

Q

P



Halloween 9994 • #15 • \$1.50

Queer Pagans 2nd Annual Halloween Ritual

DEEPEST NIGHT

Sunday October 30

7:00pm, Lesbian & Gay Community
Services Center, 208 W. 13th Street

Bring a mask-simple or elaborate-
& food or drink to share. \$5 donation

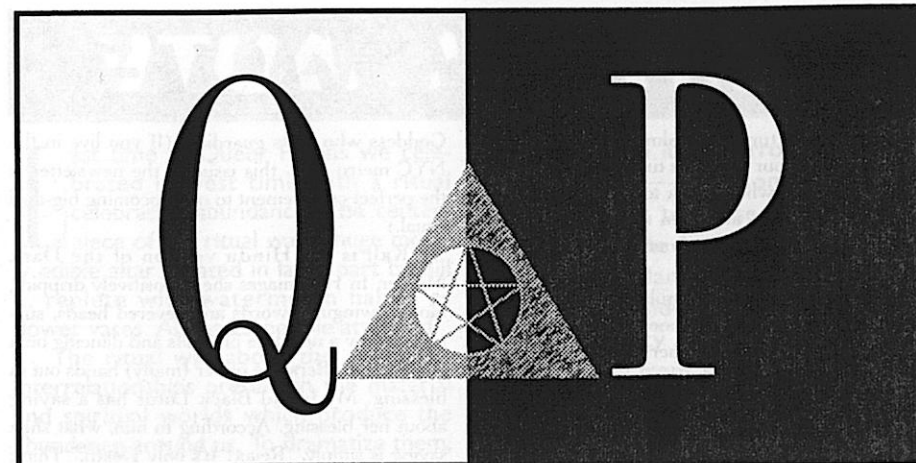
How do we go on living knowing that we will die and that
the world is full of pain and suffering?

It is the healing of the Dark Mother that transforms fear
into understanding. Come to this very special Queer
Pagans event (including an art installation) to celebrate
Halloween with your Queer Pagan community.

QUEER PAGANS PRESENTS ITS RITUAL SERIES FOR THE WINTER:



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Queer Pagans Newsletter

ISSUE 15 • MASKS + REMEMBRANCE

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Word contributors in this issue include Ian Scott Horst, Cayte Jablow,
Greg McGhee, Stacy Richkus

EDITOR'S NOTE

So the wheel turns. It is almost Halloween and once again our thoughts turn to our mortality. It's the time when it's ok to say, Oh My God, I'm Going to Die! and then to laugh and laugh and laugh. Halloween is about the inevitable turn of that inescapable wheel.

Halloween is when regular people dress up like ghosts and ghouls, festooning their surroundings with images that another time might appear grim, macabre and in questionable taste. But it's also a holiday that means more to most Queer people than Christmas. What is it about this time that is so liberating to our people?

And so this issue of QP newsletter explores the onset of the Dark Time, and the Dark

Goddess who is its guardian. (If you live in the NYC metro area, this issue of the newsletter is the perfect complement to our upcoming big-deal ritual.)

Kali is the Hindu version of the Dark Mother. In Her images she is positively dripping blood, swinging swords and severed heads, surrounded by a necklace of skulls and dancing on a corpse. She offers one of her (many) hands out in blessing. My friend Black Lotus has a saying about her blessing. According to him, what she's saying is simply, "Relax! It's only Death." Think about it.

Many blessings. —Ian Scott Horst

QPN #15 • Halloween 9994

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There is a place for us to walk our own path, to be who we are, to discover our own connections to the Goddess. We hope to provide a forum for Queer Pagans of diverse experience to explore our special gifts, needs and talents in a safe, supporting and celebratory ritual atmosphere. We welcome to our events Gay, Lesbian, and Bisexual womyn and men, as well as those on a transgender path, interested in exploring aspects of Pagan/Goddess/Nature spirituality. We encourage discussion and the sharing of ideas in this newsletter. Our commitment is not to separatism, but to the belief that our paths (and whomever we choose to walk them with) are served by rooting ourselves in an understanding of who we might be as Queer Pagans. While we look to the past and ancient tradition of many societies for inspiration, we choose a forward-looking vision of a living, creative and practicable spirituality in a multi-cultural society.

RITUAL REPORTS

Last time at Queer Pagans we celebrated harvest time with a ritual celebrating abundance. The centerpiece of the ritual was a huge mostly edible altar created in large part by Bill E. replete with watermelon halves as flower vases. About 25 people attended.

