

## Grove of the Other Gods, ADF—serves

Druids and like-minded Pagans in the greater New York metropolitan area. We've held celebrations and rituals in New Brunswick, Jersey City, Manhattan, Morristown, and the Jersey Shore. We've also been involved in rituals and workshops at various Pagan festivals. ♀ We've been around since Samhain (we pronounce it sow-en) 1990, when we performed our first ritual—in Liberty State Park under the skirts of the Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World—and we're members of Ár nDraíocht Féin (ADF), which is Gaelic for "Our Own Druidry." ♀ We are a group of experienced Pagans who believe that the best way to approach the Goddesses and Gods of an earth-centered religion is through practice and dedication and scholarship and fun.

♂ **Ár nDraíocht Féin** is an international NeoPagan organization whose worship centers on Indo-European pantheons. The study program is based on guilds that are devoted to specific areas of interest. They have a clergy training program, a magazine, and groves throughout North America and Europe. ADF is recognized as a non-profit religious organization, and they are also an honorary member of the British Council of Druids. To learn more about ADF, check out their web site at [www.adf.org](http://www.adf.org).

♂ Our rituals and workshops are open to the public. We also work with the ADF Druids Dedicants Program, and can hook people up with ADF's study program. ♀ The Metro-Pagan area is full of people who already have some general Pagan knowledge and who have experience in various arts: music, performance, poetry, prose, satire, painting and sculpture, and, of course, ritual—so we try to provide a conducive setting. ♀ We try to keep our rituals spontaneous and lighthearted, and we try to create a space that attracts inspiration and participation. And, we always talk about the ritual beforehand, so everyone knows what they're getting into.

♂ *Come and join us!*

[www.othergods.org](http://www.othergods.org)

## Nearly a year's worth of grove events!

It's been nearly a year since our last newsletter. Why? We've been busy updating our website (where all sorts of articles, stories, photos, artwork, poetry, ritual reports, calendars, etc...) can be found. The newsletter has taken a bit of a backseat to the website. Also, your humble editor has been working his way through the ADF Dedicants program (and has just been approved).

For those of you who miss our newsletter- we'll try to get at least two out each year. There's something special about paper. If you find yourself longing for a newsletter, or just news of what the grove's been up to, go to [www.othergods.org](http://www.othergods.org).

Our website is updated twice a month, sometimes more.

So- here's a look at what we've been doing, excluding Dedicants meetings and Meditatiterias and other ongoing events.

*-Edwin Chapman, Editor-in-coherent, and grove webmangler.*

October 14th: **Herbalism Workshop** at Rutgers Pagan Students Assoc. Grove member Maria Raven talked about Herbs, Preparations, and their uses, and brought in a big basket of herbs for everyone to play in. ♀ October 7th: **Intro to Shamanism** at Rutgers Pagan Students Assoc. Josh and Deb presented an engrossing workshop on Shamanism. ♀ Saturn's Day September 25 **An Equinox Ritual to Freya** Dragynphyre, Senior Druid of Grove of the Midnight Sun, ADF, and GOG members dedicated to Freya, planned this ritual in Her honor. Dragynphyre led the ritual, and she and Patrick and Hillary and performed the main invocations. 27 people attended a ritual of "good, old-fashioned heathen idol-worship" centered around an image of Freya as a large cat in chainmail. Attendees decorated the image with necklaces, recalling Her purchase of the necklace Brisingamen. A beautiful ritual, with good omens. ♀ Saturn's Day, September 18th: **Crucible: A Gathering of Magicians!** The second annual **Crucible Magick Conference**. This time it was in Edison, NJ. Jeff Mach, and the Omnimancers hosted. "Crucible is a large get-together of people, from a very wide variety of backgrounds, who are serious about the practice of magick, and want to have a good time." (For more info check out <http://www.cruciblecon.com>) Isaac Bonewits, ADF's ArchDruid Emeritus gave workshops on "An Irreverant History of Magick" and "Magick: Use It or Lose It" and caused quite a stir on the "Dark Magick" panel discussion. Norma was also on the panel, and later performed a Kali pooja. Other grove members vended their magickal wares. ♀ Thor's Day, September 10th: **ADF Druidry 101 Lecture** at Rutgers Pagan Students Assoc. Rutgers University. Norma and Ed talked about Druidry in general, Ár nDraíocht Féin Druidry in particular, and the ADF Druid ritual. ♀ Sun's Day, August 22nd: **Lughnasadh: The Passion of Llew & Blodeuedd!** A Wedding, a Death, and a Resurrection. On the afternoon of Sunday, August 22nd, 2004, we held a ritual reenactment of the marriage of Llew of the Many Skills to Blodeuedd of the Flowers. A Reception and a Wake followed. 31 people attended a fantastic ritual. Patty and Lauren were Llew and Blodeuedd. Nora married them (reluctantly) as Brigid. Neij was Math (and the director) and

*continued*

*News from the Other Grove*, formerly the *MetroDruid Nix Dispatch* is published by **Grove of the Other Gods, ADF**, and its branches and friends, in order to provide Druids and Pagans in the New Jersey / New York area and beyond with information of interest concerning Pagan holidays, workshops, serious stuff, fun stuff, and such-like things. **Grove of the Other Gods** has been providing open public rituals, workshops, serious stuff, fun stuff, and such-like things for the above-mentioned Pagan community since 1990.

**Grove of the Other Gods** is a member of **Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship, Inc.**, one of the Earth Mother's largest Druid organizations. For more information on **Grove of the Other Gods** or **Ár nDraíocht Féin: A Druid Fellowship, Inc.**, please write to **Grove of the Other Gods, ADF**, PO Box 1483, Highland Park NJ 08904, or [eternalansw@earthlink.net](mailto:eternalansw@earthlink.net).

*News from the Other Grove* seems to be published twice-yearly on a Celtic Lunar Pagan-Time sort of schedule. Subscriptions are free, *although donations of stamps or cash are greatly appreciated*. Please share with friends and relatives and pets. All contents © 2004 Grove of the Other Gods, ADF, except where a byline is indicated for author or artist, in which case the © belongs to them and them alone. **Contact us for reprint permission.**

This issue and back issues are also on the web at [www.othergods.org](http://www.othergods.org) & <http://www.adf.org/groves/other-gods>.

**SENIOR DRUID:** Norma Hoffman

**SCRIBE & EDITOR-IN-COHERENT:** Edwin Chapman **PURSEWARDEN:** Xuk



Ourobours.  
Printed On Recycled Paper.  
Always.

