

Airy Faerie

Litha 2008

Monster Pride



## Publisher's Notes

Happy Litha, Happy Summer, Happy Pride my dear Faerie Friends! WOW! There is so much to be happy for. The great wheel of time has reached the point of the longest day. Soon the year will be half over, as we head back into the darkness. While trying to type up my publisher note, I am reminded of that great old story of the grasshopper and the ant. The ant works in the summer to store food for the long winter ahead. The grasshopper plays and enjoys the summer sun. Summer turns to fall, then to winter, and the ant gets stepped on as the grasshopper grabs the first flight to Florida. OK, that is not how the story ends. Well, it does end similar to that on the Muppet Show, with the grasshopper driving off instead of flying, but I am getting off track. Yes, I do have a track I was following. Summer has become the time of vacations and play, we have become the grasshopper. No longer do we need to worry about the long winter ahead, like the poor old ant. I have said before how the seasons continue to lose their magic and meaning in this modern age. What if we look less at the yearly cycle of the calendar, but instead look at the seasons of our life? I would go a bit further then to say childhood is spring, young adult summer, middle age fall, and old age winter. I think that we all go through all the season during all the stages in our life. During my teenage years, I felt winter's icy hand, when I felt so out of place at school and at home. I can see the spring time looking back on every time I fell in love. Not just with the wonderful men I have fallen for since I started letting myself live as a gay male. I also fell in love with the theater, with art, with; well the list is very long but you get the idea. I had fun playing and feeling the summer's warmth in good friends, even on the coldest of winter nights. I can not forget the wisdom, experience, and projects I have harvested. Nor can I ever forget the loved ones who have left this earth bringing about the chill of the dark autumn nights.

So what of Summer Solstice, the longest day? How does that fit with our internal calendars, which can change the seasons in a matter of seconds? For me the answer lies in giving me a stopping

point. A time when I can stop playing, stop working, just stopping and reflecting on the summers of my life. The times when I felt the warmth of love; enjoyed playing like a child, without the care of what the next moment held; the times of just being happy.

The challenge of the Summer Solstice for me is finding a way to hold on to those moments in the sun. So that when you are faced with the chilling harvest of fall, or the dark coldness of winter, you have the hope of spring. I hope that you take time this Solstice to remember the "summers" of your life and bask in the warmth of your sun. I also pray that you find a way to hold on to that sun shine during the coldest parts of your life. Always remember spring is just a breath away.

OK, enough psycho babble from me, on to the issue at hand. In case you were wondering this is the 2008 Litha issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. Besides our regular features, a special Airy Faerie thank you goes to Bubbles who gave permission for us to publish his House Protection spell. Perfect for setting a protective ward before going away on vacation.

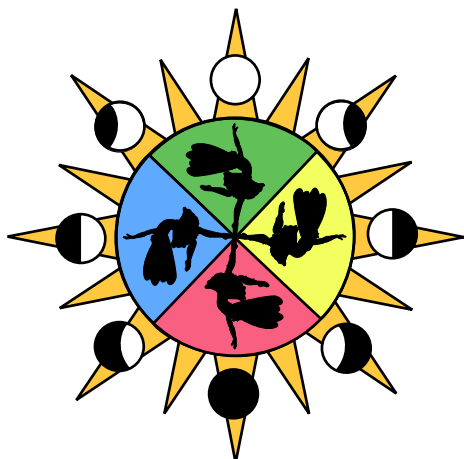
If you are new to the Airy Faerie, one thing that you must realize before going any further. This fae-zine contains adult content, mainly male nudity and gay male sex. If you like that sort of thing, and are old enough to enjoy it, please continue. If that is not your cup of tea, I suggest you stop right now. I would also ask that you keep in mind how you are viewing this. Computers at work or public places may frown on you viewing such material. So please use common sense, I don't want anyone to get into trouble because of the Airy Faerie.

Ok On with the fun! Kick back and enjoy this summer issue.

PLEASE! Remember feed back is always welcome. It's nice to know that people are out there reading what we have put together.

Hot Summer Solstice Fun Faerie Blessings & Naked Hugs,  
DragonSwan

## Airy Faerie



Litha 2008

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

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# Litha: The Opposite of Yule

By Phoenix

Now, as the wheel turns to the Litha, I will start with what I know going into this adventure of discovery and we will see where we end up. For starters, this is the time of the Summer Solstice, which yields the longest day, and thus the shortest night, of the year. Of course, this is in direct opposition to Yule at the Winter Solstice which is the shortest day and longest night. This Sabbat is commonly known as Midsummer Eve, which always puzzled me since according to my calendar it was on the first day of summer so how could it be mid-anything? We figured that out last time. In the Celtic Wheel, Beltane is the beginning of Summer and Lammas is the beginning of Autumn, so Litha, halfway between, is Midsummer.

There are two major traditions of the Sabbat. First, the Goddess is pregnant with the child that will be born at Yule. Her lover, the Green Man/Horned God, now married to her is honored. Second, often intertwined, is the tale of the Holly King's and Oak King's rivalry. The Oak King has been growing in power since he took control back at Yule and now it is his turn to fall to the power of the Holly King, who will now tear down what Oak built and return us to darkness. Now, as you may suspect, two things puzzle me about the combined stories. First we are back to that generic Goddess and God thing, so step one is to figure out some more specifics. Second, Holly and Oak KINGS? Why just a king? With

the power to turn day into night and vice versa I would think that we would be talking about gods.

Yule, with its longest night is pretty easy for me to understand at some core level. Nights are getting longer and the farther north you get it is easy to see why people might wonder if they will see the sun again. So, we keep vigil all night to have that first glimpse of the sun to know that light will return. It is about the anticipation and hope. Litha on the other hand, doesn't seem to invoke that same level of feeling inside. In fact, it is almost depressing. It isn't "Thank you Sun". It is "Oh, my God! Winter is on its way and I can't get everything done in time to be ready!" I have a feeling that I'm missing a key element to this Sabbat. Let's get started and see what we can find.

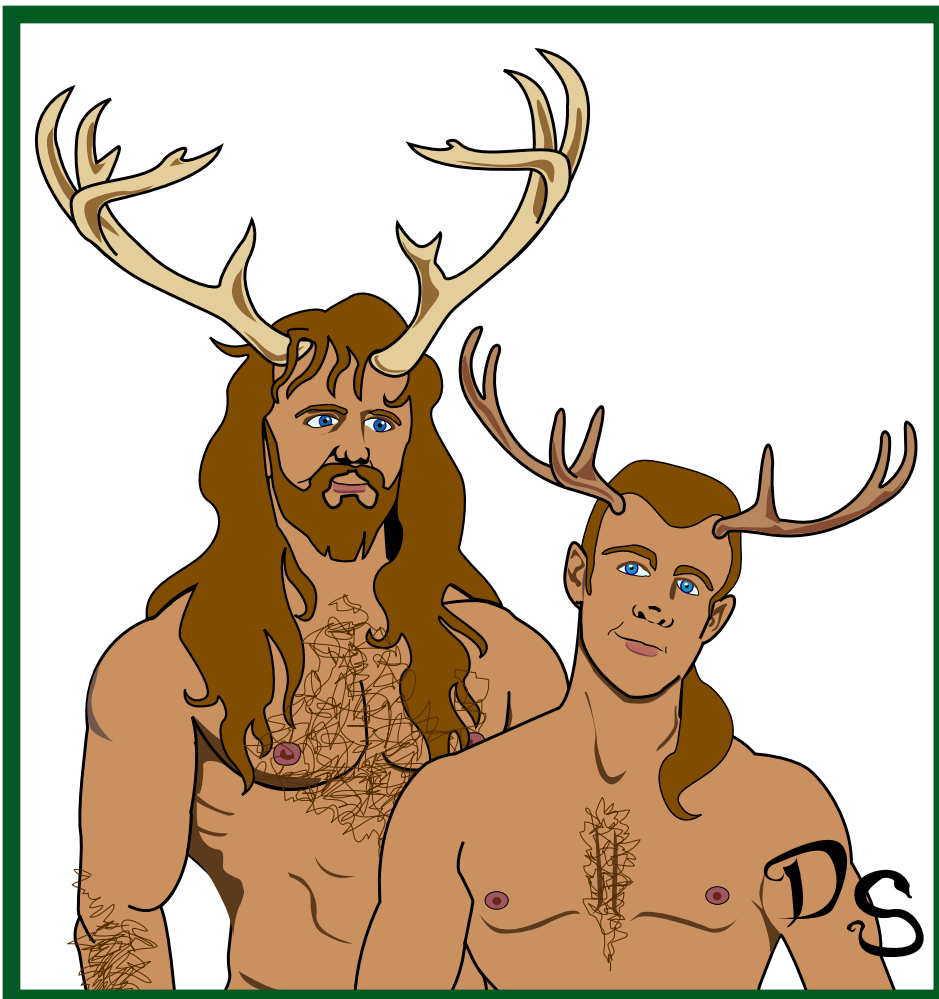
To start, who is Litha named after? After some digging, I don't know the answer. I can say that our knowledge of the name comes from the same source as Ostara. It comes from the Anglo-Saxons via Venerable Bede back in the sixth century. Unlike Ostar-monath which he said was named after the goddess Ostara, Litha just seems to be Litha. Now, of interesting note, Litha is not really a month most years. Most years, it seems to be just the occasion of the summer solstice. It is preceded by the equivalent of our June, which is "Early Litha Month", and July, which is "Later Litha Month." The month of Litha is only on the calendar when a "leap month" is

needed to bring the solar and lunar calendars in line. Based on this, I will hazard a guess that in that culture, the year cycle was marked on the Summer Solstice, hence its prominence as a single day amidst the months. And then, when extra time was needed to make the year fit, it was given to the summer. As a kid in school, I would have loved to have leap months in summer. And having the party to welcome in the new year at Litha seems more festive to me than our tradition of huddling up on the roof of DragonSwan's building, teeth chattering and watching the fireworks on December 31.

As to the secret identities of the Goddess, God and Kings? They are unknown. All are long standing traditions and certainly make good stories. As an exercise in theology and symbolism, I admit to having a bit of a struggle. The Goddess, as the expectant mother, is said to be a symbol of the bountiful harvest to come. That seems great on the surface, but she doesn't give birth during the harvest. As a symbol of things to come, it seems to make more sense to have her become pregnant with the first seeds of the season (basically, here at Litha or Lammas), carry that seed through the long winter, and bring forth life in the spring with Ostara as her

*—continued on page 4*

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## Litha: The Opposite of Yule continued

mid-wife. She then finds her next Consort at Beltane, gets pregnant at Litha and the cycle continues. The child as the Sun King makes sense to be born at Yule, which then has little to do with the promise of the pending harvest. Then we have the Oak King, at the height of his power, who either gives into his darker nature and turns into the Holly King, or is cut down by his brother the Holly King. And the roles get reversed when the evil Holly King is blessed by the sight of the birth of the Sun King and thus returned to goodness.

The cynic inside me lives. Is the story of Holly and Oak about never being able to stay in control? And having someone at the ready to cut you down just as you reach your peak performance? And certainly, night = evil is a big underlying theme. Somehow, I can't see my younger self saying "I want to grow up to be just like the Oak King and have my evil brother cut off my head just as I'm crowned king." Certainly, the story of the Tree Kings is not the most motivational of parables. An interesting tale of the cycle of life for certain, but it is not as inspiring as Hercules or Perseus.

