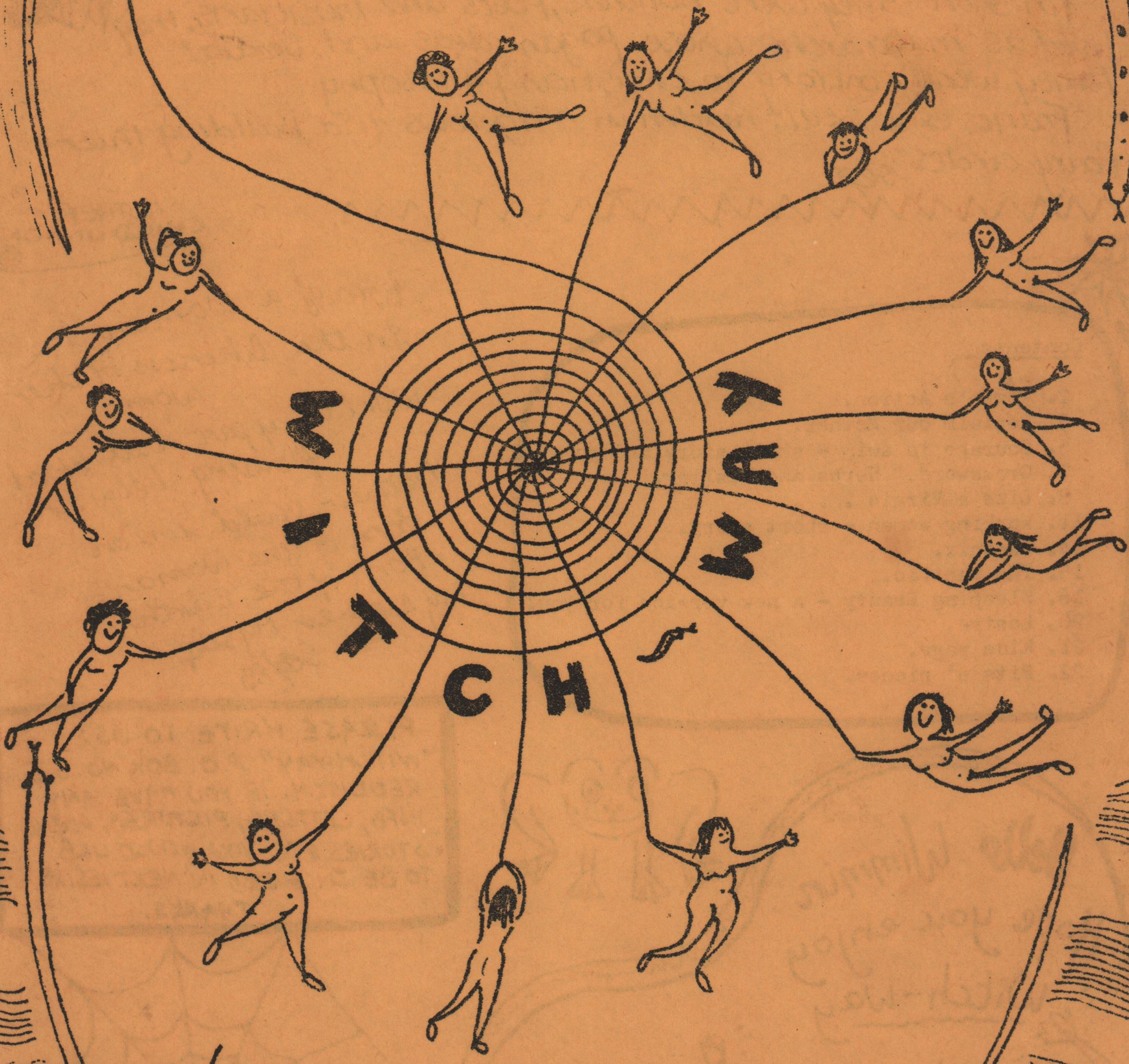


# Spinning Spirals



# Weaving Webs

JUNE-JULY  
1985

JAYNE



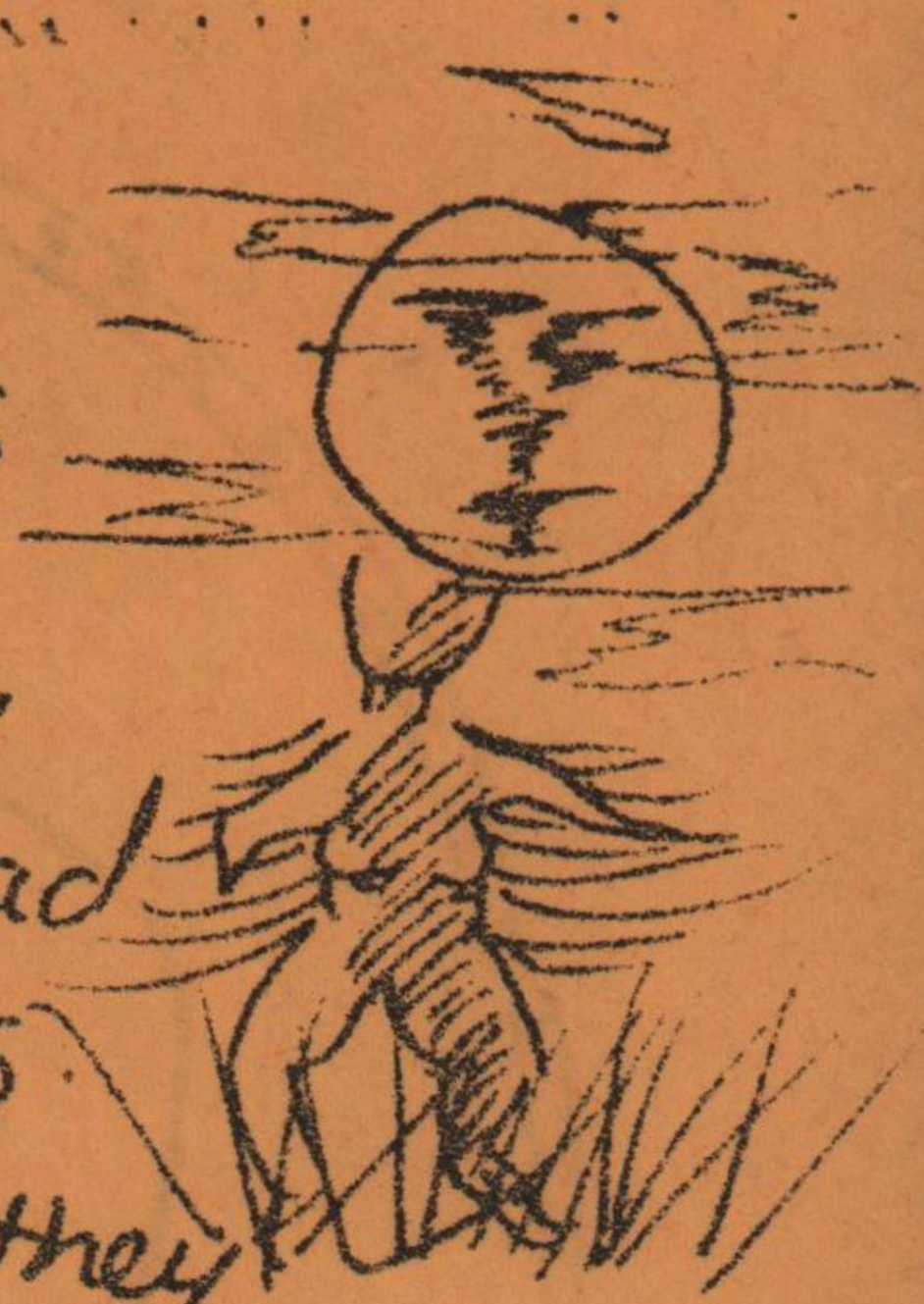
# Fairy Facts

in modern children's fairy tales the distinction between fairies and witches is a fine one. Both have magical powers: they can appear and disappear: change animals into humans - vice-a-versa and fly through the air.

The fairy queen was the community's ruler; property was communal and marriage laws non-existent. They had knowledge of medicines, poisons and the power of hypnosis.

In short they were builders, poets and musicians, they lived as matriarchs whose pagan ideas and sexual laxity were contrary to Christian philosophy.

Fairies exist still, hidden in hedgerows and building their fairy circles see



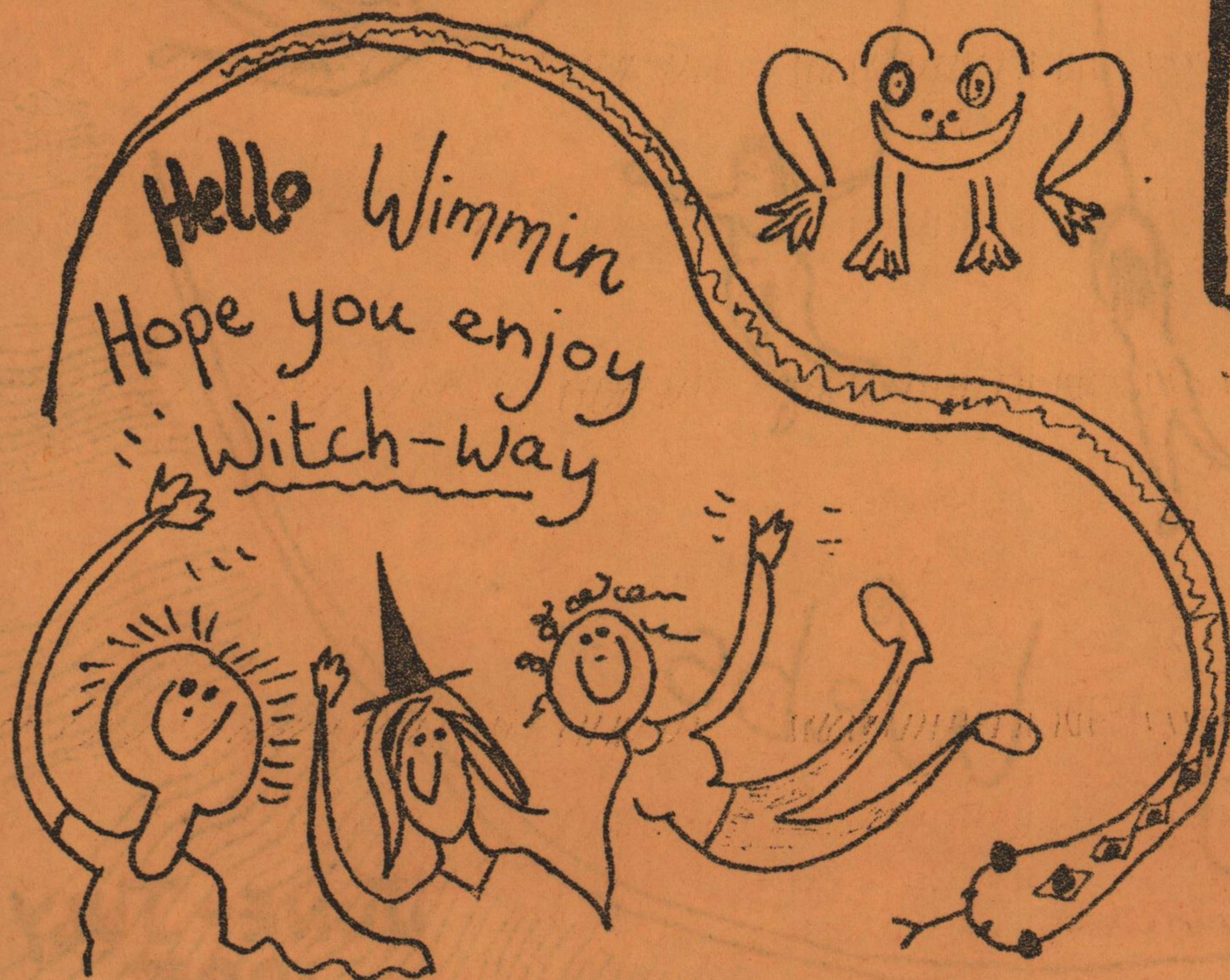
MOTHER -  
CHILD UNION

## Contents

2. Women's Action.
3. Reclaim our Mother.
5. Courage to swim - short story and poems
7. Crossword. Herbs and healing.
8. Like a Virgin . . .
11. Working woman - short story.
14. Phoenix.
15. The Pacific.
16. Sleeping Beauty - a new version for you!
20. Eostre.
21. Kids page.
22. Bits n' pieces.

Born of a woman  
In the likeness of her  
womb.  
Worlds apart but blood  
flowing between.  
Mother, child union  
Born of the woman  
Born of the Earth  
My mother Myself.  
5/85.

PLEASE WRITE TO US:-  
"WITCHWAY" P.O. BOX NO. 53  
REDDITCH. IF YOU HAVE ANY  
INFO, LETTERS, PICTURES, POEMS  
STORIES ETC YOU WOULD LIKE  
TO BE INCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE  
THANKS.