Jenniforensic was Gwydion. Norma was Gronowy. Ed was Druid-in-Charge. Go to our website for: photos / random quotes from the ritual by Kristen / The story of Llew and Blodeuedd, as told by Kiddoh / Llew's side of the story, as told by Kiddoh / Blodeuedd's side of the story, as told by Lauren A. 🌿 **Saturn's Day, August 14th: Hands of Change NJ Pagan Picnic!** Isaac Bonewits, our ArchDruid Emeritus and the founder of ADF, appeared at the picnic and gave a well-attended workshop on Pagans and Social Issues. Many of our grove got to meet Isaac for the first time, and he cordially autographed their 'nubile flesh.' Go to our website for photos. 21 GOG members volunteered to man and organize the food tables this year. Ed created a Botticelli labyrinth for the picnic. 🌿 **Saturn's Day, July 31st: Craft Day** A day spent making Pagan-oriented Crafts. 9 attended at Tracey and Rook's. We even got to learn the basics of how to soft-weld! 🌿 **June 26th: A Summer Solstice Storytelling Safari!** A special ritual dedicated to our local Land and Nature Spirits, led by Crow and Coyote (in the form of Deb and Hillary). We paraded through town in masks and costumes, took the ritual on the road, and had a storytelling contest (surprisingly, Ed won) and Crow and Coyote told us their stories. Later, we all tried to break a sun piñata that Pat and Maggie made, filled with sugary goodies and omens. Our omen for the ritual was "confusion, chaos" and our omen for the day was a story in that day's paper (which was lying on the porch) about the 1500 coyotes living in NJ and the yummy sheep they like to eat. We had 27 for the ritual, 32 total, and collected 84 cans and boxes of food for New Brunswick. Go to our website for Summer Solstice Storytelling Safari Photos Go to our website for Hillary's Summer Solstice Storytelling Safari Ritual Report Go to our website for Coyote Newspaper Story Omen. 🌿 **June 15th to Sun's Day June 20th: The Free Spirit Festival!** Here Comes the Sun! 9 grove members attended the festival in various capacities. Deb and Hillary and Norma and Ed participated in Mugwort's ADF Regional ritual (a lovely ritual to Sunna), and Deb and Josh vended Goddess Dollies and they and Norma helped at the sweat lodge. Pat worked security all week. Deb and Josh nearly got struck by lightning (but didn't) and Ed and Joanne nearly crushed by a falling tree (but they were running away). All in all, it was sunny, for a change, mostly, and happy and warm. 🌿 **May 29th: A May Crowning Ritual** A special event led by Nej and the Order of the Groovy Pajamas: a May Crowning Ritual. 13 grove members dressed up special and honored and crowned Mary, Our Lady, the Madonna, The Blessed Mother "Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May" in Her many forms with song, flowers and procession. Go to our website for May Crowning Photos 🌿 **May 22nd: Ritual for the Raritan River Watershed** 9 of us had a fine time honoring of The Raritan River and Her Tributaries (Among them: the Millstone, the Neshanic, South River, South Branch, North Branch, Black (Lamington) River, D&R Canal, Lawrence Brook, Stony Brook, Manalapan Brook, Green Brook, Bound Brook, and various lakes, reservoirs, tidal marshes...). The Raritan watershed is the largest in New Jersey. Many of us get our potable water from some part of the Raritan's domain. If we are indeed 99 percent water, many of us are the Raritan! This long-awaited ritual, designed by Patrick and Ed, was held at the confluence of the Millstone and Raritan. Go to our website for River Ritual Photos 🌿 **May 8th: DRUID BELTANE MAYFAIRE!** Grove of the Other Gods ADF Druids and White Horse Grove Druids held OUR 12th ANNUAL BELTANE MAY FAIRE at a park in Morristown, NJ: Floral Headwreath Making! Silly English Folk Traditions Lecture! Drum Jam and Dancing! Druid Ritual! Parade with Dragon and Other Beasties! Traditional Hobby-Horse Song and Cavort! "Deer Run" Spirits of Place Ritual! Labyrinth! May Pole! Knot Dance! Feasting and Barbeque! 42 people attended. Omen: "Birds of a feather flock together." MVP: Chuck for grilling beyond

the call of duty, and special mention to Patrick for planting the maypole. Go to our website for Beltaine MayFaire Photos 🌿 **May 1st: BELTANE at DAWN in PRINCETON!** 7 stayed up all night for the Vigil, and 19 joined together at THE BREAK OF DAWN on May 1st to watch Morris Dancers, Molly Dancers and Maypole Dancers do traditional dances to wake the earth in Princeton, NJ. Our Grove contributed to the Dawn festivities with our usual Hobby Horse frolic and a traditional May Song, in front of about 100 happy spectators. Pretty amazing, all around, as usual. Go to our website for May First at Dawn in Princeton Photos 🌿 **April 22, to Sun's Day, April 25th: Mid-Atlantic Pagan Alliance Presents: Beltane 2004: Akasha** This was not a "GOG Event," but GOG members attended and we did 2 workshops: the Druid Wheel of the Year, and GOG ADF Druidry 101. Compliments to Marc, Robin and the MPA for a great, fun festival! 🌿 **April 24th: American Chestnut Foundation Tree Planting** The American Chestnut Foundation (ACF) has been working on re-establishing the American Chestnut tree in its native range. The chestnuts used to dominate the eastern forest until an imported fungus all but wiped them out. The ACF has used a breeding program to try to develop an American Chestnut tree that is immune to the fungus. Patrick led 3 grove members in helping to stake and plant Chestnut trees. 🌿 **April 17th: A Magic Wand-making Workshop!** A special workshop and a Hands-on Wandmaking craft experience organized and led by Nej. Wonderful workshop, we're definitely going to do this one again. 13 attended. Go to our website for Wandmaking Workshop Photos 🌿 **April 8th: The Ogham Alphabet, Ancient and Modern** GOG lecture at Rutgers Pagan Students Association led by Ed. We looked into what we really know about how the ancients used this alphabet, and also how Pagan seers and magicians are using it today. 10 attended. Go to our website for notes and Ogham info. 🌿 **March 20th: Spring Equinox Ritual** Planned and organized by Jenniforensic (led by Norma, Nej and Ed at the last minute, as a family emergency came up for Jen) at Portal of the Porcupine in Piscataway. As always at Spring Equinox, GOG honored our Patron Manannan MacLir, Opener of Gates, this time with an emphasis on doors and gates. 35 attended. Go to our website for Spring Equinox Ritual Photos. 🌿 **March 19th: Beach Ritual to Manannan Mac Lir** We traveled to Pt. Pleasant for our annual beach ritual to honor Manannan Mac Lir, our Gatekeeper, and collect 9-waves water. A cold, magickal day. 7 attended. 🌿 **March 11th, 7pm: Rutgers University Pagan Student Association's Annual Pagan Panel Discussion** This year's topic was "The Crisis in the Pagan Community." Speakers represented Asatru, Bluestar Wicca, Protean Wicca, ADF Druidry and Discordianism. A lively discussion on the value of formal clergy, paid clergy, children in the community, sex in the community, the decline of Pagan student groups nationwide, and the value of community in general. 🌿 **Feb 26th Oracle: Divination without Devices** Norma's lecture at the Rutgers Pagan Students Association "... Humans spend a whole lot of time trying to talk to their Deities. We want to get advice, comfort, but mostly we want information about the future. Throughout history there have always been a few folks who were anxious to have (or unable to stop) the presence of the Gods in their heads and they've served as oracles for the rest of the populace." This strange little workshop presented us with a bit of history about human oracles and lots of practical advice about how to start, stop and work with the presence of your Deities in our own heads. 18 people attended. 🌿 **February 15th: Egyptian World of the Dead Workshop** 12 people attended an overview of the Egyptian World of the Dead, based primarily on the New Kingdom period Mythological Papyri. Illustrated with a slide show and new translations of some of the original texts. Presenter: Root Doctor Jake, PhD Classics, Brown, author of "The Rotting Goddess" and many other books. More