The ritual was about the necessary interrelationships present in the material and spiritual worlds which produce the abundance around us. To dramatize them, in circle we accepted food from the Goddess Gaia (thanks to Kat for baking the cornbread figure), we fed each other by complementing the person next to us, we fed the community by sharing a food item we had brought, we fed ourselves by creating a symbol (in playdough), and we fed the Goddess by offering her that which we had created. We sang to Gaia, and in the sacred space we had created, shared the meal that all the offerings created. It was a very nourishing (and delicious) experience. (As an aside not meant to be a scold: a number of participants didn't bring food for the ritual as the advance publicity had requested, and

had to offer an item borrowed—a little embarrassingly—from someone else. I humbly suggest to those folks that you take some of the lessons about community and abundance from the ritual to heart, and consider the responsibility to the community and the self-respect which comes from sharing equally with the others at such a ritual. I think there's a magical lesson to be learned for you here.)

Next up is our Halloween ritual, which will address the idea of transforming fear into hope, and understanding our need and ability to go on living in the face of death, pain and suffering. We will hopefully learn to put the end of things in context, seeing that ends are beginnings, are circles, in order to ready ourselves emotionally and spiritually for the winter.

A final note: apologies to many of you for the poor quality of reproduction in last month's QP. The printer really goofed up, and hopefully this issue is much cleaner and neater.

Deepest Night: A Call for Artwork

As part of our Oct. 30 ritual, an art installation will be created which will dramatize the most depressing and fearful things we face as Queer people. For this part of the ritual we need your help. We need artwork/altars addressing subjects such as AIDS and breast cancer, anti-Queer violence, war, ecological disaster, animal, spouse & child abuse, etc. If you (on such short notice!) are interested in creating or lending a mini work of art, please call one of us ASAP for all the details: 718-832-5424 or 201-309-0882.

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The Portal

by Stacy Richkus

In the past I have believed in everything from reincarnation to Krishna's Spiritual Sky, to the "imminent nothingness" of Jean Paul Satre's existential philosophy. Quite honestly I don't really know if there is life after death or not. I can accept the possibility that our present egos die with our bodies. What appears to be true to me is that our collective spirit lives on and has probably been doing so since the beginning of time, this time.

Early on I had been indoctrinated with the patriarchal Judeo-Christian philosophy and dogma which is based on the premise that we are isolated egos separate from the rest of the universe. I was led to believe that the spiritual world is something separate from the material world. Quite the contrary, I now believe that all is one in the cosmos, and that as parts of the whole, we are each equal to the sum of the parts.

In other words we are the universe, we are stardust. Our present personalities may die, but others are born anew, just as individual flowers die, while the collective species and family live on.

As a transsexual woman who has struggled painfully to live as a man most of my life, I am just now experiencing a few of the early changes a young girl has as she changes into a young woman. These are admittedly only secondary sexual characteristics such as breast growth and fat redeposition in places like my hips and my rump. I am also learning to cope with hormonally induced mood swings. As much as this is a great relief to me, I must also face the fact that it is happening to me at an advanced age. I am old enough to be at the Mother stage of the Triple Goddess, but I am also in touch with the Maiden. I am also not that far away from the Crone! Is it a unique experience to see all three in oneself? I suppose not, but it

is both thrilling and scary at the same time. I have some dread of approaching the Crone and Hecate, but must face the fact that I won't always be an ageless Amazon warrior like Artemis. (Although I have come across Artemis Calliste, who is a Mother form of the Goddess, in the shape of mother bear with twin cubs. I hope to adopt children in the future, and follow the path of the Great Bear.) If I'm lucky, I'll live long enough to be an old wise transsexual crone, until I diminish and die.

There have been those in my life who haven't been so fortunate to live to I'd age. There are some who I dearly miss. One such was Kevin who married me behind St. Joseph's Catholic Church one day at the age of fourteen. We used to hang out and take a lot of abuse for wearing big floppy felt hats. We would string lace through the belt loops of our hip-hugger bell-bottoms, and sing all the songs from Jimi Hendrix's "Axis: Bold as Love." We remained close, experiencing some freaky episodes of ESP over great distances. He was very upfront with people, looked everyone in the eye. He was also a very talented artist as a bass player and painter. I was living in California eleven years later when he was crushed to death in a VW bug by a

high-speed drunk.

