ship with fifty, hunky naked sailors?"

"Yippee!" shouted Apollo. "I mean, I have no problem with that."

"Spoken like a true prince of the House of Charming. At least some things don't change in five hundred years," said Angelo. "Get under sail, captain."

"Unfurl the sail and hurl the clothes!" shouted the captain. "We are headed to Fransancisco!"



## Cubby Diaries: Answers

By Cubby

The day started at 8 AM with Buck getting his body painted in the bathroom down by the gym.

About 9:30, Gregg arrived to take pictures for the family photo album. At 10:00, he helped carry things up to the laundry room where he announced that he had always had a fantasy of doing it in a laundramat. That's when I realized that the family had never had sex in the new laundry room after the remodel. Somehow, we always walked passed it going to the bedroom for sex but never was it our destination. With two washers and two dryers running, I gave Gregg a taste of what his fantasy would be like.

At noon, Kevin came over for lunch while we waited for Buck to return. Since it was a nice day, we ate out on the deck.

Twinkle and Gil arrived just as Kevin and I finished bringing in the food from the deck. Gil had really wanted to use his new Faerie Garden Tarot out in a real faerie garden, but the forecasted afternoon showers moved in faster than expected so we set up in solarium. The indoor jungle in that room served equally well.

My afternoon ended in a blissful state when I got a massage from Twinkle. We agreed to keep it professional while he was in school. Once he graduates, Gil has promised to teach him all of the special treatments he saves for his family and friends. I have already volunteered to be his first victim (after his lover, Steve, of course) for those lessons.

Two notes about the day: You might be curious as to why I didn't join Buck at the bike ride. I really wanted to go but we found out about it at the last minute. Since we had already had difficulty finding a time to schedule massages with Twinkle, we didn't want him to feel self-conscious by having his first clients cancel their first appointment. As it turned out, Buck had the date wrong and the ride is next month. Second, after I realized that there was another room that needed proper blessings, during lunch Kevin and I called the clan and arranged a full clan supper. Jack had the food ready when I came out of my massage. After dinner, we headed down to the utility room. How we overlooked the house power center is beyond me, but with all my clammates present, we rectified the situation in grand style.

# Playing With the 4-F Tarot: Five Card Spread

by Phoenix

The more cards you add to a spread, the more variety that is available for doing the spread. Which is why I started us out with a simple three card spread back at Imbolc - start simple and then build. One of the most common five card spreads is two cards for the past, one for the present, and two more for the future. The one I picked for this issue is a little more thought provoking. Card one represents the main focus of the reading. Card two is something you bring from the past. Card three is something that you will carry into the future. Card four is the foundation underlying the subject. And card five is like the roof or umbrella that covers the subject.

Reading 1:

Card 1: Kween of Feather (opposite page)  
Card 2: Sanctuary (Imbolc 2008, page 7)  
Card 3: Goddess of Flowers (Ostara 2008, page 17)  
Card 4: The cactus and scorpion (Imb/Ostara 2007, page 6)  
Card 5: The Lovers of Feathers (Ostara 2008, page 3)

Our focus is the peacock, our siren. She is luring you out of that safe sanctuary toward something, in this case, it is the puppy. Someone needs your help. Underlying this is the dryness of the cactus. Despite the lushness of the sanctuary, this has been a dry period for you. But take a lesson from our lovebirds and look at the wonder of the world with new eyes. I'm not getting a sense that this puppy is a literal new baby or new person. In this setting, I think the puppy represents a new idea - looking at the situation with the wonderment of a child rather than as the old lovers on the beach. In your safe place, your ideas have dried up. It is time to take a walk on the beach and see some new things and soon you will be filled with the wonderment you first felt when you discovered the sanctuary.

