

SerpentStar

A newsletter for members of
The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids
in the Southern Hemisphere.

Imbolc 2012



The first dewy mornings of early spring.
Photo by Wyverne



G'day people! Welcome to the Imbolc 2012

Edition of SerpentStar. After a much-needed rest I'm returning as editor. Grateful thanks are due to the lovely LadyA of the Shire for keeping things going in the meantime. We wish her great joy of her growing family!

Email subscriptions are free of course, but at a tiny cost of \$10 pa, for 4 issues within Australia, some of you may prefer a paper subscription instead. Recent research has indicated that on-line newsletters that drop their paper subscription alternative tend to be weaker and less likely to be read than those that maintain them. Must be good magic, and admittedly, it is nice to find a newsletter bristling with good reading in your old-fashioned letterbox every quarter. So do consider a good old-fashioned print copy—published of course on ecologically sustainably produced paper.

Druidry is growing in Australia, and this is reflected in the lively collection of reading we've got for you from bards, druids and ovates young and old, with some refreshing new faces swelling the ranks, in particular, talented poet Ainvar Ronal Greenleaf, and insightful philosopher Orin Raven Winter, both seed group members from Adelaide. We owe thanks also to Adrienne Piggot for her help to bring us the photos and story about the English Ale. Other familiar and not so familiar names grace our pages this edition. There are stories, articles, poems, pictures and much, much more to enjoy!!!!

Have a BLESSED IMBOLC

wyverne//\ 1

SerpentStar comes out four times a year at each of the Fire Festivals, Imbolc, Beltane, Lughnasadh and Samhuinn.

Subscriptions *** Free on-line as a pdf file from:
www.serpentstar.wordpress.com.

For a paper subs. send \$10.00 (in Oz), \$12.50 (NZ & Pacific)
\$15.00 (rest of world) in Australian dollars made out to
v o wyverne to PMB2 Angaston SA 5353 Australia or use Paypal.
PLEASE DO NOT MAKE OUT CHEQUES TO SERPENTSTAR.

Nellie can't bank them without a lot of explaining.

Contributions are eagerly sought at above addresses.

Please make sure your contributions do not violate copyright laws.

Opinions expressed in **SerpentStar** are contributors' own and not necessarily the opinions of the editor or of the **Order of Bards**

Ovates and Druids. Printed at the Swan Reach Area School library with a lot of very kindly help from school librarian Leanne.

Deadline for Beltane issue: 29th October 2012

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Adnae, son of Uthider,

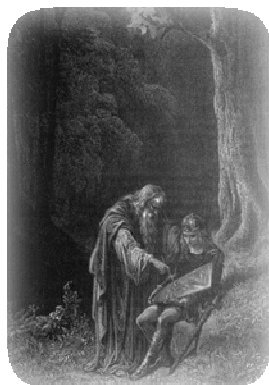
of the tribes of Connaught, was the ollave of Ireland in science and poetry. He had a son, to wit, Néde. Now that son went to learn science in Scotland, unto Eochu Echbél (Horsemouth); and he stayed along with Eochu until he was skilled in science.

One day the lad fared forth till he was on the brink of the sea - for the poets deemed that on the brink of water it was always a place of revelation of science. He heard a sound in the wave, to wit, a chant of wailing and sadness, and it seemed strange to him.

So the lad cast a spell upon the wave, that it might reveal to him what the matter was. And thereafter it was declared to him that the wave was bewailing, his father Adnae, after his death and that Adnae's robe had been given to Ferchertne the poet, who had taken the ollaveship in place of Néde's father.

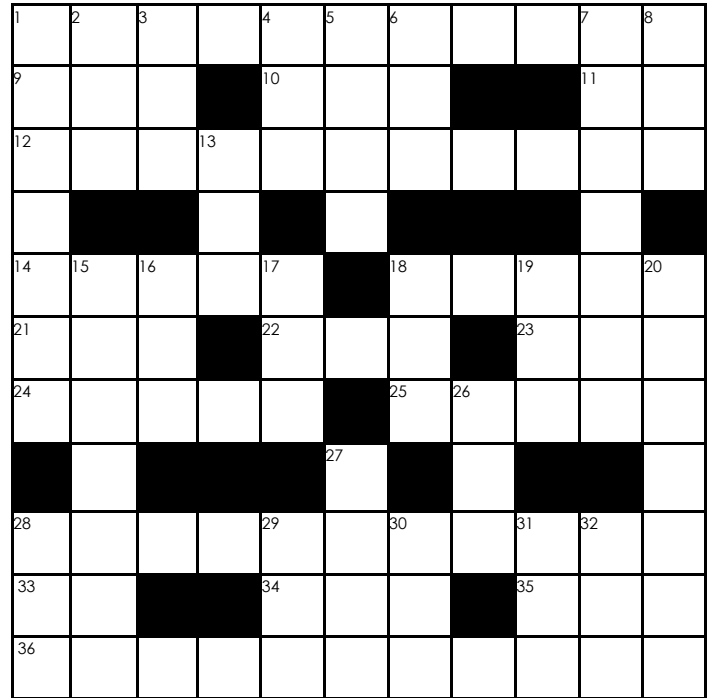
Then the lad went to his house and tells (all this) to his tutor, that is, to Eochu. And Eochu said to

him: "Get thee to thy country now. Our two sciences have no room in one place; for thy science shews clearly to thee that thou art an ollave in knowledge".



*Imcallam in da Thurad
The Colloquy of the Two Sages
Book of Leinster*

Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Harvested directly from nature.
9. Before.
10. A sigh of contentment.
11. Who you are (to you).
12. The doing of business.
14. Druidic clairvoyance
18. Medieval garment.
21. No.
22. Period of time.
23. Interjection.
24. Freshwater diving bird.
25. Inuit sea goddess..
28. Re the mechanics of life.
33. The thing.
34. Greek letter.
35. Sash.
36. Civilised females.