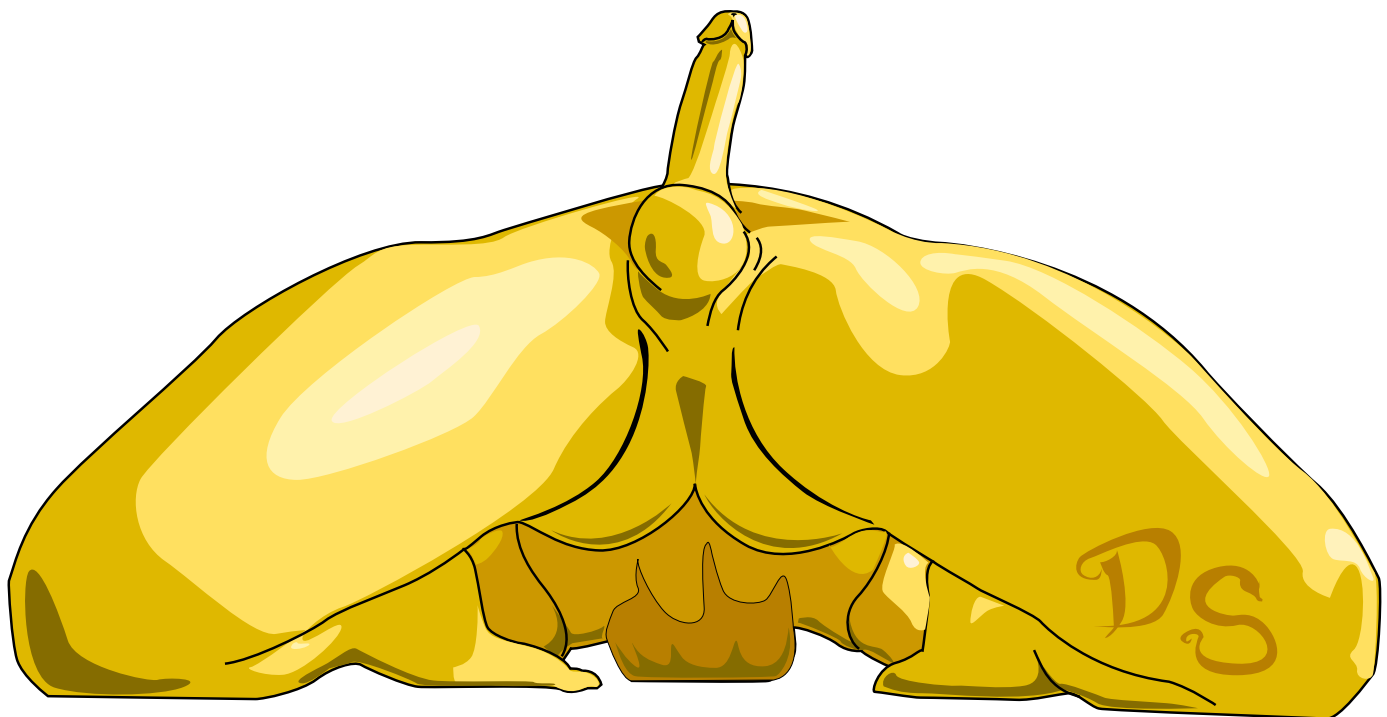
As I think through this Sabbat, I'm finding that both harvest Goddess and the Tree Kings seem to be people's efforts to find meaning in something. We have a pregnant goddess from the last couple of Sabbats, so we have to give that pregnancy meaning beyond the child that she carries. The people needed to have a story as to why it gets darker every day. It is hard to have the longest/shortest day/night as just a celebration about a moment in time when a child asks "Why is it night so long?" So let's give them the Tree Kings. And for good measure, let's design the story so with a bit of a twist, we can tell it at both Litha and Yule. We get an instant two-for-one story telling bargain.

I continue in my admission of struggles on the matter. But then, some passages in various articles started to stare at me. Litha, and the other solar event Sabbats, are the "Lesser Sabbats." That seems puzzling to me since surely the equinoxes and solstices are the easily identifiable spokes on the Great Wheel of Time. We can tell

when things are in balance. We can tell that it is the longest or the shortest day/night. Repeatedly, web sites were talking about how Litha is the opposite of Yule. True enough. But then, someone opened my eyes to something else. My Litha, here in the northern hemisphere is someone else's Yule in the southern hemisphere. The two balance each other. At Ostara and Mabon, my half daylight is someone's half night time. My increasing darkness that begins at Litha is the birth of the Sun King in their lands. There is constant balance between night and day or light and dark. It is our perception of our small part of the design that gives us the illusion of imbalance. The give and take, the yin and yang of the two is just part of the ebb and flow of the universe. From the basic human perspective, we don't see the incremental extra minute or two of change each day. The equinoxes and solstices give us a moment to call attention to the change but it is of less importance than the actual change in the seasons that are marked by the other Sabbats.

For a peasant, the struggle of the Tree Kings is the same as what they see in their everyday lives. First they are controlled by one king and then another king comes in to claim the territory and back and forth between the two they go. Gods and Goddesses are above that type of petty bickering. They do it on the grander cosmic scale that causes mountains to erupt and storms to rage. Nothing so simple as eroding daytime and creating darkness, only to turn around and build it up and start all over again. Where's the fun and drama in that?

Like our knowledge of Yule/Christmas and Ostara/Easter, the Christian church has overlaid one of their holidays upon this season as well. And just like the December holidays, the summer festivities are a smidgeon off. They celebrate the birth of St. John the Baptist on June 24. According to Wikipedia, his is the only birthday celebration of a saint. For the rest of the saints, and even the other birthday boy, the more important day is the day they died and moved into the spiritual realms. I find an interesting parallel in the





pregnant goddess and the birth of the herald to the King. Both are the signs of things to come. But the parallel doesn't continue into a comparison with the tale of the Tree Kings. For John and JC it is a one-way connection and doesn't reflect the ebb and flow of the other tale.

Sad to say, unless an effort was made to reclaim spiritual history, most modern Midsummer celebrations are tied to St. John's Day, just as the winter ones are linked to the one he baptized. Most, not all. In one story of modern celebrations I did find a god. As the world adapted to appeasing the dictates of the Church, the Finnish people held on to their tradition of lighting fires for Ukko, their supreme god. OK, so they cheated a smidgeon by fairly well explaining that the Christian God was really the same as Ukko and then kept honoring their god in the same way they always did in the past.

For lack of finding another deity in the roots of this Sabbat, I guess I will devote the next part of this month's column to the one god who stood up to say "pick me". I will not claim to be an authority on the Finnish lore, and like most kids, I think I was sucked into the Norse mythology long before I ever heard of the Finnish mythology. I do recall being introduced to the Kalevala in college. I'm not 100% certain why, but it was for a class on Literature and the Visual Arts and I had a friend from Finland. So something drew me into that mythology, but did the class give me a chance to explore something about my Finnish friend or did my friend offer me inspiration for my class? Someday, I am going to have to dig out that paper and pick up a copy of the Kalevala to become reacquainted with an old friend. Since I have referenced it twice, if you are not familiar with the Kalevala, it is the main source of Finnish mythology. It is the Odyssey, the Iliad, and all the books you know of Greco-Roman deities and heroes rolled into one giant book.

Ukko is the supreme god in the Kalevala. Drawing on a fairly common image from the neighboring Norse tradition, he is Odin and Thor rolled into one. He is the God of everything in the sky: the sun, the thunder and lightning, rain, snow, and hail. If it comes from the sky, he's in control of it. Like our image of Thor, he has a hammer. He is also the God of Crops and the Harvest. When inviting a god to join in your Litha celebration, he certainly would be a good choice if you want to ensure a good harvest in the months to come. He has everything you need for success. And he has everything to ensure your failure should he find out that you are having a party and forgot to invite him! Based on the descriptions of Ukko that are out on the web, he is likely going to ignore your invitation, but notice when you didn't.

So what have I learned on this stop on my journey through the Sabbats? Amazingly, the thing I learned most was about balance, which is kind of strange for the solstice rather than the equinox. I think that from our everyday perspective, we are often too close to see the cosmic balance and Ostara/Mabon are just two moments in time to remind us of that balance. But the swing from Litha to Yule is like the seesaw which is most fun when you have that balance between the highs and low. If the weight of the day/night balance was tipped so that I always had more light than dark, someone would always have more dark than light. That is sort of like mom and dad on one side of the seesaw and junior on the other. It might be fun to



hang up in the air for a while, but it gets boring after a while. The Tree Kings are perfectly balanced and Litha is the time when the Holly King is at his lowest point on the seesaw, has finally touched ground and pushes back up. This Sabbat isn't about one King conquering another and taking power. It is about sharing the wealth. Oak has had his turn at the top and now it is Holly's turn to rise. The one has to have the other to play since seesaw for one always leaves the person at the bottom, never the top. I have had my longer days and now it is time to let those in the southern hemisphere get their longer days.

And if longer days than nights is what is really important to me, then I need to look to our migratory friends for inspiration and start heading south, plan my arrival at the equator for the time of the equinox and continue to the southern Litha and then start the homeward journey. While that might satisfy my need for more light than dark, I deprive myself of Samhain, Yule and Imbolc, which means I've lost out on some of the larger parts of the balance that comes from experiencing the full cycle of the year.

Some web sites I visited on my journey:

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

<http://www.byzant.com/Mystical/Calendar/EightFestivals.aspx?festival=5>

[http://paganwiccan.about.com/od/lithathesummersolstice/p/Litha\\_History.htm](http://paganwiccan.about.com/od/lithathesummersolstice/p/Litha_History.htm)

<http://www.helium.com/items/407212-litha-another-summer-solstice>

<http://www.hallsofavalon.com/Litha.htm>

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

<http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=Ukko>

<http://molly.kalafut.org/mythology/Finnish/pantheon.html>



## The 4-F Tarot: Earth and Fur

by Phoenix

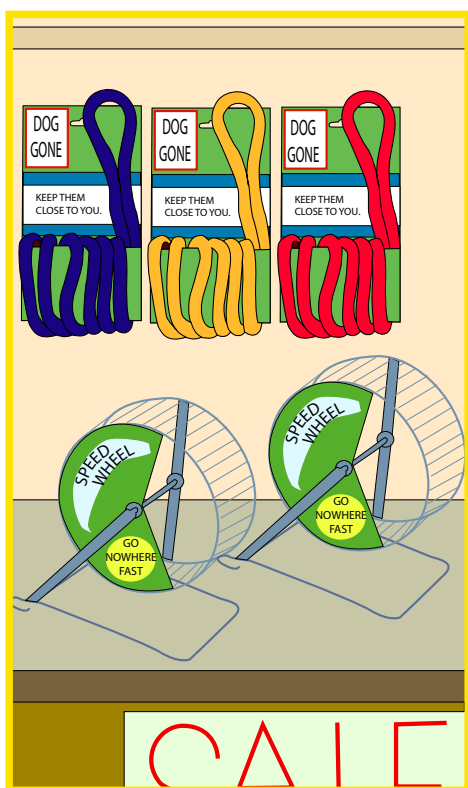
As you can see on the Tarot Meter, this issue hits the milestone of completing the yellow and green bands (the Babies and Lovers). As you find the two Babies for this issue (sandbox toys and pet supplies), eagle-eyed readers will immediately notice a slightly different look to them than you have seen on the other Baby cards. Simply put, these represent a sneak peek at the first revisions to cards that have been presented. The original thought for the Work and Play cards (the cards such as the penguin and seahorse who live in the red and orange bands) was to have the art more like an artist sketch book. Then, as the energy built toward the upper level cards, so too would the art progress to the more refined styles. Well, when it comes to art, DragonSwan can't keep anything simple and did some amazing graphics on those basic thirty-two cards. As the other cards grew up around them, their stark white backgrounds made them look unfinished. As Sterling says in Jeffrey, "Color. Think about it." We did. And if, the lower two levels get a bit more color and energy, so too do our Babies. So, while you will generally only see the "new" cards published in the issues, we are making changes to the deck that you won't see unless you are looking at our working deck.