Reading 2:

Card 1: The fox (Lammas 2007, page 6)  
Card 2: The chick and eggs (Beltane 2007, page 4)  
Card 3: Caught in the act (Litha 2006, page 14)  
Card 4: The Trickster (Ostara 2008, page 7)  
Card 5: The seahorse (Mabon 2007, page 3)

Our focus is searching for something. Our past has us hatching but probably without any real direction, which is what we are trying to find. Our future has us opening the door and being surprised - but by what or whom? Our underlying energy is the trickster, which tells me that we are going to be surprised about what we find. Overseeing this is the very pregnant seahorse, so this is a pregnant moment and we just have to wait until the due date, which in the nature of the trickster is unknown to us. We are looking for something but it is going to find us at the time of its choosing, not ours. So whatever is the nature of what we are seeking, the answer is out there but it is just not the right time for it to be revealed. I wouldn't spend too much time trying to figure it out right now. The answer will come at you in the most unexpected manner and in the

most unexpected time such as when you are doing something mundane like going out to get the newspaper.

Reading 3:

Card 1: Dandelion and caterpillar (Samhain 2007, page 9)  
Card 2: God of Flowers (Lammas 2007, page 15)  
Card 3: Baby of Flowers (Ostara 2008, page 10)  
Card 4: Baby of Fins (This issue, page 6)  
Card 5: Love (Beltane 2006, page 7)

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

Danger Will Robinson!

Our lovely dandelion has gone to seed and is blowing in the wind. Now, for the hot stud drinking his wine, probably a bottle of good dandelion wine, all of those seeds might mean a good crop for next year. But look to the future - bottles of weed killer. One of his neighbor's isn't taking too kindly to the god's lack of attention and is planning to do something about it.

Now, if our god really didn't want those dandelions to go to seed, but now they have, it means more work for him to get things back under control.

Whichever the case, the fish hooks represent the lures that are distracting him. Someone else is pulling the string and they don't have his best intentions in mind. They are probably supplying extra wine to keep him from noticing things. Maybe they want things to go to seed, which will keep him distracted long into the future as he spends time with the weed killer to clean up his yard.

Whatever the intent of the person pulling the strings, they are doing it out of love. So whatever the dandelion represents, the future looks grim. There are hooks underneath the surface and poison in the future so things don't look good for the dandelion. It is time to put down the cup and start paying attention to what is going on around you.

Fun exercise

As I said elsewhere in the issue, the fish hooks, the peacock and glory hole have some overlapping energies. Let's trade the fish hooks for the other two in that last spread to see what changes.

Peacock: The siren is calling you out of your drunken stupor. It is up to you whether or not you hear her call. If you do, it is going to take some weed killer to get things back under control. Your love is at stake and the dandelions of the god's inattention are threatening to take it over.

The glory hole (Samhain 2007, page 15): It is just there waiting for you to notice. It is the lawn and the dandelions are on top. It is the lover that you take for granted while you are busy satisfying your own needs. It is up to you to look up and notice. If you don't, someone else will.

Either way there are problems ahead that will need some attention. The difference is who is in control of setting up the problem and who is going to take control to fix it.

# Make You Think: Homosexuality and the Bible

by Phoenix

Before I dive into the topic, I want to be clear in my intent. I am not here for Bible bashing or Christian bashing as such. I'm not trying to question the Judeo/Christian faith as a whole. There are many core values of the religion that hold true across all religions. What I do question is the words that they use to hurt people, to control them and to justify their feelings about me. I do want to try to understand some arguments that will be made in support of denying Gay Rights because of things written in that holy book. In this series, when I make reference to passages from the Bible, I am using *Today's Parallel Bible*. It is actual four bibles in one. It presents the *King James Version*, *New International Version*, *New Living Translation* and *New American Standard Bible* in a side by side, verse by verse comparison. It is a nice way to be able to see how different people have interpreted the same phrases and what a little change in grammar makes to how a verse is interpreted. Unless noted otherwise, any biblical quotes will come from the King James Version.