DOWN

1. Going (old-fashioned).
2. Wrath.
3. Limb.
4. Feline.
5. Sudden attack.
6. Exclamation of insight.
7. Passion.
8. Lair.
13. Eggs
15. Earthenware cooking pot.
16. Farewell.
17. Catch sight of
18. Australian state (abb).
19. Gesture of assent.
20. Early film comedian.
26. Prophet.
27. Unit of computer info.
28. Large.
29. Norse Goddess of death.
30. Wood cutting tool.
31. www.site....
32. Short form of man's name

FREE OFFER

DON'T MISS IT!

IT'S YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY!

See your work in print!

You can become a contributor to Serpent Star, see your work in print and gain valuable experience—all for

!!!!!!FREEEEEE!!!!!!

Poems and Stories, Artwork and Photography, News and Links of Interest to SerpentStar readers.

Children's work especially welcome.

If it's not your own work, make sure it doesn't violate copyright laws.

Yellowstone

BY Lady Cu

We planned our trip to America in a bit of a hurry as we were going to Darwin, when Pete said, "Why we aren't going overseas?" So, the flurry of activity where would we like to go what would the weather be like and of course was there a motor racing event. So Yellowstone and Historic motor racing at Monterey won out. All was booked, bags packs, including the tent. We just needed the date to roll around.

The one thing I really wanted was to see wolves in the wild. We talked about it at Monday Night Druidry. All said, "Don't worry, you'll see them." Amanda said she'd do a wolf dance about the 8th of the month as she figured that was when we'd arrive there. Of course we arrived on the 8th.

We booked into the first campsite for two nights but it was a long drive to the primary viewing site. The first night we heard wolves *howling* in the distance, we did the long drive back and were up about 4:30 the next morning to return. We arrived in Lamar Valley at 6.30 am and found the regular wolf-watchers already set up. The Lamar pack had made a kill overnight and four were feeding from it: two black males who we were told were the alpha male and his brother, and three grey wolves, the alpha female and two yearlings.

What a morning. Kathy one of the regulars let me watch through her spotting scope. What a thrill, to be actually seeing wolves in the wild and feeding on a recent kill! We both had tears in our eyes. As the day progressed we met Kate and Ger who also offered us the use of their scopes which was so generous. This is their annual holiday.

Over the morning we watched the alpha female eat as much as she could return to her pups, regurgitate the meat then return for another belly then back to her pups. She did

this with so much focus and intent: an awesome sight. At about 12 midday a grizzly bear moved in and took the kill from the wolves.

We returned at about 5 pm. The grizzly was still on the kill with the wolves bedded down watching and waiting.

We're back the next morning at 6 am. There are 3 grey wolves and 2 black in view. We watch until 12 midday. The Grizzly is still on the kill; he's not budging. The Alpha female and grey yearling take turns watching from the bank. The males just sleep. A coyote wanders



Alpha female & yearling



Grizzly on kill

by casually until he sees the wolves - then he's off like a rocket: wolves kill coyotes! The grey yearling looks hollow. The Grizzly sits on top of the kill. She keeps testing him but he won't give it up.

Today we find out we can hire spotting scopes so after lunch we're off to hire our own. Everyone is so kind sharing their scopes, we return the favour by sharing ours with others. The pleasure of sharing with others seeing a wolf for the first time is amazing even though we are still on our own high from our first viewing.

The next morning the grizzly is still on the kill, the alpha male and female and a yearling are still watching hoping he'll leave. The alpha female snuck down to try a snatch and grabs some of the kill but the grizzly was on to her. As it got hotter the grizzly hopped in the river for a cool down, hundreds of flies buzzing him after lying for two days on a dead animal. While he went for a cool-down the yearling rushed in and got some of the kill. The bear returned to the kill, decided it was too hot, so went to lie in a hollow in the river bank. The alpha female used this opportunity to try and get some food but the bear chased her away.

At this she went and lay in the bear's hollow as if to say, "If you want our kill you need to stay in the sun and guard it,"

Meanwhile one of the black adult males casually wanders off. Sneaky fellow, he has a secret stash all to himself.

In the evening we move to a spot just down the road. It pays off big time. We get to see the wolf pups for about 5 minutes again - we are both a bit teary. The pups head back up the hill and out of sight in the darkness.

We head back to camp for an early night.

This is our last night in the park and we really don't want to go. We hum and ha, our new wolf watcher friends encourage us... even though time is tight we decide on an extra day.

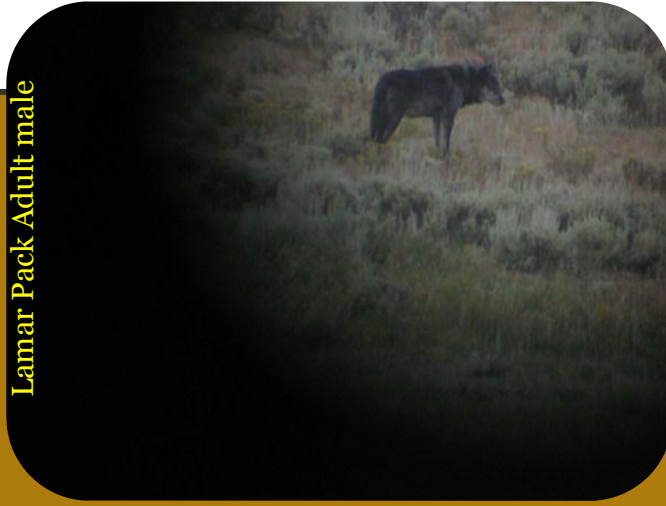
Today is a real highlight. Again we are out at 6 am. It starts a bit slow but it hap-

pens. Our friends tell us to look above the eyebrow (rock formation). We see five wolf pups about 14 weeks old—our hearts nearly jump out of our chests—three black and two greys. They play and run up high, all of a sudden they dash for the road; they play on the road refusing to get off the new novelty. The traffic builds up. The park rangers arrive to direct it and protect the pups.