Jon was to be Puck in our street production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He was born out of the closet, a flaming drag queen. He was a fine actor and dancer. He played Tommy's dancing inner soul in a stage production of "Tommy" in the late '70s. Jon didn't

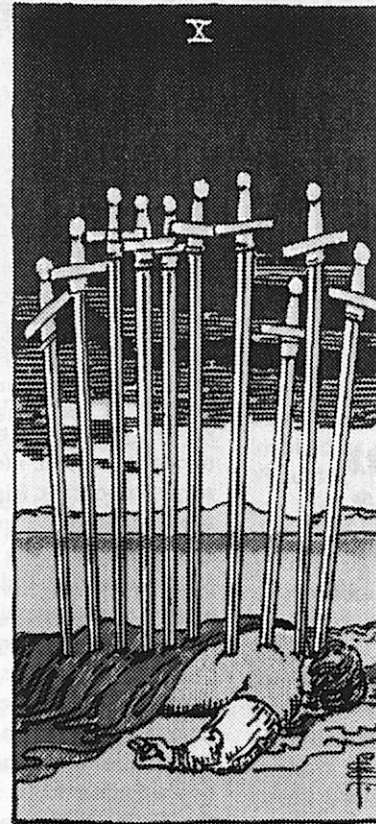
live long enough to completely explore his gender identity. He did have a great sense of humor and that I miss. When he found out he had AIDS, he went to live out his life with his sisters in New Mexico.

I remember one summer night in my teens. I was in my back yard beholding the rising Full Moon. My father was crossing the yard but stopped for a moment to look at it with me. Thin horizontal cloud wisps passed before it.

"It looks eerie," he said. "I think it looks beautiful," I said in a correcting tone. There was some awkward silence and he went inside. I think that he was trying to express the awesomeness of the sight and wasn't actually stating anything negative. Perhaps it would have been better to have

said "...and beautiful." He died of cancer about two months later.

As we cross the threshold of Samhain, into the darkness of the night phase of the solar year, let us become informed by death ever present. We should make friends with it, accept it, and in so doing learn to live our lives fully and with edge of the moment enthusiasm for all that unfolds. ☺



healing darkness

A Meditation in Three Parts
by Ian Scott Horst • Part One

Vows & Promises



**Of all the
God/desses,
one came to me
first, and for
that I will be
ever grateful.**

A friend of mine lay dying. He was thin, and his skin seemed tight and brittle. I tried talking to him, but I wasn't sure he heard me. His gaze was no longer full of the man I knew, but something focused far away from where I sat, holding his flaccid hand.

It would make a great story to say that as we sat there, a goddess descended into the hospital room, bore him aloft, and held me in her healing embrace. But it was not like that at all.

He died a couple days later and his family repossessed his body, shunned his gay friends and lovers at his funeral, and tried to throw his lover out of their apartment.

John's death happened at a time when I was trying to figure out a lot of things for myself. I found myself outliving some important friends and many treasured beliefs and unsure of my footing. The spiritual crisis I had been dodging for several years descended upon me, forcing me to examine who I was, what I was doing, what I wanted, why I was.

The short version of the story is that I discovered Paganism, and immersed myself in it, this new part of myself aware and longing for satiety. But I didn't understand a lot of things: while the Divine presence was easy enough to feel alone under a Full Moon in Prospect Park, it was harder to pull from the myths and rituals of the traditions I was trying to understand.

Then I discovered Her. As John's death became a part of my life, I realized that death is always a part of life. In fact, without death there is no life. Without the darkness there is no lightness. I meditated on these things, and pondered what happens in the crossroads.

And all of a sudden, that which had felt abstract about Paganism became real. And suddenly She touched me in such a way as to convince me of Her beingness. And Her touch was not sweetness and light, no, but the darkness of sleep and the night, the power of She Who Changes.

Her darkness was not the darkness of evil or the macabre. I was not tempted to trade my chalice for a skull goblet or festoon myself with morbid silver jewelry of questionable vibration or paint myself with black lipstick. But She was about death, about understanding its place in life, about accepting its challenge, about the balance which is the natural order of things.

And although the truths She taught me began to heal me from the wounds I had suffered, Her presence began to be a bit more than I could bear. To consider death at every turn, to marvel at its purpose, to wonder at its finality, to embrace its inevitability; these were not easy things.