# WE RECLAIMED SALISBURY PLAIN

C 2



ON BRETANE, 30TH APRIL, ON TOP OF SILBURY HILL IN WILTSHIRE WE MET, ATE, TALKED, EVENTUALLY SLEPT. 100 WOMEN PACKED UP AND BEGAN TO WALK. WE WALKED THROUGH FIELDS, ACROSS HILLS, FOLLOWING THE LEY LINES TO THE GROUNDS OF A CHURCH TO REST & RELAX AND DANGLE HOT FEET IN THE COOL STREAM. ON DOWN CANAL, UP HILL ROUND FOREST TO RED HORN HILL. UNPACKED, WATER RUNS, COOKING, TALKING, TALKING, REST. HNS BOOMING IN THE DISTANCE, LOUD, GROWING HELICOPTERS AS AN EARLY MORNING. LL. BARBED WIRE LOOKS US IN THE FACE, MEN IN BLUE UNIFORMS, MEN IN GREEN UNIFORMS - ON WE WENT - PAST THE MEN, PAST THE BARBED WIRE, STRAIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THE FIRING RANGE - GUNS STOPPED - WONDERFUL SILENCE - PAST THE UNEXPLODED MINES - TO THE WOOD OF THE GREAT BUSTED THE OLD BIRD NOW EXTINCT ON THE MILITARY SALISBURY PLAIN - UNPACKED, WOOD, WATER, FOOD, CELEBRATION, REST. A TANK CAME THROUGH IN THE MORNING, HELICOPTERS, ANONS, BOOMING, SHOOTING. MORE MEN IN BUSES IN BLUE UNIFORMS, WE ATE, WE DANCED, SANG AND ON WE WENT. THROUGH PAST OVER THE LINES OF UNIFORMS, GUNS BUSES - ALONG THE LEY LINES, THROUGH THE MILITARY BASE, SINGING, DANCING TO STONEHENGE TO DANCE AND REJOICE TOGETHER, UNDER THE ECLIPSE OF THE FULL MOON, - REST, REST, AND ON TO BEECHES BARN, THE LAND SCARRED WITH BARBED WIRE, BEAUTIFUL LAND - TO SHARE THE MEANING OF LAND FREED WHILEST WE ARE THERE CARING. WE RECLAIMED SALISBURY PLAIN. JANE.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN GO TO PRISON

THE DEATHS - SPREAD THE

## Vicar's wife gaoled after peace raid

A vicar's wife was gaoled for 12 months yesterday, after telling a jury that she was entitled to damage Ministry of Defence property to rid Britain of nuclear weapons. Sentencing Mrs Anne Francis, aged 44, at Aylesbury Crown Court, Judge John Slack told her: "You have made yourself out to be a consistent law-breaker who - for own honesty held beliefs I accept - is not prepared to accept that the law has to be obeyed." Mrs Francis, from Abergavenny, Gwent, held a bouquet of purple and white flowers and, as she was led from the dock, peace women packing the public gallery shouted "shame on you" at the judge.

COUNSELLORS, IN PRISON

Mr Conrad Ascher, prosecuting, told the court that Mrs Francis, who denied two offences of criminal damage but was convicted of both, was among a group of women who cut their way through a fence around the Greenham Common cruise missile base, near Newbury, Berkshire, on May 12 and 13, last year. Mrs Francis defended herself and showed the jury a video film of the effects of the two nuclear bombs dropped on Japan at the end of the second world war. She admitted twice cutting through the fence with bolt cutters. "It was a righteous act, not an act of damage," said. Meanwhile women at Greenham Common have been attacked by two men wielding staves. Two women were taken to hospital after the ambush. Hazel Renzie suffered two broken ribs and severe cuts and bruising while Jane Powell was cut and bruised. The attack happened on Wednesday night when two men stepped out of the darkness and started beating the women who were sitting by a fire.

(Guardian mid-april)

AS POSSIBLE, WRITE TO MPS, PRISON AUTHORITIES

The 90's National peace conference  
Malvern 11/12 May.

About 125 women went, plus children. Lots of workshops and good energy.

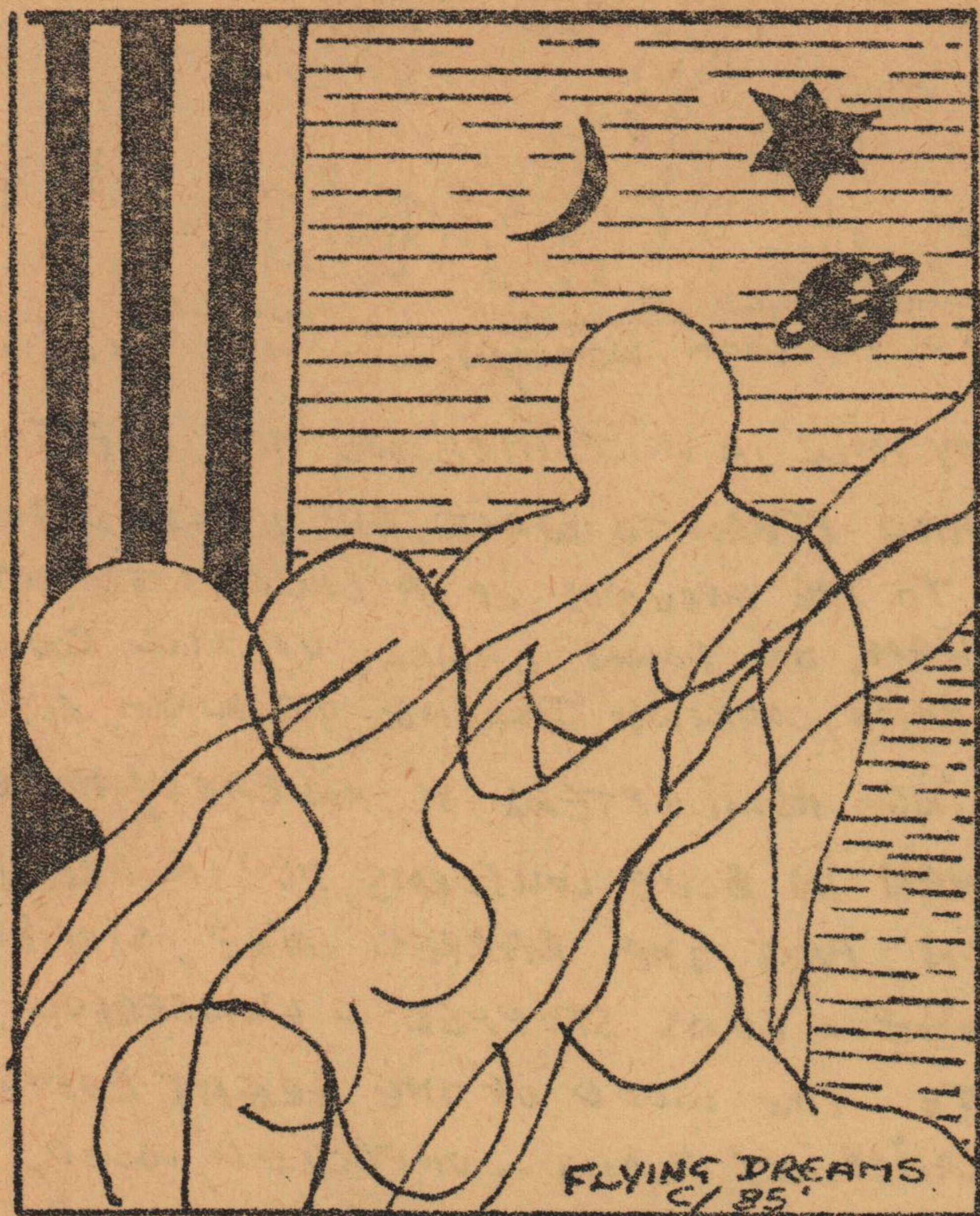
It was ~  
good fun, interesting, stimulating, good food  
Great for kids

Saturday night hop was great - 2 bands from Nottingham + spontaneous music - making

A memorable weekend - the whole thing put together by Malvern 90's

REGULARLY - THEY NEED AS MUCH SUPPORT





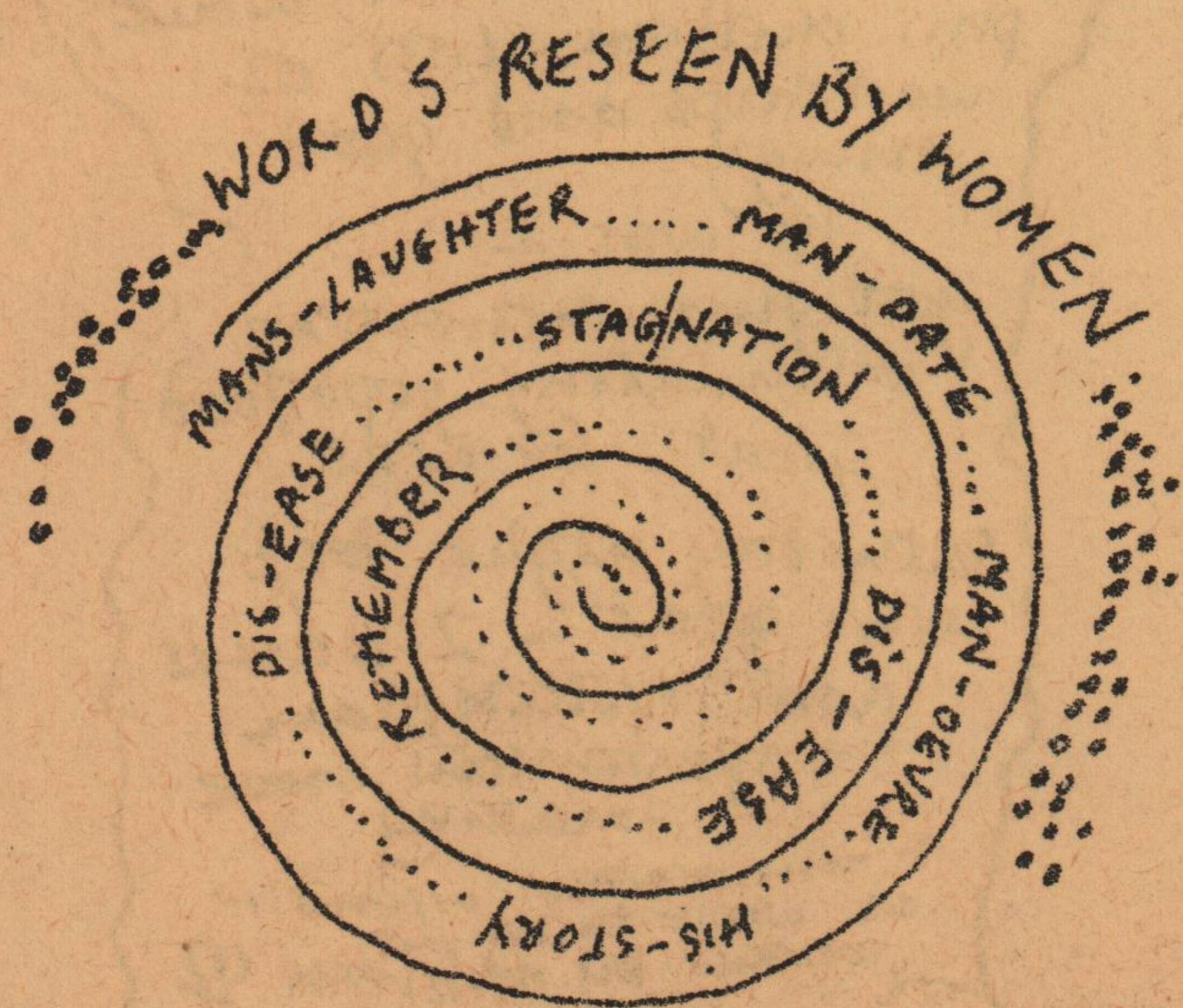
Reclaim Our Mother

Womyn are Rising,  
Rising from the very flame  
they burned us in,  
We gained fertility from  
the ashes of our Sisters.  
We are growing ever  
stronger.

Daughters who are dead,  
alive and not born yet.

Rising together to  
reclaim our Mother.  
C/

A golden sun-ray  
Pierces the turquoise skies,  
Catching the silver specks  
across the ocean,  
Like a rock, she lies,  
Reaching out of the sea  
resting in the calm waters.  
ceri



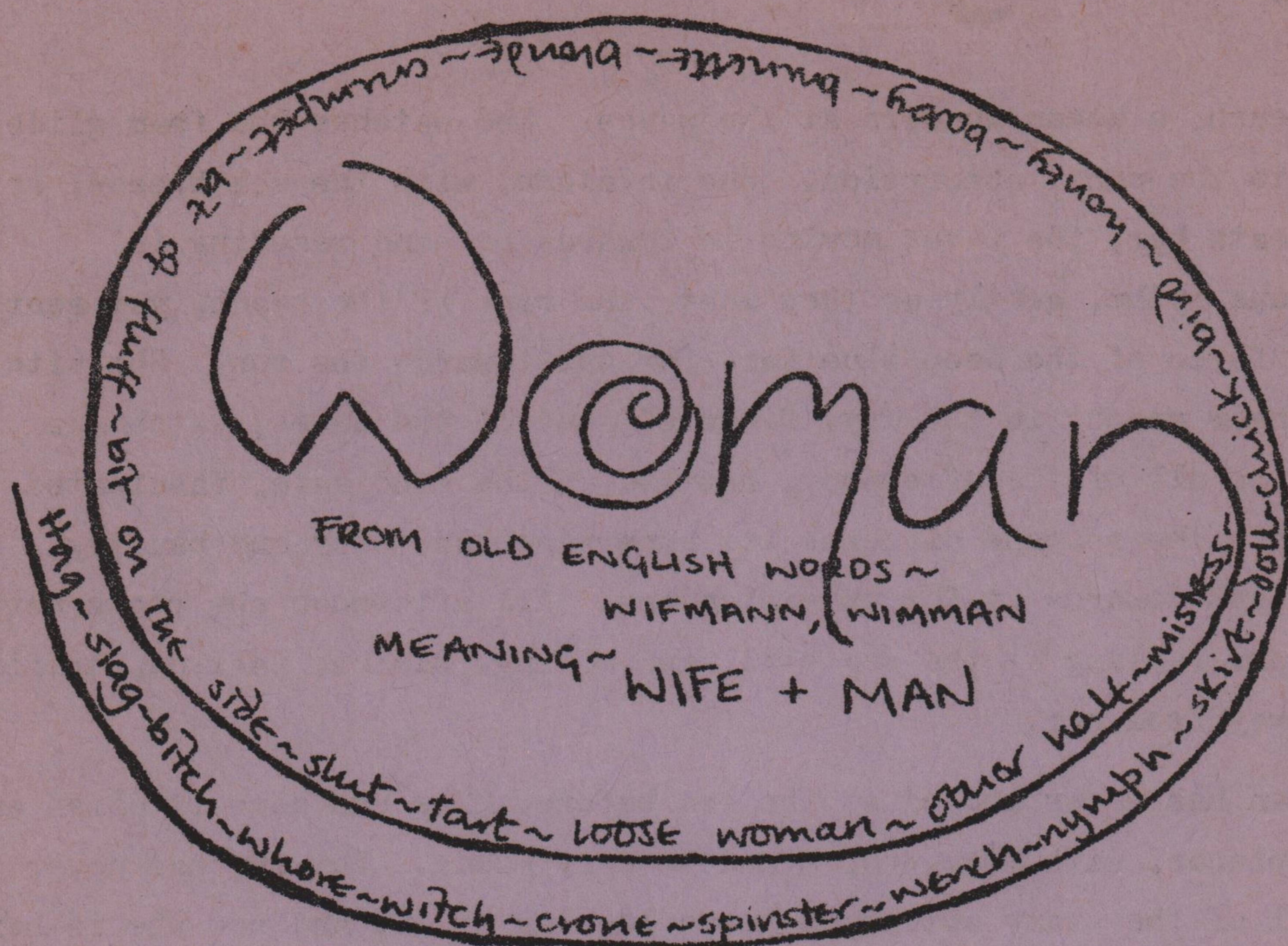
JANE.