Continued overleaf



Lamar Valley yearling



Cold wind blowing up the valley
Pale but glowing sunset
Aspen rippling with the wind
A grizzly walking the willows
The lone bison out on the riverfront
A black spot on the hillside
Five wild cubs gambling across the rock face
Long legs and floppy puppy ears
A glimpse of the adults they will become
It's tug-a-war with a stick
No let's all run down the hill
It's getting dark off we go to the den
It's a new exciting day
We know the yearling can't control us
Down we go to the road
Oh the new smells and it's so warm here
New play things we've never seen before
The little grey lies on the warm road
Refusing to move
The yearling tug's pulls, gives a little nip
Already strongly independent refuses to move
Suddenly a big black thing comes at us real fast
We run back up the hill
All five of us
We're scared
It's back to the safety of the den for us

Suddenly a 4x4 pulls out overtaking all the traffic at speed. Kathy is on the walkie-talkie to one of the rangers, I'm telling her what's happening as she relays back.

I don't want to watch as I'm scared of what will happen - all the pups are still on the road, this car is bearing down on them at speed... luckily at the last minute all the pups take off back up the hill. We all breathe a sigh of relief with hearts pounding.

This really is our last day. We watch the adults most of the day at their kill, go back to camp for tea about 5 pm and are out again until dark. The pups put in a brief appearance but are spooked after this morning. We're out there again at about 6am, with only brief glimpses of the pups and a few adults.

About 11 am we decide it is time to leave the park, so we hit the road. On the way out we see the yearling pictured above trying to cross the road, but too many cars. We drive on vowing to return.

Lady Cu' -2012/7

Autumn sunrise over Druids Peak, Yellowstone National Park





GOOD MUSIC*GOOD MAGIC*GOOD FUN

• The English Ale 2012

• by Mike Adamson -

Each year the English Ale proves to be the single biggest day in the pagan calendar. Each year it seems to get that bit bigger, that bit more professionally produced, and is an ever-growing credit to the many, many hands and talents who have a role in bringing the festival together. International guest Damh the Bard again featured prominently, brought to Australia this year by public sponsorship – in essence the pagan community clubbed-up to bring Damh and Cerri Lee to Australia, and have shown what people-power can do!

The event as a whole launched with a meet-and-greet for the visiting Morris sides at the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Thebarton, in the evening of Friday 18th, and the day proper began as usual with Morris at the Bridgewater Inn from 10am to around 1pm. The weather was somewhat inclement, with a mild drizzle soaking the hills, a little off-putting but not enough to keep boots off the bricks.

In the early afternoon the Morris sides moved on to Mylor, where the Druid Gorsedd had been underway from around noon, run by Tom Thomas and continuing the tradition begun by the late Lynn Sinclair-Wood. Morris resumed outside the Mylor Hall around 2pm and continued through the day until nightfall. Teams represented this year included Hot For Joe, Hedgemonkey Morris, Adelaide Morris Men, the Lancashire Witches and visiting members from various interstate sides.

The Beating of the Bounds occurred during the afternoon, defining the hall and its immediate surroundings as sacred space, or as sacred as possible! Considerable numbers of local folk were joined by interstate visitors and the event was well patronised as the day went on. Local coffee shops and eateries did excellent extra business, and would have done a lot more had they stayed open later. As dusk fell the weather had cleared out to stars, promising a cold, crisp night, and the parade got under way a little after 6pm. Damh the Bard led the procession, featuring the three principle Morris sides, interspersed with the three giants, Petal, Rufus and Tanis, accompanied by

perhaps 200 spectators, with cameras flashing eagerly. The parade made its way around the oval and dispersed into a ring around the bonfire on the adjoining green, and Tom Thomas called the four quarters with a clear note from a horn before Damh led the formal calling as the traditional invocation of peace in the world.

The theme for the bonfire was George and the Dragon. Following last year's creepily-brilliant 'burning man' motif, created from burning rope and puppeteered by Tom Osborne and Tamzin Woodcock, this year saw the outline of a medieval king engineered in rope, well-soaked in flammable liquid, and again animated as a gigantic rod-puppet, walked around the bonfire and used to ignite the main blaze which was crowned by a timber, metal and fabric dragon, complete with wings.

The drumming ensemble was protected by a small marquee but fortunately the weather was kind by this point, and after dances by the Morris sides the whole audience got into the spirit and rhythm, and swayed in a great circle around the blaze for quite some time.

Master of Ceremonies for the evening was Paul Reynolds, in his masterly impersonation of the famous Leonard Sachs, complete with top hat and tails. Audience numbers were capped around 170 for the hall's capacity, which was standing-room only by the middle of the evening. The concert got underway a little after 7pm, starting with Preston's Punch and Judy Show, in its more riotous adult context. The previous performance of Preston's show was at Covent Garden, in London, as part of the celebrations for the 350th anniversary of the first recorded appearance of the institution as we know it (though its roots likely go back further). This was followed by Paul and Christian Reynolds' marvellous Bygone Error, a round of the songs and stand-up comedy from old time Music Hall that had the audience in stitches and begging for more. The first half of the entertainment was rounded out by the Fayre Guisers with the 2012 edition of the ancient Mummers' Play, always hilarious with its ad-libbed hi-jinx.

Spiral Dance's performance was a cracking single set that opened around 9.30 with Holly Lord, and featured The Wyvern Riders instrumental set (appearing on the new CD), The Quickening, Weaving the Summer, and of course Spirit of Albion for which Damh joined the Spirals on vocal and Hot For Joe and Hedgemonkey performed the Spirit of Albion Morris. Instead of the usual circle dance to Burning Times, the set closed with an old-fashioned rollicking can-can to Step It Out, Mary, not seen at concerts for quite some time.