And so I conceived of a plan. I volunteered to perform a public ritual. She Herself had taught it to me: a re-creation of Her crossroads, a place to meet Her, to appease Her, to open to Her healing touch, to offer and to learn.

I would organize this ritual, I would introduce Her to anyone who came, and then I would say goodbye to Her, ridding myself of what was beginning to feel like a burden.

It was the first public ritual I ever led, and it was a great success. Many people came, and to the surprise of those of us who had organized it, it raised tremendous power; power which I felt but had no idea what to do with. When it was over many people came up to me to say how grateful they were.

The following weekend I went to a Pagan gathering. Also attending were many of the people who had organized and attended the ritual. But there was a



problem, my friends said. One woman had had a traumatic experience in the ritual. An old health problem had resurfaced, and she felt that the poorly grounded energy of the ritual was responsible. I apologized for my inexperience. But no, it's not just that, I was told. This woman thinks that she has been cursed by Her, the Goddess I invoked at the crossroads in the circle. Would I, they wanted to know, please ask Her to remove the whammy that this woman had received.

And so I went alone to cast a circle, to recreate the crossroads, to call Her down, to perform the ritual I thought I was free of.

Exhausted from the gathering, and in choking clouds of incense I called Her. She came. And She spoke to me. She told me that it was an illusion to think I could be free of Her. I must embrace Her, and only then would I find healing and what I sought. Each dark of the moon, she made me swear, I would call her. I would honor Her. I would recreate Her crossroads, burn Her a black candle, sing Her healing song. She would be my friend and companion. She would be the night that I carried with me into the day.

No I was not free to refuse. I made the promise, the vow. And I waited for morning.



A Healing Darkness, Part 2



Crows.

**I called it,
in my journal,
crow-woman, but
it never felt
comfortable
around my neck.
And maybe that
was the point.**

I bought it because I had been working, I thought, with Her crows. It had yellow and red and black beads, and three black crow feathers dangling from it. And a dozen withered black crows' feet spaced between the beads: grim amputated curling claws. It was a necklace. It had been made out west, by an Indian, I was told. It was much too intense a thing to be called jewelry.

I waited for it to come alive. I carried it to our dark moon rituals, where we called Her to come to us. I waited for its whisper. The scratch of its talons on my flesh when I put it around my neck made my skin crawl, but it remained silent.



When I went to the mountains of North Carolina one autumn, the whisper came. It said: take me along. And so I packed crow-woman with my ritual essentials and flew off—no black bird but silver steel—to a gay spiritual retreat.

Let me say here only that the retreat was life-changing: an exploration of gay spiritual consciousness and a lesson in personal self-worth and affirmation.

At the retreat I met a man, whose name full name I now struggle to call to my mind. He was called Raven. He had pale skin and jet black hair. He was an Indian, he said. He was not beautiful to me, but he was strangely magnetic and compelling; his face bore traces of many burdens. He was one of the organizers of the retreat, and he had much cause over the weekend to speak to the hundred or so of us gathered there.

One of the climaxes of the retreat was a dance around the fire to the beat of drums. The beat was not wild and free, but carefully measured. And I could

hear it in the distance as I walked the path from my cabin toward the central hall, the high mountain night wrapped dark around.

And in a spot of light—my memory does not tell me if it was moonlight or starlight or flashlight—I heard a whisper. It said: “give it to him.”

When I hear a whisper in that part of my mind I usually try to dissuade it. If the whisper responds “OK, do what you want,” I know it to be one of those little voices called self-doubt that are best ignored.

So I said, “Are you sure?” and waited for some slice of my brain to call its other cells to order.

But the whisper said, “Yes I’m sure. You know who I am and I say give it to him.” By this time I knew what He was talking about, who he was talking about, and Who He was whispering to me in the mountain night.

So I turned around and went back to my cabin, and pulled the necklace from its black cloth wrapping. And I returned

along the path to the fire. There gay men in various stages of trance and undress writhed in the orange light of a crackling fire.

I went up to Raven and said that I needed to talk to him. The whoops of the dancers and the pounding of the drums made us strain to hear.

I said, "I don't understand this. But I have to give you something," and I held up the necklace, its wrinkled claws dark and shiny in the firelight. "I have this god who follows me around. I don't know why, really, but I think he's Elegguá, an African deity. Anyway, he says that I have to give this to you. It's not old or anything. But it is sacred, and I have never learned to use it."