I've said it before and I will say it several times before we are done, but I'm constantly amazed at DragonSwan's talent. He has a gift of taking my ideas and giving them life. For example, take a look at the stream to the right. This card started off as a simple idea of a nude male staring at a mirror with a female reflection. Through our discussions, that grew into a person standing in front of a three-

way mirror with each reflection being something different. Ultimately, that passive moment moved outdoors and slowly the card you see emerged. I like how this card came out. Rather than the single image of the original, we have many possibilities. Each of these people (and even the birds) is seeing something different. Is it a real reflection of their true self, whether they realize it or not? Is it a dream of what they want to have happen? A vision of their fear of what will happen? A memory of what they used to be and haven't accepted the new reality. What do you see when you look in the mirror?

Our original Lovers of Fur were to be the otters, but as you saw last issue, their playful energy couldn't stay dry and they took over the Lovers of Water. For this card, we shifted to the rams butting their heads as our inspiration. Where is the love? For starters, there is the love of competition. If you look closely, you will see that these are the Holly and Oak Kings locked in their eternal struggle. When one wins the contest, the other will become stronger so that the next round will go to him. While they may never use the "L-word," they are as bound to each other as a married couple. Or this could be the struggle of the end of a relationship. Each person wanting to get one last dig at the other and neither party is willing to yield to the other.

The Lovers of Earth took a while to solidify. At first is was about rejected love. It almost was the Mudmen playing in the mud, but that didn't feel too different than the otters playing with the hose. Then it was the lovers planting the tree at their new home. But that didn't feel too different than the pair working out in the field together. As you will see on page 13, what finally settled was that moment when the lover takes that first step and initiates contact. Up until now, we have had several cards giving us the potential for action. This time, that first decision has been made by placing the hand on the other's knee. It is that nervous moment. Will the other accept the offer? Will it be rejected? Will it develop into a meaningful relationship? Or is it just for that one moment? And unlike our lovers making out in the bar and no one is paying attention, chances are this is one of those magnet moments that holds the potential to create the orgy that is our Tower.



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Airy Faerie



# Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

## Chapter 28 Into the Fire

by Orpheus

It had been nearly three weeks since Apollo arrived in Fransancisco on the Rising Sun and he had yet to have an audience with Queen Amaranth to give her the phrase that should allow her to reveal the secret location of the great sword Eartaifiwa. Each time, when GoldenRod returned from asking for the audience on his behalf, the Queen of the Faeries always had an excuse as to why she was unable to grant their request. At first it was understandable. She had this function or that gala event to prepare for that was to honor her late mother's life. Each function was to honor a specific period in the late queen's life and her daughter had to be ready to field all questions that might arise at the event. The level of perfection expected of the Queen on the details of her heritage far outweighed any obligation she may have toward visiting dignitaries. It was understandable until Rowan managed to get an invitation for them to the brunch honoring the period in Queen Amber Rose's life when she gave birth to the heir and her siblings. Apollo sat through nearly three hours of speeches before the queen entered, waved her hand and exited without saying a word.

When they returned to their quarters, Apollo said, "I never realized that waving one's hand in a particular way," gesturing his hand over his head as he spoke, "took a full day to practice."

Reaching over to lower Apollo's hand by nearly a foot, "If you do it your way," said Angelo, "you will need more practice, child. The hand never goes above the tiara."

"Certainly, she could have spared some tiara waving practice time to visit with us," said the prince with an audible thump as he sat in his chair.

"Perhaps my sister was at some function we didn't know about," offered Rowan, "and her time was dedicated to that function instead of the one we attended."

"But..."

"No buts," said Rowan. "You should know that there are many things that keep a monarch from doing the things they want to do. But in this case, I think she is doing exactly what she wants to do which is to use those functions as an excuse to avoid me."

"Why would she want to avoid her own brother?" asked Apollo.

"Well, mother banished me so by rights I shouldn't be here. The longer she can put off acknowledging me, the longer she can avoid having to treat me as an outlaw."

"That's partly true," said GoldenRod. "But don't forget that yon prince represents the need to reveal a Grand Secret to an outsider. And only the Queen of the Faeries is allowed to do that."

"But isn't she the queen?" asked Angelo.

"In name only," replied GoldenRod. "She can't be crowned until the official mourning period is concluded."

Apollo groaned. "How long is that? The traditional year and a day? And why didn't she say that before sending me on the quest to find the three words?"

"Knowing my sister, she didn't think you would figure it out so quickly so she didn't think it would matter. The mourning period would be over before you found out the limitation."

"And she didn't count on you travelling by sea," offered Angelo. "Don't forget that cut down your travel time by nearly three months."

"So how long do I have to wait?" asked Apollo.

"Normally, a year and a day," said GoldenRod. Apollo let out a heavy sigh. "But in the faerie lands, all mourning stops at the Rainbow Festival. The occasion is too joyous and all sorrow is purged."

"And when is that?"

"We are never sure of the exact time," said Rowan. "You have seen how the colors change on leaves of the forest?"

"You mean like green in the summer and red in the autumn?"

"Sort of," said the former faerie. "In this case I was talking about the trees of the Rainbow Forest."

"Oh, yeah! They are different colors depending on the time of day. Weren't they violet when we arrived? Then I was so surprised in the morning when the trees were pink. Since then, I've seen blue and orange foliage. And one day it was all mixed up like someone threw paint at the trees. I thought that was really cool and you told me about how each leaf reflects light differently, sort of like how the light reflects on a crystal goblet."

"Well, with the forest, it is a bit more complicated than just the time of day. The time of year comes into play as well. The Rainbow Festival starts when the light is just right and the colors form stripes across the canopy of the forest making it look like..."

"A rainbow!" exclaimed Apollo.

"And we are expecting that to happen in the next couple of weeks. The exact timing is one of the Grand Mysteries and there's a reward for the person whose prediction is the closest," said GoldenRod. "Meanwhile, Raven Stormcrow is hosting a frenzy this evening. Care to join me? I should warn you, the ladies of Fransancisco are attending a fashion show to pick out their gowns for the coronation ball. Since the ladies pointedly did not invite the men and their event is all about clothing, My brother has declared this as a male only no clothes allowed event."

"You mean naked drummers?" asked the prince. He was thinking about the first drumming he went to after he arrived. GoldenRod had invited them to a celebration to honor the visiting King of Adbalm and said that it was going to include drumming. Apollo loved to listen to the guards play their drums from various parades and had been surprised that he hadn't heard much of that





since he arrived back in this time. At first he was so surprised at how unmusical this type of drumming sounded but as the various groups of drummers finally agreed upon a common rhythm a jolt of energy shot through him and he found that he couldn't sit still and joined the growing number of dancers filling the central circle.

"Yes, and a bonfire too."

It had not taken GoldenRod long to learn that drumming, nudity and fires were a quick way to distract young Apollo from topics that were difficult to discuss. He counted on the triple combination being able to distract him yet again.

"That sounds great," said the prince, "and then in the morning, we are going to find a way to force the queen to at least talk to me. If that means I have to break custom and project into her chambers, I'll do it. Princess Daisy is nearly ready to have her baby so we don't have too much more time."

"What?" gasped Rowan. "I thought we had several more months."

"I thought so too," said Apollo, "but when I checked on her this morning, the princess told me that the mid-wives told her that wolves are normally born in only two months. For a werewolf, births are usually somewhere around six months. Depending on which parent dominates, it could be anytime the month before or after."

"So it could be sometime soon? We have to talk to my sister."

"Both Daisy and my earth senses think we have a little more time but certainly not the four months we had been counting on."

GoldenRod left to see if the news might be used to help persuade the queen to grant an audience before the coronation. He promised to return shortly before sundown to lead everyone to where the frenzy was going to be held. As he left, Rowan stopped him in his tracks. "I want to predict the timing of the start of the Rainbow Festival."

"Oh?" said GoldenRod.

"I predict that the festival will begin the minute that Apollo tells Amaranth the three words he came here to tell her."

"Isn't that a bit backwards?" asked GoldenRod. "He can't tell her until after the festival starts and she becomes queen in fact not just in name."

"Remind my sister that I was never wrong in my predictions because I know the language of the trees and they tell me their progress to the Rainbow Moment. With the aid of Earth Magic, I'm sure I can encourage them to hold off their annual display until a time of mutual agreement."

"And just how do you expect her to believe such a wild claim?"

"Tell her to look out her window in the morning."

GoldenRod left with his messages. Rowan also left with a promise to join them after the frenzy started. Angelo and Apollo spent the afternoon trying to guess both Amaranth's reaction and what Rowan had planned. When GoldenRod returned after dinner he said that Amaranth had already made plans to visit Princess Daisy in the morning and with the news, she will take one of the faerie mid-wives to check on the pregnancy.

"What about Rowan's prediction?" asked Apollo.

"She dismissed it as childishness. She said he has no faerie

powers and anything he might say related to his abilities is pure rubbish and that she will believe it when she sees it."

GoldenRod ended the discussion with the announcement that it was time to strip. He said that with as many people as had been planned, the host told people to leave their clothes at home so that they didn't get lost in the piles of clothing. Apollo still found it strange to be able to walk around town naked. Robes and courtly attire were reserved for evening events. The daytime custom was to wear fairly lightweight clothing such as kilts and sarongs, often shirtless, but it was not uncommon to see one or two people walking down the street naked.

As they walked down the street they could hear the sound of the distant drums. GoldenRod explained that Raven Stormcrow had declared some special rules for that night's frenzy. Apollo was surprised that a faerie would apply a rule to something that magical.

"He may be a free spirit about a lot of things, but my brother is a control freak when it comes to magic," said GoldenRod. "He says that this is to be a Full Moon Frenzy," he paused a moment to allow the snickering at the double meaning of that phrase to pass, "and the full sexual energy of the frenzy can not begin until the moon is at its zenith. Until then, no one is allowed to touch a penis."

"How will we know when that is possible?" asked Apollo. The disappointment was clear in his voice since he came three times at the last frenzy and already had a hard-on just thinking about some of the hairier drummers.

"Just listen to the drums that are playing now," said GoldenRod. "Can you hear how they are mostly those smaller drums that are played while the drummer is flying? Once the moon has risen, you will start to see the faeries settle down and pick up their larger drums."

"Yeah," said Rowan joining them on the walk. "While flying they like to think that they are pulling the moon up out of the ground, but once that happens they drop to the ground to push it up into the air."

"But when the moon is at its zenith, Raven Stormcrow will step over to Big Boomer and the real frenzy can begin."

Apollo was about to ask who Big Boomer was when they arrived at the circle. At the far side was the biggest drum he had ever seen. He didn't think he could touch both sides at the same time. Even though no one was playing it, he could feel the vibrations of the smaller drum sounds echoing off its surface and adding a deep undertone to the sounds that had not been present at other drum circles. Apollo shivered as a wave of sound reverberated off of Big Boomer.

Rowan pointed at his and the other's erect and quivering cocks. "That is why we don't play Big Boomer until the end of the evening when it is time to release all of the energy that builds during the frenzy."

Rowan sent Apollo and Angelo into the crowd of dancers and settled on one of the log benches that surrounded the perimeter. "What's wrong," asked GoldenRod. "You are normally the first to get the party started and the last to end it."