*continued*



Jack's Drawing Down of Brigid, Imbolc 2004

CONGRATULATIONS TO JENNE, PATRICK,  
AND EDWIN WHO HAVE  
JOINED ERICA IN COMPLETING THE  
ADF DEDICANTS PROGRAM!

MANY CONGRATULATIONS AND  
MUCH HAPPINESS TO KAT AND ED,  
WHO WERE MARRIED IN JUNE AND ARE  
NOW LIVING IN HONG KONG!

information on Dr. Jake's Egyptologic work at <http://www.geocities.com/yewneserser/>. For more info, go to the Temple of Osiris at: <http://www.geocities.com/osiriseternal/Temple.htm> ♣ February 7th: **Imbolc!** Our annual ritual to Brigid, Goddess of Healing, Music, Poetry, Smithcraft, Hearthfires, and Our Grove. Betty was Druid-In-Charge as 28 of us welcomed Brigid and the underground beginnings of Spring. We checked to see if sheep were lactating; they were, right on Deb's shoes. Lauren drew down a groundhog. Jack drew Brigid during the ritual (Drawing reprinted in this very newsletter to the left!) and Jenne, Ed, Sue and Nora drew her down as Sovereignty Goddess, Muse, Hearth Deity, and Smith. Nora made a gorgeous Silver and Gold Brigid's cross. We all made butter! We had a fire and lots of candles. Monika played the fiddle. Jenne sang. Jenniforensic and Nej handled the Kitchen. All really lovely. Go to our website for Imbolc 2004 photos ♣ Saturn's Day, January 31th: **Wassail! Wassail!** 14 Druids blessed Sue's Apple Tree & Mulberry Tree. ♣ Saturn's Day, January 3rd, 2004: **New Year's Yemaya Ritual!** 12 of us spent a beautiful afternoon on the beach in Pt. Pleasant NJ. Deb led a lovely New Year's Day ritual for Yemaya at the ocean, and almost all of us got our feet and knees wet. None of us wanted to leave- it was such a beautiful day, and the ocean was calm and recieved our offerings with grace. There were a surprising amount of people out there. ♣ Saturn's Day, December 20th: **Our YULE Hogamany!** What's a Hogamany? 28 people making noise and christening and lighting a ship on fire to the sun and burning clothes as an offering to the old year and honoring the sun in an ADF Druid ritual. We wish everyone could have seen the sheer amount of talent and piety and balls displayed in a ritual where the invocations were assigned to random groups of people as "waits" 20 minutes before the ritual! We had good omens, and felt the wheel of the year turn us away from the dark and into the light. This was a really great ritual! Go to our website to see photos!

#### SOME UPCOMING STUFF:

Thor's Day, October 21th:

**Body Modification and Spirituality Lecture and Slide Show**  
at Rutgers Pagan Students Assoc.

Rutgers University, Scott Hall rm 202, 9 pm.

Our grove pursewarden, Xuk, will be presenting a lecture and slide show about body modifications of all sorts, including piercing and branding, and more radical body alterations, in the context of spiritual discipline and ecstasy. Xuk is the body piercer at Sparks in New Brunswick, and has been a professional body piercer for over ten years.

Saturn's Day to Sun's Day, October 23rd-24th:

**Our 15th Grove SAMHAIN**

This will be a ritual to Agni, who is Fire.

(The Samhain attendance list is now closed. We are up to our safe-space limit. You can still RSVP if you'd like to attend the vigil after the ritual. We apologize that we have to limit attendance once a year for Samhain, and we are looking for larger quarters for next year.)

Saturn's Day, November 20th:

**The Feast Day of Manannan Mac Lir**

Join us, rain or shine, at the Jersey shore to make grain offerings and other offerings to Manannan Mac Lir, son of the sea, gatekeeper, and one of our Grove's patron deities.

Saturn's Day, December 18: **YULE!**

Join us for a Merry Yule ritual! More info to come!

---

Our next **Dedicants Meeting** is Saturn's Day December 14 2004.

Our next **Meditatiteria** is Frigga's Day November 26 2004

## Mary, Mother of May

Galway, late and raining:  
Theater-giddy and drunk on fresh salmon,  
We were looking for the car  
When you caught us by surprise.  
Our Lady of the Unnamed Side Street,  
You waited in your corner shrine  
Until the stained glass let us breathe.  
You stole my breath from me again,  
Then gave it back in sighs and sacred whispers...  
You drew a prayer from me there  
In the candle shadows,  
Peaceful in your skin of stone  
While in a corner stood my mother,  
Mary, daughter of Mary-called-May  
And she a Mary's daughter, and back:  
Generations of our women walking in your name –  
And I, who might have been a stranger  
But for lineage, but for love –  
I knelt before your image in the strange Irish night  
And breathed between your open arms,  
Peaceful under your gaze of stone:  
"Mater Maria Lacrimosa,"  
From interloper to intercessor the whispers passed,  
"Peace between your people and mine."  
And now in May I call you, Mary  
To thank you for a night of peace  
And a welcome I have not forgotten.