He looked at me oddly, as anyone in that situation would. But he took the necklace. He told me that he had heard of the god I was talking about. He said his teacher was a Heyoka, the Lakota word for trickster. He said to me, "You know this is a very heavy thing to give to me."

I could only nod and shrug.

He thanked me gravely, and returned to the fire, I returning after a while to my cabin. I felt like something had happened that I didn't quite understand. Something karmic had passed, it was clear, but mostly I felt that I had done a justice to crow-woman, freeing a sacred object whose power needed to be understood from an unfortunate fate as a trinket bought and sold for money.

In the remaining

day of the retreat Raven and I did not talk, in fact, I would say he avoided me. My own burdens seemed oddly lightened, though, and I experienced in the gathering's final ritual an important revelation (the reporting of which I'll leave to another time) which has strengthened me since.

But I learned, finally, the message that Her crows bring.

More than a year passed. I was unable to return for the retreat's annual gathering. Already it was Spring and I received a mailing from the retreat's organizers about a memorial gathering. A memorial for Raven, who had died of AIDS in the winter passed.

The crows are black, and their voices are loud and shrill. They fly in flocks, dark and shiny. Wrinkled and curved talons curl around branches, around bone. Their beaks are sharp, singing songs that cannot be sung. The crows fly carrying Her message. Their burden is unbearable, yet it must be borne.

Pay attention to the crows.



Healing Darkness, Part 3

Her season is High Autumn. Amidst the falling leaves, the shortening days and the chilling air, we speak of the veil between the worlds growing thin. At this time the dead walk the earth as our memories are stirred. At this time She calls to Her children to embrace Her, to walk with Her for a season.

My coven was planning our ritual for Halloween, for Samhain, for Her holiday, and it was this we learned when we realized we needed Her presence in a more real, more dramatic way. We realized that one of us would have to agree to take Her on for Her season; that is, to open ourselves to Her, to invite Her to stay with us, speak through us, to change us. And so the crows cawed.

The second year it was my turn to embrace Her, and like my predecessor, when the time came I put on the snake rings that were Her symbol.

In one week I called to Her in three rituals; in each one invoking Her presence in me for the duration of the ritual and for the season. Despite my vow of three years before, I was not prepared for the intensity of the experience. Despite the fact that my coven had formed around our mutual devotion to Her, I was not prepared for the vividness of living with Her in that way. There were many surprises.

What happened was that everything in my life was put on the crossroads. As though a jeweller examining facets through a glass, I was given cause to examine each and every facet of my life. Some I left at the crossroads. Some I gathered up. A flaw here or there led me in search of correction. A particular flicker led me to prideful satisfaction. Fortunately the deaths in my life proved only metaphorical this time, though many of them were painful, as change is wont to be,

necessary thing that it is.

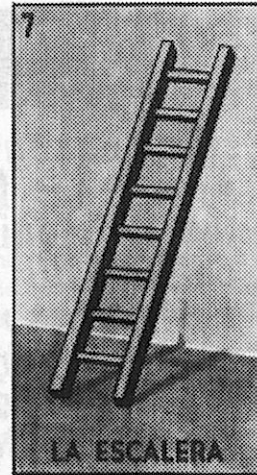
And so the winter passed into spring, and the changes began to sprout roots, to deepen.

And then in a whirling moment, the unexpected. It was another ritual. Though I carried Her in my breast, it was not She whose name we called. But I remember being in a trance, moving, maybe singing; dancing among my covenmates also moving, making noise, all of us directed to that inner place where we find our link to Her.

And a voice began to whisper in my head. "Now is the time," it said. "The time has come for the changes. This is the crossroads, now, and you must choose." And I found myself ripping snake rings off my fingers. And snapping pentacle chains off my neck. And She released me.

She, Hekate, Oh Mother, She.

She let me go. She flung me out of her dark embrace, changed, healed. And I realized a time of my life had ended, a season of trial and change passed. I went for a kind of psychic reading, and the man who listened to the whisper of spirits told me to wear more white clothing. He saw me leaving a veiled black figure behind. My path now feels different than before, and while this year I will not don Her black veils and robes, nor light Her black candles, I can never forget that I owe who I have become to Her dark whispers.