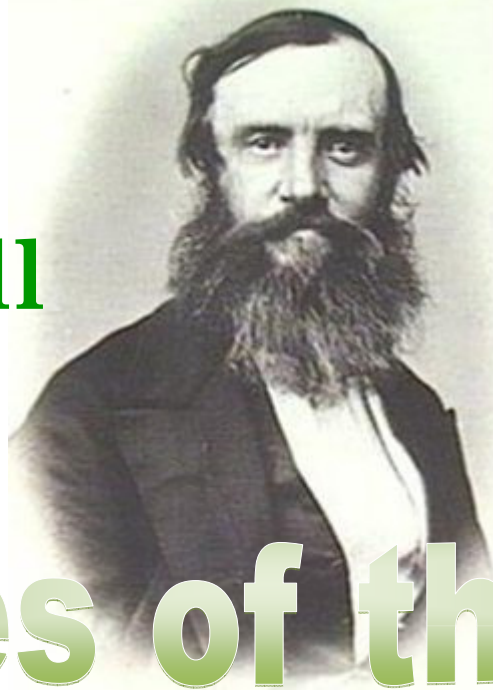
Damh the Bard's performance was something of a pace change, slowing things down, and people, as he put it, "channelled the inner hippie," coming to sit on the floor before the stage and enjoy a lengthy recital including such favourites as Cauldron Born, Green and Grey, the as-yet unrecorded Song for Brigid, and of course Damh's own solo arrangement of Spirit of Albion. As midnight approached the Spirals returned to the stage to accompany Damh's last number, The Hills They Are Hollow. was an inspired performance from all concerned, not least the army of volunteers who attended to every imaginable detail from crowd safety and management to decoration and advertising, plus the many staff for kitchen and technical duties. The pyramid of talent and enthusiasm came together with meticulous planning and the day was carried in fine style. Over 150 guests went home very happy indeed!

The English Ale 2012



Photos provided by Adrienne Piggot.

John McDouall Stuart



The heroes of our European traditions inspire us still, but they belong to other lands far away. We need to find their spirituality alive today and honour those pioneers and explorers who continue their tradition of courage, vision and determination in our own lands.

Heroes of the Past

Born in Scotland, Stuart was a civil engineer before coming to Australia in 1838 at the age of 23. He was a Freemason. Small but wiry, he arrived in the three-year-old pioneer colony of South Australia in 1839. As a public surveyor he got to know the bush marking out blocks for settlers and miners. In 1842 he was re-trenched but as a private surveyor kept working in the remote areas he loved. In 1844 the famous explorer Captain Sturt embarked on an expedition into the arid interior, and engaged Stuart as a draughtsman. They explored further north than anyone before them, under great hardship, but instead of the hoped-for inland sea, they found only desert. They suffered severely from scurvy. After recovering, Stuart returned to private surveying, around Port Lincoln and later the northern Flinders Ranges, exploring, prospecting for minerals, and surveying pastoral leases. He made many important excursions inland before making the momentous first crossing of the continent from north to south in 1862, in competition with the disastrously ill-equipped expedition of Burke and Wills, who tried unsuccessfully to reach the Gulf of Carpentaria during the same period. Stuart's party lost horses but all the men, mostly very young, returned home to great celebration.

Badly affected by scurvy, Stuart never regained his health, and returned to England to die unnoticed at the age of fifty.

Caroline Carleton, author of the Song of Australia, wrote,

*Full many a weary league
Of hunger, thirst, and pain
Our brave explorer trod,
And traversed o'er again,
Before he reached the goal,
And cooled his burning brow,
And stayed his halting steps
Where the northern waters flow.
Grim silence reigned supreme,
Save alligator's splash,
Or sea-mew's shrilly scream,
Or ocean's restless dash;
Yet flashed that leader's eye,
And triumph filled his soul
As he heard the bird's discordant cry,
And saw the waters roll.*

*Methinks 'twere worth a life
To stand as there he stood—
Forerunner of a dauntless race,
Proud rulers of the flood.
Across the desert waste
He hears their hurrying feet;
He sees the flashing wires
That mighty empires greet.
His dream is all fulfilled,
Responsive echoes ring
Around the circling earth,
Sped on the lightning's wing.
And what hath he? — a distant grave;
Unblazoned is his name;
And what have we? — a beaten path
To honour, wealth, and fame.

Stuart kept meticulous journals which can be read in their entirety at no cost at
http://ebooks.adelaide.edu.au/s/stuart/john_mcdouall/journals/

More about the heroic team:
<http://www.southaustralianhistory.com.au/stuart.htm>



Stuart & Party, 1862

Brigid brings us The Blessings of Imbolc! May the Land be Blessed!

The first warm days have brought on the usual flush of spring growth in temperate lands, and even in the tropics the quickening impetus of this time of annual renewal can be observed. Those of us who live on farms, or maintain productive gardens, or whose lifestyle or outlook or spirituality keep us aware of such things are watching nature rouse herself after a rather mild wintery time of rest. We can harness now this arousal of life-force to help to manifest flourishing healthy new growth and abundance in our lives. May all our new beginnings be truly blessed.

Imbolc

The magic of the element of air. May no harm come to the air from us, and no harm to us from the air. Let the atmosphere be healed!

Australia and NZ are Far Eastern countries. We are the mysterious east!

Alban Hevin

Beltane

Alban Eiler

WE ARE
HERE

Imbolc

Alban Arthan

10

19

Candles lit for Brigid.

May everyone have all they need!



Beloved Brigid
in her
maiden aspect
is reawakening the
beauty of life.
Feel
the arousing power
of her pleasure
within you
and
be nourished!

***Lambs leap, the creative impulse springs a-new
within all life. Time to nurture the sown seed, to
incubate the kindly spell, to celebrate and bless the
new!***

new life

**new
growth**

**new
beginnings**

Druid Links

**contributions
please!!!**

The Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids
<http://www.druidry.org>



A great place to
evolve on-line.

The official OBOD website—
all the info is here, and
there's a wonderful mes-
sage board with everything
from in depth discussions
to supportive friendly chat.
Or display your bardic skills
in eisteddfod competitions
four times a year!

www.druidry.org

The Pagan Awareness Network Incorporated
(PAN Inc)
is a not-for-profit educational association with
members Australia-wide.

The \$40 joining fee includes a delightful
newsletter and access to discussion and vital
information.

**Links for
Southern Hemisphere
witches and pagans:**

<http://www.conjure.com/COG/PPPA.html>
Southern Hemisphere Pagans.

<http://druidspace.ning.com>

OBODs members-only

social website set up by
our own Chosen Chief,
Philip Carr-Gomm.

Druidspace is not replacing,
but

extending the established
OBOD site at
www.druidry.org, which is
open to all. There's a lively
OBODies-only discussion
board for meeting and greet-
ing and exchanging news and
views, and in addition each
member gets a blog, photo
album, mp3 player, and more!
Get on, discover each other
and really start to

evolve as a druid!!!!