To set the stage, during my quest for finding information on Ostara last issue, I had been diverted by the side topic of just how do we get that first Sunday after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox thing. The biblical references in that search made me dust of the family bible to see the referenced verses in context. Since I had the book open, I thought I would look back at the source of a Denver discussion back at Yule about all of the pagan symbols around the birth story. I'll save that part for a Yule Make You Think. But I found this interesting passage that basically comes after everyone has finished oohing and aahing at the baby:

Luke 2:21-22: *And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb. And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord.*

TIME OUT! I missed that in the nativity story – the circumcision of Jesus is recorded in the bible?! Trust me, that sent me searching but I will save that for a Make You Think all its own. (for the record Genesis 17: 10-14, shortly before Sodom and Gomorrah)

The search for reference to the purification law took me to Leviticus, chapter 12. Methinks someone's bias is showing in this chapter – at the birth of a male child the woman is unclean for a week and then it will take 33 days to purify her blood. For a girl, it is two weeks and 66 days. Oh, and by the way, she has to make a sin offering to the church for having the baby. Notice, that is a sin offering, not an offering of thanks for having a new child. It is for the sin of having one. "Thank you, God" is it's own offering. Now, analytical mind wants to call attention to one other thing before I get into the subject I planned. Go back to that verse from Luke. It says "the law of Moses." It isn't "according to God's law." Fascinating isn't it that the law is attributed to the scribe not the person who dictated the laws to the scribe?

Anyway, taking the long road to get here, Leviticus is the same book that is quoted when saying that homosexuality is a sin.

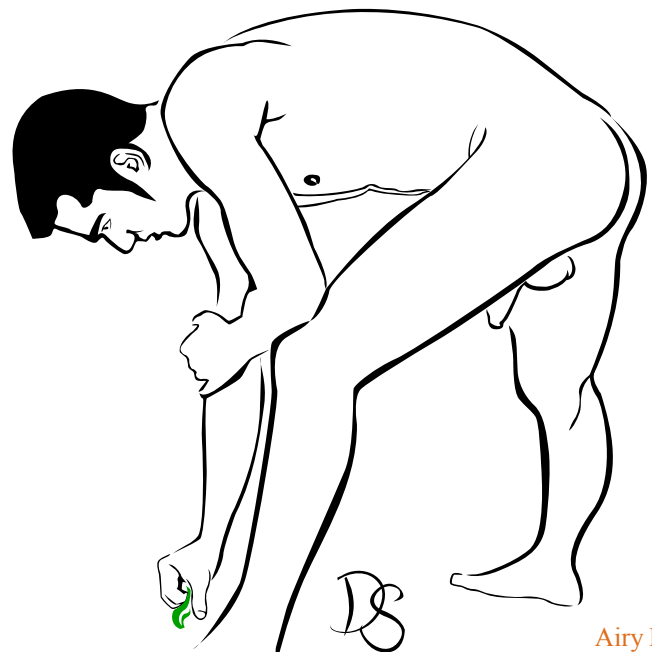
Leviticus 18: 22 – *Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: it is abomination.*

This comes at the end of the rules of sexual conduct which

forbids various forms of incest and then they go into forbidding sex with animals. Most critics of those quoting this verse like to point out the hypocrisy of adhering to this law while disregarding most of the other laws in this same book, such as the aforementioned sin offering for having a baby. Experts also like to say that this passage isn't exactly as cut and dry as it appears. In various translations this comes out as "lie with a man as if he were a woman" which is believed to be a reference to the practice of male priests dressing as the Goddess and then having sex. In my thought process, I am not going to try to second guess the origin of the verse but as my childhood priest taught me, I do want to put this into some kind of cultural context. I am going to plant some seeds of doubt in everything around this verse and in the process say "if this other stuff isn't true, then why should be believe this one is the only one that is true?"

Before I can plant those seeds, I need to prepare the soil, hence "Part 1" of this topic. First things first. Let's start with understanding where Leviticus fits in the Bible. It is the third book of Moses, and thus the third book of the Bible. Hmm, right there we are back to that fixation on the scribe thing. In addition to that, interestingly enough, Moses is not a character in the first book of Moses. He wasn't even born yet.