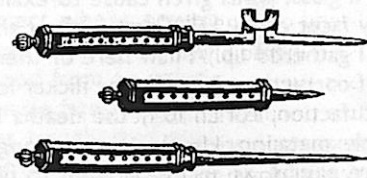


On the surface of things Hekate's message is very simple: Without death there is no life. That is, life feeds on life; in order for new life to come into the world, old life must end, and pass its spark of life-force on. The truth of this is revealed in as simple an act as eating, when one being (animal or vegetable) consumes the life-force of another—vegetable or animal—in order to sustain its own life force. But what this reveals about us, people,

queer people, you, me, is the divine part: We're a part of the sacred dance of the stars: the life force that fires suns is the same that grows cucumbers and animates our bodies. In this knowledge is a healing gift. The mud and the crows and my dead friends (and yours) and me and you we're all the same, really, the spiral dance of our atoms showing, in miraculous imagining, Her presence in all things, and bearing, in the richness of its season fruit of grace and balance and patience and inner peace.

But words are only signs. Words and symbols are not the things themselves, nor their true knowing, and these words, while shared, are certainly mine and not yours, and this is why Hekate is mistress of magic, the only real way to understand Her voice. Go to Her Crossroads and dare to listen. And in the tears and trials and wonders, may you find...yourself. ☉

**in olden times they had ways
of finding out what you were.
now, with Her grace, you
must figure it out for yourself**



halloween masks

by Cayte Jablow

It is said that Halloween is the night when the veils between the worlds are thinnest, when communication with those who have gone before and others of the spirit world is possible, and even probable. How interesting it is that on this most solemn and sacred holiday of the Pagan calendar, we have created a holiday of masks. For all the scrying and trancing, are we encouraging or discouraging the scrutiny of our souls by those ancestors?

Perhaps the intensity of the connection between ourselves and our ancestors—an intensity which is able to stir deep and disturbing feelings in us—leaves us too vulnerable in the world of other living beings. A mask, whether made of plaster, leather or words, allows us to experience our feelings about and connections to death and

those in Her realm, while still hiding our vulnerability from the guy standing next to us in the parade.

Death is intimidating: Both because of its inevitability for ourselves and those we care for, and as an intellectual concept. Death is the overpowering agent of profound loss, and as such not the subject for casual musing. With only our own defenses Death and its realm can be way beyond our scope to handle. Masks empower us; Masks allow us to maintain our external cool in the face of internal turmoil.

A friend of mine died two nights ago. He was an incredibly talented dollmaker. His dolls were miraculous creations, miniature people rich in detail and individual expression. He made every part of every doll down to its hair and shoes. Bob's dolls were like a mask for him and

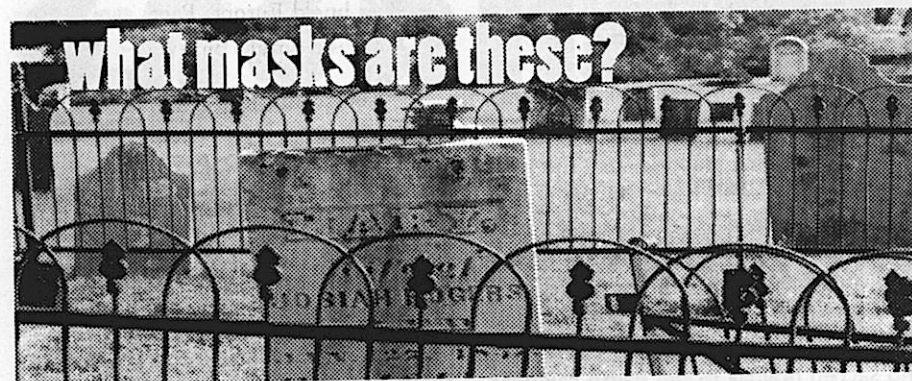
for his audience. In his creations old people on empty park benches or glamour girls well past their prime were surrounded by tangible sadness, loneliness and hopelessness. Equally tangible in his work are the pleasure and enchantment one feels by simply looking at and admiring the details of their fingers, their makeup or their clothes.

Which comes first, I wonder, the experience of the doll's beauty or the depth of its expression? And more importantly, as long as both experiences happen, doesn't the one enhance the other? Writing about my friend in this context is a mask I can don in order to publicly express my fondness for Bob and my grief over his death. The focus on praising him and his work helps me not dwell on the anguish he, his family and his friends suffered over the course

of his death from AIDS. I am able to be open to experiencing a thinning of the veil and not be left defenseless in my life. And in recognizing the mask, I am able to understand that something lies beneath it.