DOOD MOONS

June 18<sup>th</sup> new moon ●  
July 2<sup>nd</sup> full moon ○

MIDSUMMER 21<sup>ST</sup> JUNE  
LAMMAS FULL MOON JULY 31<sup>ST</sup>







5

# Courage to swim

On the beach, a woman wonders at the waves. She watches the foam glide, sinking to the sand, absorption. She is alone, with the sea breeze, soft sand beneath her, the waves moving in towards her and receding in spontaneous rythm, gently as they meet the rise of the beach, yet sent with the force of the deep blue far, far out towards the sun. She sits out of their reach, in the dry, fingered sand of the dunes, watching. She is here all of the afternoon, nestled in the sand, safe, fascinated. Gazing into the sea she discerns its unnerving constancy and beauty, reaching out towards it for understanding. All afternoon she rests here in the sun, looking at the sea still and moving, rising, falling, drifting in and away from her.

This woman has never looked at the sea before. She has seen it often and in many places, with many people and in many moods. But she has never spent all of the sunny afternoon hours looking at it, and now she is here, she feels closer to it than ever before. On an impulse she walks from the dunes towards it, drawn by its movement, the temptation of its waters and her sense of reflection in it. At the shifting water's edge she takes off her shoes and is thrilled by the shallow waves caressing her feet. Looking up, the sea is much closer now, more immediate. Its sound is less distant, and she can sense its life, its attraction for her. A little of it trickles around her, and once the waves covered her feet and she looked back at the beach with a sense of excitement that she was standing in the sea. But with a little urgent speed the wave sucks back into its mother and for a moment she is grounded on the beach. Becoming more absorbed in her feelings of care and joy when the waters touch her, and loss when they recede, she stands in the sunlight, alone, still with the sea. Her head feels light and she can feel her thoughts before they are articulated. They are slow and free and careful thoughts about the beach, the place where it meets the water where she stands, and the sea before her. She stands at the edge now, trying to assess her impulse to leave the beach and swim.

The realisation that this is what she wants, to swim, comes slowly, naturally, in a gradual desire to leave her clothes behind on the land and let her body fall into this other body, this moving, swelling womanness of the sea. All of the sunny afternoon she has been feeling this and now she faces the sea and understands what she wants. Now she watches the sun sink to the water with envy and empathy for its falling. Eyes wide open, she imagines her body



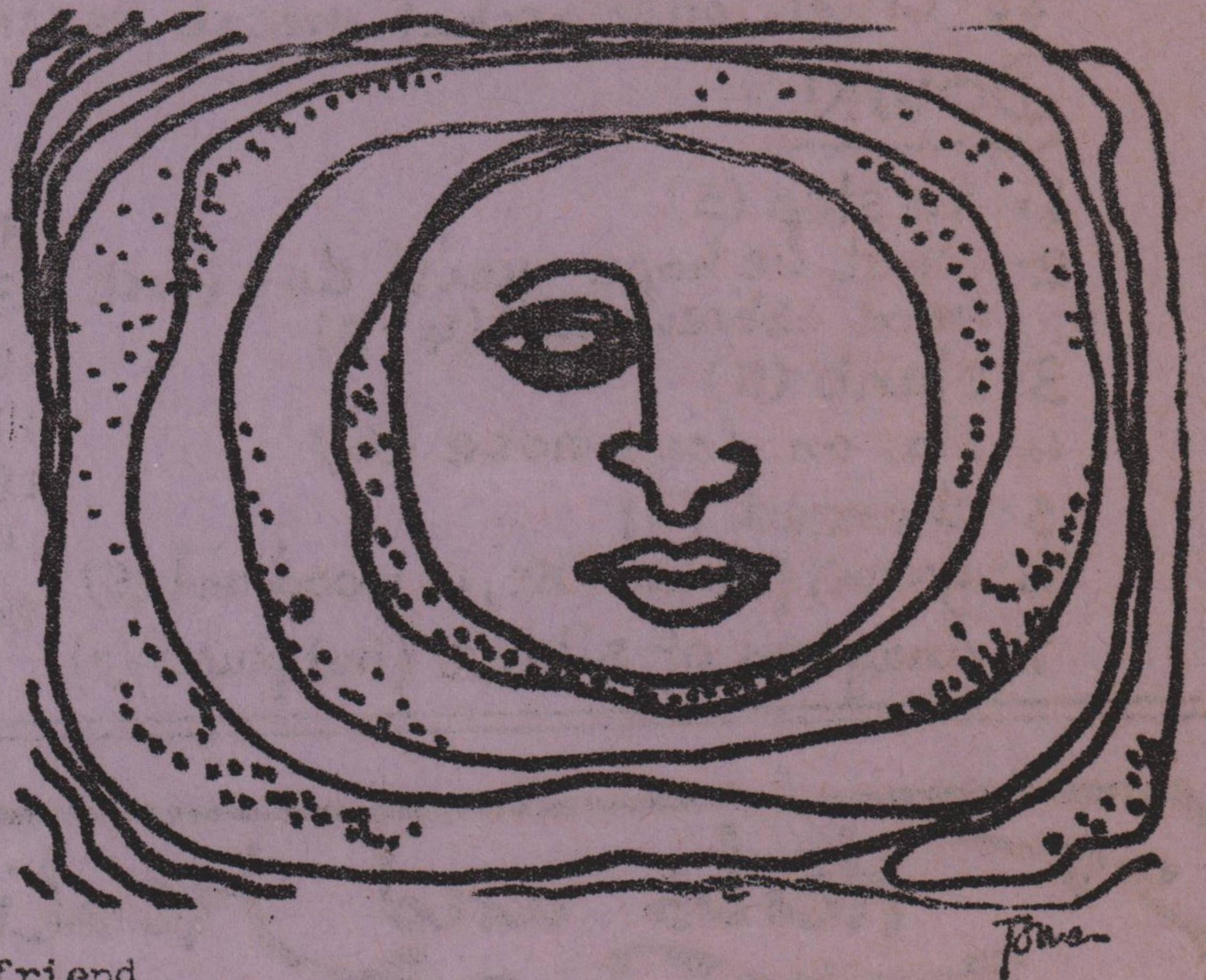


wet and shining, free in the sea-world, accepting her and enveloping her without question, with the understanding, the slow, undulating and trusting movements she has watched from the dunes. And the sun and the sea are calling her to join them, rousing her to motion as they become one, a darker, changing unity. Still she stands, hesitant, divided. Looking back to the beach, the Eastern sky is dark and comforting, secure and tempting in its certainty, beckoning her from the shore. But turning to the sunset sea, seeing blood streaked skies and calm rising waves, she smiles. Slowly it is coming to her, there is no hurry, but gently, one day, she will leave the sands for a while and find the courage to swim.

Sadie Plant, February 1985

And she is my friend

She is eternal mother  
And forever child to me  
A friend i'll never know  
Or understand but go on finding  
She cries with all the oceans  
At our lack of faith and love  
She walks with Gaia's strength  
And Moonshine's piety  
Sun's soul, child's eyes;  
Something of her proud dark woman hood  
Moves with her and  
She is my friend.



Letter to a friend

Saw a shooting star last night  
Wondered if you'd seen it fall  
Watched a swallow die  
And held it  
Warm and broken in my hand  
Wondered if you'd noticed  
that their backs weren't black at all  
But blue and brown.  
Sat outside a cafe  
With a huge ice cream in Paris  
Wanted you to share its fruit and flowers and parasols  
Stood alone  
With Van Gogh's midnight skies  
Wished you could have seen them  
Tried to be a letter  
On the way  
Got lost inside a poem  
Wondered if you'd like to read me.

Sadie Plant

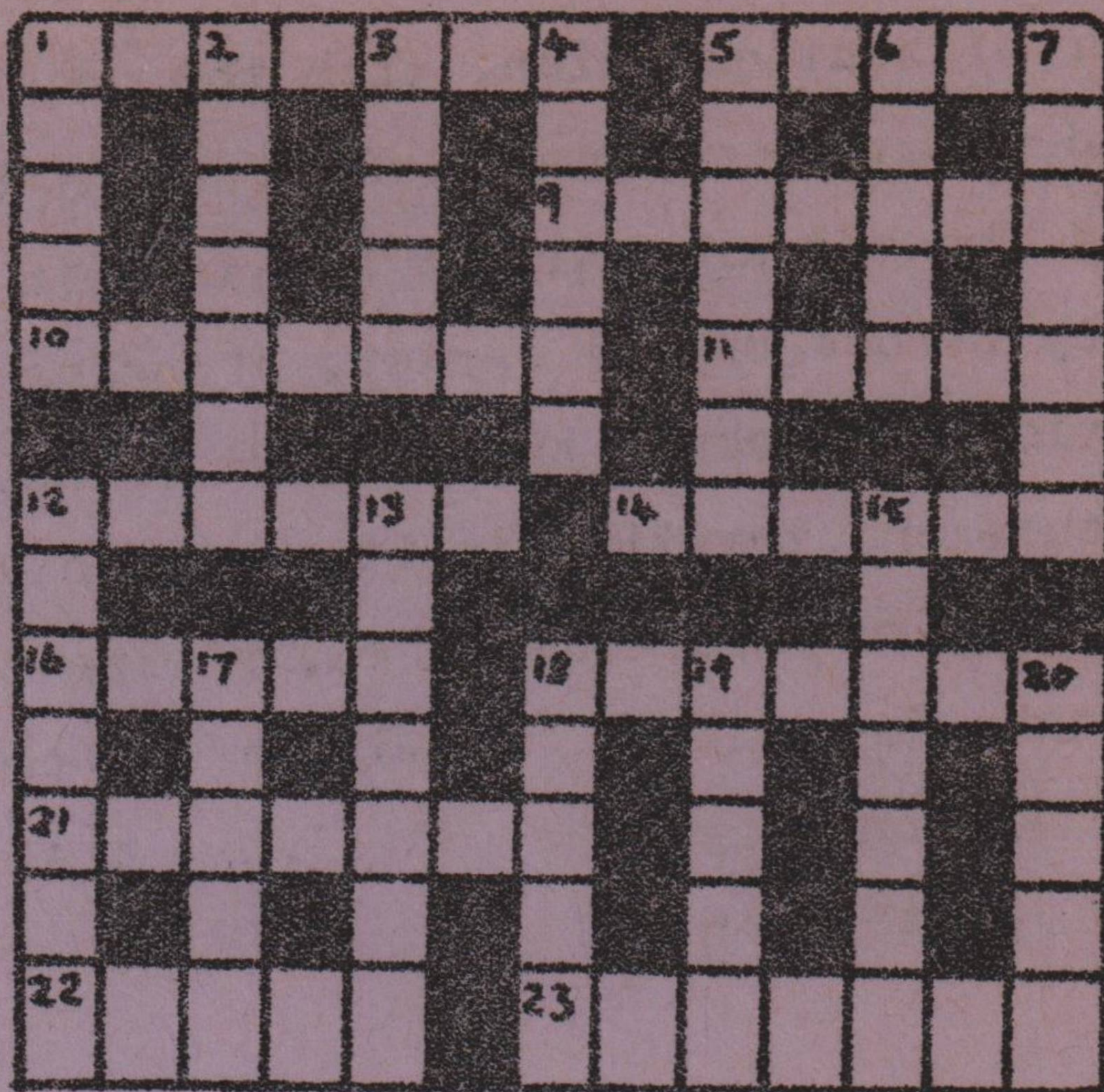
Tama



# 7. CROSSWORD.

## ACROSS

1. of a web (7)
5. once it meant full of wonder(s)
9. comes back (7)
10. famous bird dummy - that never speaks (4 - 3)
11. affectionate name for girl - sweet smelling flower (5)
12. sleeve shape (6)
14. serpents that count (6)
16. time keeper does this (5)
18. witches festival - April 30th / May 1st (7)
21. The sky is (5 - 2)
22. Tall friends that grow + grow (5)
23. Cruel patriarchal metal restriction (7)



## DOWN

1. to step (5)
2. what we hope you'll do - (last word abbreviated) (4 - 3)
3. slant (5)
4. star on dogs nose (6)
5. changed (7)
6. green, feather-like, in woodland (5)
7. anagram of silent (but plural) (7)
8. take back (7)
13. replies - found within (7)
15. stretches (7)
17. an older witch. (5)
18. breast (5)
19. dead language (5)
20. to remove (5) (answers - back page!)

## Herbs and Healing.

Comfrey tea  
gives iron and  
eases period pains.



RASPBERRY LEAF TEA  
help period pains and  
ease's morning sickness.

Lemon balm tea  
Soothes the nerves  
and calms.

NETTLES



Nettles can be  
picked and eaten as  
spinach would be, or  
dried for tea to  
ease rheumatism.

Camomile

Camomile tea  
eases tension, relaxs  
and calms and is sooth-  
ing after sickness.

the smoke from  
burning sage  
lifts the spirits  
and cleans  
the air.

garlic, honey + lemon tea  
is a good cold remedy  
- garlic is anti septic  
and clears up  
an inflamed throat  
+ chest



# LIKE A VIRGIN . . .

8

"Dear Auntie,

★ I am 16 years old and still a virgin. I am the only one of all my friends, and I have to pretend that I'm not. I am so confused. I don't want to sleep with a boy, but I'll have to so that I can stop feeling so ashamed of myself . . . . ."

"Dear Auntie,

★ I lost my virginity at 14. I thought it would make me feel older and mature, but all my friends ignore me and call me a slut. What can I do? My whole life is falling apart . . . . ."

"Dear Auntie,

★ I slept with my boyfriend because he said that I was frigid because I was a virgin . . . . and now I feel so dirty . . . . ."

## Dictionary definition

★ Virgin: "A person, especially a woman who has never had sexual intercourse. Chaste. Pure. Uncorrupted, not yet cultivated, explored, exploited by man."