Provence, bright and wind-warmed:  
Mère Marie de la Mer, I carried you to France  
Unknowing – Or was it the other way around?  
You'd been there far longer than I...  
You caught up with me in the south,  
Where you'd been waiting for your gypsies.  
A guide painted us your story by the sea,  
Mothers-of-Arles: sister, sinner, Salome –  
Confused, the centuries have folded them to you –  
Triple almost-goddess of exiles and messiahs,  
Black-skinned, a little wild but still  
Steadfast on the shoulders of your Rom.  
I could taste their song on the salted air:  
Voices lifted, generations called interloper  
Walking in your name.  
And they say in spring you crown them:  
Riding above in your flower garlands  
Ave, Ave, Marie Nègre,  
Riding their strong arms back to the sea.  
In the tear-warm waves I floated,  
Peaceful in your liquid arms  
And you drew my breath from me again  
In sighs and sacred singing.  
Sainte Marie des Caravanes,  
I call to you now in May  
To thank you for an azure day  
And a mystery I have not forgotten.

— Nora Temkin (c) 2004, All Rights Reserved

*If you could become the consciousness of any landscape (ocean, forest, city, cyber-something, space, something microscopic, whatever), with your senses actively embodied in it, what landscape would you choose? What would your specific version of that landscape contain or look like? Why would you choose it?*

As to what New Jersey would be like: She's a grand lady with holes in her stockings, a poor streetwalker with inner dignity that gives her absolute beauty. She's marred with war, and proud of her scars. She's squashed and paved, her native people and plants and animals crushed; she's tall and proud in her beaches and forests and suburbs. She loves her people, though they cover her like ants. She loves her ants, though they cover her like people. She's a tough, tricky fighter. She's the littlest kid on the playground who's learned how to fight dirty and strike first. She doesn't play fair. She is dirt-streaked, toxins running through her veins. She has every cancer you can think of. She lives anyway, and defies all the doctors' predictions. She stands up to her older, bigger sibs New York City and Philly. She knows secretly that she's better than them, though less famous. Her bosom is ripe with tomatoes and corn and cranberries and blueberries and peaches, but she is always hungry, as she has to feed it to her starving children, scraping desperately through her cities Newark, Camden, New Brunswick, Jersey City, Trenton. She is a state of strength and integrity, and perhaps her biggest burden of all is so few people notice. Her glory is the best kept secret in America.

— Hillary Gross

## Fall Faery Fête

The crickets and my wind chimes  
seductive singing sounds  
Siren call of Maedb.  
Deep boundless dreams from morning  
resurfacing at twilight like the setting sunlight  
through the shifting leafy canopy.  
Heavy sparkling blurry green  
In leafy dress  
hair down and tossed  
lying languid as Maedb Herself  
A waking dream  
Faery glamour of fall  
**Come to us.**  
Those without stinginess, jealousy or fear-  
**Come to us.**  
Strong Ones, Fair Folk kin, Children of the Forest,  
Dark Liminal Garden Guests,  
**Come to us.**  
Away—within/without  
Last Faery Fête  
before the twirling of dying leaves.  
Faraway eyes  
betray  
the ones who've answer'd  
and drifted away.

— entropie

# GoG's Summer Solstice Storytelling Safari Ritual 2004

*as told by Hillary Gross*

Friday night, Deb and I began our ritual. We'd been preparing for a long time, and I dare say the ritual started the night before we gave it, when we sat down to make the medicine bag prize and prepare all the offerings. I thought maybe we'd be full of giddy Coyote/Crow energy or chugging tequila and partying or beating drums, but instead we were two tired chickadees trying to get our act together. Deb sewed and assembled the medicine bag -shinies (Sacajewia dollar, Coyote medallion), Crow medicine, Coyote tail fur, Crow beads, and Crow bones and Coyote claw on the outside- while I figured out how to get the Coyote scalp/mask on my head and prepared the vessels for the offerings. I couldn't get the mask right - the idea felt right (tying it on my head), but the execution felt wrong. We were both tired and tumbled into bed unshadowed (as far as I know).

I slept all right. Max, Deb's cat/familiar, kept me company. In the morning, I was cranky and still too much in my body. I showered and got ready. Deb braided my hair, and that's when I finally started to feel something. Like we were going into battle.

"Let the woo begin"

We were going to drink kava tea, but we were running late, so Josh prepared some shaman smoke for us. I'd never had it before. At first, it was an awful lot like magical pot - very much in magical space to the point of not being too connected to the mundane world. By the time we got to Ed and Norma's, it had dropped to a regular feeling of ungroundedness that had followed me all week.

The drive to New Brunswick was...interesting. I was in the back seat, and they'd put on some magical music, and it was all I could hear, "dancing in the fire..." And Coyote came to me, which relieved me because he'd been conspicuously absent until then. I'd wondered if he was mad about the chat Frigga and I had had, but he seemed nonplussed, as I was \*his\* and she knew it. And then we...communed...for a while. I last opened my eyes before Millstone and next thing I knew, we were in Somerset.

There was a small flutter of activity at Ed and Norma's, as we were on time, which threw them off. It also surprised me, as we'd gotten out of bed nearly an hour late. We prepared the house, but really, there wasn't tootoo much left to do.

Then the guests started arriving. (We had 27 for the ritual, 32 total. Carol and Jenniforensic watched the house and took care of the food.) I was pretty well myself for a while, but then I felt the puppy creeping into me. I was bouncing around, nearly coming out of my skin. The pre-rit seemed to go smoothly enough, and I was glad I wasn't in charge.

Then we got to Change.

I figured out - of course - the scalp/mask goes on the black leather fedora, not the green one, not on my head. My tail looked fabulously organic. Crow took a long time to preen, as usual. DebCrow and I messed up right away because we had to get out of the house. We'd told them there would be a clear opening in the house, but we forgot, so we made our way out and got smudged. It took Josh a while to gather the congregation out the door and get them smudged (Carol and Nora were on smudge duty), for which he apologized for and explained how everyone thought it would be inside the house. He was very tactful. I was a little worried that this wasn't a good beginning, but it all went well enough.

Josh blew the clear opening on his flute. Deb honored the gods and the earth mother with a meditation. We felt the ground and our roots in it. She offered sacred tobacco to Mother Earth. Then I got to lead everyone in the directions. Ed had drawn a fabulous compass on the driveway to help me, but I still needed my notes, as everything kept falling out of my head. I gave local landmarks for all the directions, followed by an Indian tribe out in that direction and what they did. I may have insulted white people as a whole and definitely insulted a Californian, but I tried to make nice and I hope they took it all in good fun. I didn't feel a lynch mob forming, anyway.