"It's the trees. I had a lot to explain in a short time and that always takes a lot out of me. I had thought it would take longer but

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

they surprised me. They had been feeling the anger building in our ward,” nodding toward Apollo, “via his earth energy and had already decided something would need to be done to make him happy. It seems like they were waiting for someone, probably him, to give them permission to do the unthinkable and drop all their leaves as if they were crying.”

“No!”

“Oh, yes. Trust me, I talked them out of that real fast. Instead, I gave them my idea and they agreed.”

“And that is?”

“My secret,” responded Rowan. Changing the subject and pointing at Apollo, “Just look at him jumping through the fires. Those twin flames almost make it look like he has faerie wings of fire.”

The two watched him jump back and forth through the fire. Every so often he would stop for a drink of water and come join them. But then, someone new joined the frenzy adding their instrument to the sounds and drew him back into the circle. Various shells were being blown that added a deep drone under the beat of the drums. During one of his rest breaks, the drummers were rewarded with an major echo of sound from Big Boomer and the pace picked up to see if they could trigger a steady response from the giant drum.

“I wish Laika were here,” said Apollo. “I think he would really love all of this energy.”

“Don’t you wish he was here so he could join you in releasing all that cum that is churning inside you?” said Rowan in a teasing voice. “And having his throbbing cock rubbing against your own?”

“That’s not fair,” said a blushing prince. “Teasing me like that, knowing I can’t beat off to relief that pressure.”

“True, but I want to make it all the more explosive for when you can,” responded the former faerie. “Why don’t you send him a sample of the energy through your connection?”

“You think he would appreciate it?” asked Apollo.

“Oh, he’ll love it, but he will hate you because he won’t be able to do anything about it. But he will love the gesture.”

Apollo saw Raven Stormcrow starting to head towards Big Boomer and raced off. He wanted to get a couple of more fire jumps in before the conclusion of the evening. Rowan watched him and could sense Apollo tapping into his Earth Energy to connect with Laika. He smiled at how his student had progressed so that he didn’t need to stop everything to concentrate on making the connection. It was almost second nature to him now. He saw Apollo start to jump through the fire just as Raven Stormcrow beat the first direct tones on Big Boomer.

With the sound still reverberating in the air, someone shouted “The Phoenix!” But they weren’t looking at Apollo. Instead they were pointed at the forest. Rowan looked up and true to their promise, the trees had shifted their leaves in such a way that the reflected light formed a golden phoenix shaped design in a field of deep green. In the moonlight, it almost glowed as if it were on fire. He was smiling at the thought of his sister’s reaction when she saw that sign in the trees when he realized that the glow was a true fiery phoenix bursting forth from the center of the design and heading directly toward the center of the circle. The trailing sparks that followed ignited fires throughout the meadow. It flew into the

bonfire and disappeared taking the fire with it.

Between one beat of the drums and the next that never came, all sound stopped as the phoenix flew into the circle. All eyes were glued to its fiery flight. As it disappeared, Raven Stormcrow called on one of his famous thundershowers to put out the little fires that had been started. The sudden downpour also doused most of the other internal fires that had been building toward that moment.

Rowan looked at the phoenix design in the trees and then back at the drenched faeries. His chuckle at the sight turned to horror as he realized that he didn’t see Apollo anywhere. He raced toward the fire pit, shouting for Apollo. GoldenRod and Angelo picked up his panic and started calling for him as well.

“What’s wrong?” asked Raven Stormcrow as he left his drum and rushed toward them.

“The last I saw of Apollo, he was jumping the fire just as you struck Big Boomer. Now, I can’t find him!”

A couple of faeries started sifting through the ashes when they heard a compelling sound in the distance.

“Oceana’s Horn!” shouted Angelo. “My sister is in trouble!”

“No. Unless your sister left home, that sound is in the wrong direction.”

“Apollo!” shouted Angelo and Rowan in unison.

Rowan grabbed GoldenRod and started running back to the city. “We need to get to my sister, now! Fly ahead and tell her I’m coming.”

“What if she refuses to acknowledge you as she has been doing?”

“Tell her that the future King of Wobnair just created a portal and she had been start paying attention before he taps other Great Magics without training.”

GoldenRod shrunk to flying size and quickly returned with Amaranth at his side.

“She was already on her way,” said GoldenRod.

“What’s wrong with Angelo?” she asked. “I heard Oceana’s Horn and thought it was Angelina and checked on her. She’s fine. So I turned my attention to Angelo and he is in a panic.”

Rowan explained that Apollo disappeared and that he felt that he had created a portal. Untrained, he feared where the prince might have gone. Raven Stormcrow joined them. “Rowan, TwoBears says that Badger says...never mind the chain, there is a wolf howling your name over by the Caves of Magical Crystals.”

“Laika! That’s where he went. Apollo was just about to contact his friend when you started the signal to start releasing the circle energy! My god, look what he did with it.”

“A male create a portal? And a human at that?” said Amaranth in disbelief.

“You need to look beyond that, dear sister, and start looking at the potential that child is displaying. But time enough for that later. Right now we need to go find him.”

“There you are,” came a booming voice from the sky. They looked up and saw Dion descending from the night sky on Moonbeam, his winged steed. “Apollo needs you. Mount up!” The urgency in his voice did not allow for questions and Rowan accepted the extended hand and settled behind the moon god. With his arms around Dion’s waist, the god gave Moonbeam the signal to

get back in the air.

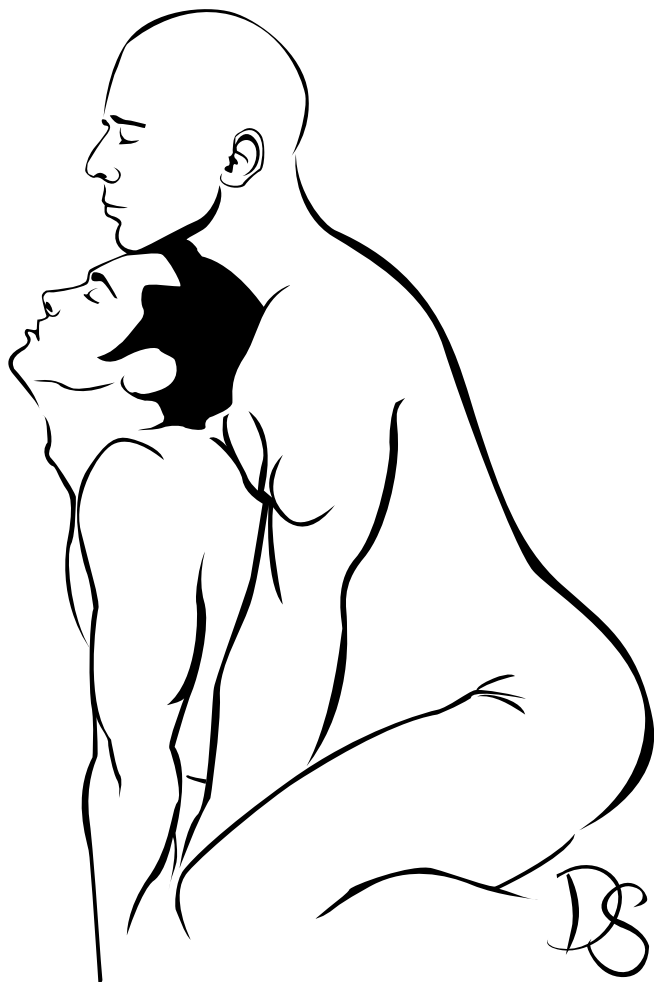
"I'm coming along," said GoldenRod shrinking to flying size and grabbing Rowan's hair and settling on Rowan's shoulder as Moonbeam spread his wings for his first down stroke. "I'll call so you know what's going on."

Moonbeam leapt into the air and was quickly airborne. Rowan could barely enjoy the feeling of being in the air again. Moonbeam's flight was faster than the wind and it was difficult to breathe. In a handful of minutes, they were descending toward a cottage nestled in the forest. As they leveled off to land, Rowan realized the cottage was the one where Belladonna had held Princess Daisy captive. In those few minutes, Moonbeam had journeyed halfway across the island. Moonbeam landed near a golden winged stallion. Lord Apollo was feeding the golden stallion something.

"That the last for you, you greedy horse," chided the sun god. "The rest is for your herdmate." He offered the food in his hand to Moonbeam who ate it in a single bite. He then offered a hand to Rowan to help him dismount. "Honestly Dion, I didn't think anyone could outpace Sunbeam, but I think your horse just did the trip in the time it would take my nag to get off the ground. Honestly, I've never seen him so sluggish."

"It's night. Moonbeam is the same way during the day. How's our child?"

"Resting, I think." The sun god led them to the side of the cottage.



On the ground the prince, covered with a light sheet, was laying with his head in Laika's lap. The wearwolf's eyes glowed with a fire of challenge as people approached. Princess Daisy looked up at his growl. She saw who the visitors were and finished dipping a cloth in a bucket of water and placed it on Apollo's forehead. With the assistance of a mid-wife, she stood up to greet her fiancé.

"He is hot to the touch but the gods say that he isn't sick. He keeps muttering 'Please forgive me.' I've tried to comfort him and tell him that he's forgiven but he doesn't seem to listen. What happened to him?" asked the princess. "I thought you were in Fransancisco and was shocked when Lord Apollo said that he was found injured over by the caves. And you, silly wolf," wagging a finger at Laika, "should let me take him inside where I can put him in a proper bed."

"You may think it is a fine cottage, but to me it reeks of death. There is no way I'm going to let you take a sick person inside, let alone someone else I care about."

"We can't figure out what's wrong with him," said Dion. "We both tried our healing magic but physically he seems fine. We thought you might know what happened to him so we can heal him."

"He tapped into the Grand Faerie Magics and I doubt he was properly grounded. I think I can help," said Rowan. "GoldenRod, send a signal to my sister and tell her to join us at Queen Lucrezia's cottage. Meanwhile, the rest of you, leave the two of us for a while so I can concentrate." Laika growled at the thought of someone making him leave Apollo's side. "Make that leave the three of us for a while. I think I may need Laika's help."

As everyone left, Rowan asked what Laika knew about what had happened. The wearwolf said he had been hunting near the caves and felt Apollo's touch. The prince had seemed excited about something. He had broken the connection and then after a little while reconnected. Only this time Laika got aroused from the energy that was flowing to him. He was trying to understand what that meant when suddenly the grove lit up as if were on fire and there was Apollo, falling on him just as he had when he came from the future. Something bright flew past them and then quickly disappeared. Laika didn't see it clearly since he was focused on the prince. Apollo was very hot to his touch and very pale so Laika knew something was wrong. He got the horn to Apollo's lips and convinced him to blow on it before he passed out. Then Laika started howling for help. In a brief moment, the gods appeared and brought them to the cottage where the princess could help nurse Apollo.

"The queen will be here as soon as she can," said GoldenRod. "She is trying to calm the panic that has arisen because of that phoenix."

"The one in the trees?" asked Rowan.

"Only in part. That crazy bird returned and now half of the city is in flames. My brother is busy creating his storms as fast as he can. We are on our own for now."

"Laika can you still feel that connection with Apollo?" asked Rowan.

"Sort of. It's very faint but I think so."

"Then I will need your help. He wasn't prepared to handle the energy that was generated at the frenzy," explained Rowan. "So he

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

when he tapped into it to send a piece to you he pulled in the full amount when the signal was given to start to release that energy. As a result of his connection with you, he went beyond projection and actually created a portal and burned himself out in the process. We need to get some energy flowing again.”

Rowan asked GoldenRod to lead a grounding exercise. He was going to meld into Apollo’s mind to help him follow the exercise. Laika was to practice grounding as well and once grounded, he was to try to send some energy back along that connection.”