★

★

## ★ VESTAL VIRGINS

Vestal virgins were very important members of Roman society. They were elected about once every five years and were usually aged between six and ten years old. They were often daughters of noblemen. After they had been "chosen", they passed out of their father's control and were no longer part of their family, and all her property belonged to the State. They were also given money - a kind of dowry. Sometimes it was quite a large sum, probably to attract them to come forward in the first place. They were then committed to thirty years of "virginity".

They had a public life, during which they would travel through the streets in carriages at public festivals. If they had to give evidence in court they did not have to take the oath, and had some power in that if they met a prisoner going to execution (by accident) they could annul the death sentence. They also guarded important documents, and even the will of an emperor. Because they were virgins they were considered holy and saviours of Rome itself.

★ If, however, they were found to be guilty of sexual immorality, her partner was flogged to death like a slave, and she was buried alive in an underground room. She would be left some bread and water and shut in forever to die a slow death. Not surprisingly, there are less than ten occasions in Roman history that this took place.

There always seems to have been a huge emphasis on virginity. Especially for women. In Rome virgins were almost holy because of their purity. The Catholic church seems obsessed with the idea that Mary was a virgin, that she had to be a virgin, because a woman who had 'lost' her virginity was impure, defiled and damaged, and could not therefore bear the "Son of God".

Even today, being a virgin is important for a young (or old) woman. If, at a certain age a woman is still a virgin, she is considered "Frigid", or old fashioned, and it may be the goal of a man to take it from her. But if a woman should 'lose' her virginity too young, she is a slut, or a whore, and is treated with contempt, and seen as an 'easy lay'.

Many men still declare their desire for their future wife to be a virgin,

★



9.

but still want to acquire sexual experience before marriage with women who will allow them.

The whole situation is extremely confusing. Does a young woman have to choose whether she wants to be seen as a slut or old-fashioned? Does she have to "go on herself" for the right man to come along - and what if he's the wrong one? How will it affect her popularity with her female friends?

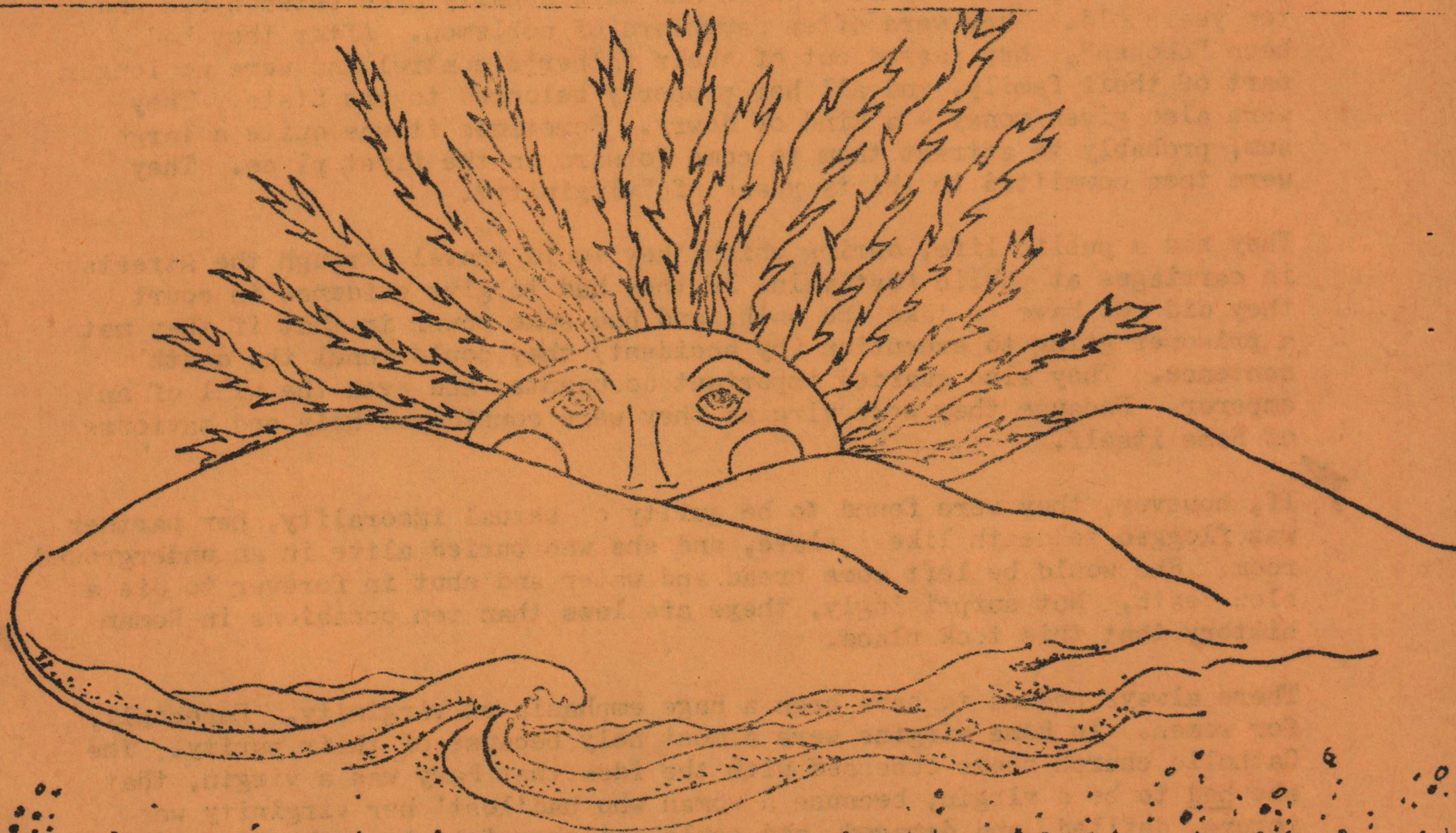
Despite the so-called 'easy-come, easy-go' attitudes today, the whole issue of virginity and whether to keep it or lose it remains the same as it was thousands of years ago, with young women's lives being dominated by this one state of being.

The original meaning of the word virgin, is, however quite different from the dictionary definition. It means "belonging to no man". A woman who is not possessed by a man, who may have many lovers, but is alone, out of man's control - "One in herself". It has nothing to do with whether a woman has had sexual intercourse or not. To be a virgin is to be in control of one's self. To be out of a man's control, unmarried and unpossessed by a man.

★  
a  
2  
3

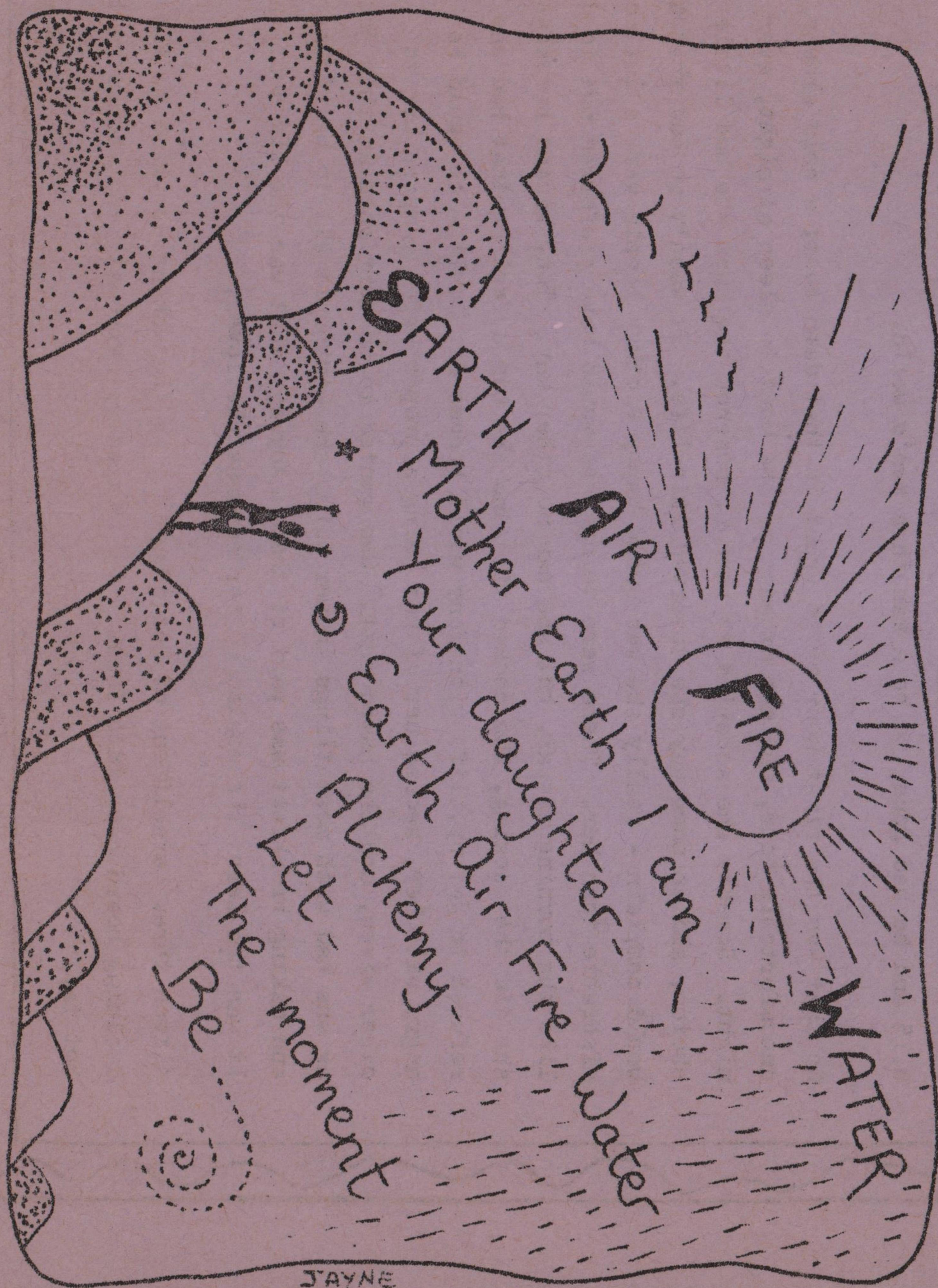
When I discovered this, it was a real shock. It meant that all the agonies of virginity were false. That women aren't really worrying about whether to be sexually "free" or not, but whether to be controlled by men or not. "Should I let myself be possessed by this man, or should I choose to be my own mistress?"

Somehow this question is much easier to answer.



SUMMER Solstice  
JANE. Mid-SUMMERS day JUNE 21ST. 1985.