Misha did a great well invocation, saying how all civilizations and groups were centered around the well. Then we gave it a Swedish Fish of Knowledge, which I think it liked.

Pat led us out into the sun for the fire invocation. The sun came out from behind the clouds after we remembered to actually give it its offering of cinnamon incense.

Then Grinning Wolf, who was wearing a tree t-shirt, gave us a lovely invocation of the tree, speaking also of the world tree.

We had a long walk ahead of us, down Somerset Street, and to the gates of the Old Queens campus. We had a chant to keep us focused, and it sort of worked, but I think the words and syllables got changed. DebCrow and I kept trying to sing along and then broke down giggling, as it was sort of hopeless to keep track. But it did keep the focus.

Then on to the grand wrought-iron gates of Old Queens. Chris and Ed served as gatekeepers while Josh invited Thunderbird, the one who punched the way between worlds for us. The gates did indeed open, and then Old Queens was full of magical shimmer gate-y goodness (but no faeries because of the iron in the gates). Thunderbird was offered more tobacco (Josh said it's all he'll accept).

On to Benchenge for the Outsider invocation. Monica extended a chipper invitation to the Outsiders, and I felt the group trying to follow her as she skipped away to place the offering, a copy of S.E. Hinton's *The Outsiders* inscribed: "If you've found this book, it's for you. Good luck from The Outsiders. Summer Solstice 2004, Grove of the Other Gods."

Next was our invitation to our muse, Grandmother Spider. There's a wonderfully ooky spidery tree in the midst of the campus. Maggie wound thread around the group while telling the story of how Grandmother Spider was the only one clever and small enough to steal fire and put it into the sun for everyone to use. She also offered a sun pinata to our grove, which we later enjoyed. It was full of omen-ny goodness, and chocolate. And Laffy Taffy.

We went to a war memorial (I forget which one, the one by the Freedom Tree) to do ancestors. A very brave first-timer, Louis, invited all the ancestors of everybody, and he offered the Star Anise we'd brought. Our party was starting to get populated!

On to the Indian Well, a small well lurking behind the Geology Museum. For the animals and nature spirits and especially New Brunswick and bunnies, Patty told a story of rescuing some birds who'd flown down her chimney. We offered them posh bubbly water, which they seemed to like. Then we called out to a menagerie and New Brunswick herself to walk with us.

Our final kindred invocation took place by more gates, ones facing Hamilton Street, which somehow had champagne glasses embroidered into the ironwork. Betty led the invitation to our gods and goddesses, and we offered the four elements (feather, incense, shell, and stone).

After a (thankfully) uneventful pagan street crossing, we processed into Vorhees Mall to invite our guests of honor. DebCrow told her story under a tree. It was a really neat story about how Crow used to be white but gave up his feathers to find out why we're all here from Thunderbird, and then Gaia rewarded him by making him her Secret-Keeper. (We're all here to live and learn, apparently.)

Next, Coyote and I gleefully led our party to the deserted benches in front of Scott Hall. He sat on the stone wall above one of the benches and talked about his purpose, to teach by example and to show that it's ok to make mistakes. He told a story (with visual aids) of when he wanted to fly like the crows, but he wasn't very good at it, so they plucked out his feathers and dropped him to the ground. He shouldn't've presumed to be like the crows, but vanity got the best of him. However, when he fell, his tail lit on fire and he got covered in dirt, so now he's the color of the desert. This shows that even though he made a mistake, he's better off, because a grey coyote is perfect for the desert, while his old color (blue) was not so perfect at all.

Guests and kindreds called, we went off to the statue of Whispering Willy to hear the story-telling contest, the winner

of which would receive the Coyote-Crow medicine bag. There were many stories, but here are a few: Norma told of a true tall tale of a tree almost toppling her friends. Tracy told of tricking tigers in India.

Grimming Wolf told of the Solstice. Laure told of the Mead of Poetry and Odin's tricky deeds. Monica told of cow-tipping in Ohio. Jeff told of a Sufi master who did something obtuse. Vigile told of Loki giving birth to Odin's 8-legged horse.

But the best stories (in Coyote and Crow's opinions) were:

\*Nora telling of how Coyote and Crow first tricked Thunderbird to make rain in the desert, and then tricked Condor to make the rain stop and put Thunderbird to sleep, thus making Condor all bald and ugly and croaky.

\*Ed telling the true tale of a New Brunswick fire and brimstone preacher who sent his brother to be educated at the Princeton Theological Seminary, only to have his brother slip into the debauch ways of the town. Preacher brother then preached the little brother to death. However, at his funeral, little brother rose and told of the heavenly visions he had experienced, thus contradicting preacher brother's assertions of hell and brimstone that surely awaited his sinning brother.

The contest was so close that Coyote and Crow had to flip two coins two times to figure out a winner, but finally Ed won because his story was true and about New Brunswick and tricky and they'd never heard it before. And they'd only made one medicine bag.

The day was growing long, but there was still more praise to be given, offerings to the city and to patrons and to spirits.

*continued on page 11*

### The Crafting of a Coyote Kid: A Villanelle for My Favorite Villain

The night you came, you played a dirty trick;  
You claimed I called, insisted we were kin,  
And now my soul is yours for you to pick.

I'd heard of you; I thought I knew your shtick -  
You would delight to lead me into sin.  
The night you came, you played a dirty trick.

With your warm words, you bit me to the quick,  
Seducing, tempting, teasing with your grin.  
And now my soul is yours for you to pick.

But even I could only be so thick,  
And finally I saw I was your twin.  
The night you came, you played a dirty trick.

Though often I grow weary of your prick,  
I hunger for you underneath my skin -  
And now my soul is yours for you to pick.

So, lustily, I am Coyote's chick;  
I laugh at life as I gulp down my gin.  
The night you came, you played a dirty trick,  
And now my soul is yours for you to pick.

—Hillary J. Gross, (c) 2004(!), All Rights Reserved

### Stretched Arms Long

Coyote climbed up the cliff of an evening,  
hid behind a shadow of the moon,  
stretched arms long,  
surprised a star.

He snatched it,  
pulled it from its place,  
leapt back to earth, howling.

It seared  
his hands, stung his palms,  
singed his fur.

He dropped it,  
and the star fled home.

Tonight, Coyote climbs the cliff  
of the evening  
(his hands itch for blisters).