Rowan and GoldenRod linked minds in a long practiced familiar manner. Together the two entered Apollo’s mind. They found it full of flames. It was as if his mind was focused on that moment when he entered the fire and hadn’t realized that he had come out again. GoldenRod sent a thought to have them back out so they could better plan the grounding exercise.

“I’m afraid that if we just get him to put out the flames,” said the faerie, “we may kill him.”

“How could that be?” asked Rowan.

“Those could be flames of passion that he may never be able to rekindle,” he responded. “Or we put out the flame that warms his heart.”

“So what do we do?”

“We need to figure out how harness that fire and use it for something. What does he know of fire energy?”

“Nothing yet as far as I know. That is Queen Ruby Rose’s gift and he hasn’t spent time with her. Do we need her in the meld?”

They called to the others and explained what they saw as the problem. Lord Apollo was lost in thought as Rowan talked. He had gone into his namesake’s mind to see the situation with the new understanding of what had occurred.

“So will you?” asked GoldenRod.

“Will I what?” asked the god. “Sorry, I was elsewhere. I think I can help. Fire is something I understand.” He picked up the prince. “No Laika, you stay here with the others. It is going to get hot when he releases the energy in his mind. Dion, I will need your help. As I help him push out the surplus fires, I need you to help him fill the void with the healing grounding energies.”

The god carried the prince to the fire pit. Dion sat down on the ground next to the pit and Lord Apollo laid the prince in his arms, laid a few logs in the pit and then settled down beside them. The others could see a glow rising from the prince and reflecting off of the sun god’s hands into the pit, which suddenly burst into flames as the phoenix flew out of the center. With the release of the fire energy, the prince sat up with a jolt.

“Welcome back,” said Dion. “Now, relax so we can get you grounded again.”

The three sat there for a few minutes before Dion helped him sit on the nearby bench. The waiting others cheered at the sight.

“You need to be more careful when working with fire energy,” said the sun god. “You can get burned and we won’t always be around to help you.”

“It’s not his fault,” said Rowan. “I didn’t tell him about the massive energy that gets released at a frenzy because I wanted him to experience it without expectations. I shouldn’t have told him to try to send some of that energy to Laika without preparing him.”

“And I think that bird has an agenda,” offered GoldenRod, pointing at the phoenix who was preening himself on the eaves of the cottage. “He showed up just as the energy peaked and was ready to be released. Just as he showed up again as the energy was released a moment ago.”

“You could be right about that,” said the moon god. “We know so little about it. Dragons we understand since they have been around for centuries. But as far as we know, there is only one phoenix. But with the way he’s been both here and in Fransancisco tonight, I have to wonder.”

“Did Apollo create the portal or did the phoenix?” pondered Rowan.

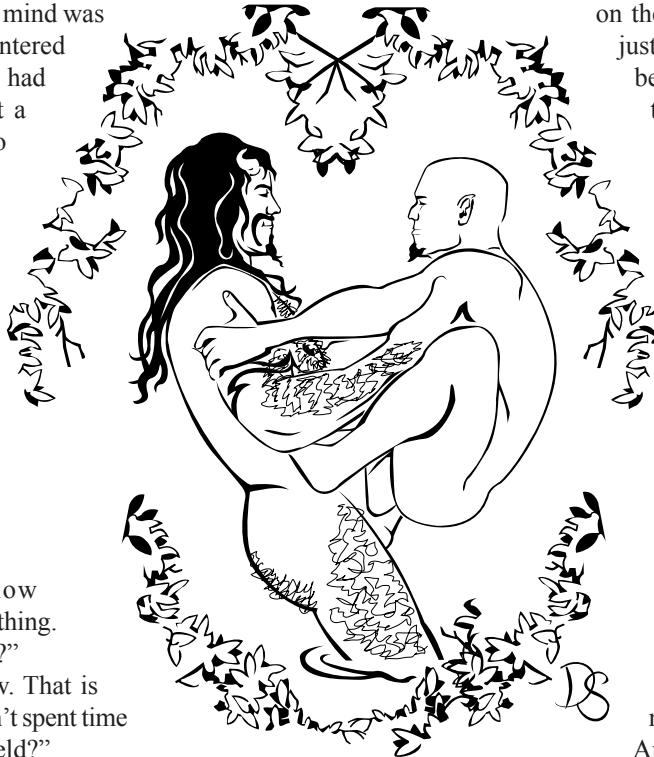
“I think I did,” said a weak prince. “But maybe he helped. I remember wanting to send some energy to Laika as Rowan suggested.

As Raven Stormcrow started to play Big Boomer, I realized that the frenzy was nearly over and that morning was near and that I was going to force Amaranth to listen to me. I wished that there was a way I could find that sword on my

own. I thought I felt something and reached out my energy to see what I felt. It felt far and hidden, so I gathered more energy to stretch my awareness. I probably should have stopped jumping the fire but I felt that connection right then and knew that if I stopped and tried to find it again, it would elude me. It was only to be found at that moment. Then the phoenix flew into the fire and I heard it calling out ‘Follow me.’ I tried to hold my connection with what I felt as I followed the phoenix into the fire for that final jump and found myself landing on Laika. Please forgive me about that, friend. I seem to be making a habit of falling on top of you.”

“May I always be in time to catch you when you need me,” said Laika, who had changed to wolf form. Apollo was scratching his friend behind the ears as he enjoyed.

Having verified that Apollo was going to be fine, the gods mounted their steeds and flew into the night sky. No sooner had they disappeared from sight when the sound of chiming bells filled the clearing and Amaranth stepped through a glowing portal. Her normally impeccable dress was covered in soot. “There you are husband,” Her eyes were flaring as you approached GoldenRod. “I





told you to come home through the portal I created and you turned your back on me. I needed you and you deserted me.”

“And I would do it again. You had my brother and others to help you. Who was here to help your great-grandson? Certainly not you, who have been ignoring him for the past month!” responded GoldenRod. “Faerie energy got him into this mess and even the gods were baffled. How could I desert him?”

Rowan joined in, “He nearly died and then what of keeping Grand Secrets? If he dies in this time, who will be alive in the future to reunite the kingdom?”

“Even though I don’t believe in this nonsense,” said Daisy, “I can tell when you are hiding something.”

Amaranth backed away from the barrage of words from the trio. Amaranth responded with attacks of her own. All thoughts of the prince were forgotten as each of the parties vented their feelings. After several minutes, Laika let out a howl that stopped everyone.

“I suppose you want to attack me for granting your great-grandfather’s wish?” said Amaranth. “I can tell when I’m not wanted.”

She waved her hands and a glowing portal formed in front of her. She took a step toward it and stopped as Apollo softly spoke, “Please forgive me.”

“I’ve forgiven you,” she said. “I was behaving badly after Mother died and I abused my power. I should be the one to apologize, but after this greeting, I’m not in a charitable mood.”

Apollo started to stand and grabbed the sheet around him as he realized that he was still nude. “I wasn’t talking about that. ‘Please forgive me’ is what I am supposed to say to you. And now, you are supposed to tell me where to find Eartaifiwa.”

“I can’t,” muttered the faerie queen.

“Can’t or won’t?” asked Rowan. “He knows about the fact that you haven’t been crowned. Is that silly rule what is preventing you from doing the right thing?”

Apollo looked at his great-grandmother. She was downcast. Whatever anger she had arrived with was now gone. She had been hurt by all the things that her husband, brother and even her favorite godchild had said. He spoke up. “She can’t. She doesn’t know and has been stalling. She’s been trying to hide the fact that she doesn’t know where to find the sword.”

“Is that true?” asked Rowan. “Mother never left you information on its location?”

“That’s not true. She did leave information,” protested Amaranth. “It’s just that he hasn’t proven that he has the right to the sword.”

“I gave you the words,” said Apollo. “That is all you asked of me.”

“That is only the first challenge. Next you have to prove your mastery over the elements. How do I know that you are the true heir to three kingdoms? That you have the power to control the sword once it is revealed?”

“I don’t need you,” said Apollo defiantly. “If you can’t accept me that is your right, but I think I know how to find the sword without you.”

Apollo dropped the sheet around his waist and walked toward



the fire. The others watched him disappear into the flames.

Amaranth stared at the demonstration that a mortal could create a portal. As one, both Rowan and GoldenRod grabbed her, “Take us to him, now!”

“I don’t know where he went,” she said, her voice quivering with shock. “I don’t have a way to find him.”

“Didn’t mother always say that she always knew when we were in trouble and how to find us?” asked Rowan. Amaranth nodded. “She said it was because we shared blood. So, you should be able to use that to find your great-grandson. And that should once and for all prove to you his claims.”

“I’ll do it, if only to prove you wrong,” Amaranth concentrated. “I can sense you standing right next to me. I can sense our sister, Aster, tending to some faeries who were burned. Her daughter, Hilda, is patrolling the streets looking for fires that haven’t been put out.” She got a smile on her face, “Our daughter is sleeping. That is everyone.” She started to get a smug look and then stopped. “Wait, there’s one more. It’s male and human?”

“Apollo! It has to be him,” said GoldenRod.

“Take us to him,” said Rowan.

Amaranth was already creating her portal. Everyone started to step into the portal but the queen stopped Daisy. “Your child would not be prepared to handle the energy. Stay here and wait for our return.”

“I’m going. You have been hiding something and since Angelo isn’t here to represent the family, I will,” she said as she stepped through the portal preventing further discussion.

As everyone emerged through the portal after her, Laika found himself in a familiar grove. “This is where he came before.”

Apollo was standing in the center of the grove where he and Laika had first wrestled. Unstartled by the appearance of the others, he spoke as if he expected them. “I can feel the sword nearby but it

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## Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

is hidden from all my probes.”

“Where have you been looking?” asked GoldenRod

“Well, if someone is to find it, it should be someplace when Queen Amber Rose could reach it and eventually retrieve it. I’ve looked under rocks, in branches, and even in some hollow logs.”

“What if she buried it?” asked Daisy. “Maybe she created a hole and dropped the sword in it.”

“That’s an idea,” said Apollo. “I’ve only looked at the surface, not beneath it.” After a moment of silence, “There it is!” and he disappeared.

“He learns quickly, doesn’t he?” asked Amaranth.

“Comes from good stock,” said Rowan.

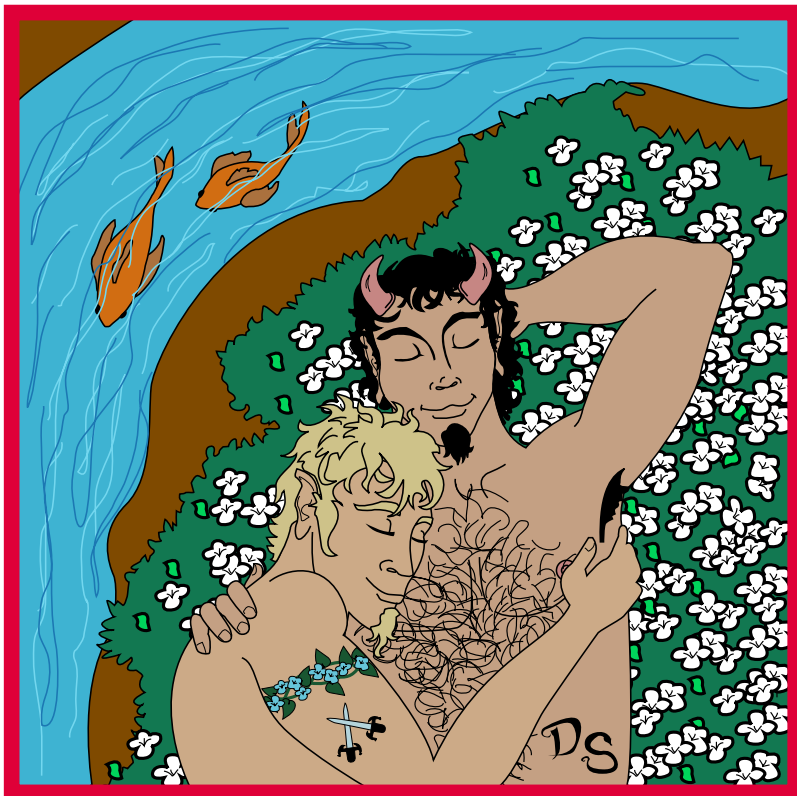
“But he isn’t doing it right,” she protested. “He could hurt himself if he doesn’t prepare better.”