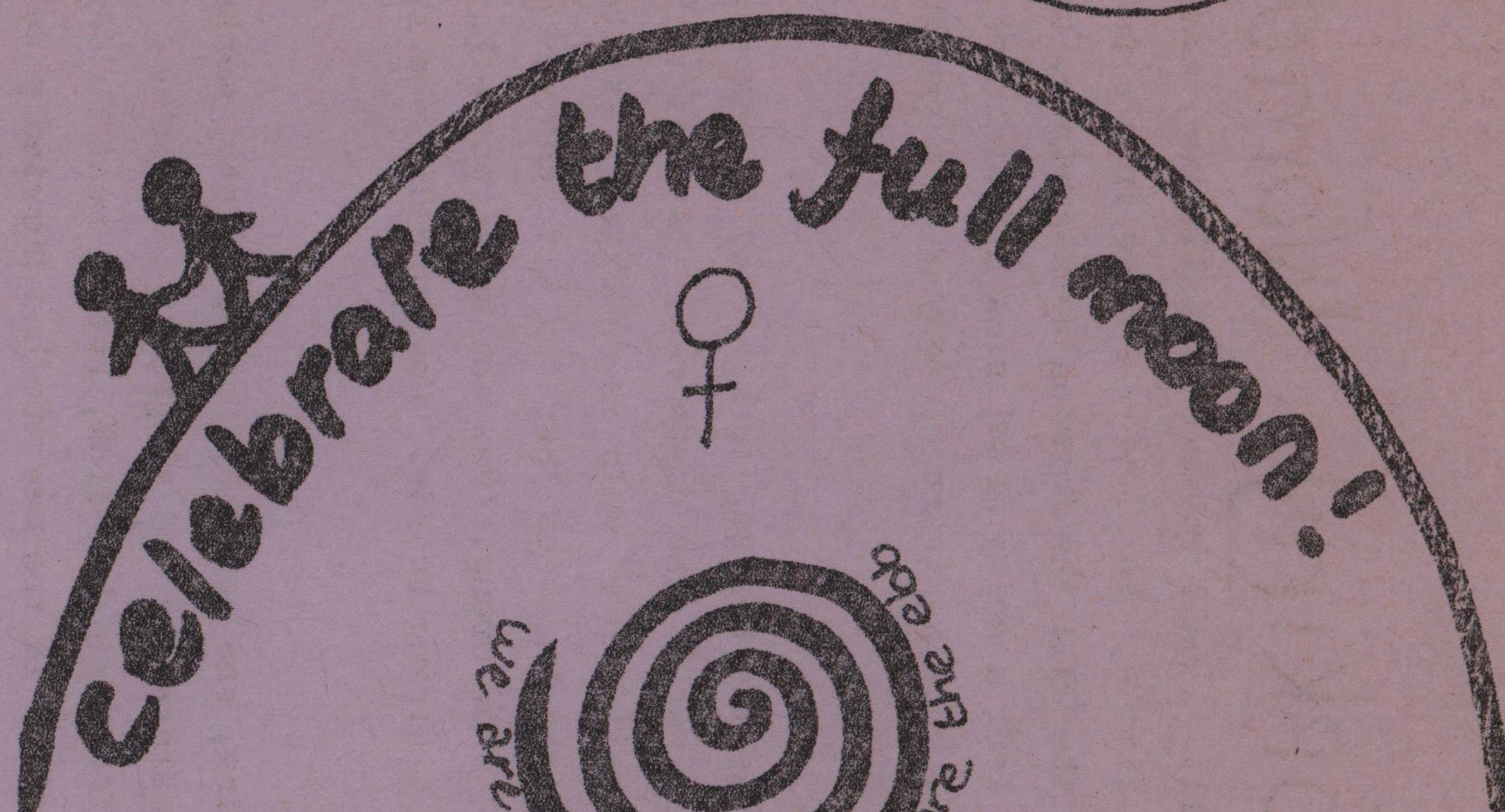




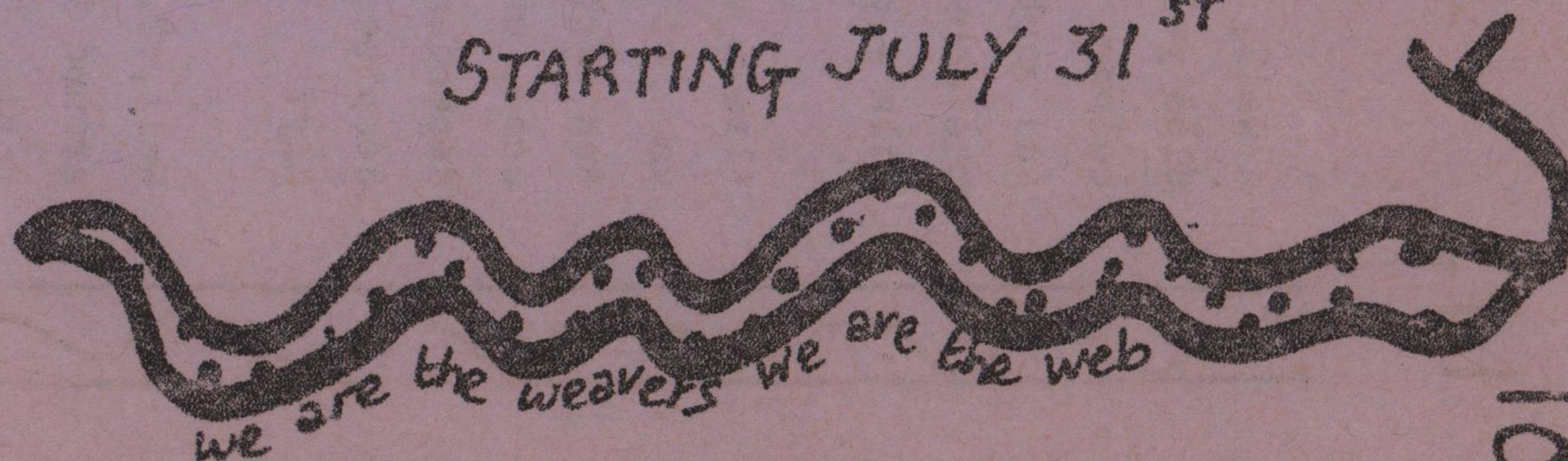
# Silbury Hill ♀

near Avebury

WILTSHIRE



LAMMAS FESTIVAL  
STARTING JULY 31<sup>ST</sup>





# Working Woman

A wall, not a blank wall. A wall covered in wallpaper; small flowers, pink blue yellow. Fading a little, the flowers merged into a pale confusion of colour. Half way down the wall the formica work-surface, underneath drawers and cupboards. To the left a shiny metal sink and draining board leading to the cooker. It was old, showing scars of many a chip pan and boiled-over milk - or was it soup?

Alison sighed - there was the fridge, tucked away in the corner. Well there was food in it, as there was in the cupboards. "At least there's food," she sighed again to herself. How could these objects excite her? They had, once, when they first moved in, when 'her own kitchen' was a ticket to independence. How crazy. How wrong. Now she hated those kitchen units, despised the scratched draining boards. How long did she spend in here each day?

Well, 7.30 in the morning, she could be found, asleep, mechanically shuffling around in her long dressing-gown and slippers. Kettle on, tea made, breakfast. The thought of food made her sick, but it must be done, it was done, quickly and expertly served to the man who had hurriedly pulled on his grey suit with matching shirt and tie. There were not many words spoken - 8.15 and he had gone, to be a man in a man's world.

So that was the first hour or so spent in that damn room; a cold sleepy, uncomfortable hour, one she dreaded as she went to sleep at night, every night. Somehow she accepted it though, somehow she knew she had little choice, and in some way she deserved this life. It wasn't so bad that she would complain - really she was quite happy - other people were a lot more miserable than her. There were things she would have preferred not to do, like the morning ritual, but she saw no other way. Tony wanted breakfast - she did the cooking, she cooked it. And she had a feeling that had she refused to get up, life with Tony would become difficult - he would be angry with her, accuse her of not being a proper wife, compare her to other wives, and she hated that. She wanted to be very good at this job as she had with most things in her life, she wanted it all to be right, and making breakfast was part of that. Anyway what was the big deal about? It was the least she could do for someone she loved.

Alison threw herself out of her dreaming, as the washing up piled on the draining board came into focus. She jumped up nervously and turned on the hot tap.



Plates, bowls, knives, cups, mugs, spoons, saucepans slipped through the bubbles, were vigorously scrubbed and placed shiny and clean on the draining board. It was amazing how much washing-up there always was. She gazed through the window in front of her. It was all very familiar - she hardly noticed a bird delicately balanced on a branch of the tree. She was doing her job, Tony was doing his. Her job; to wash-up, tidy up, Hoover, make the bed, wash the clothes, cook meals, scrub the cooker, make love . . .

No, that wasn't fair - of course she enjoyed that. Well, not every time, but she probably had a lower sex drive than Tony - "men are different, anyway," she mused. It didn't do her any harm to make love when she didn't actually desire to, and it made him happy, which was most important . . . She found that part quite easy to fulfill. She almost enjoyed the pretence, except when he demanded a little bit more, asked her to do things she didn't quite want to do. Anyway, maybe if she made herself available all the time, he would stop wanting that, he would settle into a routine. Yes, that's how it worked - for married couples - at first a few games, and then, after a while, sex would just slot into the routine, the routine which she could accept because it was all so straightforward. She knew where she stood, what was asked of her and could do her job very well.

Alison swung round from the washing-up to survey the kitchen - yes, everything was where it should be - all in position.

And so, her day had begun. She automatically moved through the flat from room to room, putting things in place, cleaning, Hoovering, picking up dirty socks and underpants, cleaning the bath, the sink, constantly surveying her surroundings, making sure all was in place. The hours slipped by although she hardly noticed until she remembered she had shopping to do. Shopping, an arduous task. Involving carrying back bags full of necessities; toilet roll, coffee, vegs; she hated it. Hated going in shops, having to ask for things, queueing up in the supermarket, being stared at by all those women - shop women, other housewives, young women who seemed full of confidence . . . she hated them all. She didn't know why. She just couldn't wait to be back home. Her home, her territory.

She remembered being like that young girl in front of her in the queue. She remembered just having a handful of things to buy. She stared at the young woman. Her short well-cut hair, her pink and green earrings, her strong stance as she stood waiting for her turn to pay.



13.

She was probably going out tonight. She was probably going out with her friends. Nothing to worry about, like washing, cleaning, cooking. She probably spent hours drinking coffee with her friends, laughing and talking, planning nights out. "How old is she?" Alison suddenly thought. She was thrust into reality as she suddenly realised there might not be much difference between their ages, and yet to look at them both . . . she knew the answer.

LUNAR

### © TILL DEBT DO US PART ©



Contrary to popular belief Common law Marriage does not exist in England.

Only that little piece of paper, the marriage certificate gives her a right to any property. Even if she cooked, cleaned and lived for 50 years with a man.

Valerie Burns discovered this after the breakup of her 19 year relationship when she went to court. She was left with nothing.

As one of the appeal court judges said. "When one compares the ultimate result with what it would have been if she had married and taken the appropriate steps under the 1973 matrimonial causes act. I think that she should justifiably say that fate has not been kind to her." *see*



out of her sleep,  
 her period of rest,  
 her dark place of solitude,  
 she rises  
 upwards, forwards  
 into the light -

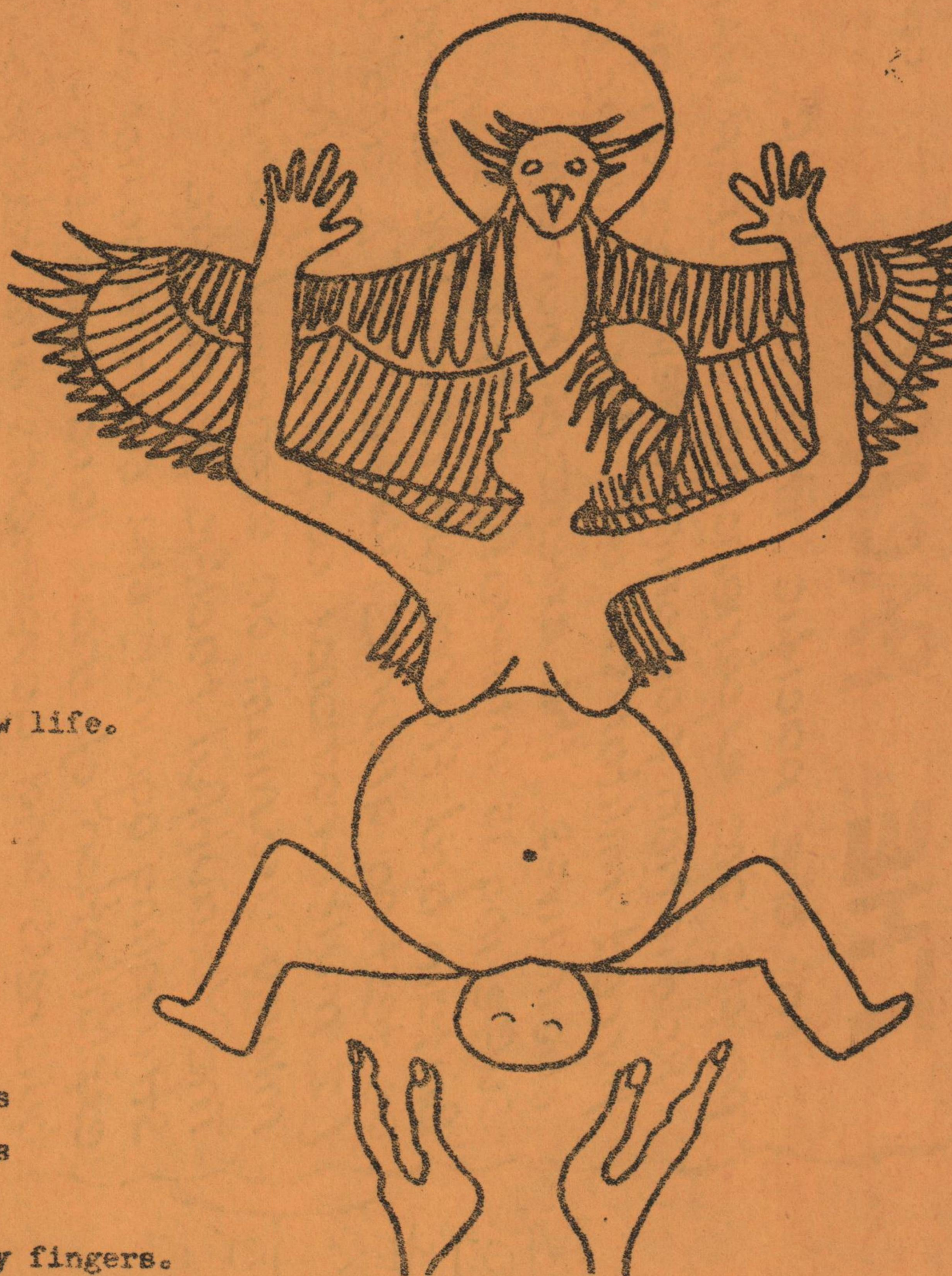
From the eternal flames  
 an exploding volcano -  
 and energy floods like lava  
 across the land  
 gathering speed and strength  
 Re - asserting her anger  
 Re - energizing her passion  
 to create new form, new phase, new life.

With firey wings  
 the sweet bird of paradise  
 returns  
 passed are her nesting days  
 she must now explore and travel,  
 once again  
 spreading her golden healing ways  
 like the sun's ever-lasting rays  
 of silver sunshine  
 melting the winters icy fingers.

Together we will lift our tired wings  
 and weightless, swoop across  
 the cuntrees with ancient wisdom  
 and re-born spirit  
 prepared as always to reveal the truth.

A dictionary definition\*\*\*\*

Phoenix....according to the ancient legend  
 a wonderful female bird which was said to  
 live 500 or 600 years, when she built for  
 herself a funeral pile of wood and  
 aromatic gums, lighted it with the  
 fanning of her wings, and rose again  
 from her ashes; hence an emblem of  
 immortality; a paragon; a person of  
 singular distinction or beauty.



I welcome you  
 the phoenix.

( Esotar 1985 )

" Here we sit - here we stand  
 Here we claim the common land.  
 Nuclear arm shall not command  
 Bring the message home....."

( from Carry Greenham Home,  
 by Peggy Seeger )



# THE PACIFIC

ceri

15

In the Pacific, thousands of people are experiencing NUCLEAR WAR! Radiation poisoning, devastation and forced militarism are the realities of their lives. The extent of human suffering is intolerable. The U.S., Britain and France are using the islands as testing grounds while RTZ and BP (2 multi-national corporations) are mining uranium on aboriginal homelands. The beautiful Pacific people are struggling against the contamination and exploitation of their land and big business and governments are raking in huge profits. We must stop them. We can support the Pacific people by spreading information about this nightmare and demonstrations all around the country, putting pressure on the military and RTZ and BP to withdraw NOW.

FOR INFO WRITE TO  
PACIFIC CONCERNS  
RESOURCE CENTRE  
BOX NO. 27692  
HONOLULU

MONEY IS NEEDED TO ORGANISE.  
DONATIONS TO:-

"PACIFIC FUND"

NEWBURY BUILDING SOCIETY  
BARTHOLOMEW ST.

NEWBURY  
BERKS.

ALC. NO. 92846 DL

## MOTHER-TREE

There she stood. Firmly rooted to the solid earth. Mother-tree, ancient and wise, loving.

Her boughs welcome many to come + live with her - open to all who need her shelter. How long have you lived Mother-tree? Thousands of years.

You stand apart from the rest, your strong branches bent + twisted, pushing out in all directions sending loving energy to any who are open to it.

I hug you with my mind, respect you, give way to your wise knowledge. I love you and cling to you, feeling deep roots growing silently down, down down into earth.