— Jeff Mach

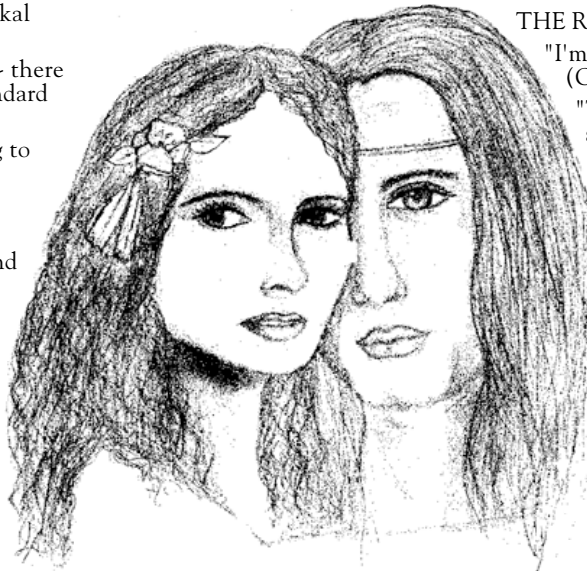


## The Passion of Llew and Blodeuedd: A Wedding, a Death, and a Resurrection.

As Recorded by Kristen

### THE PRE-RITUAL BRIEFING

"The two us are like matter & anti-matter." (Nej)  
"I get to be the villain of the piece." ( Norma / Gronowy) Much heckling ensued for such a genteel description of the ritual drama.  
"Circle like a snowglobe, energy starts bouncing around like a bunch of super balls." (Norma, comparing a Wiccan circle to Druid ritual.)  
"We're very user-friendly." (Jenniforensic)  
"It was agreed that the grove is essentially composed of free thinkers with a tendency to mutiny." (Principally Norma & Jenniforensic)  
"Very much it takes a village (I wrote wizard? -Kristen) to run a ritual." (Jenniforensic)  
"Honey, you get to bypass the vomit seat. You go straight to the barfomatic, not to be confused with the baphomatic, which is something else entirely." (Jenniforensic)  
"You're going to be pulling Gs like one of those airplane simulators." (Nej.)  
"Since you're not caught in the magical snowglobe of ick..." (Nej)  
"The songs are all in the key of pagan- there really are only 5 or 6 notes in any standard pagan song." (Nora / Brigid)  
"We'll tell you everything that's going to happen." (Hillary)  
"-Everything we know is going to happen." (Nora / Brigid)  
"You got a haircut, and you shaved, and you're not wearing an ugly shirt - you get another hug!" (Hillary to Jeff)  
"I was actually atheist when I joined RU Pagans." (Hillary)  
"I wanted to get a get well card for him." (Hillary to Patty as Llew)  
Tomfoolery. "My name is Tom, Tom Foolery." (Jeff placed dibs on the magical name.)  
Math went looking for a virgin, and Jenniforensic so didn't qualify. I was appointed to this highly coveted position, and my virginity was taken away a few moments later. Something about a stick?  
"We are all boobs here." (Ed as Druid-In-Charge)  
"Gwydion put the bastard in a box." (?)  
"I tried, kid." (Jenniforensic / Gwydion)  
"Blodeuedd has to find out how to kill Lugh and get him in that position." (Ed)  
"Would anyone like to ring Jen's bell?" (Ed) This prompted a musical interlude. Many, many things prompted a musical interlude. I particularly recall something about Louie Louie, Ring My Bell and Brick House.  
"For the love of all the gods, we need someone to be earthy today." (Ed?)  
"What do I do as a well?" (Maggie)  
"Be wet and deep." (Jeff?)  
"There's not enough NO in the world." (Jenniforensic)  
"I'm not saving myself for anything." (Hillary, referring to ritual roles)  
"Comment withheld." (Jenniforensic)  
"Put a little bit of your own psychic oompf." (Ed) (when asked for elaboration)  
"With your hands, not a tank. Please don't knock me over. Not until after the ritual." (Jenniforensic)



Llew and Blodeuedd

drawing: Lauren A.

"If you don't come back, we'll come after you - the Outsiders have a way of making you want to stay outside with them." (Ed, to Jeff)  
"Don't worry, she's not actually yelling at \*you\*." (Nora / Brigid)  
"Outside for the death scenes- we'll be on location for that." (Nej as Math / director of play within a ritual)  
"Look for the union label." (Nej)  
"Secret gatekeepers handshake!" (Jenniforensic to Nej)  
"Gwydion doesn't need no stinking song. Nothing rhymes with Gwydion anyway." (Jenniforensic / Gwydion)  
"Norma is already happily fired." (Ed, on the Brigid song)  
"And we're Pagans, and we do everything in 3s." (Ed)  
"No druids left behind in this ritual!" (Nej)  
"True change comes from within." (Nej, to Patty)  
"She's starting to pace." (Jenniforensic, about Patty)  
"We need to get started soon." (Nej)  
"We're going to lose her." (Jenniforensic)

### THE RITUAL

"I'm an old man!" (Gwydion / Jenniforensic)  
"The corn is uncomfortably close to the scythe." (Ed to Jeff)  
"...I'm having trouble getting off of her." (Dragynphyre, rising to give the earth mother invocation)  
"You are now young, beautiful, and very very human." (Lady Sue, meditation)  
"From the day I was created I have known that the nectar of my sweetness was fated only for you. I offer you this blossom, my husband, the only destiny I have ever known." (Blodeuedd / Lauren recites her vows)  
"From the day I was born, I have known that no mortal maiden could warm my bed and share my path. I offer you this wing feather, my bride, the only partner that I could ever \*no\*." (Patty / Llew recites his vows)  
"Let us celebrate the rites of the myths we cannot escape." (Brigid / Nora, end of marriage)  
"The fire and its beauty, and its perfection, and its destruction." (Hillary)  
"At least they're leaves, and they're there, and we know they'll be back." (Ed, to the caller of the tree, when she lost her train of thought around gold leaves)  
"It's Kali, isn't it?! Or, I know, that brazen hussy, Brigid!" (Blodeuedd / Lauren)  
"I beg your pardon!" (Brigid / Nora, who was not happy)  
"Be very very quiet, I'm hunting druids. Have you seen any?" (Gronowy / Norma)  
Gronowy and his sword are very happy to see Blodeuedd.  
"Your husband is going to come home and he's going to \*kill my ass\*." (Gronowy / Norma)  
"What if we kill his ass?" (Blodeuedd / Lauren)  
"You said it first - and that's \*not\* in the script." (Gronowy / Norma)  
"oh, shit." (Blodeuedd / Lauren)  
"Well, since \*you\* said it first..." (Gronowy / Norma)  
"Outside is no stranger to me than inside." (Jeff)  
"I got water. It's really good water." \*Malcolm follows\*