“Well,” said her brother, “if someone would take time out of her busy schedule to actually talk to him, perhaps he wouldn’t be exploring the magic on his own.”

“Point taken.” Amaranth concentrated and created another portal to where she sensed him. This time they emerged in a cave. Apollo was standing at the edge of an underground lake. In the center was a small island with a single rock surrounded by a swirl of flames. Barely visible through the flames a sword could be seen, embedded halfway to its hilt.

“Is that Eartaifiwa?” asked Apollo.

“Yes,” said Amaranth. “Now, you know the nature of the challenge of the mastery of the elements.”



## House Protection Spell

by Bubbles

*(Editor’s Note: this was shared on the QueerNet faerie group and we thought the Airy Faeries readers would find it useful. This is reprinted with the kind permission of Bubbles)*

This is to protect one’s home when one is going away for several days. I do this as one of the last things right at departure time, after I’ve loaded the luggage in the car (or whatever analogous things I might be doing if I’m taking other transportation).

First ground and center. Then face East.

Say “Spirits of the East. May this house be safe in the rising dawn.”

Imagine a whole bunch of spirits, or energy, or whatever works for you, coming toward you from the East. As they get close, they split into two streams. One passes you on your right and curves around behind you and begins circling deiseil to bring good fortune. The other passes you on your left and curves around behind you and begins circling widdershins to banish evil. You are now at the center of two counter-rotating whirlpools of energy. They occupy the same space, but do not interfere with each other. Spirits can do that sort of thing even if physical beings can’t.

Once the whirlpools are established, thank the spirits and turn to face South.

Say “Spirits of the South. May this house be safe by the light of day.”

Imagine another bunch of spirits or energy or whatever, similar to the previous batch, coming toward you from the South. As they get close, they split into two streams and join the Eastern spirits in the counter-rotating whirlpools. This makes the whirlpools stronger.

Once this is established, thank the spirits and turn to face West.

Say “Spirits of the West. May this house be safe in the evening twilight.”

Imagine the Western spirit energy coming in and becoming part of the counter-rotating whirlpools, making them even stronger.

Once this is established, thank the spirits and turn to face North.

Say “Spirits of the North. May this house be safe in the dark of night.”

Imagine the Northern spirit energy coming in and becoming part of the counter-rotating whirlpools.

Once this is established, thank the spirits.

Now imagine the counter-rotating whirlpools expanding to encompass your entire dwelling. As they expand they fade from sight, but are still there. The deiseil one will bring good, while the widdershins one wards off evil.

Once they have faded from sight you may go about your business. The circle of protection is permeable as far as you and your friends are concerned.

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

by Phoenix

This month's spread sort of comes from *Illustrated Tarot Spreads* by Heidemarie Pielmeier and Marcus Schirner. It is called "The Four Elements." I say it sort of comes from the book since I've changed the layout slightly. I have maintained the order of the cards as they are pulled but have changed where they are placed. The numbers in the parentheses in the diagram are the original layout order. It may have made sense to the authors but when working with elements it seems more natural to evoke the pentagram. Which oddly enough, the next spread in the book adds a crossing card to the center and the five outer cards are laid in the order I prefer.

Regardless of using my altered layout or the original, the cards are as follows:

- 1 = The overall situation
- 2 = The place of fire/encountered at work
- 3 = The place of water/encountered in love
- 4 = The place of air/state of health
- 5 = The place of earth/financial situation
- 6 = Prophecy/advise

Our spread for this issue:

- 1 = Fly/Amber (Samhain 2006, page 15)
- 2 = Sanctuary (Imbolc 2008, page 7)
- 3 = Vulture (Samhain 2006, page 2)
- 4 = The Mirror (This issue, page 7)
- 5 = Lovers of Fire (Ostara 2008, page 13)
- 6 = Retriever (Mabon 2007, page 10)

Our beginning is almost a no-brainer. Our overall situation is stuck. We are trapped and it will suck the life out of us unless we can figure out a way to get unstuck.

Fire/Work - I think "work" is more than just our place of employment. I think this as much about what we do to occupy our mind and fill our days. I don't see the task of fixing the statue as being part of the problem. It is a retreat and is a way to avoid dealing with the real problem. I've been there. The world can be falling apart at home, but work represented that calm part of the day when I could tell the world, "Sorry. I'm at work and can't deal with you right now."

Water/Love - This is more than just a lover in our lives. This is our overall emotional state. Something is dying and the vultures are circling. No kidding? That fly is stuck and dying is what we are trying to prevent! Tell us how you silly cards!

Air/Health - If work and love cover our mental and emotional states, this is our physical well being. And problems in the other two will often hide behind physical issues so these three cards need to be examined together. Something isn't right with our perception of the situation. We have retreated mentally and are dying emotionally. What does that leave us on the physical plane? That mirrored surface is the amber. We are lost in its reflections. We have seen something in the mirror that frightened us and now we are stuck. Is the reflection the truth we don't want to face? Or is it an illusion that we created?

Earth/Financial - I like to think of this beyond the all mighty dollar. I think that this point in the spread is about our wealth, both monetarily as well as personal self-worth. This is about what

resources you have available. Since this reading has sent us to the mirror, I think this is about what you have inside rather than something you possess in the material word. This is your ability to be passionate about something.

Prophecy - Go fetch! Most of those other cards are passive - resigned to being stuck, a quiet grotto for mediation, waiting for death to take you away and staring at the mirror. But your worth comes from your passion. That is the key to becoming unstuck. Go find it again.

Here is a second way I differ from the original layout. Having placed the cards, I like to add a connection by working the outer circle. This will give us a reading that connects cards 4, 2, 5, 3, 6 in a new progression without the burden of being limited by the elemental meanings. We start with our overall situation of being stuck. To get unstuck, we start with some good old fashioned soul-searching. What got us into this situation? We have asked for some divine inspiration (and even if you didn't pray, you are looking at the cards right?). There is something that gives you that feeling of passion. It is important to you. But something took that away and it feels dead. Go fetch - it isn't dead yet, but it will be if you don't start taking action. Go rekindle whatever it is that makes you feel that passion. What did you see in the mirror - maybe something that used to be important to you when you were a child, but now you are too grown up. Maybe it was that dream you had that you really were a swan and not the ugly duckling but someone convinced you that "once a duck always a duck" and took that dream away. Whatever it is, you aren't going to find it by lighting a candle or loosing yourself in the sanctuary. Send out your retriever to bring back something you tossed away. It is more important than you thought.

Here are a couple of practice spreads for you to try on your own:

- 1 = Peppers (Lammas 2007, page 17)
- 2 = Meditation (Lammas 2007, page 5)
- 3 = Lovers of Air (Imbolc 2008, page 16)
- 4 = Dandelion (Samhain 2007, page 9)
- 5 = Glory Hole (Samhain 2007, page 15)
- 6 = Trickster (Ostara 2008, page 7)

- 1 = The Call (Ostara 2006, page 3)
- 2 = Wheat and Grasshopper (Litha 2007, page 20)
- 3 = King of Water (Imbolc 2008, page 5)
- 4 = Brotherhood (Litha 2006, page 15)
- 5 = Baby of Fur (This issue, page 6)
- 6 = Roadrunner (Imbolc/Ostara 2007, page 4)

- 1 = Lover of Flowers (Ostara 2008, page 3)
- 2 = Guppies (Imbolc/Ostara 2007, page 19)
- 3 = Polar Bear (Yule 2006, page 9)
- 4 = Barn Swallows (Litha 2007, page 12)
- 5 = Kween of Feathers (Beltane 2008, page 14)
- 6 = Penguins (Yule 2006, page 13)

# Make You Think: Homosexuality and the Bible

by Phoenix

Well, no crash, boom, lightning flash (oops, that's another story) and I'm still here, so let's continue our examination of things surrounding the often quoted biblical law calling homosexuality an abomination (Leviticus 18:22). Again, let me be clear in my intent. I am not debating the existence of the god as believed by the people in those stories. I am questioning the people who wrote them and their motives for doing so. Also, as I stated in the first of the Make You Think series, I'm really not interested in what the "experts" have to say. I don't want them to sway my opinion as to what I think. I am on a path of self-exploration and am inviting you on the journey with me.

Let's put L18:22 back in context for a moment. This chapter is about sexual conduct. First it says don't act like the folks back in Egypt where you just left. And for added measure, don't act like the people of Canaan where I'm taking you. In case you have forgotten, the "Promised Land" already had people living there. So is god taking them from one bad place to another? I'm going to have to think about that later.

Here is the list of the sexual no-no's in this chapter – no sex with: 1) a near relative; 2) a girl with dad, nor son with mom (nor any of his other wives...note the plural – don't the people who love to quote Leviticus 18:22 also say marriage is only one man and one woman?); 3) your sister or half-sister; 4) granddaughter; 5) the daughter of any of your father's wives (back to the plural, and just in case you didn't realized it, the daughter of your father's other wives is your half-sister, so see #3 for redundancy); 6) your aunt – blood sister of your father or mother; 7) your aunt by marriage to your uncle on your father's side (it specifies your father's brother – so it must be ok to sleep with your mom's brother's wife even though I think it violates the intent of everything else listed); 8) your daughter-in-law; 9) your sister-in-law; 10) a woman AND her daughter; 11) a woman AND her granddaughter; 12) a woman AND her sister (but if your wife dies, then it is OK to marry her sister – just don't marry both at the same time); 13) a woman during her period; 14) your neighbor's wife; 15) odd – this next one is don't sacrifice your child to Molech – who's that? Is this a smoking gun that the One True God admits that there are other Gods?; 16) now we get the no gay sex line; and finally 16) no sex with animals.

Oh! The rest of this chapter says that the reason God is kicking out the Canaanites from Canaan is because they are doing those things. This is the same god who flooded the world killing all people except Noah and his family because of their sins. And now, all these years later, it isn't any better? I think he picked the wrong family to save. This is the same god who destroyed entire cities for their wicked ways yet now he is just going to order an invasion by 603,550 (according to the census of the men over 20) of his newly chosen people to force them out of the land he has promised to his people.