Book 1 = Genesis. This is the creation story, Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah and the flood, the Tower of Babel, Sodom and Gomorrah, Abraham sacrificing his son (the one from his wife, not the one from his wife's slave that she gave to him for sex since she was barren), Jacob and his two wives (which were sisters and his cousins. Did I say there were laws against incest? Oh, dopey me, God didn't make that law until book three! It was alright for his holy people to marry cousins in the early years – oh, and by the way, Abraham's wife Sarah was also his half-sister...these early stories are better than most soap operas.). And we end the book with our friend Joseph, of the amazing technicolor dreamcoat fame. He marries the daughter of a priest of On or Heliopolis depending on





the translation. Either way, the priest of an Egyptian God. Another God? I thought there was only one god! Oops, that doesn't get declared until the next book. There I go, getting ahead of myself again. And if you go with the idea that On or Heliopolis is a place, doesn't matter in my mind – an Egyptian priest with a daughter worthy of marrying Pharaoh's right hand man would still be a priest of an Egyptian God, not the God of the Hebrews. (Note: there is a story of how Joseph converted his wife, but that is not in the Bible and wasn't written until the first century AD, so a lovely story but a patch job at best by someone trying to explain away this very thing.)

Book 2 = Exodus. This starts out many years later (430 to be exact according to Exodus 12:40), in Egypt when Joseph's name has been forgotten by the Pharaoh. Based on the lineage of Jesus in Luke and things said in Exodus, it has been seven generations. Exodus, of course, is the story of how Moses led his people (his? There we go again) out of slavery and into the promised land (never mind that the land promised by God already has inhabitants – what's a little war to get something that was promised to us by a god?). In this book, we get the famous Ten Commandments (chapter 20) and then in chapter 21 we begin to get the rest of the laws that wouldn't fit on the stone tablets. I will come back here in a moment. In here, it is established that only Moses and his children can be priests and only his relatives, the descendants of Joseph's brother Levi, are fit to work in the temple. This same brother is one who tried to kill Joseph. Isn't there a commandment that says "Thou shalt not kill?" Oops – Levi is Book 1 and God didn't tell us it was bad to kill until Book 2 so we can't hold Levi accountable for a law that hadn't been written yet. Which is probably a good thing for Levi since after their sister was raped (yes, the 12 brothers had a sister who didn't make it into the musical), Simeon and he murdered every man in town, took their possessions and their women and children in revenge (Genesis chapter 34). Of course, by the time we get to Exodus, the descendants of Levi are much better and slaughtered about 3,000 (including brothers, sons, friends and neighbors) all because they made the famous golden calf (Exodus 32: 27-29). Most of the rest of the book is loving detail about how to create the Tabernacle – every piece of furniture, drapery, vestments for the priests, etc. We'll come back to this.

Book 3 = Leviticus. This is where we jumped in at the beginning. This is where the thou shalt not have homosexual relations comes in. This book is all about the laws given to Moses that couldn't fit on the stone tablets or in the other book. The main focus as I see it is about all of the world's sins and how much you have to offer to God to absolve your sin. And, since it is an animal sacrifice (without defect and preferably male), we can't let that go to waste, so after a token offering to God, the priest will accept your offering and eat it on God's behalf. Oh, did I say animal sacrifice, I meant animal and some grain, but only the finest flour with olive oil, and if you cook it, then no yeast please. Oh, did I say animal and grain? I meant animal, grain and beverage. And don't forget the salt (Leviticus 2:13). Oh, and don't forget the priest...I mean God...is supposed to get the first fruits of the harvest. Only the best for the priests...there I go again, sorry, for God. The price of sins gets more expensive as the book goes on. As does the number of holy days you must honor with special sacrifices and the types of sins you



need to make sacrifices for absolution.

Book 4 = Numbers. This is where the Chosen people really go to war. This starts two years after Moses led his people out of Egypt. He orders a census to know the number of their troops. Quick zip back in time, back to Joseph and his brothers. His family, all 70 with everyone included, moved to Egypt and were the base for the nation that was the slaves of the Egyptians in Exodus. Seven generations of "be fruitful and multiply" later, Moses lead the people out of bondage. In the first census of men of fighting age (20 and older), do you want to guess how many there were reported in Numbers? According to the total in Numbers 1:46, now remember this is just the men, no women and no children were counted. The number of eligible soldiers was 603,550 – and this also does not include the Levites, Moses's family who are assigned to temple duty. They are too valuable to be sent to war. This is the culture of the community who wrote and supported the laws that include the passage about homosexuality. (Side note: if you triple that number to account for the women and children, I don't even begin to want to imagine the logistics of moving all those people. And those people were fast. Back in Exodus, Pharaoh's army in 600 chariots couldn't catch up to them even though the people had a three day head start!)