Druids in New Zealand
[http://www.youtube.com/
watch?v=slhXUUh13ak](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=slhXUUh13ak)
A splendid little video featur-
ing a very relaxed interview
with our Chosen Chief

[http://www.spiritualdimensions.co.nz/
druidry.php](http://www.spiritualdimensions.co.nz/druidry.php)
Astrology, crystals, Druidry, healing, herbs,
paganism, Tarot, Spiritual Guidance, Wicca.
This is a delightful, beautifully pre-
sented website, right into the magic
and mystique—well worth perusing.

<http://www.sam.paganfederation.org/>

This is the **South American** site
of **The Pagan Federation International**, a divi-
sion of the **Pagan Federation**, one of the larger
and more traditional associations of Pagans,
founded 30 years ago in England. The Pagan
Federation is a non-profit organization directed
by Pagans for Pagans. We provide information
on Paganism and counter misconceptions about
the religion. The Pagan Federation operates in
many countries with the South America division
assisting Latin America.

The Druid Network:

<http://druidnetwork.org>
For druids serious enough about
their Druidry to pay for it— well
worth the subscription.

Druidic Dawn:

<http://www.druidicdawn.org>
This is working towards harmony
within and among the various Drui-
dries world wide. Membership is
free by invitation. Good discussion
and excellent free newsletter,
Aontacht.

**South African
PAGAN COUNCIL**

www.pagancouncil.co.za
info@pagancouncil.co.za Tel: 073 016 7971



Let's do it together

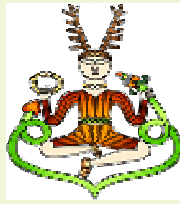
Druid Events

NEXT MEETING OF THE ADELAIDE SEED-GROUP 13TH AUGUST 2012

7:00 pm HACKNEY HOTEL

Contact Sarah Marshall

[https://www.facebook.com/
messages/sarah.marshall.39108](https://www.facebook.com/messages/sarah.marshall.39108)



Share news of
events here!!!!

Pagan Gatherings

These details are excerpted from items at
http://www.pagangatherings.com.au/pagan_gatherings_sa.htm

SA

Pagans in the Pub

Meet on the first Tuesday of each month at the Queen's Arms Hotel, Wright Street, Adelaide, 8pm.
Socialising and dinner from 6pm; guest speaker at 8pm.
Gold coin donation for non Pagan Alliance members.

South Australian Pagan Alliance Inc ...

NSW

Pagans On The Coast hold a monthly

Pagans In The Park

picnic in Budgewoi, 2nd Sunday of every month, 11am to 3pm at McKenzie Park (at the end of Lake Street), Budgewoi, NSW. More details at

http://www.pagangatherings.com.au/pagan_gatherings_sa.htm

QLD

Pagans in the Park

A Meet & Greet picnic for local pagans to network and socialise. This is an open event, all trades welcome. Family Friendly. This event is FREE, we only ask you please bring a plate to share with the group. BYO Alcohol. Last Sunday of the Month at Dayman Park, Urangan (Hervey Bay)

Contact: Daina - fcpitp@gmail.com

The 12th Australian OBOD Assembly

will be held at Beltana in late October 2012. Located in the ancient desert mountains of the Northern Flinders Ranges, South Australia, Beltana (www.beltana.org.au) is a small heritage town with a permanent population of 6.

The Assembly will be dedicated to
Morrigan,
and activities will include exploring a conservation park accessible only by 4WD:
Warraweena (<http://www.warraweena.com/>)
and a Masquerade Ball
on the Friday night.

Dates for the event are as follows:

Arrival Day: 25 October 2012
Bardic Day: 26 October 2012
Ovate Day: 27 October 2012
Druid Day: 28 October 2012
Departure Day: 29 October 2012

People are welcome to stay for Beltaine celebrations

on 31 October, but this will not be included in the general programme.

Please register your interest at

www.druidryaustralia.org
(you will need to sign up to do this)

or contact Ngatina direct at gypsy@sincorp.org

The Pagan Awareness Network

keeps a listing of community events around Australia. If you wish to advertise an event please let them know.

<http://www.paganawareness.net.au>



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Pewter lake holds golden dreams
Worlds unravelling at the seams

Borders shimmer, ebb and flow
spinning chakras, fast and slow

Molten sunsets, searing downs,
Velvet green of icy storms

Curtain torn of futures past

Fruiting trees on frosted brass

Silver Ibis by the tarn

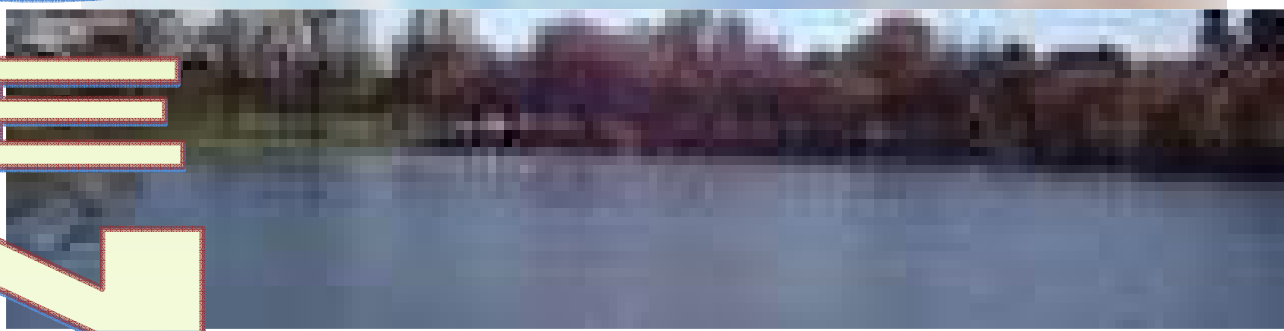
Magic circle, safe from harm

Gazes at the pregnant storm
and rises with the swelling morn,

And splits the sky with challenge met
"Are you Annwen born, or Danu sent?"