The mask has come to be associated with Halloween, indeed this is its primary expression in the non-Pagan world. It's interesting that the true nature of this holiday are now masked in turn by these new masks. It seems easy to forget that without the internal space to experience and to explore the spiritual nature of the holiday—with or without pageantry—masks have become detraction from the spiritual opportunities of this configuration of the worlds instead of a tool.

Wear the mask wisely. Let it illuminate and not conceal. ☉



larry by greg mcghee

larry when i think about you i become lost in memories
images of you hang inside of me like an old ritual that has stayed with me
over the years can it be 20 summers ago that i last saw your face
you died in 1975 in the rule of virgo
i had been in and out of depression for years
like in the demeter and persephone myth i was transformed by
your love of life
you found your inner goddess and gave a part to me ☉

the QP Button



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Next Issue Submissions:

The next issue will be our winter reviews issue, for curling up inside with a good book. A couple reviewers still needed. If you'd like to review something, call for an assignment. Deadline: **November 20, 1994.**

Following that we'll take a look at the magic of the elements to complement our new ritual series. Deadline: **January 15, 1994.**

Material on 3-1/2" diskette especially appreciated. Send to our PO Box or call 718.832.5424.

Art in this issue:

Cover art is a Mexican Day of the Dead caricature, early 20th century. Tarot images on pages 4 and 5 are from the ever-useful Rider-Waite deck. Image on page 6 is from ancient Greek pottery, of the Goddess Hekate. Page 7 image is from Phideaux Xavier's Medusa T-shirt (thanks, Phideaux), suspect the original source is an Italian book etching. Original computer art on page 8 by Ian Scott Horst. Woodcuts on page 9 and 13 are from Witch-craze era Europe. Page 10 image of cemetery statue in Managua, Nicaragua, photo by Ian Horst. Page 12 image of ladder from Mexican bingo cardgame Loteria; tools are "witch picks" used by evil witch killers to identify witches in old Europe. Page 14 photo of cemetery in rural Pennsylvania by Ian Horst.

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QUEER PAGAN CONNEXIONS

COMING OUT PAGAN

A high quality, quarterly LesBiGay Pagan networking newsletter. Media reviews, fiction, poetry, humor, more! Submissions welcome. Confidentiality assured. Sample \$3, subscription \$11, checks to Wordsmith Writing Services. Note new address: PO Box 12942, Tucson, AZ 85732-2942.

THE CRUCIBLE

The Crucible is a newsletter for Gay men who are interested in combining a Pagan spiritual path with a leather/SM sexuality. Published six times a year and is \$20 a year, which includes a free personal ad. Write: The Crucible, PO Box 951, Stevens Point, WI 54481-0951.

ENCHANTÉ

Not exactly a Queer publication, but it has a high-camp sensibility. Many Queer Pagans are contributors. \$5 an issue, \$18 a year. Write: Enchanté, c/o J. Yohalem, 30 Charlton Street, 6F, New York, NY 10014.

FAERIE FOOD

Serving the Alternative (gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered) Pagan Community; by donation (checks payable to KiaMarie Wolfe) from Faerie Food, PO Box 340, Syracuse, NY 13215.

THE INTERNATIONAL GAY & LESBIAN PAGAN COALITION

A national and international

networking organization with contacts across the U.S. Coalition membership is \$12 a year, and includes quarterly publication, *Festive Circles Update*. Introductory information packet is \$3, GLPC, PO Box 26442, Oklahoma City, OK 73126-0442.

LAVENDER PAGAN NEWSLETTER

A new editor and a new address, LPN is publishing again. \$2-\$10 annual sliding scale subscription. Write LPN, c/o Chaos Cabaret, 746 Alcatraz Ave., Oakland, CA 94606. If you're headed for the SF-Oakland Bay area, LPN also engages in active networking and holds occasional events. Call Joi at (510) 652-6152 for info.

NEW MOON NEW YORK

A NYC Pagan networking organization where Queer, Straight (but not narrow), and other kinds of people get together and hold open Full Moon Circles, Sabbat Celebrations, Workshops, and other events. Publishes monthly *Our Pagan Times* newsletter and community calendar. For info send SASE to PO Box 1471, New York, NY 10159, or call 212.662.1080.

NEW YORK RADICAL FAERIE CIRCLE

An eclectic and informal group sponsoring open rituals, heart circles, campouts and other activities using aspects of Queer

spirituality. For info contact Mark Miller, 438 Seventh Ave., #2, Brooklyn, NY 11215; 718.832.5105. Publishes monthly *Faerie Gram*.