Your enormous silent strength overwhelms me - it has no end. Haunts me with your power.



# Sleeping Beauty

16.

The Queen was un-happy. She had been married to the King for nearly seven years and there was still no child. If she didn't become pregnant soon, then the King would take another wife. He wanted a son to inherit his kingdom.....but even a daughter would mean that they could stay together, because with a carefully arranged marriage he could maintain control of the land.

The Queen was so un-happy that she did a forbidden thing. She went into the enchanted forest....to a sacred spring of fertility.....and lit a candle for the Goddess. Every second the flame burned, she rocked herself and begged the goddess to give her her hearts desire.....a child.



Quietly, an old woman stepped into the glow of candle light and smiled at the Queen.....who was startled.....for it was Hecate, the hag, much admired for her powers of prophesy, much feared for her way of speaking the truth. It was forbidden to criticise the mens' government.....a system set up a hundred years ago, when the sacred forest was attacked by an army of men, who then built a palace and defended it with weapons and murder. Many women were killed, many boys captured and trained to be soldiers and husbands.

With amusement the hag said, " Don't be afraid of me - calm yourself, and answer this question - What is the wife of the king doing as she lights a flame to the goddess? What is it you want so badly, that you risk doing this? I'm sure I don't need to remind you of all the women and girls that have been beaten, sometimes killed, always raped, for doing just as you do now. "



The queen broke down, clutching at Hecate's hand, sobbing out her story, her un-happiness. Begging her not to tell anyone that she, the queen, had sat at the sacred well. As her distress passed, the old woman stoked her hair and the only sound left was the steady trickle of the water.

Hecate spoke. " Your secret is safe with me. Our fates are connected. The spring whispers to me that you will soon carry a baby in your womb....you will have a daughter. She will be a beautiful spirit, that will help this mountain forest wake from it's long sleep. The wind in the trees tells me that your girl born of these waters, will open her heart to the goddess, and when the time is right will fly as free as a bird."

The Queen only heard the words... 'you will have a daughter' repeating over, and over, in her head. She wept into Hecate's cloak, crying 'thank-you, thank-you' With concern, the hag took her hand and said, " Do not thank me. If the prophesy comes true, you will have yourself to thank. But know this...for you there will be joy and then deep sorrow. Take courage, it's all for the best."

The months passed by. The queen was very happy. A child was on the way. A baby girl was born and the kingdom rejoiced.

The naming day drew near.





It was to be a day of great celebration. Inside the palace, feasts were prepared and invitations sent out.

The king knew that the common people in his kingdom would expect the child to be blessed by wise women. He would rather drop this dangerous custom, but he knew that with all the recent occupation, it was better to let some things carry on. In time the custom would die out naturally. As the remaining crones and hags died....and there was no one to take their place. He made up a list of twelve wise-women. They were all good and thoughtful women, but there was no one on the list who would make awkward remarks or make a fuss. What-ever happened, it would be a very delicate moment politically....because he couldn't tell them exactly what to say.

The Queen noted that Hecate was NOT on the list. This made her worried and relieved, all at the same time.

O

The naming day arrived and the palace was full of people. Then the time for the blessing began.

One by one the women gave their gifts- beauty, grace, kindness, fertility, health, humour, intelligence, courage, strength, joy, laughter.....the twelfth woman was about to step forward when there was shouting, and Hecate rushed into the room, closely followed by armed guards. The room went silent as she stood in front of the baby, queen and king. She was full of fury, and her voice travelled round the room like thunder and lightening.

"I waited for my rightful invitation to this naming, but none came. You may think YOU can escape your fate, but I know that I can't...and I am here to deliver the blessing that the child must have.

To this girl I give freedom. One day she will spin, the blood will flow and she will be lost to YOU (pointing at the king) for ever."

"Throw her out," ordered the king, as the room erupted into noise and movement. "She is banished from my kingdom from this day and for ever. I will spare her life because I am a fair king, you all see how fair I am. But listen, Hag, if you ever return, you return to die. Let anyone who sees this woman again tell me. We don't need her, with her wicked tongue and false prophesy."

Hecate shrugged off the hands of the soldiers and walked out. The queen sank to the floor crying, as a shocked wave of words hissed through the air. The twelfth wise woman moved forward and helped the queen to her feet saying, "I cannot change the fates, but my blessing is to tell you that your daughter will not die, but will become as distant to you as a dream is distant from waking. I see a spinning wheel and blood, but not death."

From that day, spinning wheels were burnt, and they too were banished for ever.





As the young girl named Beauty, blossomed into a girl, she showed strong, loving spirit.

The girl was happy and content in a contented kind of way. Except for one thing. A marriage was arranged for her. She was pledged to a boy who was heir to a big kingdom in the west.

At twelve years old she thought very little about it. The boy had always been around, although they were never special friends. At thirteen the girl and boy developed a bored dislike of each other. At fourteen they became as distant as planets.....Beauty - quick witted and mocking, the boy clumsy, prone to aggressive outbursts of temper....the pattern of his father who was a domineering, warrior king, showing itself in his manner. The marriage pledge was to be sealed on Beauty's fifteenth birthday.

As the day came near she became ill and spent restless hours in bed, crying, fretting, pleading with her mother and father to cancel the pledge and to give her more time to meet someone she liked. The queen was not allowed to disagree with her husband. The king was worried about Beauty's behavior, but he wouldn't change his mind. The marriage would go ahead because it was an important political move that the king had been planning for years.

Her whole body ached with nervous exhaustion. She felt as if she only had one comfort, and that was her small dog, Bess, who never left her side. Into the dog's ever attentive ear she spoke about all her hopes and fears. To Bess she whispered all her secrets, the sorts of thing she could never say to any human being in the kingdom. She had wonderful day dreams about a far away place that she went to with her dog. A place where she didn't have to marry, didn't have to sleep naked with a boy she disliked. Didn't have to have children every year. Didn't have to leave her mother.

The day of the pledge arrived, and to make her mother happy she got up and dressed in the white engagement dress. What else could she do? She felt very alone with her fear and the only time she could smile was when she tied a pretty, white ribbon around her dog's neck, ready for the party.

The party began and at times she actually enjoyed herself...when she forgot about the pledge to come. She danced and laughed with her friends....other girls who would in time all be pledged in marriage and leave their homes. The boys laughed and played in an adjoining room. Everyone would meet up later in the main hall for the ceremony of engagement.

Some of the girls went into the garden to play. Beauty saw them and in the crowd slipped outside, unnoticed. She quickly wondered off, walking in any direction that her feet took her. She was deep in thought and hardly noticed Bess bounding around her looking very excited. Her mind was racing with thoughts, but she couldn't imagine how she could get out of this dreadful situation. She had no where to go, no one to go with. She had a strange, light headed feeling but she put it down to exhaustion. In this state of feverish thought she wandered right away from the main palace grounds to a turretted building next to the enchanted forest.

Almost without thinking, she went inside and began climbing the stone steps. She heard a strange clicking sound somewhere and went to see what it was.

She found where the sound came from and went inside a small room. She saw an old, old woman sitting in front of a wooden wheel that whirled and clicked and spun round and round. She had never seen a spinning wheel before and asked in surprise, "What are you doing old woman?"

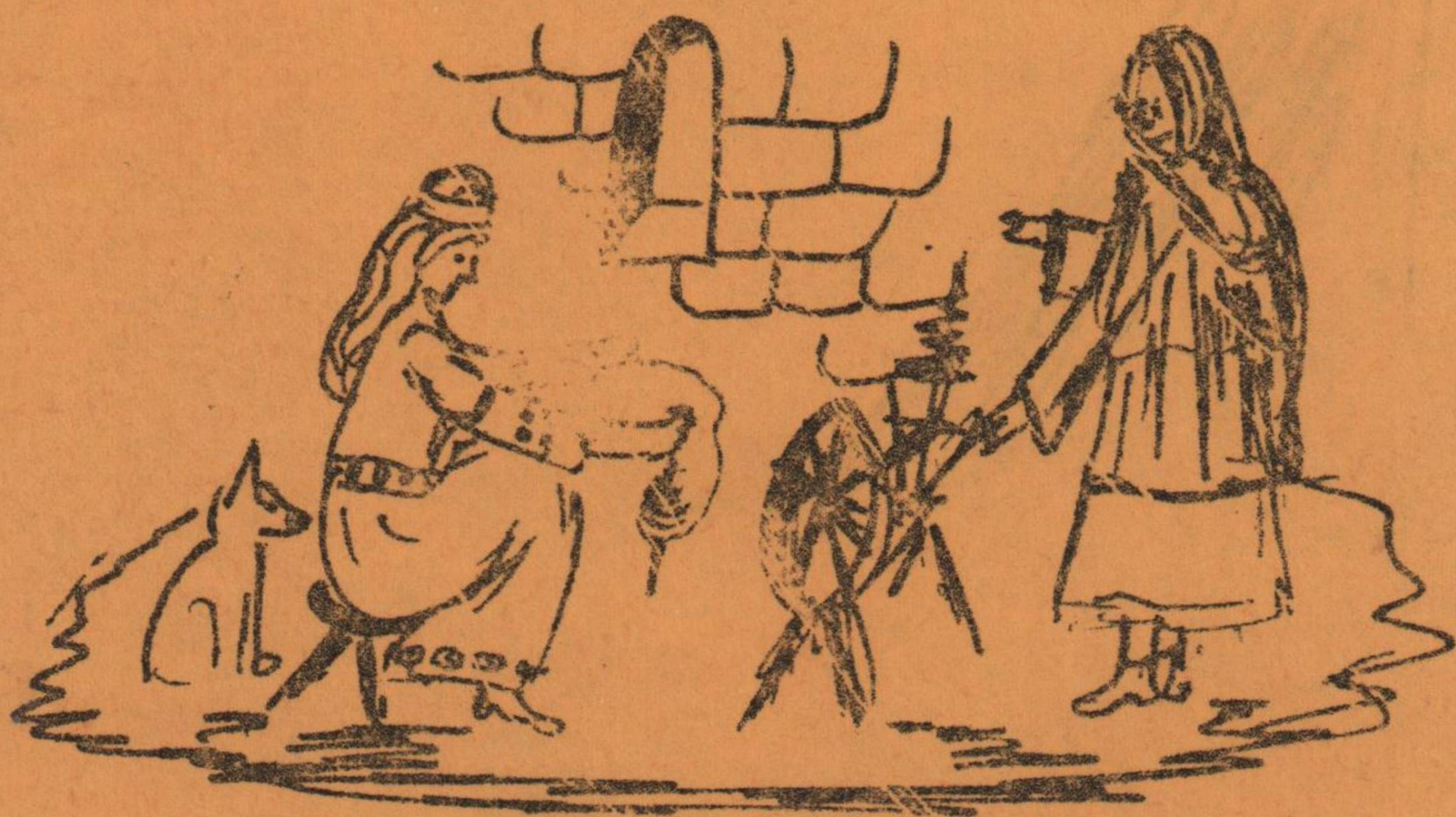
"So....you've come" said the woman and her wrinkled face spread into a smile of pleasure.

For this was Hecate, who was banished, but had returned this once to help the fates at

work. She had come back...through secret paths in the thorn forest, that only the old ones knew. She had set up the forbidden wheel and had waited.

"This," Hecate said, "....is a spinning wheel. The fibre spins and twists together, just as fate is spun and woven into the pattern of life."

Beauty sat and watched the wheel. Bess sat and watched too, her tail wagging.





The young woman and the old woman talked. Beauty poured out her fears. Hecate listened. Then she told Beauty stories of the past and of present places that existed far away. Places where women were still free to make choices and decide how they would live....how their children would learn. Places where girls were taught the value of freedom and grew up to become wise women, and mothers.....strong, sure spinsters. Places where boys were taught the wisdom of gentleness and love.

As they talked, and the thread was spun, Beauty became more and more sure that she wanted to leave the kingdom, her father's kingdom, and search for these different places. Beauty became upset, un-settled, and begged the old hag to help her get away.

Hecate bided time, waiting for a sign that meant that she should help the girl escape. She was almost positive, but there had to be no doubt. To calm Beauty down she showed her how to use the hand spindle. She took it but as the spindle wizzed around it jumped suddenly and jabbed into her finger. Warm blood trickled onto her white gown, as she cried out and looked at the tiny wound.

In her mind's eye, Hecate saw the face of the queen. The queen was crying but she looked at Hecate and said urgently, "....GO ....NOW ...TOGETHER." Then the picture faded. The blood on the gown had spread into the shape of a bird in flight. Hecate was sure now...all was well...they must leave together,...fly free.

They both heard the sounds of shouting and horses hooves in the distance. She had been missed. They must leave right away. Hecate foled a dark cloak of rough spun wool, around the girl. With Bess dancing around their feet they quickly left the building and went into the enchanted forest. Passed the sacred well, down the secret pathways.