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Through a Sylvan Doorway

Spiral Dance Cd

*review by Louisa John-Krol June
2012*



A blossom in the garland of a fecund discography, *Through a Sylvan Doorway* is the first double-CD by Australia's Pagan mythic folk-rock band, Spiral Dance. As the title suggests, there are themes of woodland reverie, herbal magic, rune stones, forest guardianship and wild energy of a faery ring.

Herne beckons on the front cover, standing with his staff among eucalyptus trees, while around the foreground borders, European ivy mingles with red blossom of native flowering gum, hinting at integration of British and Australian vegetation. (Lyrics in the the album's title-track

name "Eucalypt, Red Gum, Elm and Oak", further highlighting the universality of forests.) The archetype of Herne is universal, too. For example (according to Borges), among the Dakota Sioux, a horned hunting god Haokah used the wind as sticks to beat the thunder drum. Over this woodland an owl presides: sentry above a tree's door inscribed with runic spirals, a gateway all the more mysterious for being half-seen. And perhaps it is not the only "sylvan doorway"? We could also interpret the central clearing as an entrance, for it reaches back, vanishing in green mist. (Green is often said to be the favourite colour of Faery, though this might depend on the season, or focus of each elemental.) Louise Hewett's illustration is woven seamlessly into photographic vistas of lush greenery and standing stones, by designer Kim Brown.

There is considerable symmetry in this album. Two discs in the digipak flank the booklet's pocket like twin moons of a triple goddess. There are eight tracks on each disc. The album's illustrator Louise Hewett's songwriting contributions appear in the 6th track of each disc. Paul Gooding's tune set "The Wyvern Rider's Tune Set" closes on the same musical theme on which it begins. Meanwhile, throughout the album there's a balance of original and traditional material, including poetry by Richard Jones and William Morris. There's also a cover of UK druid Damh the Bard, who appears as guest on Adrienne's version of his song "Spirit of Albion". Harmonies of the band's male singers come to the fore in this song.

Defying jig-friendly expectations, the album opens with a quiet song that is instrumentally sparse, featuring Nick Carter's plucking, reminiscent of All About Eve. Only in the second song, "Fae Dance", does the full band swing in, with

Rick Kearsley on drums, Paul Gooding on accordion, David Bentley on bass, Ingrid Hapke on violin, and Nick Carter swapping acoustic for electric guitar. This is the first Spiral Dance album of which Nick is also engineer (at RixWorld and Red Dog Audio). It is indeed well hewn.

Lyrical, the album is eloquent. Consider these lines: “And he with all his peacock stance and his feet of clay”; “There’s faces in the leaves, their green beards hanging down / Old Woodwise has laid his cloak upon the ground”; “When frost lay on bare branches / Beneath moonlight’s silver gleaming”; “On the breath of velvet wings”; “Hidden in the darkling leaves / The winds of night will take you / Into a twilight dream”; “Oh honey comb maiden brown apple tree mother”; “It flies on wings of fury”. These words ring together, visually and musically. Once artists work with a timeless archetype - be it the Nordic Odin, Greek Pan, English Robin Goodfellow or Celtic Arianrhod - characters can organically leap forth, reveling in collective imagination. One risk with lyrical abundance is that syllables sometimes vie for space. If

the listener’s ear has been swaying in trance, ambient, neo-medieval, darkwave or other spacious genres, it might need to leap from a canter to a gallop. Once that pattern is established, one catches the graceful phrasing. If that’s a bard’s first calling, the other is to create lucid melodies. These, too, are vividly present. Adrienne, the band’s founder and leading lyricist, spent many years in English villages, studying their heritage. She’s had long contact with storytelling, dance and songs, immersing herself in mythology and folklore. This background underpins many rhythms and themes of Spiral Dance. Meanwhile, Adrienne’s voice is testimony of a kinship with ballads. Her

ability to tell a story through song is particularly evident in “Of Gods and Other Men”, which she performs effortlessly a cappella, with the oft repeated line “I shall tell you tales”.

Some of these songs, such as “Feet of Clay”, were unleashed on stage in several states prior to release. A fluent interplay of instruments, well rehearsed through frequent touring, is one of this band’s hallmarks. The revamped “Rise Up” has already appeared not only in many shows, but also in an earlier form on the band’s retrospective 2010 album *From the Mist*. It might have been a summoning call for *Through a Sylvan Doorway*. Continuity meets new growth. Familiar trees soar among saplings, providing shade and shelter amid splashes of sunshine, sprouting leaves and buds. Camaraderie bubbles to the surface like a woodland stream, impossible to resist.

Through A Sylvan Doorway is available from the band’s website:
www.spiraldance.com.au

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWERS

1	W	2	I	3	L	4	D	5	C	6	R	7	A	8	F	9	T	10	E	11	D
12	E	13	R	14	E	15		16	A	17	A	18	H	19		20	M	21	E	22	
23	N	24	E	25	G	26	O	27	T	28	I	29	A	30	T	31	I	32	O	33	N
34	D	35		36		37	V	38		39	D	40		41		42	T	43		44	
45	I	46	M	47	B	48	A	49	S	50		51	T	52	U	53	N	54	I	55	C
56	N	57	A	58	Y	59		60	E	61	R	62	A	63		64	O	65	O	66	H
67	G	68	R	69	E	70	B	71	E	72		73	M	74	O	75	R	76	N	77	A
78		79	M	80		81		82		83	B	84		85	B	86		87		88	P
89	B	90	I	91	O	92	P	93	H	94	Y	95	S	96	I	97	C	98	A	99	L
100	A	101	T	102		103		104	E	105	R	106	A	107		108	O	109	B	110	I
111	G	112	E	113	N	114	T	115	L	116	E	117	W	118	O	119	M	120	E	121	N

Seeing in the Dark

Using the Eyes and Ears of Our Hearts

Shamanism comes from an ancient Siberian word meaning to see in the dark. It refers to the ability to see beyond aspects of our physical world into dimensions where formless spirits and energy can interact with our daily lives. It is based on a respect for all things, both seen and unseen, and their relation to the ultimate universal energy which flows through and all around us. This is variously called God, the Goddess, the Ultimate Spirit, Allah, Hashem, Love and so on, as shamanism describes a mode of living rather than a religion. This mode of living is generally associated with ancient hunter gather or present day indigenous societies but as all things, it can be directly applicable to our modern lifestyles.