ON WINGS OF LEATHER

Fraternity of Queer Leather Pagans, publishes newsletter and Leather Faerie Directory. To subscribe send 4 US 52-cent stamps to Northwind, PO Box 2253, Vancouver BC, Canada V6B 3W2.

PANTHEOS

National Pagan Gay Men's Personal Networking Newsletter. Send stamp for info: Pantheos, PO Box 9543, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

Q-MOON/BOSTON

Q-Moon is a support/ritual/social group of Pansexual Pagans in the Boston area holding monthly socials and monthly rituals. Info can be had by writing Q-Moon c/o Arlington Street Church, 351 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116 or calling Brian at 944-5883.

QUEER PAGANS

Open rituals for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered people, held approximately every six weeks at the Lesbian and Gay Community Center in New York City. Call 718-832-5424 or 201-309-0882 for information and subscribe to this newsletter!

QUEER PAGAN CALENDAR

NYC METRO EVENTS:

Sunday, October 30
Queer Pagans 2nd Annual Halloween Ritual: DEEPEST NIGHT

Celebrate with Masks and Remembrance. 7pm (note new time from last issue) beginning in the Center's Alexander Room, 208 West 13th Street, NYC. Bring a mask—simple or elaborate—to participate in the ritual and food/drink to share. \$5 donation.

Sunday, October 30
New Moon New York Samhain Ritual

4:30pm. The White Street Center, 43 White Street. \$5 donation. Info, 212-662-1080.

Sunday, October 30
Enchantments' 12th Annual Witches Ball

A venerable tradition: dancing, costume contest, plus ritual at midnight. \$13 per person, at

Wetlands, 161 Hudson Street. Buy tickets in advance at Enchantments, 341 East 9th Street, 212-228-4394.

Sunday, December 4
Queer Pagans Ritual: Queer Magic & the Elements: EARTH

A new ritual series begins. 6pm at the Lesbian & Gay Center, 208 West 13th Street, NYC. Bring something representing Earth and food/drink to share. \$5 donation.

REGULAR EVENTS OF INTEREST TO MANY QUEER PAGANS:

Every Thursday: BiRequest

A discussion group for bisexuals, meeting Thursdays at 6pm, 131 West 72nd Street, Studio 1. Not a Pagan group but some Queer Pagans are participants. Call 212-714-7714.

Metropolitan Gender Network

Information, newsletter, meetings and events for the transgendered: 561 Hudson Street, Box 45, New York, NY 10014; 718-461-9050 or 201-794-1665, ext. 332.

Spirit Crossroads writing series

Writing by the Light of the Moon, for women. Led by Eva Yaa Asantewaa, at the Women's Rites Center, 124 W. 24th St. 6 Mondays in Nov. & Dec. info: 212-505-0426.

List Your Event Here!

If you're organizing an event of interest to the Queer Pagan community, send details as soon as possible to QP Calendar, PO Box 1618, New York, NY 10013-0870.

QUEER PAGANS IN RECOVERY

Queer Pagans in Recovery in NYC regrets to announce that it is disbanding.

QUINCUNX

Queer astrology forum, for gays and lesbians into astrology. Open discussion, all levels of interest welcome. Meets monthly in NYC. Lesbian & Gay Center, 208 W. 13th Street. For more info, call 212-662-7116.

SALT & SAGE

Zine published on Pagan holidays by the Sacred Faerie Circle of Salt Lake City, a Wiccan/

Radical Faerie hybrid. \$8/yr. Salt & Sage, 36 South State St., Suite 3000, Salt Lake City, Utah 84111-1401.

TOUCHING BODY & SPIRIT

Journal published quarterly by the TBS Network. Explores the spirituality of sex in a healing manner, primarily for and by gay men. Membership \$20, subscription \$10. Write for info: The TBS Network, Box 957, Huntington, NY 11743-0957.

WHITE CRANE NEWSLETTER

Quarterly newsletter of Gay male spirituality. \$12/4 issues. White Crane Newsletter, PO

Box 170152, San Francisco, CA 94117-0152.

WPPA

The Wiccan/Pagan Press Alliance is the trade association and communications network for publications of North American Witches and Pagans. Individual memberships also available. Send a couple bucks for info to WPPA, PO Box 1932, Mechanicsburg, PA 17055-1392.