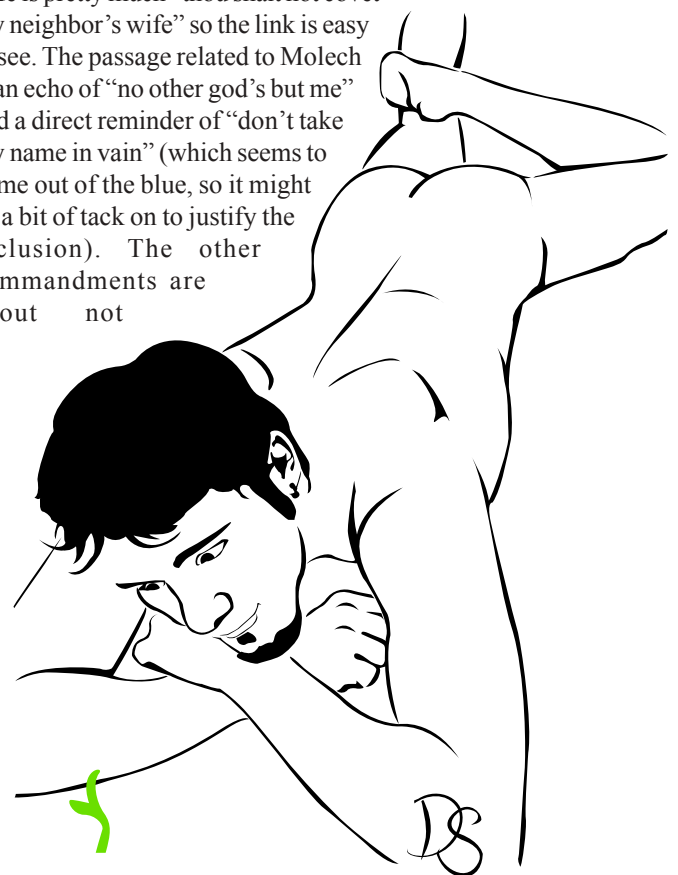
Now, I think I can collapse most of those (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9) as a clarification of the first one. Most fall under either "Honor thy father and mother" or "Thou shalt not commit adultery" from the Ten Commandments given in Exodus. The "honor" part in this aspect comes from "those are your parent's things so keep your hands off." As a language study, I see everything from 1 to 12 as being related, and being part of that "be fruitful and multiply" mindset. If one keeps your relations within the family, how are your

getting new recruits to the faith? Forget the risk of inbreeding since we hadn't gotten that advanced in our understanding of genetics. This is a recruitment plan. It doesn't say you can't have sex – just spread the wealth. Next is having sex with a woman during her period. It is fairly well established elsewhere that there is some hefty sin associated during that time so that the woman needs to make special sin offerings to get purified. So having sex during that time would certainly contaminate the man as well as any offspring that resulted.

The next one is fascinating – don't sacrifice your children to Molech. That is a ritual something, not sexual. And then we get the homosexual and bestiality laws. In my mind's eye, I can go two directions with those. First, they are part of that recruitment plan. Children aren't born of either sexual encounter so put in a rule to forbid them so people don't waste their time. Second, knowing the nature of the gods and goddesses of the other cultures in the region, I have a gut feeling that these two lines are more related to ritual practices.

Now, I can tie back 1-12 to things in the Ten Commandments. And God gave those same ten commandments to Moses three times in Exodus (once orally and twice in stone – Exodus 20 if you want to refer back to the list) and they are repeated in Deuteronomy so I have to think those are the key foundations for all other laws. Thus, any further laws should tie to those, so that will be my first seeds of doubt for this issue.

Seed 1: As I have said, those first no sex rules tie back into two of the commandments fairly neatly. No sex with your neighbor's wife is pretty much "thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" so the link is easy to see. The passage related to Molech is an echo of "no other god's but me" and a direct reminder of "don't take my name in vain" (which seems to come out of the blue, so it might be a bit of tack on to justify the inclusion). The other commandments are about not





working on Sunday (oops! I should be killed! I'm typing this on a Sunday morning! EEK!), not killing, not stealing, and not lying. I could try to stretch the adultery rule to fit no gay or animal sex but the adultery rule is focused on married folks having sex outside the relationship (note – that if you have multiple wives you can't commit adultery because you are married to each of your sexual partners).

Seed 2: Remember that passage about no sex with your sister or half-sister? Zip back to Abraham, the great spiritual leader in Genesis. This is the man whom God blessed as the father of a great nation. This is the man whom bargained with God to spare Sodom and Gomorrah if he could find as few as ten righteous men living in town and God agrees. He must think Abraham is worth something. Abraham's wife is Sarah. When they went into a foreign city they would tell people that they were brother and sister. Abraham feared that if they announced that she was his wife, people would kill him and claim her as their own. As brother and sister, he could offer her to another and both would be safe. This is the case when they go to King Abimelech, who is spared committing adultery with Sarah by having a dream. When confronted with the knowledge of the truth, Abraham says that not only is Sarah his wife, she is really his half-sister (same father, different wives, Genesis 20:12). So, if it is such a sin to have sex with a half-sister, why would God give his blessing to such a man?

Seed 3: Lot, Abraham's brother, was the one man worth saving in Sodom and Gomorrah, so God led he and his family out of town. Lot's wife disobeys the rules and gets instantly turned into a pillar of salt. Lot's daughters, the virtuous virgins he had offered in place of the town's lust for raping strangers, promptly get dad drunk and both girls get pregnant (Genesis 19: 30-38). I'm really beginning to wonder about God's judgment when it comes to picking righteous people to save. He really isn't having a very good track record.

Seed 4: Abraham's grandson is Jacob (father of Joseph of the colored coat story). Jacob loves Rachel, daughter of his uncle Laban. Now, to me that is still a close relative, but it isn't in the rules, so I'll leave it alone. Well, Laban tricks Jacob into marrying Rachel's older sister Leah first. Then Jacob bargains to marry Rachel as well. Sisters? Go back to rule #12 – too bad God didn't announce that rule sooner. It would have spared his family a lot of trouble when Rachel's first-born, Joseph, gained favor and his brothers by her sister and their maids (acting as surrogates on the sisters' request) tried to kill him.

Seed 5: Moses, the great man of story, is our next stop in the seeds of doubt about these sex laws. Moses' father is Amram (Exodus 6:20). His mother is Jochebed (same verse). Amram married his father's sister (same verse). His father's sister...go back to rule #6.

Seed 6: In the Ten Commandments, God states that he punishes sins into the fourth generation (Exodus 20: 5), granted he's talking about something else right there, but rules is rules, especially when they get carved in stone in a couple of chapters. If it is a sin to have sex with an aunt, then Moses is a child of that sin and would be carrying the guilt.

Seed 7: Amram, is the son of Kohath, who is the son of Levi, who is the son of Jacob. Jacob sinned by marrying sisters. Amram is

the fourth generation of that line so would have still borne some of that sins of the father on the kids burden. And then he goes and compounds it by sinning again and passes it on to Moses. And Moses is the person God came to as a spokesman.

Seed 8: And Moses would generally not speak directly to the people – he got his older brother, Aaron, to do that. Aaron would also be carrying that sin.

Seed 9: Aaron was in charge of making the golden calf that caused such a ruckus. "Thou shalt not make idols" and yet God allows Aaron to live and continue to be a mouthpiece for Moses. And it is Aaron and his children that are blessed with the duty of being the high priests. That doesn't even go to Moses and his son. Somewhere along the way, God decided that Moses needed some motivation and had Moses's son killed by his own mother while circumcising him (Exodus 4: 25-26). And here I thought that circumcision was supposed to be part of an agreement between God and his people, not a weapon of murder and control.

Seed 10: Let's talk about saint Levi, the head of this clan that is our priests according to this new covenant that God is making with Moses and his people. These priests are exempt from war duty. They don't have to do any real work. They get food delivered to them every day. They have got a sweet set up for the honor of being the chosen among the chosen. Here is what daddy Jacob, on his death bed, had to say about this son who becomes the father to the tribe of priests of the highest order:

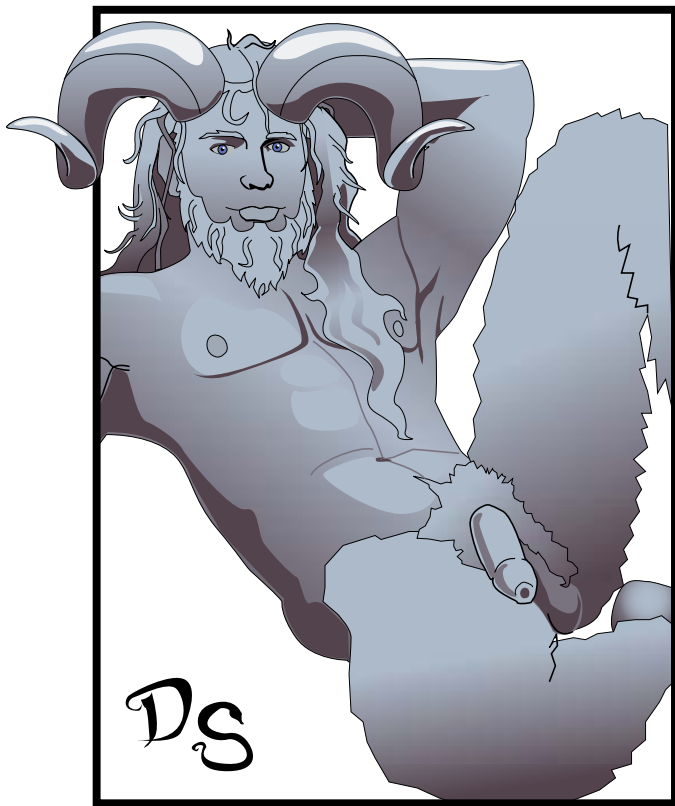
From the New Living Translation - Genesis 49: 5-7: *Simeon and Levi are two of a kind – men of violence. Oh, my soul, stay away from them. May I never be a party to their wicked plans. For in their anger they murdered men, and they crippled oxen just for sport Cursed be their anger, for it is fierce; cursed be their wrath, for it is cruel. Therefore, I will scatter their descendants throughout the nation of Israel.*

They killed a man? Isn't that one of the big no-nos in the Ten Commandments? Add a sin penalty to Levi to pass on down to the fourth generation – Aaron and Moses.

Seed 11: In almost every passage in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy, when they talk about the tribes of Israel, they go through the entire list of twelve. In loving detail they go through the list. All except once – naming Moses's heritage (back to Exodus 6). In this chapter we learn of the lines of only three of the brothers – Reuben, Simeon and Levi. We already know what Jacob thought of Simeon and Levi. Shall we look at what daddy said about the eldest brother, Reuben?

Still New Living Translation – Genesis 49: 3: *Reuben, you are my oldest son, the child of my vigorous youth. You are the first on the list in rank and honor. That sounds pretty good. But wait, he goes on to say: Genesis 49: 4: But you are as unruly as the waves of the sea, and you will be first no longer. For you have slept with one of my wives; you dishonored me in my own bed. Oops! (See Genesis 35: 22 for that soap opera plot twist). We have a violation of law #2, which is a violation of both the honor thy folks rule and the adultery rule. Now, while Moses traces his line to Levi, not Reuben, and gets no sin penalty for this, it is Reuben, Simeon and Levi that are called out as the ancestors of our holy man. Only those*

*–continued on page 18*



## Hymn of Pan

by Percy Bysshe Shelley (1820)

I

From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come;  
From the river-girt islands,  
Where loud waves are dumb  
Listening to my sweet pipings.  
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
The bees on the bells of thyme,  
The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
The cicale above in the lime,  
And the lizards below in the grass,  
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.

II

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
And all dark Tempe lay  
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day,  
Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
The Sileni, and the Sylvens, and the Fauns,  
And the nymphs of the woods and the waves,  
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
And all that did then attend and follow,  
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

III

I sang of the dancings stars,  
I sang of the daedal Earth,  
And of Heaven — and the giant wars,  
And Love, and Death, and Birth, —  
And then I changed my pipings, —  
Singing how down the vale of Maenalus  
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed.  
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:  
All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
If envy or rage had not frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

— Editor's note: In 1820, Percy wrote the Hymns of Apollo (last issue) and of Pan (above), as songs to be performed as part of Proserphine and Midas, written by his wife, Mary Shelley.