(Jeopardy theme song)  
 "Did the Outsiders take Jeff as our offering?" (?)  
 "They took Jeff & Malcolm." (Ed)  
 "I thought we didn't do human sacrifice?" (Jenniforensic)  
 "Roses are red, violets are blue  
 You used to be flowers, now I'm stuck with you!" (Jenne, in bardic commercial)  
 "How did you earn that? How did you love that? Know who you are and choose to give." (Brigid / Nora)  
 "Fire us up!" (Norma / Gronowy / Brigid?)  
 Then Gronowy threatens Brigid with his sword.  
 Oh, ancestors. (Deb - "what's my motivation? Why am I here?")  
 Hauntingly pretty invocation.  
 "Luckily, I have a plan. I do." Mafia nature spirits, summoning up memories of Frank Sinatra being a wiseass. (Josh)  
 "Manannan." (Nej)  
 "No thanks, I'll stay out here." (Jenniforensic)  
 "Y'all know who you are." (Jeff)  
 "Togas! Where are the togas? You said it! Where are they?!"  
 (Patty / Llew, to Chuck who made the mistake of suggesting togas)  
 "Give me that beer, put it down, no method actors here."  
 (Math / Nej)  
 "It's never going to happen 'cause I'm not stupid enough to stand on a \*goat\*!" (Llew / Patty)  
 "What are you all looking at?" (Gronowy / Norma after killing Llew)  
 "Inevitably betrayed by the man I did love.  
 Blodeuedd, the forgotten Goddess."  
 (Blodeuedd / Lauren)  
 "I have praise." (Gronowy / Norma)  
 "Oh shit!" (Llew / Patty)  
 "I loved her, you know. And I love her still."  
 (Gronowy / Norma)  
 "You crazy kids." (Josh)  
 "Eh, where you going, where you going." (Llew hugs somebody)  
 "I raised that boy from a box."  
 (Gwydion / Jenniforensic)  
 "You chose, year after year, to repeat your roles. Every year, long after you've learned the lesson, to play the villain in the eyes of so many. To play the victim in the eyes of so many."  
 -wisdom and grace- (Brigid / Nora)  
 "It couldn't've been easy, living with someone who was always absent." (Hillary)  
 "The Gods speak German, too..." (Ed)  
 "They are saying, on a rather morbid note, that all dead flesh feels betrayed, but it's better than not to have lived." (Jeff, re: the Outsiders commenting on praise)  
 "Our voices go up to Thee on the wings of eagles, our praises on the shoulders of the wind..." (Ed)  
 "There were birds in the wisteria... 200 birds just took off, when you said that." (Norma)  
 "Damn, you start thinking this stuff is real." (Norma)  
 We were down to 87 talents of Lugh on the wall by the time the oracle was deciphered (2 minutes precisely by Jeff's watch), and that's still a hell of a lot of talents.  
 Omen: Change takes time, Let beauty grow, Right here right now, & Unpredictable change.  
 "Llew in bread form is a very well endowed gentleman." (?)  
 "The old Gods and Goddesses have not returned because they never left us." (Ed)  
 "I manifested hos!" (Llew / Patty)

## THE FEAST AFTERWARDS

(Those here for the bride, the reception is inside; if you're here for the groom, the wake is outside.)

"Have you tried the oatmeal cookies that have been compared to the body of Christ, only better?" (Hillary)  
 "You're not a good Catholic if they don't have wheat." (?)  
 "I'll be happier in a minute, you're all going to blow me. Harder, faster." (Patty / Llew handing out wedding bubbles)  
 "Get me a knife." (Lauren / Blodeuedd)  
 "No, no knives." (Kristen)  
 "No, we really need a knife." (Lauren / Blodeuedd)  
 "Apparently not Jewish." (on the bread man in the fire)  
 "We could fix that. Have a burning bris."  
 "Don't want you to blow me, get out of here! You're my \*wife\*-ex-wife." (Patty / Llew)  
 "Does anyone else hear the ice cream man? Tell me I'm not hearing this." (Patty / Llew)  
 "Yes, Mr. Softy." (Peg in the purple corset)  
 "Does it burn when you pee?" (to Llew, concerning the burning bread man)  
 "Llew is roasting on an open fire  
 Blodeuedd plotted his demise" (Patty / Llew)  
 "The penis is still hanging on, Llew!" (Report on the state of things from onlookers)  
 "Yes!" (Llew)  
 "Would you like bubbles? You can blow yourself."  
 (Lauren / Blodeuedd)  
 "That gets written down \*now\*."  
 "You are quite well done." (nature boy clinks bottles with Patty / Llew)  
 "And that deserves a toast?"  
 "Everything deserves a toast."  
 "The bubble that she just blew that landed on my crotch was more amusing." (Patty / Llew re: Lauren / Blodeuedd's bubbles)  
 "Have I mentioned how much I hate Samhain?" (Patty / Llew)  
 "Why do you write stuff down?" (?)  
 "Because people are funny." (Kristen)  
 "It was nice knowing you." (?) to Jeff)  
 "Guess Jeff is dead." (?)  
 "I'll shower, just for the occasion." (Jeff?)  
 "Dead people and food don't mix... for me, anyway." (Deb)

**"It's  
 never going  
 to happen  
 'cause I'm not  
 stupid enough  
 to stand on a  
 \*goat\*!"  
 (Llew / Patty)**

And there was ice cream.  
 "He was like your sweet old racist grandfather who makes being racist okay again." (Misha, talking about Ronald Reagan.)  
 "Cowardice is a kind of intelligence." (Misha)  
 "So ugly it was adorable." (Misha)  
 "A 50 ft asthmatic being strangled to death." (Misha)  
 "Educated by the testicles." (Misha)  
 "I walked in at nothing at all and sleeping in handcuffs." (Patty)  
 (Misha reels off something in Russian that sounds like a death threat.) "That's a love poem."  
 "You could've been saying 'stupid americans' and I'm like ahhhh...." (Patty)  
 "'...and Satan rules the world.' But it sounds so romantic." (Misha)  
 "You mean it wasn't?" (Norma)



## GO TO OUR WEBSITE

<http://www.othergods.org>

FOR

Photos: The Marriage of Llew and Blodeuedd Wedding Album  
 AND

The story of Llew and Blodeuedd, as told by Kiddoh  
 Llew's side of the story, as told by Kiddoh  
 Blodeuedd's side of the story, as told by Lauren A.