–continued on page 18

## Make You Think continued

Book 5 = Deuteronomy. If you missed it in Exodus, Leviticus or Numbers, let's repeat it in Deuteronomy for you. This appears to be someone's attempt at collapsing those three books into the Reader's Digest version, and then adding things that they missed.

That is our ground for planting the seeds of doubt around Leviticus 18:22.

Here are the first seeds. They come from Exodus, at the end of the passage for the Ten Commandments. For this quote, I'm going to go to the New Living Translation to start us off.

Exodus 20: 24-26: *The altars you make for me must be simple altars of earth. Offer on such altars your sacrifices to me – your burnt offerings and peace offerings, your sheep and goats and your cattle. Build altars in the places where I remind you who I am., and I will come and bless you there. If you build altars from stone, use only uncut stones. Do not chip or shape the stones with a tool, for that would make them unfit for holy use. And you may not approach my altar by steps. If you do, someone might look up under the skirts of your clothing and see your nakedness.*

Seed 1: A simple altar of earth and uncut stones, sounds nice right? Then chapters 25 to 30, the new decree from God goes into loving detail about the woods, metals and cloth needed for the Tabernacle. The exact measurements of each item. The ritual needed to consecrate the space. And the way the blood was to be splattered on everything. And the tithe that was going to be required to pay for it. It is anything but simple.

Seed 2: Uncut stones – God says that cutting or shaping the stone makes it unfit for his use. But it is his desire that we cut off pieces of our penises? He designed that stone and likes it exactly as he made it and doesn't want us mucking up his design. He designed our penises but he needed to make a covenant with Abraham that he wants us to change the design in order to be more fruitful? He made man in his own image, which means he has an uncut dick. It must be a good design feature. So why tell someone to cut it off? Do you want me to believe that he was less than perfect in designing the human body? If he goofed and made a mistake...what other mistakes are there? Can't have it both ways.

Seed 3: Doesn't want to see us naked? Isn't he the one who made us naked in the first place? Isn't he the one who got divinely pissed off when Adam and Eve started covering up? And, it's

always nice to see men in skirts – all of the later rules only allow men in the temple, so this had to be directed towards men as well, and here our society says that men shouldn't wear skirts. It was good enough for Moses, why can't I wear one too?

Seed 4: Back to those uncut stones – ever look at the construction of a cathedral? Lots and lots of cutting of stones went into the building of the biggest altars to God. I don't think I have ever seen an uncut slab of marble on an altar. Even if it isn't polished, it would have still been cut from the earth and made to size.

Seed 5: Notice that peace offering part? That is one of the last times you are going to see that. Soon everything is about sin offerings, Sabbath offerings, Festival offerings, but for peace offerings you have to hunt. Almost every reference later on is about bringing your "burnt offering and sin offering". Rarely do they acknowledge that a peace offering is part of their daily lives. But then, I guess at this point in the story, since that are at war to boot out the people who are living in the land that God promised to them, they really aren't interested in peace. They wouldn't want that until they are settled in their new homes.

I will end with one last seed that comes from Leviticus, home to our question about the law regarding homosexuality. Leviticus 19:28 *Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you: I am the Lord.* When you read the laws in Leviticus, get ready to be sick of that last line – God has to remind us of that fact every few lines (can we say spoiled child syndrome? Just go back to the Exodus verse above – build altars where I remind you who I am...as if they are going to forget any time soon). You can't put marks upon you, as in tattoos, but it is OK to cut off your foreskin in the name of the Lord? Talk about hypocrisy and double standards. As I think about this one, remember those recent church killings in the Denver area? In all the interviews afterwards, one of the youth ministers was proudly displaying his brand new tattoo "Remember" for all to see. This is a person in charge of teaching these laws. I guess this law is toast.

I see God in that statement of earthen altars. I see God in a statement about uncut stones. But I only see men imposing their will on others in the rest of the laws. And since everyone "knows" God gave Moses the Ten Commandments, those same men used his name as a cover for the laws they wanted. God gave the one set of laws, so why not tack on "oh by the way, here are more laws". We said that God gave them to Moses, so they must be true, right? Hey, the commandment is that we can't use God's name in vain, so therefore we can't be making this up.