Shamans believe that by honouring all existences (does this sound familiar?) we can understand ourselves more fully and our place within the universe. This understanding brings balance and healing within ourselves which then extends all around us. When we are connected with the universal energy our life seems to flow more easily, things go our way, we feel happier and healthier.

Shamans tend to refer to this flow as 'power' and believe we can tap into this power more easily if we connect with the non-physical realms and are in direct communion with the loving formless spirits who can be found there. These formless beings have been described throughout history in a number of different ways, eg. Guardian Angels, Power Animals or Totem Animals. Although there are many different descriptive terms for the non-physical realms, those of Celtic ancestry refer to it as the Otherworld and this is comparable with the Australian concept of the Dreaming. The Otherworld and the physical world reflect one another as though the two are merely separated by a veil. We can learn to travel through this veil and interact with these compassionate formless beings.

All human individuals have at least one Power Animal. In addition to helping us tap into the power of the universe, they also provide us with more personal gifts which assist with our emotional strength and focus. They are similar to our friends in the physical world, there to provide love and support and sometimes give us the honest truth that we all need from time to time. When the power flows through us via our Power Animals, it feels like everything in our lives is going right, we notice many happy 'coincidences' and our life seems to go more smoothly. Different families, groups of people and even work organisations have their own Power Animal and are happy to share their wisdom with us if we ask.

Within the Otherworld, there are a variety of Spirit Allies in addition to Power Animals. These include guardians of the physical land, presences who love and protect various parts of the countryside including, rivers, lakes, springs, seas and trees. It is possible to meet with the guardians of your home and learn to live in harmony with them. Those who work in the shamanic traditions also consider that our ancestors are present in the non-physical realms once they have passed on from human physical form. There are also those who act as teachers and mentors to a large number of people and are known in some traditions as Spirit Guides, Gods, Goddesses or Archetypes.

There are various ways for individuals to go about interacting with Power Animals, Ancestors and Spirit Guides or for travelling within the various worlds. The techniques used within shamanism are ways among many. The key way of establishing a communion with the Otherworld in the shamanic tradition is via the 'shamanic journey'. This is a ceremony which focuses our intention to travel comfortably beyond our physical bodies, meet with our Spirit Allies, exchange greetings, wisdom and/or healing and then return to our bodies safely.

A journey can be undertaken alone or in a group where a meditative receptive state is attained. This will include the use of repetitive drumming, chanting, rattling as appropriate. This can be done by lying or sitting down or even dancing.

A traditional model of travelling throughout the Otherworld uses the layout described as Lower, Middle and Upper Worlds. However, things may not appear in that way to many when they journey to the Otherworld. It does however provide a useful framework to get started.

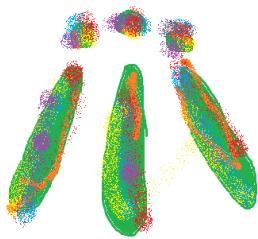
There are a large number of similarities between those who walk the path of Celtic Shamanism and the path of the Druid. Some may even say that they are identical as the Otherworldly characters who can be met on a shamanic journey to the Celtic realms are equally likely to be present in a Druid Grove. Ultimately the decision is to be made by the individual. Both paths can be enhanced by the study of books and by sharing but are ultimately of direct revelation. The messages and images experienced by one person on a journey or in a druid ritual are intended for use and interpretation by that particular person alone. Both spiritual practises provide us with a joyous and enlightening way of experiencing the beautiful world that we live in- so let us keep travelling and explore!

Antonia Newlands

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William James Rattley



Celtic Soul

I can hear the horns calling,
Calling from the mists.
I can hear the Goddess singing,
From high upon the hills.

I can hear the hunter drumming,
my heart pulsing to the beat.
Of war, spear, horn and crown,
and the tramp of cloven feet.

I can see the fae,
Dancing beneath the moon.
I smile as the spark of new life,
is birthed from Danu's womb.

I can see Arianrhod,
shining silver in the sky,
I can see the Morrighan,
guiding those about to die.

I can see Cerridwen's cauldron
bubbling with a brew.
Awen, the soul of inspiration,
A gift from her to you.

I can hear the harp of Amergin,
screaming in the storm.
I can see the Tuatha de Danaan,
arming themselves for war.

I can see the wise one Merlin,
guiding Arthur to his fate.
I can see Excalibur, the sword,
gifted from the Lady of the Lake.

I can see Vercingetorix,
rallying the clans of Gaul.
I can see the Roman Legions,
guarding atop Hadrian's wall.

I can see Boudica, Warrior Queen
razing London stone by stone.
I can see the groves of Anglesey
the remains of stump, blood and bone.

I can see Brigid,
Once goddess, now a saint.
I can see the spark of life,
relit within this place.

I can hear the green wind whispering,
asking me to recall.
The times, the poems, the heroes of old,
and join them in their hall.

But I ponder and I worry,
that perhaps the past should stay,
hidden within the midsts of time.
Not my calling in this day.

Then I hear the earth calling,
crying out in pain.
The Goddess and God call to me,
"You have your destiny to claim!"

Poetry is the universal language
which the heart holds with
nature and itself.

William Hazlitt

Amergin white knee, sweet singer.
Sing to me, proclaim to me,
Ancient tales of ancient time.

Speak to me, challenge me
To behold the wonder of spring,
The terror of a tempest in winter,
the silence of fallen leaves in autumn.
the radiant sun blazing in summer.

Amergin, Sweet Singer, Milesian Son.
Tell me of what you saw and what you
heard,
When first your feet touched Ierne's shore.

Speak to me, whisper to me,
Of Eremon, Bold Warrior
Of Donn, Calm and Selfless
Of Eber Finn, Horse Tamer
Of Ir, the Free and Wild
Of Colptha, the Dark Soul.