# Fall Equinox Freya Ritual

by Patrick Keeler

I not only attended the GOG Fall Equinox ritual in New Brunswick, but also helped to plan it. The ritual was dedicated to the Norse Goddess Freya. My goal with the ritual was to introduce the Grove to Freya and to explain that she is not simply the “Norse Aphrodite,” and to introduce some of the cosmology of the Well and the Tree. It was standard ADF format but deviated from common GOG format in the following ways:

- Heimdall was used as the Gatekeeper.
- Saga was invoked as the Bardic deity.
- The Outsiders were bribed out of the hall, but also Thor was asked to come into the hall and ward it against chaotic forces.
- The Goddess was not drawn down but instead an idol was set up as a focus of worship.
- The common GOG Praise/Omen/Waters of Life practice was rearranged to facilitate a Germanic Sumbel.

I had several parts in the ritual and tried to help with cosmological questions from the Norse-newbie attendees. Many tough questions were asked and some partial answers given. Even though there is much more literature from Germanic Heathenry (as opposed to Celtic), there is still large gaps especially with the Goddesses. Much of the surviving literature and most of what was written by scholars for much of the 19th and 20th centuries attempts to systematize and pigeonhole the Norse Gods and to a large extent ignores the Goddesses.

I performed the Gate Opening with Heimdall’s critical help. I used the same sort of language that I use in my personal rites and it is based on Skip Ellison’s daily ritual gate opening.

Although there were three main people — myself, Dragonphyre (who was Druid-In-Charge), and

Hillary—helping with the ritual, and doing many of the main parts; those parts assigned to others were all done very well. I particularly liked the Tree invocation by Nora. Everything went very well; except for the poor guy that Thor made leave.

We wanted to present Freya in all her many roles to show she is more than a “fertility ‘ho.” Instead of myself talking about this aspect and that aspect for who knows how long, the idea was to have Dragonphyre, Hillary, and myself each talk about one aspect of the Goddess. Hillary discussed the fertility and magic aspect, I took the material and chthonic aspect, and Dragonphyre took the ancestral and valkyrie/Dis aspects. All this was done to a two-foot-high stuffed Goth cat as none of us was prepared to draw down Freya. The idol was riding in a cart (*ala* wagon rituals involving Vanic deities) and wearing gold and amber necklaces and torcs. Tethered to the cart were two small miniature cat pieces.

With the idol in place and Freya and all the guests in attendance, I started the Sumbel with a discussion of the Well of Wyrd and the meaning of what was to be done. Praise was now offered by whoever would come forth and after each offering the entire congregation would drink. Spring water was used as the libation and refilling of cups went more smoothly than I thought it would. I gave the main gift to Freya at the conclusion of Sumbel. The gift was organic dark chocolate with hazelnuts. Since chocolate was unknown in Europe before the 16th century,

there is nothing in the lore about Freya liking chocolate, of course. This is my own UPG, but who would not like such a gift? Plus I have to figure she has had mead and ale for millennia and if she was to come all the way to America, why not something from this continent?

Dragonphyre did the omen using a rune set. She drew Sowilo, Raido, and Dagaz— Sun, Road, and Day.



Freya



---

Culturologists state a “law” of religious freedom which they say is invariant: Religious freedom in a cultural complex is inversely proportional to the strength of the strongest religion. This is supposed to be one case of a general variant, that all freedoms arise from cultural conflicts because a custom which is not opposed by its negative is mandatory and always regarded as a “law of nature.”

—Glory Road- Robert A. Heinlein p242

As a group offering, we were all asked to twirl madly and fall down laughing, as New Brunswick does so miss her drunken students. For an omen, Lauren, Ed, Daphne, and Marc were asked to perform cloudomancy. However, the sky was beautiful and clear, so they were to take omens from other parts of nature. They took a long time and were subjected to much heckling, and in the end they decided that all their omens together meant Chaos, which was appropriate enough for the day. Norma relieved her pent-up aggressiveness as Senior Druid by spritzing everyone in the eyes with the Waters of Life, and Rook distributed Swedish Fish of Knowledge to all attendant.

At the crossroads to the side of Scott Hall, Deb thanked everybody, and Josh asked Thunderbird to close the gates.

Then we tramped back up to Ed and Norma's house and devoured all the food on the table in about five seconds.

Later, we bashed Pat and Maggie's sunyata and ate of the chocolate omens inside. We also raffled off a donation by Chuck, a beautiful framed photo of Seaside Heights pier, which went to Louis.

And- we collected 84 cans and boxes of food for New Brunswick's Food Bank.



All in all, I'm really happy and proud with how it all turned out. It was a bit long and a bit scattered, but that's the nature of walking rituals. But I think, most importantly, it was \*good\*.--



(Editor's Note: In the local paper on **the very day** of the ritual there was an article on how coyotes have been migrating eastward into New Jersey, and there were now an estimated 1,500 coyotes in the state eating yummy sheep. We took this as an omen that Coyote wanted to be recognized in his new digs. Go to:  
<http://www.app.com/app/story/0,21625,989990,00.html> )

(Editor's note: It just gets weirder and weirder.)



*Hail Caffaina*

Sigil idea, Nej; execution, Jenniforensic.

as above, so below...



## Quaballah Qapades!

The Crowley Ice-Capades Haiku

Brought to you by

The Ancient Order of Groovy Pajamas;

"We write Crowley Haiku, so that you don't have to."

Flaming torch is passed-  
No, wait, was that Regardie?  
Mages in tight pants.

Israel in drag  
He thinks feathers are sexy.  
Oksana tantrums.

Quaballah Capades!  
Funny hats and aprons, yay!  
Let's get on the ice

"Oh! Fortuna!" blares.  
Crowley takes the stage at last  
Let the games begin!

Mi-cha-el invoked  
Poor choice- He's melting the ice  
Spectators, irate.

South corner melted  
Where is Crowley's zamboni?  
No more double lutz.

Cthulu wins a gold  
Vaporized a judge- uh oh!  
Clearly not legal.

Six point sixty-six  
numerology scoring  
Mathers wins a bronze.

MacGregor and Al  
A "Couples" free skate entry  
Boitano approves.

Yod Hey Vav Hey says  
"Mathers touched the ice back there"  
Instant replay time.

Marks off for failed lift  
Dion, what were you thinking?  
Soror, lose some weight!

Triple salchow - ooh!  
Boitano curves a sigil  
Skates the Rosy Cross

Bavarian Team  
D.Q.'d. All flunked the drug screen  
They'll get their revenge.

Crowley says he's clean  
"We had bagels for breakfast.  
Those damn poppy seeds!"

Scores are pretty close  
Magicians like "Death Spirals"  
They're all good at that.