According to their laws, I should be struck down for questioning these laws. I'm still here as is the Episcopal cathedral in New Hampshire with a gay bishop. Either God has gotten weak in all of these centuries or my criticisms are directed at the right people – the men who wrote the laws, not the God in whose name they were written. Since I'm still alive after writing Part 1, I guess I'll see you back here for Part 2. If there is no Part 2, then I guess I was wrong and you will have something new to think about without me needing to say a word.

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# Hymn of Apollo

by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1820)

The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
Curtained with star-inwoven tapestries  
From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,  
Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

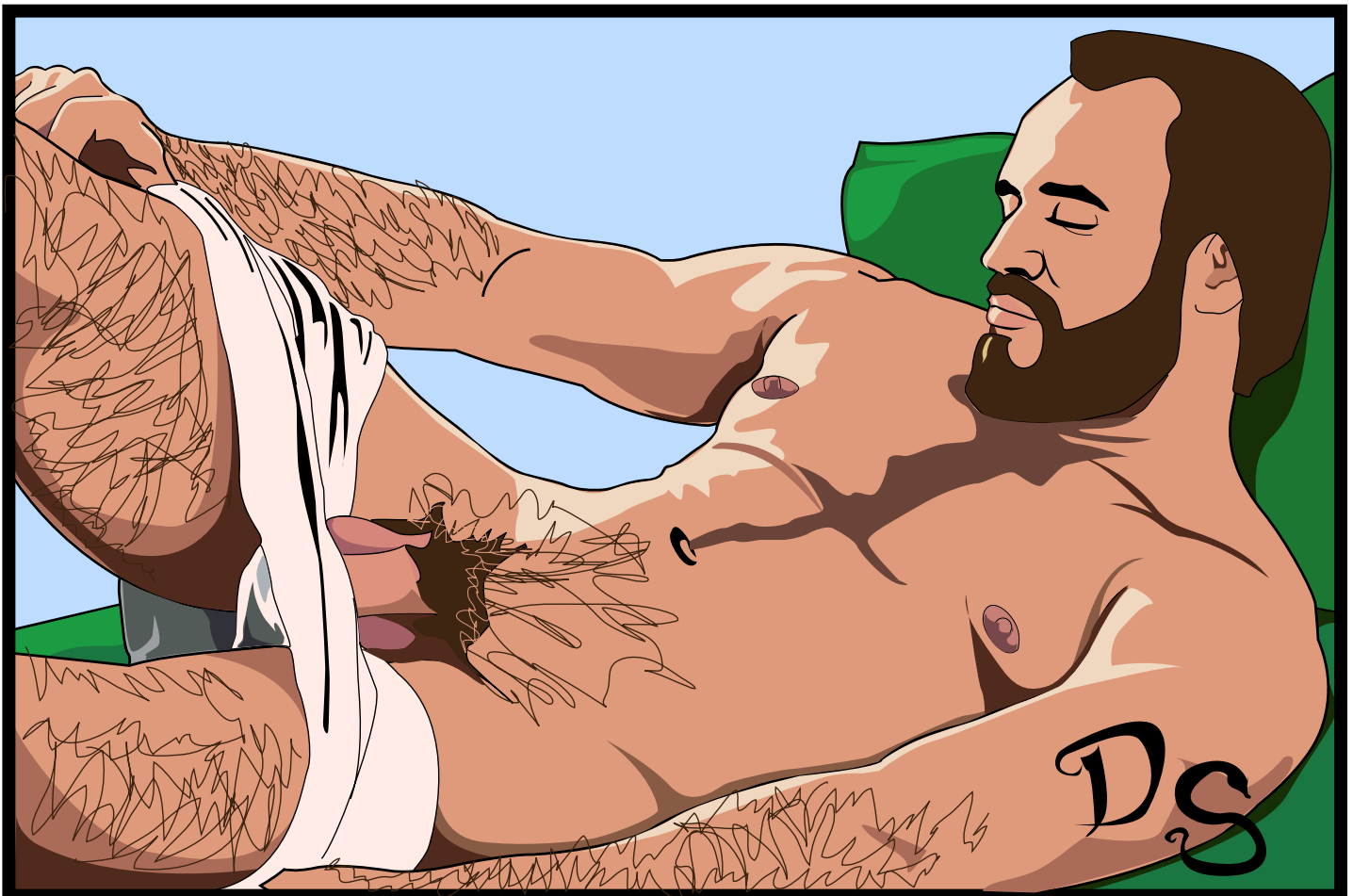
Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,  
I walk over the mountains and the waves,  
Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam;  
My footsteps pave the clouds with fire; the caves  
Are filled with my bright presence, and the air  
Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill  
Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day;  
All men who do or even imagine ill  
Fly me, and from the glory of my ray  
Good minds and open actions take new might,  
Until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers  
With their ethereal colours; the Moon's globe  
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
Are tintured with my power as with a robe;  
Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine  
Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;  
For grief that I depart they weep and frown;  
What look is more delightful than the smile  
With which I soothe them from the western isle?