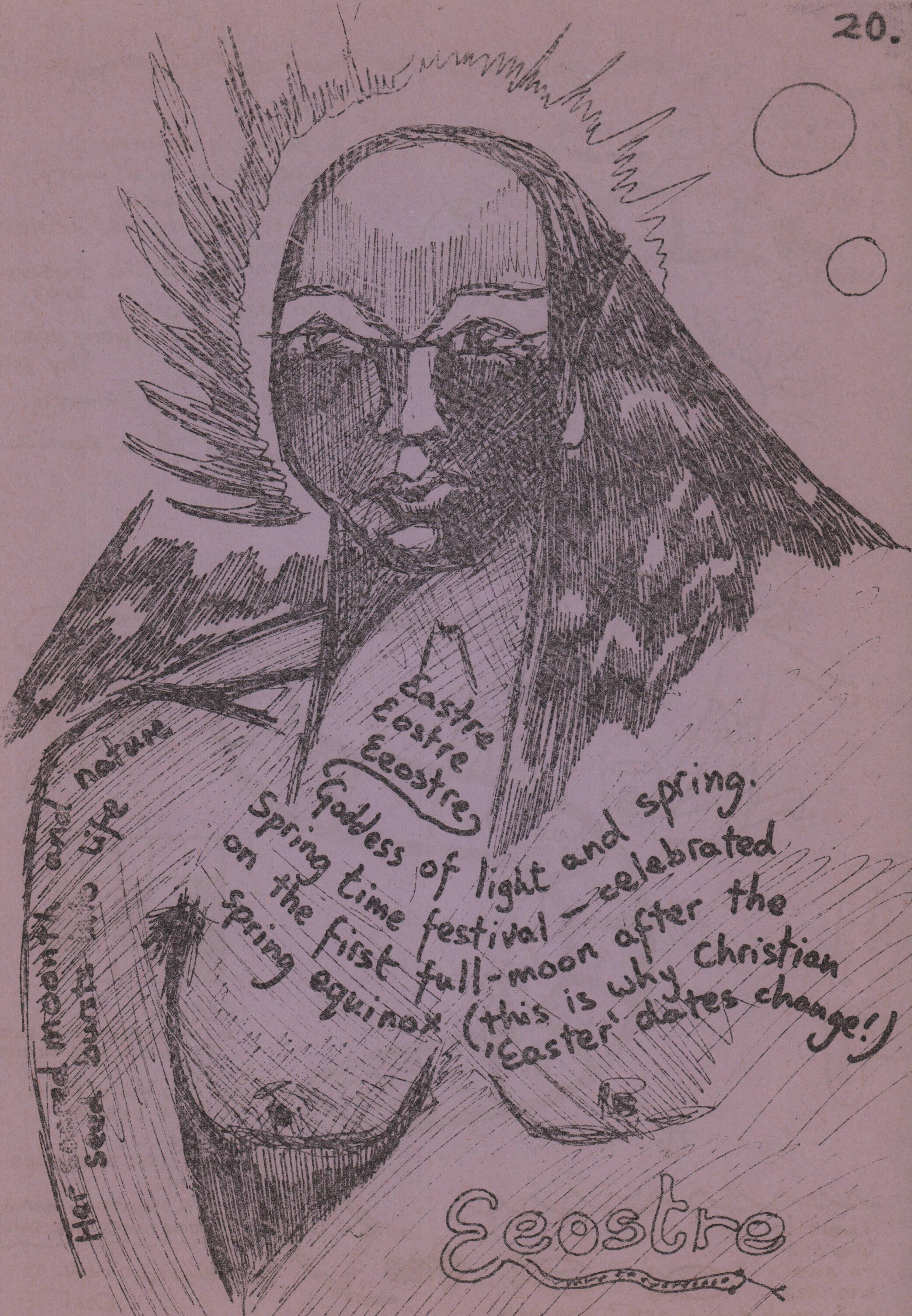
The long journey had begun. Beauty felt as if she had never been so alive. She felt so alert and awake.....as if she were waking from a long, long, dreamless sleep.

The journey had begun.



Jayne





Eastre  
Eostre  
Eeostre

Goddess of light and spring.  
Spring time festival — celebrated  
on the first full-moon after the  
spring equinox (this is why Christian  
'Easter' dates change!)

Her sacred moon the and nature  
Her sacred sun the life

Eeostre



21.

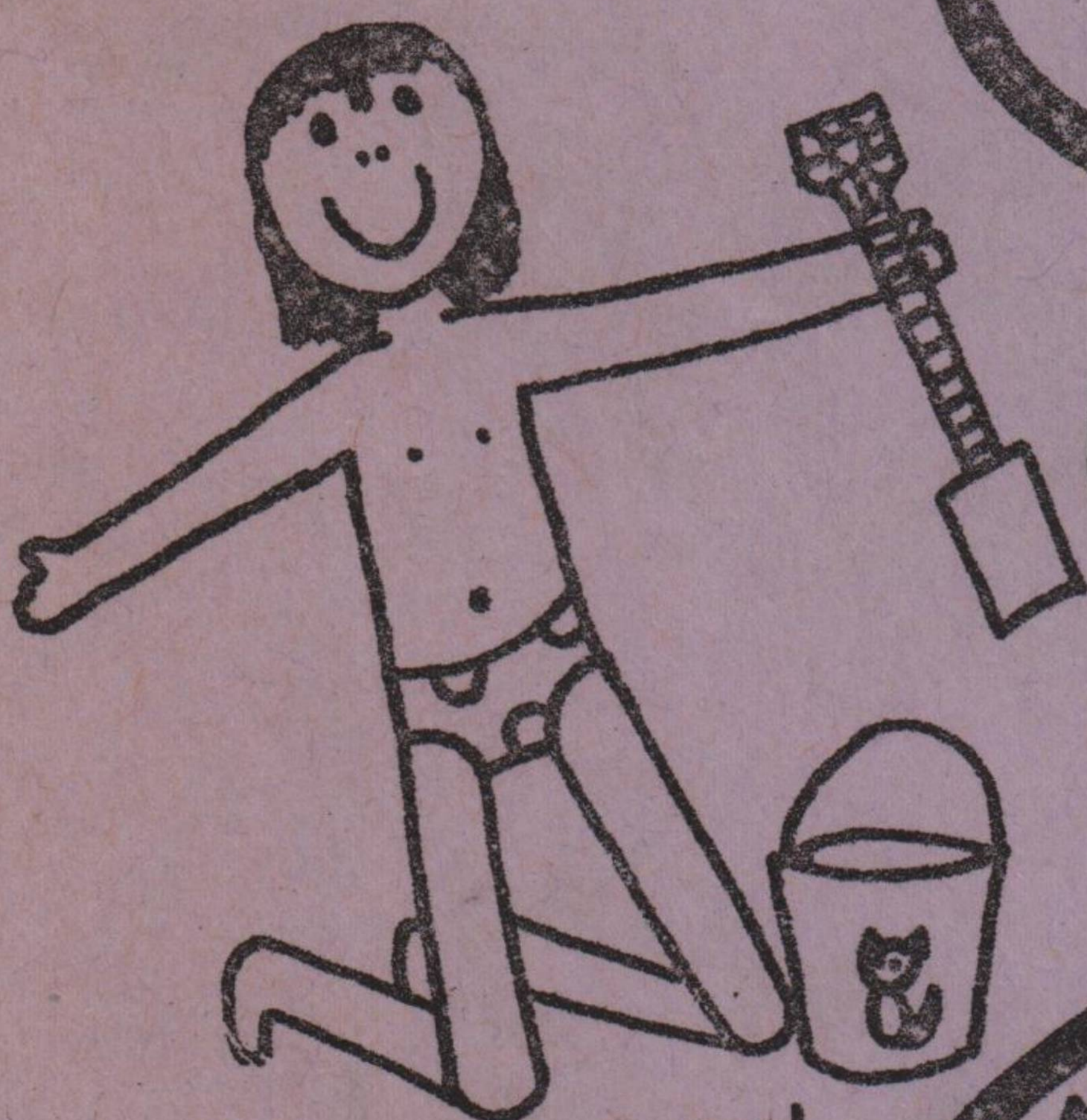
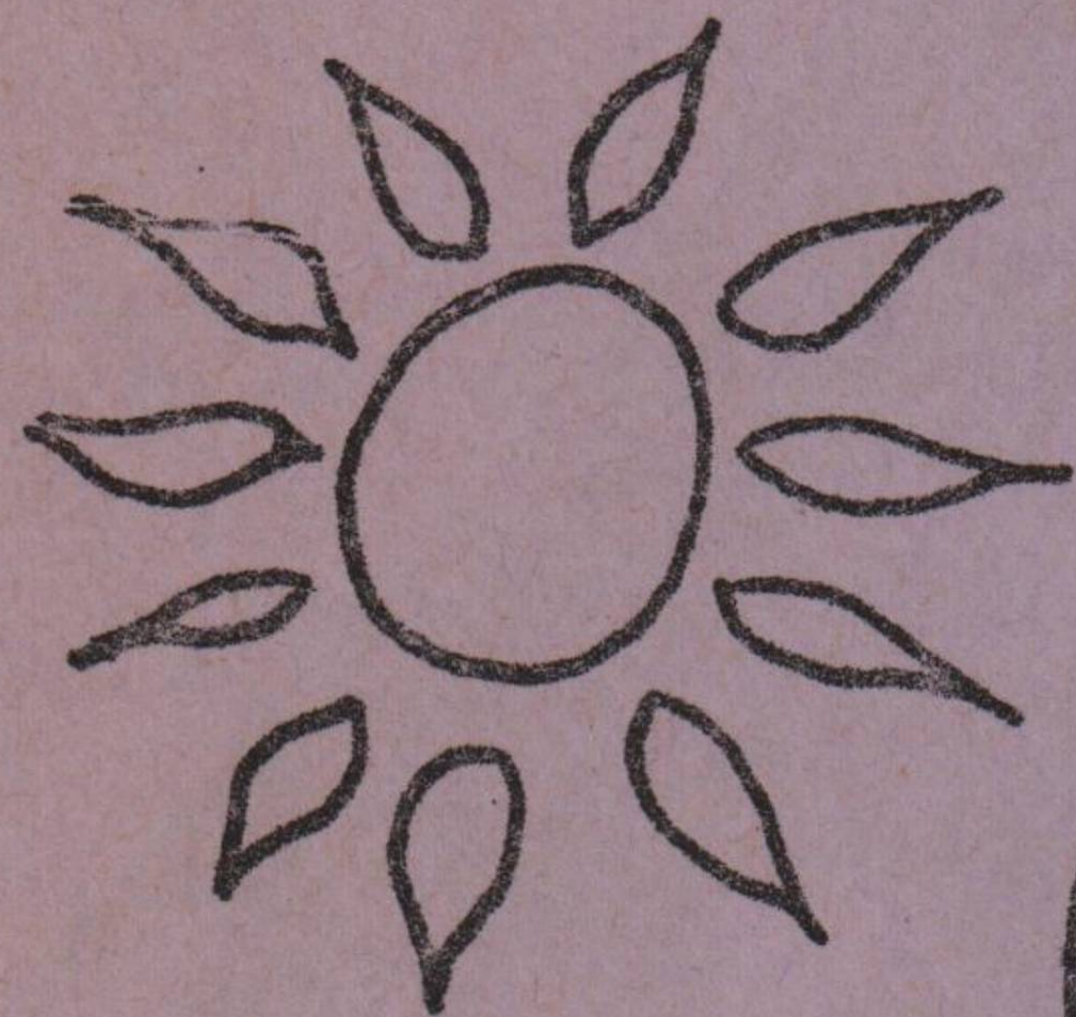
# KIDS PAGE