Amergin, Milesian Son, Chief Bard. Tell me,
speak to me.
Of the three Tuatha Queens, Of the Children
of Danu,
Of the Nine waves and the storm,
That could not hold you back

Amergin, Chief Bard, Player of the Harp. Tell
me, sing to me,
Of the crashing waves, of creaking decks.
Of sails torn in the tempest, of brother's lost.
Of how, in the terror of the storm,
Your words invoked the green fields, the
stones
Of how you silenced that viscious gale!

Amergin White Knee, Son of Mil. Tell me,
show me, teach me.
The rhythm that flows through all,
The beating heart of creation,
The song that dances in every soul.
The love of the Mother,
The strength of the Father,
The kinship of the Elements,
The guidance of the Ancestors.

Please Amergin, Chief Bard
Teach us all!

Farewell to the Sacred Grove.

Tracks of dirt pave the way, through ravaged
grasses, stone and earth.
To the place of stones, where the mysteries were
birthed.

The shattered limbs of trees silent and old,
Their stories never again, to be heard or told.

You tell us that we have no authority to walk
this path.

When we wander forth, in honour of the past.
Child and youth, gone in a flash..
As the tractors move in, their destruction for
your cash.

The stones were lifted, and cast down the hill,
The tree though remained so silent and still.
I wonder if he stands there, so tall and strong?
Or if he too, has fallen to the demolisher's song?

We took up an offering, though no chance to let
it lie,

Where the fae, and the elements did dance in
the sky.

Never again may we see river by the tree,
The grove is now gone a mere memory.

I remember the day, with my friends I did see,
The circle of stones, the river and the tree.
A place of gathering, of pondering and peace,
Stripped of it's mystery, its wonder and grace.

That is what happens when man only sees,
Money and profit, from the felling of trees.
You say we have no authority to stand,
As equal as you, upon this, our land.

For the Earth is our mother, she offers us grace,
Even when in ignorance we scour her face.
Her children we slaughter, butcher and slay.
Most if left as waste, at the end of the day.

So many of you look at the natural distasters
with glee
"The Saviour is coming soon enough, you'll see".
Such is the pondering of religious folk,
As they kill off the beasts with poison and
smoke.

What is honestly more important to you?
Cash and authority that lies in the hands of a
few.

Or do you wish, like me to see happen,
Reparation of the damage for the next genera-
tion?

I can only hope, and indeed pray,
That we can right our destructive way.
Before the last tree is felled, the ocean a sludge,
The last of the beasts ground into the mud.



Patterns



*From the spiral-
ling galaxy to the spiral of a shell, from the lungs
of the human body to the branches and roots of a
tree, from the glare of the sun to the form of a
flower, from snowflake forms to starfish, from
rivers to the veins of a biological organism.*

*If you haven't realised this extraordinary natural
phenomena yet then now is the time to. Every-
thing in nature is a pattern, everything shares a
similar structure.*

*It partly lies in DNA the fabric of every living thing, be-
lieve it or not humans share 97.5 per cent the same DNA
with mice and similar that to ants as well as trees, grass,
monkeys etc. etc..*

*Everything is connected through DNA we all share the
same fundamental life structure that connects us all to
everything and everyone.*

*DNA carries all the information for our forms, what we
will look like, our emotions, personality etc., as well as the
patterns of form throughout all living things.*

*If you look at the human body or in fact any animal at
that, the lung structure is very similar to how branches on*

*spread out into
the sky.*

*What is more intriguing about this is that lungs
use these "body branches" to cycle oxygen and
carbon dioxide in and out of the body continuously,
just like the trees branches that feed on the raise
of the sun transferring it into chlorophyll as well
as sucking in excess carbon in the atmosphere and
breathing out Oxygen, so the cycle continues.*

*Even the spiral of the galaxy is seen in the shell on the
beach.*

*Waves to in the ocean are aquatic symbols for the quantum
field of physics that acts like a wave.*

*The whole entire universe has these seemingly cosmic pat-
terns like a tapestry, in fact it could truly be a tapestry.*

*Everything links to everything else, learning from another
form and taking on its form.*

*The universe on every level from the cosmic, to the macro
world, to the micro world, atomic world is all connected
through patterns.*



Orin Raven Winter

Contemplations of a Druid

a
tree





Death

I never worry about death or what comes after. Of course, I have my views on what happens. But no one actually knows to the full.

One thing I do know though is that when I pass away, all the cells particles and atoms within me will go back to the earth mother and be "recycled" through and into some other life form.

For in that case, death truly does not exist and only a continuum of life's cycles occurs.

For my cells will one day be the cells within a tree, and the fur on the back of a fox, and my DNA will pass on to the next possibility of life and therefore in that case, reincarnation does happen.

So in this instance heaven is now, this miraculous earth we are part of, one strand part of a colossal web of existence spinning within a gigantic black sea on a tiny speck of earth that is our mother.

And we should spend our lives in the flow of this ecological reality that we are part of, instead of always wondering what will come after.

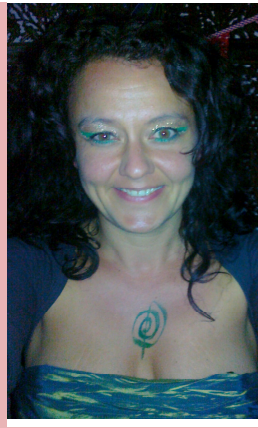
For we are the life and the death all at the same time, our cells are always dying and growing a-new, our brain's tissue is always replacing and expanding.

And so even as we live...we are in a constant state of being "reborn" and there for we have in a sense...already died and been reborn...over and over again.

Orin

ANTONIA NEWLANDS

Join us for a one day workshop on Shamanic Healing with Antonia Newlands. Connect to your power animals, your spirit guides and your land spirits and ancestors.



SHAMANIC WORKSHOP

August 26th from 11am – 4pm

Fee: \$60

For bookings contact Gena on : aloha@ohanawellness.com.au

Read Toni's article on Page 19.

Antonia currently lives in the Dandenong Ranges of Victoria. She was born and raised in Scotland and has been a Walker



between the Worlds for the last 20 years. This has involved everything from shamanic journeying with drums on top of the Scottish Highlands, to walking on rain-drenched beaches trying to get circulation in her toes. She was initiated into OBOD 15 years ago in Western Australia and follows the path of the Raven Goddess Morrigan