I am the eye with which the Universe  
Beholds itself and knows itself divine;  
All harmony of instrument or verse,  
All prophecy, all medicine are mine.  
All light of Art or Nature;—to my song  
Victory and praise in their own right belong.



# Chicken Tetrizzini

By Potsan Panz

I am going to present two different ways to prepare this dish. Both have a common starting point. It is the sauce that makes them different. So, let's start with the commonality.

One package of noodles - cooked and drained

Basically use any noodles you want - but you might want to stay away from angel hair pasta as that tends to lump together

Two chicken breasts - cooked and shredded

Now, there is not a lot of seasoning, like none, in this recipe, so if you want to have some extra flavor, this is a good place to introduce it. I often marinate my chicken with an herb and garlic mixture before cooking.

Other ingredients of choice:

Mushrooms

Almonds, cashews, or peanuts

Peas and carrots for some color

Mix all of the above and put into a large baking dish. Mix in one of the sauces listed below and bake at the temperature listed for that sauce.

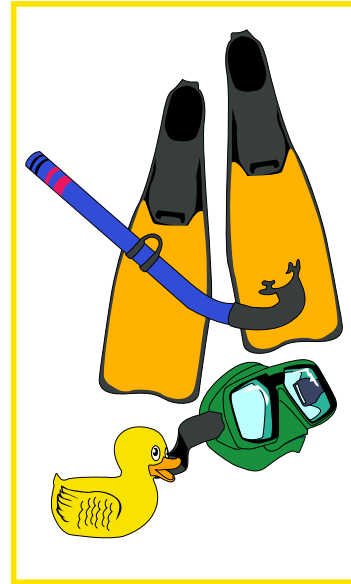
## Traditional Sauce

In a large sauce pan over medium heat, melt 4 Tbsp. of butter. Once melted, stir in 4 Tbsp. of flour. Mix well. Increase heat to medium high and add 1½ cups of chicken broth and 1½ cups of half and half (or heavy whipping cream). Whisk mixture constantly until sauce thickens (about 2 minutes). Reduce heat and stir in ½ cup of mozzarella cheese. Once cheese melts, pour sauce into dish with other ingredients. Stir to make sure sauce is evenly distributed over chicken and noodles. Top with shredded Parmesan cheese. Bake at 375° until brown and bubbly (approx. 1 hour)

## Alternate Sauce

Start with approximately ½ cup of chopped onion and ½ cup of chopped celery (portions to taste). In a large skillet, sauté onion and celery until tender. Reduce heat to low and add 1 can of chicken broth, 8 oz. cream cheese (chopped into cubes) and approximately ½ cup of Parmesan cheese (OK, I usually use a full cup at this point since I like Parmesan cheese). When cheese melts, pour mixture over noodles and chicken and mix to distribute sauce evenly. Top with more Parmesan cheese and bake at 350° for 30 minutes.

For a little zing to either sauce, add some dry white wine (maybe 2 Tbsp or so) to the liquid while cooking and a cup or so to the cook (because you deserve it and you certainly don't want it to go to waste).



## in Just- by: e.e. cummings

in Just-  
spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddieandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far and wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the

goat-footed

balloonMan whistles  
far  
and  
wee

From "Tulips and Chimneys", 1923