## Make You Think continued

three earn Jacob's curse. The others are met with either all out or luke warm praise.

Seed 12: The laws in these chapters give absolute control of religion to the Levites. Only people of their line are allowed to be in the temple, to talk to god. Just for a quick reference – Jesus traces his heritage to Judah, not Levi. (Matthew 1:2 and Luke 3: 34). Somewhere along the line God decided to stop talking to the Levites and go to the children of Judah as his chosen favorites.

Seed 13: The other seeds are exactly what the book has to say about itself. I haven't added something that isn't there in writing. Here is my interpretation of what I'm seeing in all of those – Daddy Jacob cursed three of his son's – Reuben, Simeon, and Levi, and the later two lost everything as a result. It appears that Simeon managed to gain something back, probably though their sister Dinah (more on her some other time). Levi's tribe came up with a whole different plan called organized religion. They get to sit in the temple, eat the finest of the herds and crops, enjoy the glittering gold, don't have to go to battle and not lift one finger to help the rest of the people. And these are the people we are expected to believe when they spew out the laws that they received from God?

All feelings for the modern church aside, I truly have to question the origins of these laws that are said to have come from God through his servant Moses and given to the new order of priests from the Tribe of Levites. Every fiber of my being is saying that the laws in Leviticus are about securing power by denying people those things that they enjoy in their daily lives. They are about control to force people into compliance and cloaked in such a way that they won't be questioned. Well, 3,000 plus years later, I'm questioning them. I don't like the answers I'm finding.

# The Cubby Diaries: A Bouncing Baby Boy

by Cubby

There are many things to be said about living in the same house for fifteen years. First, I hate the hassle of moving, but after last year's remodeling project I do realize how much junk gets accumulated by not moving. But I think I prefer the occasional clean out rather than the constant packing and hauling. Second, people can find you after loosing contact over the years.

What prompts that second thought was a letter I got a couple months ago. I was puzzled at first when the handwritten letter was addressed to my mundane name, George, and the return address was just written as BBB. Who would write me and not call me Cubby? Even my mother calls me that. As I looked at it, I was trying to pair up those initials with someone's faerie name and was not having much luck. To my surprise, it was from Brad, an old boyfriend, of sorts, from back when Phil was still alive. He would come to the house and we would call him our "Bouncing Baby Boy" because he would bounce between our rooms. His letter asked me if I could meet him sometime. He had something important to say and didn't want to put it a letter. He gave me his contact information so I quickly dialed his number and was likewise quickly greeted with voice mail. I left my number and patiently waited for his return call.

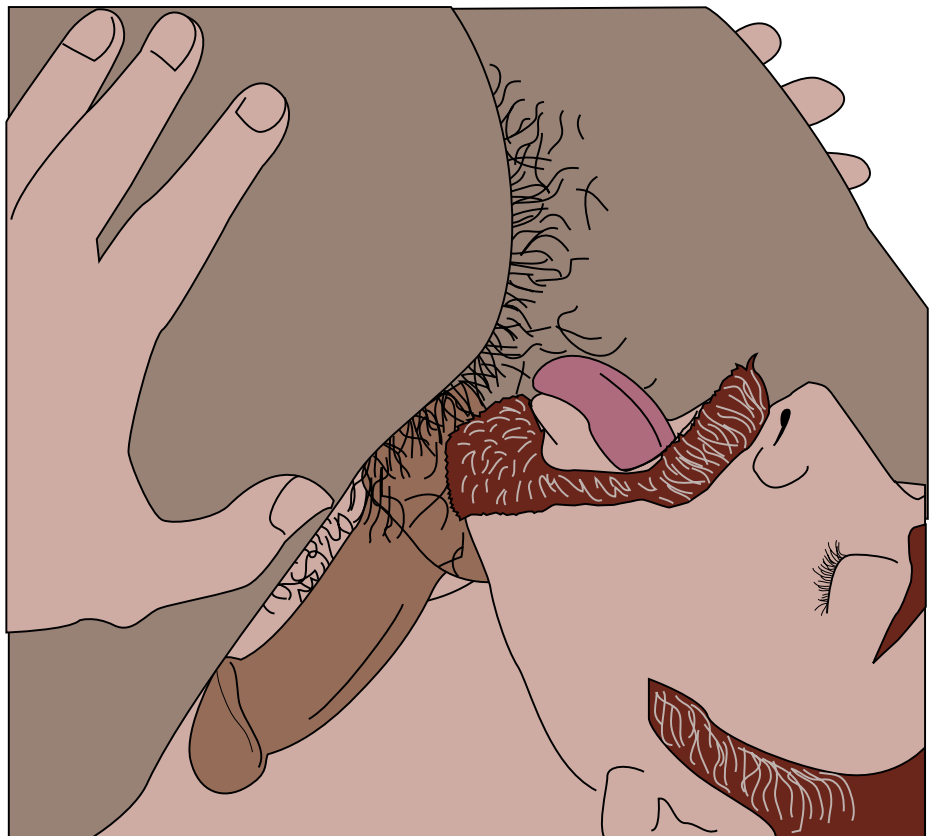
OK. So patient wasn't the word my clanmates would use to describe the situation. I was a semi-nervous wreck. I had a crush on him back then but he wasn't ready for any kind of relationship. We had met at the nearby hot springs and had a bit of locker room fun one day and traded phone numbers. After a couple of calls, I learned that he was about my age, still living on the family farm about an hour from town, and still very much in the closet. He had started to come out about the same time I did but he had gotten scared by the newly discovered gay disease and promptly took that as a sign that God didn't want him to be queer, so back into the closet he went. His only sexual relief was in similar locker room sessions whenever he could find time away from his family. Over the course of a few weeks, I convinced him to join me at the bath house for some full contact sex. He was in heaven and I was in love. I knew I had to be careful but that didn't stop me. But to my credit, I never said the "L-word" and kept it slow so I wouldn't scare him back into the closet and give him a reason to nail the door shut. I wanted this relationship to grow into something more than just sex. One weekend, he convinced his family that he had to go out of town for a conference for work. He showed up at the door and Phil and I took him out bar hopping. At each stop he remarked how normal gay people were. That night he ended up in Phil's room. I was a bit hurt because I had kind of expected a three-way that night based on how things were going, but Brad wasn't ready for that yet. Just before dawn, he came to my room and thus began the bouncing boy routine. He would tell me that he appreciated how nice we were to him. Sometimes I had to wonder just how nice we were in showing him the wonderful world of the gay community and

then sending him home to his self-imposed exile. At some point he was going to have to choose and have to confront his family with the secret he had been hiding. Based on his tales of his family, that was not going to be pleasant.

After a few more visits, he disappeared. I tried calling his work number but was told that he no longer worked there. Phil tried to comfort me by saying that when he was ready, he would show up again, and now, all these years later, that time finally happened. I wasn't sure how I felt. Was he wanting to start up again? Did he want to apologize for not saying good-bye? Was he hiv-positive and blamed Phil? A million things raced through my mind while I waited. When he did call, all he said was the place and time to meet. He didn't give me any clues as to the reason. He just said that he was glad to hear my voice and would save the real chat for when we met.

Two days of more patient waiting later, the time came and I went to meet him. He still was cute as a bug in a rug. He still had that all-American boyish charm with his blue eyes and blond hair. After the initial "how are yous" and "whatcha been doings", he got to the point of what he wanted. He realized that he had never really acknowledged his feelings for me. I knew it. I was right. He was trying to get back into my life. My mind was racing on how to tell him I was taken with multiple husbands, but they liked to share. Then the conversation took a serious twist. He had met the love of his life and they were going to get married and he wanted me to be his best man. He said, if it hadn't been for the love I had shown him, he never would have had the courage to come out and eventually find

*-continued on page 20*



## Cubby Diaries continued

his partner. While he might have other close friends, he couldn't think of a better person to have stand by his side at his wedding than the man who introduced him to the true meaning of love in the first place. I got all choked up and really couldn't believe what he had said. After making sure that was what he really wanted, I said yes.

A week later the faeries gathered for a heart circle and in walked Champagne with the new beau he had been promising for weeks to bring to an event. He had been twitterpattered and we were all eager to see who finally popped his cork. I was facing the other way when they walked in and nearly dropped my plate when I turned around. There was Champagne introducing Brad to people. I didn't have a chance to talk to them before circle. I can honestly say I don't remember much of what was said that night. My thoughts were pretty scrambled as I thought about a bizillion possibilities of his presence in our little group. I knew him well enough to know that he was nervous about being someplace outside of his comfort zone since he had often spoken of his strict religious upbringing. I saw him glance my way multiple times but I couldn't quite decide if he was drawing strength from our history and my helping him in his meeting the gay community or was my presence shattering some impression of me?

After circle, while Brad was busy talking to a couple of the others, Champagne pulled me aside. He had convinced Brad that a handfasting was what he really wanted rather than a traditional march down the wedding aisle. Brad was still uncertain, which was one of the reasons he had agreed to join us that evening. During circle, Brad had expressed that he felt comfortable with the group sort of like he had come home so Champagne knew that his partner would be ready to completely embrace the handfasting idea. He signaled Brad to come join us and then proceeded to ask if I would be willing to be the priest for the handfasting. He could see the love that I shared with my clan and would be honored if I would be willing to share some of that in blessing their union.

I laughed. I'm sorry, but that was my reaction as I realized that in all of their conversations about wedding plans the two had never connected that George and Cubby were one and the same person. And here I was, having been asked by both people to be part of their wedding in different capacities. As we untangled that, Brad agreed to switch me to the priest role. A bit of sadness followed as he asked if I could connect him with Phil to see if he would be the best man. I had to tell him of Phil's death and Brad pulled out one of Phil's famous little teddy bears from his back pocket. He had remembered that Phil was with a group called the faeries and he had hoped against hope that just perhaps he would be there. I said he was; just not physically.

In the end, both men got what they want. As plans evolved, the happy couple decided to have two parties. The first was for their secular friends. We met at City Hall and made a show of them signing their Domestic Partnership papers and declaring their civil union in front of the judge. We held the reception at the house. Jack was in seventh heaven in doing the food for the large party. And Aeris's springtime garden was just beginning to show off its glorious colors.

A week later we gathered in the garden for Champagne and

Brad to share their sacred vows with the faeries. If I thought the garden was gorgeous the week before, the love that flowed had inspired it to put on a dazzling display. As I prepared to give my blessings to the couple, I looked at Peter and felt a well spring of love flowing from him and likewise from Jim. I looked at Aeris and remembered the little boy who nearly died in my backyard and carried a torch for me into his adulthood and now stands as an equal partner in the clan. And all of the others: Kevin, Buck, Josh, Gregg, Jack, and Gil. The love flowed and I drew on that as I blessed the happy couple. Then I looked at Brad in the eyes and realized that my Bouncing Baby Boy had grown up and was ready to start a new life and build his own family. I placed my hands around their joined hands and found I couldn't say any final words of wisdom. Fortunately, my clan knows me well enough and the three of us found ourselves surrounded by my family in one of the famous "Cubby is about to meltdown" hugs.

Since I was beyond speaking at that point, I faintly heard Peter's voice cutting through the fog saying "...and now you may kiss the bride." After a kiss between Champagne and Brad, they both reached over to kiss me. I was expecting a kiss on each cheek but Brad pulled me into a full three-way tongues engaged kiss. A megazillion things started racing through my mind as I realized that Brad was whispering in my ear that he hoped his first love and his last wanted to be together inside him.

I was right. My Bouncing Baby Boy had grown up. And so were other things as I felt my clan untying our sarongs.

Sigh. The things I have to do to bless a union.