FOR THE GAME  
YOU WILL NEED A  
DICE AND COUNTERS

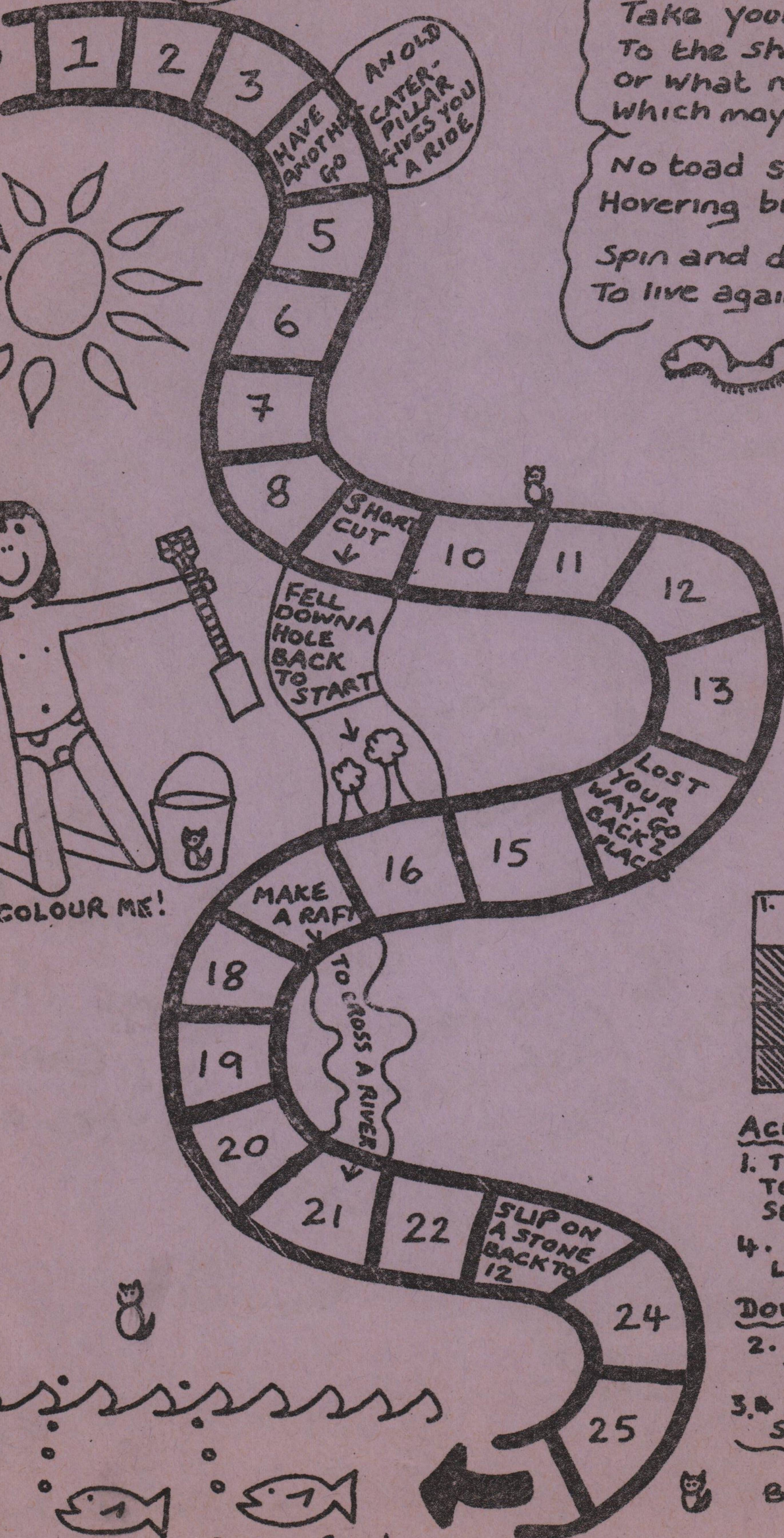
FIND 5 KITTENS  
ON THIS PAGE

A WALK  
TO THE  
SEASIDE



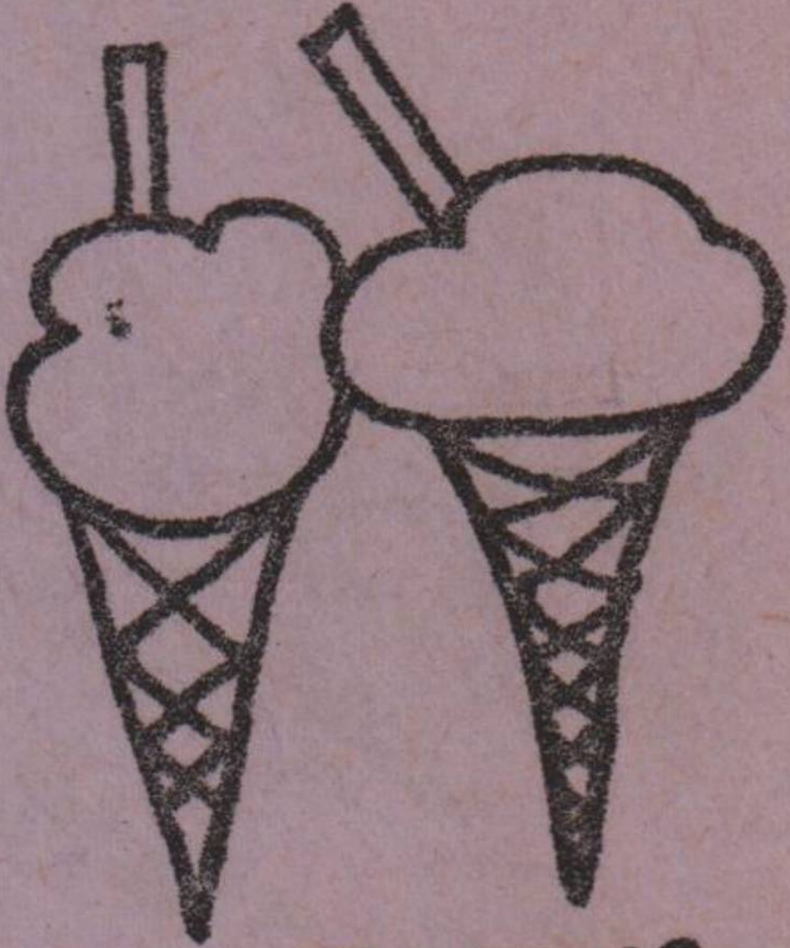
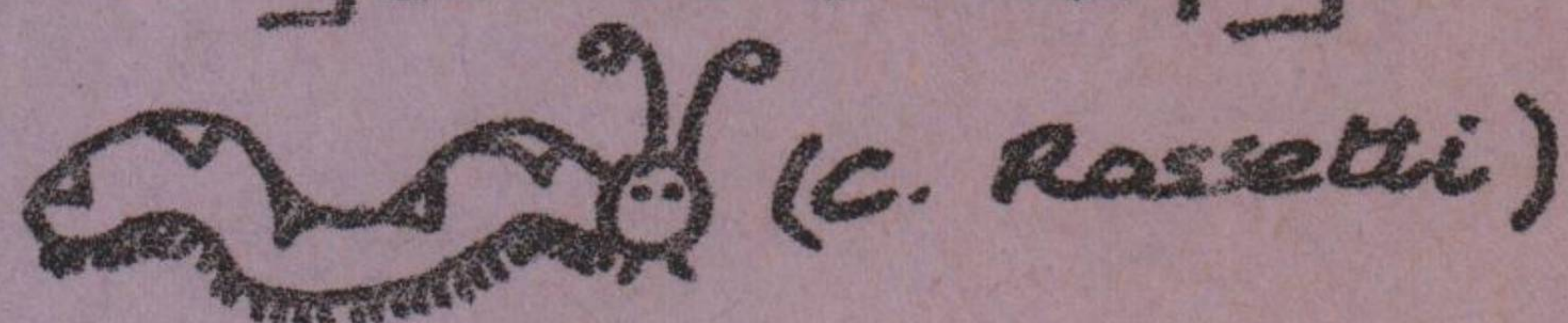
COLOUR ME!

CROSSWORD ANSWERS.  
1. CROCK, 4. KITE  
2. ROCK, 3. BOAT



Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry,  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk  
or what not,  
which may be the chosen  
spot.

No toad spy you,  
Hovering bird of prey pass  
by you;  
Spin and die  
To live again as butterfly.



COLOUR US!

1.	2.	3.	

**ACROSS.**  
1. THEY WALK FROM SIDE  
TO SIDE + LIVE IN THE  
SEA.  
4. YOU FLY IT ON A  
LONG STRING

**DOWN.**  
2. CLIFFS ARE MADE OF  
THIS.  
3. A FLOATING HOME.  
SOMETIMES HAS SAILS.

I went to  
the sea  
to see  
the sea  
And what did I see? The Sea!

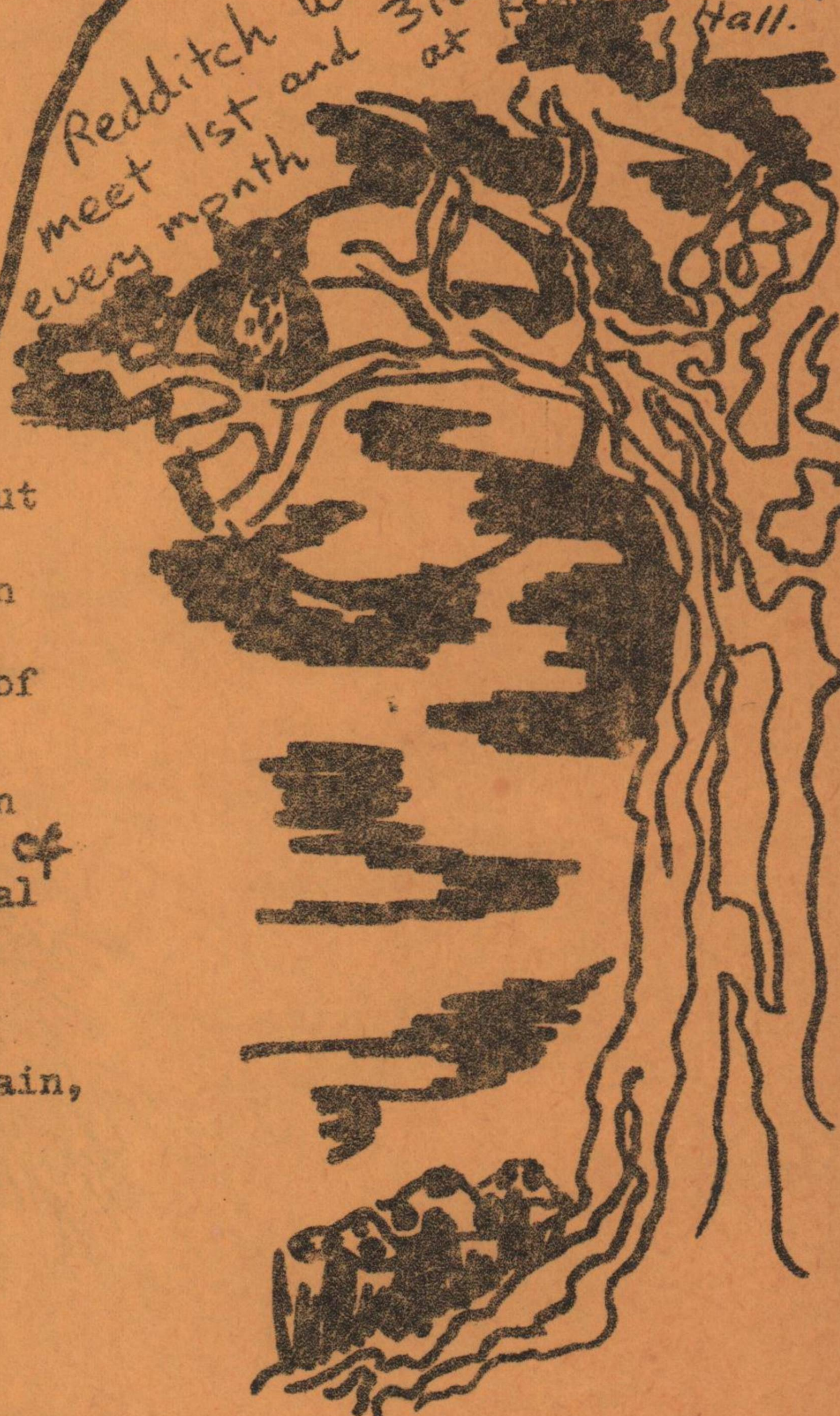
Bye for now  
Ceri



PHONE NUMBERS  
Single parents  
Gingerbread  
01-240-0953/4  
ape Crisis  
Centre  
021-233-2655  
Lesbian Line  
Birmingham  
021-359-3192  
Wages for housework  
campaign  
01-837-7509

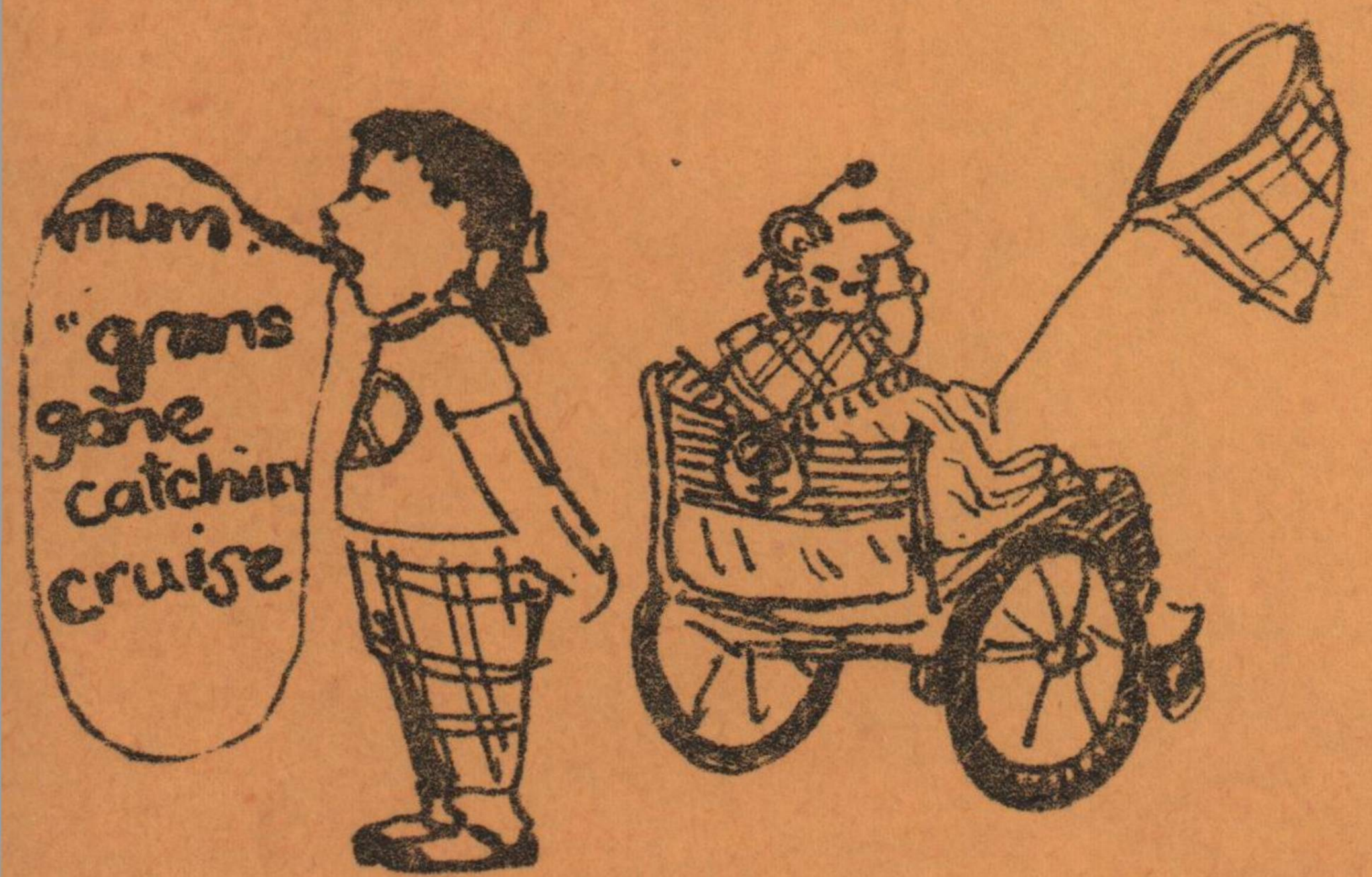


8pm-10.  
Redditch Women for Peace  
meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday  
every month at Redditch Town  
Hall.



May 12th - United States nuclear ( Cruise ) convoy out again - its where-a-bouts supposed to be a secret - but - police and troops are unable to stop 1000 women children and men walking onto Salisbury Plain - very close to the not-at-all secret convoy. In the words of an inspector " There are too many to stop."

These American-controlled convoys are regularly taken out on roads around Britain - bringing possibilities of nuclear holocaust one step nearer - but these suicidal preparations ARE being opposed - by more and more people as time goes on. People who went to Salisbury Plain on May 12th had an empowering experience. Watch out for the next 'Cruise Trapping' protest on the Plain, and/or publicise these unreasonable army manoeuvres locally.



Contactible for your exhibitions  
or group events ...  
**Redditch Green  
Peace Centre**  
52 Crumfields Lane, Webbeath, Redditch  
**Greenpeace**  
have ...  
stall, display board  
merchandise, information  
and video  
or the **Peace Camp**  
at Molesworth  
Display board,  
merchandise, information  
+ speaker

### CROSSWORD ANSWERS.

ACROSS 1. THREADS 5. AWFUL 9. RETURNS 10. DUMB EMU 11. ROSIE 12. RAGLAN  
14. ADDERS 16. TICKS 18. BELTANE 21. ABOVE US 22. TREES 23. MANACLE  
DOWN 1. TREAD 2. READ MAY 3. ANGLE 4. SIRIUS 5. ALTERED 6. FERNS 7. LISTENS  
12. RETRACT 13. ANSWERS 15. ELASTIC 17. CRONE 18. BOSOM 19. LATIN 20. ERASE



